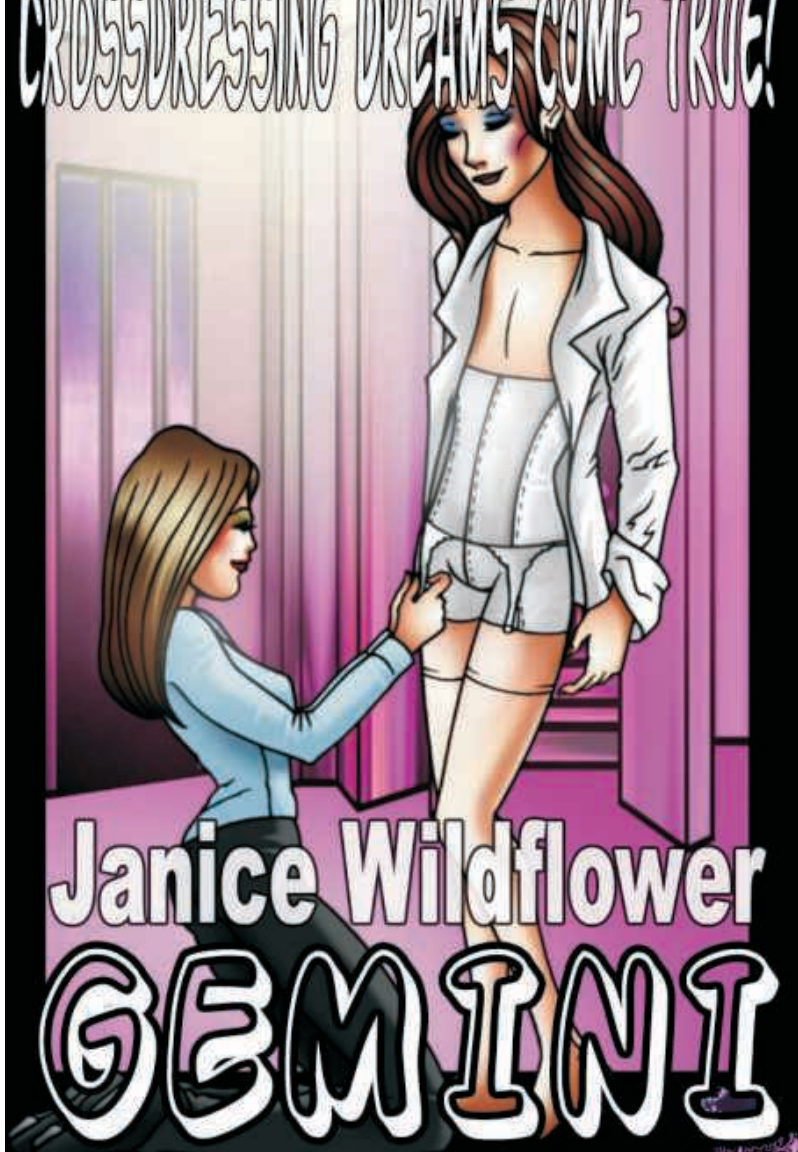


SHE MADE ALL MY  
CROSSDRESSING DREAMS COME TRUE!



Janice Wildflower

GEMINI

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# SHE MADE ALL MY CROSSDRESSING DREAMS COME TRUE

**By Janice Wildflower Gemini**

I used to be a real guy and now I am such a sissy it is hard to tell if I am a guy or a girl. It's really just so embarrassing when I think about it. I look and act and dress more like a girl than a guy. I am just so effeminate; I can hardly take it sometimes. I talk like a girl. I move like a girl. All my affectations are effeminate. My general appearance is just so effeminate with soft skin, and long hair, and thin eyebrows, and full lips, and a rounded face and I am even a bit curvy in all the wrong places. And I am wearing panties and the full set of lingerie all the

time. And even my outer clothing can be female. And when I am allowed to wear male outer clothes, the clothing is sissy male.

And I am so emotional, just like a woman. I just want to cry about how feminine I have become. But my wife is so understanding and comforting and happy with me, that I guess I am stuck like this.

And what makes my whole situation worse is that everyone who really knows me knows that I am a guy.

And it doesn't appear I can get out of this situation. I am just stuck as a sweet cross-dressed receptionist and secretary, acting out my life as an effeminate male and much of the time as if I were really a girl, while everyone around me knows I am a sissy guy.

And at one time I thought that something like this might just be wonderful, but when it is full time and for real it is not that wonderful. Though even I have to admit the situation is not without some niceties.

I admit I had some attraction to lingerie, and on occasion liked to wear soft feminine things, and really enjoyed the feel of soft nylon, and silks and satins on my body. But aside from that attraction I still lived my life as a masculine guy. Now my life as a masculine male is over and so far there has been no turning back for me. My wife, who is my boss at work, will never let me be live as a real man again. She likes me just the way I am. I will never wear anything masculine again. I will never be permitted to act masculine again. It looks like I will be forced to live my life as my wife's sweet effeminate crossed dressed sissy home maker and secretary reception-

ist. She made me into a sweet sissy, cross dressed all the time, and behaving like a woman, and she means to keep me this way. Whether I want to stay effeminate full time or not!

I did have a “bit” of a lingerie fetish. But I was living as a real guy, with an occasional run it with lady’s lingerie. It was fun. I was a closet cross dresser, effeminate at times but not really what one would call a sissy; enjoying my feminine finery in private and by myself, and spending the rest of my time as a regular type guy. Though I always did want to find a woman with who to share my hobby, who would enjoy me cross dressed and help me to be more fem. Little did I realize the down side of that wish fulfilled.

Now I have too much of a good thing and I have to dress and act feminine 24/7, and in public. Can you imagine this? I look like a girl, and I sound like a girl, and I act like a girl. I am forced to wear my feminine finery in public, and to show everyone that I am a sissy. I look rather like a female, with long hair and small breasts, and a nice feminine shaped butt and hips. My hair is long, my nails are long and always polished, and my ears are pierced. I only wear satin panties and nylon lingerie next to my skin. I often have to wear a dress, or a skirt and blouse and of course high heels. I use makeup. I look like a girl, and I sound like a girl, and I act like a girl. But everyone knows I am a guy.

But I can’t even act like a guy anymore even when I try to and no matter how hard I try. My patterns of acting like a male have been broken and everything masculine about me has been taken out of me.

At first it was fun and exciting and kept me on edge. But I've been this way now for such a long time I sort of miss my guy days, even though most of the time I find that I am titillated by my situation. But I could use some time off, I could use some time as a real guy.

And even worse, the way I am kept, always feminine, always on edge, I just can't imagine myself as masculine again. And when I really think about it, I don't think I want to ever be a real guy again. I don't think I can really give this all up. I always loved soft silky lingerie and now I can wear it all the time. And I find that I have come to just love my soft feminine skin and figure, and long soft hair, and full lips. I just love the feel of my silks and satins. And I have come to accept that I have to act feminine and that most of the time I need to be dressed in dresses or skirts and of course high heel pumps.

And in a way I sort of feel fulfilled taking care of my wife as if I were the wife. She is just so appreciative and loving, when she isn't demanding about keeping me feminine. And for some reason, I just don't know why, but I find some rewards and enjoyment in fulfilling a role as a homemaker. I just seemed to have found it rewarding taking care of our home, and cooking and cleaning, and learning all the female skills, such as sewing and ironing, and doing it all so well. They all seem to make me happy...a job well done.

And I do so enjoy my job as a receptionist down at the clinic. Even if most of the time I need to sort of pass myself off as a female, and dress that way; when everyone knows that I am a guy. For some reason I find all of that just very relaxing and comforting. It has just become so relaxing for me when I

am acting totally like a girl at the clinic. I find it fun to wear my jewelry and put on my makeup, and take care of my long hair and nails, and just interact with everyone in a girlish way. And I just don't know why. And I fit right in with the clientele there, guys and gals who are unhappy with their respective genders and are looking for a change.

So now I am trapped in my feminine lingerie by my enjoyment of it and have come to accept all the other things that come with being able to wear my panties, and slips, and nylon stockings all the time. I've found that if I want to wear and enjoy lady's lingerie as much of the time as possible than I will just have to stay a lady.

It is sort of a dream come true, but also a nightmare. I mean despite my love for lingerie I never had wanted to have to dress like a woman from the skin out and most of the time, and to have to act like a female just about all the time, have my body changed so, and literally live my life almost totally like a female. I mean cross-dressing was a part time hobby for me, and not a life style.

But I am stuck, a guy dressed and living as a girl, when most people know that I am a guy. Crazy but true. And this is how I got into this awful but delightful situation.

## **Chapter 1: I follow the girls and get trapped**

It all started one night when I was following two ladies wearing clothes for which I had an immediate attraction, and I did think that one of the two attractive ladies I was following in front of me might have been a guy, which made the situation all the

more of a turn on for me. The older one, about my age, perhaps a bit older than I, was definitely a female and an attractive one. The younger one was a very boyish girl, a tom-boy, uncomfortable being out dressed in a dress and high heels; or perhaps a very girlish boy who was really uncomfortable being out dressed in a dress and high heels, and I could only guess at what for underwear. And it was such a turn on for me in either case, for the way they were dressed I couldn't keep my eyes off of them nor could I stop following them. And so I just walked behind watching them, staring at them, each wearing what for me was their sensual outfits, enjoying the sight and trying to figure out the gender of that younger of the pair. And I was of course a bit aroused.

Now just based upon the way they were dressed I would have been following them in any case, but the gender question on the younger just made it that much more exciting for me. I loved female lingerie and I loved nylon tricot. As I explained, I love to wear it myself but I also love to see it on the female figure, or even better on the male figure if the fellow looks feminine enough. I mean lingerie on a broozer, male or for that matter a broozer type female never did a thing for me. But in the case in question both the persons looked feminine enough, the woman and the boy or girl with her and both were wearing nylon tricot dresses, my favorite outfits on the female figure.

There was a middle aged woman, about my own age, and the younger one, a daughter or niece or as I was hoping even better perhaps a son or a nephew. The soft skirts of the dresses just swayed erotically. On the woman the dress fit tightly and hugged her

ample figure and just slide along it in a way that was just such a turn on for me. I imagined the way it was sliding on her femininely shaped rear that she just had to have been wearing a girdle with satin panels with a nylon slip over the girdle and that added to my turn on.

And the younger one's outfit, with the skirt of the dress a bit short, showed off her or his gartered stocking top and garter when the breeze caught it just the right way. And I could also see the lace of a slip peeking out beneath the skirt of the younger one. It was almost as if she or he had been dressed that way intentionally, in a dress with a skirt just a bit too short, to attract attention and perhaps even to embarrass the wearer, boy or girl. And the younger one just kept pulling down on the skirt of the dress in a manner indicative of embarrassment and to what seemed, if I was not mistaken, to the obvious amusement of the older companion. It was as if the younger one knew the show that was being put on. And even better for me was that she or he took these small dainty steps as if not used to walking in high heels and having difficulty walking in high heels and was just so embarrassed to be out there dressed like that and wearing high heel pumps. I just loved watching it.

I just loved it, for despite being a guy I myself just loved wearing lady's lingerie, wearing nylon and silk and satin lingerie for woman, wearing panties, and nylon stockings and camisoles, and on occasion when acting really crazy even wearing a soft satin bra, and if really rutting, maybe even wearing a dress of nylon tricot. And thought I had always done it in private, the temptation to go out in public was always there.

But I had been off of all that for a while as I had recently once again purged, thrown out my entire collection of female underwear and anything else female that I had owned and had worn. It happened every once in a while. And I just could not help myself. And once again by the time I regretted the act all was gone and it was just too late to do anything about it. I mean the finery never wound up for sale at the same charity thrift shop at which I had deposited it. So there I was, at that time, out of work, black balled and with little perspective in the down economy in which I found myself of finding work, and to make things worse I was running out of money and almost out of funds and then a place to live; and so the repurchasing of lady's panties for myself, a guy, was the least of my worries, though as it appeared, the wearing of them was not the last thing on my mind.

And so I couldn't help but follow these two attractively dressed bodies. It was embarrassing. Did I say that? But in any case as it turned out I followed them into the local bar-restaurant. It was a place at which I actually had a credit and so I sat down at the bar and continued to watch the lovelies as they sat at a small table in the bar area, waiting or so I thought, for their dates; though actually just for a table in the restaurant area, the reason for which will shortly become apparent. As they sat on the high bar chairs at a bistro table in the bar area, the skirts of their dresses sexily rode up their bodies exposing more leg. And of course on the younger the stocking top and garter peeked out and I could not help but stare and enjoy the view. And the young one must have known that I or others were enjoying the view. However, apparently forced to sit on the high bar chair there was nothing that could be done

to prevent the exposure, and after a while knew that guys were watching and knew that I was watching, and just could not avoid the situation and had to bear up under it.



And it was almost if the older woman knew exactly what was happening, as every time she looked at me looking at her companion I would look away and she seemed to get a kick out of that and out of the predicament of her companion, girl or boy, sitting there on the high stool with legs and stocking tops so exposed for all the guys to see.

Well they had finished their first drinks and were still waiting, and I was still watching, and felt obliged to pay for the view and ordered them a refill on whatever they had been drinking. Well one thing led to another, as these things go, and I was invited over to their table, and finding out they were without dates, wound up sitting down for some pleasant banter followed by introductions. The woman introduced herself as Ellen and her companion as Robin. I was sort of hiding out and didn't want to use my real name and my mind racing to provide one that I wouldn't forget and would actually respond to it went from Robin to Robin and Marion to Francis Marion, and between Francis and Marion I gave my name as Francis. Ellen gave me a look when I gave my name but didn't make it an issue. I continued to make what we used to call clever conversation with Ellen while Robin didn't say a word, and sort of looked down all the time obviously much embarrassed, making me even more suspect of the situation and the hidden gender of that young person. I loved it. And I was even a bit more turned on.

After the pleasantries Ellen, seemingly got bold and indicated she suspected, I had been following them and kiddingly asked if I were up to "no good", though told me that I did seem pleasant and harmless enough and made for interesting conversation, as so she hoped that I could be trusted. And she

continued with she didn't think a fellow named Frances who gave his name as Frances instead of Frank, and she pronounced Frances in the feminine version, would be up to making trouble for a couple of defenseless woman, but she could not be sure. She said this jokingly and obviously too open up the conversation and turn it in that direction.

Well I don't know why, but under the influence of my own drink and strangely attracted to her, and a bit turned on by her embarrassed companion I became more truthful than I should have and revealed somewhat of my nature and my odd hobby. I told her, "There isn't anything dangerous about me. I just love the way you two are dressed. You are wearing what I find most delightful to see on woman, and have just enjoyed the show, and have no other desire other than to gaze upon your beauty and the loveliness of you two in your outfits. And to tell you the truth, your companion's difficulty in handling skirts and pumps and embarrassment, for whatever reason, I find quite coquettish and enchanting in this day and age. I just thought at the very least I owed you each a drink for the pleasant show that you had put on for me. I have no foul play in mind and you have naught to fear from me. It is not in my nature to harm anyone or any woman nor to take advantage of anyone for that matter. In fact I have found myself in a bit of trouble at this time due to that nicer part of my nature. "

With that, as I later found out, she cleverly suspected me having at least some sort of lingerie fetish or worse. She was as it turned out a nurse, and a psychological nurse at that who worked with gender dysphoric persons. And though smiling and seemingly jokingly had actually been probing for my reac-

tion. Then she told me, “Well perhaps if you play your cards right, I might make my outfit a present to you, as you say you enjoy it so much. We’re close enough in size that perhaps with the right support garments you might be able to get you into my clothes. That is if you are as fascinated with girdles and cinchers and such as you seem to be with dresses, slips and stockings... I mean we could just call you Francis instead of Frances, and who would know? I think you might look cute dressed as a girl.”

Well that would have been a dream come true, and I wanted to tell her not only, “Yes...yes...yes;” but, “Please yes” or “Yes, please dress me!” but that revealing of myself and of my secret desires I could not be with her at that time. Anyway, she continued with, “I would give you my...hum.... My niece’s outfit as she does not seem as happy as she should with it, but there is somewhat of a size differential between you two. And in any case my niece isn’t getting out of dresses and rid of her outfit that easy. Though it is a thought getting you into a dress along with my, a hum niece. My niece being quite the... tom-boy, the two of you together in matching outfits might be cute. Yes, we might just get you into my outfit and with the right makeup you might even look as cute as she does. You do have a rather nice feminine way about you. Yes, Robin and Frances would make a nice pair? What do you think of that my harmless Frances? ”

What did I think of that, her dressing me up in her lingerie and dress? Gosh she was turning me on! Her teasing threats were no threats to me and were turning me on so that I wished it were true and my blushing must have given me away. So despite

my protests to the contrary Ellen must have seen through me and guessed at my predilection. So Ellen who seemed to have enjoyed the situation then seemed to want to pursue the issue with me. So when the dinner table opened for them, they brought me along as a third wheel, despite my protest. When I explained my financial status, Ellen told me that it was okay, she was celebrating and my company was much appreciated, her niece turning out to not being much of a conversationalist that evening and them without dates. She told me if I would keep up my end of the conversation she would not mind paying the bill, if I promised to be entirely truthful that evening about my fascination with her outfit. She told me she found my fascination very interesting under the circumstances and wished to explore it further. And after all she continued, she didn't really know me and I didn't really know her, so what harm could come of use exploring my fascination with her dress? And by then she really had me turned on.

Ellen told me, "You know I am a psychiatric nurse and I work at a gender clinic, and I am always interested in exploring a guy's fascination with anything feminine. So why don't you let me have some fun with this? I don't really know you. So you get a free dinner out of this, and can always walk away. Though I think I would miss your company."

Well the chance, at a good meal and the company of such attractive ladies was something I could not turn down, and did not, and swore to tell the truth though without the intention of being totally truthful. It would have been too embarrassing, or so I thought. And so I thought to be as truthful as modesty would allow. Well I thought, it might be fun,

and I would probably never meet either of them again, and so why not, or so I thought.

Once we had been seated and dinners ordered Ellen was first with telling the truth. Much to the embarrassment of her companion she introduced me to her nephew the pretty young person sitting with us, all dressed up and made up as a young girl who was really a young boy. Ellen with a devilish smile on her face had encouraged her, or as it turned out, him, to join in the conversation, but the pretend niece kept her or rather his face down and the replies short. Ellen seemed to have been enjoying his apparent discomfort and kept trying to engage him in our conversation but it wasn't working.

Well finally she seemed to have given up on that and after a while she told me, "I have to apologize for my nephew here. You see it is his first time out dressed and having to pass as a girl and I guess he is still shy about it. But I am sure with time he will get over it and will be better company. I just don't want you to think that as a young girl he is intentionally being rude to you. And I mean he is just so convincing as a girl he has nothing to be embarrassed about. Don't you think so Frances?" Well I was immediately turned on even more though feeling totally empathetic with the lads plight, though wishing it were me and not him in what for me would have been, or so I thought at the time, a thoroughly delightful situation.

I tried to speak, but at first it was difficult. I guess another give away. But finally finding my voice and feeling sorry for the lad and wanting to comfort what I thought was a kindred soul, I told them both, "Why yes, dressed as he is he certainly does pass as a girl. Though I am sure it is just the

clothes and the makeup and other wise he would seem all boy. But in any case I would have never known... for sure. And I don't think that anyone else has guessed or even thought about it. The lad is really quite pretty and passable as a girl. Only his embarrassment and his somewhat masculine actions give him away and only to someone really looking closely. There is really nothing to be embarrassed about. He makes a lovely girl. I would think with a bit more practice and being out in public no one would ever think him a boy." And looking right at Robin I told him, "You really shouldn't be embarrassed. You will make a lovely girl."

Well that was not what he wanted to hear, as I was to find out and I could sort of tell that by his body actions. However it was what Ellen wanted to hear and what she had wanted him to have been told. It was an attack on his masculinity. She told him, "You see now dear, you do make a passable and lovely girl. So I won't hear another word about you wanting to return to boy's clothes until you've learned your lesson and your punishment is over. Not passing as a girl will no longer serve as an excuse. Apparently you can pass as a girl. And as I've told you, and Frances here agrees, you do make a very cute girl at that."

The lad didn't say a word but his shoulders slumped even more. Then Ellen turned to me and told me, "You are very kind...a real gentlemen, and I suppose I owe you and explanation. I don't want you to think ill of my nephew. But if all this makes you uncomfortable it will be understandable if you need to leave." Well I wasn't thinking of leaving and in fact I was having the time of my life, at the expense of this cross dressed lad, and leaving was the last

thing on my mind. It was a fantasy come true for me and I had no intention of leaving, unless forced. Or perhaps if I started to get to wet to hide it which was fast becoming a possibility. So I nodded to let Ellen know that I would hear the story, which she proceeded to tell.

She explained her nephew's situation resulted from a combination of trying to back out of a rather unusual court ordered job commitment and then losing a bet about it to her and then being punished for trying to back out of that job commitment and losing the bet. So as a result of both situations he had been forced to agree to come out with her made up as a girl to see if he could get out of his deal and to pay off the bet. And so there he was after a day at the beauty parlor and the lingerie shop completely shaved, wearing girl's clothing from the skin out including all the right support garments, and in full makeup and a feminine hair-do having dinner out in public with his aunt. And if he passed he was going to have to stay that way for some time. So there he was looking more like a girl than he ever thought he would when he agreed to the bet, and out and about looking so much like a girl that he was trying to pass as a girl to save himself one heck of an embarrassment. But if he did pass as a girl, if he aunt had gotten him so dolled up that he could pass as a girl then he would be forced to stay dressed the way he was dressed, a boy dressed as a girl, until the terms of his bet were paid off. What a predicament!

Well when that explanation was over and his situation made public, to me that is, Robin, the boy passing as a girl, started to complain and tell me his story of woe. He was trying to speak as much like a girl as he could, less embarrassed about it and his

whole situation after having been exposed as a boy. But as it turned out what he could not admit, especially to a guy, was that he was finding out that he liked his girl things once he was getting used to them and that there was some pleasure in it for him so dressed and made-up.

His aunt then seemed to enjoy every minute of it, him having to tell me his story while trying to still sound and act like a girl. She realized that she could not have planned it any better having me there to increase the young boy's embarrassment about being out and about completely dressed like a girl and having to act like a girl and finding the situation such that he had to do his best to act and pass as a girl.

As his story went Robin had gotten into trouble for his fringe involvement at a frat hazing of an effeminate pledge joining in and teasing the kid as gay. The only way out of it was some sort of public service for that group. His frat had sacrificed him and he had taken the brunt of it, and for some reason the victim seemed to get a kick out of seeing Robin so punished and also let Robin take more of the blame than he was entitled to take.

From what I could gather as the undercurrent Robin himself was not so sure of his own masculinity had tried to prove it by assisting in that type of hazing. So his aunt, Ellen, agreed to have him do volunteer work at a clinic at which she worked, for those with gender dysphoria. Only so that he would fit in with the crowd using the clinic the job required him to wear to wear feminine designed underwear, what he described as girl's underwear, and act effeminate.

Well to get around to how Robin had wound up as he was totally dressed up as a girl, things just went from bad to worse for him. Then to stay out of jail the job eventually necessitated him to dress from the skin out as a girl, act as a girl, and spend time with boys who wanted to be girlish and with girls who felt they wanted to be boys and were acting out that role. And he then had to spend some time with his victim, first in that lingerie, and now totally dressed as a girl. And this was his first time out completely dressed and made up, and just with his aunt, to give him a feel for being out and about so dressed. There was a side bet that if she couldn't get him all made up like a girl and girlish enough to pass that she might have helped him out of the deal. But since he was passing there was no out for him. And if he didn't stick with that job it was jail for him. And based upon his own looks and lack of toughness he knew that a stint in the county jail would not work out well for him. He had heard the stories.

I fended sympathy at first, suspecting he was not the prejudice type but had his own issues that he had been trying to cover up by acting with the bullies rather than the bullied. I had been there myself, before I had learned to accept my fetish. His aunt on the other hand just kept smiling girlishly as he was forced to describe to me his transformation from boy to girl, which eventually just about had him on the verge of tears. But after a while his tears seemed more crocodile like and I told him that, "Perhaps the lady doeth protest too much", which he didn't understand, but aunty did which just got her laughing to the boy's dismay.

And so I tried to cheer him up, to make him feel better about his situation and I told him, “Robin you really look wonderful. I mean you do make a rather cute enough girl. And I don’t see your problem. No one would think you are anything but what you appear to be a young girl. And as long as you continue to act cute and coquettish everyone around will continued to think you are a girl. And you get to wear all those nice silks and satins that only girl’s get to wear. I imagine it should be fun for a while any way. You should be happy... You should just try to enjoy your situation and not worry what the others may think about it or you. Try it for a while. You might find it fun dressing up as a girl. I mean it looks like you are stuck with this for a while, and so you might as well make the best of it. I know that I would play it that way if I were in your situation, and just try to be the best girl that I could as to remain under the radar. And then I would just try to enjoy all the nice things about being a girl. The things we guys never get a chance to try. I mean it could be fun fooling everyone. And it just might be nice experiencing how the other half lives. I mean it is only for a while. And then you would certainly show the judge you were repentant, if you were to appear before the judge and pass as a girl. I mean, what is so bad about being a girl for a while? I mean experiencing life as a girl for a while. It really could be fun!”

Well with that I realized I had gone a bit too far and back tracked a bit and told him, I mean I imagine that the soft clothes would feel nice being worn. That is what my girlfriends have told me. And I know such things feel nice when I’ve rubbed against them on my girlfriends. You know the type of lingerie girls wear when dating. And any way the clothing

does look so nice and attractive and so nice and attractive on you as well as on your aunt. And I have some guy friends who like the feel of soft woman's clothing and they highly recommend silks and satins and nylon to me, joking around of course. So I can't imagine things are really that bad for you. You need to just sit back and enjoy dinner and enjoy yourself, and this too will end. I think looking back on it you may even find out you had a nice time all dressed up and looking so pretty. I understand some boys actually like it." And thankfully I stayed short of saying again something to the effect of, "I know that I would."

Well Robin didn't stop with his complaining and said something to the effect that I should try it. He told me that I should try wearing girl's clothes for a while and out in public and see how it really feels. I tried to stay sympathetic and I said something to the effect of that under the right circumstances and like him to avoid jail I probably would wear and do everything that he had done, but not feel so guilty about it nor complain so much about it. I told him it really shouldn't be that bad if he didn't let it embarrass him so. And I told him again that I had "friends" who I am pretty sure liked to wear woman's clothes and would not look as nice and convincing as he looked dressed as a girl, but I suspected dressed as girls anyway and would most likely enjoy his situation. And of course I was talking about myself, but I was not going to elaborate.

That stopped him, but then Ellen got started again. And once again she offered to lend me her clothes if I liked so I could give it a try and find out for myself how woman's clothes would feel on a guy. She told me that she would be more than happy to

help me find out for myself how nice lady's lingerie felt and would just love to lend me her outfit, complete with her nice soft lingerie, and then I could find out for myself how nice those silks and satins felt on anyone, female or male, who liked the feel of such lovelies.

Believe me I was more than tempted to take her up on her offer it sounded so nice to me, but politely declined, fearful of the consequences. Just plain scared to give into what I knew I really wanted to do. However, Ellen seemed to know better, and I was actually hoping she would offer again in such a way that I could somehow accept and borrow her clothes. I really wanted something feminine to wear again and my own stash of lovelies by then had regrettably discarded. So perhaps as ridiculous as that would seem to Robin and as all her things just all looked so lovely to me I really did want to have a try with her clothes, but was terrified to go there.

Ellen pressed the issue, seeming to have fun with it, and told me, "Frances I think that you don't give yourself enough credit for your looks. You too would make a convincing enough girl in these clothes and you might even find them as nice as they have been described to you. And we could still call you Frances, which I think would make everything just perfect. I might be good for you to explore your fascination with the way we are dressed. I mean some men attracted to woman wearing certain types of very feminine clothes are in fact also attracted to the clothes. I mean what could be the harm if you tried some lingerie on for fit and comfort? I think you might find it fun. I know that I would. And it would give Robin some company so he wouldn't feel so bad about his situation. You see we'd all be win-

ners. And I think with the right support garments and some padding that you could look convincing enough!”

Well I knew what I wanted to say, and that was yes. But years of hiding my desires didn't make it easy to admit to a stranger that I wanted to wear woman's clothing, her clothes, panties and all, even such a nice lady who I was becoming more and more attracted to as she continued to tease and thereby excite me. Fortunately just then the food was served and that conversation ended and the conversation turned to me and my circumstances.

I did not feel like lying and so I had to admit that I was unemployed with little prospect of a good job. I explained that I in essence had whistle blown on a dangerous scam and had been black listed in my industry and was almost in hiding fearing the repercussions from my actions, and had been unable to get any type of real work not having recent references and not wanting to be found. The State authorities involved had wanted my evidence but then under the circumstances had no protection for me, unlike the Feds. And at this time I was fast running out of money and could soon be without room and board. I did have some resources, but under the circumstances I could not get to them. And so I really had to thank them for this which might just be my last good meal for a while; before I was forced to enter the underground economy.

Ellen actually seemed sympathetic. She pressed me about my background and how daring I might really be in regard to the wearing of lady's clothing if it was unavoidable or a necessity for whatever reason, if I was sort of forced to wear it by circumstances. To make a long and probing conversation

short, she found out that as I had told Robin I was not “theoretically” averse to trying on some lady’s clothes if forced to by circumstances or anything else for that matter; and in fact really believed what I told Robin, that wearing such finery might be nice, without me having to admit to that desire, or that I had already worn such finery. And I told her or let her find found out that I really did have a number of friends with diverse gender situations and fascinations, and as I had told Robin. And also that I respected them and got along well enough with them and whose company I enjoyed even as they gave way to their fascinations; without me having to admit that it was also my hobby.

Dinner came and I had to excuse myself for a moment. I knew that I was leaking from the excitement of the conversation. So I just planned to use some tissue to dry myself off and then to cover myself and keep my pants dry, but it was too late. The stain was already there. I thought I would die. The only thing to do was to pull my shirt out, which was thankfully dry, to cover the stain. When I returned to the table I explained the water from the sink splashed me and I was a bit wet and was covering it with my shirt. But Ellen sort of gave me a look lie, “Tell me another one.” But she was just so pleasant and fun to be around that it really didn’t matter. I was taking a liking to her and her games. She certainly had me turned on.

Then over desert she told me that if I truly could deal with a diverse gendered population and could let myself appear a bit more feminine she might have a job for me as a secretary receptionist at the Medical Clinic at which she worked, and under the circumstances she had a social security number

and a name that I could borrow to stay below the radar. Robin had tried out for that job but had blown it and as a result was being punished in dresses. And so the clinic was still looking for someone to fill that job. The clinic needed to hire a secretary receptionist, and hopefully a male, but one on the feminine side due to the nature of the clients served.

So if I could be that effeminate male or at least pass myself off as an effeminate male and was willing to work as a secretary receptionist she might be able to get me the job or at least an interview with potential for the job, if I had the right look and the right attitude. So if I could lose some weight, would grow my hair and nails a bit longer, be more feminine in appearance, wear some lingerie instead of male underwear, and just act or learn to act a bit effeminate so as to fit in and allow the clients and the clinic to be comfortable with me, she might be able to help me out with that job, which paid real money and was not “underground”.

And in addition she might be able to provide me with a name and social security number of a relative of hers, out of work and not looking for work, so if those looking for me had access to such information they would not be able to pick up that I had re-entered the employment market, or where I was working for that matter. It was Robin’s mother Frances, and so it was almost if I were fated for Ellen to help me out.

She would know better in few weeks and if I could lose the weight by then, and change my appearance a bit, to show my commitment to the deal she would get me an interview. And the fact that I would be passing as a relative should help me. I could have dinner with her in a couple of weeks at

her home, and if I by then looked the part and was still willing we could move on to step two. She would supply me with the same female underwear that Robin was wearing, and I had agreed might be nice to wear. And if I could actually get myself to put it on and wear it around she might have a job for me.

Well at the time the thought of wearing that lingerie full time and growing my hair and nails femininely long and just acting girlish I thought would be great, a real kick. It was really a dream come true, especially since there was the potential of being helped along by a cooperating female. And as I really did not have any job or prospects for a good job and so I thought why not and told her so and so the deal was struck. I pretended I was hesitant about it but having little choice in the matter would at least give it a try, without making any promises. But truth be told I could hardly wait to get into the promised lingerie. The difficulty for me would be losing the weight. I had let myself go a bit.

So by the time dinner was over she had my telephone, my address and my promise and I had her promise to call me with the job offer if things turned out as she thought they might. She told me that if all that seemed workable she would send some prescriptions to a local pharmacy and get me some diet pills for the weight loss and some creams to keep my skin soft in case I lost too much weight. On parting we shook hands on the deal and she gave me a kiss on the cheek and whispered into my ear, "I think you'll find you will like all the female undies if you give it an honest try. And I think you will look cute in them and will have nothing to be embarrassed about. Please try. And please don't disappoint me. I do enjoy your company."

Well I walked away completely turned on and told myself I really did have to give this my best. I would actually do exactly as she asked and try to lose as much weight as possible, even if I had to starve myself and grow my hair and nails no matter how I looked. I just really wanted this woman to dress me in lingerie so badly. It would be a dream come true. But of course I could never admit that, or so I thought at the time. Things in my life would change.

## **Chapter II: The first steps to becoming a permanent sissy.**

I was desperate for a real job and titillated a bit by the dress code and appearance code of the job Ellen had described to me and so leaving the restaurant I thought I would at least give the whole adventure a try starting off with the weight loss and whatever. Why I could always back out, or so I thought. And how bad could it be, getting to wear lingerie under my male clothes all the time, and not having to hide the fact that I was wearing the lingerie or worry about being found out wearing woman's underwear. And so what, long hair and long nails

might be fun; I had fantasized about that sort of stuff and never really had the nerve nor the opportunity to give any of that stuff a try. My current hair length had only gotten so long as I was trying to disguise myself a bit. Well I would have to see whether or not I would punk out of the deal. I was enamored with Ellen's teasing; it was such a turn on and thought why not give the whole thing a try. And anyway I certainly wanted to try to see a bit more of Ellen.

Any way it seemed that she had gotten me a chance at the job as the pills were delivered along with a cream. I started the diet and a calorie burning regimen and was actually able to lose more than the 40 pounds asked of me. The pills really took away my desire to eat and even made me a bit nauseous in the morning so I just stopped eating much of a breakfast, and then lunch and dinner were light. I couldn't believe it. I had lost just about all my fat, except for some stubborn areas around my butt and hips, and believe it or not around my chest; and had I had also lost quite a bit of muscle. I was almost looking like an athletic woman, rather than a slim male. I couldn't figure it out. I even did some exercises to work on my hips and butt to try to move out that fat, and it just didn't work. It just firmed me up a bit and made my look even more girly. Under the circumstances I had just been so happy to lose the weight that my loss of muscle and change in shape wasn't of that much concern. And looking at myself in the mirror, by feminine chest and hips and butt were even a bit of a turn on for me. I just convinced myself I would lose that lose flesh if I stayed on my diet.

And then I didn't trim my nails or my hair, and so in three weeks I was much thinner, sported hair that was too long for a male though still a bit short for a female, and nails definitely too long for a guy. And I had religiously been applying the cream, it felt wonderful. And I applied it all over my body, as directed, just about everywhere. And I mean everywhere. And my skin did soften and shrink back as I lost the weight.

And if I had forgotten to take my pills or use my cream I would find that by midafternoon I would get a bit edgy, which would serve as a reminder to do the pills and cream. And then at one point I was getting a bit nervous about all my weight loss and new looks, and tried to stop taking the pills, but I couldn't. I had really gotten hooked on them. I just felt very calm and relaxed taking the pills.

Also I had gotten some internet information on walking, talking, and acting like a female, or for me an effeminate male and had been practicing that. I mean I really didn't have much to do and so really put in the time practicing voice control, and feminine deportment. For me that had been fun and exciting. But with all of that I was in trouble, but didn't know it. It was still fun and a turn-on for me.

And with all that going for my cross dressing side, I was day dreaming about the lingerie I was going to get to wear and it was making me horny enough that the job requirements of having to wear lingerie and take on a feminine demeanor and somewhat feminine appearance was a go for me. I was getting so excited by my predicament that I was almost looking forward to having to put on lingerie and wear woman's underwear in front of this woman and act and appear effeminate in public and in front

of others just to get a job as a male receptionist secretary. My job prospects were such that I really didn't have much of a choice even I wasn't finding the situation I had found myself in a bit of a turn on.

And with the way I was looking and acting, like an effeminate male my job aspects for the underground type jobs had even been further decreased, unless I was interested in something really kinky and I was not interested in that. Despite my attraction for the feminine and female clothing, I still liked females. And I was at the point I was only hoping to get the secretary job before I lost my apartment. And the landlord not being into accepting of my new looks I didn't think would have cut me any sort of break.

So when Ellen telephoned and said it looked like things might be a go for me at the clinic and I got the invite to dinner I of course accepted. Ellen told me Robin would be by to pick me up and drive me over to her place, and not to be late. I loved the way she told me not to be late in her bossy but sweet fashion and it sort of excited me and it got me into the mood for what was to come, the replacement of all my male underwear with lingerie; and Ellen having me expose myself to her so dressed, only in lingerie.

Robin showed and when I got into the car I found him still dressed as a girl, and in the outfit that I had already found so attractive and so attractive on him. And once again, sitting in the car, his stocking tops would show and occasionally so would a garter on his obviously shaved legs. I loved it. Anyway, I thanked him for the lift and then asked him what was up with him wearing a dress again.

He told me it wasn't again. He told me that he hadn't been out of dresses since we had last met and that he had no idea when he might be back into pants as he wasn't being told when his punishment would end, just that it wouldn't end till he had exhibited a bit more empathy, as he put it, for sissies and for dikes. So right now he was staying in dresses and working at the clinic where just about everyone knew he was a boy in dresses. And he had to live with that embarrassment. It had been awful at first, but he admitted that he had gotten used to it. And as I had told him he was finding that the clothing was feeling nice to him as he had gotten used to wearing it and had stopped fighting his situation. So at least that aspect wasn't so bad anymore. And he had become feminine enough so that when out and about he usually passed as a tom-boy.

He told me that all of his male clothing had been taken away from him as part of his continued punishment and court ordered punishment. So he was pretty much stuck in dresses and in fact he was pretty much living full time as if he were a girl. It was just easier for him that way. For in addition to helping out the receptionist secretary at the clinic he was serving as a companion for effeminate males and as a date for girls at "the clinic" who were interested in experimenting living as boys and wanted to date feminine males.

And he was it. He was the clinic's feminine male surrogate. That was his new job, being a girly male. And the cross dressing and the cross gender play was full time for him, and out in the public view, until his aunt and mom and the judge said different.

And he continued and explained that as far as he could surmise that there was no getting out of it for him. The parents of the pledge he had assisted with bullying were connected and no one was going to help him. And he had already tried running away only to have been caught. And the lock up had been awful, even though he had on his male things, so he was terrified as to what prison would mean for him. And things had gotten worse after having been brought back. Before he had done what he described as his sissy work part time and had been a part time in girl's lingerie, but after running away the job and clothes wearing had been made full time. If he ran away again, he would be running away dressed as a girl. That was the evening we had met, his first time out in public as a girl, punishment for the run and the loss of his bets. And his mom thought it all served him right, and thought that some old fashioned petty coat punishment was just what he deserved. And his dad was away and so there was no help there. So there was no getting out of it for him, or so he had learned.

However, looking at him there, all dressed up and behaving as a girl, I actually think he liked it, as I myself would have enjoyed the cross play. That had most likely been the problem for him. He couldn't accept his own desire for femininity in himself, his attraction to girl's things, girl's clothing, and girl's activities and had tried being macho, to hide his problem, and had taken it out on other boy's with that problem or having similar problems. Now that he was being forced into dresses and femininity I figured that he was slowly accepting his lot and finding out for himself that it was not that bad for him, getting to wear just sweet feminine things. And in fact he may have reached the point of acceptance

of not only his situation but the fact that he liked his situation and his new clothes. He really did seem happy enough all dressed up as a girl and just behaving as if he was a girl, and in fact being passable as a female.

Well we had a nice chat about his situation and his acceptance of it and the fact that things hadn't really turned out so bad for him, all things considered. And we eventually made it over to Ellen's house, on the nice side of town, a big old house. Robin wasn't staying. He had his date. Some boyish girl for whom he had to play the girl. And he really didn't seem unhappy about it. So I was on my own. If things worked out he would probably see me later. So he let me off and wished me good luck. And he seemed sincere with his wish. And he told me, "Frank, this really isn't so bad. The clothing does feel nice... and after a while very nice. And passing is everything. You really seem like a nice guy. I mean you really were sympathetic to my situation and didn't rag on me, as I probably would have done to you at that time if the situations were reversed. Let me tell you. If you are stuck and really on the run from some bad guys, there are worse places to have to hide then with auntie and in ladies lingerie. And I can hardly recognize you now with all the weight you lost and you long hair. I mean you even appear a bit feminine, nice and soft and sort of rounded. I don't think anyone would recognize you once auntie gets done with you. I mean look what she did with me! And I would really hate to think of some bad guys getting a hold of you, especially the way you now look. Who knows what they would do with you?!"

And he continued, "I am sure the lingerie and support garments that auntie has for you will also change your figure a bit. No one is going to recognize you once you put them on and auntie feminizes your looks a bit more. And she will. And the clinic really isn't a bad place to work. Everyone is nice and so understanding and so supportive. So good luck with all of this and if auntie really has girl's stuff for you to wear, please at least give it a try. Despite all my complaining, it really isn't that bad. It's sort of nice. Just as you described it, once I gave it an honest try. And good luck." And with that he didn't wait for an answer but took off. I think he was just too embarrassed. It probably took a lot out of him to tell me what he did and make his little admission.

### **Chapter III: Into Lingerie and On Display**

Well in the mood I was in Robin's little speech about the bad guys who were after me and about wearing ladies lingerie and his aunt feminizing my looks were just what the doctor ordered to get me up to the front door. Ellen answered the door. She was a turn on for me. She was dressed semi exotically in a white satin blouse with black satin pants and high heeled pumps of shiny black patent leather, and wearing an apron. I could have exploded. I was horny and turned on. I knew that I would be putty in her hands, and was regretting not having found some self-relief before I had come here. For as excited as I was I was still pretty scared about the whole thing and I was still thinking of backing out and taking for the hills and the underground economy. But then I would lose my supply of pills, and cream, and never get my new supply of lingerie. No,

there was really no backing out for me by that time. I really had to give the whole thing an honest try. I was already hooked on those damn pills, whatever they were.

She took a look at me and gave me a welcome smile and took my hands and looking into my eyes told me, using the feminine version of the name I had given her, “Why Frances you look absolutely wonderful.” And that was an immediate turn on being addressed with that girl’s name. And she told me in such a teasing way, “I am just so proud of you. You did keep your word now. My you must have lost at least 30 pounds, if not more. And the hair and nails are perfect. Oh come on in. Let me get you a drink. I hope you like strawberry daiquiris. I know some men don’t. But I thought or at least hoped that you would be the type who might like a lady’s drink. I am not in the mood for straight liquor or a really strong drink. And I have a lovely diner planned for us.”

Gosh, I thought this woman really knows how to push my buttons. There she was turning me on again with her comments. Anyway, I am the type that loves lady’s drinks, sweet alcoholic drinks that go straight to the head and I love strawberry daiquiris and any of the lady’s drinks and told her so and after a few I was feeling no pain. She had pushed them on me, telling me she had already had a couple and she needed me to catch up to her. So once she had me relaxed Ellen asked me if I was still interested in the job at the clinic as the secretary receptionist. I told her, “Look at me. I didn’t do this, lose all this weight and grow my hair and nails long for any other reason. ” And then on top of that I admitted, “And I’ve even been practicing walking and

talking like a lady so as to be able to appear effeminate if it is still necessary for the job. I just cannot bring myself to act that way right now, it's just too embarrassing. I hope you understand."

Ellen told me, "You look absolutely wonderful, not only nice a thin, but even a bit curvaceous and cute, like Robin turned out. And I understand everything. Let's not rush this. It must be at least somewhat difficult for you. , Though let's hope that you can find this all fun and a bit of a turn on doing it with a lady. Some guys do, or so I've been led to understand. And to tell you the truth I think you seem to be open minded enough that you just might find this underwear very nice. We woman certainly do. And I think that after your talks with Robin that even Robin is beginning to drop his resistance to it and find it most comfortable; though I wouldn't really expect you to be passing as a girl as Robin is doing. So let me show you the lingerie I got for you. It's lovely and based upon our last conversation, assuming you weren't kidding and are so open minded and still desperate I think you will like it and find it quite wonderful to wear. In fact once you have it on, you may never want to have to wear men's underwear again. This lingerie is so much nicer. It is all a question of mind sets. If you just think of comfort and aren't thinking sexist, I am sure you will really find that you will enjoy wearing this lovely lingerie. And that is what this is all about and that is why the lingerie is required to be worn for the job. It's a test. It just weeds the sexists right out. And we can't have any of those at the clinic. The work is just too sensitive. Experience has shown us that even a feminine man can be sexist. But an effeminate man who wears lady's lingerie just can't be sexists and is the most accepting creature. Especially when everyone

knows he is a bit of a sissy and is wearing panties. It's just a wonderful concept. You'll see."

Against my own wishes I tried renegeing on the lingerie part, at least pushing off the fitting for a while, but Ellen wouldn't have it and under those circumstances I didn't have much of a choice. She explained, "Now please I understand that a man just can't put on woman's underwear for the first time so publically; even as much as you seemed to have indicated to Robin that you would. I understand that a man, actually getting into woman's underwear for the first time that might just really be asking too much, even though you sort of have agreed to it. But as we both know that you must present a feminine sissysh front to get this job. And all the guys at the clinic are wearing panties ...so you needn't be so shy or embarrassed about all of this. And I am sure that once an open minded fellow like you give panties and nylons a try you are just going to love the feel of nylon on you newly softened skin. It is a wonderful feel." And then she laughed a bit and told me, "In fact I think we'll have you addicted to wearing panties in no time, which would be nice under the circumstances. But even if not, you still need the job, and panties and lingerie are part of the job, and you've gone this far with it all. I mean look at yourself. You even look a bit girlish. So let's put that male bride away and just give it a try. You can pretend to too it for me. I'd like that. After all I did go to some expense gathering this lovely specialty lingerie in your sizes. So please..."

And she had me thinking, oh no I hope I didn't blow this deal. I really wanted to get hold of the lingerie she had promised me. I can't and don't want to now tell her I was kidding and not get into the linge-

rie and I really do want to at least give the lingerie a try. It just has to be nice, and I have missed my wearing of lingerie so much, and especially since I had been on the medication she had provided for me to lose weight.

But fortunately that was not the situation. Ellen had an out for me which allowed me into the lingerie, at least for the first time, while maintaining my male bravado. She told me that she had found a company which made lady's type lingerie to fit guys, and it was really men's underwear thought it looked much like and it felt much like woman's lingerie. So she had ordered some of that for me, instead of having gotten me 'real lady's lingerie' and so she was hoping that I would not have a problem at least trying on what she had gotten for me, and as it was really men's lingerie or underwear I would be able to wear it, while it would still give the appearance that I was wearing woman's lingerie.

She explained and then showed it all to me. And after she had shown it all to me, I just had to try it on, thought again I pretended not to want to, and sort of made her insist to me that I put in on and keep my word and give it a try. But of course by that time I was careful not to have been too difficult, I hadn't wanted to blow the deal and the lingerie looked just wonderful. And once I had it on I think she could tell the truth, that I did like it so. And once on I did not want to remove it...at least not right away, and not until I got back to my apartment and had my way with myself.

So she brought out the bags and boxes of the lingerie she had bought for me, and wanted me to try on, and showed it all to me, and had me handle it, and she held it up against me, and I just lost my

breath and then I just had to try it on, I couldn't control myself, so I still pretended I was only doing it because of a misguided promise.

Ellen comforted me and again told me not to be so embarrassed as it was all really men's underwear. She explained she had gotten it from some mail order company that cut "female type" lingerie to fit guys. The designs and the materials were all the same as woman's lingerie, but the cut of the garments was adjusted to fit a male's frame and to be comfortable for a male to wear, and somewhat appropriate for a male to wear, depending on minds sets and what not.

However the garments were still feminizing and would feminize the male shape a bit, while also accounting for what a guy lacked and what he didn't lack. Robin was dressed in all real girls' clothes because of his punishment and it all fit well anyway because of his slight and girlish figure. However, for me she thought the specialty "men's underwear" disguised as lingerie would fit me better and no one should or would know that it was men's lingerie and not meant for a woman. It all looked just like lady's undies. But I would know that it was all really men's underwear and so I need not be so embarrassed.

And I was trapped from the first time I saw and handled the "men's" lingerie. She first showed me the panties, and I knew that I had to have them and that I had to try them on and the sooner the better. I wore them until my figure changed a bit more and loved wearing them. I don't think I would ever give them up, and didn't until they were replaced by real woman's panties, as my figure feminized and I could no longer wear men's cut clothing. But I get ahead. It's a lovely pair of black stretch satin boy cut pant-

ies, actually designed and cut to fit men by some company that specialized in that sort of thing. The crotch piece was a bit wider than was found on woman's panties and the cut of the hips was a bit narrower with the waist cut a bit larger, with all the modifications designed to accommodate a guy so that a lady's type underpants would perfectly fit a male figure. Ellen handed them over to me and they felt wonderful.

I really just wanted to get into them as soon as I could, but still embarrassed about the whole thing like a jerk I still continued to feign resistance, still afraid to get into the panties while also fearing Ellen would lose patients with me and take the lovely garments away from me and give up on me. However, at that point she ignored all resistance and did not let my words or actions deter her from getting me dressed in the lingerie.

Ellen told me, "If you have any real latent attraction to soft feminine fabrics, as you hinted to Robin, I guarantee you will absolutely love these panties. They are really the best. The satin will just hug your figure and feel so nice. I don't even think you can imagine how nice these will feel on you...if you've never really worn any of this stuff and were just really repeating what your friends had told you. These are really a wonderful pair of first panties for a guy and for you. I think you will really be happy wearing them. You may never want to take them off. And I won't take no for an answer. And I mean that. You are going to wear these panties and at least give them a try. So stop being so...as you would say, "coquettish", about this. We've involved too much time, money and effort to get you to this point for you to walk away just due to some silly male ego, which I

think is really just a front for my benefit. I am sure if not for the silly embarrassment of this all you would have no problem putting on these panties.”

And she continued, “So if it makes you feel better and allows you to deal with a silly male ego, understand this... You will put these panties on, here and now. You will give them a try or I may be forced to put them on you myself! And don’t think I can’t do that to you at this time. And I don’t think you want me to have to do that. And after all you made a promise.” And all the time I must have been red as a beat and kept coughing out of embarrassment, and feigning resistance thought the panties just looked wonderful to me, and I could hardly wait to try them on!

She continued, “I am going to show you all your new lovelies. And I am sure once you have seen them all you will find all your new lingerie enchanting. And then you will put them on. You will give them a try. And then we can talk about your situation and if this will all work for you. But we should not have come this far without you giving the lingerie a try; especially since I have found you male lingerie. Why you said you were not above wearing woman’s lingerie for this job, so putting on and wearing male lingerie should not even be a problem. So let’s at least take a look at what I was able to find for you. It is really lovely and oh so functional. I couldn’t believe it. I mean I would get similar lovelies for Robin, but he needs to feel more like a real girl than you do. I mean he is under court order. So you should just consider yourself lucky, and let’s get on with this program, before you’re silliness makes me have to get tough with you!”

So I apologized for getting difficult and asked her to show me what she had found for me. I told her, "Ellen, forgive me. With all good intentions on my part this is still difficult." I lied, as it was only difficult not getting into my new lingerie right away. I told her, "I promise to be good and give this all a fair try." I said, turning myself on. "I promise I will try everything on that you so kindly got me, no matter how feminine and how embarrassed it might be to wear it." And I finished up with, "You are the boss." And I just felt so turned on with the thought of that and of her putting me into lingerie. And so then the show continued, much to my pleasure and growing excitement.

She brought out the girdle; an open bottom, high waisted old fashioned girdle with satin panels, front, back and side along with 6 garters, which she promised would fit me snugly. It was also specially made to fit a guy. She explained however that it was designed to feminize my figure as much as it could be feminized. Unfortunately there was not getting around that. There was a hidden cross panel at the bottom to support and hide ones male attributes and flatten out a guy so that he looked less well endowed. So it really wasn't a real open bottom girdle, but it certainly appeared to be one. And while it was snug on the waste and pushed down any loose flesh and fat it gave a bit at the behind and the hips to allow for expansion of the figure. She also had me run my hands along the satin panels and my breath was taken away. I think she could tell. But again I tried feigning resistance though I could hardly keep my hands off of it.

She told me, "It is a lovely and expensive garment. I hope you realize the expense I have gone

through for you, and appreciate it. This is not some cheap girdle that will ride up on you. You will find it will give you the support you need and be comfortable to wear all day. And wearing it should improve on your figure a bit and help you to show a feminine deportment. And it so supportive you can wear it all day, And I think once you get used to the concept of wearing a lady's "type" girdle you will never want to take it off. Lady or guy, once a body gets used to a girdle it is hard to do without one. And not to worry, if that is the case with you, as I just think it might, for we can always get you another one and more if need be." And I thought she was right, but couldn't bring myself to admit to it.

And then she continued and showed me that there were two camisoles. The first was without cups and of a stretchy shiny fabric designed to control the figure. I found it intriguing as from past experience I could tell that it would hug my waste and sides and push my loose flesh to the open chest area supporting it on a platform of material and creating a soft feminine chest and even some breast like mounds. Gosh I thought that it was going to be ever so embarrassing; but I couldn't wait to try it on and see what sort of breasts it gave me.

The second camisole was of satin with small cups and I could tell what affect that would have on my soft jutting chest flesh. The concept if intentional on Ellen's part was devilish. And when she explained how each would fit and how they would work together it was exactly as I thought. She explained, "The advertisement by the company for this camisole combination promises that the support camisole would give a fellow with a moderate fleshy chest about "A" sized breasts, if the loose flesh is properly

pulled through the open area. And the reward for that, is that the over satin camisole will feel just wonderful against the loose chest flesh.



"It is supposed to make the wearer feel as if he has small breasts! And with the right shirt they aren't supposed to be too obvious. So you can have fun with them without others knowing. If you think about it, it is really cute."

Well with that though I was really intrigued though I still had to protest to feign masculine pride. I told Ellen, "Well this is a bit more than I bought in for, can we just use the satin camisole. I am not sure that I really need to show small breasts!"

Ellen was emphatic and told me absolutely I needed to at least try the combination for tonight. She told me, "I really want to see how it will look on you. I am very curious about it. And again it should feel wonderful on you. Please just give it a try. It is for me." And of course I was getting a bit sweet on her by then and agreed, but told her I couldn't wear it around if it really gave me noticeable breasts, it would just be too embarrassing. Well with that she smiled, and told me, "Now I think you would look sweet with small breasts. And not to worry... by the time we are done tonight I don't think anything about wearing woman's clothes will embarrass you. I can almost guarantee that the feel of the soft satins and the support of the lycra will be all worth it. In fact some guys once the barrier is broken just can't give up there feminine finery. Let's find out what type of guy you really are. And to tell you the truth it would be rather nice if you did find all of this comfortable and pleasurable. It will make everything just so much easier for everyone. You should have nothing to fear. You are what you are! Now aren't you?" And she finished off with a bit of a laugh.

I lied and tried to explain I didn't really know what type of man I would be in this regard, though I knew exactly what type of guy I was... the lingerie loving type, and again insisted that his was really all about a job. And she told me, "Well I know it is, but I think you really found Robin's situation not that bad and were really wondering what you would do in his situation, wearing all that satin and lycra...that is sort of forced to wear all that satin and lycra clothing. Well now you really do get to find out and I think taken the right way this is all just a lot of fun and I think you may be surprised and find out just as you told Robin, that it is not that bad to have to wear such nice soft and supportive clothing, regardless of gender. Why an understanding fellow like you may even finds he likes wearing this lingerie. I think you will find out that you will find this lingerie very comfortable if you keep your open mind and your mind open. Why you may even be asking for my dress before the night is over. And to tell you the truth that is okay with me, under the circumstances. And assuming you can do that secretarial and receptionist work this bit of fun will all work out well."

Well consistent, I denied everything. I explained it was all about the job. But no matter how much Ellen teased me, I wasn't backing out. I really wanted to try on all the feminine finery she had purchased for me and to wear it for a while. But again, I wasn't admitting to that.

And finally there were the stockings, which turned out to be my favorites made of tight denier shiny nylon and lycra, tight and shiny on the legs, and thick enough to hide much of my leg hair. Ellen explained how the stockings were held up by the

garters and how to use the garters. Then she told me, "I am assuming you've not worn nylon stockings before this and you might have a problem with those back garters. So if there is a problem...the back garters are often difficult for a beginner. ...So just give me a call and I'll come on around and I will help you get your stocking on." Again I started to cough under the accusation and the offer, but didn't want to go there. I didn't want to waste any more time in denying, I really wanted to try on all the fine lovelies.

Now I could hardly imagine Ellen seeing me in all that lingerie, regardless of it supposedly being for guys. I told her, "But then you would have to see me in all my lingerie, in my girdle and camisole...." And she told me, "Of course dear and I would love that. I think you'll look lovely, and should have nothing to be embarrassed about. After all I did spend a lot of time finding these men cut lady's lingerie for you and it did cost me dearly. I really should get to see you wearing them. And I think I would like that, seeing you in all this nice lingerie. You'll probably look very sexy."

I told her, "Please, I would die of embarrassment." She just replied, "Well we will just have to see, now won't we. I can't recall anyone ever really dying from embarrassment." And she finished off with a bit of a laugh, which for me under the circumstances was a bit of a turn on.

Well soon enough she had me handling all my new lingerie. And when I had touched all of the items and she had me holding them all I knew was that I had to try them all on as soon as I could... but I was still feeling embarrassed to put them on while this woman knew I was behind a screen putting all that lingerie on and waiting to see how the lingerie

fit me. Yet I really wanted to share my cross dressing with another, and especially a lovely and pleasant woman like Ellen.

So despite all my desires, in my embarrassment I told her that perhaps I should just take all the lingerie, men's or not, home and try them on and come back with them on another day. But she wouldn't have it. She told me, "Absolutely not. I did not get you all this lovely lingerie designed for a man so you could try it on in private and then perhaps back out of our deal. It was quite expensive and I wouldn't know what to do with it if you aren't going to wear it. And in any case the whole purpose of lovely lingerie is to share it with another who knows you are wearing it. This isn't just underwear, it is lingerie. That is part of the pleasure of wearing lovely lingerie. And there is no time like the present for you to find that out. So enough of this already and let's get going with this while you still seem so intrigued with all your feminine styled finery. I think you are stalling, just because you are probably just a staller by nature. I am guessing that you want to find out your reaction to lingerie as much as I do!"

She let that sink in, and I had nothing to say and so she continued with, "I can't let you go home, as I am sure by the way you are talking that by then your courage would be gone and you would back out of the whole deal. And I just can't have that happen. I am really anxious to find out how you, a real man, will find the wearing of such nice lovely lingerie. So enough already and just go behind that screen and get started, and this way if there are any problems I can tell you what to do. And hand me out your male underwear, I don't think you will need that anymore tonight. And I don't want any tempta-

tions on your part to change back this evening. You can have them back on your way out if this thing doesn't work out for you. But if it does, you're done with male underwear for the time being as far as I am concerned. I really want you to try out for the job. You seem a nice and understanding fellow, and in a bit of a jam yourself. I am sure this job and the lingerie will just work out fine. But we can talk about that. Now quick get on with it, before I change you myself!!! And don't think I won't. I am a lot tougher than I look." And that got me going. I mean I didn't want to leave. I just wanted to play hard to get!

So I went behind the screen and stripped down and like I had been told I handed out my male underwear, briefs, t-shirt and socks, and then hung what was left of my male wardrobe over the top of the screen, not thinking. Well Ellen took my underwear, and then she took the rest of my clothes. I objected and she laughed pleasantly and just told me, "Not to worry sweat heart. It is just to make sure you give this at least a try. I'm taking this stuff outside, and you don't get your trousers back until you are dressed. I am sorry, but you looked like you are going to back out of our deal and I have spent too much money on these clothes for you not to at least try them on and get the feel of them. I still believe that you will like them and that this job will work out for you. And you do seem a nice enough guy and in enough trouble that you really need to give this all a try. So do as you are told, or I'll make a 911 call about a naked man in my house!"

Well I hadn't planned to have given her that much resistance as I certainly did want to try on all the clothes. I mean I really wanted to get into that

lingerie. And I would really need that tight girdle the way I was feeling about the whole thing. And so I apologized and told her that I would have all the clothes on in a jiffy and would give the new underwear a fair try. And still trying to have her still think she was forcing me all the way I told her there was no need to call 911, I would be good and keep my promise. And in fact as she was leaving to hide my male clothes I had already started to get into my new panties.

So while Ellen was walking out with my things, I was stepping into my new boy cut stretch satin panties. And when I had them on they were wonderful, a dream come true, all in shiny soft black stretch nylon and satin. They covered me totally and nothing slipped out, covering me from just below my groin to just above my navel, and fit nice and snug and was nice and smooth. And I almost lost myself just running my hands up and down my panty covered thighs and buttocks. And the panties were designed for men, as the groin support was perfect and as I said everything was covered and nothing leaked out the sides. It was absolutely wonderful and the best nicest pair of panties I had ever worn. And there was a mirror on the back of the screen and when I saw myself in those panties I just smiled so and then I could not take my eyes of myself.

Then Ellen was back and asked if I was dressed yet. I told her just in the panties. She asked what was taking so long, and if I needed her to come back there and help me get dressed. Well of course I said no to that. But the idea of her back there seeing me in the panties was causing problems for me and then I definitely didn't want her back there. I told her it was just taking me a moment to get used to

the shock of wearing panties, especially after seeing myself in the mirror. She thought that was cute and laughed and told me, "Get into the support camisole next and then the girdle. And make it fast. I don't want to burn our dinner. And to tell you the truth, as much as I am finding I am enjoying all of this, your coquettishness, so to speak, you are beginning to try my patience. So let's get on with it! I would like to see you all ready, all dressed up that is."

So next it was the lycra camisole. It was a bit difficult to get on, being tight and stretchy, but I was able to get it over my head and into place and pull it down. I later learned I was supposed to step into that type of support camisole and pull it up and into place rather than down, but that was later. I guess Ellen heard me struggling and figured what was going on and told me, "Now remember to step into the camisole and pull it up and into place. You will find that the easier way to get into it. And then pull out your lose chest flesh once it is in place or the fit will be very uncomfortable and chaffing. It is designed to be tight around the back and sides and push out your lose chest flesh."

And so I grabbed my lose flesh and pulled it out from under the pressure of the support area of the camisole, like I had done when I had worn my own female back supports. The difference was my flesh really stayed out. The design of the garment was such that it sort of closed up and even when I had moved around a bit that flesh still stayed out. And the support area was so contoured that it forced my by then fatty chest flesh into two prominences that looked for the entire world like two small "A" size breasts. And the strong lycra was actually slimming my sides and feminizing my figure, giving me a slim-

mer girlish waist above what had been my male waist and with that even the beginning of a girlish figure with some hip showing. Again looking at myself in the mirror I couldn't believe the transformation, and I loved it, but would die before admitting to it.

Next came the girdle, one of my favorite female garments. And with the girdle I found something called a modes/modesty panel. Ellen hadn't mentioned it and I foolishly asked her about it. She told me she thought she had discarded it. It was some sort of sample, a freebie, provided based on what she had spent and she had not ordered it. It was not for me. It was for feminine impersonators to smooth out the contour of the girdle for whatever reason a female impersonator needed to have a smooth contour. Ellen really didn't get it or pretended not to get it.

Well looking at it I immediately knew what it was for and that I had better make use of it. It was a modes and a modesty device cleverly constructed for men who get a bit excited and wet when wearing panties and girdles and the like. And it would also pad out the front so that a stiff member would be hidden without having to tuck. And with the current stiffness I was feeling along with the wetness I knew would follow I really wanted and needed to give the device a try. It looked rather nice and enticing to me. And the name really got to me, "modes – modesty device". How cute I thought and exactly what I needed under those circumstances.

It was filled with a dense jell for shape, and padded for absorption, and covered with a beige satin as to disappear and feel nice against the skin. It was shaped like a female front with a space for the male

parts to fit and be hidden. So I opened the pouch part and after pulling down my panties with a bit of a struggle, it was a snug fit; I was able to fit my male parts into the male modes pad. It felt wonderful and it hid everything and it smoothed out my front so little showed. And when I pulled my panties pack into place everything stayed in place and was mostly hidden and it felt just wonderful

So the girdle was next and I pulled the girdle into place. It was also delightful, felt wonderful, feminized my figure even further and just about was the finishing touch to make my male parts disappear. I had an idea of how it had to be adjusted and so I spread my legs and sort of squatted a bit and pulled the girdle up and into place. The feeling was wonderful, as if my two little male orbs were pushed the rest of the way into me and were gone, and my thighs could come together as if there was nothing there, like a female. The girdle and the modes/modesty panel worked in sink and pretty much held all my male parts in and up and flattened them pretty much as to give me the feel that they were gone. I had that flat girlish look. I had almost a completely smooth feminine front, though a bit fatty in appearance, but nothing too unwomanly or unusual for a female of my age. Again looking into the mirror I couldn't believe how the simple padding had changed my look. And looking at my flat feminized front I was getting even harder. And I knew the feel and what had happened. But it had never been so easy to affect it. Looking at myself in the mirror I was out of breath. I really just wanted to stare at myself in the mirror while I ran my hands up and down the garment. But of course there was no time for that.

The further support of the girdle felt just wonderful as it supported my lower back and held in what was left of my stomach and the area that was my female waist and held my cheeks up and out further feminizing my figure. And the waist area of the girdle on top of the waist area of the camisole really took inches off what was my girl waist, just above my navel, making that area into a waist, and further feminizing my figure. And the satin panels, along the back and the front and the sides were heaven. Again the female garment was cut for men, to fit the male body and to make them look as much like ladies as possible and the fit and the support was excellent. I was really pleased with it but of course could not admit to it. And I was losing all my will to object to any thing, I was so turned on. Pretty soon I feared that Ellen would be able to get me to do anything. I was turned on, though a bit frightened as to how far this whole thing might just go.

And there was something about the materials of the girdle and the stretch camisole that interlocked and kept the girdle up and in place so it wouldn't role or slide down. I could hardly believe it. In my girdle I looked just like a slim girl, or in my case and age a slim woman, with not much padding but a nice enough feminine shape. The garments had really been well designed for a guy who liked this sort of stuff. I was amazed. I could hardly wait to complete my outfit with the nylon camisole and nylon lycra stockings. I was dying with pleasure. I didn't know how long I could last. Thank goodness for the modes modesty pad.

Then Ellen hearing the girdle pulled into place and me letting out my breath told me, "Hurry up dear, get your other camisole and stockings on and I

will give you back your trousers and a shirt and let's have dinner. I am really getting hungry now and I've made us a very nice dinner."

And she chided me, "What is taking so long dear? I hope you not playing games here, or even worse really enjoying this too much. I am getting a bit suspicious! Hurry up or I'll be back there in a minute!"

Well I didn't need to be chided. I really wanted to get into that lovely satin camisole and the nylon lycra stockings. And I put the camisole on first. It felt wonderful over my newly created small breasts, and cupped them in satin and made them feel wonderful and made me almost happy to have them, embarrassment aside. I really couldn't believe how wonderful the satin felt against my new breasts which I realized were very sensitive, and much more sensitive than I had ever felt.

Next I put on the nylon stockings. I didn't want it to seem like I had any expertise with them or have Ellen think that and so after I got them both pulled up and more or less into place I pretended to struggle a bit with the gartering of the tops. That was a mistake, for Ellen finally keeping her threat used it as an excuse to come around and to help me, as she didn't want me ruining my first pair of nylons. Or so she said as she came around the barrier.

And so there I was standing there in my new feminine finery, panties, girdle, camisoles, and stockings and there suddenly was Ellen taking that all in. It was the first time I had ever been seen by a female so exposed in my feminine finery. I was just so embarrassed. A bit turned on once I relaxed, but really so embarrassed. I expected her to laugh at me uncontrollably or show disdain, I wasn't sure

which... and I was about to lose it. I thought that I might even cry!

So there I stood, with no place to run, and I just could have died of embarrassment, but also from pleasure. As embarrassing as it was it also felt wonderful to at last been able to have shown myself off to a female dressed the way I was, in a woman's styled lingerie, a girdle, and camisole and nylon stockings. It was just such a relief to at last to have been able to have shown myself to a woman while I was all dressed in what I considered to be woman's lingerie. At last I had gotten to do something I would have never had the nerve to have done myself, expose myself to a woman dressed as I was in lingerie and the woman knowing exactly what I was wearing.

But I think if she would have laughed at me I would have died. But Ellen was wonderful and was not at all embarrassed for or about me for the way I was dressed nor was she disdainful. She took a long look at me and smiled and told me, "Why you look wonderful. Those clothes really suit you. They actually look very nice on you. I can't get over it." And with that I was so relieved I could have cried, but held back. She told me, "I am so glad I came around to help you with your stockings. You know Robin doesn't really look like a boy any more when he is dressed as a girl. But you on the other hand, still look a bit androgynous and in woman's type lingerie actually look very nice, and almost attractive in an odd sort of way. I wouldn't have believed it. I certainly hope all this works out. I think I'd actually like to see more of you like this. It is very interesting. Any way let me show you how to adjust your garters so we can have dinner. I am so interested to find out how you are finding all of this and how this

male lingerie and supporting garments are going to work with your totally male shoes, shirt and slacks. Your shape has changed a bit.”

So I relaxed and let her come over and attach one stocking for me to show me how it is done. She stooped down and ran her hands up one of my stocking covered legs, pulling the nylon taught and sending chills up my spine and turning me on to no end. And then she fastened the three garters in place to the stocking top to hold my stocking in place. Her hands running up my nylon covered leg and then on my naked thigh attaching the garters just felt wonderful. As the chill went up my spine I lost my breath. I am not sure if that was picked up by Ellen or not. Any way she explained to me what she was doing as she was doing it, and it fell upon me to do the next stocking, which I did. I tried not to appear too experience with it or to enjoy it too much.

Ellen told me, “Now that is it exactly. Why dear you are a natural at this. You handle those garters like an expert. And looking at you dressed you have everything on just right.”

So then once again looking at myself in the mirror I enjoyed my reflection, seeing myself in my camisole, girdle and stockings, with my longish hair and nails and thinned body and knowing beneath it all I was wearing a delightful pair of panties. However I didn't dare stare to long and give away my fascination with new clothes and my secret if that hadn't already been revealed.

With that Ellen took my hand and let me out from behind the panel. I mean she had already seen me fully dressed in my new feminine lingerie so what was the point of hiding out. And in fact I en-

joyed being seen by a woman dressed as I was and walking around exposed in front of Ellen in my new lingerie, once the shock of that was over.

Then Ellen handed me a dress to put on. It was that lovely nylon dress she had worn the first time I had seen her, the duplicate of which Robin was still wearing. I so wanted to put it on over the feminine finery I was already wearing and make my outfit complete. In fact I was almost a bit disappointed she didn't have full slip for me to put on first. However, I knew that as tempting as wearing that dress might be I could not put it on without much feigned reluctance, if I were to wear it at all, and continue to appear to have been reluctant about all of this cross dressing. And so I told her thanks but no thanks and that I was not ready for dresses and would like to have my own pants back to wear.

She didn't give up so easy. She told me, "Come on! You told Robin that the dress looked lovely and told him that it looked like it would feel wonderful and that he shouldn't be making such a fuss over wearing it. So I thought you might like mine to wear. It is just about the same as the one Robin wears, just in our size. Come on you should look wonderful in it and it really should feel wonderful on you. You can wear it for me...can't you? After seeing you in your new lingerie, I think it would be fun to see you in my dress! I think I might really like seeing you under these circumstances wearing something of mine. I think it would be fun!"

I of course had to refuse. Revealing too much of my real self was if not becoming apparent at least was making me uncomfortable in front of this lady. She didn't like my refusal and she told me, "Oh you are really beginning to be a disappointment. But I

guess I can't really expect you to dress completely in woman's clothes your first time out...now can I?"

And she laughed making fun of the entire situation and bringing the tenseness down a bit. Then she looked a bit confused and continued with, "Now this just can't really be your first time out in lady's clothing I imagine? You just seem to handle it too well for that, and seem just a bit too comfortable with wearing lingerie, even if it is a man's version of woman's underwear. And if it's not you can share anything with me. I do work in a therapy clinic. Don't be shy about it. It all does look so wonderful on you. And I think you should really top it all off with a lovely nylon dress rather than your old drab cotton male clothes. I am sure you are enjoying the feel of your soft new underwear, and now wouldn't it just be the thing to top it off with a soft sensual dress? Don't be a scardy cat now." And once again holding out the dress to me she told me, "Now don't you really want to give the dress a try? If you like it, you can keep it."

Now I really wanted to put that dress on, especially that dress, and once more to ask her for a slip to go with it. But that wasn't happening. It was just too embarrassing. And so I lied and acting rather shocked and innocent and I told her that it was indeed my first time in lingerie and had no desire to get into her dress. I was already quite embarrassed enough, though I did appreciate the offer and the sentiment. Well I am not sure she believed me as I don't lie well. However, she did let me have back my male outer clothes and I got back into my pants, shirt and shoes and we went into the kitchen. I must say I was a bit disappointed she had not somehow compelled or even had forced me into ac-

cepting the dress, but I just could not bring myself to step into the dress voluntarily.

Looking at me she asked, “Are you sure you don’t want my dress now? It really is a wonderful dress and I am sure you will love the feel of it. Sometimes one might as well go whole hog, you know...if the clothes fit! Well I continued to tell her I would prefer not too and she at last let that effort go. And so we sat down to dinner together.

## **Chapter IV: An Enjoyable Evening Wearing Lingerie**

My hostess refreshed my drink and I really needed it and took a lot of it down with that first gulp. It calmed me and I was once again really enjoying the feel of all that I was wearing and the fact that my female partner for dinner knew exactly what I was wearing under my male clothes and didn’t mind at all and even seemed to get a kick out of it and had wanted me to go further.

Ellen then started to serve dinner and was talking to me and looking at me and told me, “Now the only problem is that now that I know you are wearing all this lovely lingerie under your male clothes I really can no longer think of you as a strong male

type named Francis or Frank. I think in private I would really just like to address you as Fran, short for Frances instead for Frank short for Francis. I think that Fran is sort of a neutral sort of name for you or even a feminine name that can pass as a male name. I hope that is alright with you?”

I really didn't know what to say. I did enjoy the idea of being called Fran or Frances while wearing my new lingerie. It was a turn on. Even though my new lingerie and support garments were supposedly designed for the male to wear I did feel feminine wearing them. Yes, wearing my new underwear did make me feel oh so feminine and then having been being addressed as Fran while wearing the lingerie would have just added to the fun of it all. And it presented another aspect of Ellen's acceptance for me of my cross dressing. And being called Fran by Ellen and for that matter responding to a female name by me did excite me a bit. However, as the expression goes, I did not want to be an easy date, and so I made some rational why her calling me Fran might not be such a good idea.

However, Ellen would not give up on the idea. She seemed smitten with calling me Fran. She continued with, “Now dear, the name Fran for you while dressed as you are and looking as you do makes so much more sense than calling you Frank or Francis. It is so much nicer than Frank, and goes with the new softer you. Now if your name is Francis or Frances it still really works. I mean now you strike me of more of a Frances than a Francis and certainly never a Frank. I mean Frank is just too hard and tough a name for a pleasant and sweet fellow such as yourself. I do think Francis was fine, but now you look so cute I really think it would be fun

just to call you Frances and then Fran for short. And a real Frank wouldn't be wearing panties and a camisole, let alone a girdle and stockings. I don't think it wouldn't be right to call you Frank; you are really just too soft and nice to be a Frank. So Fran would be much better than Frank. Don't you think so Fran?

Well the idea of being called Fran for the evening really worked for me and I knew Ellen was going to keep calling me Fran regardless of what I said, and so I acknowledged that. I told her that thought I really didn't quite get her rational with the name change, that with all she had done for me, this whole crazy thing, I felt she could call me whatever worked for her and if Fran was it, than Fran it could be....for the night. And that went over well and she came over and gave me a kiss on the cheek, a bit girlish in affect and told me, "Fran you are really a darling. I just have to get you that job working with me at the clinic. You are just so much fun and so understanding! And I think you may even be a good influence on Robin, with him in his predicament. "

And that being said we sat down to dinner and wine. The conversation was pleasant, and a lot of it surrounded my new underwear and how it felt. She questioned me about it and I under the circumstances answered as truthfully as I could, and in short had to tell her that I was findings everything just fine, and actually in some ways kind of pleasant. Ellen told me, "I just can't believe how well you've accepted all of this and how pleasant you admit to finding the clothes. I would have bet that you would have bent my ear complaining. And this is really wonderful for you, for I may just be able to get

you that job and under my sisters social security number so you can remain in hiding.”

And then when I was helping her clear the dishes she asked me if I was really comfortable as she was noticing how flat and girlish my front appeared and she was wondering if I was really comfortable enough or felt compressed and uncomfortable. And she was wondering why I looked so flat and girlish. Well I had to admit that I had put on the modes modesty pad and that had flattened me out, but mostly by padding. I didn't mention how much of my maleness had been pushed inside of me by the combination of the modes – modesty pad and the girdle.

I told her that the flatness was mostly due to that modesty pad she had provided. And that it was not uncomfortable at all. I did not let on that I knew she had told me I didn't have to wear it. Well she told me that she hadn't told me to wear it and that if it was uncomfortable I should take it off. She told me, “Why Frances, we don't need you looking so flat and feminine. People will think you've had an operation. If your modes pad is uncomfortable you need to go and take it off. And you can do that while I get desert ready.”

Well I didn't want to take it off as it was the only thing hiding my raging hardness and like everything else I was wearing it felt wonderful. I told her, “Why I could swear you told me that I had to wear the modesty device. And I thought flattening me out was why it is called a modesty device. But in any case, it is actually comfortable, and I think it is keeping the girdle from chaffing. I would just as soon keep it on, at least for the time being. I will take it off if it becomes uncomfortable.”

Ellen told me okay but chided me with, “Well as long as I can continue to call you Fran you can go around looking like a Fran. And in fact, if you do continue to look so lady like then I will be calling you Fran. And if this continues I may be forced to get you some lady’s slacks, just to see how good that modesty device works. So don’t be surprised if we go shopping for some new pants for you in the lady’s section of the store. And don’t say I didn’t warn you!” And I thought if only that could happen, but of course I felt that I couldn’t tell her that, and I didn’t give voice to that wish. I pretended to laugh it off but really wanted her to make me do it! But of course I couldn’t...wouldn’t tell her that. I was just too embarrassing for me. However, I was just having a wonderful time dressed as I was and being treated by Ellen in such a teasing fashion.

We had our desert and spent some further pleasant time together enjoying each other’s company. I was finding her company pleasant and really liked the relaxed way with which she was dealing with me in lingerie, and the cutie way she had tried to get me into a dress on top of everything else. And I had loved the way she had come around and had attached my garters to my stockings for me with such a non-judgmental look when seeing me in my lingerie for the first time. It had all been just so wonderful. But eventually Robin arrived to take me home.

Then it got complicated. Ellen told me looking the way I looked and wearing what I was wearing she was sure she could arrange for an interview for me, but not before I lost my apartment. Robin suggested I take the spare room in his aunt’s home and Ellen thought that could work under circumstances. I was hesitant and just wanted to start the job so I could

continue paying rent at my own place, without circumstances. I was figuring once living with Ellen I might be trapped in this feminine lingerie full time which was not really what I wanted. For as exciting as the part time wearing of the lingerie was for me full time after a while would not work, or so I thought at the time. As much as I liked cross dressing I had always needed some respite from it.

Ellen explained things had gotten a bit more complicated since she had made the initial offer. At work there were problems with the old computer system which had to be accounted for before anyone new was hired. And though I was a candidate for the job it might be a while. So as she was feeling guilty for what she had put me through to get the job which I could not yet get, she told me to give it a week, and if things were delayed I could indeed stay with them. She couldn't imagine how I would get another job the way I looked.

Well I was resistant, for a number of reasons and especially as I saw no way to pay for my stay. But I just wound up getting myself in deeper. I wound up agreeing to stay, if need be, and if I stayed to pay back by helping out with the house work. I had feigned ignorance to get out of that, but as it was, Ellen employed an elderly housekeeper who had been with the family for years, and had no other source of income, and it would actually work out for all if I stayed over for a while as I could help her with the heavier cleaning and work that she was now having problems with so she could keep her job without feeling she couldn't do it and I could learn what ever skills I lacked and needed, with the cleaning lady being told that I needed the job.

So when all was said and done we all agreed that I should return home and stay in my feminine male lingerie for the week, and see if it would work for me, as I had feigned so many objections to wearing it all that Ellen was a bit afraid there was still a chance I would back out of it, and as she told me that once I took the job it was only the lingerie and girdle for underwear, as changing back and forth between my real male underwear and my feminized male underwear was a no go, as it would cause too many problems. So once employed at the clinic and wearing lingerie, it was lingerie all the time. And so mean while Ellen would hold onto my wallet and Robin would pick up my male underwear from my apartment to keep me honest, and to find out if I could deal with full time in lingerie and wearing a girdle and support hose.

If things didn't work out I could exchange my finery for my wallet and male underwear and that would be that. And if after a week I found I could not only live with my feminine male lingerie but that I could live in it, I could interview for the job at the clinic. If the interview was still delayed and I had no other job I would come and live with Ellen and Robin, in the spare room, and help out their housekeeper with housekeeping to pay my way; if I wanted to, otherwise I could just stay the week or so.

And as long as I was there I could get help with my feminine sissy department in preparation for the interview. And so I had a week in lingerie to make up my mind. Ellen provided me with another complete set of that lingerie. And she added to that washing directions and soap, so that I would be able to wash one set and wear the other as needed, and I

took the packed lingerie home with me, with the hand washing instructions. And she had some more skin cream for me, a bit stronger than the last batch, which should help soften up my skin, which according to Ellen was not in as good a condition as it should be because of the diet, and was to be applied all over.

## **Chapter V: On the Ride Home Robin Tells His Story**

On the ride home with Robin, at first we didn't talk and I sort of ratcheted down a bit and decompressed after all I had been through and I relaxed and settled down with the feel of my new lingerie became more apparent to me. It was wonderful and exciting, and it was wonderful and exciting to be out and about wearing lingerie beneath my male clothing. I felt the silkiness of my panties and my nylons and my camisole. I felt the pull of my stockings on my garters. I felt my girdle, the compression and those wonderful satin panels. I felt my wonderful new breasts covered by my nylon camisole. And it all felt just wonderful to me, truly wonderful. And for the first time, because a woman had done all this to me, I found that I felt no guilt. It was wonderful..

But it was a total embarrassment that Robin must have known what I was wearing. Gosh at the time I felt that I never wanted to take off my new lingerie. Lady's lingerie cut to fit a man...or just plain lady's lingerie...whatever...it just felt wonderful. But I knew that the feeling never lasted and I would feel guilty and then I would rebel. But for the moment I

was in heaven, out and about in lingerie that felt wonderful on me, after having worn it out to dinner with a lady, and even better having been seen in it by a woman, and even more better having had that woman adjust my gartered nylon for me, and no recrimination on the part of that lady. I didn't think things could get any better for me in the cross dressing arena. But I knew there would be a crash and I would get really unhappy. But for the time being I was really just enjoying the whole experience and wishing it would never end. That I would be trapped in this lingerie forever!

After a while of riding in silence, Robin asked if I was really wearing the lingerie and I admitted to it, that I was wearing lingerie and a girdle. He then asked with what seemed to be sincere curiosity in his voice I found the wearing of the lingerie was as nice as I had told him it could be when I was listening to his tale of woe. I told him that it was indeed very pleasant and felt very nice on my skin, and if not for the embarrassment of it all it would not be bad wearing it all the time. Though I lied and told him that I could do without my lingerie induced breasts, but everything else was fine enough.

Well that seemed to make him happy and happy with me. And he asked and told me, if he should be ashamed that he too was getting comfortable wearing all the girl's clothing that he had to wear under his circumstances and was finding "some of it" as I had told him, could be rather nice, much to his embarrassment. I told him again, that I was despite my total embarrassment enjoying the feel of my feminine lingerie as I said might happen and could not find fault with him if he found himself in the same situation. And I added it was probably best if it did

feel nice to him as that would make the punishment, as I believed was supposed to be his situation, that much the less distasteful for him. And I finished with the advice not to let the situation drive him crazy. And I told him that his punishment fit his crime and he was lucky that as embarrassing as it was it could still be rather pleasant if he didn't let the situation bother him all that much, and just got used to it. I told him that was my plan for me and my situation. And I ended with, if we have to wear this lingerie why not try to enjoy it and make it fun.

Then after a while, I guess he was thinking about what I had just told him and his situation and he asked me if I thought it was okay for him to give into the situation and let them make him behave like a sissy and dress up completely like a girl and act like a girl until they had thought he had learned his lesson. Well I can't tell you how excited the thought of his situation was making me and my wishes to be in that same situation, though just for a short time, and not quite trapped in it the way Robin apparently was trapped.

I told him that he really needed to give into the entire experience and make the best of it. I told him so as I felt that was what he wanted to do and just needed to feel that it was okay to do. It was my feeling that Robin was fighting his own attraction to his feminine side and really wanted to experience the feminine side of life. I thought that what his aunt and the judge had in store for him was what he really wanted to try but that he was having difficulty allowing himself to give in to it. So I told him what I thought he wanted to hear, and in any case under the circumstances what he needed to hear.

So I told him, that he really needed to go with the flow and bend with the wind and that he was in this situation until the judge had felt he had learned his lesson. So it was best to let his aunt, short of removing any thing, make him as much of a girl as she could as quick as she could so the judge and the parents of his victim would be convinced he had learned his lesson and had been punished enough and was remorseful enough to be willing to take his punishment and go along with the program. I told him he had to let himself go see if he could learn to enjoy femininity and the feminine experience which would be all the better for him. My advice was that for the time being he should become the best girl that he could and forget about being a boy, if that's what it took to get it all over with, and that he should also try to enjoy the nice things about being a girl as not to make himself more miserable than he was going to be in the situation in which he had found himself.

I let that sink in and then I finished with telling him that as unhappy about the situation I had found myself in, wearing lady's lingerie and having to act like a sissy to get a job, I was going to do it and do the best I could and not be so embarrassed that I would not be able to enjoy the nice feel of the lingerie and whatever else I could find nice about having to act as a sissy. For myself I was certainly already finding there were nice things about being a sissy in lingerie, or for that matter having to be a sissy in lingerie, and why fight it when much of it could really be nice.

We drove on in silence and reached my apartment. Robin then thanked me and told me, "I think I am just going to take that advice and try to get this

over with and stop fighting it, and just become the best girl I can be until this is over. Thank you for helping me. I just don't know what I would have done without you and your advice and seeing how you are handling your situation. Just please promise not to laugh at me if and when I come to pick you up."

I told him "Any laughter on my part would only be from surprise and pleasure as to what a lovely lady you might allow them to make out of you. You are actually quite convincing. And I might ask the same from you. As I know as a sissy I am going to be more of an object of fun than you are going to make as a convincing girl. Realize that you are actually in the better situation, needing to just pass as a girl, when you are already so convincing, rather than to have to pass as a feminized sissy." And Robin smile and told me, that he would never laugh at me and would do his best to help me out.

Well I felt wonderful that I had helped Robin out and hoped I had done the right thing, and that he was really attracted to the feminine so that my advice would help him deal with his situation.

However I felt that my situation was a bit different, even with my attraction to the feminine. And I figured it was going to be a long week and depending on how things worked I wasn't sure I would have the resolve and courage to return for the interview though I knew I really wanted to. I really needed to hide out from the bad guys and decompress from all my problems, and for someone on the lam who is a cross dresser on the lam I couldn't think of a better solution. I mean I was already pretty much unrecognizable and I figured feminization would complete that and with a new borrowed social security iden-

tity no one would be able to track me down. The only question was could I face the world in lingerie and once into to this mascaraed how deep would it get? And then when I had my fill would I be able to get out of the deal. I mean I really liked cross dressing and feminization, but after a while I had always purged and I always had to purge. And again I had never shared my hobby or been seen dressed by others. Well if I could stay effeminate of mind for the week I was sure I could put up with it all, continue with it and actually enjoy it. If I could stay in my feminine cross dressing mind set!

## **Chapter VI: Living Out My Fantasy in Lingerie – Out and About**

Once in my apartment I had to turn over all my male underwear to Robin. He apologized but fearing the consequences of not being thorough he went through my entire apartment and pulled out every bit of male underwear that I had, which at that time was all my underwear. Then obviously embarrassed over what he had to do he left and with that we parted for the time being. I on the on the other hand, at that point, could not have cared less. By then I was really disliking the cotton stuff. But as always I knew things could change, and suddenly, but I wasn't worrying then, I was too high on all the satin and nylon and lycra that I was wearing.

I was then left alone to unpack my feminine finery, my new girl underwear. I unpacked and it was like a birthday unwrapping my second set of lingerie and the extras that Ellen had packed. It was wonderful. My package included seven pairs of panties,

all like the one I was wearing, another girdle, several pairs of stockings, another support camisole and several nylon camisoles. It was just wonderful unpacking them all and putting the lingerie away in my dresser drawers, the drawers that no longer held any of my male underwear. So the lingerie was the only underwear that I had to wear. I was just so happy, I could hardly control myself. I was being forced to wear lingerie, what was now my lingerie, and I was just so happy. But I was really afraid all this would not end well, as I typically tired of this game, at which point without money and without my male underwear things were going to get uncomfortable. But for the time being I was in nirvana, and I just felt so relaxed and feminine.

And then surprise – surprise among all my feminine finery the dress was there all neatly folded and with a note from Ellen. She wrote, “Fran darling, I would love you to have this dress for your own. With you sort of mentoring Robin and helping him to deal with his situation and his having to learn what it is to be a real effeminate boy and Robin now wearing dresses I think that for you to continue to help him that you need to know what it feels like to wear a dress yourself. You were a bit shy about trying it on in front of me, so I packed it for you, as perhaps in private you may want to wear it. And as you really seemed to love this style dress so much on us that under the circumstances I think it would be the perfect first dress for you to try on to find out just how nice a nice dress can feel even on a guy, and on you; just as your friends have told you and just as you thought it might just feel. You really need to find out just how wonderful a nice soft nylon dress does feel over lingerie. You really need to feel it for yourself, so you can help Robin. I think you will love it. And

then you can guide Robin about dresses from experience.’

And she told me in the letter, “And not to worry, it is not really mine, but one that I purchased just for you along with all the lingerie. I couldn’t help myself. You are so sweet, that I thought that if I actually got you into the lingerie I had purchased for you, and I did have my doubts, surprise-surprise, you would look even sweeter in a dress. It should fit. I thought you might like to try it on with me, but I guess you aren’t as much of a fan of lady s clothes as it seemed you might be when I talked you into this arrangement. However, you have been an absolute doll up till now with all of this. And you took to the lingerie well enough, even as timid as you were about it. So I thought you could try the dress on in private.” And I could not believe how lucky I was.

And I continued and read, “ Not that you really need to wear dresses for the job, but I thought you and Robin and me, all together out for drinks and all wearing the same dress would just be a kick. It could almost be like a mother daughter thing. I think under the circumstances you could make the perfect second aunt for Robin. I mean you seem to like Robin and want to help him out, and I am sure for Robin seeing you try on the same dress that he has to wear would really make him just so much more comfortable wearing that dress and having to wear it around you. He really did appreciate your comforting words and non-judgmental attitude. So please try on the dress. Then even if you don’t get all dolled up with us, at least you could share your experiences wearing a dress with poor Robin, and even be more understanding of his plight and even more helpful. I am sure he would really appreciate that.

As you imagine and told Robin this type of dress will feel just wonderful over your lingerie. And I hope that you will grow as a person by wearing this dress...for a while. Please give it a try. I am enjoying the thought that you would be so bold as to wear a dress around for a while. And P.S. I included a half-slip to go with the camisole to go with the dress. I hope I'm not too presumptuous. And if you are really uncomfortable about this it can be our little secret, or your little secret. ”

Well at that point I couldn't control myself, I was so anxious to get into that dress. I quickly got out of what was left of my male attire, my shoes, pants and shirt. Then I stepped into the half-slip and luxuriated in that for a moment. It felt so sensuous to my hands and over the satin panels of my girdle and tickling the back of my nylon covered legs. And then I unzipped the dress and stepped into it and quickly zipped it back up. As I zipped it back up the fit was pretty nice. The dress of course was designed for a body with more ample breast and hips than mine, which were needed to really fill it out. But to me in that state that I was in the fit of the dress was nonetheless almost perfect and it just felt so wonderful I just stared at myself in the mirror and felt wonderful wearing the slip and dress and all my lingerie. And then I walked around and modeled it and felt the wonderfulness of all that I was wearing. I could hardly wait to start my new job at the clinic and have to wear my feminine lingerie all day and every day. I thought it was almost a shame, unlike Robin; I wouldn't get to wear a dress out in public every day. But imagining how silly I might look out in public in a dress I figured it was just as well that I was only going to be wearing lingerie when in pub-

lic under my male clothing. Little did I know where my life and my attire were heading?



And then I couldn't help myself and I got down on the bed and dreamed and after holding back as long as I could I released. Thank goodness for the modes I was wearing and for the extra pads that Ellen had provided to me. Any way after that it was purge time, and I couldn't believe what I had gotten myself into. I stripped down and left the clothes in a pile on the floor and took a long shower. Then I put on a robe and folded the lingerie and dress and wondered what I was to do. I did know at that time it was no good getting rid of my new lingerie as it was the only underwear that I had, and a week away I would be homeless if I couldn't get myself back into it. I had a light dinner and watched the television and wondered what I was going to do with myself.

Any way by the next day I was feeling feminine again. And I applied my new cream all over. It was just such a feminine thing to do. I loved it. And my skin seemed to drink in all the cream I applied. By then I was back to being enamored with my lingerie and was back into it, which felt even nicer over my creamed softened body. And then I just had to go out and about wearing my lingerie under my male clothes with the feel of my girdle and tight camisole against me as I walked around, with my nylons pulling on my garters. It was just a thrill being out and about so dressed, a fantasy come true. I was so crazed by the feel of being out and about in my lingerie and so emboldened by my situation that I was actually hoping that my garters would show through my pants to give me away a bit. I was just getting crazier and crazier with the pleasure of it all.

And then I got even more daring. I just looked so much like a girl I wanted to find out what I could get

away with. I am sure you know that feeling. Will I pass? So with my new look, my long hair, long nails and thinned body giving me a gender neutral look and my small budding breast pushing the look from gender neutral to erasing most questions about my gender I couldn't control myself and did what I had always wanted to do. I started shopping the lady's sections of the department stores as if I belonged there.

I had no money, but with my look and my feminine demeanor that I had practiced and then put into practice I was shopping the lingerie section and the woman's cosmetic counters and being mistaken for a manish woman or perhaps even a transsexual, but in any case someone to be treated as a female and someone with the shopping rights of a female. And I was having the time of my life. So whether I was deemed a masculine woman or a feminine guy I was waited on or allowed to wander free. And when I was addressed with, "Ma'am" in a questioning tone, followed with "can I help you?" I just replied in the most gender neutral fashion and voice tone that I could muster and everything went smoothly and I was assisted like any female. And I thought I would die from the excitement and pleasure of it all. I even tried clothes on in the woman's dressing room and was given samples of perfumes and cosmetics to try while shopping and I was not found out. If I only had my wallet I would have had an entire new female wardrobe that I could have ill afforded. I was living out a fantasy. I never wanted it to end.

And when I heard some lady whisper that I really needed to wear a bra, even if I was small breasted, I was completely turned on and as happy as could be

with a dream that had come true. I just was having the time of my life.

Then by the end of the first time out as a female when I got back to the apartment I just had to get back into the slip and the dress. I was feeling so much like a girl I couldn't take my male outer clothes. I mean I had never had a day like that in my life, locked into my girl clothes and out and about during the day shopping as a girl and then home at night to complete the illusion of actually being a female by wearing my own slip and dress. It was wonderful as long as it lasted, but my desires were overpowering. And so then the whole decomposition and reversal process just repeated itself. And that killed the wonderful feelings for that day. But by the next day I felt like a girl again. Any way after several days of highs and lows, going out in public, shopping as a female and releases followed by the desire to purge and self-recriminations, while not being able to purge the clothes for fear of the consequences, and no work to escape to, I had reached a point which before I had never reached. I was completely pumped out and had absolutely no desire to relieve myself in the typical manner. Yet I was again tremendously attracted to feminine lingerie and had lost any guilt about wearing the lingerie and also had lost any guilt ridden desire to rid myself of my wonderful lingerie or to part with it.

And then the feel or perhaps my emotions when wearing the lingerie was different. The feel of my lingerie was still just wonderful but also calming and wearing it did not any longer have me thinking of release no matter how long I wore my lingerie. It just made me feel calm and relaxed and feminine and just felt wonderful and I just felt wonderful wearing

my lingerie. It also felt different on my skin. It felt softer and much nicer against my skin. I imagined that cream Ellen had provided had really worked and had softened my skin, as she told me it would; for my skin felt different, and had become more sensitive as well as softer. And my skin had thickened and was softer, as if some of my body fat had returned and cushioned my skin. And the skin around my nipple area likewise had thickened a bit and was more sensitive, which was turning out to be a real pleasure. The nylon of my camisole against my forced breasts felt just nice before but it was by then beginning really to feel wonderful.

Though I was still a bit turned on and hard, and leaked a tad, the feeling was making me more comfortable and leaving me with a feeling of wellbeing and comfort and absolute femininity, rather than desiring release and then becoming uncomfortable with myself. So the guilt was gone and I had no desire to get out of my feminine finery or to dress or act masculine. It was like a drug; I just felt so relaxed and comfortable wearing my feminine finery and acting feminine. I had reached a point where I was sensually turned on but not sexually turned on. A reaction I had heard other cross dressers talk about but had never myself experienced. And so I wanted to wear the clothes, thought I knew as a male it was not right, but I no longer felt that tremendous urge to release. I could just wear the clothes and feel nice in them, a bit feminine and feel more comfortable in them being feminine and just naturally acting feminine and imagining myself a girl.

And so oddly enough by the week end, the end of the month, when it was time to leave I did not feel,

as I should have felt, the desire to purge. Instead I was ready to go over to stay with Ellen and wear my feminine male lingerie full time...and enjoy it. And I was not only acting feminine I was thinking feminine. So when Robin came for my decision I was packed up and ready to leave and to leave all my male underwear behind, or where ever Ellen had sequestered it. I did not want it back from Ellen. I couldn't believe it. I had never felt like that before. It was wonderful but frightening. I was out of control and afraid of how this would all end for me.

## **Chapter VI: Back to Ellen – The Return Trip with Robin**

Robin had come by to pick me up. He had changed a bit looking and behaving like a teenage girl. I guess after our conversation he had accepted his situation and that he was going to have to become a girl of sorts and he behaved and looked even more like the girl he was supposed to be then he had just a short week ago. He was in full makeup, which I later learned he had learned to apply on himself, his hair was permed, so there was no walking away from his girl's hair style short of a short haircut, and his ears were pierced and he wore lovely loop earrings in each one. And he just carried himself more like a girl than he had before and just seemed more comfortable with his girlish self than he had before. It was almost as if he had accepted that he, a boy, was going to be a girl for a long time and had acclimated to it. And it was actually the best way to go for him for as it turned out he was a girl for a long time.

He came up to me and actually gave me a girlish hug and I just by reflex hugged him back and then told him, "Why Robin you look lovely. Why no one would ever know. And Robin told me, "That is the idea. And you gave it to me. I am just so relaxed about so whole thing right now and just so happy. Why let people think I am a boy being punished in petticoats when I can just pass as a girl and then accepted as a girl no one laughs at me. So I've just decided to become as much of a girl as I can, and act just like a girl, and dress completely like a girl, and behave like a real girl; and just hopefully get this over with as soon as I can. Why auntie is just so proud of me that I have learned my lesson and that I am cooperating with my punishment. In fact she thinks I am enjoying all of this so much that I may not be able to go back to being a boy. She can be silly. And the judge is almost convinced that I have accepted my punishment and have learned my lesson. I just can't wait till he lets me out of this. So I am just going to make the best girl I possible can and I have just about stopped thinking of myself as a boy. It is just so much easier that way...to stop thinking of myself as a boy. And it really has become just such fun fooling everyone and passing as a girl. And I am really finding a lot to enjoy with this life. I've found that lots of girl things are fun. And when you are pretty....well I will have to tell you all about it..."

And then he seemed to get scared and asked me, "But you don't think I could get to like it so much that I wouldn't want to be a boy again?" And of course I told him of course not, but was no longer that sure. He seemed to be enjoying himself so much as a girl and at that was making a wonder-

fully convincing girl. I found myself becoming jealous.

Robin then helped me bring my packed up belongings down to his car, and as it turned out he was having a bit of trouble with the weightiness of my luggage. So I wondered what that was about. Then looking at him I realized a lot of his male muscle mass just wasn't there or wasn't there anymore. Then I found the luggage heavier than I had thought it would be. Apparently with all my dieting and weight loss a lot of my male muscle had also gone. My arms and legs were a lot thinner than they had been and I suddenly realized that was due to muscle loss. So I not only was as thin as a girl I was also only about as strong as a girl. And I guessed the same had happened to Robin. However, I could not remember him having been on the strict type of diet that I had put myself on to lose the weight that I had to lose and had lost to get the job. But I was feeling wonderful in my lingerie and didn't worry about it. However, I realized things did not bode well for me when I would be able to return to a full time real guy.

## **Chapter VII: Living with Ellen & Robin and meeting the Maid Nancy**

Ellen met me at the door and was really happy to see me, and welcomed me with a big hug that felt just wonderful. Then we all brought my things to my new room. It was uncomfortable for me that Ellen, the real female, seemed stronger than either of us guys. But there was little to do about that at the time. Over dinner she updated me on the situation

and the receptionist job was not yet open and so if I still agreed we'd go with the plan for her housekeeper, Nancy, with whom she had discussed my situation, to help me out, and teach me housekeeping so I could earn my keep as I had asked. And once I had made some headway with that she was to work with me on my effeminate deportment. At another time she had been a stage actress and dancer and had some skills in that area. And she was more than willing to work with me as long as I was willing to really help with the housekeeping.

So the next day I finally met the maid, Nancy, whom I was going to help out with the housework and from whom I was going to learn how to do housework and also how to act a bit more feminine. Not that I wasn't really already feminine enough in my deportment when I tried to be, but in front of Ellen I had held back, And so Nancy as it turned out eventually decided she was really going to help me move along with my sissy training for my new job as she had told Ellen she would and as it turned out did not give me much of a choice in the matter. So by the time she was done with me I found that I could not act in any other fashion but a sissy or a female. But I get a head.

Ellen introduced me as an old friend, Francis...Frank, who had a drug and gambling problem that had gone awry and in such circumstances that I was pretty much destitute and in trouble and trying to maintain a low profile and had to change my look as not to be recognized and that way avoid getting caught by those I owed money. And as such she was trying to help me out with a job at the clinic, the receptionist job for an effeminate guy, the change to which we figured would be a great dis-

guise, as I had been a tough. And I was staying with her until I could put together sufficient funds to rent a place of my own.



The implication was made clear that I was hiding out from the drug dealers and the gamblers, had to change my looks as to not be found and was so desperate to work without being found that I was willing to allow myself to be turned into a lingerie wearing sissy as not to be found and to be able to work without being found. And furthermore while I was waiting for that job to open up I would try to help out Nancy, if that worked for her, but regardless it would be appreciated if Nancy worked with me teaching me something about housekeeping so that in a worst case scenario I could always just stay in hiding and help out around the house...whatever that was supposed to have meant.

Nancy was noncommittal, giving me the once over, She told Ellen that she would appreciate the help, if I truly helped and was willing to work, and then in turn she would work with me, for whatever I needed. But she had experienced too many “girls” let, alone a guy, who weren’t really ready to give housekeeping , with all the cleaning and the like, their all; and were more of a hindrance than a help. So that she couldn’t make any predictions or promises. However, she could use the help if it was genuine. And so if I really helped and freed up some time she would make sure I learned housekeeping as good as a “girl”. And if I learned housekeeping and was not a hindrance and if I was really going out for that receptionist job that always went to some sissy, she would learn me about passing as a sissy. But if things were to get that far, and she wasn’t making any promises, she expected my full cooperation. If she felt I wasn’t trying my best to pass as a sissy then that part of the deal was off. And she wasn’t about to take any lip from some fellow who found out that house work was no easy shift and neither

was passing as a sissy simple. So I had just better do whatever she told me I had to do or all deals were off.

Well I didn't like the implication that she thought she was to actually train me to be effeminate, but it was a turn on none-the-less and again I found myself getting a bit excited about that. The thought of this maid teaching me to be a maid and to be effeminate in the state of mind that I was in just sounded wonderful to me.

Ellen was happy with that arrangement. At the very least Nancy was going to give me a try out as her assistant. And even better, if that work out she would work on my feminine department. Ellen was a bit surprised that Nancy had agreed to teach me how to pass as feminine, even though Nancy did have the background for I, and surprised that she seemed so serious about it. But Ellen had hope Nancy would help and thought that if Nancy was willing and able to train me to be girlish that I should at least give that a try. So I wasn't really given a say in the matter.

So Ellen and Robin took off to work and left me with Nancy. The first thing I did was ask her how she liked her coffee, which she liked, as I admitted to what was going to be the pecking order between us and it showed I was willing to work and take her orders. In that sense I had always been good with people. And particularly in the mood I was in wearing my lingerie I wasn't going to have any problem acting feminine and doing the maid's work or taking orders from the housekeeper. I figured until it became routine it would probably be fun and exciting for me. And as it turned out it was and played into my whole fantasy life, but more so than I could have

ever wanted it to. I told her, “And by the way I am willing to work. I can vacuum and dust with the best of them, regardless of any other arrangement here. If I am supposed to help you with the house work that is what I will do, you need not think that you will have to push me. I am not lazy and I am a worker, and I like to work and to keep busy.”

Then coffee over we got to work and I worked and took orders and learned what I needed to about cleaning, all about vacuuming, and dusting, and polishing, and well everything, and learned to be meticulous about it. We worked on a couple of different rooms together. Then the next day when she was elsewhere I was assigned similar rooms to do on my own, and I passed that test. So by the third day we were up to cleaning kitchens and bathrooms and on day four eventually we got to do laundry with ironing and a bit of mending and in between times I was learning about preparing food and cooking. And she was happy with me; I was pulling my weight and learning and according to her I showed potential. And she was getting friendly.

Now she had also been pointing out to me how to show myself and move about in a less clunking fashion and more feminine fashion than I did, but I was only giving the following of that, “lip service” so to speak, and she wasn’t pushing it. She seemed very happy that I was picking up on everything else. And the second week was going pretty much like the first week had gone.

So Nancy was giving Ellen good reports on me and Ellen was happy and Ellen could see for herself by the cleanliness of the house. From the start evenings were pleasant. Nancy and I would have made dinner for me to heat up and I was serving it as well

as cleaning up. It just seemed under the circumstances the natural order of things. And feeling my lingerie under my male clothes as I played the maid or the house wife I just found myself very relaxed and happy, especially as Ellen knew exactly what I was wearing under my males clothes. And she would occasionally kid me about it, making me excited. After a while I wasn't that happy about the housework and the cooking, but I was still happy wearing my lingerie and didn't have much of a choice in the matter. I was sort of becoming a house wife and it was only the lingerie wearing aspect that made it all workable for me. I think that otherwise I would have preferred more masculine activities.

And if all that wasn't bad enough I was spending my evenings with Robin learning to knit; sitting there in the living room with Robin and Ellen with all of us watching cooking or fashion or some lady's type television show while Robin and I were knitting.

By the third night after the dinner cleanup when I joined the "girls" in the living room I found Ellen reading and Robin knitting. Well I made a comment and before I knew it Ellen seemed to think that I had wanted to learn how to knit, like Robin was learning, and put two knitting needles in my hand and started me out. Well I was really afraid to object too much as not to hurt Robin's feelings, who was obviously stuck with learning how to knit, and so over some minor objections on my part I was also stuck with it. And that became my regular after dinner cleanup activity. So I would serve the dinner, which we would all have together. Ellen would have Robin and I talking together telling each other about our day, just like a couple of girls. And Ellen would encourage the conversation if it slowed down. And

she would also make sure that Robin spoke in his feminine tone and she was teaching me to do the same. Then I would clean up and serve coffee and desert in the living room. And afterwards Robin and I would be in the living room knitting together, getting a lesson from Ellen, and then we would all watch some woman's type television shows together until it was time to go to bed.

And I would continue to spend the days with Nancy learning housekeeping and when she wasn't there I would have my assignments which she would check had been properly completed. I still found that I did so love wearing my lingerie and as I was having trouble releasing and couldn't get that desire to purge and so I was stuck in my lingerie. But the life that I was living was the life of a house wife and it was getting to be a bit monotonous. I was waiting for that receptionist job to open but that had not yet happened. Gosh I thought, I really want to become a sissy receptionist at this point. It was getting crazy. I mean it had all been fun at first, and I did so enjoy wearing the lingerie and I still was enjoying wearing it, much to my surprise; but one would think enough already, I am a guy!

By the end of the second week Nancy was impressed with my work and we were getting along. So when we sat down for lunch, which I had made under Nancy's instruction my situation came up Nancy couldn't quite get why I was doing all this. I explained how I was broke and hiding from some real bad guys and ran into Ellen again by accident I explained my situation and she offered to help me hide out and get some sort of job and a place to stay. So I figured I didn't have much choice but to try out the plan she had offered. If not I would be out on the

street and in hiding. Now as I figured her idea was to teach me a lesson and get some revenge on me as well as hide me. And she was doing both.

I hadn't been totally comfortable with the plan but it seemed to have worked. Miraculously I had been able to lose so much weight, grow my hair and just change my looks in such a short time, under Ellen's guidance, as to be just about unrecognizable. And then she had given me a place to stay and the promise of a job. So I felt sort of obligated to take her advice and direction on this whole thing. And she was keeping me away from the drugs and the gambling, which I could not control and so needed to follow whatever plan she had devised to save me. It was a bitter pill to swallow, but I deserved it all. And I owed Ellen her ounce of flesh.

Nancy then shared her problems. Apparently though she was not ready for retirement she did not think she would ever be able to retire and was worried about aging out of her job. She was without a retirement plan as she and her husband had always worked off the books and there was no social security for her. She had saved some money, but really not enough for retirement. Well after listening to that I explained she could still get the social security. I told her that she could file taxes late, as many years as was allowable, and then work the rest needed for eligibility, explaining to the tax people that she had thought her husband had done and he had not. Then she could pay the back taxes and fines out of her savings, as the cost benefit was there and then she would be eligible for social security. Well she didn't believe it. But I did all the paper work for her and one day she came in and told me that it had worked and that she was eligible for so-

cial security and that she could actually think of retiring. Then I did the same for her husband. When that was passed she came in and told me and she was so happy. She threw her arms around me and gave me a big hug.

She told me I had saved her life and the life of her husband and that she was going to make sure I could earn a living while in hiding, as it was the least she could do for me who had saved her. She told me she had a couple of presents for me. I told her it wasn't necessary, that it had all been my pleasure, and that her putting up with me and giving Ellen good reports on me afforded me a place to live and hide out and that was pay-back enough. But she explained that it was not enough as she had been remiss in part of my training and that was ending today. She told me, as things seemed to be going I could make a passable housekeeper and if we continued, probably a fine housekeeper, but that I would never get that receptionist job as I was just not acquiring whatever affectations I would need to pass as an effeminate male. And that at this time she could retire at any time, though was not planning on doing so, and so she really needed to get on with my "sissy training", as she called it. She was going to make me a passable sissy, and perhaps teach me enough to even pass as a female, to have that option if things really got tough for me with those mobsters.

She explained that then if the receptionist job didn't work out for me then when she retired, if I was not otherwise gainfully employed, she expected that I might be in a position to be able to take over for her as long as she had me able to pass as effeminate or even as gay or perhaps even as a masculine

female, which was not unheard of in her job line. Any of that would be better than being out on the street without prospects of a job. Though even she thought the receptionist job would be a better way for me, than working as a house cleaner. But in any case I still needed to get effeminate and I had not made much progress in that direction.

So the first thing she did was give me my first present, which was an apron, a pinafore type, the type that looks just like a dress, from the front. She put me in that apron, a nice big flounced one that looked like a dress, and tied me into it over my objections, which I felt I just had to make. The discussion about it was short, she told me, "Listen, Fran, and I am going to call you Fran and so get used to it, they'll be no more Frances or Frankie. I hear Ellen calling you Fran and so I think we need some consistency here."

And she gave a brief giggle and continued, "I had a son in your situation. He was hiding out without much money coming in and not doing too good a job of it. And he got found out and really took a beating. He was hospitalized for a while and really hurt afterwards. You did me a wonderful favor and that was after I had been working you pretty hard and even having a bit of fun at your expense. You really are a decent sort. And if you need to pass as a sissy, or an effeminate guy, then I will make sure you can pass as a sissy, after what you did for me. It is the least I can do."

'Now I couldn't really watch you and train you when I had to help with a lot of the cleaning and house work. We'll since we've worked together for a while and as you've learned all you have, you can now take over doing most of that work. And I will

spend more time watching you working and on having you learn your feminine deportment so that you can appear the sissy.”

She told me, “Believe it or not I have a bit of experience with this sort of thing. One, I’ve done a bit of acting on the stage and had to become much more feminine than I actually was for that job and had to learn the tricks of appear feminine. And, two, with the knowledge gained from that I trained boyish girls to act like girls. I feminized farm girls who acted just like men who had to learn to act more maidenly. In the old country we’d get those girls right off the farm who wanted to better themselves as a lady’s maid and it was like having a man in a dress around. Yep, they had to learn how to be feminine. So that is exactly what I plan to do with you. For now just think of yourself as a maid...a lady’s maid so to speak, and a maiden at that! It should make things easier for both of us. And it can be our secret. We don’t have to let Ellen know how this is getting done. That is unless you want to.”

And as I didn’t yet object she continued, “But from the start of this new aspect of your training the pecking order has got to change if this training is going to work. So I am going to need to treat you like a serving girl in training and you are going to learn to act like a serving girl in training. And if that doesn’t have you moving about femininely and acting femininely than nothing short of a bit of surgery will. And to make sure you do as you are told you need to think of yourself as a tom-boy serving girl in training and think of me as your head maid. So just think of yourself as a girl and I’ll have no back talk about it. It is for your own good. ”

She let that sink in for a minute. She looked at me hard, I guess waiting for an objection, and she could tell I was still just trying to absorb what just went down. What she couldn't tell was that I had a raging erection, hidden only by the modes – modesty device that I was wearing... thank goodness. Or the embarrassment would have been unbearable. What would she have thought if after she told me she was now going to train me not just to be a housekeeper but to be a maid and I got all excited? I would have died. Any way I couldn't believe it. Things just got better and better. It was like I was living a dream. I loved it. But I was only afraid I would crash and feel the need to purge and end it all and get up and leave. And at this time it appeared that I could not just get up and leave. Things had gotten more complicated. I was sort of trapped in my fantasy dream that I felt could well become a nightmare.

So I just let her see a look of shock on my face. I really had to. I was acting. Then I relaxed my demeanor. Then I told her, "I really need that job and to stay low, if "maid training" will get me the job than maid training it will be. I am not that proud. I mean I would rather be a healthy maid than a beat-up guy. I already had to lose more weight than I cared to, and let my hair and nails grow. I am already not happy about that, I told her. Then I almost added something about the lingerie I was forced to wear, but wasn't sure if Nancy knew about that and so let that go. No use throwing that up to be used against me. And I continued instead with, and I have tried picking up on acting the sissy on my own, but I haven't been able to get it down. I don't really want to act that way, so it has been difficult, but I guess I just have to, so being forced may be the only way. So any help would be appreciated.

And I will try to give this sissy training a fair shake, but I can't make any promises. You're asking a lot for me to start acting like a serving girl or a maid, but I will try. I will do my best to cooperate and not to fight it. But I can't be totally sure how I will react. Sorry."

Nancy smiled and told me, "Fair enough young lady. And that is how I am going to address you for a while and so get used to it... Fran." And to me it just sounded wonderful. But I couldn't tell her that. And she continued, "Let's see how cooperative you can be with the plan, so before we get started cleaning today, I need you to give me a nice feminine courtesy and tell me, 'yes ma'am.'"

I thought I would faint from the pleasure of it all. I knew of guys who had paid for this...maid training; and it was all mine for free. But there was a price to be paid. The difference was I wasn't sure that I could end it all or when it would all end; and that was frightening. There wasn't any agreed on 'safe word' to stop the adventure. But what choice did I have. I didn't need Nancy giving Ellen and for that matter Robin a bad report about me. I mean Robin was even in a worse situation than I was in and I certainly didn't want him to think that I could not take my own advice. And so I did my best to give a nice courtesy. I grabbed the end of my apron and place one foot in back of the other and bent my knees and dipped a bit at the waist and told Nancy, "Yes ma'am."

Well Nancy seemed really happy. She told me, "Not bad for a first courtesy. Not perfect but good. But it shows you are willing to act your part and that way I can work with you. Yes, you're nice and thin and wear and apron well. Your hair is nice;

your nails are nice, though both need work. But your complexion is a bit washed out. We'll have to work on that. I think that if you need to pass as a sissy we can make you into a wonderful frail sissy boy; but enough of that for now. Let's get you to work. See if you can swish while doing your work. That is we need to find out if you can act effeminate and do your housework. If not, you won't do me any good and I won't have the motivation to help effeminize you and to help you learn to pass as a sissy. And remember from now on when we are working together you are Fran, the maid, and are to think of yourself not as a sissy but as a girl and a maid. First we train you to act like a girl would, and then passing as a sissy is a natural. So let's see if I can really make you into a maid, a serving girl. That is the way to go. Do you understand that Fran?"

And of course I curtsied and told her, "Yes ma'am." And she loved it. And I loved it. And then she told me, "You know, Fran, you really do look cute in that apron. This may even be fun" I mean, my brothers always came first, and no I am going to get to have a boy wait on me. It should be nice. So if this all works for you, I think it will work for me. And I think I will try to make it fun for both of us. I didn't know what to say to that and I just curtsied again, which again brought out a smile from Nancy.

Then next came my second present, or actually presents. Out of the shopping bag Nancy pulled out a shoe box with a pair of high heel pumps which were for me! She handed them to me and told me to put them on. I looked at her and started to ask why the high heels and to explain to her that I couldn't walk in high heels...though I knew I could. She looked at me with a stern look and told me, "Fran,

serving girls don't ask questions of their betters. They do as they are told! And if they don't do as they are told they get switched." She let that sink in for a moment. I couldn't believe how serious she was playing this game. And she continued, "Would you like to be switched Fran?"

Well I thought I would die just from the pleasure of the position I had now found myself, but of course I couldn't give in to that or admit any of it. I just looked at her with a look of surprise and then putting the look of fear on my face so that my reactions would all seem real, I gave a courtesy and told her "No ma'am," and looked down subserviently without making any other comments.

Nancy laughed and smiled and told me, "Well done Fran. You are learning your position and how to properly act in the feminine and subservient girly mode. I think this plan will work out for you. But let me not be so tough and demanding on you, at least not yet. Let me explain what is going on here. This is how this works. These are practice shoes. No one can really walk like a man in high heeled shoes. A person in high heeled shoes walks like a lady or like a sissy. And in your case it doesn't really matter which. But we are going to go for the walk like a lady. So these three inch thin heels are for practice. And of course for dress up and going out. But let's not go there. I don't believe you need to actually go out in these shoes." And of course she again laughed. You're going to put these pumps on now and were going to get you practicing to walk just like a model on the runway. And you can practice that for a while before going back to work. That will be today's lesson. And then at work you will need to continue to walk that way, to walk like a lady. And

we'll build on that to teach you to move like a woman, and to hold yourself like a woman. And pretty soon you will appear to be a sissy. It will be wonderful. ”

And I thought okay that high heel pump walking practice should be fun. I just hope it wasn't too much fun. It did sound like a turn-on to me. And then back to work and my regular sneakers. But that wasn't how it was to be nor was it to be the end of me walking in high heels. She had another pair of woman's shoes for me. She presented those next. And she continued; “Now these are your work shoes. Nice moderate heeled work shoes, like the girls wore in the old country. No flats for a lady's maid. Wearing these to work will serve to remind you that you are to walk like a girl. And you will wear them or it will be the switch. And I had better not catch you out of them when doing your maid's training.”

Well switch or not I was pretty sure Ellen would give me a dressing down if I wasn't cooperating. And in any case, at the time, the thought of prancing around in high heels just delighted me. I loved both pairs that she showed me, the 3 inch dress patent leather pumps and the 1 in strap on sturdier work pumps. I could hardly wait to get them on and practice my new walk. Little did I know how my feet were going to feel by the end of the day, spending all those hours in high heels? So also given a pair of trouser socks, I removed my male shoes and pantomimed the removal of my non-existent male socks and slipped my newest part of my feminine wardrobe, trouser socks, over my nylons, and the slipped on my pumps and the pumps just felt wonderful as soon as I had them on and felt even nicer when I stood in them. Being given high heeled shoes

by an “understanding “ lady, and then being for all appearances forced to wear those pumps in front of this woman was just so nice.

Of course I pretended to have a problem with them and wobble a bit. But then the lesson came, and Nancy had me walking up and down the house in them, one foot in front of the other and moving from my hips with a wiggle while keeping my arms and hands at various angles at which only a female would place her hands. It didn't take long and Nancy had me walking and moving about as a female would, and as I just gave up on the wobbling effect as soon as I thought probable she was happy with the quick results and my natural ability in that area.

Eventually I had to get to work, and Nancy had me switch over into my work pumps and had me put my dress pumps away in my closet. I of course intentionally reverted back to a more masculine walk and stance and Nancy stopped that immediately and had me walking around and moving around femininely in my more sturdy working one inch strap on pumps as she had me performing in my 3 inch pumps.

And she seemed actually pleased, and gave me words of encouragements. Then she gave me the zinger with, “Now Fran you are doing very well at last. I really think this is the way to go, the same training used on those country girl “tom-boys”. And if you keep this up you can switch back to your sneakers before Ellen and Robin get home. That is if you want to.” And of course I didn't but wasn't going to admit to that. And besides I was figuring after all day in heels I would want to get out of them, regardless of the turn on. And Nancy finished with, “Oth-

erwise you'll need to wear these serving girl pumps for the rest of the day." And with that I stopped pretending and just let her make me act as feminine as she wanted me to act. And by the end of the day she was really pleased with all the progress I had made, and was walking and moving around and holding myself pretty femininely.

By evening Nancy allowed me back into my sneakers. But she warned me that if she didn't get a good report from Ellen I would be wearing my heels all day for her and at night for Ellen. Well that night I stayed feminine to show Ellen and Robin all I had been taught. That is, I fully adopted the feminine mannerisms Nancy had worked on with me, and though keeping them at a minimum, I was definitely moving around like a swish, though it killed me to do it in public so to speak under those circumstances. But the threat of having to wear those high heel shoes all day and then at night in front of Robin and Ellen was keeping me on tack. So by evening I was walking and moving around much more femininely that I could have imagined was possible and was beginning to do it without really even thinking about it. All the practice which I done earlier, the feminizing of myself and my muscle memory that I had done prior to Nancy working with me, and hadn't adopted into my every day demeanor, had come in play.

Next day Nancy had her switch and as I tried to revert back to a more mannish gait I felt the switch across my rump and that ended that. With one or two more during the course of the day I was on track to maintain my feminine mannerisms and girlish ways. The hits weren't hard and didn't hurt but

were a reminder of what could be if I was stubborn about things.

And so Nancy continued to work with me until I finally adopted a full time feminine demeanor. I was walking from the hips like a female and placing one foot in front of the other and not walking with my shoulders like a male, and so my hips swayed like a girl and my shoulders were relaxed but my back straight and I moved like any girl. And I carried my arms and hands in a feminine fashion, typically holding them up or at my sides or had my hands on my hips. And after a while when I sat I by reflex perched and crossed my legs with my hands in my lap. And there was just a myriad of feminine mannerisms I was forced to learn and did learn and incorporate in the way I moved around and held myself, building one feminine trait upon another.

By the time Nancy was deep into that part of her training of me I really just appeared to be a swish. There was no getting around that. No one would think I was a masculine male, if they even took me to be a male. And it actually became for me a very relaxed way of holding myself. It really played into my feminine mind set and sort of relaxed me. I was just feeling very relaxed operating with Nancy as a girl and operating at night as an effeminate male. It was still psychotherapy for me. And I was falling deeper and deeper into my feminine role without any mental objections on my part.

## **Chapter VIII: The Next Step in my Feminization**

Now with the high heels on I was having trouble with my pants sliding down my girdle and exposing my lingerie, I don't know why that was happening but it was, and no matter how tight I made my belt the pants kept sliding, my waist had just shrunk so, and I guess my lingerie was slippery. Now I don't know why it was happening but it was and I don't know why I was so afraid to have Nancy know that I was wearing lingerie, as it was "men's" lingerie, but I did not want her to know about it. Eventually Nancy told me that she couldn't have my pants constantly falling down and have me constantly pulling up my pants, it was becoming too much of a distraction to me learning to behave effeminately. And so Nancy found me a pair of her old pants that would fit me better and tighter and should not be slipping on me. But the problem was they actually fit and looking at my groin one could see there was nothing and so I begged off wearing her pants. You would think at that stage she wouldn't let me have my way, but the other choice was one of her old maid's uniforms. So before I knew it I was wearing a dress. The only good thing was I didn't have to put my dress on until after Ellen and Robin had left for the day. I could prepare them breakfast in pants and an apron and

then change. But once Nancy had me in a maid's dress she insisted I stayed in a dress for my maids work, and there was no getting out of it. She explained it calmed me down and I seemed to act more feminine and move more feminine when my movements were somewhat restricted by wearing a dress. And learning how to manage a dress would certainly add to my feminine deportment. And that's what it was all about, she told me.

Now she tricked me into wearing the dress but once I was in it she thought it was a great idea. She had at first given me some tights to wear so my falling pants wouldn't be an embarrassment. And I had been ordered into them so on they went and that was that. And they were nice lycra tights so I was actually happy with them. Well I wore the tights every day, but the pants just got more difficult to keep up. So the next thing I knew she gave me a tunic top to try on over my pants. It was typical of a uniform top that a pink collar worker would wear with pants, just a bit longer. Almost like a mini-dress, but not quite. And it was all nylon and had a nice feel to it over my satin camisole. She convinced me to give it a try as it would hide my exposure from my constantly falling pants, and I wouldn't be grabbing at them all the time. She let me take off my shirt and slip into the tunic top in private, and come out with my pants on. That way I was covered as my pants slid down, which sounded fair, until she had it so my pants were around my knees before she would let me pick them up.

Then after that had happened a number of times she made me step out of them, telling me to get them off so she could adjust them, and there I was in tights and a tunic top, the equivalent of a real

short dress, the way it fit me. Then I was stuck. She looked at me and told me, "Very nice dear. The top is very nice on you, and it almost works as a work dress. You do look nice in tights. Nice legs for a guy...well sort of a guy any way. And you know I think there is a really long hem on that top that can be dropped and you'd be dressed rather appropriately for your new position. Now let me see..." And with that she pulled on some thread on the tunic and a long hem came down and there I was actually wearing a dress, a short one, a maid's uniform.

Nancy smiled and told me, "Why that dress and tights do become the new you and I think they will just help you remember your place. I don't really think you need these pants when we work together. Recently you've been getting a bit grumpy and uppity for a maid. So a dress at this time may be the thing. And you do look very nice in a dress. Nice legs for a fellow. So smile and give me a curtsy before I have to get the switch. And put this apron on. You don't look right in a maid's uniform without an apron." And with that she handed me her apron and of course I put it on. And there I was, a maid and dressed like a maid.

And like the good maid I was becoming and being trained to be I did exactly as I was told. I gave Nancy a curtsy and told her, "Thank you ma'am." And I continued to wear a dress to work. And I felt lucky she let me wear my pants when Ellen and Robin were around. But I had better act like the girl or else! And I did act and move like the girl. It had just become so natural for me.

Then once I was in the dress she was satisfied that I wasn't going to act at all masculine while wearing a dress. And so that was that, I was wear-

ing a dress and I was going to stay in a dress while I learned to be a maid, a real maid. And I sort of liked it, so I did not put up that much of a fuss. And the dress she had me wearing went along with her whole scenario of me becoming a “maid” in training. At first I really liked it. Wearing a dress and apron and high heels and working around the house, but after a while, and with her constant reminder to be feminine, it got to be a drag. You’ll forgive the pun! And the woman became really serious about my housekeeper training and me carrying the load, and it was a lot of work and hard work, and I was getting exhausted by the end of the day.

I would go to bed so tired that I was too tired to have any sexual tension to relieve; I would just want to get to bed. I would take a shower and was just too tired to be able to take care of myself in that way. I just couldn’t get hard enough, I was, or so I thought, that exhausted. And so I would go to bed in my male pajamas with my panties and camisole beneath and it felt very nice and comforting. And I would be hoping that something would happen to set me back into my male mind set, but nothing would. I would leak a bit, but that felt nice and that was about it. And I had to start wearing my modes modesty device at night so I wouldn’t stain, and that felt nice.

And so I would get up in the morning just feeling so feminine and wanting to get back into my lingerie again. I would try to change the mood, but nothing was happening. I just couldn’t do it. And so after getting washed and spending a good amount of time rubbing in my creams I was back to really feeling feminine and enjoying that feel and I was back into my lingerie and happy to be in it and feeling very re-

laxed and feminine without a care in the world. I was finding much to my surprise and after a while to my horror, that I just wasn't getting that masculine rush anymore and was not getting any desire to purge and get back to being a male and getting out of my lingerie.

So come morning I was just so happy to get back into my panties and my girdle and my stockings, and my support camisole and my soft camisole. And the soft satin on my breasts just felt wonderful. And the pull of my garters from my stockings still was a turn on. I couldn't understand it. But in any case I did not feel the desire to wear anything but my lingerie. And I just naturally put on my dress and my tights and my apron and reported for work. And the feel to get further into female clothing was become a real issue. I was beginning to feel the need to dress even more like a lady in private, hoping that might end it all. And the thought of my dress at the cleaners and getting it back was becoming an issue for me. Any way as it turned out I didn't have to worry about that dress there was another in line for me, and much more embarrassing to have to wear, and the dress wasn't even the worst of it.

The worst of it starts the next day. Ellen has her way with me and then she shaves me totally, and I mean totally, and takes me to the beauty parlor for a make-over so I would feel even more like a girl and a sissy so I can get the job at the clinic where they feminized me even more; until I wasn't sure any longer if he is a guy or a gal. And you know I almost sort of like it that way.

***But the next day starts in a new book...***

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Dedicated to RM of the road gang 61 & PZ @ the corner of  
Union and Utopia