

Promoted to Housewife



Julie Harris

An "Adult TV" Novel



Reluctant Press TV/TS Publishers

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Promoted to Housewife

By Julie Harris

Chapter 1: Successful Businessman

My star was rising. I was a successful businessman consistently growing business for my company and moving up the corporate ladder. Profits were strong, we had just won a large government contract, and had just opened a new manufacturing facility. I recently received a promotion to a director-level role and was now hoping to secure the vice-presidency by the end of the year.

My personal life at home was not as good. To stay on top of things at work required my complete focus. That meant that sacrifices needed to be made at home. I missed an occasional social event with my wife or party while working late at the office. I wasn't worried, though, because Chloe and I had plenty of

time to make it up. We were both young and had a bright future ahead of us.

A normal workday meant that I worked long hours in the office, leaving home early in the morning before the sun came up and returning long into the evening. It was the sacrifice that I had to make to secure the promotion. It was a sacrifice that I convinced myself that Chloe and I needed to build a better life and a secure financial future.

My frequent out-of-town trips and late workdays forced Chloe to find other things to do with her time. She had a lot of girlfriends that she socialized with. One in particular was her best friend Michelle. She and Michelle would spend hours together each week, talking about everything in their lives. What I didn't know was that I was a sore topic in their frequent conversations. Chloe thought it was very selfish of me to spend all of my time at work and ignore our marriage. She also did not particularly like the fact that I was so obsessed with dressing up in women's clothing.

"Is Ray gay?" Michelle asked Chloe.

"Ray thinks of himself as a girl. So no, I don't think he identifies as being gay," replied Chloe. "He might think of himself more as a lesbian."

"Ray seems like a nice guy, with some strange hobbies," said Michelle. "We need to find a way to take advantage of his strong desires to become a girl."

"I agree," said Chloe. "I just don't know what to do at the moment."

"Let's keep talking on this topic. A good idea will come to us eventually," said Michelle with a grin.

My personal thoughts were that I was very fortunate in finding the perfect spouse. My wife Chloe seemed to be okay with me wearing her panties and fantasizing about dressing up as a girl. She didn't encourage it but she did let me enjoy my dress-up hobby. She understood my desire to dress in woman's clothing and seem to be okay with her husband being dressed as a girl.

As long as I can remember, I have always been fascinated with wearing girls' clothing. Girls had so many more choices to choose from. Their range of colors alone blew away anything a boy could wear. They had so many types of different shoes to choose from. They could put on makeup and fix up their hair in a number of different styles. They could accessorize with bracelets, rings, necklaces and earrings.

I always made it a point to wear panties. It was safe to wear both while at home and while at work. I can't even remember the last time when I wore boys' underwear.

I try to dress in women's clothing at home, in the safety of our bedroom. Over the years I have purchased an entire wardrobe of women's clothing online. Dresses, skirts, blouses, bras, panties, and shoes; I owned more women's clothing than men's clothing. I even had wigs and breast forms to make my appearance more realistic.

My days were filled with me fantasizing about what it would be like to be a girl. What it would be like if I could be myself and dress as a girl. Sometimes I would put on a dress or blouse/skirt outfit while at home in our bedroom. My play time was always short lived as I could not go out beyond the boundary of our home dressed as a girl for fear of being embarrassed or discovered by a neighbor.



While my wife Chloe would support my dress-up hobby, she would not actively participate. I tried different approaches in the hope that she would engage with me in my hobby. I tucked my private parts tightly between my legs and secured things with tight-fitting underwear. I would walk one foot in front of the other to give my hips movement from side to side. I'd wear lipstick when we got ready for bed, hoping that she would at least make a comment. I got nothing.

I'd wear heels while in the house walking around from room to room. She seemed to ignore that as well. I would sit down to pee every time. She never made a comment.

My hope was that one day she would actively participate in my dressing as a woman. It would be wonderful if we could go shopping as two girls and try on different clothes together. As it stood, I was always the one carrying the clothes for her as we went to the dressing rooms. Much of the time, I was the one who picks out her outfits. I helped match and select the perfect look for a given occasion. I always found it so much more exciting to play with women's clothing!

It would be great if Chloe could think of me when she is out shopping, and perhaps buy something for me like a dress or a skirt. Just thinking of me as a girl would have made me feel like she cared. Just a small gesture would go a long way to show that she was with me in my desire to be feminine.

I know that many of the nicer stores would not mind if a husband and wife were in the same dressing room. They would assume that the wife was trying on clothes for her husband. In reality, we could both be trying on clothing.

The harder I tried to get my wife's attention, the more I was ignored. Our life in the bedroom seemed to be getting colder as well. I would wear tight panties, tucking my little clitty away between my legs. I would take my clitty out only when my wife asked for it. I would make love to her with my penis only if she asked for it. I would try to service her orally, thinking that that's how another girl would pleasure her. Chloe usually rejected my offer, saying that she was "not clean down there."

During our lovemaking, Chloe did like to call me her "little slut." "Work hard for me, my little slut," she'd say as she rode me until orgasm. Chloe likes to be on top.

After a year of begging, I finally got Chloe to agree that I could take modeling lessons to become more feminine. At first, she did not like the idea of me trying to further my hobby of dressing like a girl. She eventually agreed to let me take private modeling lessons at John Robert Powers Modeling School. Classes included poise, etiquette, movement, fashion, and makeup. I would spend 2 hours each day in these classes for the next six months.

My skill at dressing as a girl got better. If nothing else, I had a lot more self-confidence in dressing up. I would still only dress when at home in our bedroom, but I did know how get into my female character quite quickly.

I was longing for a place to dress full-time as a girl, somewhere where I could reinvent myself and be in character a prolonged period of time.

We had a number of timeshare points building in our account. I asked Chloe what she thought about the idea of the two of us renting a private home for a week somewhere remote. I could dress up as a

woman full-time and she could talk on the phone with all her friends. I would do all the household chores; washing, cleaning, and cooking. She would just sit back and be pampered.

Chloe did not go for this idea. In fact, she thought it was a stupid idea that just wasted time.

I would fantasize about a week of time being a girl. What would our days be like?

Day 1: Morning: get dressed in casual girls' clothing – cook breakfast, clean up. Get dressed for work in a business dress or a blouse/skirt outfit, with pantyhose and heels. Make coffee, walk around the house a little. pretending to be going to other people's offices. Sitting in an office chair ,answering the phones and typing on my computer.

Lunchtime: make lunch for Chloe and me. Clean up the kitchen. Get dressed in exercise clothing. Do stretching and aerobic exercises for an hour. Take a shower. Get dressed in casual girls' clothing. Make dinner. Get dressed in evening wear – cocktail dress, heels, evening makeup and perfume. Eat dinner. Go for a walk outside around the house. Come back for some slow dancing by the fireplace. Sit and talk. Change into a teddy. Make passionate love as two girls would together. Take a shower together. Change into a sleep chamise. Go to sleep.

Day 2: repeat the schedule from day 1.

Day 3, 4, 5, 6 and 7: repeat.

This would go on for the entire week. I would never change back to boys clothing until it was time to go home after the week was over.

A tropical version of this would include laying around the pool in a two-pieced bikini. If on a beach, being able to walk on the beach in a bikini. Laying out and getting a nice suntan would be wonderful! If only we had a nice private backyard.

I wish I could have done this type of vacation all over the world in different locations. I would choose Sonoma wine country, Lake Arrowhead, Vancouver, London, Hawaii.

The more I fantasized about my perfect vacation, the more I was ignored.

Chapter 2: Pushing for More

I wanted more from my wife. I wanted my wife to encourage me to dress up more as a girl. I tried to talk to her about my desires. She listened, then did nothing. She continued to ignore me (or so I thought).

Her escape was going out to lunch and walking with her best friend Michelle. They would spend time together every Sunday. Michelle was an well-established lawyer for one of the big law firms in Los Angeles. She was very assertive, powerful, and attractive. If not with Michelle on Sundays, Chloe would spend hours with her on the phone, talking about who knows what. Girl things, I would imagine. It worked out fine as when I was away on business; she would have someone to talk to as much as she wanted.

I started making it more obvious that I wanted to dress like a girl. I started ordering more clothes online to be delivered to our house. Dresses, skirts, bras, panties, high heels would be shipped to our house. I would deliberately make sure that my wife

found the package so that she knew that I was purchasing more girl clothing. Chloe saw the packages but said nothing.

I would wear a bra each night before we went to bed. I would have my breast forms in my bra to give me a better feminine appearance. I would wear girls' pajamas each night. In the winter it would be a long-sleeved night shirt with a matching pair of flowery pants. In the summer it would be a spaghetti strapped top with short shorts. Chloe ignored me in my pajamas.

I would put on lipstick before I got into bed each night. I liked the feel of the creamy lipstick on my lips. I liked thinking how beautiful I looked with lipstick on, even though it was while I was sleeping. Once again, Chloe ignored me, even with my lipstick on.

I painted my toenails. I started with a nude color, then changed it up to a brick red color. I got no reaction from Chloe. It was as if it was no big deal that my nails were painted.

In the day, I started wearing girls' sandals around the house. I started switching it up using different girls' shoes throughout the day. Wedge sandals, strappy sandals, slingback heels, closed-toed heels, strappy high heels. It didn't matter. Chloe would ignore the fact that I had on high heels. When I asked her what she thought about my shoes, she would say "Oh, they're nice, honey".

When I took a shower, I took extra care to keep my male parts tightly tucked away between my legs. Other than washing and drying down there and using the bathroom, my penis was tightly tucked away.

When we were in bed and my wife would want to play with my penis, I would jokingly say “Honey, don’t be silly. I don’t have a penis anymore. I have a vagina just like you.” I would let her hands feel between my legs, showing her that my male parts were appropriately tucked away. There was nothing between my legs for her to grab on to.

“Honey, having you encourage me to be a girl gets me just as excited, or more, than when you are rubbing my penis,” I said to her while we were in bed. “I want you to pretend that I am a girl. The only way that a girl can satisfy you sexually is with her tongue and fingers. I would be honored for you to let me lick your beautiful pussy,” I said with confidence.

I would avoid having male-to-female intercourse. Instead, I would kiss her and proceed to pleasure her orally, between her legs. I ask her to play with and suck on my nipples. Chloe reached out and touched my nipples a few times, but lost interest very quickly. Our nights together were short as Chloe did not seem interested in me pretending to be a girl.

It was a Sunday. I got up and started cleaning like I did every weekend. Wash the clothes, clean the bathrooms, vacuum the house. I also had to go shopping to buy food for tonight’s dinner. Chloe went to have lunch with Michelle. She spent the whole day out with her and came back home around 6:00 pm. I had dinner waiting for her when she arrived home: BBQ chicken, corn on the cob, green beans, and mashed potatoes.

Chapter 3: Formulating a Plan

I thought that my wife was ignoring me. The more she ignored me, the harder I tried to get her atten-

tion. I tried to talk about how much I liked dressing in women's clothing when we were alone. I wore perfume to bed in the evenings, hoping that she would notice and be attracted to me. I tried to have intimate relations with her in bed, but she was always too tired. Chloe was not ignoring me. Unbeknownst to me, she was formulating a plan to change my life forever.

Chloe would meet with her best friend Michelle every Sunday. Chloe would spend a good part of her time with Michelle talking about her "wimpy" husband and how he would constantly want her to acknowledge that he was a girl. How he wanted her to pretend to like seeing him dressed up in drag. How he wanted her to pretend that he was a girl and treat him as such. How he wanted to try on her clothing and makeup. How he wanted to act like a girl in the bedroom.

"In the bedroom?" Michelle asked.

"Yes, he wants to pretend that he is a girl, and make love as two girls," replied Chloe. "He refuses to untuck his penis and keeps it tightly tucked away at all times. He practically begs me to let him lick my vagina. Of the little time that I do get to spend with him, he wants me to treat him as a girl.

"Enough with my problems. How are you doing?"

"Well, my dear friend, I have problems of my own," said Michelle. "Benjamin is one track-minded. All he thinks about is sex. He is always horny. "If you make him cum, he'll be begging for more in an hour. And every hour after that. It seemed like every subject we talk about ends up being about sex. I'm tired and sore from his constant thumping. My vagina is always stretched out and my jaw is tired of being open all day long. I constantly have to wear tampons to soak up all the semen from my husband."

“Too much of a good thing,” Chloe remarked with a laugh.

They had a good laugh about our problems as they hugged each other by the fireplace. It was getting close to dinner time now and Michelle had just finished the last glass of wine.

“I need to get home,” Chloe remarked. “Ray should have dinner ready by 6:00 pm.”

“I’ll see you soon my dear,” said Michelle as she kissed Chloe on the lips. They embraced for a moment, with some passionate kissing. “I have to order dinner as Benjamin is pretty useless when it comes to cooking. I’ll see you later.”

Chloe got home a little before 6:00 pm. Dinner was ready as usual. We had a nice dinner with minimal chit-chat and I began to clean up the dishes.

The phone rang. Chloe answered it. She seemed happy to hear that it was Michelle. They agreed to meet the next day for lunch. I overheard Chloe saying that she had a lot of ideas for their project.

The next day came too soon. Once again, I got up early and disappeared for work.

Chloe met Michelle for lunch and continued their conversation about their problems.

“Sometimes I just lay on the bed and tell my husband to hurry up and get it over with,” said a frustrated Michelle. Her husband’s libido was so high that he wanted sex all day long. “I am tired of being on my back or on my knees, staring at his dick,” said Michelle.



Chloe lit up and said that she had the perfect solution. “How about if we got Ray and Benjamin together? Only Ray would be dressed as a girl?” said Chloe with excitement.

Michelle too lit up as if an brilliant idea had dropped in her lap.

“What if instead of ignoring your husband’s calls to support his dress-up hobby, you instead encouraged it? What if you increase the pace to really see if he’s really serious? Perhaps he’ll lose interest when he finds out how much work it is to be a girl? I’ll help you train him,” said Michelle.

“Wouldn’t it be funny if we could train Ray to become a sexy girl to satisfy all of Benjamin’s sexual desires?” said Chloe with a smile. “Then we could be together and they could be together. It would be a win-win scenario!”

“Either way, it will give us a fun project to work on,” said Michelle. “By the time we are done, your husband will either be sick of spending time being a girl, or he will *be* a girl ready to serve you and anyone we choose.”

“Yes, we’ll make him do all the cooking, washing, and cleaning at home,” Chloe remarked. “We’ll make him dress in women’s clothing at all times. We’ll keep him on a strict diet to lose weight. I think he’d look great in a French Maid uniform. We’ll keep him on a rigorous schedule so that he won’t have time to think about anything else but being a girl.”

“Let’s get him to sign a contract,” said Michelle. “It will make things official. Plus it will tell us how serious Ray really is in regards to wanting to become a girl.”