

SHE MADE HIM HER
**SHEMALE
SECRETARY**



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GEMINI



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SHE MADE HIM HER SHEMALE SECRETARY - BOOK 4

By Janice Wildflower Gemini

Chapter 22: Mrs. L. Agrees to Keep Me a Girl 24/7

Of course after work Estelle took me home. It had been a bit hectic and I begged off the shopping expedition, but of course we had to stop at her place so she could replace all of her clothing that she had taken back in that fit the other day. She felt so bad, and because she wasn't to give me any pants at all she really overdid it in making up a wardrobe for me. But based on how her clothing was bursting out of her closets and drawers she wouldn't miss most of it, if any. And again, she supplied me with the loveliest of outfits for work, play, daywear and evenings, and even special occasions.

When Mrs. L. saw me come home with Estelle, she assumed everything was all right between us, and then when she saw suitcases she knew things must be okay. Mrs. L. opened the doors and joined us in my apartment and watched as Estelle took charge and put my new wardrobe away, before anything wrinkled. Mrs. L. had made some comment as to the extent of the wardrobe and so Estelle shared my embarrassment with her. She explained to Mrs. L. the agreement I had with Mrs. Porter and that I was now to stay in my girl persona 24/7 until, I got better and could no longer pass as a girl or until Mrs. Porter decided otherwise. Mrs. L. gave an "Oh my!" But didn't pursue that issue as she seemed a bit more interested in seeing the wardrobe I had accumulated.

Towards the end Mrs. L. told us that she was going downstairs to put on a pot for tea and left saying, "I expect you two girls downstairs to join me in a cup of tea, once all of Robin's clothing is put away and I want to find out more about this 24/7 life of Robin as a girl. It is not what I was expecting to be the outcome of this thing when he, or should I now say, she, left this morning."

Over tea Estelle shared with Mrs. L. exactly what had transpired that day at the office and elaborated on my current 24/7 status as a girl,

and concluded by asking if any of it presented a problem for my landlady. Mrs. L. told her, "Oh, not at all. You can tell Mrs. Porter that I fully support woman run businesses and will do everything I can that would help her hold onto hers. I think Robin makes a rather cute and convincing girl and sort of enjoy his company when he is in femme. I'm not at all bothered with the arrangement, if Robin can live with being a girl, than I certainly can live with him being a girl, as long as he is living as a girl and passing as a girl. I can't have him found out and arrested while he or should I say, she, is living here; it would cause all sorts of problems for me. My daughter would never understand. So if he is to stay here as a girl, it must be 24/7 without a let up, or there will be a tendency to make mistakes that will give his real identity away. Of course he can stay here as a girl, as long as is necessary for him....ah, there I go again, I mean her. But, I warn her that I will be mercilessness in her training. Mrs. Porter should understand that, as should Robin. I mean I am very fond of him. He has been a wonderful tenant, certainly a friend, and almost like a son. And I don't think that financially I could get along without him, at this time. However, I believe in doing things right. And what little help I have already given him in, let's say accommodating himself to this situation, has been a lot of fun for me. You know I taught him to walk in heels and put on make-up, and have even been removing some of his hair so that he could pass as questionable and even taught him to speak in a somewhat feminine voice."

"But it hasn't been a full time thing. I mean, as far as I know he still was mostly boy, just a bit, not a lot on the feminine side. Now he will have to be all on the feminine side. As long as he is willing that is all right with me. But I am not a half way person and if he is telling me that he is willing to go 24/7 then that is what it will really be. Robin will be become a girl in just about every way possible, that I can affect. And, unlike some young girls in such matters, if this puts him under my tutelage, then dear Robin will be a most obedient girl, at that."

Estelle had let Mrs. L. go on as she seemed happy with her response. Then she interjected, "Well I can see we are of a similar mind here. I am actually very fond of Robin myself, and have always enjoyed his company and even more so since his transformation. He is just like one of the girls now, just nicer. If all this would have been a problem for you, I was going to volunteer my place, though it would have been tight. And I think having him stay with you works out better for Mrs. Porter as regards the story of his having been petticoated, as you are an unknown entity, and he has actually been living here. Mrs. Porter, I am sure, can work you into the story if need be, especially if you have actually been assisting Robin and are intent on helping him full fill

himself as a full time girl. And if money is a problem, though not rich, I am sure Mrs. Porter would be quite generous.”

Then looking at me Estelle asked, “Robin, how do you feel about this arrangement. And keep in mind, that we real girls may not be asking you for your opinion very often, for you are not only to appear to all as a girl, but to a select few it is to be known that you are really a cross dressed boy, and as such must be obedient to all woman, and especially those of us who know you are really not a girl.”

I told her, “I think it is a little too late to be backing out of anything at this time. I sort of suspected Mrs. L. would help me out. She’s been so helpful up till now. It’s just that I did not realize how helpful she would be. I thought I just might get some respite here, but I guess that won’t be the case and I will have to live with that. I am committed to helping out Mrs. Porter and if that means being a girl then I am committed to being a girl, and a girl 24/7. So if Mrs. L. is also committed that I be a girl and one all the time that will just have to be fine. I hardly feel like a boy anymore any way, and based upon my appearance I am probably better off not thinking of myself as one until my condition changes, if not for the best at least for the more masculine.” And I ended with a laugh at my own little joke.

Estelle seemed pleased with my reply, but voiced one fear that Mrs. L. then solved with a solution that did not bode well for me, in terms of me sneaking in any masculine time at all. Estelle told Mrs. L. “I am just worried with the living arrangements here. With me, Robin would have no place to hide and would be under my eye all the time. Staying here he can on occasion escape to his apartment upstairs where who knows what he would be doing?” Mrs. L. had a solution. She told us, “That may not be the problem you suppose. I have a bit of a problem that I had wished to discuss with Robin and had forgotten all about at the surprise of all of this. But the solution actually works out well in terms of our current plans. My daughter is threatening to come back to live with me for a while. It seems she has sewn some of her wild oats and is now trying for a real job and got a nice one in here in this area, but is a bit strapped until she banks a couple of those salary checks, and so was asking to move back in with me until she can move up the corporate ladder a bit. I don’t really want her down here with me that is unless she has really calmed down a lot. And I would never ask Robin to move out, especially in his current circumstances. But now considering all the issues, why doesn’t Robin just move down here with me where I can keep a motherly eye on him, just as you would do. Robin can have my daughter’s old room. It has its own bathroom, so we wouldn’t be on top of each other. But we would be sharing everything else and be together most of the time. My daughter

can take the upstairs apartment at a moderate rent, rather than the rent-free plan she had, so that there will be some pressure on her not to become a free loader. By the time she is gone, I am sure Robin will be the perfect girl and surely this whole thing will be over and Robin can move back upstairs to her own apartment with a bit more privacy and of course less pressure to be feminine all the time, or none at all if everything works out.”

I didn't like the idea at all. I thought I would never get a break. I will really have to be a full time girl. But Estelle thought it was a fine idea and the solution to her worries about me. Now why Estelle was so worried about me in that regard I couldn't figure out at the time. But as it turned out she just really liked me as a girlfriend and thought to do all she could to keep me a girl and her friend and her coworker, the receptionist, if not forever at least for as long as possible. I don't think any of us realized at the time how long it would actually be.

Estelle seeming happy with that arrangement told us, “Yes I think that works quite well.”

I think Mrs. L. noticed that I did not seem as happy. She gave me a big smile and told me, “Don't look so sad about the whole thing my dear. I think it should be fun having you living down here with me, sort of mother and daughter. And it doesn't have to be right away. We can give it a bit for the idea to sink in and for you to get used to the idea of living with a middle age woman, who will be acting the mother to you and a dominating one at that, if I understand my position here. We don't have to move you down right away. We can wait a while, we have till my daughter and her baggage arrives. This whole thing will be a lot of work, and probably a lot more than you can imagine. So having you down here will probably make it easier on both of us. And I hope it will also be fun. You know finding out how the other half lives and even living like the other half lives. I think that you already appreciate some of the benefits of being a girl. You certainly seemed quite comfortable in lingerie, when this whole thing started.”

At that I sort of gulped and then got a noticeably red, which both ladies must have picked up on. But Mrs. L. just continued, “And there was something about the makeup which also seemed to have affected you in a pleasant way. So we just have to find some other aspects of the feminine life, of being a girl, that attracts you, and I am a sure things will work out, at least for the time being. And I am going to try to make dress-up as much fun for you as I possibly can, so having you down here with me we can really make it more of a mother daughter arrangement. Of course even with in that context you still have much to learn about being a woman.”

I still wasn't happy. But I didn't want to continue the verbal explorations of my fascination with lingerie and makeup. So I just told her and could really only say, "Anything you think is for the best is fine with me."

Both Estelle and Mrs. L. seemed quite happy and Mrs. L. told me, "Good dear. You see you are already getting with the program. I wish that my real daughter were as easy to convince about things and as cooperative with me as you are. I think it may actually be nice to have you down here to share things with as if we were really mother and daughter, just two girls. And you know that I am finding it more and more difficult to think of you as anything but a girl."

"Fine, and then it is settled," Estelle told us. "And you young lady," she said looking straight at me in case there was any doubt as to who she was talking to, "should be ready tomorrow morning at about 10AM for me to pick you up to go shopping and to meet with Dr. Melanie to get you ready for that interview at the sex reassignment clinic. From now on, outside of work, you can think of me as your Fairy Godmother... a nice one."

Mrs. L. then chimed in, "And to get you started, you can clear the table and get dinner started. I want to walk Estelle to the door and have a word with her." So I was quickly put in my new position with Mrs. L. Not that I wouldn't have cleared the table anyway under those conditions, but now I was supposed to get used to being told what to do and to be obedient. To show my cooperativeness I responded with a polite, "Yes mum," and really without even thinking about it, gave a bit of a curtsy. Both ladies caught it and seemed pleased with my cooperativeness and reaction. Mrs. L. of course gave me an encouraging smile and Estelle told me, "Very good Robin. That is the spirit. Yes, I think everything is going to work out just fine." And with that they walked to the door leaving me to my chores.

That evening with Mrs. L. went like many others I had spent with her since this thing had begun, but was much more intense. Instead of us playing the fun game that placed me in it dressed as a girl, her Archie, and instead of any lessons in girlish activities, such as walking in high heels, being done as an aversion therapy to prevent me from falling into a feminine life style, everything was done to keep me as girlish as possible and to make sure that I could pass full time as a girl and would be comfortable doing so. And it was not a game it was serious. Mrs. L. wasn't nasty about it, but she was serious about it, and I did not fight my training, but it had gone from a part time game to a full time immersion. I could tell that I was, as far as Mrs. L. was concerned to be in every way a girl, and she was going to teach me to be a girl, and seemed to enjoy it.

Toward bedtime, though a bit early, Mrs. L. ordered me upstairs to change into my sleep clothes. She told me, "We'll have to start to get you ready for sleep a bit early. Tonight you will have to start you with an evening skin regimen and facial. Your skin has picked up a feminine sheen and we want to keep it that way for the time being. No use in giving yourself a way to a really watchful eye. Some of this a girl takes care of before her washing up and some of it afterwards. But as it will be a first time with you and we don't yet have the convenience of living on the same floor we'll do everything before you shower and you just be careful about getting your hair and face wet. And this is yet another reason why perhaps you should move down here for the time being. So go change into your sleepwear and then come back downstairs, and we will get to work."

Upstairs I undressed and changed into a satin sleep set that was among the items Marge had supplied. A set, which consisted of a satin sleep bra, satin panties, a short satin chemise, a short satin robe, and a pair of satin stretch slippers, all of which were in pink satin. To make the set workable for a girl with something extra she had added a firm control stretch satin brief, also in pink satin. The brief held in and hid my special attributes so no matter how turned on I got by the sensuous feel of my wardrobe little showed to give me away. It was also lined with an absorbent material in order to avoid any tell-tale signs of the pleasure I was feeling when so dressed. And the feel of this girdle was such a delight, that I found it difficult to prevent myself from just staying there and moving my hands up and down the satin panels. Holding up the skirt of my chemise to see how that garment looked, by gazing at myself in the mirror, I couldn't believe myself. I looked at my panty covered front and I looked just like a chubby girl, nothing was showing to give away what was hidden beneath and so turned on. I just wanted to lie there running my hands over my satin encased loins, both for the tactile sensation of the satin on my hands and the feelings it caused beneath those satin panels, but I knew I would not have the time. Mrs. L. waited for me.

Once downstairs in front of Mrs. L., she was also impressed with my appearance and deportment in my new outfit. "You look lovely and carry yourself relatively well. I am not saying there isn't any room for improvement, but you actually are carrying this off better than some girls." She took me to her daughter's old room and sat me at the vanity and she showed me how to remove my makeup and afterwards how to moisturize my face and hands, elbows and knees. Then we took off my nail polish, though it looked fine to me and I questioned her. She explained the nails have to breathe. She told me, "Most girls are lazy and don't redo their nails unless there are unsightly chips. But you my dear are going to do things right. Your polish should be

removed each afternoon or evening and reapplied in the morning. Girls have to get up a bit earlier than a guy if they are to wear makeup, to give themselves plenty of time to do things correctly, and you will be wearing full makeup every day. So get used to it. You will be doing it.” Now by the way she said it, I knew the choice was not mine and I did not balk at all, knowing that I was going to have to do as I was told.

When all that was done she seemed to get another idea. “You know dear, why don’t you shower down here and then we can go over the moisturizing regime one more time, the way it is really supposed to be done, after a shower. I know there is really isn’t any way you won’t disturb those moisturized areas, if we do it before you shower.”



I mentioned something about not wanting to intrude on her daughter's room and disturb the memories, the room was set up as if the girl had never left, but she wouldn't hear of it. "You know, I am pretty certain this will shortly be your room and I would like you to use it for a while so I can be sure the switch will work out. I really need you staying with me if all this is to continue, and it will give me just the excuse I need to keep my daughter at arm's length so we don't kill each other and also gives me an apparent reason to charge her rent so that she doesn't free load as is her usual habit."

So, I showered and when I came out I went through the moisturizing routine once more, but on my own, to show Mrs. L. I could do it on my own. Meanwhile she had put fresh sheets on her daughter's bed and would not hear of me going upstairs again, and tucked me in for the evening, giving me a kiss on my cheek. She didn't go to bed right away and so I had no chance to gracefully sneak upstairs and relieve my tensions. I fell asleep and of course woke up a bit wet. But my support panties were designed for that contingency. However, the relief was not the same one I obtained from pillowing and I knew I was going to have to try to put off for as long as I could, moving in downstairs with all that it entailed for me.

Chapter 23: Shopping with Estelle

The next day I got up relatively early for a Saturday. I was a bit nervous going out shopping with Estelle, worrying about passing and how Estelle would treat me. I had gotten up before Mrs. L. and without really thinking about it started breakfast for the two of us. I was downstairs already and just didn't think to go back upstairs to my apartment do my cooking, as on the way to my current gender I had gained some familiarity with that kitchen. And as long as I was downstairs I made breakfast for two, and by the size of the pots I used it was obvious.

By the time Mrs. L. got to the kitchen the coffee was ready and a pot of oatmeal on the stove had just finished cooking. Mrs. L. was pleasantly surprised, and as no good deed should go unpunished, she at once said. "How nice," she gushed. I can't remember the last time anyone was so thoughtful as to have made me breakfast. Yes, having you down here certainly has its benefits for both of us. And that settles it for me. My daughter can stay in the apartment and pay rent. You and I will stay down here, while she is visiting and that way we will have plenty of time together and I can keep an eye on you every minute and not give you even a little chance to stray."

I voiced some objections, but obviously I could not give her the real reason I needed a bit more privacy than she planned to afford me, but she shot down every argument and simply finalized it with, "My mind is made up and it won't be an inconvenience for me at all. And as Estelle explained it to me, you are to be obedient to my wishes as if you were truly under my control and this is as good a time as any to get started. So I will not hear any more of that. Let's have breakfast with polite conversation."

By that time we had finished with breakfast. She told me to leave the dishes and go wash up and she would be upstairs shortly to help me with my makeup. I asked her, "It is a Saturday, why would I need makeup?" And she told me, "Because you do dear. You need it all the time and it constantly has to be refreshed as one more reminder of your girl status. You have to be more girlish than a girl, or you will fall back on to natural habits that will give you away. I understand that you are supposed to be a petticoated boy and as such you have to be more feminine than a real girl your age. You can't expect the habits of a lifetime to be easily replaced with the habits of your new gender without work, work, and more work. And that is another reason why it is best we stay close for the time being. Now do your thing and I will be up there shortly."

By the time I was finished meeting nature's call, the call I was allowed to respond to, Mrs. L. was upstairs with me. She went over my entire makeup ritual with me, which included reapplying my nail polish. At that point I only had only a little more than one set of makeup and so that had to do. Mrs. L. told me I would need more makeup as what I could routinely wear to the office was not necessarily what I would want to wear around the house or while out shopping, and she told me again that I would be wearing makeup all the time so I would needed a variety.

Then it was time to dress. Mrs. L. went through my wardrobe with me commenting on the clothes Estelle had supplied. She picked out an attractive blouse and skirt combination for me to wear on my first outing, a plain black pleated skirt that was cut above the knees and zippered up the back and a shaped blouse that accented by breasts and buttoned up the back. I selected my lingerie and changed into that in the bathroom. Once changed into lingerie Mrs. L. helped me on with the skirt and blouse, helping me close the zipper and fasten the buttons, both of which were a bit difficult to manage for a rank beginner to woman's outerwear due to the back closures. Then she had me slip on the black pumps Estelle had bought me, at the time much to my embarrassment, with Estelle telling me, "Just in case," when I still was lucky enough to be wearing pants, even though they

were woman's pants. Then putting my pocket book in to my hands, an act that always embarrassed me the most, we went down stairs to wait for Estelle.

Of course before we did so, Mrs. L. took a good look at me. She told me, "Walk around a bit dear, I need to see how your dress hangs and how you comport yourself in heels with a flaring skirt." So clutching my pocket book I did as I was told and walked around a bit, giving my heels a try. They did not present a problem, as I had learned my lessons well, and I reflexively walked in my feminine fashion placing one high-heeled foot in front of the other and moving from the hips. I swayed provocatively and moved every bit like a woman. Mrs. L. was satisfied and of course complimented me, telling me exactly what I did not want to hear. "Very nice my dear, you move like any feminine girl and Estelle's clothing seems to fit and hang well on you. I am delighted. All our efforts are really working out for the best."

Estelle arrived and she was pleased with how I looked in her clothes and all made up. She sent me to wait in the car while she and Mrs. L. talked a bit. Then she joined me and again complimented me on how nice I looked and what a girlish figure I presented, sitting there patiently waiting for her, my back straight, my legs together and my pocket book in my lap. The only thing I could think of to say was, "Thank you. I do try so hard." That seemed to please her and we took off, making pleasant feminine chitchat all the while, and before I knew it we were once again at Marge's Lingerie Shoppe, The Corsetarium.

Marge didn't quite recognize me at first. The last time she had seen me she had gotten only an inkling as to my new figure, the new shapely me, but it had been without any makeup, and in pants. When she finally realized who I was, she too seemed pleased and not upset at all about my appearance. She held my hands and I responded femininely as I had been trained and allowed her to do so, and looking at me she smiled and then gave me a hug to which I also responded as I had been taught.

Then she told me, "Robin you look absolutely delightful and ever so happy." I thought delightful maybe, happy no. There was no amount of lingerie delight that could have induced me to go this far, but here I was and there was no use making a fuss about it. I was stuck for the time being. And I was getting used to it and comfortable with it, even while resisting as best I could despite the pull of the lingerie. She continued, "Tell me, is this the new you or is this the" and she giggled a bit, "The weekend party you?"

I had to be honest with her. She knew my deepest and darkest secrets. "It is the new me, at least for a while. I had, let's say a bad

reaction and you saw the results, the changes to my body the last time I was here for a fitting. Well it hasn't gotten any better, and according to my doctor who thought it would, it will get worse before it gets better and so I will probably need a larger cup bra before I need a smaller one. Under all of this I don't really need any more padding than a real girl would need and it is getting worse. And the way things worked out, it is complicated, I got stuck in this makeup that doesn't come off. So all in all it has been easier, with a bit of help from Estelle here and my landlady, for me to pass myself off as a girl, I mean to live as a girl, at least until my hormones and body starts acting normally and the long lasting make-up wears off."

Marge didn't quite agree with that and squeezing my hands again, told me, "I think you have really found yourself and I am pleased that I played a part in it. If I am any judge of these matters and I am, I think that if you give yourself some time you will find yourself perfectly happy as a girl or at least living as one. I have a number of customers in your situation living as full time girls, for one reason or another, and every one of them, well to be honest except for one, has learned to love being a full time girl. And I believe that one exception is just fighting the inevitable, and I am certain he will find joy once he accepts being a full time girl. I think he, just like you, simply has to give it a little more time, and as it appears neither one of you has much choice about that. So I am sure by the time this could be over, you won't want to go back to being a boy and all those plain boy's things." Then she whispered, as if to hide my secret from Estelle, "and I hope your delight with lingerie never diminishes now that you have apparently chosen to wear it all the time." Then returning to her normal voice and going back to the original subject, "and don't worry about that other fellow his wife is not going to let him out of feminine finery for some time if she can help it so he will have plenty of time to adjust."

My curiosity got the better of me and so I just had to ask about that other unconvinced fellow. Marge explained, "His wife loves him very much and would rather live with a happy girl, with something extra that is, then an unhappy guy. He retired early from aggravation and she just decided he was going to be the death of himself because of his inability to come to grips with his attractions. So one day when he was dressing she took some photographs and with that as a lever she laid down the law to him and told him he was going to have to stay dressed until he could pass as her girlfriend and then they would decide if he was to stay dressed forever. But until then he would not be allowed anything male and she took out all of his male clothes and things. He is still working at passing so he hasn't been given the choice of opting out yet. And she is emphatic that he will learn to

pass, whatever it takes. Though he pretends it is not what he wants, we will find out eventually, as she is not going to let up and she seems to be enjoying the situation more and more, regardless of how he says he feels about it.”

“But obviously that is not the case with you. You make a lovely girl. And I am so happy you came by to show yourself off. Was there anything I could help you with today? I do so love dressing you.”

I explained my situation with Mrs. Porter and the club and what I needed to help her out. Marge reminded me of the outfits she had supplied, of the schoolgirl and the French maid costumes and I explain they would not do, I needed the real thing and not costumes. She could not help out with a maid’s uniform, and recommended a regular uniform shop, but came through with a little girl’s outfit. The store had left over from years ago some real Shirley Temple outfits, sized for adults, that at one time had been popular, with woman as costumes. And of course, since they had been costumes for woman they were made of satin and a bit revealing. Scrounging around the back room Marge was able to find them and there was one in my size.

The outfit consisted of a pink satin little girl’s dress, cut to flatten the breasts a bit and gathered under the breasts, sort of empire style and hanging down from there as to hide an adult’s curves. The skirt was short and ended just below the hips so there was no way of hiding the flounced satin panties that came with that outfit. The panties were also pink and covered with layers of satin lace, all little girlish. And there was no way the wearer could keep the panties hidden beneath so short a skirt that was designed to show them off. There was a back zipper and a large pink satin ribbon attached just under the bodice would tie in back with enough material for a large bow. Matching bows were on the front of the stockings that came with the outfit, nylons that were held up with elastic and those bows and reached just slightly above the knees, so that the wearer upon moving around would have an expanse of naked thigh exposed between the stockings and the skirt of the dress, as well as the flounced panties. A pink satin bra that held the breast in a bit was also supplied. The outfit might be very cute on a real girl, but for me it was the height of embarrassment. Wearing that outfit would be about as embarrassed as a guy could be in front of a bunch of dominating woman, let alone having to perform as if I were a little girl, in front of those same woman. The little girl shoes we would have to find elsewhere, as the real servant’s uniform.

The little girl outfit was a bit dusty and needed to be freshened up or cleaned, and wasn’t really ready to be tried on. Marge assured me it would fit and I took her at her word and did not even try it on, though I

could tell that both Marge and Estelle wanted to see me in it. However, they both realized that it needed to be cleaned first.

Next Marge helped me pick out the lingerie I would need to go under my maid's uniform, having a fairly good idea of the styles I would be restricted to and the lingerie that would go with those styles. Of course I would wear my beige panties and support restraint garment as a base. Over that we picked out a lovely pair of black satin panties, which would cover my restraining garment. The legs and waist were flounced which made the garment very feminine. A black satin bra would give me some support, but not too much, I had to show the ladies that my breasts were my own. And of course black stockings with Cuban heels and with seems up each back, to show off my shapely legs which of course would be in high heel shoes. And of course the stocking could only be held up with garters and so we found a lovely black satin waist cincher with six hanging garters to hold up my stockings. Over all of that I of course needed a slip. Marge found a lovely one of black satin and covered with lace over the bodice and hem, which only came down to mid-thigh. It was very 1940ish. Just the thought of wearing it made me feel like a fem fatal move stare of the 1940s. Much to my chagrin the thought of wearing that piece of satin excited me. And that of course completed my ensemble of lingerie. I picked out the items with Marge's help and under Estelle's watchful eye. Both girls seemed to enjoy the exercise and I found that to a certain extent, so had I.

The purchase concluded, Marge wrapped everything up and put the charge on Mrs. Porter's account.

Next it was the shoe store. I was a bit nervous as Estelle decided to bring me back to her favorite one, where she had taken me earlier to buy my flats for work and the pumps for just in case. I was a bit nervous worried the salesgirl would recognize me. She greeted Estelle as a recognized customer. Then looking at me she told me that she recognized me but could not place me and I simply told the truth that I had purchased shoes from her. She thought it was strange that she couldn't place me but we started to talk about the shoes I needed, a pair of black pumps that could be worn for a day of standing and a pair of pink flats with a strap across the instep, and that ended that. The last one was going to be difficult but she thought she might have a couple of pairs around in the basement.

So I sat down so that she could measure my feet. Well that was the giveaway. Once she had my shoeless foot in her hand she knew who I was. It was uncanny. A smile crossed her face as the recognition dawned. "Oh Estelle, I would have never guessed. Why he is exquisite. How long are you going to keep him like this?" At that we

both knew she knew. It was uncanny, that she could tell who I was from my feet, but I guess that is the shoe business. Estelle played dumb, but the girl was insistent. "Oh, I recognize him now. He is that young fellow you had dressed up in girl's slacks and blouse for whom you purchased the penny loafers. And don't try to tell me it isn't."

Estelle admitted to my masquerade but told her, "Keep it down; the whole mall doesn't need to know about this. I could have taken him elsewhere for her shoes, you know." The salesgirl apparently didn't want to lose the sale or didn't realize how loud she had spoken and lowered her voice.

At that point I must have blushed terrible for she told me, "Oh I am so sorry dear. Don't be embarrassed. Darling, you are just lovely. I am just so surprised that the silly looking boy who bought girl's shoes from me turned out to be such an attractive and well-poised young lady. I would have never guessed walking in here that you are that boy. You certainly would appear to be a girl. Just keep your knees a bit tighter together. You really had me fooled except I never forget a foot." Then she joked with me and I knew there wasn't want any clerks getting a cheap thrill, and she was just pleased to serve me. I could only answer, "Oh no. Thank you," and did as instructed.

The girl could just not get over my appearance and demeanor and seemed absolutely thrilled by my impersonation. She just got a tremendous kick out of it and serving me. But eventually I got my shoes and of course we charged them to Mrs. Porter. On the way out she grabbed my hand and gave it a squeeze. I of course responded in the feminine manor I had been taught, and let her do so. She told me, "I hope that you let me help you with all your shoe needs. It has been a real pleasure serving you." Well that was so encouraging that I just had to give her a hug. I don't know why but I was sure that was what I was supposed to do and I did it.

It was then time for lunch and Estelle picked a place at the mall food court that was fairly in the open. This was definitely a trial by fire. I was so happy that I had so much aversion training; because everything I had been trained to find uncomfortable was quickly becoming natural. We sat down to salads and diet drinks. Estelle told me that we both had to watch our figures, me especially. And any way since those hormone implants I hadn't much of an appetite anyway. We had a pleasant conversation about work and shopping.

While we conversed Estelle would interrupt every once in a while with, a whisper, "Oh that was surprisingly feminine" or, "How girlish of you, you are really catching on surprisingly quickly." But then again every once in a while I would do something that would not make her so

happy and so she would stop every once in a while and correct my mannerisms or motions or voice inflection. After a while it became a bit much and I told her, "Estelle would you please stop it, enough already." And I whispered, "I seem to be passing fine." And I sort of winced, "You will have me more of a girl than a real girl is!"

But she put me right in line and scared me right into line so that I would not slack in my training for perfection. She told me, "I must be picky and you must be exact. And yes you do have to be more of a girl than a real girl is, or you will have us both in trouble. You have to realize that there will be for a long time a certain air of masculinity about you; may be a mannish motion, or perhaps a masculine line to your face, or a certain affect in your voice that someone may pick up on, especially when or if your body starts to revert to your old masculine self. So everything that we can make feminine must be so to the extreme. That way when someone picks up on an inconsistency in my sweet girl Robin and takes a second look and sees nothing but an absolutely feminine creature, whatever was found disturbing will be just be viewed as a misperception on the part of the viewer and nothing more will be thought about it. Now if you decide to stay this way, and I certainly hope you do, a bit of cosmetic surgery and more hormones will make you perfect and then you can get away with some tomboyishness. But unless you are ready for that now, I suggest that you do not balk at any of your training."

I realized, or at least thought she was probably right and just gave in and told her, "Yes, I see that your point is well taken and I might as well get on with the program. Sorry if I seemed a bit ungrateful. From now on I will be the perfect pupil. But you know," and I whispered, "it can get a bit tiring for a guy to put up with all of this femininity."

Estelle listened patiently and then whispered back. "Well that may be the problem dear. You have just got to stop thinking of yourself as a guy. It is just counterproductive. For the time being you must just think of yourself as a girl, just as a tomboy just trying to find her new feminine self. Keep telling yourself, 'I'm a girl...I'm a girl,' it will just make everything so much easier for everyone. I mean you already act pretty much like a girl any way. So just let go. And let's stop talking about this here. I can't go on whispering."

So I ended it all with telling Estelle, "I guess you are right. Okay, I'm a girl." And somehow I felt a lot better after that, and took whatever corrections she brought up without any ill thoughts.

After lunch we went to look for a serving uniform. What Estelle thought would do the best was something out of a 1940's movie, a medium length black satin serving dress, and of course we couldn't

find anything remotely like that at all. The uniforms for domestic staff were just too plain and everything was made out of lightweight easy care nylon or polyester. I didn't see the problem and thought that a conservative uniform dress would do me just fine. I wasn't yet fashion conscious. However, Estelle explained, "You have to understand that you have to look like a sissy in the dress. All of those women will know that you are a male sissy maid punished in dresses. So the dress has to be especially feminine as well as functional or at least a bit risqué, if you get my drift." Well I wasn't sure that I did, but that didn't matter. Estelle was my fairy godmother and took her title and job seriously and me being the fairy, so to speak, I would do as I was told.

We finally found what she was looking for in a uniform store with a better quality selection of waitress uniforms, a very well-tailored and sexy waitress uniform with a matching apron and cap. She had me try it on in the store and decided it was me and the one for the occasion and then had it tailored to fit my figure like a glove and shortened so that I would show a bit more leg, and so that I would be sure to stoop and not bend over. The dress was of black heavy weight nylon and cut to accent the figure, tight to the waist to show that off and pocketed under the breasts to likewise accent that part of the anatomy. The cap was reminiscent of a maid's cap and the apron just covered the lower part of the dress, further accenting the waist and not taking away from the cut of the garment around the breasts. Estelle thought I looked lovely in it and regretted she would not get to see me serve in it.

All that had killed the rest of the day and so we realized that it was time for my afterhours meeting with Dr. Michele. The doctor could not believe how much of a girl I had become since she had last seen me. After being assured that it was me, she told me, "You know after meeting with you the doctor at the institute may just ask me to come on as a consultant, I just cannot believe this. However, it is not myself that you have to convince, but the clinic physician. So here are some books and tapes which will explain the phenomenon that you are trying project as to convince them that you are not happy and even unhappy being a guy and truly desire a change of sex. The books explain it all and the tapes will help you to remember your story. Now realize that they will keep you this way, physically appearing to be a girl, and insist that you live as a girl 24/7 and get a job as a girl and will have people checking up on you to make sure you are complying with all of that. They absolutely don't want any one going through with a sex change on a lark, someone who is not totally serious and committed and is really most unhappy with their current gender. So that is the appearance you have to affect. However, the plan is you

will fall in love with some fictitious girl who convinces you to remain a guy and then go back living as a guy. At that stage the clinic will do what they can to help you reverse all of this and return to being a guy. And if there are difficulties, as I have said, they are much more experienced with figuring out the problems than I. So, good luck to you.

And with that it was time for Estelle to take me home. When we got there Mrs. L. signaled me in to the ground floor for her surprise.

Chapter 24: I Am the Little Girl

By the time we returned from shopping and lunch, Mrs. L. had moved me down stairs and into her daughter's old rooms. Everything I had was down there, into her daughter's bedroom and bathroom, which were now mine, and all her things had been moved up to my former apartment, awaiting its occupancy by her daughter. Mrs. L. actually seemed very excited by it and very happy to have me down there with her. I was a bit upset that she had proceeded without me, but then she explained that she had just found out that her daughter would be arriving that evening and so she had taken it upon herself to get everything ready. So Estelle and I carried my packages to my new bedroom rather than to what had been my apartment.

Estelle could hardly wait to show Mrs. L. what we had purchased for me. However, we had to wait for Mrs. L. to give me the grand tour of my new quarters and show me where every feminine article and bit of clothing had been placed. I did blush a bit as Estelle got a gander at all of my private things, but by that time I really had few secrets from either of those two women.

Then it was Estelle's turn at show and tell to my embarrassment. First she pulled out my waitress uniform that I was to wear tomorrow as the downstairs maid and serving girl, along with my cap, apron and shoes and showed them all off to Mrs. L. And then came all of my new lingerie that Marge had supplied for me to go with my new uniform. All in black, a slip, bra, panties, waist cincher with garters and nylon stockings with seams running up the back. And of course I had to model the uniform, over the lingerie I was wearing, for Mrs. L., supposedly just to make sure everything had been adjusted properly. Both women commented that I looked very nice in my uniform and when I did not seem so happy about their comments Mrs. L. explained to me, that at least I would always have a fall back job if things got tough and that waitresses usually made a nice income. I thought I would gag, imagining myself waiting on tables in some greasy spoon

scared out of my wits that one of the customers would make me. I was beginning to appreciate my receptionist job at a place where even if most of the girls knew I was a boy they excepted me in my girlish state, and realized I had better do whatever I had to do to hold on to it, at least while I was so girlish.



Next I had to show Mrs. L. my little girl outfit. Even though I did not have to wear it, just showing it off was even more embarrassing than having modeled the waitress's outfit. Mrs. L., however, was in an absolutely delightful state after seeing it. She told me, "Oh my, I can

just imagine you all dressed up in that lovely outfit. I can hardly wait to see you in it, my pretty little girl.” I respectfully exclaimed my displeasure as having been addressed so, but Mrs. L. wouldn’t have it. “Oh please Robin, let an old lady have her pleasures. You do make a sweet young lady and are a pleasure to have around as a girl, even nicer than you were as a boy. I just feel you are 100% a girl, even though I know the truth. I can hardly think any more of treating you like a boy at all. Now every mother likes, on occasion, to think of her adult daughter as her little girl, we miss our little girls so, and I just feel the same way about you. It is my pleasure and not meant to belittle you at all. So please don’t get upset and for your own sake keep to your part. You are supposed to be a girl 24/7, and if not that, at least a boy who wants to be a girl 24/7 for life. So comments like that should not upset you or at least you should not show upset. And to the contrary they should make you happy.”

I could see from the look on Estelle’s face that she was in perfect agreement with this and so I knew there was to be nothing gained by arguing the point. I just told myself, “I’m a girl. No need to be upset. Regardless of what I really am, I am now a girl and will be one for a while. No use in fighting this or being upset by comments from woman who have been helping me by treating me like a real girl.”

Then I turned to Mrs. L. and with an innocent smile on my face, very girlish, I put myself in place by asking in a little girlish way in a voice all excited, “Oh Mrs. L. I thought you were just teasing me.” And I stamped my foot like an upset little girl would and continued, “Do you really think I will look the little girl in my new outfit or were you just teasing me?”

At that she warmed up immediately and actually hugged me, and kissing me on the far head just looked at me lovingly and told me, “I think you will make the perfect little girl in that outfit and I think you should plan to spend some time in it, aside from this thing at the party, so you can have a better understanding of how little girl’s spend their time and the things that mold them. But we can discuss that at a later time, depending on your needs as a girl.” I could only thank her and that ended that episode, but not the issue.

Estelle then excused herself to leave and told me that she would be back Sunday evening to pick me up for Mrs. Porter’s party, reminding me to hand wash my costume, and to prepare for a late evening, as Monday was to be a legal holiday. Then with Estelle gone Mrs. L. told me to change, as we needed to get dinner ready for three that evening.

Chapter 25: I Meet the Real Daughter and It Is Lust at First Site

Mrs. L's daughter, Karen arrived as scheduled to a waiting dinner. After they hugged, I was introduced, just as Robin, without any talk about my gender. As Mrs. L. and Karen talked, Karen stared at me and did not seem to be able to take her eye off of me, at least for long. Funny, I found the attraction mutual, though I did not find myself staring at her as often. I guess I had become too much of a lady. I was a bit put off, as I did not know if she knew I was a guy and was staring at me in wonder, or was attracted to me as a guy or as a girl for that matter. I did find it a bit rude and after a while I found myself actually, in character, blushing.

While all that was going on, in the background so to speak, we moved Karen's things from her car upstairs. There would be a delivery the following day of the remainder of her stuff. And then we had some before dinner drinks as we relaxed a bit and Karen and her mom caught up on things, and finally we all sat down to dinner. I told Mrs. L. to relax and put on my apron and served. Such actions on my part were just becoming second nature. I continued to wear it throughout dinner and would not permit Mrs. L. to do a thing, and finished up by clearing and serving desert. That is when the bombshell was dropped. As the conversation continued, Karen thanked me for serving. "Robin that is so nice of you to help out like you do, you are a real old fashioned girl, a real doll. I sometimes wish I could be as nice and congenial as your appear to be, but I just didn't turn out that way. How long have you been staying with my mom?"

Mrs. L. told her, "Robin just moved down here with me, to make room for you upstairs."

Karen told her, "I understand that, but how long has she been renting from you?"

Mrs. L. sort of looked a bit quizzical and responded, "Don't be silly dear. You know that Robin moved in upstairs more than 5 years ago when starting college. You've met him briefly a number of times before when you visited."

"Mom," Karen exclaimed as if her mom was suffering from early senility, "The Robin who used to rent the upstairs is a guy. I never really tried to get to know him. But I am sure he was a guy. I mean, he did have longish hair, but he shaved and wore long pants and work boots. The Robin living with you is apparently a girl; you know long hair and dresses, pantyhose and heels. I know they have the same names, but..."

Her mom gave that look right back at her, and told her, “This is ‘my Robin’ dear. The Robin I always told you about. Who has always been here to help me? I am not too sure if he is a boy or a girl now, but he was a he and lived upstairs while attending college, and now he is working and living as a she, through a series of unfortunate circumstances, though perhaps sort of fortunate for me, and is living downstairs. But Robin only moved downstairs so that you could have your own space.”

Karen seemed a bit perplexed. “What’s going on here? If this about my lifestyle and my problems, I am out of here.”

Now I could see she was getting a bit agitated and her mom who was so used to my transformation that she did not understand the reality check here, so I was forced to intervene. Reverting to a slightly deeper voice, more akin to my old male voice, I simply told her, “I am a guy, Karen. Your mom isn’t lying or putting you on or playing games with you. My horrible situation has nothing to do with you. I know it is a bit macabre and you probably would see through my disguise, so to speak, under different circumstances. If there is a problem, I can move back upstairs, but I am sort of trapped in this situation, which isn’t my doing or your mother’s doing either for that matter. Anyway, I will be looking like a girl for a while, and probably more so as time goes on until I can finally get myself out of this situation.”

This went back and forth for a while and it became clear that Karen was very uncomfortable talking about the situation in front of her mother. Apparently she wanted to bring up things that she was not comfortable presenting in front of her mother. So after a while she asked, “I think I need to talk to you about this outside of this house. Can we go somewhere?”

Mrs. L. didn’t have a problem with that. She interjected, “Let me do the dishes, Robin has been such a dear with everything else, and why don’t you girls go out for a drink. Robin has only been out once in an age, and is probably so tired of spending his evenings with an old hen like me, who doesn’t give him a minutes peace in keeping him a girl. He can’t drive until he gets his new license as his girl self.” Then looking at me she continued, “With Karen here you should take advantage. Why don’t you take her over to that bar the girls from your office took you to on Friday? That sounded like a nice place for two girls to go for a talk and to get to know each other. It isn’t a place for men at all. So you should take full advantage of your current condition and continue to see how the other half lives.”

Karen agreed a bit too readily but I didn’t think anything of it at the time. We drove there making small talk as I gave directions. When we

got there Karen chose a booth and ordered for us, ordering for me based on our discussion while driving over. She ordered a shot of vodka with a margarita on top of that for herself and just the margarita for me. I told her, "You know I already confessed to you that sweet drinks make me silly and uncontrollable." And she replied with sort of a smile, "That is how I like my dates."

I couldn't help myself but smile back. There was just something there, in Karen that I found very attractive, and before I could comment the drinks had arrived and she quickly took down the shot. I could literally see it take effect. Once it had her going she asked, "Are you really a guy or is this some cruel joke of my mom's to get back at me for all the misery I have caused her? I took a hit on my drink, the sweetened cold alcohol loosening me up a bit and I once again told her the truth. Of course I kept my voice down. "I am a guy, with a bit extra. I've got a hormone problem and the figure you see is mostly me, but I have the guy thing that I keep out of the way and hidden for obvious reasons. It is a long story, but without going into details, because of that hormone situation and some crazy things that have just been happening to me and making my situation even worse, I've pretty much been doing this girl thing and will have to do it for a while longer." Fortunately or unfortunately for me, I have a number of woman, including your mom, who seem to get a big kick out of it and also out of helping me along. You know to become more and more of a girl. They like to call it passing or not getting caught, but it is more than that. But there is not too much I seem to be able to do about it, to prevent it, that is. So for the time being I am just sitting back and trying to enjoy it."

Then she told me, "You know, I don't usually like guys. But I find myself curiously attracted to you, even knowing you've no honey pot where it counts, just what I find to be a hanging piece of excess baggage."

At that point the hits I had been taking of my own drink as I told her my story began to take effect. And so with a wicked smile on my face I told her, "And what makes you think it just hangs there?"

Her eye sought of got a bit bigger and she took a hit of her margarita and then got up and pulled my chair out for me, and told me, "Let's dance." Now she was telling me and not asking me and I did as I was told. Before leaving to the dance floor I did take another hit on my drink, for courage. The situation seemed so strange. As I wrote earlier, it was the type of bar where girls could do whatever felt comfortable, so we weren't the only apparently odd couple on the dance floor.

Of course I got ready to lead, but Karen immediately stopped that and I think she got a big kick out of it and out of leading. She called me, "Sweetheart," as if she meant it, and continued, explaining, "The girl in the skirt and high heels dances backwards, and I am afraid that is you. So like it or not, you will just have to follow my lead." She said it so sweetly and with such charm that I just blushed and changed positions and let her lead, which is how our relationship seems to work.

She held me fairly closely and our breasts met. The sensation was no longer brand new to me, but I had never spent so much time so engaged. Usually the girlish hugs were a bit of a turn on but those hugs and the resultant pleasurable sensations only lasted a short time. This was the same erogenous feeling only much longer, and I found myself short of breath. I think Karen was a bit turned on herself but not to the extent that I found myself excited by the contact.

Eventually she became even more confident and held me fairly tight with a strong lead, which I surprisingly found very comforting. I began to picture myself as the female partner and as I relaxed more and more and got into the music, and more, while more of the alcohol got in to me I had to fight the impulse suggested in the next song we danced to, "Put your head on my shoulders," to do just that and put my head on her shoulders. However, Karen wasn't fighting any impulses and I found her pulling me closer into her, so that by the time the third song played, and she still wasn't taking me back to our table, she had both hands over my buttocks and was pulling me into her so that our groins met and gyrated against each other and I could feel her warmth where it counted the most. Under the circumstances I had no choice but to hold her in a similar fashion and continued to feel turned on by the entire situation. The lyric, "What is dancing but making love to music," came to my mind. She wasn't talking much, but I felt her relaxing in my arms. At the end of that third slow song the music picked up a bit and she brought me back to our table, only stopping to pick up another shot of the tequila on the way back to our table.

Once there, staying in character, she politely had me slip into the booth first and then followed me in. However, apparently warmed up to me, or the drinks, she was sitting down alongside me instead of across from me as she had initially been sitting, and was quite touchy feeling as the expression goes.

She downed her second straight tequila and then took another hit on her Margarita, finishing that off. "Dancing with you like that was just so wonderful I can't get over it," she told me. "I can't ever remember

enjoying dancing with any one so much as with you. It was just so, so romantic feeling. Was it at all enjoyable for you?"

I started to blush and she smiled at that and then before I could talk she ordered us two more of those sweet frozen drinks. As the truth would have it I had found myself enamored with my dance partner, at least while we had been dancing and I was looking down feeling quite embarrassed and unable to answer her questions when the drinks came. I begged off the drink, "I really shouldn't. You know I can get quite silly after a few of these."

Karen insisted and told me, "Then I will just have to keep you here and dancing until I can order you at least one more. I think I would really like to see you get silly. Hopefully it will be fun for both of us." Then she laughed a bit and continued, "And I promise not to take advantage of you... That is unless..." And she just laughed again in a manner I found delightful and pulled me out and back up onto the dance floor as the next slow dance came on.

Well she wouldn't take me home and I did not insist, as I think the alcohol was really taking affect and she kept plying me with Margaritas and we kept dancing to all the slow dances and then to some of the moderate ones. Eventually I became so mellow and relaxed and was having such a fun time that when she nuzzled me and when that song came on again I eventually did rest my head on her shoulders. When I realized what I had done I started to lift my head up, but she took her hand and gently guided my head back onto her shoulder and all of a sudden I just felt very comfortable in her arms dancing with her the way we were as she held me tight.

We weren't talking a lot, but after a while there was a lot of hand holding and leaning against one another and I felt quite mellow and very romantic. That was always the effect of alcohol on me. I always felt romantic with whatever girl I was with at the time. Though often once sober I would feel a bit different.

Eventually the place had to close and we had to leave. Karen was holding her liquor well, and able to drive, having slowed down in that area, while keeping me well supplied. I think for the first time, I felt every bit the girl as she escorted me out and helped me into the car, after having been plied with alcohol by my date. By the time I realized she was not taking me home we were at lover's lane. Before I could say a word we were parked and she had her arms around me and her face approached mine for a full kiss. I was flooded with emotions and started to resist, though it must have been more from reflex than conscious desire.

She told me, "Please, if you don't like it I will take you right home. But I really have to kiss you. Please...." Well, I just couldn't resist that sweat please from her and relaxed and accepted her kiss. And with her kiss I completely melted and returned it, at first meekly, thought with some enjoyment and curiosity, and then finally with passion.

As we kissed she pressed harder and harder and I didn't resist at all. There wasn't any resistance in me. Pillowing had been fine, but there is nothing like a warm body, and it had been a while. Having been in my lingerie all the time, the feel against me was so erotic that I was pleasantly aroused most of the time and the pillowing had been a tremendous release, but it could never be for me a complete substitute for the real thing.

So I shortly began to respond to my date's ardor. For a moment my masculine drive took over and I tried to force Karen back, but she wouldn't have it. She gave me a push back into the car seat and told me, "Relax Robin, I think I should still be leading here," obviously referring back to her leading me around the dance floor. And so I did relax, and she had her way with me, much to my pleasure.

As she continued to kiss me, and I of course responded, she unbuttoned my blouse and then started to unhook by bra. I of course knew what she intended on doing, having been the aggressor in similar scenes, and I began to protest. She wouldn't have it and told me, "Stop being so silly. After all I can't get you pregnant. Just relax, I promise you a lovely time. If things get out of hand you can slap my face and I'll stop and take you home and I won't force my attentions on you. But please give it a chance for now. I can't explain how hot you make me, but I just have to find out how far I will go with you."

Once again the plea was so passionate and I was filled with such passion that I could not refuse, and let her continue. So she continued and with my breasts freed they came under her ministrations and she treated them as if they belonged to a real live girl. She kissed them and licked them and sucked them till I was on the edge. I could not believe how erotic my breasts could make me feel. And after a while I was totally under her control.

When she felt me relax she continued down to my next erogenous zone. She lifted my short loose skirt and started to massage my hidden manhood through the confines of its tight satiny material. It was also better than pillowing and with that I totally melted and was powerless to object to anything. Now the front of this garment unzipped, which would free my manhood from the tight confines of that garment, as it was designed to allow that, so that the male wearer could use the toilet without having to disrobe. Karen found the zipper

and freed my maleness, which even still in the confines of my panties popped up.

She immediately grabbed it as if it were a stick shift and exclaimed, "My word, you really are a guy. I can tell you that I had my doubts." I tried to say something, but she ignored me and continued to kiss me deeply while playing with my breasts with one hand and softly playing with my manhood with her other hand, at first through my panties but she soon tired of that and placed her hand directly on me. Her fingers manipulated the wet head of my organ, turning circles and driving me absolutely to the edge.

The feel of her ministrations were delightful. At that point in my training I was so turned on by feminine silks and satins by themselves that to have a partner was just wonderful. All this time I was returning much of her favors, but she was definitely the aggressor, and I found myself fairly comfortable being taking advantage of in the manner in which she played me and had relaxed under her ministrations. However, I did reach the point where I knew I would not long be able to control myself and would explode. At that point I once again tried to put my clothes back in order before I was spent, and explained my state to Karen. But she would not have it. "Don't you dare stop!" she told me. "Why you will make yourself ill. It is absolutely unhealthy."

I tried to insist. "But I will muss everything. I am almost past control." Karen smiled and told me I wouldn't mess a thing. "Don't be silly dear. I am in control here and I won't let you mess anything." And with that comment her lips left mine and she bent over and kissed my erect manhood and then used her tongue to send me over the edge and then as I began to uncontrollably let loose she engulfed it holding me tight in her mouth and taking in everything I had to give and seeming to have little trouble handling my pushing hips.

When I was done and completely limp, and absolutely so pleased that I just didn't want to move, she released me and sat up. Then patting my member and telling me, "good boy", just as if it were an obedient pet, and I guess it was, she put me back into my panties, zipped my girdle closed and put my slip and skirt back into place. Then as I continued to lie back not really believing what had just happened to me, being taken that way, she gave each breast a kiss and lovingly placed them back in the confines of my bra and closed my blouse. And then she ran one hand through my hair and finally kissed my lips. The taste was of my own acidic explosion, but I did not hold back in the least way, but took her lips, so overcome with emotion, and savoring everything she had to offer. And then once again I lay back exhausted.

Karen didn't seem tired in the least but she seemed to pick up on my condition and thought it time to go home. So happily humming a bit she started up the car. I apologized for not seeming to be in any condition to return her last favor, but even though I wasn't crazy about going down on her in that fashion I knew it was only fair and I offered.

She laughed a bit and took my hand and placed in on her warm nether region, and not only warm but very wet, and she explained, "Why, Robin, you've already done me, and without having to touch me there and I am as tired as you, and I have never felt so satisfied." With that she started to drive away but continued talking, "We'll just have to explore your talents in that direction another time. I just can't believe this experience. I have never had a date or an experience like this before, nor has any guy or girl for that matter ever had such an effect on me. I find myself strangely drawn to you, seeing you for all appearances as an attractive girl and yet knowing what you are hiding. I mean seeing you for the first time as a shy boyish girl I strangely found myself attracted to you. But when I found out that you were really a guy, instead of being disenchanted I found myself all the more attracted to you, and our date has done nothing to discourage those strange emotions. I find myself wanting to buy you flowers, if you think that appropriate. I know I would just love to spend more time with you. I hope I haven't hurt your feelings. I mean treating you like a girl that is. After all you have proven that you are all man, at least in the most important department. But for me it has really been a kick leading you around all night like the girl you appear to be would deserve. Do you think we could go out again? That is as long as you will still let me lead!"

Well I had had a great time. I didn't know where such a relationship could go, but as long as I was stuck living the girl's life, this relationship was nice and certainly broke the monotony of my love life with my pillow. Not to say I hadn't grown quite fond of that pillow, but Karen had certainly proved herself to have been better than any pillow. I was honest with her and told her, "I really had a great time. I didn't think I would, but I did. And in the car, well that was just great. I mean... I would like to go further, but as a first date, this was about the best I have ever had. I'm stuck like this for a while, or so I understand, and there isn't any one knocking down the door. So as long as the relationship is okay with your mom, I would just love another date. I have no place that I can go in my current condition and am so dependent on your mom. So as long as it is okay with her, I would just love to see more of you. I'm just not too sure about how I should act. You know we do look like two girls."

Karen let me finish and then she told me. "All that works for me, and I just want you to act the way you look, as long as you stay this way, and do not try to lead. Just relax and be the sweet girl you appear to be and act that way with me. Assuming you are comfortable with that and you aren't forcing it and then let's just spend some time together and have some fun. You know two lost souls."

And with that she put her free arm around me and pulled me toward her. Once again I complied and slid over next to her and just put my head on her shoulder. Strangely I felt much protected and very comfortable. At that point we just started talking and by the time we got home she knew much of my story and even had some inkling about my fascination with lingerie that had gotten me into the predicament. I learned that she had swung both ways, but had been somewhat abused by a boyfriend and so had developed or so she thought more of an eye for the ladies, and all in all found me inexplicably quite a turn on and my situation absolutely fascinating.

When we got home she walked me to the door, the one to the ground floor where I was staying with her mother, after having lost my privacy to her, and of course she had a parting kiss. She was quite gentle and oh so romantic. She took my hands in hers and looked into my eyes and then she thanked me for a wonderful evening and then kissed me goodnight. Now she didn't just force the kiss on me, but after making eye contact she moved in for it and I accepted her move and moved in to give it and we met and exchanged another passionate kiss. My breath was truly taken away and I felt, as I looked, the feminine partner. Then as a protective date would, she waited for me to let myself in, before she left for the upstairs.

As late as it was, Mrs. L. was up and waiting for me. She truly made me feel like a girl coming home from a date. She greeted me with a smile. "I hope everything went well dear. Because if my daughter wasn't the perfect gentleman..."

I simply told her, "Karen was everything she should have been and a lot more. I haven't enjoyed myself so in quite a while. Honestly, she made my current predicament almost a pleasure."

Mrs. L. appeared very happy with my answer and actually came over and gave me a motherly kiss on the forehead and with a smile told me, "Then I guess there is nothing more to be said, as we should both be in bed. I will see you in the morning. And you can sleep in. I will make breakfast. You have a busy afternoon and evening ahead of you, from what Estelle has been telling me."

Chapter 26: Performing For the Women: A Maid, A Little Girl, A Debutant

My late breakfast with Karen and Mrs. L. was delightful. Karen glowed and I glowed and I imagine her mom knew that something was up as she was pleased about something, and that may have been it. It seemed that in no time Estelle was there and it was time for me to don my maid's uniform and to be whisked off to the boss's party.

I went to my room to put on my makeup and uniform and the lingerie that was to be worn with it, all without any cajoling on the part of Estelle or Mrs. L. I knew what I had to do and thought I was not particularly happy about it, I really had to do it.

I stripped off what I had worn to breakfast and got dressed. First I had to put on a satiny pair of black silk panties, I guess to set my mood. The feel against my skin and my manhood, as always was just delightful and such a turn on and just brought out all that was feminine about me.

Next I drew my black silk stockings up my legs, smoothing them out which was also a turn on for me. They had narrow support bands at the top to hold them up temporarily, so I pulled them tight, but they were made to be gartered and so would not stay up unless so held up.

Next came my black satin corselet complete with a full bra and straps. I didn't really need it to shape me, but I think it was part of the psychology of the domination I was supposed to have undergone under my boss and of the uniform I was to wear and of my position of serving the woman. So I slipped into that and back laced it closed on my own, fastening it closed by circling the laces around my waist and then tying them together in front with a nice large bow. It fit snugly and showed off my feminized figure, my hormone widened hips and diet narrowed waist, and did that without me having to lace it till it caused compression. The feel of the silk lined cups of the bra section against my hormone enlarged breasts and thickened nipples were a delight. I then drew the garters, six of them – three for each side, through my panties and attached them to the tops of my stockings,

adjusting then so the stockings would remain held taught during my serving activities.

By that time I was hard from all the stimulation of my feminine finery. So on came the girdle to hold me in and hide my embarrassment and absorb any spillage. It was one of those supplied by Marge, which



were specially designed for boys and it was a garment I could no longer do without. All black and shiny, it was a pleasure just to touch it.

Over that came a silken pair of panties with a number of flounces, all of which were made to be seen under my short serving dress any time I made an incorrect movement. Lastly I put on the full slip, a tight short one, of black silk and a pleasure to put on. The feel of it against my nylon covered thighs and against my panties had just become such a delight for me.

Then I sat down at my vanity, appropriately keeping my knees together, and did my own makeup, applying it lavishly and loud in a showgirl fashion. Red-red lips glowing with gloss and cheeks covered with blush, and nails as red as my lips and everything else similarly overdone, the consummate petty coated sissy maid.

Finally I slipped into my black patent leather pumps, with 3 inch heels, and then the uniform dress of heavy black nylon and zipped it up the back, by myself. It was just an inch or so longer than the short slip that it covered and off course would show off the top of my stocking on occasion and even my panties if I moved inappropriately.

As I stood in front of my full-length mirror I felt totally the feminize boy under the domination of my boss and the girls. There was just something about being so dressed that completely took hold of me and made me feel the part for which I was so dressed.

As I came down the stairs unable to look any of the girls in the face, I just felt so much the dominated obedient servant. Estelle and Mrs. L. must have picked it up at once, that I was indeed more than playing my part, I was in to my part and it was a part of me. I just moved so femininely and demurely that nothing else could explain such behavior on the part of what had been a guy.

Estelle was delighted and told me so and Mrs. L was quite proud of her handy work. I wasn't sure what Karen felt, but when I did look up for a moment I could see her staring at me. Later she told me, that seeing me, the defenseless obedient boy girl, just turned her on so she could hardly contain herself.

Estelle spoke first, "Robin, I actually believe you can carry this off. And if you do, we'll all have jobs. Now I don't want to break this mood so you will forgive me if I am a little pushy tonight. But you have to be the perfect panty trained boy girl."

Not wanting to break the mood myself, for I wasn't to sure how I had gotten in to it and if I could maintain it I simply looked at my toes in a subservient fashion and gave a bit of a curtsy, saying "Yes mam." Estelle took my hand and holding it told me, "You are just so adorable, I would kiss you but I don't want to mess that perfect makeup job of yours."

Mrs. L. then had a word. "You know he is the best pupil I have ever had. I never had a boy so adapt at becoming a girl." Well that was an inclination of the type of tutelage I had been under and why I came around so quickly. But by then it was a bit late to worry. Estelle then finished my outfit with the items she had been holding on to. I think she simply wanted to put them on me. She tied my apron around my

waist and pinned my cap to my hair and added a pair of large loop earrings to my lobes, fastening each one tightly. Then she stepped back and told me, "Now you are truly the perfect little cross dressed panty waist maid. You can fool any one. Just remain subservient and you will be perfect for the part."

Again, deeply into my part I simply curtsied and told her, "Yes, Ma'am." And with that Mrs. L. gave me a hug and sent me on my way. It was bit unnerving and uncomfortable to step out of the protection of the house the way I was dressed, but it had to be done. The slight breeze blowing around and catching my thighs only added to my feelings of exposure, but there was no backing out. I made my way to Estelle's car and she opened the door for me and I sat down, femininely planting myself in the seat before bringing my legs into the car while holding my hands against the skirt of my dress to keep it from riding up too much, thus modestly protecting my modesty, just like any proper female getting into a car.

Then just before we pulled out, Ms. L. came running out of the house with the little girl Shirley Temple outfit on a hanger. "Girls," she shouted, obviously including me in the "girls" "we forgot Robin's stage outfit. It is just too adorable to leave behind. Besides, Mrs. Porter would never forgive you." Of course we stopped and she placed it on the back seat. Then she continued, "Now I expect for saving you on this one that you will at least let me see you in it one time. I won't even ask you to give me a song and dance." I was about to graciously refuse, when she ended with, "Archie...Oh I mean Robin."

Well the message was clear and I did not need her swapping embarrassing stories and so I graciously replied, "Of course Mrs. L., after all you did save us. It would be my pleasure," I told her; almost gagging, realizing that most likely Karen would also be around to see that show.

Estelle was sort of impressed with my agreement with that but didn't spend much time talking about that. After all what I did with Mrs. L. was not her business, I guess, as long as Mrs. L. didn't give me any clothing for men. And she already figured out that there wasn't a chance of that. So on the ride over Estelle mostly talked about how grateful everyone was to me for trying to save the business the way I was and sacrificing myself, which is my masculinity in the process. Then she gave me some last minute instruction on how to act as to appear properly panty trained and not just a cooperative male. I gathered the key was to appear psychologically beaten and complacent while all the time smiling but really appearing to be somewhat sad

Once there, Mrs. Porter who apparently could not believe her eyes, greeted me but got used to me in my maid outfit very quickly and then she also expressed her appreciation. At first it was as if she thought I was a real girl, I carried myself so much like one, and my feminized figure along with my exposed shaved legs in pumps just made it easy to accept me as what I appeared to be, a young maid.

Mrs. Porter quickly told me what was expected of me and how I was to act, apologizing for me having to do it on such short notice. Again I responded in my new persona, with a curtsy and a, "Yes mam, I think I can handle those duties." Mrs. Porter just ate that up, as the expression goes. She also gave me a hug and then not being so grateful as not to have her fun with me, told me, "And you should know that if things don't work out for you at the office, I have a number of girlfriends who you will meet tonight who would probably be quite happy to engage your services in your current capacity." I could only blush.

Then she continued, "But what about the entertainment? Did you bring a costume and are you prepared for that? That is the true test, I've been told." So Estelle retrieved the costume, which we had forgotten in the car. I guess I really did not want to get into that thing, at least not in front of an audience. She showed it to Mrs. Porter who simply could not believe that I would be wearing that costume, a large version of a Shirley Temple outfit, and performing in it, that evening. Mrs. Porter exclaimed, "Gosh, the girls will love this if you can only carry it off. I can hardly believe that you can. But it will certainly mean a lot, if you can. And I certainly appreciate the effort in any case."

I told her, "You have Marge to thank and not me, but as it turns out, and I really hate to admit it and wouldn't want it getting out, but I can get by with a tap dance step or two and know the words to most of the Shirley Temple songs."

Then before the conversation could continue the doorbell rang and I was called into service. The work was fairly easy, and I greeted the ladies at the door and took their coats etc. and then served finger food and drinks from trays. I was pretty much just on exhibition and I was easily able to maintain my cool and my feminine aplomb. There was much talk concerning how well I performed and questions about my training, and about me; but of course I remained apparently oblivious to it unless spoken to directly, obediently behaving as the proper sissy maid. Things didn't really get terribly embarrassing until I was called on as the entertainment for the evening.

I was given the sign and I went into the conservatory to change. I had the time so I did not have to especially hurry, but I was expected to be quick about anything I did before these dominating ladies.

I undressed down to my panties and then put back on my special support garment and then got into my costume. First came my flounced shiny pink satin panties that would show beneath my short little girl dress. Next came a pink satin bra, which was not surprisingly a delight to have against my sensitive breasts. Then I slipped on the pink satin petty coat that would give somebody to the dress to aid in having it hang and help it to rise when I swirled. The pretty pink satin little girl dress came next. It was an empire cut and so hung from just under my breasts and was held out by my petty coat, as to expose my panties as would be those of a real little girl. Stockings came next. This is where my look became a bit more risqué. I put on pink nylons with pink satin bows at the top that only came up to just above my knees and just above the hem of my dress. So that as I walked the bows would be exposed, as would a generous expanse of my thighs when I swirled, or even sat down for that matter. Finally came a pair of pink patent leather mid-heeled tap shoes with straps, in which on the instep the reflection of my panties could clearly be seen. The outfit was then finished off with a pink satin ribbon that I tied around my neck and finished off with a large bow. I was just adorable, or would appear so to these women. Finally I changed my makeup, removing my red nail polish and lipstick and polishing my finger nails pink and applying a pink lipstick to my lips.

Estelle finally arrived to help with the staging and check on my costume and makeup. I stood up for her and turned around so that she could inspect my outfit. "Oh you do look wonderful, Robin, just like a little girl. If only you can behave accordingly. Now give us a spin so I can see the effect, won't you?"

Of course I did as I was told, and spun about. The edges of my dress lifted and I was totally exposed, bear thighs and flounced panties. I felt so ashamed and just so vulnerable I can't even express it in words. Estelle on the other hand seemed to find it delightful. She clapped her hands together and told me, "Robin, you are simply a delight. I wish I could keep you like this forever. But I guess we still have to see how well you can carry this off, and I think I may be able to help you there, as you do seem a bit nervous, so let's give it a try. Come over here and sit down and let me relax you and put you in the proper frame of mind."

Of course I did as I was told. Then Estelle explained she was going to run me through some relaxation therapy. She gave me something to inhale, I don't know exactly what, but it immediately relaxed me and

made me quite open to suggestion, and then she started speaking to me in a low gentle voice, telling me to relax. "Now dear, there is nothing to fear, and all this can be fun, and in fact you are going to find it fun as long as you go with the flow and just feel the part. You do not want to let all this upset you as you are certainly stuck as a little girl and as there is not much you can do to change that you should have whatever fun you can have with it. So, you are going to find it fun fooling all the old ladies into thinking you are a perfectly contented being turned into a little girl and are perfectly happy with your new and much deserved station in life. And you will even think about how nice it would be to actually be a little girl, without any cares or worries, and always dressed in such lovely outfits." Then she really psyched me, as she continued, "And besides you do so seem to love your silks and satins, that I know that you will learn to love this satin outfit."

Whatever it was, the inhalant, the hypnotic trance of her voice, the feel of my satin outfit, by the time she was done, I was convinced that I could be happy acting the little girl I portended to be, as long as I just gave in to it and so I did. So when she finished with, "Now let me hear you tell me how much fun it is being treated like a little girl and how delighted you are to be taught how to properly behave," I had no trouble doing just that. I found myself speaking in somewhat of a little girl voice with little girl effects and actually thinking how much fun this all was, fooling the old biddies, and how delightful I felt all dressed up in little girl pink satin.

There was another voice in my head telling me not to feel that way that I was a man and it was not right to be comfortable as a little girl, but I found myself ignoring that. The feel of all that satin against my body and being so exposed just put me in a dream state.

I spoke to her as if she was much my elder and in control of me, "Yes Auntie Estelle, I have to be happy as a little girl, because that is what I have to be today, and fighting it will just cause trouble for everyone. I will just have to be happy being the best little girl I can be, and doing just what you tell me to do."

Estelle then continued, "That is just fine dear. Now the ladies are waiting and are all so anxious to see you perform. So Mrs. Porter needs you to do the best you can to make the ladies happy. So now no butter flies dear. Just be your cute little self and give into your little girl self and do your best to entertain the ladies."

With that I got up and gave Estelle a big smile and a curtsy and went out from the dressing room on to the platform which formed a stage in the conservatory, very calm and comfortable with myself and

convinced I was a little girl, but really knowing that I was not. It was the strangest, but most calming of feelings.

I came on and in the best little girl voice I could muster introduced myself as Robin and did the best little girl curtsy I could. Apparently, I must have been quite convincing as my introduction with my curtsy elicited quite a bit of applause. As the music began to play I sang along and started to do some tap and toe dancing. The ladies found my act and me delightful and were all quite impressed with my performance. I got called to do countless encores as the girls were having so much fun with me. They kept me singing and dancing for them till I was visibly exhausted.

When that embarrassment was over I couldn't leave the stage but had to remain for the amusement of the ladies, while they discussed my performance and me. I stood there, just so embarrassed when the relaxation messages started to kick in again. So then I grabbed the hem of my skirt and started to play with it and lift it, exposing myself as a real little girl who was nervous just might. It just melted the crowd. One woman after another just couldn't help but say, "Now isn't he the most adorable thing" and "He is just so precious you want to gobble him right up." And of course the opinion was expressed, "Why one would almost just think he must be a real girl pretending to be a little girl and not just a bad boy being punished and corrected with panty training."

Then one of the women, whom I later learned was Helene, the leader of this little man dominating group said, "You know there is a point to that, he is just so convincing he may actually be a she. We had better be sure." Now that was said with a bit of a laugh, so I did not think anyone really thought that I was not a guy. And after all they had all seen me in the office, but non-the-less they were going to have some additional fun at my expense.

"Come here missy," I was told. And of course I did as I was told and came off the staging area to find myself surrounded by woman enamored with the little girl me and who couldn't keep their hands off my satin little girl outfit.

Then all that was interrupted with, "Now ladies, you'll frighten the boy to death. I think Mrs. Porter has him so well trained he might just do a 'wee-wee' if you frighten him anymore." Of course I turned red, and everyone laughed at the joke and at my embarrassment. However, with that the woman did back off a bit. But the speaker, obviously a woman of some power in the group began to question me in earnest.

"Now tell us your name darling."

Well, I was so deep into my part that I just started to act the little girl again. I of course grabbed the hem of my dress and started to shift a bit nervously while exposing myself a bit. I nervously told her, "My name is Robin, if it pleases you." Again my performance was on the money. I was so much the little girl.

I was told, "Yes, I think we are all quite pleased with you Robin and very happy with your obedience to your position. Very few real boys seem to take too little girl training so well. There just must be some girl in you. What do you think?"

With that I gave a curtsy and replied, "Thank you. I certainly hope so," which pleased my inquisitor to no end.

She continued, poking to see how real my responses were. "And Robin, how long have you been a little girl?" I told her, "It hasn't been too long, I think, though I can't really remember, but sometimes I think it is just like you said and that I have always been a little girl or at least will always be one from now on."

And she continued, "Yes I think you will just have to be a little girl on occasion from now on. Wouldn't that please you?"

I had to answer, "Oh yes ma'am. I think it would, as long as I get to dress this pretty that is."

And as there was some truth in that in my state of mind at the time, like it or not, and so my inquisitor believed that it was a heartfelt admission from a completely panty trained boy-girl that she responded in kind and she told me, "Yes, I think you should always be kept pretty, in silks and satins, especially if that pleases you."

In one way it did, and I found myself getting a bit excited, but in other ways it did not, to be trapped as a boy in female attire and frequently the clothes of a little girl while having to act appropriate to my attire was not truly a completely happy prospect for me. But I did not have to deal with that question just yet.

She continued, "And why are you being punished and trained as a little girl? Do you know?"

I looked down at my shoes and continued to play with the hem of my dress. The ladies continued to eat that up. I knew the real answer was to save Mrs. Porter's business, but I kept up my act and told her, "Because I was such a bad boy and so disrespectful to the girls, that I had to be punished and taught a lesson and learn how to properly behave and respect my betters."

Then she asked, "And do you think that you have learned your lesson and should be allowed to return to pants and your crude boyish ways?"

I wanted to say yes, not because I was tired of my feminine finery, but because that is what a true male should have said at that time, but knew that was not the answer the woman wanted, nor was it completely true for me. I was a bit shocked with myself. I really knew that even without the hypnotic suggestion that I did not want to totally give up my silks and satins, it was just a question of how much time I wanted to spend in them and how much of that time I wanted to spend in the company of woman, who knew that I was a guy dressed as a girl. So I had to tell her, "I don't think I can make that decision. I am just supposed to be a little girl. Only my auntie, Mrs. Porter can tell me when I am ready to give up my skirts and to try to become a properly behaving gentleman."

Again my answer seemed to please her and the other woman, and she told me. "Then we will just have to keep you the little girl for as long as possible and continue with your training. You do seem to luxuriate in it so."

Then she turned to Mrs. Porter. "Elizabeth, you have done a wonderful job with Robin, and I think he is almost ready to be shared. I can hardly believe it. He is just so precious. But I am still not certain that Robin is really a boy at all, or if a boy a real one. He is just too good to be true. You have done an amazing job with him if he is real. I can't recall any of the girls doing such a fine conversion with a rebellious boy. So I think I shall have to test him before we can fully congratulate you on fulfilling your agreement and inducting you as a full-fledged member of this club."

As if on cue a chair and a bag were brought over. Helene removed a rubber glove from the bag, as my eyes widened, and she put it on her hand. Then she sat down and ordered me over. I hesitated a bit, showing my nervousness, but two of the woman took me over to her and I could not resist. Then looking at me she told me, "Now Robin dear, it is my job to make sure you were really a boy. I need you to cooperate as to make this easy on all of us. Now you can call me Auntie Helene from now on, and when I give you an order I expect you to answer me with a 'yes Auntie Helene to show that you understand. Now do you understand that?"

I could only respond with a curtsy and a, "Yes Auntie Helene."

Of course that is what the ladies wanted and she continued. "Now I need you to lift up the front of your dress and not to move as I test you. Now do it," she ordered as I did hesitate a bit. However I realized

there was no way out of this and I just thought it was better to get it over and I did as I was told, of course telling her, "Yes Auntie Helene."

Then she took her gloved hand and slid it down the front of my girdle and located my manhood, which was still turgid from the effects of all the satin though not as rock hard as it could have been if I was not undergoing such humiliation. "My, my, ladies," she noted, "he certainly is a male, but seems a bit too comfortable, if you get my drift, with his circumstances for me to believe he isn't really having fun with all of this. I think we have to check the rear entrance as well to make sure he is not one of those boys!" I was already dying from embarrassment being so treated in front of a group of woman, including Mrs. Porter, but there was little I could do and it was not to end quickly. Dressed as I was there was no place to go, only from the frying pan into a fire.

So withdrawing her hand she then ordered me to lift the back of my dress and place myself over her lap. Then I knew exactly what she planned to do and I just found it so incredible that she was going to check me out there under the gaze of all the ladies that I couldn't move. She stared at me hard and told me, "Is there a problem, young lady!?" There was nothing to do, I knew I had to submit and a once again curtsied and told her, "No Auntie Helene, I understand completely," and I did as I was told, feeling more and more just like a bad little girl being disciplined.

Once I was over her knees with my dress pulled up and held there by me, I felt totally exposed and humiliated. But it was not to end there. She coated one gloved finger with K-Y jelly and then pulled up the waistbands of my panties and girdle and then she slid the gloved hand down and started to probe me. I thought I would die from embarrassment. She coated my entranceway with the jelly and then proceeded to push.

As I reflexively resisted, she told me, "Robin, dear it is not proper to resist any of your aunties. Do you understand that?" I could only respond with "Yes Auntie Helene, I'm sorry," and relax myself, allowing her to enter me. I did let out a sigh as she entered, which was uncontrollable, but seemed to please her. The ladies of the club, watching all of this, far from laughing at my humiliation, seemed more pleased with me and happy with my responses and did not look on as if I was being humiliated.

After a while of moving her finger in and out and getting me thoroughly coated with the lubricant she announced, "Ladies, our precious Robin is as tight as a virgin on her first real date." Once again the ladies just seemed happy with me and all the murmurs were ones of approval and nothing denigrating was said. Then as her hand

came out I thought it was over and she would at last let me up, but that was not to be. Still holding up my waistbands she had slid against my cheeks once more. But the second time she was holding something, of soft rubber and big as compared to her finger. I suddenly realized what it was and I gasped, and Helene realized that I realized what it was and told me, "Just relax dear and do not fight it and everything will be fine. You have done so well up until now. Don't ruin it. We are all having such a fine time with you."

And so I relaxed once more, there was really nothing else I could do. Something told me this was all a test, which I had better pass, as I was totally at the mercy of these woman, and in truth they could do anything they wanted with me and I was so outnumbered I couldn't stop them. And the way I was dressed I could not run, I would wind up in some jail overnight and in the fashion I was a dressed, in jail, I was certain that worse thing would be placed up there.

So I did relax and she slid the butt plug home. Again I just let out a reflex sigh, which the ladies all seemed to approve. The plug was large and I could feel it inside of me. The feeling wasn't at all unpleasant, and in fact once I had relaxed a bit and accommodated to it I found it a bit erotic. It was just embarrassing to have it there with every one witnessing the placement and knowing that it was there. And it was so shaped, that with the aid of my girdle to hold it in, it was not coming out until I undressed, squatted, and took it out.

Once the plug was set Helen removed her hand and let my girdle and panties fall back into place. Then with her ungloved hand she smoothed my satin covered buttocks, once again erotically stimulating me and by the way I relaxed to her touch she knew it. The response was a reflex and was I was immediately sorry I had done it for what it revealed, but once done, it was done. Then finding the base of the plug through my clothing she made sure it was holding fast and not slipping out and for an added measure pushed it deeper into me, once more taking my breath away, a response with which she and the ladies of the club seemed pleased.

At that point I had actually become the cooperative little girl I was supposed to be, there wasn't any fight left in me and I realized that was what that bit of ceremony had been all about. I just felt so much like an obedient little girl! Otherwise I don't know how as a guy I could have dealt with the tremendous public embarrassment I was undergoing.

At that point Helene turned to my boss and told her, "Elizabeth, sweet Robin appears to be the genuine article, a dominated and sissified male who is beginning to enjoy the accoutrements of his subjugation

and punishment. You have done a wonderful job with Robin. I welcome you and your sweet thing to The Club and hope that his continued training takes long so that we can all enjoy it and him. He is one of the most adorable and sweetest trainees it has ever been my pleasure to test.”

So it had been a test, and I had passed. And I thought, but may be it would have been better if I had not passed. At least I wondered at the time, but shortly found out I had indeed been fortunate to pass. Those that did not suffered a much more horrible fate than I ever did. Boys who had become steers, if you get the point, are a testimony to that. These women were most kind as long as the subject was responding well to the training. However, when the subject proved to be rebellious they could prove to be most unforgiving and responded to rebelliousness with a fist of iron.

Helene continued, “I think she is ready to be given some presents. I’ve noticed that his ears are not pierced and that can’t be tolerated. And that is perhaps the only problem I can find. He is just so well adjusted. Now we have to take care of that right now, after all he will have to have some permanent memories of his training for after he has completed it. Though with such a pretty boy the training may never be done, I don’t see how we can give him up.”

That thought woke me up from my satin and vapor induced dreams. I thought, training never done, pierced ears. What is she talking about? I mean this can’t go on forever. But with that she had me sit in the chair she had been seated on. As I sat down I could feel the plug being pushed into me and all there knew it. I tried to sit lightly but that was not to be allowed. Helene having played this game with others on numerous occasions made sure that I sat in a fashion as to get the maximum pressure on the plug. She took her hands and placed them on my shoulders and pushed down and forcing me down and the plug up into me, telling me, “Robin sweetheart, you just have to relax, everything here has a purpose and resistance is just silly.” As always, since that induction, I did as I was told and just relaxed in the chair and the plug moved even further in to me. I thought that was bad, and then she and some of the other ladies proceeded to pierce my ears the old fashion way.

She told me, “Robin dear, we have some presents to initiate you into this sorority, but first we have to pierce your ears. It is part of the initiation. It will hurt a bit, but I am sure you will find it worth it after you see the lovely jewelry we have for you. Now I know that you are just a little girl right now, so you are not expected to be brave and we do expect some tears. So don’t be embarrassed and don’t hold back.”

With that the other ladies not involved stood back a bit and cameras started to appear. Now just sitting there with that butt plug inside of me, pushing up was almost too much to bear. And the dress was just too short to tuck under and so I was actually sitting on my panties and girdle with the dress just hanging down. And sitting down shortened it so that all of my legs and a bit of flounce from my panties were exposed in front. I just had to sit there with my hands by my side to maintain some modesty, and very little at that.

Then her helpers placed ice on each lobe to act as an anesthetic and then proceeded to push a needle through the lobe of each ear. It was done slowly at first, I think purposefully, as to make it as painful as possible. I could feel the pain and as I winced she told me, "Now you are just a little girl. No need to be brave. Let those tears out." And she said it in such a voice that the earlier messaging that Estelle had given me to relax me just seemed to kick in and I was telling myself, that I was indeed just a little girl and the pain was too much to bear, and the tears just started to roll down my cheeks. Of course once they started I could not stop them and the floodgates were open.

At that point there was so many oohs and ahs, and "he is just so adorable" and of course the cameras all went off. Then once I was in tears the woman doing the piercing drove the needles home and got it over with, so it was fairly obvious that the public piercing was just that, a ceremony to further help instill me with my new position, just in case I was pretending a bit. It did what it was supposed to do and I felt just so helpless sitting there in the middle of all those powerful woman, while I was dressed as a little girl and so exposed and crying while my ears were permanently pierced.

Helen then opened a jewelry case and showed me, among other jewelry, which it held, a pair of lovely diamond and ruby earrings, and very expensive ones at that. She placed one and another of the ladies placed the other and they were snapped into place through my now permanently pierced ears. Helen told me, "Now these, like all of the jewelry we are providing for you, are the real thing dear, not costume, and you are expected to wear them all the time and to take care of them."

Before I could respond she took the next piece of jewelry out, another lovely piece, a choker of diamonds and rubies. She placed it around my neck and it fit perfectly and she clipped it closed. It was backed with a satin ribbon and felt quite sensual on my neck. I thought that it just had to be costume; it was just too magnificent to be otherwise. However, I was wrong, Helene had told the truth. These women were all rich and powerful and I was their new toy, and no expense would be spared. That was followed by more jewelry of a similar style and

cost. On one wrist a lovely gold watch encrusted with diamonds and rubies was snapped closed, while on the other wrist a large magnificent bracelet in a matching style was attached. Then an ankle bracelet matching the one on my wrist was added. Finally rings were then placed on my fingers. First another lovely creation, a cocktail ring which matched the rest of my jewelry and then surprisingly enough on a different hand a gold wedding band, of a peculiar design, and a diamond engagement ring and I was complete, for the time being.

The wedding band had been force on and I knew it would not come off easily; it was there for the duration. After placing it on my finger Helen explained, "For now you are married to the club and this particular band identifies you as a boy-girl and our property. Do not remove it without permission." I did not have to reply, it seemed it was just understood that I understood, as my behavior had been, to the club's standards, so exemplary.

Helene then allowed me to stand up and told me to turn around so that all present could see my jewelry. Then she told me, "I think it is time you hung up your little girl outfit. You have really shown a perfect response to your training, at least so far. I cannot remember another boy who has done so well and behaved so perfectly. Estelle has an outfit for you more appropriate to your new status, and you need to meet her upstairs and get dressed so you can rejoin your coming out party as soon as possible. We are all very proud of you." With that she faced me toward the stairs and gave me a pat on my behind and a push in the direction she wanted me to take and of course I complied.

Once I was upstairs Estelle made her appearance. She explained that since she was not an actual member of the club she had not been allowed to witness my initiation but would be coming down with me to the party, and took me to a bedroom where my new outfit was laid out. I thought it would be another maid's outfit, and that I would be expected to serve at the party, but that would prove to be wrong.

The first thing Estelle noticed was the jewelry and she was obviously drooling over it. "That just can't be real!" She exclaimed. But I told her that I was told that it was the real thing. "My word," she continued, "These girls are really serious, your jewelry alone must be worth a small fortune and it must have been made just for you as the sizing is perfect and it looks wonderful on you. And oh my goodness, they pierced your ears. I can't believe it. They are serious. And your outfit is also just lovely and expensive, come take a look."

Well much to my surprise it wasn't a maid's outfit that was waiting for me. There laid out on the bed was a lovely red satin evening dress, just my size and apparently custom made for me as it was cut to hide

my still somewhat boyish shoulders. I couldn't get over it. And along side of it was all of the matching red satin lingerie and support garments. And finally on the floor was a pair of red satin pumps. Estelle was there to help me dress and I was so bewildered by my apparent change in status that I was a bit dumfounded and I actually needed assistance and just let Estelle dress me without offering any sort of resistance, just as if I was some sort of upper class lady.

Estelle told me, "Now we have to hurry dear. My understanding is that although you are no longer in the maid class, you passed some sort of test, you are still expected to be in all of your actions, subservient, obedient and quick, and so let's get you dressed and downstairs, so as not to upset any of your ladies.

That being said she proceeded to undress me down to my girdle and then to dress me in my outfit for the rest of the evening. First I was given a short red satin chemise to be worn under a corset. The feel of that expensive satin against my feminized chest and nipples proved to be delightful as usual and put me in the proper frame of mind for the rest of my new attire. Despite my continued embarrassment over all of this, the sensuality of it all was more than I could resist. It was like being addicted to any drug. That is the only way I can explain my actions and what I allowed to be done to me by these woman.

The corset came next. A real one of red satin, and cut to take my waist in about 4 to 6 inches and padded appropriately to add a size and a half to my breasts as to further feminize my proportions. While, my hips and butt were by that time well-formed and suitably attired could pass as female, my waist was still a bit thick, for a girl that is. And while my breasts had developed as any young female in early puberty and were definitely female in size and shape they were still small enough to still hide, so I could still pass as a guy, yet shapely enough to augment as to appear to be right for a girl of my size and

apparent age, which due to the female hormones I had been taking was a bit younger than my actual age.

The corset fit me like it was made for me, and in truth it had been. It was a full one with shoulder straps. Once on I found that the length of the garment matched my figure perfectly so that the constrictions it



placed on me when laced were exactly where my female waist would be. The cups were three quarter as to expose my cleavage for the world to see and padded so, as to take my budding breasts and create that cleavage and give me the appearance of being a “C” cup.

As Estelle drew the corsets laces together, she faced me toward a full-length mirror and I could witness my figure change as well as feel the changes as my waist was constricted and my breasts pushed up. I found it took my breath away in more ways than one and the psychological thrill I was feeling from the feel of my new clothing certainly overpowered any discomfort.

Next she drew on to each of my shaved and shapely legs the red silk stockings and gartered each with three of the six garters hanging from the corset. She ran her hands up each leg several times to ensure the

stockings were properly drawn and that the seams were perfectly straight. Her soft hands against my silk covered legs sent shivers up my spine and took my breath away. Then she had me step into my red satin panties, which were to cover my flesh colored support garment to give me the proper look and feel for the evening.

I was instructed and held up my arms as she put my red satin slip over my head and then drew it down my body. Again she ran her hands down the garment and along my sides to ensure it hung properly. As her hands followed the curves enforced on my body by my tightly laced corset I felt all the more transformed.

Without being instructed I reflexively stepped into my satin pumps and actually felt somewhat more comfortable at my new angle, which seemed to take some of the corset pressure off of my waist and further enamored me to the high heels. Then Estelle held my dress up in the same manor she had held up my slip and I cooperated as she slid it over my arms and head and assisted it to fall into place. Then she zippered it closed and it clung to me like a well fitted glove, or an expensive well-tailored dress for that matter.

Seeing myself in the mirror, my breath was once again taken away, and I found myself reflexively running my hands up and down my thighs feeling the rush of my red satin dress against my red satin slip against my red satin panties. I would have no problem staying dressed as a girl that evening, despite the embarrassment of it all. And I just appeared so much the girl in my outfit, my dress, which must have been styled just for me and cut just for my corseted figure.

The dress hung with flowing cap sleeves from my shoulders covering them and hiding their unladylike girth while at the same time presenting a cut out area leaving the top of my real cleavage exposed to focus attention away from my shoulders and my only boyish attribute, the only one visible that is, and concentrate attention on my augmented female figure. Below my breasts the satin material of my dress clung to my narrowed waist and widened hips, showing off both those, my own natural feminized features. Then the material just hung off my hips leaving the material flowing as I walked, but still tight enough to somewhat restrict my stride.

From maid, to little girl, to debutante, I just appeared so much the female I could not get over it. And the feel of the clothing, no matter the outfit was over powering the embarrassment of it all.

Estelle only let me gaze for a while and then she interrupted. "Yes, Robin, you do make quite a convincing girl or should I say young lady for that matter." I stuttered a bit, trying to come up with an explanation for my fixation and actions, but she really wasn't interested and

continued without letting me get in a word. “You do look lovely and quite convincing in that outfit, and I think in your place I would be staring in disbelief also. I hate to interrupt as you seem to be enjoying the sensation, either the satin or your transformation or perhaps even both, but you have things to do and places to go and you can’t stand there admiring your girl self all evening. Also you do need a bit of a makeup change to go with your new outfit and a change of wigs, so sit down at the vanity and let me finish you.”

With that she took my hand, not waiting for me to react and brought me over to the vanity and sat me down and worked on my makeup. With that, sitting down all of a sudden that is I was quickly reminded of the object inserted into me, getting used to it, the feeling was more and more bordering on erotic. However, I tried not to squirm in order to let Estelle get on with her work. I did not believe she knew about the indignity and did not want to have to explain it. So I simply sat there with the pressure of the chair reminding me of my indignity, which was slowly having its effect on me.

Now, basically, Estelle just had to remove my little girl pink nail polish and lipstick and replace them with a more appropriate red to match my red satin outfit, and then of course she touched up everything else. She then removed my wig of curls and replaced it with a more suitable pageboy style similar to a flapper of the 1920s, with thick heavy bangs just reaching above my thinned eyebrows.

Then she presented me with a little red satin purse with a golden chain handle and put my makeup in it. She told me, you might have to refresh your makeup as the evening goes on and even if you don’t I suggest you do.” I started to ask why, but once again in somewhat of a rush she didn’t let me finish. She simply continued, “I would suggest at least for the evening you continue to go with the flow. The women have been quite generous with you, but I believe only because you seem to have gone along with their program to the max and have not been fighting them. Continue being the girl, the transformed boy, for the evening and I think you will come out of this okay and we’ll all be all right. So enjoy your change and your outfit, for real if you can, or for show if you must, but be the girl for at least the rest of the evening. Act the girl, walk the walk, talk the talk, do your makeup, be grateful for this coming out party, for the expensive jewelry, for the custom gown, for everything, just until you find out the lay of the land so to speak.

So I looked at Estelle and remembering that song from “Flower Drum Song” I sang out to her, “I enjoy being a girl!” We both laughed and she took my arm and escorted me to the stairs. Unfortunately or

fortunately for that matter, the song was getting to be pretty close to the actual truth, like it or not.

Coming down the stairs I felt like a debutante, with the crowd of woman peering up at me as I walked down and I did so as much in character as I could and as Mrs. L had taught me. I took my time and tried not to be nervous, even though I was, and slowly placed one foot in front of the other and moved from the hips as I processed downstairs followed by Estelle.

Once again I felt the intrusion as the plug was sort of pushed out with each leading step down the stairs and back in as the trailing foot was brought down to the step. Again the feeling was quite erotic and I was afraid it would become another addiction to be ashamed of. However I still looked around the room trying to appear as pleased with myself and my situation as possible, so that the ladies would not guess my real and mixed state of mind over my situation.

Thus looking around the room I noticed the addition to the crowd, of a number of maids all dressed provocatively in typical theatrical French maid's uniforms and highly made-up. Each one of them was carrying a tray and serving with the exception of one, who was actually manacled with light chains attaching together heavy bracelets and a similar necklace and gagged. That one was sitting in a chair watched over by two of the more masculine or dykier members. I wondered what that was all about, and it was not long before I found out, and not to my pleasure.

I was met at the bottom of the stairs by Helene who took my hands in hers and gave me a kiss on each cheek which I accepted daintily if I do say so myself and in full character of what I was supposed to be. She told me, "You look absolutely wonderful dear Robin. I hope this is just the beginning of a long relationship with the club. You are certainly wonderful to look at, almost the perfect example of what we are trying to achieve with misbehaved boys. Now I would like to complete your initiation. You are our fairy princes and our most successful rescue." And in a loud voice told me, "And I hope you serve as an example of redemption for all our bad boys."

With that she ordered the obviously disobedient maid to be brought forward. Looking at me she introduced me to the bound maid. "Robin, this is Clarisse, a very recalcitrant young boy who unlike yourself has not been responding as we would hope to the corrective actions that his mistress has been taking to help him correct himself before it is too late and he is actually the worst of this group. We thought you each would serve as an example to one another and to the others. You can show Clarisse and all of our serving boys the ease of

cooperation and that with acceptance and proper behavior a sort of acting junior girl status can be confirmed on our debutantes. Clarisse can show you as well as our other maids of what can happen if you back slide and return to your former nasty boyish ways and do not cooperate fully with their training. Let me remind each one of you brought the situation on himself by inappropriate behavior and will only free himself from it once he has done the proper penance and shown us all that a lesson in obedience has been learned.”

“Boys, this is Robin, your princess. The only one of you bad boys to become a princess and consequently allowed to graduate back in the world outside of maid service.” With that, Helene was handed a tiara and facing me she announced, “Robin, you have now reached princess status and I present you with this tiara as a badge of that status.” And with that she placed the crown on my head, affixing it to my hair. “You are to be treated by the maids as if you are a real girl and have the same absolute power over them as we do. Of course you still must remain obedient to the real woman of the club, but the maids are yours to command and it is expected of you to be as demanding of them as if you were a real girl helping them learn to control themselves.”

“Maids, understand that you must obey Robin as you do us, or suffer the consequences. Robin is the best of you all. He was tamed without any fight and it seems that he has even come to take some pleasures from his enforced position, and exceeds to all our wishes for him. He is like the perfect bull; you should pardon the analogy, which follows the red cape as he was trained to do, no matter the consequences. This is what we hope for all of you, perfect obedience to us and complete acquiescence to a feminine life style. And I caution you all that those bulls who do not take to training will become steers, if that is what it takes to break a stubborn streak. And I think our first candidate for ‘steerdom’ may just be our Clarisse.”

With that Clarisse was brought over and Helene was handed an electronic control box. Upon seeing that box the eyes of the boy called Clarisse’s opened wide and she started to try to talk through the ball gag that was tied firmly in her mouth. I could hear a muffled, “I’m sorry, I’ll be good.” But it would do no good; it was too late for Clarisse. The other maids were then called over. At that point I judged they were all enslaved males, young men like myself, though some looked more feminine than others, almost to the point of passing, and I of course was, the queen, the most feminine of us all. All were wearing chokers and bracelets similar, though not as costly as mine, and were also wearing some items, which I would only learn about later as I could not see as they were secreted on their private parts.

Helene announced, "Let this be a lesson to you all of what happens to bad boys." And with that she pushed down on a button on the box she held. I felt a slight shock go through me originating from my necklace, bracelet, and anklets and could see that the others of my station also felt that mild shock, except for Clarisse, who was apparently bearing the brunt of the effects. She just collapsed on the floor with her limbs shaking and continued like that for a while. She was left like that until a pool of yellow appeared from under her at which point I realized the punishment involved pain and embarrassment.

With that Helene announced, "That is what awaits any who does not learn the necessary lessons and any who need some prodding to make the necessary progress. Of course there are that other method for those who fail to respond to even these harsh treatments."

"Now take Clarisse away and have her clean up. And fit her with an electric butt plug and let her feel that also and we shall see if she stays so recalcitrant."

If that had been meant to convince me it certainly worked. My desires for my boy things were diminishing rapidly. At least for the evening I was happy to be a thoroughly trained boy girl rather than one in training, suffering the embarrassment of their internships as maids and their endless mindless work. I felt very lucky to have been fast tracked.

Right after that Mrs. Porter was called up and once again introduced to the group. She had already been introduced at the beginning of the evening as the hostess and a new member and the one responsible for the training of the new girl. Now that her handiwork had been thoroughly enjoyed she was given a nice ovation and enjoyed the appreciation of the crowd for her handiwork and training. The ladies were apparently very impressed with me and attributed it all to her, and the comments were very complimentary. Some offered up their husbands to her for training and all were asking for hints to help them bring their charges along and develop them as well as I had turned out.

I just stood on the side listening to the comments, most of them quite complementary to me, as the woman were most happy with how I had turned out. After a while Mrs. Porter excused herself to have a word with me. In the privacy of a corner she expressed her appreciation. She told me, "Oh Robin, thank you some much. I can never fully express my gratitude. You saved us all, and I will certainly let the girls at work know it and the great sacrifice you have made for all of us. And I promise that I will do whatever I can to make your time with us

as a girl as comfortable as possible for you and to protect you from any embarrassing discovery when out in public.”

Now the first part did not sound too bad, but the second part implied that I was not to be so quickly freed from my situation and I questioned Mrs. Porter regarding that. She told me with surprise in her voice, I don’t know if it were real or feigned, “Oh dear I thought you realized that this is not a short time arrangement. It is more than just passing this evening. Why you have to return to work as and continue your masquerade as an apparent girl, my sissified and punished bad boy, until the loan is paid off, and that will be at least a year or so.”

“A year or so...!” I parroted back somewhat in disbelief, not knowing whether to be happy to be forced to enjoy all my silks and satins and the delight I had found in certain female attire, in that the choices were being taken from me. Or should I be out of my mind, having to masquerade and perhaps live as a female for the next year... or so. And who could tell how long that “or so” would take.

But Mrs. Porter was not to budge in the slightest. She continued, “Don’t worry dear, I will be more than happy to supply whatever you need to be comfortable and happy living as a girl and working as our receptionist over this time, however short...or long, for that matter. In fact, I think that under the circumstances we should get to know one another a lot better. After all you are supposedly my nephew. I think we will have to start spending more time together; shopping and getting you acclimated to your new life. I’ve delegated all too much of this to Estelle. I think that perhaps some prosthesis, you know breast inserts would work for you and really impress the girls that I mean business with you. And of course I should start you with some classes in deportment or cosmetology, you know something so that you don’t have a lot of free time to think boy thoughts, which I think at this stage of your development would only make your life miserable. That should also impress the girls.

Yes, something physical to sort of let you know that you are trapped and under my control and something emotional to show the girls that I am in control. And of course I will have to give you a substantial raise. Really substantial I would think. I think that would work. Don’t you?”

I did not and started to object, but Mrs. Porter would not hear of it. So she handed me over to one of my many admirers, to be escorted to the dance floor. I was a bit worried that this game had taken on a life of its own and I really knew that it had and that I was pretty much trapped for a number of reasons. I decided that all things considered to try to make the best of it, at least for the evening. I was grateful not

to be on maid duty, walking around in six inch high heels and having to work.

I spent the rest of the evening just enjoying the party only dancing backwards and in high heels. The women kept me busy as a dance partner for the most of the evening, engaging me in conversation about my transformation and punishment and the maids made sure, following Helene's instructions, that when I was not being led around the dance floor that I would always have a glass of champagne in one hand and a bit of food in the other hand. I certainly felt like a pretty woman at a party. Between the sensuousness of my outfit, the fun I was having being catered to and the deference afforded me by the maids; I was having a fine time. I did not have a lot of time to dwell on the fact that I might be stuck in skirts for some time.

Chapter 27: Dominated in Bed, Mind and Soul and in Love

Of course Estelle brought me home very early in the morning. I was a bit tipsy and did not even realize I reflexively went to my old apartment rather than my new room downstairs with Mrs. L. Then banging around in the dark I awoke Karen and seeing her come out from under the covers I suddenly realized I was in the wrong apartment. I apologized and tried to exit gracefully, considering how I was dressed, however she did not want me to leave nor did she really let me.

Upon seeing me and then hearing my explanation for the break in, she realized it was really me and seemed anxious to keep me there. She told me, "Robin, why you are beautiful. Don't you dare leave until I get a better view of you. I just have to take you all in. She got out of bed wearing pajamas, as pretty a pair of girl's pajamas as one could imagine, with the outline of her pert young breasts without benefit of a bra showing through. Seeing her so dressed was a bit of a turn on and so I was all of a sudden in no hurry to leave.

She came over and took me by the hands and looked me all over and then turned me around and checked me out from that view and gave a long whistle. I must have blushed and while she checked that out she must have noticed my ears had been pierced. She again told me, "Why, Robin, you are just gorgeous and every inch an attractive girl, at least to me. And in that expensive gown and with that jewelry you look like a million. But when did you have your ears pierced? I don't remember pierced ears yesterday, and believe me I would have noticed that."

I tried to answer her, but somehow being reminded that my ears had been pierced like a real girl and remembering the pain and

embarrassment of that and my absolute powerlessness during the course of that evening just brought the entire experience crashing down on me in humiliation and I just started crying uncontrollably, as just another effect of those hormones. Karen put her arms around me and gave me a hug and told me, "Oh, you look wonderful with pierced ears. There is nothing to cry about."

Through my tears I answered, "I am just so embarrassed by the whole thing, the entire experience tonight."

And with that Karen started to kiss my cheeks, kissing away my tears, and telling me, "You tell me what happened and let me be the judge of how embarrassed you should be." She handed me a hankie and with that she sat me down in the living room and told me, "You dry those pretty eyes of yours and give me a minute to get us some drinks. You need to relax. Whatever you had at the party has certainly worn off."

She came back with a stiff drink, sweet orange flavored liquor, and gave me another hug and the story of the whole evening came rushing out of me, between tears. Karen just gave me a hug and a kiss and wiped away my tears and told me, "You sweet thing you. Don't let all this get you down. Whatever those crazies did, you do look lovely, in fact good enough to eat. And I always like to have a couple of cocktails before I eat. Won't you join me for another?"

Well I didn't know what to make of all of that, but found her comforting and told her jokingly, "Of course, as long as this time it is champagne."

She laughed and told me, "But what else would I serve at a time like this, a lovely lady's first visit to my apartment." I knew she was kidding me but by that time I just ate it up. But out of the refrigerator came a bottle of champagne and shortly thereafter we were toasting and munching on caviar. Karen toasted, "To your misfortunes which I think may be very fortunate for me." I couldn't help but blush. Those darn hormones I couldn't help but think, though I also thought, they had done some good also. And as I loosened up I continued to tell her of my evening and of my situation.

And as we commiserated I found her undressing me. She started unzipping my dress and I knew I should stop her, but I just didn't want to put a damper on the evening. And then she started with my breasts again, kissing and licking the tops and then my forming nipples when they were finally exposed, and all was lost. I gave her a kiss and told her, "Now stop that, you'll mess a very expensive gown and I am not sure that it is even mine."

Karen just looked at me and smiling happily told me, "Well than take it off my dear." And I found that I wanted to. Then she gave me that come on look and motioned toward the bed and I was lost. I uncontrollably undressed under the appreciative gaze of my soon to be lover, taking everything off without any sense of shame, just an over whelming feeling of expectation. I had told her about the plug and was going to the bathroom to remove it. She guessed my intentions and told not to worry about that and would not let me leave and instead brought me over to the bed and I joined her under the covers.

My hand found her and she was wet. Knowing where her affections lay I started to go down on her to continue as a girlfriend would, but she stopped me. "No dear. I strangely find myself attracted to something else right now." And with that she held down my shoulders so that I would be on the bottom and rolled over on top and mounted me. As she slid onto me and I deep into her she let out a groan that had such pleasure in it the likes of which I had never heard, but would hear again, and often, much to my own pleasure. As the same time the plug was pushed deeper into my orifice and the erotic feeling was not lost on me.

She let out a long "oh" of pleasure followed by a "Good gosh," and then she told me, "I just can't believe how wonderful this feels and how wonderful you are, my little boy-girl. I have never felt like this before. I just can't put into words how wonderful it feels to ride you and to have you in me." And then she started to orgasm and with more than the usual sound effects. It was a miracle we didn't wake her mom and I am not so sure we did not. Anyway, she was not the only one feeling wonderful. The girl was so tight, I guess as a result of her, up till then preferred form of release, but without being too tight to enjoy, and I felt every contraction. And then the feeling of the plug riding up and down inside of me as Karen rode me surprisingly added to that feeling and so by the time she was ready I knew it and, so was I, and I made sure we climaxed together. It was just wonderful for both of us.

After that I sort of felt the entire thing had been some sort of aberration, Karen just feeling so sorry for me, as I was crying and all that, sort of a role reversal, and so being embarrassed about the whole thing I tried to gracefully take my leave, but Karen wouldn't hear of it. She literally locked the door to the apartment and after returning from cleaning herself up did the same for me, a smile on her face all the time she handled my manhood. Then, with that glow and smile that woman get only after really good sex she gave me another long

and deep kiss, showing me that it had not been any aberration and that she was still hot for me, and continued to woo me so to speak.

With us both butt naked, and my embarrassing girlish figure on display, she opened a fresh bottle of champagne, refreshed my drink and turned on the music, a slow tune for lovers to dance to and took me in her arms for a slow dance wearing not a thing while we drank champagne. The feeling was the most romantic I had ever experienced, and we made love twice more that morning before she would let me leave her. Each time would be with her caressing the rest of my body and driving me to the brink even before mounting me and allowing me to finish. And at that she let me go with a lover's sigh, caressing me and telling me how happy I had made her and that whatever happened I should know that I was hers, body and soul.

The End

Author's note: Write to the publisher and let us know if you want to find out how long Robin will be kept a petticoated boy learning to be a girl under the control of the woman... Perhaps an estimate of a year or so was a bit on the short side ... How accepting and how loving is Karen ... How accepting and helpful are Robin's new girlfriends..... Will the girls love Robin the girl and want to help him be the perfect girl...? And more.