

SHE MADE HIM HER

**SHE MALE  
SECRETARY**



Janice Wildflower

**GEMINI**

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# SHE MADE HIM HER SHEMALE SECRETARY

By Janice Wildflower Gemini

## Book 1: Introduction:

As long as I could recall I had been attracted to woman's lingerie, to the soft satiny feel and restriction of the garments. I had a number of incidents as a kid, which probably turned me on to that stuff and locked it in as a sensual stimulant, but my tale starts way after my childhood. At first it had been somewhat of a fetish type attraction and over the years I had illicitly, as I was too embarrassed to get them in any other way, obtained a number of items that helped my fantasies. However, as time passed I was having a stronger and stronger desire to actually put on some of the items from my collection. Fortunately for me, or so I thought at the time, none of the items I had acquired actually fit me, and I would often dispose of the items so as to remove that temptation. However, without them as a relief, I found that my desires had gotten even stronger.

If that predilection was not bad enough, I had also always been attracted to dominating woman. Not necessarily the nasty and dominating type, as the sweet and dominating also worked, but they did have to be a bit bossy to attract me. Now as fate would have it I was always being thrown into contact with that type of female. They also seemed to be attracted to me. Now again I don't mean the cruel bitchy ones who had mean streaks, but woman who simply expected their men to do as they are told and liked to tease them a bit as well. So in seeking employment I had always gravitated to jobs reporting to woman, the more attractive and demanding, the better. In the past those had all been summer jobs or part time jobs, but now I was employed full time and in the same situation.

In addition to that, girls in general seemed to like my company. I think there were two reasons for that. One, I was a listener. I loved to listen and never offered that much advice. Just tell me your story and cry on my shoulder and that was okay with me. Two, I had one of those faces that went either way. You know, one of those boyish faces that is a bit too round for a man, so that if not for the facial hair my face could even be considered a bit girlish. Some of the girls seemed to go

for that also. That is in a male friend, and I emphasize friend. I imagine it was part of that same phenomenon when guys first started wearing their hair long and girls found it to be sexy. However, neither of these two characteristics ever got me laid. I was just the guy that had all the girl friends that were really friends.

The third strike against me was being named Robin. I had shortened it to Rob, but frequently when my female bosses would want to have some fun with me they would fall back on calling me, Robin.

So there were three strikes against me and I just guess that something had to happen.

I was of course working for one of those types of female bosses, in a job in which I was the only male employee. The pressure of seeing the girls all dressed up in their feminine finery and with them forgetting I was a male so that I was seeing and hearing things that no guy should was adding to my problem. When I would make some sort of comment the girls would just tell me I was so pretty that they would forget I was a guy, and that I was just such a pleasure to talk to that they did not care if I was really a guy. And they would always come up with some comment, like; “Oh you’re too good a listener for anyone to think of you as a guy. Here, you’re really just one of the girls. Stop pretending to be so macho.”

The whole thing was really driving me crazy the sexual tension was so great. And so I was looking for a new position despite the fact that I had signed a contract which stipulated that I had some time left at my current job, actually a low paying internship, before I could even interview for another position. And that was also despite the fact that all my fellow employees and my boss wanted me to stay, even after I had completed my internship.

They all liked me and liked working with me. I picked up on things rather quickly and so was a big help if anyone wanted to take off or was ill. I could always step in and help out and so for a small company tightly run without a lot of excess help I was a great guy to have on board, and as an intern I was really cheap to employ. The boss knew that all of that and wanted to keep me. There were other reasons, but they were less apparent and I would not find out about them until later in this adventure.

What made things worse is that as the intern at the firm I was at every ones beck and call and the girls just seemed to love having me in that position. At first it was okay as I thought that at least one of them would give me a turn, but as it became more and more apparent that for whatever reason they just liked me in a friendly way, the sexual

tension for me was just mind boggling, especially since I had no outside interest.

Unfortunately for me as I was already about three and a half months into the yearlong program and could lose that first three months or so if I left and so I was pretty much stuck. I was just supposed to be working with the firm's computer systems, but I wound up replacing anyone who was sick, from the janitor to the boss's personnel "go-for." What was bad was that I was good at filling in for people. I had done a lot of odd jobs while in High School and while working my way through college, and so I could pretty much step in for any one and with the minimal of training do the job and then do it well enough for a temporary at least, and most of the time even better. So even though the girls liked to joke around with me and to embarrass me, I was actually well liked and there was a lot of talk about keeping me there in my current role. That is working with the EDP people, but filling in when people were out sick or on vacation.

However, I wanted out of that place as soon as possible. Not that most of the staff was really nice to me, despite the teasing, it was just the sexual tension of my situation was tremendous and as I was too shy to get anything, as the expression goes, I was suffering terribly and was finding myself more and more attracted to that feminine finery that had always so attracted me. So I was secretly looking for another internship, even at the risk of losing those first months and having to start a new.

I had been coming in late and I think that must have raised the boss's suspicions that I was interviewing and she made a point of telling me how well I fit in and that after the internship she would try to find an opening for me. And of course most of the girls were telling me that they were all telling the boss to keep me as I was such a pleasure to work with and was able to pitch in and fill in for anyone

I had no friends to help me so I was pretty much on my own. I was still living in the place I had rented when going to college. All my college buddies had moved on and I was nowhere near my hometown. I was just coming out of college when I had bagged this internship, and had been lucky to get it. Or so I thought at the time. The one I had originally been hired for fell through and this was one of the few available. The jobs councilor told me that the firm never hired guys, but as I was in a fix I might as well give it a try. As it turned out having the same last name as the owner got me the job. Based on my background she thought we might actually be related, and additionally I think we sort of clicked, in that she turned out to be the typical bossy dominating personality that I gravitated to, and by the way I responded to her questioning I think she picked out that part of my

personality. It was the only job available and so I was glad to have gotten past the gender discrimination and to have gotten the job.

As it was nearby and as I was comfortable where I was and it was just too much trouble to pick up and move. Not that I had a lot to move. It was that I had a great deal on my apartment. I was living in a mother part of a mother daughter home with my landlord, the mother, in the daughter section of the home. I had a deal where I helped her out in maintaining her home and would on occasion drive her around in her own car, I did not have one, and she adjusted my rent accordingly. While working together we sort of bonded and as she had no children living with her, her daughter had moved some distance away, and my family was distant with me, we became friends. So even though it was probably time to have moved on I stayed.

So I was in one of those jobs and in one of those situations when the desire to actually wear some of the feminine finery that I admired so was really beginning to obsess me.

I felt I had to leave the job and get away from woman for a while but I was afraid to tell my boss due to the restrictions of my contract. But I just knew I had to get out of that place before I went over the edge. I did not want to be around come Halloween. I could not even imagine what I might be tempted to do. So I started to job search mornings despite the agreements in my contract and calling in sick complaining of lower back pain to cover the time out. Then I would show up for work after the interviews telling my bosses that the back problem had worked itself out.

However, the job search was not proving fruitful, but I was able to interview. I thought things were working out well, until one day I was caught daydreaming in front of a lingerie shop by my boss.

## Chapter 1: Caught daydreaming and being myself-

I had called in sick with that same old back pain excuse. I really had some lower back trouble but it was not as bad as I pretended it was and it did not actually pain me as often as I used it as an excuse to show up for work late. I was using it as an excuse to come in late so that I could interview another job without letting my current boss know that I was trying to get out. Once again I had interviewed rather badly and was a bit depressed. The interviewers had all been males, and after having worked with woman in recent years I was having trouble connecting with guys. They were impressed with my credentials, but not with me, and even had somewhat off handedly commented that it was a bit unusual for a guy to have worked for all the female

dominated firms for which I had been employed even though it had been part time work, that is until my most recent job. I realized I had been sort of type cast as that sort of guy, which I probably was, and was going to have difficulty in getting a new job outside of the feminine element I had chosen for myself and with which I had surrounded myself.

I was walking towards the office after having absent mindedly taken a wrong turn down what was an out of the way block for me when my attention was drawn to a display window in a lingerie shop, My Lady's Corseterium, apparently a lady's lingerie shop that had been around for some time. I had never spotted this shop and consequently had never perused the window of this business, as was my uncontrollable habit with such shops.

The contents of the window, the lingerie on display was a pleasure for me to behold. The display windows were filled with lovely garments of nylon, silks and satins in sensuous reds and blacks and pinks. I took my time and gazed upon each and every garment imagining the silky feel any of them would have against my skin. There were stockings and panties and bras and all sorts of girdles. Many of the styles were a bit dated. Those garments had always been more appealing to me than the more modern versions and so I was really transfixed. Finally, my gaze had become affixed upon a curvaceous lady mannequin that was wearing an old fashioned corselet with a large frontal satin panel and the glistening satin affixed by gaze.

Much to my chagrin I could not help but reflect on how such a garment would feel on me. And I was stuck there gazing upon it, my mouth dry and my maleness a bit turgid from the thought of wearing such a garment. In my depression, I could not pull my gaze or myself away. And that proved to be my downfall!

I heard a voice behind me. "Oh Robin, is that you?" It was my boss, Ms. Estelle Porter and I could kick myself for failing to realize that it was lunch time and stopping to stare at the lingerie was not a good idea when there was a chance someone I knew would catch me and be curious or at least have some fun at my expense catching me at such an unmanly occupation.

She continued, "And what have we here? You are late for work again and just standing here day dreaming about woman's lingerie ... shame – shame?!"

I found the "shame – shame" to be a bit of a turn on, but in any case the question itself was one that demanded an answer. Without realizing where it was going to take me, I quickly came up with a ploy. "That garment", I was afraid to call it by name and give away my

knowledge of such things, “just made me think that perhaps I should look into getting some sort of back support to relieve my back pain so I would not be coming in late so frequently.”

“But, a lady’s back support?” was the rejoinder from my boss, apparently poking at or for my weakness. I should have left the matter alone, but guilt and the desire to cover up made me want to make my actions seem okay for a guy and in doing so I only dug myself in deeper.

I told her, “It just these garments seem lighter than the regulation back supports and perhaps a bit more comfortable for night wear, as that is when my back begins to hurt. Though obviously it is only a thought, I don’t think I would actually do it.”

My boss continued to dig. “But, Robin, the garment is not just a back support, it is also a breast support, it is an all-in-one type garment with a bra portion and garters for stockings. I wouldn’t think you needed such support in addition to the back support.”

Talk about digging one’s own grave; I just couldn’t let it go backing out with something like, “Gee that was foolish of me”. I had to continue. “But I am not a real macho man and the cups seemed rather flimsy and I thought they would not get in the way and the shoulder straps would prevent the garment from slipping as regulation back supports often do, and the garment otherwise seemed perfect for my needs.

“Even with the built in garter tabs?” the boss repeated. Again I just kept digging and answered, “Well, I was thinking that support stockings might help me with my overall back problem, so the garters may have gotten used.”

The boss seemed impressed. “Well Robin, I never dreamed you were such a liberated fellow and that you would actually think about using a female support garment as the solution to your problem. I am impressed.”

The boss actually seemed to have fallen for the story for a moment and I thought there would be no harm in embellishing and so I told her, “I wear what works for me, not what society dictates.” And then I tried to back down a bit. I continued. “Seeing the garment there so suddenly, I did think for the moment that I might give it a try; but I guess it is time to stop playing silly games and get to work”. Then I laughed trying to make the whole incident into a joke, “The boss will be on my case. I am rather late. I can’t be day dreaming all day about a pain free existence. I will just have to put up with it.” But I was not to get off that easy, not at all.

“Oh not at all,” The boss told me, with a wicked little smile appearing across her face. “I just happen to know the lady who operates this shop and she is a friend of mine and a very liberal thinker in the matter of who can wear lingerie, especially if it turns a profit for her. I was on my way to make a purchase myself on my lunch hour. Why don’t we go in together and have a talk with her and maybe we can fix this back thing of yours once and for all, so that I can get you to work on time. In fact, if Marge thinks she can help you out, I will even foot the bill for such a liberated fellow. I would just love to see a fellow in that corselet as to give at least one fellow, you, an idea of what we girls go through. And I usually get a hefty discount when I bring in a new customer, though usually they are ladies,” she laughed.

What had I gotten myself into, I thought. The offer was enticing, but all things considered I was not yet ready to give up the fight and actually wear such a garment, especially with my boss’s knowledge and worse, her assistance. I would be the laughing stock of the office. So I tried to back out gracefully. “That is not necessary”, I told her, “I think I can put up with the pain for now and I think I should get back to work.”

But she would not have any excuse and insisted that we go in. She told me, “You know that I do not like being made fun of or lied to. If you are serious about this I am more than willing to meet you half way, but if you were having a joke at my expense you can start looking for a new job full time!” Suddenly I realized I could not avoid it after all I had said, especially since she seemed to indicate she knew the real reason I had been getting to work late, so it was a case of put up or shut up; actually put up or lose my job. I did want to change jobs, but being out of work always made it harder to get a new job, and so I let her lead me in.

She grabbed me by my elbow as an adult might lead a child and directed me into the shop. I could not resist and had to continue to play along.

## Chapter 2: Inside the Lingerie Shop

When we entered, all of a sudden I felt I was in heaven. It was a real rush. All that finery... I had been afraid of entering such a place by myself...Carelessly I let my eyes transfix on all the lingerie on display. I did not know which piece of finery to look at first, with all that nylon, satin and Lycra on display in front of me. Slips, panties, girdles....my mouth was getting dry as my manhood hardened. I simply gazed on one bit of feminine finery after another.

The boss had not fibbed to me, the saleslady, the owner, greeted her as an old friend. After some small talk she asked how she could help that day and my boss explained her mission. The saleslady smiled and my boss and she discussed the matter as if my desires were not an issue. She seemed to have no major objection to fitting me, and in fact it seemed that she would enjoy helping out, and it did turn out that way.

Looking at me the saleslady, Marge, gave a laugh and told my boss. “Well it looks like you have a good candidate for this little experiment, as Robin seems to be just fascinated with all this girl’s finery. He doesn’t seem to be able to take his eyes off all the silks and satins or to concentrate on anything else. I think he is going to enjoy this more than he may let on. Perhaps we should outfit him with an entire outfit of girl’s underwear and see how he likes it? Would you like that Robin?”

I started to protest, but Marge would have none of it. She put her finger to my lips and told me, “shush sweet heart and whispered so that my boss could not hear, “Your eyes give your desires away, but it will be our secret. I have a number of male customers and specialize in bringing out the girl in the boy. I find it so rewarding.” It was too near the truth and I didn’t reply; but I knew that I was in her power and there was no getting out of the situation at that point. I would have to go along for the ride, and what a ride it turned out to be.

Marge then explained out loud that she has often fitted guys for female back supports and that the one garment is not enough, but with a combination of garments the entire back can be supported in a very comfortable manor much more comfortable than with a regular back support and even a bit on the erotic side if the gentleman likes that sort of thing. She smiled at me as she made that last comment. I felt a slight chill go up my back as her words excited me despite my feelings of embarrassment.

She said that out loud and with a smile looking straight at me and then at my boss. I turned red and felt a shiver down my spine. I was really beginning to be terrified at how extreme my embarrassment could become. At that point I had to deny the obvious. I denied any inclination towards lady’s underwear and once again tried to back out. But that was not going to happen.

My boss told me, “Now no protests dear. If you were just pretending outside, then you are none-the-less stuck. I won’t be made fun of, so it is now time to pay the piper, so to speak. And if you were serious and are just getting cold feet, now that you are face to face with the results of your liberal attitudes then you are still stuck. You will walk out of

here in that corselet or you will leave without a job. The decision is all yours. But it is one or the other. And rest assured that you wouldn't be getting any sterling recommendations from the Personnel Department as you are looking around for another job." She paused to let that sink in and then told asked me, "So what will it be, dear?"

I had no choice. I had secretly been trying for another situation and already knew that with my current employment background I was not very employable and I could not afford to lose this job. I had to tell her. "No I was not kidding. I would never put you on or make fun of you. But I think it may be a case of while it seemed like a good idea at the time, once faced with it I am a little nervous and would prefer to back out."

She told me, "No dear. I insist. It will make my afternoon and hopefully yours! I think this may just be a lot of fun, at least for me, if not for you. It may even get you a raise. Pandering to the boss, you know. I insist that you at least try and if your back is not relieved or you are too embarrassed this will just remain our little secret." While I did not like being so embarrassed I really had no choice and was titillated by the whole thing any way.

I realized I would never have another chance like this, to be forced into doing something I had an urge to do but could not find acceptable. So I told the boss that she was right and that I had brought it on myself and had been half serious about it and had not been playing with her but found the whole thing so embarrassing when actually faced with it, but was man enough to go through with it.

"However," she told me as she laughed back at me, "The question is not if you are man enough, but if you are not man enough or perhaps, let's say, if you are really girl enough!"

That frightened me. I thought she might have been right and it was something I was afraid to admit to myself. I felt some panic and was about to bolt, job or not, when Marge took charge of things. She must have had some experience introducing guys to dressing in girl's lingerie because she seemed very comfortable with the idea of a man coming to her lingerie shop to be dressed in woman's finery and had the ability to calm me down and have me go through with the transformation.

Marge interrupted here and held my hands in hers in a calming fashion, which also prevented me from bolting. Then she told us, "Let's not take any of these comments as intended insults on your masculinity. They are not intended to be. Some very masculine men wear girl's clothing and makeup, and other things, not just lingerie. It calms them down and makes them comfortable with themselves. I

have loads of male customer's here. We are just having a little fun with a first timer that is all. But if it makes you uncomfortable we'll just have to stop making our little jokes. In any case, no matter how masculine you are you seem to be curious enough about feminine lingerie so that you are girl enough for me to bring out the girl in the boy, without any insult or harm intended."

With that she stopped for a moment to catch her breath and as if to let me think about it and even relax a bit. Then she continued, "Now, Robin, you do seem a bit fascinated by all this feminine finery whatever are your inclinations, so let's just pander to that fascination and have a little fun with it. Let's find out how much you are at home in lingerie. Many guy are, you know. It is highly unlikely that you will ever have an opportunity like this again. It is a once in a lifetime thing. Let's give it a try and if it does not help your back or if you don't like it you don't have to wear it out of here and no harm is done. If you do like it, it will be your bosses treat and our little secret." Then she paused again to let all of that sink in. Then she told me, "Come on darling... let's give it a try. You will never have an opportunity like this again. Lycra and nylon are such lovely materials."

I wanted to do it so badly but I was so scared. I knew, just as Marge said, I would never have an opportunity like that again. But also I did not want to do it as I was afraid of what emotions I would let loose and how embarrassing the whole thing could turn out to be. Marge didn't rush me. She just let me look around at all silk and satin garments on display and let my own repressed desires do the rest of the convincing.

I realized that I just could not let the opportunity go. It would have been silly, for such opportunities rarely happen even once and I could not expect it to ever come by again. How often would a fellow with my inclination, welcome or unwelcome, have an opportunity to give into it, even for a short time, and with the assistance of two attractive woman and in a lingerie shop at that? I knew it was crazy, but I just had to give in, but none-the-less I had to verbally rationalize it in front of my benefactors.

I told them, "Well I did indicate that I wanted to try the corselet, for my back that is...even if I was sort of just joking. And you, Ms. Porter, have been so kind as to take me seriously and not make a real joke of it at my expense that if you and Marge think it is the right thing to do and that it would help my back, then I should certainly not be a sexist about it and should give it a try."

My boss and Marge smiled and Marge told me. "Now that wasn't so hard, now was it? And my boss told me, "I was not kidding at all, even

if you were half kidding. I think you are a perfect candidate for the corselet training in more ways than one, and it may save your job. A couple of more mornings out with that back pain of yours and you are history. One would think that you would want to solve the problem, especially with someone else footing the bill.”

Marge’s reconciliation and the boss’s insistence allowed me to gracefully agree to the proposition without me appearing too pleasantly anxious to allow it, at least in my mind. Marge already had me pegged and the boss didn’t care, she was in it for the fun of putting a guy into girl’s underwear, and as it turned out, to save her business. However, the boss’s comment on being a perfect candidate for corselet training should have given me a greater warning as to what my boss may have had in mind for me, but instead it just seemed to turn me on and make me even more excited about what I was getting myself in to. Corselet training, I thought, that sounded so nice!

However I still gave myself just one more attempt to stop the whole thing before completely giving in. I told them, “I am almost convinced but I am still a bit afraid that Ms. Porter will think so little of me if I give into this that she will not be able to deal with me, and I will eventually lose my job.”

The boss jumped right in and told me, “Oh there is no need to worry about that. You could come to work in a dress and it would not alter my opinion of you a bit,” she giggled. “And quite the contrary, at our firm, that might even get you a raise.” I wasn’t sure if that was good or bad for me, or what hidden meaning lurked behind those words, but that finalized my decision to go ahead. After all it was what I truly wanted to try and my career wasn’t going anywhere any ways, so why not. So I told them, “Let’s do it. This should be a blast.” And of course I couldn’t help but make a joke about it. “After all I work with only woman and it will be nice to know that the next time one of my coworkers tells me her girdle is killing her that I may even know exactly what she is talking about.”

My boss smiled and told me, “Now that’s the spirit, dear.”

### Chapter 3: I am dressed and it feels surprisingly good

Of course once I had agreed, Marge did not hesitate a moment but struck while the iron was hot, so to speak. Smilingly she told me, “We’ll have to take measurements, so you will have to step out of your outerwear and of course take the shoes off.” She knew from experience that she had to get me out of my male clothes and get

those clothes away from me so that it would be impossible for me to back out, once she had gotten started.

I was taken aback. It was an obvious first step, but I had not imagined when I had agreed to this that I would be standing in front of these two women in my skivvies, I sort of just imagined myself wearing that corselet under my male clothing, not thinking of how it was going to get there.

I sort of stammered an objection, but Marge told me, “Nonsense, I have seen lodes of fellows in their male underwear and even less and worse... and there is no backing out now.” Her hands moved upwards and I assumed she would be unbuttoning my shirt for me, as I stood there sort of paralyzed. I reflexively placed my hands on the buttons. However, she had no intention of that. After a feint to the shirt she reached down to my waist and she quickly undid my pants and let them fall getting the major shock over quickly and thus quickly bringing me to the point of no return. I went to grab them but she stopped that and making me sit down, on the stool in back of me, she quickly relieved me of my trousers. The stool was so low that because of the angle I was powerless to stop her. Then she walked away with my pants leaving me sitting there in my boxer shorts. At that point I was at her mercy.

Then my boss also got involved. She extended her hands to help me off the stool and to stand and then told me, “False modesty gone let me help you off with that shirt and whatever else so we can get started taking measurements. You do seem a bit numb or you would be doing it for yourself.” I said nothing though my mind was spinning. Ms. Porter unbuttoned my shirt and helped me off with it and then she too disappeared with that garment.

The two women came back together to find me where they had left me, standing there in my underwear and shoes. I hadn't moved. Marge told me, “Relax dear, this will be fun for you, I guarantee it.” Then as if to test me, she told me, “Now let me have those shoes... they just won't go with your new under things and will spoil the effect. You can have them back with your pants and shirt, at the appropriate time. I don't want to spoil the effect for you.” My pants were gone and I was standing without pants and shirtless in a ladies lingerie shop and certainly wasn't running out anywhere, so what use the shoes I thought to myself. So I did as I had been told and removed my shoes and handed them to Marge, who simply put them on the side. I imagine the request was a test of my cooperation at that stage of the game.

Marge then had me stand straight as she took my measurements, waist, chest, and hips. That was a first, though not a last, for me. She returned with several boxes and my game of dress up commenced. While alone I didn't say a word and could not look my boss in the eye, I was so humiliated standing before her in my shorts and t-shirt; though she did have a pleasant smile on her face as if she was enjoying every minute of it. And little did I realize things were to get worse for me.

Marge first presented me with, a Lycra waist nipper. She had me hold up my t-shirt so that she could wrap it around my waist, and of course that so occupied my hands that I could not interfere with her work, as she lowered my boxer shorts so that my hips and the top of my butt were exposed, which were to be covered by the waist nipper, without revealing anything else which would have been a bit more embarrassing.

It was a substantial garment, quite strong and made up of two layers of shiny Lycra, to form a heavy hold garment, designed to really hold in or hold up a sagging belly. It was beige, flesh colored, and I was immediately attracted to its' sheen and did not make any effort to prevent it from being wrapped around me. Marge passed it around my back and then brought the two ends together around my gut. They didn't meet. Marge told me, "Robin, you have to work with me. Now suck in that gut!" I did as I was told and Marge fastened the hook and eye closure. When she was done she told me to relax and when I did I felt the comforting confines of my first support garment.

I found the support was very comforting and the feel of the garment, the shiny smooth Lycra to be very comfortable and perhaps even comforting. All of a sudden I had no belly. But also my waist had been reduced on the sides, over my hips causing my sides to curve in a bit and giving me hips, though small ones. It was the shape and design of the support garment. All in all I must have lost at least two inches from my belly and an inch off each side of my waist, and again the final look though flatteringly flat in front none-the-less feminized my shape by the curves it created above my hips.

Marge had me look at myself in one of the full-length mirrors around the shop. The garment turned out to be somewhat of a turn on for me. It covered me from just below my chest area to over my hips; so that my entire mid-section was covered with shiny elastic Lycra. Also the garment had pushed around whatever loose fatty fleshed I had around my chest and hips and moved it to a position more in line with the gender of a person who would be wearing such a waist nipper; so that my chest became soft and pudgy as did the area just under my new higher waist, thus giving me budding breasts and budding hips,

sort of what a young girl just entering puberty might have. The look and feel of the garment was also turning me on somewhat and causing me a bit of a problem down below and I quickly turned away and tried to think of other things.

I dropped my t-shirt and pulled up my boxer shorts back to my waist. However, what had been my waist was now my hips. It was strange. I had had a bit of a potbelly and so my waist, as with many guys was a bit bigger than my hips, at least in the front any way. The waist nipper had changed all of that so not only was my gut flat, but with the nipper on, my waist in general was smaller all around and the softest spot on my waist, an area about two inches above my old waist line was the thinnest area on my waist and formed a new waist line so that my waist had moved up about two inches above its old location. The rise of my boxer shorts was not cut long enough to compensate for the higher waist and when I pulled them into position my scrotum fell out of the bottom of the shorts. I quickly compensated and drop my shorts to my old waistline. However, that area had expanded a bit and the pull on the waistline of my shorts opened the fly so that I was exposed. While Marge was dressing me it had not been a problem as I had been flaccid, but after seeming myself in the mirror, my turgid state left me somewhat exposed as the fly spread apart. I automatically dropped my hands to cover the opening and of course turned beet red.

My boss seemed to be having a good time watching all of this, but left everything up to Marge. Marge obviously saw the problem and had most likely expected it, having had some experience dressing guys up. She told me, "If exposure embarrasses you we'll have to change your shorts. There is nothing that can be done to make them fit right. You're figure has accommodated to the waist nipper more than I would have ever expected. And I can't get you into the corselet with your hands down there." I offered to skip the corselet, but both Marge and my boss quickly nixed that, as a deal had been made.

So Marge ushered me into the privacy of a changing room as she told me that I would soon be able to lose the ill-fitting shorts as she would quickly supply me with much more accommodating garments which any way would be more in line with my current style of underwear. I shuddered with embarrassment but none-the-less felt a bit of excitement thinking about what sort of feminine garment I would next be forced to don, fearing that I would find it as delightful and as exciting as the one I was now wearing. I waited, as there was nothing else for me to do. I was wearing nothing but my underwear, underneath which I wore a female's waist nipper. I was in the power of these two women, and knew most likely I would have to put on

whatever I was given to wear. It was fairly certain that nothing could be more embarrassing than walking around that shop and being placed in a corselet with my fly open, in my present turgid state.

Marge then left and returned and handed in two more apparently female garments, while remaining outside of the changing room, what appeared to be a pair of panties and a girdle, each a bit masculine in style. After I took them she explained how I should wear them. She told me, “Honey, The satin underwear are panties and they go on first.” Hearing the word panties at that point was just so exciting I couldn’t believe it. “They are boy cut panties so they will fit you fine. But since they are made for girl, there isn’t any fly to open to reveal what you have and shouldn’t have.” That slight was also a turn on and I couldn’t believe that I found it so, but I did. Marge continued, “On their own they won’t support you down there. Put them on and hand out your own shorts, which I need them for sizing.”

I did as I was told, taking off my shorts and handing them out before I realized there was really no need to do so. But since I had given them up; I would have to wear whatever I had been given to replace them. So realizing that, I took the satin panties in hand and quickly stepped into the satin panties and pulled them up into place before I could have any second thoughts. Again I was embarrassingly entranced with the feel of another girl’s garment. The satin on my skin just felt indescribably delightful and my manhood sprang to attention. I couldn’t believe the sensual feel of that garment nor the effect it had upon me.

Marge asked my boss to do something with my shorts, I couldn’t hear, and my boss left the dressing room area, and then Marge without warning or ceremony walked in and caught me. “Just as I thought!” she smilingly told me. My expression told her I was totally embarrassed and totally terrified of the consequences of my uncontrolled response to the wearing of satin panties. “Don’t worry dear; your secret is our little secret as long as you behave. I am not interested in embarrassing you, only in making a sale and the larger the better, and the safer is your little secret.”

I began to stutter I was so embarrassed, but none-the-less stayed a bit revealed. I told Marge, “But I have never done anything like this before. I have never worn any girl’s clothing in my life.” I did not tell her what I had been doing with such silks and satins.

“Marge replied, “That may be true dear, but it is beside the point. Now we don’t have much time before your boss returns so listen up and make up your mind quickly. It is obvious to the naked; forgive the expression, eye; that you are partial to girl’s underwear and only time

will tell what else; whether or not this is your first time wearing such lovelies. You may have been able to resist the urge to don such garments in your past, I am not going to argue that issue with you at this time, but it is plain from your current predicament that you find all this quite a turn on and enjoyable and I can promise you that you will not be able to resist such urges any more. Regardless of any excuse you may give, you certainly brought all this on yourself and could have avoided it if you had not had some sort of infatuation with feminine lingerie.”

She let that sink in for a moment and then she continued. “This other garment I have given you here is a bit of lady’s underwear made for men, cross dressers, in order to hide that little problem you are now showing. I will get you properly into it and your secret will be our secret and safe from your boss who will only be able to assume you foolishly got yourself into this predicament and are being a good sport about it and will not realize how much and in what fashion you are enjoying it. You in turn will wear whatever I or Estelle suggest or give you to wear and will show that you are willing to have her buy for you any and all garments that she so desires to shower upon you. You may of course act reluctant about it, but in the end you must allow Estelle to have her way and supply you with whatever she wishes. For the more she purchases for you the happier it will make me.”

I could only choke out, “Otherwise?”

Marge smiled and answered, “Otherwise we will have to show Estelle your little secret. I know she will not be happy and may even freak out. You must realize that she is getting a kick out of this, but if she thought that you were playing her, instead of the other way around she would be furious. I just don’t think it would be good for you or for your career for that matter.”

“But I am not playing her,” I replied.

And Marge eagerly pointed out, “That might be true, but I do not believe that Estelle will believe that! Do you want to take the chance?”

I realized that I could only do what I was told to do and agreed to do everything that Marge told me I would have to do to avoid the detection of my newly revealed urges. She then had me put on the second garment she had earlier handed over and true to her word it hid my erection, and then some.

The garment she had handed me was for all appearances a lovely high waisted boy legged girdle. It was fronted with a romantic lace covered satin front panel topped with a cute little girlishly pink bow. The crotch piece was most wide, too wide for a girl’s garment, but was

constructed of two fabrics; the center area appeared to be the softer. The short legs were circled by large bands, as was the high waist. The seat appeared forgiving thought wide bands also circled each section.

As it turned out it was a very cleverly designed garment made to feminize the male figure, not to make the male figure into a female figure but only to feminize it, to neutralize it or neuter it, so to speak. Once on it would hide the male appendages in such a way as to flatten a males front and also padded that area out in such a way as to even give that front somewhat of a womanly appearance, while also femininely reshaping the butt. And of course it was flesh colored for psychological affect. The male wearing it would almost feel it was a part of him. It was a demeaning garment that with certain modifications, which I would learn of later, could be even made to be more demeaning.

Having agreed to play my part I was directed by Marge as to how to get into and wear the garment. I stepped into it and pulled it up, having already rolled the waist cincher up and out of the way. There was a pocket in the front that went over my stiffness. It was lined with an absorbent jelly, in a pouch, that would catch any leakage. Additionally there was a soft recess for each testicle. Once I had everything correctly in place the garment was pulled up and held in place by a wide tight waistband that went over what was my newly created waist and took another inch or so off of that already constricted area which had become my new waist. Then I rolled down the waist cincher, back into place, which then insured that, my girdle stay in place. My newly created wider hip area helped to keep the waist band part of the girdle up and in place keeping the front of the garment pressed tightly against my groin. The tightness pressed my stiffness into my flesh in a way and against the satin of the panties in such a way that walking would cause a somewhat pleasant sensation. My testis were hard pressed against the openings from which they had descended so long ago, and walking pushed them further against those openings, which had closed so long ago and were being forced open again, until ultimately the garment would force the testis to return to their juvenile position. In any case they did not hang loosely as they had when I wore boxer shorts or even hang at all as when I wore briefs, male briefs that is, they were pressed so tight against me that it was as if they were there no longer. On the other hand my sack that held them was against a more forgiving part of the garment and was so reshaped that from the outside, down there I gave a very womanly appearance. The rear of the garment had two tight bands, one beneath each cheek while the rest of that side of the garment was again rather forgiving. Thus each cheek was held up and out.

Walking with the garment, as it turned out, was a bit strange and in some ways sort of delightful. In the rear I could feel my behind wiggle in an almost pleasant fashion as each globe was caressed by the satin of my panties and in the front my stiffness remained stiff under the constant similar satin panty massage while my loose scrotum also experience a similar sensation. Meanwhile the bands on the girdle also pushed my thighs close and with my testicles up and out of the way, the feeling when I walked was if they were completely gone.

Finally, the girdle deflated my hardness. I wasn't sure exactly how, but once I walked around a bit while having it on, my raging hardness soften quite a bit, and although the thought of all the female clothing with which I was surrounded was still such a turn on, albeit unwelcome, I could not maintain myself. I realized that the girdle so pushed my maleness into my pubic area, making it all but disappear against me in the soft folds of my own skin and body fat that the act of walking must push the blood out of the soft tissue that causes the male member to become erect from engorgement. All of a sudden I felt really sissified, all dressed up in girlie undergarments, turned on by it and unable to maintain myself erect.

That one garment, causing all of that had an immediate and dramatic psychological effect on me. I felt if I had been emasculated and much to my shame the physical and mental feelings were enjoyable and I still felt the pleasures induced by the feel of the girl's clothing. The girl's clothing I had always been fascinated by and inclined to try on and now was forced to wear.

#### Chapter 4: Exposed before my boss in my corselet

By then my boss returned and found me in the open room, Marge had led me from the dressing cubicle, so dressed. "My Marge, he looks like a large prepubescent 12 or so year old girl. What have you done to Robin?"

"It's just these magic support garments reshape his anatomy," replied Marge. "The girdle I gave him is designed for cross dressers, for boy-girls so as to reshape them. It is not really for girls at all. I really had nothing else to replace his shorts that would support a guy. I am sorry if the look is objectionable to either of you, but nothing has been taken away. That combined with the fact that Robin here is quite a pretty boy. The problem is Robin here is quite a pretty boy, rather handsome as a guy, but you know that small men without a lot of facial hair and with loads of good looks, often really look quite pretty. In guys clothes it goes unnoticed, for the most part. But put one of them in drag and

they will look like a girl. I think Robin fits that description, so we had better be careful with how far we go with dressing him in girl's clothing or he could have trouble. We had best limit his change of attire to his underwear." And with that Marge had a bit of a giggle.



My boss just exhaled and told her, "I leave everything in your hands."

"Well then, let's get that corselet on dear Robin and with that finishing touch his back should be well aligned and he should be on the road to mending and you can expect him to be at work on time."

With that she had me step into the garment. It was an open bottom old-fashioned corselet with a front hook and eye and overlaying zipper closure which together held closed the top two thirds of the garment,

while the bottom was similar to an open girdle and one had to step into it. The front and back had large satin panels and the rest of the garment, aside from the bra cups and straps were stretch nylon. The cups were of stretch satin and the straps of satin. I found it a fascinating garment as I did when I first saw it in the shop window and my fascination with it has been the cause of my predicament.

She held the garment in front of me and indicated I was to step into it, which I did and she drew it up into place. Then she had me put my arms through the straps and she hooked the front closed and zippered the overlaying panel closed. Marge then adjusted the straps so the cups were properly placed, the supporting metal wiring of the cups under my now pudgy male sized breasts. Those male appendages pushed up into girlish mounds by the waist cincher now with the aid of the corselet appeared absolutely female in shape, albeit those of a young developing girl and not of a woman my age. However, the reshaping of that tissue seemed to increase the sensitivity of that area, so that the feel of the satin bra cups of the corselet was very pleasant indeed. In fact it started me thinking of how pleasant it might be to have breasts. Even as a male, I thought that small breasts, kept hidden of course, might be a source of pleasure. The sudden realization of what I was thinking quickly drove such thoughts out of my mind. But none-the-less the subtle pleasurable feelings remained.

Once I was safely tucked away in my corselet, Marge started to discuss with us how she might remove the garters from the corselet, as they were permanently attached ones, as I would have not need for them. She told me, “The garters just might show through your pants that is the impression of them can often be seen when ones pants are drawn tightly over them, as when a person sits and you might find such a revelation quite embarrassing in front of the girls at work.” Though the corselet would fit you better if held down by stockings, it is not necessary.”

Before I could answer, my boss chimed in, “Oh no, no, no. There is absolutely no need to ruin the drape of this lovely garment by removing the garters and having it riding up on the boy. It will cause more harm than good and he will never really get to enjoy the feel of it all if it is constantly riding up on him; though it might be amusing to have him constantly tugging it down into place while at work, that might be even more revealing than an occasional impression of a garter on his pants leg. But in any case I’ve already discussed this with Robin and it was agreed that he would use the garters as he had some thoughts of wearing support stockings to help with the back problem. Isn’t that so Robin?”

I could only reply that I had thought about when we had discussed the situation earlier in front of the shop and wearing the garters was theoretical, but since I had learned that the garters might be revealed I was having second thoughts. My boss was however insistent and of course Marge seeing the opportunity to increase the sale was to quickly agree with Mrs. Porter, and the vision of my struggling with a the girdle part of the corselet, and constantly having to fidget with it each time I sat and got up took the wind out of my sails as far as fighting the nylons and garters.

Marge then told me, “I sorry dear, I had no idea how liberated you are. If stockings are what you need the garters just have to stay. There are other ways that we girls have of hiding them when wearing trousers; it just requires some other garments.” She looked towards my boss, “Estelle, did you wish some other purchases for Robin in order to make this work or will I be charging such additional purchases to him?” she asked. So the decision had been made, I would also be wearing gartered stockings and whatever else it took to hide those garters. I was not really even consulted. Well I had put my foot in my mouth when discussing the issue with Ms. Porter and there was really no graceful way of backing out as she remembered my earlier statement.

Mrs. Porter told us, “Robin is to have whatever it takes to make him functional at the office and get him in on time and whatever garments it takes to make him comfortable, whether therapeutic or simply fashionable. The company will pay for it all. And personally, I would purchase a dress for the boy to wear to work, if that were some help with his problems. He was always such a valued employee who I did so wish to keep, and now that I find out how liberated he is, he is even the more valued.” Then she continued, “That aside, I believe he had mentioned support hose. I would think that a medium support style would do nicely. Perhaps you have an opaque pair with lots of Lycra, which would cover up that horrible hair on his legs. Not that there is a lot, but his legs are really so shapely, that once in stockings, it would be a shame to have a few hairs spoil the affect.”

Gosh, insult and injury I thought. Not only would she have me in ladies stockings, but also now she was letting me know how girlish my legs appeared. I already knew that my ankles were a bit thin for a male and my calves well-turned so to speak and without much hair. That condition had kept me out of short pants except when really forced by circumstances to don them and to show off my legs. More than one girl friend had jokingly remarked on what shapely legs I had, and that I ought to shave them to really show them off. The thought had always enticed me, but as with actually donning the girl’s clothes I

had always collected, I had avoided doing so from fear of just going too far. Fortunately, no matter how much I had been attracted to legs in nylons I had never acquired a pair and thus had never been tempted by them, to run a pair up my legs that is. Now it seems I would have no choice in the matter, and as with all the other woman's clothes I was now wearing I was strangely attracted to the thought of putting my legs into those garments. I had protested, but the protests were more and more pretend as I was becoming more and more enamored with my new clothes and more and more turned on by the feel of them. However, I was afraid to let on to that.

Marge told her, "Oh I know just the pair for Robin. I have the nylons that the showgirls wear. They offer a lot of support yet show of ones legs nicely. They are designed to even out a girl's skin tone and so will also hide leg hair." She retrieved a pair and then began to help me with the garters. Marge explained that the six garters of the garment had to be drawn under my panties and girdle so that they could be attached to the nylon support stocking I was to wear without interfering with my ability to drop my drawers, so to speak for obvious reasons. She told me, "If I knew you were to wear stockings I would have changed the order in outfitting you, but no matter. In the future you might wish to done the corselet a bit earlier."

Cooperating with her, as instructed I pulled the garters down and through as she pulled the panties and girdle a bit away from my skin. That done, she pressed her hands against my thighs and reached up under or through the legs of my panties and pulled the lower part of the corselet into place partially over my hips and butt. She explained that ordinarily and when I dressed in the future that I should put the corselet on before my girdle as that was the customary procedure and made it easier to get everything into place, but under the circumstances she had me do it a bit out of order.

Finally she gave me the nylon stockings, instructing me to take off my socks, which I still sore, and she explained how I was to put the nylons on. They were not the typical light stocking of all nylon but a medium weight stocking with much Lycra in it. The Lycra gave the stocking more elasticity and a certain shine that I had always found a bit of a turn on when covering a girl's legs.

I sat down on a convenient cushioned bench took off my male socks and then drew each stocking up my leg. I found myself, as I had been directed by Marge in her explanation, positioning myself as any girl drawing on her stocking would. So I sat there and gathered the stocking and then pointing my foot placed it in the gathered stocking and drew the stocking up my leg. Then I smoothed it and pulled on it to make sure it was drawn taught. The feeling of my hands caressing

my own stocking covered leg was another newly discovered enjoyable experience. Then I stood up and Marge helped me attach the garters, explaining how they worked, and telling me I should attach the set for my other leg. So making sure the second stocking was still drawn tight I attached the garters to it. The front and the side one were rather easy. However the ones in back of the corselet was difficult to attach, but Marge talked me through it and after some contortion I got it firmly attached. Then I was told to and accordingly once again ran my hands up my newly stocking covered legs to make doubly sure the stockings were in place. The feeling was delightful.

I embarrassingly enough found myself unable to stop playing with my stocking covered legs, as I found the feeling of running my hands up that material so delightful and enticing. Marge let it go for a while so that my inclination would become somewhat obvious and difficult to deny and would embarrass me and make it easier for her to proceed with introducing me to additional articles of lingerie. She seemed to get some enjoyment from exposing me like that. I imagine it put me in my place and made me more manageable, just in case I had forgotten my situation.

“Darling,” she said, “You stockings are just fine, you can stop adjusting them now. Later, perhaps at home, you can, ah hum, adjust them all you want and enjoy the feel.”

I was embarrassed, being caught exposing myself so, but simply said, “I’m sorry. I just wanted to make sure they were on right. I don’t have much experiencing doing this and...” At which point I knew I was not fooling Marge and my boss wasn’t interested as she was simply and obviously enjoying the situation whatever my inclinations and so I sort of just let my voice trail off without finishing my cover up.

Ms. Porter, who had also been watching me forget myself in the delightful feel of my nylon and Lycra stockings, also had a comment. “It is just like I said earlier. His legs are so girlish, especially now in those stockings that I can hardly believe that they belong to a boy, that it must be to him as if he was running his hands up the nylon covered legs of a girlfriend and not his own.”

Marge jumped in any way. “Oh, I don’t really want to interrupt such a session, but they are your legs, no matter how girlish and despite the delight you seem to find in them being encase in lady’s nylon stockings you should know that I may have even more delightful sensations for you, if your boss deems to foot the bill, and I can’t have you lost in such early delights when I still some other garment to introduce you to. You should have plenty of time when you leave here

to delight in all your new clothing and the delightful sensations it brings out in the right individuals.”



“More garments?” I said, somewhat shocked. I had already been placed in a corselet and now support stockings, and that had been the plan walking in. What other garments could she be referring to? I continued that, “I feel fine. My back is really at ease. These garments work fine. “What more would I need to wear to make this work for me?” I asked Marge.

Marge looked at me and smiled. It was one of those looks woman give men when discussing feminine things and the fellow makes some

sort of male assumption about a girlish thing that is totally wrong due to the fellow's lack of knowledge about such stuff. I guess that despite my fascination with such things I was not that knowledgeable. She then turned to Mrs. Porter and talking to both of us, but address my boss, treating me sort of as if I was a little child fully under the control of my mother, or my boss in this case, Marge told her, "I guess he was telling the truth and really does not know that much about girl's clothing, despite how well he has taken to wearing them and his obvious enjoyment of them."

At that stage I was no longer contradicting those slights, and any way they sort of turned me on and the denial was doing no good any way. Every time Marge made one of those comments slighting my masculinity or eluding to my femininity or enjoyment of the feminine it sort of excited me. In any case, Marge had me pegged and Mrs. Porter didn't care, she was having a good time, as despite everything I was obviously embarrassed and that both of the girls seemed to find that fun and enjoyable.

Marge continued, "Why dear, as I told you earlier the garters are going to show through your pants if not properly covered. And as I now think about it, the corselet will show through your shirt if you don't have a proper garment over it." Then after a pause she told me, "Some girls just don't care." And she paused again to let her statement sink in. I was one of the girls again, a thought that I was suddenly finding as sort of a turn on, but couldn't stop to think about at the time, as she shortly continued. I only knew that now dressed I was finding the boy girl mind games being played on me to be somewhat of a turn on, much to my chagrin. Every time they referred to me as a girl I was getting a bit of a thrill and responded to it, as only a boy can.

Marge told me, "You will certainly have to wear a nylon camisole and a nylon pants slip over your foundation garments and I have some nice ones for you in basic white that you should find modest enough for a boy. Not to different from a tee shirt and boxers. That is if Estelle is willing to cover the additional costs?"

"Oh, no problem," replied my boss. "Whatever it takes to make Robin presentable and comfortable, will work for me. He is a valued employee, who I do so want to keep. But before you cover his finery I do need a photograph of him. He just looks so cute in this outfit. He is such a pretty boy." And with that, she of course brought out one of those disposable cameras and snapped a picture before I could even protest. I can only imagine she just happened to have it with her, or realizing where all this was going and how I was going to wind up, she had slipped out and picked one up at a nearby store. In any case, once that was done there was really little I could do about it. The

horse was out of the barn and there was no getting it back in, short of taking the camera from her and I did not think she would let me get away with that without things getting ugly, and that was something I could ill afford.

“Please Ms. Porter,” I begged. “Not a photograph. This is embarrassing enough without having it documented for future generations,” I told her. I tried to make it a joke but I was deadly serious, much afraid of what she could do with that photograph, and my worst fears were soon realized.

“Oh I absolutely do need photographs,” she replied back with the emphasis on the plural as she continued to snap away and told me, “Smile dear. No need to look so serious. I have twelve exposures on this role and I don’t want to waste any of them. And after all your brave talk outside about wearing whatever was necessary and not being embarrassed about it, you should be quite proud of yourself after having actually gone through with your boasts. You shouldn’t have a problem with any of the girls at work seeing these pictures of you, the truly liberated male.”

I shivered at that. I was really having fun but the thought of being exposed, especially to the girls at work was indeed frightening and did take away some of the pleasure of the clothes.

However, Ms. Porter sort or withdrew that threat. She continued, “But not to worry, I just want these pictures to look at when this is all over so I can remember it and how lovely you looked in your corselet. I cannot believe that you went through with this and actually put on all of this woman’s underwear. Oh excuse me, lingerie. Why I would have bet money that you would never have gone through with this little masquerade and would have been out of here in a flash with your tail between your legs and without even dropping your pants, let alone getting into all this feminine finery. You certainly called my bluff! You are such a doll.”

A bluff I thought. My, what a fool I had been. If I had any idea I would never had let this dress up game go so far, and lost control of it. She was just joking I thought to myself, I couldn’t believe what I had let myself into, no matter how much of a turn on I had found it. My thoughts were interrupted as my boss continued, “Besides you really do look very pretty all dolled up in corsetry and what not, that it should be captured on film. I really find that I love it. I had no idea it was so much fun to dress a boy in girl’s clothing. I find the thought of you parading around the office today with all these girl’s things under your suite is so much fun that if you back is helped by this you must stay this way until you are better. And don’t worry about this, no one but

myself and perhaps some of the girls at work, your friends, will see the photographs, unless... well let's forget that unless for now."

The veiled threat was apparent and she did have that first photo of me, and she could run out of the store if need be and I could not think of myself chasing after her down the street in all my new feminine finery. I would just die being caught out in public with just my corselet and stockings and the thought of what I was wearing under them.

My boss let the message sink in and continued, "Any way with that long hair of yours and your pretty looks no outsider would even suspect these are photographs of a guy. That is unless someone was to tell them." She also let that sink in for a moment. Then she continued, "Why just look at yourself in the mirror. You really appear to be a girl, what with your figure drawn in so and your breasts, oh I mean chest tissue so pushed out."

I stood there worrying about what I had gotten myself into and momentarily forgetting the pleasure I had been feeling, before I had been photographed and before I had begun to feel sort of trapped. Ms. Porter did not relent. "I really mean it. Take a look at yourself in the mirror." So I did. She obviously was not going to stop until I complied. I turned around and walked over to the three-sided mirror at the fitting section and really took a good look at myself. I could view my front and sides and my back if I turned just right.

My word I thought. I did look like a girl! Not a full figured woman mind you, but a young girl on the verge of womanhood. Again I found it a bit of a turn on looking at myself dressed and actually wearing my fantasy garments and knowing full well what I was wearing nylon panties under them. The waist cincher and corselet had done their work in somewhat feminizing my figure. My waist appeared cut in and my hips correspondingly wider and my breasts appeared to be budding and definitely a bit past the training bra stage. I reflexively ran my hands over my new waist to feel if it was as curvaceous as it seemed and in deed it was. And more disturbing the feel of my curvaceous figure under my hands and the view in the mirror of my satin covered corselet front panel and nylons being held taught by my garters while my hands moved up and down along my waist was also a turn on. Then I caught the reflection of my corselet covered behind in the side mirrors. It was pushed up and out by the combination of support garments that I was wearing, the waist cincher, panty girdle and corselet, and covered by a large satin panel of the corselet and of course appeared youthfully feminine in shape and size. I found that I really did appear quite feminine and once again found that an additional turn on. Disturbingly, I not only found myself dried mouth and short of breath but also tremendously turned on; and I felt myself

getting very hard despite my confining garments. Fortunately for me the girdle I was wearing was constructed to conceal such a problem, and to solve it.

My boss must have read my mind. She told me, “Yes, you do appear to be quite the young lady, at least in figure. So let me finish taking these photographs and then let’s get you into your pants slip and camisole for the last photo, so that you can get your suit back on before someone mistakes you for a pretty young girl and starts flirting with you. And besides we do have to get back to work.”

So in this case one photograph was as controlling as a dozen, and I had to let her continue taking my pictures and took instructions on how to pose and smile while she ran through the film. “This should look like fun dear,” she told me. “You do look adorable and I am sure you back should be in alignment and pain free. So let me have a pain free smile and if you look your girlish best no one will be able to tell these are photographs of a boy. Certainly based upon what you are wearing no one would suspect at first glance that you are a boy.” So I smiled and was photographed. She left one exposure for when I had put on my pants slip and camisole.

Then Marge handed me my camisole and told me to put it on like I would a tee shirt and I did. The feel of the nylon as I smoothed it out was irresistible, it was such a fine quality, that I had to fight the desire to keep running my hands along it, as not to expose my inner feelings and conflicts to my boss. I could see Marge smiling and realized she had a pretty good idea of what I was feeling. The straps were not really straps but two-inch wide strips of material that covered the bra straps of my corselet.

Next Marge held out the pants slip for me to step into rather than letting me put it on myself. I think she got a kick out of doing it that way. I complied and she drew it up my legs and thighs to let the waist band rest along my newly indented waist. The feel of the nylon along the back of my legs, over the nylons sent a shiver of delight up my spine.

Then Ms. Porter took her final picture. Only after that was I allowed to have my male clothing back, my socks, trousers, shirt, tie, and jacket, which I immediately put on. Those clothes felt a bit bulky over my feminine finery. But, none-the-less I was still turned on wearing my newly acquired girls underwear, even under my male shoes and socks, suit and tie.

I found myself feeling and thinking, this really wasn’t and isn’t so bad now that I have lived through the initial embarrassment and I get to keep all of these lovely things I am wearing and at no cost to myself.

Why if I can just get through the rest of the day without any more embarrassing exposure I will have all these lovely girls things to play with in the privacy of my rooms, girls' clothing that fits me perfectly, that I did not have to buy publicly, so to speak, and for which I did not have to pay.

So putting the photo session and the resultant black mail evidence out of my mind, I sort of calmed down and was ready to return to work, the cause of my embarrassment and my newly acquired turn on well hidden beneath my suite, or so I thought.

However, my boss's generosity was not to end there. She questioned me, "Now Robin, now that you have your suite on and appear a bit more modest, for a guy that is, would you truly tell me how your new support garments feel. All kidding and fun aside, tell me, are they working like you envisioned and Marge said they would, or did I just waste my money for a cheap thrill?"

I was in a quandary. I knew that I wanted to keep these girls garments that fortune had presented me with and would never have such a chance repeated, especially if I flatly acted insulted and ungraciously about the whole thing, but I was a little afraid of giving into the hedonistic pleasure of wearing girls lingerie, especially out in public and under my suite. As I thought about it I realized I could not give up the feminine finery. I had to keep it. I was afraid that if I said the stuff was useless in an attempt to save face that it would be taken away from me.

So I had to appear to grudgingly accept it for its therapeutic aid. I told her, "Surprisingly, I find that it really works and has my back feeling fine. I am not sure that I want to wear it every day, or that a regular back brace wouldn't do the same thing for me, but as long as I have it on and it is documented on film, I laughed, I might as well wear it for at least the rest of the day. It should get me through this workday comfortably at least."

Ms. Porter was pleased and of course was not going to let it go at that. "Good for a day, good for a week dear," she told me. This isn't cheap lingerie dear. If it is working for you and you will wear it back to work today, and I think I need you to promise me that you will at least continue to wear your new underwear for the rest of the week. Then on Friday, you can let me know how you truly feel. At this stage of our little experiment I am very curious how all this will work out. So will you promise me that you continue to dress in your support garments and the rest of your feminine underwear for the week?"

I told her as if I were doing it reluctantly, "Of course, Ms. Porter. I guess at this stage a week would be a fair trial. Even if it started out

as sort of a joke you did take it seriously and were so generous with me that I couldn't back out now, since you really seem to be serious about this whole thing." In reality I wanted to cry, "Yes, yes, yes, oh please let me keep and keep wearing all of this feminine finery. I never want to take it off or give it back!" Despite my fear of the situation I had found myself in, at least for the moment I was so happy I was ready to explode, in more ways than one. At that point my lower back was really beginning to bother me, and no girdle was going to help that pain.

"Delightful," was Ms. Porter's reply. "And in that case I will have to order you a few more garments, just in case you soil something. You know one can never tell with young boys." Again not wanting to seem too eager I told her it wasn't necessary. However, she told me that it was and wouldn't have me coming to the office in the same underwear all week especially with the problems that many boys have when wearing silky garments. Now that was territory I did not want to tread upon. She seemed to be indicating my infatuation with my new lingerie might just not be due to pain relief and that she did have some inkling of my underlying infatuation with girls' silky things. So I left it there and let her order for me whatever she wished. I thought as long as she was paying for it, who was I to argue with her. I remembered what Marge had told me earlier that few guys get an opportunity like I was getting and that I should just go with the flow, and I decided to do so.

So Ms. Porter and Marge put together an order for me and when Marge asked me for my address I readily gave it. I stressed that it be delivered to the second floor apartment, as I did not want my landlady accepting a delivery for me from a lingerie shop, which could only lead to some embarrassing questions. The only disturbance was that Ms. Porter and Marge spent and relatively long time making up a list of things that I would need to get me through just one week. In the back of my mind I was afraid but also hopeful that perhaps Ms. Porter or Marge had some surprises for me. Only time would tell.

## Chapter 5: On the street and back to work

Once again Ms. Porter took me by the hand, however, this time she was leading me out of the "Corseterium" rather than in, and taking me back to work. "Come along dear. I can't tell you how pleased I am with our little experiment. I realize it is a bit kinky of me, so I would appreciate it if you did not tell everyone at work about your new underwear, as pleased as you do seem with it. I might find it a tad embarrassing if my connection to it was made public. You know

dressing a boy employee in girl's undergarments is not typical in our industry; though I don't think there is any prohibition about it in your contract with me."

I wouldn't tell a soul that was for sure. I wasn't sure if Ms. Porter was joking with me or not. However, I told her, sort of tongue and cheek. "Don't worry Ms. Porter, your secret is safe with me." And then getting a bit serious I told her, "I don't think I really want the girl's to know that I am wearing the same underwear as they are. They treat me enough like one of the girls as it is."

So we walked and talked. Ms. Porter spoke with me as if we were or had been much friendlier than we actually were or had been. She wasn't talking to me as an employer would to some lower level employee, but spoke with me in a friendly tone, not so much as if we were equals or longtime friends, but as if we were, let's say, members of the same club or shared some secret, which in fact we did.

She seemed very interested in how I felt about what I was wearing and being a boy in girls' under things. I was almost honest with her. I couldn't tell her I had been turned on from the start, and only fear of being exposed had made me hesitate at all, but I felt it was wrong to totally lie to her, she seemed to enjoy this so and had spent a great deal of money on me. So I elaborated a bit as she asked questions and finally admitted to her that I was very embarrassed though I stood by my original position that I should be able to wear whatever I wanted to and not be ashamed about it, and that as I was calming down I actually found the feel of the clothing quite nice. The support the garments offered was very comforting and I embarrassingly enough found the feel of the nylon very nice and thought I might miss it when I returned to my own cotton underwear.

Ms. Porter seemed pleased, and told me, "Why Robin, there really is no need for you to ever return to that boring male cotton underwear. If you are embarrassed about purchasing panties you can always do your shopping with Marge. She found you delightful and has no compulsion against male customers. However, I am sure that as you get used to it you will be able to go into any store and buy ladies' lingerie for yourself and not even hide the fact that the purchases are for you. But if you do decide to stay in woman's panties, they are so much more fun than boxer shorts or those BVD briefs, and are still too embarrassing to buy them on your own in your own size, why I will be happy to take you shopping any time I have a free lunch hour."

I imagine at that point our relationship or her feelings about me had changed somewhat. After all she had just dressed me from head to toe in woman's lingerie, taken a number of photographs of me as to

remember the occasion and seemed to have had a fun time doing it. Heaven knows it must have cost her a pretty penny so far, and I had no idea of what other bits of feminine finery Marge was putting together on my account pursuant to Ms. Porter's directions.

As we walked and talked I really got the feel of the flow of the lingerie I was wearing under my business suit. I found the feel delightful and regretted that I had not been adventurous enough in the past to try on some let alone a complete set of the lady's lingerie that I had only surreptitiously collected and gotten off on it in other ways. Thought I did realize that I did not have nor had I ever been either fortunate enough or courageous enough to obtain lingerie in my size. I found that I just enjoyed so the feel of it all as we walked along: The feel of being held in by my support garments and the tug of the nylon stockings on my garters, the feel of the nylon panties on my skin, the feel of the nylon pants slip against my nylon stockings, and the feel of the nylon camisole under my shirt and the feel of the wide nylon straps against my skin.

Also surprisingly the fact that as I walked along I had nothing hanging down to interrupt my stride was also somewhat of a pleasurable feeling. It was almost as if nothing was there. Don't get me wrong. I had no desire and do not have any desire to lose that part of me. I was at the time and I am still today happy being physically a guy, it is just at that time my attraction to the undergarments of the opposite sex had really become quite overwhelming and after I had actually gotten to wear them the draw had become overpowering and the delightful feel of them was that much more natural and enjoyable without any encumbrances to my stride which gave me the feel of still being a guy.

Our conversation sort of continued in that vein and before I knew it I was back at the office. Things were not to go smoothly there and I fell deeper into my delightful trap.

The only problem I had as I walked along was that my trousers kept sliding down and I was constantly pulling them back up as not to reveal the nylon garments underneath. I kept them up well enough on the street, constantly readjusting them, but back at the office that turned out to be not so easy. A pair of suspenders would have eliminated that problem, but the slacks I was wearing weren't the type that took suspenders and I had never had occasion to use them. At that time, however, I knew that I would have to make such a purchase as soon as possible. As things turned out I would never get the chance. My secret was discovered and soon I had no need of suspenders that is the type that support men's trousers.

The problem was twofold. One my waist position had risen about two inches above my male waist. The waist binder and corselet constricted the area above my hips and natural male waist so that my old male waist was now part of my hip line and I had developed a new waist at a feminine height on my body. As I did not have sufficient rise in my pants when I pulled them up to my higher waist the front of my pants laid flat against my flattened front, flattened to feminine proportions by the girdle I was wearing, and I looked just like a woman down there. It was very embarrassing. So I was forced to wear the pants at a lower level around my newly formed hips. However, my old waist, now hips was a bit wider than my old waist line so that the waist of the pants did not fit well and as my pants rested over the slippery nylon of my pants slip and camisole and so my pants kept sliding down. So I was forced to constantly reach down and readjust them as not to reveal my girlishly flattened front or even worse the girl's underwear that I wore beneath my male suit. As I explained while walking along the constant readjustment of my pants had not proved to be a problem, but back at the office circumstances would eventually prove otherwise.

## Chapter 6: Back at the Office and Then Home to be Discovered

That first time back at the office in lady's lingerie beneath my suit was a bit unnerving, being surrounded by all my female fellow employees. However, no one said a word, though a number of the ladies, including the boss's secretary looked upon me somewhat suspiciously and repeatedly and then with smiles upon their faces. I actually felt rather comfortable in my feminine finery with the back support and support stockings holding me up and together and wearing the girl's underwear. And being so dressed at work was more of a turn on than I could have ever imagined just based on my earlier experiences playing with lady's silks and satins. The only problem was sitting down when the constriction around my waist would become a bit more confining than was comfortable. But it was worth the discomfort and I imagined that I could switch to some larger sizes to ease that particular discomfort.

The trip home on public transportation was no less adventurous and just as exciting once I got used to being out in public with all my feminine finery under my suit without any fear of someone pointing me out, so that I could just enjoy the feel of traveling out so dressed. Again I'm sure a number of ladies realized, by the way my outer garments moved, that underneath them I was wearing at least a girdle and slip, but as no one made it an issue I was not going to worry

about exposure, and just allowed myself to luxuriate in the feeling of my new lingerie and being out in public so exposed.

When I returned home I found a note on my door that my landlady wanted to see me, about some packages she was holding for me. I thought I would go up to my apartment and change first, but I found wearing my new lingerie so much fun that I did not want to take it off, at least not yet. I was once again hard as a rock and moist and my lower back was tingling, so I knew what I would be doing as soon as I got upstairs, and based on my history with lingerie and the new delight of actually wearing the delightful stuff, I was afraid I might not be able to get back to my landlady in an appropriate time and that she might wind up interrupting me at a time that I would not really want to be interrupted. I also wanted to pick up whatever packages had been delivered, as I suspected it might be the ones from the Lingerie Shop, which were not to have been delivered until I was home to accept them but which Marge may have sent early just to have some more fun with me. So I decided to call on my landlady before her suspicions would get too aroused and cause her to ask a load of embarrassing questions, regardless of how I was dressed. I would just have to take my chances.

Well it turned out to be too late to prevent her suspicions anyway. There were an unusually large number of packages waiting for me, a guy, from the Corseterium Lingerie Shop and there was no way Ms. L., who was waiting for me with a smile on her face and a number of questions, could be avoided. She greeted me at the door to her home with a smile, and revealed to me those bags and packages that she had piled up in her foyer. As I explained earlier we were quite friendly, and she had a number of embarrassing questions for me, which were embarrassed to be asked and just as embarrassing to for me to have to answer. However her curiosity was justified and as we had developed into friends, despite our differences in ages, I felt that her curiosity was justified and that I would have to answer her questions, which I eventually did do.

“Robin, I have a load of packages for you from a lingerie shop and they are definitely for you. I telephoned the shop and spoke with the owner, because even though the delivery person was insistent about the delivery I just could not believe a boy would get so many packages from a lingerie shop. I mean one or two might be okay, but a dozen or so is sort of pushing it. It isn't even near the Holiday gift-giving season so I could not imagine what you would need all the feminine finery for, and the lady there insisted the packages were for you and that she had actually served you in person, and she was able to describe you well, so I am sure it is not some sort of practical joke. I

don't want to pry, but we have known each other for a long time and I do worry about you. I do think of you as more than just a tenant. Is there some problem here with which I can be some help? Whatever it is I won't be judgmental. I would just hate to have any secrets between us. After all you have always been there for me!"

Yes, she had gone through some bad times and I had always been there to listen to her problems so we were used to talking about personnel things with each other. Only this time I had the personnel things. I knew I would have to tell her the truth, or at least the truth about the situation I had found myself in, though perhaps not my true feelings about it. And as I thought about it, I realized it was probably for the best, as I would most likely be stuck in girl's underwear for some time and keeping that hidden from her would be uncomfortable and I might even need her help with the garments.

With that in mind I realized that anyway I was probably better off having a confident, especially Ms. L., than I would be going crazy hiding the situation that I was in, especially after this lingerie delivery raised so many questions. So I began to explain, "It is a bit complicated and somewhat embarrassing, but you know that I can't keep anything from you, at least not for long, and so I might as well get this off my chest, though I was honestly hoping to avoid it, as it is just so embarrassing."

She then continued, that she had a pot of tea brewing and maybe I would like take our conversation into the kitchen where I could relax a bit over a cup of tea as I did seem quite jittery and if the situation was indeed that embarrassing the foyer was no place to discuss it and a hot cup of tea would make it easier to talk about. And so we retired to the kitchen.

Once we were settled down and with our cups of tea I told her the abridged version of the story, leaving out the real embarrassing parts and indicating more force was involved in my cross dressing than had actually been applied and not revealing how much I enjoyed most of the lingerie I had been forced to wear. I finished up with, "I really had no choice and have no choice but to continue for a while or I will be without a job and unable to get one for the foreseeable future, at least in my field."

When I finished Ms. L. had a bit of a laugh. Strangely enough it did not bother me at all that she found my situation amusing and actually diffused the tension in the situation. In fact, surprisingly, I found it was sort of a turn on to have her laugh at me while I was still in my lingerie.

She then asked me, “Did you get a chance to change before coming home or are you still wearing all that stuff under your suite, or?”

Of course I told her the truth, while blushing considerably, that I had worn my new garments home under my suit while traveling on public transportation and most likely would have to continue wearing them to work.

With that she smiled again and asked if she could see. “You know this story is a bit unbelievable and I think you should really prove it. I would just love to see what you look like in all that feminine lingerie, if that is what you are really wearing beneath your suite and if you wouldn’t be too embarrassed about it. After all I have seen you in your BVDs, and if your boss saw you getting dressed I feel it is only fair for me to also get to see at least the finished product.” Then she smiled, and looked at me and asked and told me, “Please?”

I was a bit taken back at first, but as I sipped my tea and thought about it, the thought of exposing myself in just my feminine finery, to my landlady, with whom I had sort of developed a mother son relationship over the years sort of delighted me. I said to myself, “And why not.” I was a bit afraid that things could get a bit worse for me in the cross-dressing regard before they got better, at least in terms of what my boss was forcing me to do, and it might be better if Mrs. L. knew what was happening so I wouldn’t have the added burden of sneaking around and who knows I might even eventually need her help.

So I smiled back at her, and told her, “Why not? But only if you promise not to laugh, well that is not to laugh too hard.” She crossed her fingers and promised not to laugh at all, but said she could not promise not to smile. “Well as long as you don’t smile too hard,” I joked. And so she directed me to the living room, where she drew the blinds and I slowly and with some hesitation disrobed, taking off my shoes, socks, pants, shirt, tie and jacket, until I was standing there in my lingerie with nylons, camisole and pants slip all exposed.

Once again I realized I was terribly turned on, standing in front of my landlady wearing only woman’s lingerie and although I was embarrassed and could feel myself blushing terribly that did not change the wonderful feelings I felt being so exposed in front of a woman, especially a caring one like Mrs. L.

Mrs. L. smile in a motherly way and told me, “Now Robin, there is no need to be so embarrassed, you really look very nice in lingerie. I don’t think I would have believed it if someone had just told me how cute you would look in nylon stockings and nylon lacy lady’s underwear. It’s really very cute. And your blushing just adds to the

effect, almost as if your cheeks were girlishly rouged. I am so happy you're sharing this with me."

I had to tell her, "Well I am not so sure about it. It is terribly embarrassing to be seen so dressed, especially in front of a woman, and one that I know so well. But I really felt I did have to show you what I've been put through."

"You have nothing to be embarrassed of, especially in front of me. I find this all very nice. You look sweet to me. But the camisole certainly hugs your figure, which doesn't appear boyish at all. Is there something else here that has been done to you or did that mean boss of yours, in addition to your newfound finery, put you in some figure enhancing support garments rather than the plain support garments meant to help you back problem?"

"I don't understand," I replied.

Mrs. L continued, "I mean that your shape appears quite girlish, and I don't recall you having what we girls like to call an hour glass figure. I mean you don't look like a Vargas Girl, but you certainly seem to have developed a girlish waistline since yesterday when last I saw you. Not that you don't have well-turned ankles and lovely legs. Very girlish in fact, something that I hadn't noticed before, and I guess I would not have had any reason to notice. Quite pretty in nylons, even with the little bit of hair you have, which I guess, is what makes one realize how nice and girlish they actually are. But your waist was always rather thick as I recall, not girlish at all as it appears now."

"I know," I told her. "I must be my girdle and it is killing me!" I laughed remembering the old Playtex living girdle commercials, and joking to relieve the tension I was feeling about the situation. Then I answered, "But seriously, the waist cincher they fastened around me felt two sizes too small when they put it on me. Marge made me suck in my gut, and that was even after having put on the panty girdle. And it has only gotten more uncomfortable since then. I wouldn't wear it, but I am sure Ms. Porter will expect me to have it on when I come into work tomorrow. I will have to give it a week or so before I can lose it. Maybe if I tell her it is uncomfortable she will send me back for a better fitted one."

"No", Mrs. L replied, "I would think you are stuck with these clothes until your boss has had her fun. That is if you expect to keep your job. You certainly fell for this one and now it is probably too late to get out of it and all the women's underwear. You are probably lucky she didn't think of a way to get you into a dress."

A shiver ran up my spine. I knew I was attracted to the lingerie and it was a turn on to parade around in it under my men's clothes, but wearing a dress, especially in public might be different. I was a bit intrigued, but still terrified of the possibility. "You're probably right. But I tell you this waist cincher is killing me. I can't wait to take it off."

"Well, let's get your packages upstairs to your apartment so you can see what you have got there and you then can certainly change into some guy things."

So without giving me a chance to put my pants on again I was led over to the bags of boxes from the lingerie shop. Mrs. L grabbed one box, a large one. "Why this is very interesting, it appears to be a peignoir set and a very expensive one at that. I wonder why, under the circumstances you described, Marge or Ms. Porter would have included such a garment with all of your newfound finery. Let's see what's in here." And with that she opened the box and removed a lovely short pink silk robe and matching pink silk nightgown and there was a delightful pair of panties left in the box. "My word," she explained, "How lovely...and expensive." She handed me the robe and the feeling of the silk was indeed delightful. It attracted me even more than the nylon and satin garments I was wearing. I immediately felt the need to try it on and Mrs. L. surprisingly enough sort of obliged me.

"You know I just have to put this on you," she laughed once again. I pretended to be taken aback, though I was really quite excited at the thought of trying on such a delightful garment, despite myself and my logic telling me that I should not be dressing up so in front of my landlady. She grabbed my hands and looked at me and supplicated, "Please, or pretty please." And as I really wanted to have the silken garment on, but needed an excuse and so leaving the door wide open to be further dressed, I told her, "Only if you give me a good reason."

Once again she smiled, as she was also having a fun time and probably realizing that I was going to give in and enjoying every minute of having me in girl's underwear.

So she explained, "Because Archie wore one in a 'Veronica and Archie' comic book, and I always wanted to be a girl like Veronica Lodge and have a boyfriend so enthralled with me that I could have him wear such a delightfully feminine robe from a peignoir set. Archie had spilled something on his shirt and pants, while at Veronica's house, and while Veronica was having them cleaned she put Archie in one of her robes, the cutest girlie robe that I had ever seen. Then through a series of mishaps he got locked out of her house. It was a delightfully funny story. Not that I intend to have you outside in your

current outfit, but I would really like to put this robe on you and have you wear it just for a while. Let's say while we get your new things upstairs. I'll make you dinner in exchange. I'm sure you are not going to feel much like going out after all you've been through today. Okay? Is it a deal?"

I couldn't resist the opportunity or the chance for one of Mrs. L.'s dinners. She was a great cook. And the thought of making her happy by fulfilling a silly dream like that, under my current circumstances wasn't a problem. And most of all I really wanted to try on the satin garment, and again, doing so in front of a woman seemed to make it all the more exciting. So of course I agreed. I held out my arms for her to slip the silken robe on me and told her, "It would be my pleasure, under my current circumstances, let me stress, to make that particular fantasy of yours a reality. Just call me Archie."

"Well, I would just as soon call you Robin but treat you like Archie," she told me. And with that she accommodated my outstretched arms and placed the ultra-feminine garment on me and then fastened the front, so that it was almost as if I had a dress on, a nice silk dress, but really just a fancy robe, ending just above my knees. It felt delightful against the nylon of my camisole and pants slip and the nylon of my stockings. It tickled the back of my legs in the most delightful way.

I suddenly felt that I never wanted to take it off. But of course I could not reveal that to Mrs. L. She stood back and looked at me with a big smile. Then she gave me a hug, which felt delightful through the silks and nylon garments I was wearing. "Thank you dear." Now let's get all your stuff upstairs into your apartment, before I lose control and keep you like this for the rest of the evening. I thought that wasn't such a bad idea, except for that tight waist cincher, but of course I could not let on to those very personal feelings. And also I was about to explode in a masculine way and really needed some privacy.



So we brought all of my newly acquired finery up to my rooms through the door that connected the main part of the residence, the daughter's home, to my apartment, which was the 'mother's apartment. Mrs. L. took my keys and went around to my apartment from the outside and the connecting door had to be unlocked from both sides. She pretended she was going to have me do it, go outside as I was dressed so that she could lock me out as Archie had been in that long ago story, but I begged out of that part of the game and she told me she was only kidding. But I wasn't so sure.

Any way we got me new things up to my bedroom and on my bed, so that I could go through them at my leisure and on my own, without the further embarrassment of having my newly acquired girl things shown off to my landlady. Mrs. L. left me to go through them on my own, telling me to take a warm bath to relax, as I seemed a bit nervous, and that to come down anytime I was ready after an hour or so, as dinner would then be on the stove and ready for me.

I did not want to remove my lingerie, I was so happy wearing it that I decided to go through the contents of the packages while dressed. I did want to get out of the too tight waist cincher and did want some release from the feelings between my legs, which were really quite overwhelming, but under the circumstances was willing to put that undignified activity off for a bit.

The collection of lingerie was delightful, as were a number of extra things she had included. It was a full collection of woman's underwear, all for me, a guy to wear. I wasn't too sure how serious Marge was in her intent that all the garments were actually for me to wear, or if she was just try to run up a big bill that would be paid for by my boss, but all the garments were apparently sized to fit me. There were all sorts of lingerie in all sorts of colors and designs, which included panties, stockings, garter belts, pantyhose, cinchers, corselets, slips, camisoles, pants slips and even some real corsets and an assortment of bras. In addition to the real girl's things there were a number of specialty items for guys who liked to wear those types of things and pass themselves off as females, along with a note explaining the presence of those items.

Marge had sent me a pair of the most realistic breast prosthesis that one could imagine. They glued on and would stay in place on a male chest, making it appear absolutely that of a woman's, for the longest time or until a solvent was applied. Interestingly enough Marge had not supplied me with the solvent. As it turned out I did not have a need for them for some time, but it would have been better for me if I did need them.

She had also included a number of items which I was later to find out were gaffs and used to hide one's maleness, as well as and a number of the girdles, similar to one I was wearing, which served the same function but, let's say, in a less constricting fashion. Additionally, there were a number of similar girdles, which in addition to hiding ones maleness, were also padded to give the wearer a feminine shape. Both types of girdles were worn with something similar to Modes Pads, a large supply of which Marge had also included, that were to absorb any male leakage, bound to occur with guys who enjoyed lady's garments, as to prevent the staining of those garments. But I

have a tendency to not discuss those most embarrassing to wear for a boy, woman's most personal sanitary items. Let me just say here, that I did have a need for them and used them, much to my shame, when I did.

I knew I would have much need of the girdles for guys similar to the one I was wearing, as well as the pads, as without something to hold me in down in that area my excitement over my enforced clothing change would become all too obvious, despite any denials to that effect.

Marge included a note written in a very affectionate tone, telling me how much she had enjoyed dressing me and how much she enjoyed being apparently the first woman to put me into girl's clothing and to watch me learn of my delight in wearing them and that my secret was safe with her. The figure enhancing items would not be listed as such on the invoice presented to my boss, who was paying for all of this, but the cost of those items would be included with the lingerie so that my boss would not have any idea that such mind revealing items had been supplied or that she had paid for them.

Additionally, Marge had made me a gift of two items, the use of which I should find out once I had positioned them properly upon my bed and from which in her note she promised I would obtain much relief under the circumstance of my bondage to woman's underwear. A situation which was apparently a situation with which she had some familiarity as part of her business was based upon serving that type of clientele, which if her treatment of me was any indication, she certainly enjoyed serving. As I sort of imagined what at least one of the gifts was for my breath shortened and my mouth started to become rather dry. I was so ready and willing and really ready to explode.

One of the items was a large red satin covered pillow in the shape of giant lips. The other was a pillowcase made of the same material, as were my slips. I followed the instructions. I placed the pillowcase over my pillow and replaced my pillow on my bed and then placed the giant red satin lip pillow she had provided at the center of my bed, the long way. I then laid face down on my bed with my face on my slip-covered pillow and my hips buried into the red satin lips of the new satin pillow.

I was in instant heaven. The feeling of on my flattened engorged manhood resting in the red satin indentation of the red satin pillow lips was simply delightful and the feel of the slip against my face and the smell of the material were intoxicating. I wanted to get up and go to the shower to do my thing but could not get myself to leave the bed. I started to rotate my hips into the red satin pillow and grabbed my own pillow with both hands and pushed my face into it. It was delightful.

Perhaps not as good as a woman, but for me I had found the next best thing, and something that would always be available.

I must have played with myself for twenty minutes in that fashion with all sorts of wild fantasies surrounding cross-dressing uncontrollably going through my head, when I finally realized for whatever reason, perhaps the pressure of the girdle on my manhood, that release was not going to be an easy affair. I could have continued in this fashion for the rest of the evening, it was absolute bliss, but I was expected for dinner. Also I started to worry about the volume that was pent up inside of me, and what the release of all that fluid into my girdle while I was laying on my bed might soil. So theorizing it had to be the pressure and padding of the girdle that was preventing me from climaxing and that in any case I had to protect the sheets and the mattress, I was able to force myself to stop, for the moment anyway.

I got up and stripped down a bit. I took off my pants slip. I released my garters from my stockings. Not an easy accomplishment for a first timer. Then I rolled up my corselet to gain access to my waist cincher and girdle and with some difficulty removed them both, one at a time. I had balls and a penis again and they were absolutely engorged and most painful, but the feel of my panties against me, as I had left that garment on, was wonderful. But I really had to empty them or die.

Since I had removed the support garments the pain from my lower back had grown tremendously and I well knew the epicenter of that pain was the engorgement between my legs. My first thought was to retire to the shower, to do what had to be done; but then I thought of my red satin pillow, my love pillow, and the feel of my nylon covered body against it and came up with a different method to reach my climax. One that would serve me again and again throughout my transformation.

I placed a condom over my engorged penis and covered it with my panties and then stepped back into my pants slip. Holding my peignoir down so that it would not ride up I got back into bed into my former position. This time I really felt the pressure of the red satin-lip pillow against my manhood, unencumbered by the padding of a padded girdle, which I had removed. Between the feel of the slip on my face and the smell of the slip and then the feel of my hips and manhood sliding against the satin of the other pillow through the silk of my peignoir and the nylon of my panties and pants slip was pure ecstasy. I came almost immediately with a tremendous orgasm of pleasure and then continued for a bit to make sure I was totally emptied out.

There was a tremendous feeling of relief and my only desire was to stay exactly where I was and go to sleep. I was just so relaxed and

comfortable. That lasted a short time and then I felt tremendously guilty about the whole thing, all the events of the day, letting myself be dressed in woman's lingerie and letting myself enjoy it so and ending it the way I did. I just had to get the clothes off and I did, and after disposing of the evidence, the rubber suit and its contents I headed for the shower. I had no time for a bath as Mrs. L. had suggested and wasn't in the mood. I let the hot water run over me and it only took about ten minutes for the feelings of guilt to start to dissipate. By the time I was cleaned up and relaxed I had a deep desire to put my panties back on and felt absolutely no guilt over that feeling.

All of a sudden I felt the desire to wear my peignoir and the undergarments appropriate to that lady's outfit down to dinner with Mrs. L. I felt the desire was crazy, but it was overwhelming. I started getting hard again just thinking about it. I didn't know how she would take it. She had seemed to have fun with me exposed in my feminine finery when she knew I had been forced to wear it and then obviously enjoyed putting the peignoir on me, but how would she take it if I voluntarily returned so dressed. Then I thought let me pretend I just want to be her Archie, that I am doing it to make her day, and if she gives the slightest indication that she is uncomfortable I will just change and forget about the whole idea.

While I was debating with myself the telephone rang which solved the whole thing. It was Mrs. L. "Robin, I heard the shower emptying and I will have dinner ready to serve in a minute. I was curious if you were going to dress for dinner?"

"Dress," I repeated in a questioning tone. So she told me, "Yes dear, dress. You know in your peignoir. Because, if that is your plan I have a pair of slippers that I could lend you that go with that outfit. I didn't see any slipper boxes with the delivery and I am sure you would not have an appropriate pair."

"Well I hadn't planned to," was my lying reply, as I could not admit to Mrs. L. that such a thought had crossed my mind. But not wanting to close that door on that I continued, "But if you think it is appropriate it might be fun to wear some of that stuff without that awful waist cincher. I might want to give it a try if you don't make too much fun of me."

Mrs. L. was surprisingly very cooperative with the idea. "Oh, I would love you to be my Archie for the rest of the evening, though I will continue to call you Robin. I am not expecting to get such an opportunity again. It is sort of a girlhood fantasy come true."

"Anything to make you happy," was my happy reply.

And so I dressed for dinner. I put on a fresh pair of panties and then another of the special girdles in order to cover my already hardening manhood. I thought after that tremendous release earlier that I would not be able to get hard again, but I was much mistaken. The panties, apparently, were still a turn on. I covered the girdle, in order to hide any indication of my problem with the panties from the peignoir set, a heavy satin pair just covered with satin flounces.

Next I slipped the pink silk nightgown over my head and let it fall into place. It was delightful. But all of a sudden I wanted a pair of stockings to wear so to feel the skirt of nightgown against my nylon covered legs and I sort of missed the support of the corselet and how it made me feel after having worn it for only a day. So off came the nightgown and on came the corselet. I wiggled into it, pulled it down into position, and hooked the front closed and then zippered it shut. Then I ran the garters through my flounced panties but over the girdle as to try to cover up the fact I was wearing one under the circumstances.

I did not want to reveal to Mrs. L. my infatuation with the lingerie I was wearing. I had some difficulty hooking the stockings to the garters but did the best I could. Then I got back into my nightgown and then the peignoir. I couldn't help but look at myself in the mirror. There I was all dressed in pink, voluntarily and vulnerably wearing lady's underwear.

As I looked at myself in the mirror I was definitely turned on by what I saw, but thought, what a fairy. But once again I didn't much care. I was afraid of where all this might lead, but just could not help myself against this overwhelming compulsion. But I did make myself a promise. If Mrs. L. laughed when I made my appearance, it was all over. That is as far as traipsing around her part of the house in my feminine finery. I did not think I would be able to stop dressing in private. In any case I truly wished that Mrs. L. would not make fun of me, as I really felt I was going to need someone to talk to about this problem, as delightful as I was finding it, it was still at that time a problem.

Then the telephone rang again and it was Mrs. L. "Dinner is really ready dear. Are you dressed yet or is there a problem?" She asked. I told her I was a bit uncomfortable coming down there all dressed in woman's things. I couldn't even bring myself to say clothes or more embarrassing yet, lady's lingerie. But she told me in the sweetest voice, "Come on down dear, no need to be shy about this, after all it is basically a favor to me. I have always wanted to see a boy in a peignoir and I promise not to lock you outside. Please," she supplicated. So I told her, I'm coming down. But if you laugh...." And I sort of left it there and proceeded downstairs.

I felt like a debutante and I guess to a degree it was my coming out party. I couldn't claim that I had been forced to wear this girly stuff this time around. I definitely put it on voluntarily, albeit a favor to my landlady.

Mrs. L. true to her word did not laugh though she did have a big smile on her face, but one of pleasure not ridicule, as I made my entrance and walked down the stairs from my apartment to her home. I didn't realize until it was too late that from her angle at the bottom of the stairs and with me in a relatively short and widely cut flared nightgown that she was able to look under the skirt of my nightgown and see my garters and panties and realized that I had voluntarily worn the gartered stockings, corselet and perhaps worse of all the flounced panties that came with the peignoir set, perhaps the most feminine of all those three womanly garments, and that made me blush and thereby even appear more girlish.

She held her hands up at about chest level and applauded as I came down the stairs. When I got to the bottom she gave me a big hug, throwing her arms around my waist and giving me a peck on the cheek and feeling my corselet beneath my nightgown as she sort of ran her hands over my slightly feminine waist line.

"Oh, thank you Archie, oh I mean Robin. But she sort of stayed in character by telling me, "Now not to worry. As soon as your clothes are dry we'll have you out of this outfit and back into pants. But for now let's have dinner. It's set up in the kitchen. You go first I have to check something out. Oh but before you do, put these slippers on, the floor in there is cold and in any case we don't need you ruining those stockings." With that she reached for and handed me a pair of satin slippers or mules with about two-inch heels.

Then she sort of stepped out of character and told me. "These were my daughters. You guys are pretty much the same size. I bought them for her and she would never wear them, she was such a tomboy. I wish you would. I exclaimed, "But high heels. I don't think that I can walk in high heels" She told me, "I'm sure you can. I have a delicious dinner waiting for you, if you can make it into the kitchen in these, and a very good wine also. Just slip the slippers on and put one foot in front of the other and keep your stride short and you will do just fine. I promise."

So I did exactly as she asked. I felt a bit strange wearing footwear with my heels two inches off the ground. It readjusted the angle of my butt and sort of compressed my leg muscles. But neither effect was that uncomfortable, just strange, and the feel of the satin lining against my nylon covered feet was another pleasurable sensation in a day

filled with such pleasurable sensations and so I just went with it so to speak. I placed one foot in front of the other and after a shaky start; it was my first time in high heels, made my way into the kitchen with Mrs. L. following. I felt my hips swaying as I walked and that made me feel even more like a girl, if that were possible.

When I got into the kitchen the smell of dinner made everything worthwhile. Also I spotted the bottle of wine and it was one of my favorites. Mrs. L. told me, “Now don’t sit down yet, dear. Let me pour you a glass of wine and let’s have a toast.” So we did that and Mrs. L. proposed, “To new experiences and an open mind.” So I repeated that happily and following her lead finished off my glass of wine. It went straight to my head as I realized I hadn’t had lunch and was eating dinner rather late. I immediately got a bit giddy and care free, which left me open for the rest of the things that were to occur that evening, which were to help keep me in lingerie and worse.

“Before you do sit down Robin, let me straighten the seams on those stocking of yours. It probably doesn’t bother you... being a boy that is. But crooked seams drive us girls crazy.”

“Seams...” I questioned.

“Why yes dear. I guess you didn’t even notice. The fresh nylons you put on have seams. Very old fashioned. And you did not get them on straight. So stay right where you are so I can fix them.” So before I could offer any response Mrs. L. had gotten down on a knee and was in the process of releasing my garters from my stocking so that she could rearrange the seams. Once freed, she rolled the stocking down and then back up, apparently straightening out the seam in the process, one stocking and then the other.

It felt really strange to have her hand up under my skirts and working around my thighs. I don’t think I could have allowed it without that drink. The worst of it or perhaps the best, depending on how one looks at it, was when she stretched out the each nylon to full length just before replacing the garters, by running her cupped hands up my nylon covered legs. The feeling was sensationally erotic and I stiffened considerably and a palpable shiver ran up my spine, which Mrs. L. could not help but notice. Thank goodness I had thought to wear the panty girdle or my soldier would have been tenting my panties at attention and that would have been a definite give away.

When she finished she arose with a smile on her face and we both knew that she had been teasing me, though I think both of us were a bit surprised at my reactions. She must have seen or felt that shiver of apparent delight or excitement and me at both of my reactions. I broke

the silence. “I don’t know if I should thank you for your assistance or run to my room crying from embarrassment.”

Again she smiled nicely, keeping everything on a pleasant level that kept me from running away and probably in tears. “Sit down dear and let me pour you another glass of wine. I apologize for what just happened.”

And so I sat down and she apologized again and then she continued. “I really did feel the need to straighten your stockings dear. You just look so girlish, especially from the back as I was following you with your hips swaying so femininely that I couldn’t help myself. I didn’t feel I was touching a boy at all. It wasn’t until you shivered that I realized the new sensations I was sending up your body. That is having a woman’s hands traveling up your nylon covered legs and thighs so near your, well you know. Even if it is an older woman and a friend I guess one can forget that when introduced to such new sensations. I will try to remember you are Archie, a boy in a peignoir and not a girl. I just sort of lost it, seeing you all dressed up like a girl and moving like a girl and wearing my daughter’s shoes. I forgot that you were kind enough to be my Archie and began thinking of you as a girl, my daughter in fact. You have to forgive me. It’s just I really did not expect that you would be wearing foundation garments and nylons and such girlish panties under the peignoir. You see the real Archie only wore Veronica’s robe and had on his own male underwear. I thought you knew that and that is how you were going to appear despite by joking with you. I didn’t think that you would really be dressed as a girl from the skin out, if you know the expression. Please forgive me if I have added to your embarrassment. I certainly don’t want to mirror your boss.”

Now how was I to get out of the fact that I was dressed in girl’s clothing from the skin out and in some very feminine girl’s clothing at that and that I had put those clothes on voluntarily without my boss around. “I’m a bit confused,” I told her. I thought this was the Archie outfit. I’ll go up and change into something more appropriate. I didn’t mean to embarrass you or myself for that matter.”

“Oh no”, Mrs. L. told me. “I’m not at all embarrassed and neither should you. After all we really are old friends and shouldn’t have any secrets. If your boss is going to keep you in lingerie for a while there isn’t any reason for you to be embarrassed in it around me, even if we did go a bit to the extreme here. After all you really did it with the sweetest intentions. And if you go to change now, dinner will be ruined. I find your choice of undergarments to go with the peignoir most appropriate. I was off base about it, not you. I just have trouble remembering you are a boy, when you are all in girl things. That’s all.

You just look so pretty for a boy. Now, let's have a nice dinner and talk about your situation at work. And I won't take no for an answer. In fact any back talk and I'll have you in a dress! You'll feel even sillier."

Well that ended that conversation and any retreat to male garments on my part, at least for that evening. And again I embarrassingly found myself a bit turned on even more by the talk of putting me in a dress. Mrs. L. served the salad and after that I stayed there dressed as I was. As I sat down Mrs. L explained that I had to hold the skirt of my gown down against my thighs or legs to prevent it from bunching up under me as I sat, and that I should try to sit with my legs together as I was in effect wearing a short skirt and should not be revealing my panties, which was just not appropriate or polite. So I sat down as instructed, which seemed to please Mrs. L. and started in on my salad, which was surprisingly large.

We talked about my day and I had to fib and tell her I found the whole thing a bit depressing and that I was terrified that some fellow employee would discover my new secret and I lied further and told her that I had really only agreed to dress for her, Mrs. L. as to ease myself into my situation with a woman friend in order to help me deal with my fear that my fellow employees would find out about the type of girl's underclothes I was wearing under my male suit. I just couldn't admit that I found the whole affair erotically stimulating and that I had always been erotically attracted to lady's underwear and found myself even more so now that I had been forced to wear it.

Now I don't think that I would have ever just on my own bought woman's clothes in my size and worn them, but being force to do so did not depress me, thought I truly did find myself somewhat frightened about being discovered wearing those garments.

She suggested that under the circumstances I might think about leaving my job and that she would make allowances for the rent if that became a problem. I thanked her but explained that I just couldn't leave and would just have to deal with the depression and fear caused by my self-inflicted predicament. I was only afraid that I would be immobilized by my fear and mild depression and lose my job after having proved myself a liar about my liberal ideas about male female equality and on top of that get black balled by a vindictive boss.

Mrs. L told me, "That's really not a problem. Modern science can deal with mild freight and depression under these circumstances. We woman often suffer from those problems, especially at that time of month. I have some pills I can share with you. I want you to take one now and let's see if it doesn't take the edge off those emotions. If you really are serious about continuing in this masquerade you'll need an

antidepressant and probably an appetite suppressant on top of that.” I tried to turn down the medicine but Mrs. L. was insistent and got up and took pills from two prescription vials and forced them on me until I finally swallow down both pills with my wine. I didn’t quite get the reason for the appetite suppressant but that was explained shortly.

Conversation continued and we continued with our salads. Then at some point I stopped eating my salad and indicated I had enough of what I considered to have been the appetizer.

At that point Mrs. L explained my new diet and the need for the appetite suppressant she had force upon me along with the antidepressant, if I were to continue with my masquerade and the wearing the waist cincher. “Robin, since you started work your waist size has steadily increased, as has your appetite. Not that you eat with me that often but it has been enough for me to see that change over time. You cannot wear a waist cincher that takes four to six inches off your waist every day for ten to twelve hours and continue to eat the way you do. You won’t be able to breath and the pressure on your back that you find a bit of a relief for your backache will increase until the cure becomes more painful than the disease. If you are going to wear that sort of girl’s support garments you are just going to have to start eating like a girl. Now if your boss gives you a break on this and you can drop the waist cincher or at least get her to allow you a more sensibly sized one, then I will let up on my insistence here. But I won’t see you hurting yourself over this. Even worse, you could faint and be taken to a hospital and undressed! Just think of how embarrassing that would be!”

That last possibility terrified me. As much as I was finding my new lingerie a turn on, and found pleasure being so exposed in front of Mrs. L., a woman with whom I had a trusting relationship, the thought of exposure in public terrified me. If she had meant to scare me she did and I was ready to do as I was told. So I told her, “I can’t bear the thought of public exposure on this. I will do whatever you suggest.”

“Well then finish your salad. You’ll need the feel of bulk it imparts until your stomach shrinks a bit. You’ll continue with the appetite depressants and the antidepressants just in case. You can have my old pills. I don’t use them any more. If things continue in this vein I can always ask my doctor to restart me. I don’t have to tell her that they are for you. Also, starting tonight we’ll practice eating slowly, taking a mouth full of food, putting your fork down, putting your hands in your lap and chewing it slowly, so that you eat slowly and feel full before you wolf down more food than you really need. And I am going to clear your apartment out of food so you can’t cheat and from now on, until this thing clears up, you will have your meals with me. Though,

don't worry dear, you can wear pants. But I insist that you, at least until things are under control, must wear your support garments so you will learn control while eating, as do we girls who wear girdles and such. So fearing discovery I started my drug regime and diet, and ate my main course, which was delicious, though rather small, very slowly as instructed. One bonus was that I did enjoy having my hands in my lap resting against the silkiness of my peignoir, as I chewed my food, however a feminine pose that it might be.

After dinner I offered to help with the dishes and surprisingly Mrs. L. accepted. She had never before done so. She strapped one of her aprons around me telling me, "Now we don't want you to get that lovely peignoir soiled now do we? That made me feel oh so feminine and vulnerable, to have an apron strapped around me without a protest on my part. And then she explained, "If you are going to be a regular dining companion, you are going to have to pull your weight around here, so I guess you better get used to helping around the kitchen and now is as good a time as any to start." Washing dishes, standing there in front of the sink in high heel slippers was a bit tiring on the feet. I learned from firsthand experience why girls were always kicking off those high-heeled shoes. But I pitched in without complaint and finished up without any complaint.

After that we watched some television together. Mrs. L. would remind me to sit up straight and keep my legs together. She explained it was a habit I would have to acquire if I was to continue wearing that tight waist cincher or I would exacerbate my back problems. I didn't quite understand the relation, but by then I think the medications had kicked in and I was pretty mellow and just did as I was told without any objection.

It was still relatively early when Mrs. L. told me it was getting late and that I would need my beauty sleep if I were to continue in girl's lingerie. So she sent me upstairs to my apartment and wished me a pleasant sleep. She also told me to consider what I was getting myself into and that these things have a way of getting out of one's control and perhaps it would be best for me to stop it while I still could. However, whatever my decision she would support it and help me as best she could.

So I went upstairs. Then with the appropriate protection against soiling my lovelies, I once again made love to my pillows while fully dressed and I knew that I had already lost control of the situation. But upon culminating my lovemaking I had sworn off girl lingerie forever. However, by the time I awoke I found that I could not walk away from the situation that easily.

## Chapter 7: Back to work – still in lingerie – and changes occur to keep me so

I dressed for work with my feminine things hidden underneath my suit. The evening before after taking my pleasure I had sworn off those lovely things and had sworn I would confront my boss and be fired if necessary. But upon awakening I was once again taken by my mad desire to wear those sumptuous coverings.

I did my toilet and shaved very closed, eliminating any visible stubble, of which I typically had few anyway. I felt a bit of nausea but assumed it was from the stress of my situation and ignored it as best I could. Then I slipped into my panties and my heart raced as I did. I couldn't help myself and I slowly put on every feminine article of underwear I had worn home from work the previous day. The inner panties, then the girdle, the covering panties, waist cincher, corselet and nylons, camisole and pants slip. They just felt so delightful I could hardly contain myself. Then and only then I put on my regular clothes.

The only difference from the day before was I had added a pair of suspenders, men's suspenders, to hold my pants at a decent level. By then the telephone rang and it was my landlady to remind me to have breakfast with her. I was quite hungry, after last night's small dinner and knew it was best to do as I was told or I would most likely make a pig of myself and be uncomfortable for the rest of the day.

Once downstairs Mrs. L almost seemed a bit disappointed to see me in my suit. She asked me, "Are you wearing your new dainties under your business suit?" And then pausing for a second and not really letting me answer, she continued. "Or have you given up on the masquerade, finding the waist cincher and garters too difficult to deal with?"

I told her, "Absolutely not, much to my shame I haven't gotten an article of male clothing on and under my suit and I'm cinched as tight as I was yesterday. It's just that I am wearing suspenders to hold my pants at a decent level or you could tell I was still cinched by the way my pants would hang."

She almost seemed relieved to hear I was continuing in feminine lingerie. She smiled and offered me breakfast, a low caloric one, of juice, coffee, and cereal with 1% milk. And of course she made sure I took my medicine and added to that some vitamins, again ones she had gotten on prescription.

I told her I had felt a bit sick on awakening and asked if the medicine could have caused it. "It may have dear," she told me. "But what choice did you have? Let's give it a week or two and see what

happens. Perhaps your boss will relent and get you a more reasonably sized waist cincher or you will just get used to it, or perhaps you will even quit your job and put an end to all this silliness. Though I am not so sure I would like that. We did have a bit of fun last night, didn't we?"

I could only answer, "I suppose we did at that." While thinking to myself, if not fun it had at least been a tremendous turn on for me, having dinner with my landlady while exposed in woman's nightclothes. I couldn't explain exactly why, but explainable or not the evening had been quite a turn on.

So I took public transportation to work. I was a bit nervous about being discovered in woman's underwear, however, the trip was uneventful. Even if someone guessed about my undergarments, people at that time of day are on their way to work, and they have their own problems, and why bother with me. It wasn't as if I was walking around somewhere I did not fit in or belong and flaunting myself as to make myself a target for trouble.

At work I just did my job and no one alluded to anything strange or different about me. As long as I did not think about it I just felt sort of dreamy and comfortable in my nylon and spandex. However, if the pull of nylon on a garter or the slide of nylon against nylon caught my attention I would immediately get hard. I was sort of glad Marge had supplied me with my special girdle.

About lunchtime the boss came by to check up on me. "I was glad to see that you made it in on time today. I imagine that the garments I got for you must have done some good, if you are getting in on time. Now Robin, forgive me for being so inquisitive, but the pretties I bought you for your back did cost me a pretty penny, no pun intended. Are you wearing them"?

I gave her a smile and stood up and held the back of my suite jacket so it hugged my figure showing off my feminine waist and hips. Then I told her, "From the skin out, Mrs. Porter...from the skin out."

She seemed happy and continued. "Well as long as it gets you in on time I will consider it money well spent." I agreed with her, but told her that the cincher was a bit tight. She told me that she would discuss it with Marge and get back to me. However, the tightness might be due to my back problem and I might just have to get used to it. "Not to worry dear. I'll have my doctor prescribe something for you, if Marge doesn't think a less restrictive garment will do."

I kept the job and kept working and kept dressing and the less restrictive waist cincher never did come in. I guess Marge did not

recommend one. The painkillers did arrive and I used them. However, by the end of number of weeks I didn't need a less restrictive waist cincher, if anything I needed a more restrictive one. It was a good thing I did not really have such bad back pain or I would have had to return to Marge for another fitting.

A number of strange things had happened to me, side effects of the medications I had been taking and girl's support garments I had been wearing or so Mrs. L. explained. She told that to me a number of times, when I had complained about the apparent changes, to stop with the girl's underwear and then I could stop the medications and together that should stop the changes. "That's what comes from wearing woman's clothing... figure training garments and dieting," Mrs. L explained. "Stop and your changes should stop. Continue and things might get worse."

But I couldn't stop I loved my feminine finery so. I tried and tried but could not give up wearing those sensuous garments. It was just like a dream come true. As much as I tried, every evening after my love pillowing, to stop, by the time I was out of the shower I was happily dressed in panties and a nightgown and unable to resist the desire to dress in those silky girl's things with which I had been supplied. Also my mind set had been changing. I was losing what little aggressiveness I had and was just interested in going with the flow so to speak, both in terms of the clothes I was wearing and in terms of following directions both a work and at home.

I tried stopping the medications but I guess I had become addicted to them and became very uncomfortable when I tried stopping them, the antidepressant more than the diet pill, and then Mrs. L told me she had been told it was quit dangerous to stop the antidepressants short of a full therapy, which was about three months. She told me that and also that the changes caused by those pills could be reversed by others and not to worry if I couldn't stop taking them. Meanwhile she had them out for me every morning with breakfast. And then the changes seemed to accelerate after I started with the painkillers Mrs. Porter had supplied. Eventually I was able to stop with the appetite suppressants and the painkillers, as my figure had changed so that the cincher was no longer a problem. However I stayed on the antidepressants and I continued to change physically.

So about a month or so into wearing my woman's lingerie and support garments the clothing actually fit me, my figure had changed so, but I was having problems with the fit of my suit. I had actually developed a moderate feminine waistline, hips and butt. As my new waistline had developed and shrunk in size, my hips and butt had expanded. My old waist line was gone, and that new waist, with the aid of the cincher,

was a good six inches smaller than my old male one and my hips and butt had spread as to make my trousers fit tightly in those areas.

What was worse, my chest tissue that mounded up in and by the fit of my bra was not “unmounding” when I took the bra off. But part of it



was staying formed to give me small breasts, which were increasing in size, reminiscent of a young girl's budding breasts and strangely enough my nipples had thickened a bit and were becoming sensitive. When I discussed the phenomenon with Mrs. L. in an off handed way, not telling her how really bad it had gotten, she again told me it was probably due to the irritation of the bra and that I should stop wearing those garments, but I couldn't bring myself to stop.

I didn't tell Mrs. L. everything. I was too afraid. And I hid some of the changes by wearing my pants rather low and others by always wearing my suit jacket. I also didn't tell her that for some reason I did not seem to be so bothered by these changes, which I am sure a mere month ago would have caused me to run, not walk, but run to the doctor. But I had to discuss these problems with someone and Mrs. L. was the only one I could confide in.

Obviously she could see the surface of some of the problems and I gave her a hint about others. Mrs. L. explained that was what figure training garments were all about, that is why they were called figure training, and I had best stop. But I couldn't. Not just then. I just could not get myself to stop wearing the girl's lingerie under my suit. I used the excuse of having to hold on to my job with Mrs. L., but the problem was when I got up in the morning I just felt better putting on my lingerie than my old male underwear.

And there were other things. The texture of my skin had changed, much softer than before and the hair on my head was thickening, while my strength seemed to be thinning along with some loss of muscle mass, and even my voice was changing a bit, to a softer pitch. Mrs. L. explained that was a mixture of drug side effects, as one apparently had some anti androgen side effect and my new feminine diet. Again she cautioned me to stop my masquerade, but I could not bring myself to do so. Each evening when discussing my changes with her she would warn me and I would promise to try and then each morning I would show up with my feminine undergarments on under my suite and take my medications and eat my sliming breakfast, giving the excuse that I could not afford to lose the job, but knowing full well that every morning I could not stop myself from putting on my female lingerie and that the job was just an excuse for wearing the delightful female undergarments.

END OF BOOK 1