

## A Trainer

by: A Happy Wife

I give this advice freely to any woman who wishes to take charge of her married life. I know that for many women it wouldn't be what they want. I didn't think it would be what I wanted either. But after developing my program and seeing the results I was getting in my own marriage I decided that the good far out weighed the bad.

For this program to work a woman must know her husband pretty well. It helps if the husband has a penchant for crossdressing, submissiveness or a fetish that can be used to lead him. Most men have something that will work a love for panties, women's shoes, your feet, breasts, butt or just some preference in sex. If you know it you can use it and even develop others that he didn't even know he had.

My own husband had a thing for panties. It was easy to see he loved to see me in my panties, he would buy me panties and more that once I caught him feeling them. When I suggested he get his own he blustered all up and said hell no. He got so manly there for a minute I thought he was going to start smoking a cigar or play some hockey.

So I started him with panties. It was easy, I set a trap, I went shopping for lingerie, and showed him my purchases. I knew he was interested and would sneak a look and a feel first chance he got. "You've been in my panty drawer haven't you?" I shouted he admitted it, I told him I was worried about his "panty thing" he of course denied having a panty thing. One thing led to another and we wound up in a fight. He slept in the guestroom that night and I threw out all his underwear and replaced it with panties in his size.

The next day when he found out he was pissed but when I said how sorry I was and would make it up to him. He agreed to wear the panties "just for little me". I selected a pretty pink pair with lace at the leg openings and waist, a flower at the side with ribbons woven through the lace at the waist. He cringed at them and I bet him that he couldn't put them on with out getting hard. I bet him that if he got hard he would wear my selection of panties for a week. If he stayed soft he got unreciprocal oral sex every day for a week. Well he wore panties that week and my mouth stayed clean.

With every panty change there was a photo and on Saturday a matching bra. He had had no sex that week and was pretty randy when I suggested that he continue wearing panties. I knew he liked it I told him I liked it. I rubbed his penis through a pair of white satin high cuts and lowered my mouth to just above his crotch stuck out my tongue, pulled it back and said "it's panties or nothing my sweet" "panties he said. Just do it" Well I did it and my hubby just melted.

His next blowjob cost him his toenails. Red lips are gonna cost you red toenails. He balked for a day or so but he was already in panties, a bra on weekends so painted toes was no big deal.

Leg shaving was a big hurdle for him. Men are so funny about leg hair. It's like the roots of it go all the way to their testicles. When I brought it up he about died. Of course by now he knew he would give in. I shaved him for the first time and since I was so close to his penis I took it in my mouth just for a second or two then suggested we see how those legs look in stockings. He said no like I knew he would, but with a flick of the tongue little missy hubby was in panty hose.

Well with shaved legs, pantyhose, a bra and panties could pretty shoes be far behind? I didn't think so and I had seen just the right pair to start him off in. I wanted him to get used to wearing ladies shoes at all times. So a pair of pumps just wouldn't do, a nice pair of almost unisex loafers was called for. The pair I bought him were a shiny kid, not patent but quite shiny they had a one inch or so stacked heel and a gold accent at the vamp. I got them in black When he tried them on with his gray slacks they looked very pretty I noted that they would work well with a skirt too. He just looked frightened I think that by now he knew where all this was going.

I began to pick up ladies tops and slacks for him I even bought him a small handbag and pretty wallet. I had found some navy blue slacks and gotten him a pair of matching flats to wear with them.

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He broke the day of the Mary Kay party. I had five girls over one Saturday afternoon and I told hubby that I needed him to help with the party. He balked about helping and besides he was upset with the outfit I had picked out for him. It was a pair of tan Capri length pants that tied with a draw string, dark brown woven T strap sandals that just showed a peek of his painted toe nails, a red knit tee top with a slightly scooped top by now his bra was a full and filled B cup. So hiding his breasts was almost impossible, but like a little trooper he kept trying. It is hard for men to realize they are becoming sissies, I don't know it must be a pride thing.

Our Mary Kay consultant commented on my husband's pretty outfit right off and offered to use him as the demo for the session. Of course he said no but the rest of us all joined in on the yes vote and little miss husband didn't have a chance. So with camera flashing and video rolling I filmed the end of his masculine vestiges.

He, at my urging bought the whole package, skin care to make up and agreed to make up lessons from "his new girlfriend the Mary Kay lady". Oh what fun we did his nails had him show off his toes and we all went to dinner. Girls are so much fun to be with.

I had to tell him that he had been led and now the games were over. Welcome to the New World my love. I wanted him in dresses and skirts now unless his work required pants. As to that work, I would cook he would do the dishes, set the tables and all the clean up. I would do the laundry, he would do any ironing, the shopping for food and run all the errands such as going to the car wash, dry cleaners and fetching me little things. Sex would be when I required it, on my terms and he had better learn to enjoy giving head because I liked receiving it. If I began to tire of him

as a sissy I might take a lover if he wished to prevent that he had best do his very best to keep me happy.

I haven't taken that lover yet, my hubett works really hard to keep me happy. He has discovered that I enjoy a good foot lick and is very good at finding places to put that tongue to good use. He knows that he isn't much of a man now my girlfriends just love him and like to clothes shop with him they think it's fun to tell the store clerks "sissy here is a guy, can you believe it?" He hates it of course but it really is a hoot. He has grown his hair long by now and has regular appointments at our salon. He has quit his old job the men down there were starting to get mean with him. I now have him working for a woman friend of mine as a secretary it's only three-day a week so he has plenty of time for housework.

I know it's not a traditional relationship and I do miss having a man at times. But he is much more docile and girls make the best friends.

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