

SHE MADE HIM HER  
**SHE MALE  
SECRETARY**



**3**

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**GEMINI**



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# SHE MADE HIM HER SHEMALE SECRETARY Book 3:

by Janice Wildflower Gemini

## Chapter 15: Estelle Walks off with Robin's Male Clothes

Back at my apartment I found that I was all nerves from my adventure at the mall. So Estelle took over. She emptied the suitcase on my bed and started putting things away in my closet and drawers, and grabbing a couple of my things, which she would hold up in front of herself, to apparently take in exchange, as she had threatened or promised she would do. When I objected and I seemed a bit distraught at losing part of what little male clothing I had she got very sympathetic and took me by my hands and sat me down on the bed and had a talk with me about my situation.

“Don't worry dear, this is just until you physically return to normal and we can get you a new job. Once you can fit your male clothes and actually need them back I will be more than happy to exchange everything back with you. But for the time being, you don't even fit these clothes properly and as you will be masquerading as a girl, at least at work, you probably would be better off without them and all the changing back and forth between female attire that fits your figure and male attire that does not fit you any longer. I'm sure that psychologically you would be better off sticking with your female clothing all the time, even at home, as long as the boss has you in this position. You know you are bound to give yourself away with all this changing back and forth. If you are stuck with this girlish figure for a while and the boss has you presenting yourself as a girl at work, and you seem so natural at it, you'd be silly to force yourself to try to act like a boy in the privacy of your own home. It is very hard to go back and forth and you should stick with the more difficult one for you for the time being. Why don't I start a bath for you and you can have a good soak to relax. I got you some lovely and very expensive bubble bath with bath salts courtesy of the boss's account and a good soak should do you good and you can think about the situation. I know it always does work for me. Meanwhile I could explain the whole thing

to your landlady so if she sees you as your girl self she won't freak and have you evicted as a low-life."

I was about to object on just impulse not even realizing it was an obvious ploy to get me out of the room when she continued, "And why would you worry about losing some male clothing items that probably no longer fit you well when there doesn't even seem to have any male underwear here, at least I haven't seen any male underwear here."

The change in subject, which put me on the defensive, had its calculated affect. I mumbled to her that they were all with my landlady, which was in effect the truth, and then realizing how that sounded told her "err, she does my wash on occasion." But after that I was putty in her hands not wanting her to bring up again the obvious absence of male underwear in my apartment and allowed her to start my bath and show me how to use the bath salts with bubble bath she had purchased for me.

So Estelle grabbed the package with my new toiletries and brought it and me into my bathroom and showed me how to draw a sudsy relaxing bubbly bath and had me in my underwear over my objections which were to no avail. She would have had me completely undressed if I had not agreed and had her leave so I could remove the rest of my clothing in privacy as not to reveal my more radical figure changes and slip into the bathtub in privacy.

She was right. The bath felt delightful and totally relaxing. I found out what I had been missing in that regard. When she heard me plop in she returned and gathered my discarded clothes. As she came in I got down deeper into the bath so that the bubbles would cover me and my new additions. "Now doesn't that feel comfortable and relaxing as can be? And I'll just leave you in there to enjoy it and put these on your bed," she told me, "So they don't get wet." And thus she kept me out of her way while she rummaged through my things. To get out of the bath I would have had to wrap myself in a towel from my budding breasts down, just like a girl would, or reveal that which I wanted kept a secret, and being a boy, I had no towels long enough for that. Not at that time anyway.

As I bathed she kept talking and going through my closets and drawers. She was quite happy with me in my situation and thought it a lark and told me that I should take it that way also. "After all," she told me, "it's not like you have to be a girl forever. Not too many boys get such a chance. You know, to see how the other half-lives. And it should do you some good. After all, how long can these effects last? And, oh my, it seems as if you are doing this already and don't need my advice." And with that she walked into the bathroom, while I was

still enjoying my warm bubble bath, holding up the satin sailor dress along with the support bra that I had gotten to try on and model for Marge. Estelle had found the bra in a drawer, and left it there until she found the dress hanging in my closet, along with a number of other outfits that Marge had sent over and that Mrs. L. had put away for me, but more on that later.

Anyway, she came into the bathroom holding them and told me, "Here I am trying to convince you to expand your gender horizons as long as you are stuck in this situation and you aren't saying a thing when you have already been wearing push up bras and satin dresses and from the contents of your drawers, satin lingerie also, though all of it appears fairly new. You're just so secretive and I bet having a good laugh at my expense. I'll just have to teach you a lesson, now won't I, or I'll never hear the end of this at work."

I tried to explain to her that I had just gotten those things from Marge and that they had been forced on me, but she wouldn't have it. Pointing to specific clothing she told me, "You've worn this cute sailor dress and this push up bra, now haven't you? One can't wear a satin outfit like this one without the creases showing. And I just recall, when we purchased the shoes, your feet were hair free and now seeing you get ready for your bath I now recall that your legs were also hair free, a bit to hair free for a guy, not to have been shaved. It didn't strike me at the time, but it makes sense now, for if you were wearing pants all the time there would be no need for you to have shaved your legs, now would there?"

I didn't want to get into my aversion training with Estelle, so I skipped over the shaved legs and just told her, "I just got that one dress and support bra from Marge today, and she forced it on me. It wasn't my idea. You walked me over there."

But Estelle replied, "I didn't see you come out of the Corset Shop with any packages and besides you've got a lot of expensive lingerie here, as well as a number of cute dresses and costumes and all for a feminine girl..." and she paused and then told me, with a little giggle, "or feminine boy. Your drawers are just full of push up bras of every kind and expensive satin lingerie, pants slips and regular slips. Why did you need the regular slips if you are wearing trousers all the time? And there are a number of satin and nylon dresses in your closet along with some interesting costumes, like a very expensive maid's outfit in the finest back satin, a cute can-can girl outfit in lovely blue satin and a schoolgirl outfit for a little girl. And finally you have high heel shoes that have obviously been worn and there is the peignoir set on the back of the closet door, which has also obviously been worn on a number of occasions. No you have been exploring your

feminine side and just won't confide in me. But I'll fix that. I really want us to be just like girlfriends until you decide where you are going with all this."



With that she went to my medicine cabinet and opening it found my Lady Schick razor. She handed it to me with the shaving gel and sort of whispered to me, like we were sharing a secret, "Now no need to be ashamed of anything with me. I am going to help you all I can in exploring your feminine side. I really enjoy working with you as our receptionist and as long as you are stuck this way for a while you might as well find out as much as you can about the girlish life and I am more than happy to help you do so. That is as long as I can have

you at work like this, and whatever will make you happy like this works for me. No need to hide anything. I would have told you myself that as long as you are in part of the way why not go the entire way, that is as long as you are stuck like this and it is not of your own making and Mrs. Porter is fitting the bill.”

She let that sink in again. And then she continued, “You take this,” she told me handing me my lady’s razor and scented shaving gel, “because after a bubble bath is the best time to shave ones legs. And you should keep those legs shaved as to enjoy the feel of your nylons and satiny attire all the better. It can be our little secret. No one else at work has to know that you may be enjoying part of this situation.”

Estelle was just so pleased to have such a pleasant fellow, me; or for that matter, such a pleasant young lady, also me as it were, to work with, rather than the regular receptionist who was a bit nasty and only kept the job because she was a relative of the boss. I was sort of getting into the gossip and feeling relaxed in by bubble and salt bath when Estelle apparently finished. She told me, “I am all done in here dear and will be leaving shortly. I’ll make a stop with the landlady and fill her in on your situation so she doesn’t get the wrong idea. I’ll be back tomorrow to pick you up; so don’t worry about public transportation, though before the boss finishes with you, I don’t think that will present much of a problem.”

I let her go, thanking her for her concern and help, as it was apparent that any explanation without me first getting a look at what had been added to my collection of lingerie and female clothing just might be a waste of time and as by that point the bath had done its work and I was relaxed enough not to really care.

Then I got out and tamped myself dry as my skin had softened considerably and Mrs. L. had explained to me under the circumstance that was the way to dry myself, like a girl. I skipped shaving my legs; I did not have the time. I really wanted to find out what Estelle had found in my bedroom and what male clothes she had left with me.

Once in my bedroom I put on my boy-girl panties and fought the desire to pillow and went to retrieve one of the original girdles and bras that contained my changing figure. Strangely enough, though the new panty girdle I had taken off and Estelle had taken out of the bathroom was there on my bed, the bra which I had worn home was not, but in its place was the new bra which augmented my figure rather than controlled it, the one I had just gotten that day and that Estelle had found and shown me as evidence that I was experimenting with my wild side. I pulled my girdle into place and then without really thinking about it, I put the new bra on. After all at that

point I did need something to support me, until I could get an outfit together. Once again I enjoyed its satin caress, almost wishing I could wear it all the time. Little did I realize to be careful for what I wished as wishes sometimes do come true.

I then went to my closet to retrieve a male pair of trousers and likewise a guy shirt. Not that they fit me that well, but I felt as if that is what I should continue to wear. Well there wasn't any male clothing in my closet, let alone a shirt and pants for a guy. Estelle must have taken everything I had for my guy self. I was immediately hysterical, but knowing she was gone there was little I could do, and knowing how I was supposed to dress for work the next day, it did not matter that much. I would have to get my stuff back from Estelle the next day.

Meanwhile my closet only contained the female outfits that Estelle had supplied and a number of the outfits Estelle had described to me while I bathed, the substance of which had not really sunk in. Hanging in my closet among all the girlie stuff that Estelle had so kindly provided for me, were items, which could have only been sent over by Marge. How they got in my closet I would not find out until later. But the fact that they were there had obviously convinced Estelle that I was more than happy traipsing around in females clothing, despite any protestations and she had taken all my male clothing from my closet to keep me true to myself or at least my new self.

I had spent much time bathing and Mrs. L. would be expecting me for dinner. However, every article of my male clothing and the boy-girl clothing designed to hide my feminized figure was gone! Estelle had apparently emptied my closets and drawers of every article of male clothing that I had and all of the gender bending items used to mask my curves and to hold me in. All that was left was the female clothing with which she had supplied me and even more feminine items I had never seen before which must have been the things Marge had promised to send over.

I rushed to the window to see if Estelle had yet left and found her just leaving. There was nothing to do. It was too late to explain to her that the items she had discovered had just been acquired and not by request. I could not stop her.

I had no choice, I had to wear the new lingerie, which accented my figure, the new girdle that I had already put on and in addition that new bra that Estelle had bandied about which augmented rather than reduced my two new budding assets. I smoothed on a pair of nylon stockings, attaching each to the garters hanging from my new girdle. Over that I donned a pants slip and then a pair of the lady's pants with which Estelle had supplied me and a new satin camisole that I just

grabbed out of my lingerie draw, over which I put on the blouse which had also been Estelle's and finally a pair of new shoes that Estelle had just got for me, for other than that I only had high heels, and went downstairs to speak with Mrs. L. about this new aspect of my situation. A full review of my stock of clothing to confirm what Estelle had told me would just have to wait.

## Chapter 16: Ms. L Discovers That I Look Like a Girl

Once out of my apartment and onto the landing and on my way downstairs I calmed down a bit. Then I got a good look at myself in the mirror on the landing and it was a bit of a shock. I looked pretty much like a girl, just as I had appeared in the mirror at Marge's shop. Not a well-endowed one, but never the less, a girl and definitely not a male. My figure was girlish. The new bra added a cup size to my already embarrassingly emerged A+ breasts giving me a respectable B+ cup, and the new girdle, albeit for a boy-girl, did nothing to reign in my femininely expanded hips and butt, while the lady's pants and blouse I was wearing hugged my curvy figure showing off those assets as well as my much shrunken waist.

I was in shock and ready to duck back into my rooms and hide until I could figure out what, if anything, I could do, when Mrs. L. waiting for me at the bottom landing spotted me and at once discovered I really had no choice but to continue down the stairs. Though considering I had nothing different to wear, except worse, that is dresses or skirts and blouses, what would I have done anyway, now that I had worn woman's clothing and even some makeup in front of Mrs. L. as part of my so-called aversion training; but my figure had always been bound to hide the feminization so I never totally fit the picture I was presenting. This time everything was in sync and for the first time I truly appeared to be a girl. Even in front of Mrs. L. I found myself once again, and not for the last time, terribly embarrassed.

Mrs. L called out, "Robin, now don't be shy. Come on down and let me get more than a glimpse of the new you. Even from here you look sweet and even more femininely endowed than your girlfriend Estelle let on!"

And so down the stairs I came. Mrs. L. greeted me with a big smile, which said more than words could have ever conveyed. Her eyes were transfixed on my breasts and I learned firsthand how a girl feels when the guys start staring at them in that area and there is nothing to be done to mask it. That is before they get used to those stares.

She continued but eyes still on my breasts, “My, my, now don’t we look the lovely young budding girl! And all that looks like you! Why your entire figure seems to have changed overnight. Your hips and behind are so well shaped and apparently overnight and your breasts...oh my... also apparently since yesterday. When did you get to be so lovely... so endowed?”

I tried to answer her, to explain, but my emotions got away with me, for they had also become feminine. I was no longer a tough guy, not that I was ever, but I was no longer emotionally just a guy, but also emotionally on my way to a feminine attribute. Not a word came out, but despite myself tears started to well up in my eye and then I started to weep and once I had started I could not stop, despite my best effort.

Mrs. L. gave me a hug, which I found surprisingly comforting, another aspect of my cascading femininity. Then she handed me her handkerchief, a nice soft cotton one with lace around the borders and embroidered with flowers, for me to wipe my eyes.

With her arms around my shoulders she walked me into the kitchen and sat me down at the table, as I continued to weep. She told me, “Now, now dear. You have a good cry while I make you a nice hot toddy to calm your nerves and then you can explain all this to me. And don’t worry about a thing. That Estelle explained some of this and I understand this is not of your making. But I was really surprised with all the stuff you had gotten from the corset shop today.” With that I balled even more and Mrs. L. did not press the issue.

By the time she had gotten some of the hot toddy into me and the whisky had taken its affect I was calm enough to confide in her. There was really nothing else to do. I needed a confidant, someone to help me out of this situation and she had been helpful, or so I had thought, all along. After all she had been helping me to resist the effects of my current situation. I thought if not for Mrs. L. things could have even been worse.

I told her, “What you see here is my real figure without the benefit of the control garments I had been wearing to hold me in and without the benefit of my own clothes, my men’s clothes which also hid a lot of the changes. What you now see is with clothing that accents my figure, a push up bra that adds to and accents my breasts and a girdle that flattens ever thing that should be flattened and shapes everything that should be shaped and finally with the benefit of lady’s clothing cut to compliment and show off that revealed figure. And I have nothing else but these ladies’ clothing to wear. Estelle walked off with all my male clothing and any support garment tailored to hide these changes. I am

stuck like this and I have to show up for work like this tomorrow or most likely I will be out of a job. And when Mrs. Porter sees me like this I just don't know what to expect.”

Marge listened and then told me. “There is nothing to worry about dear. You look very nice and make a very convincing girl so there is no need to worry about being discovered. And you do seem comfortable enough as a girl. I mean, let's be honest, you must enjoy it to some extent or it never would have gone this far. But that aside, for the moment, think about it. This can't last forever. The hormones will wear off and you will be back to normal, flat chested and with a flat rump. Meanwhile, I understand the situation, and though I just may want to have some fun with it, you are safe with me and can stay here as long as need be. Your boss may be playing a game with you, but again, once the effect of the hormones are over, the game will end, and how long can that be.”

“Estelle, from what she told me, thinks this is a kick and is only having a bit of fun with you as she is more than happy having you around the way you are and is under the impression that you don't mind and may even be enjoying it. She has no other desire than to keep you this way at work to help her out and keep the boss's niece away, as long as you are in this condition. Estelle actually blames the whole thing on the boss and believes that Mrs. Porter is getting a kick out of having you report to work in girl's clothing and the more feminine the better. And besides which she told me that Mrs. Porter just wants to keep you around, period, and this whole thing started when she got wind of you interviewing for another job and then you walked into it when she caught you in front of the lingerie shop.

Unfortunately for you, Estelle thinks that as long as you are showing up like a girl, Mrs. Porter will be inclined to keep you around dressed like a girl, as she does seem to get a kick out of it, aside from wanting to just keep you around, and that will keep the niece out on sick pay and out of Estelle's way. So as long as you look like this, Estelle is going to want to keep you like this, and I don't think she will return your things. And again, she has some sort of idea that you like being a sort of girl or at least dressing like one, though she did stress that none of this was voluntary, and that it was she and Mrs. Porter that made you do most of this.”

Mrs. L. continued “Of course I did not let her in on my part in all of this and the aversion training and our little sessions of Archie and Veronica.”

At that point I interrupted, “Well she found Archie's peignoir set and my high heels and Lady Schick aversion training kits and that's what

partially sunk me, convinced her that I was at least partially into trying out a new gender role or at least going with the flow. And then there was all the lingerie in my drawers, and some dresses, actually costumes, she found hanging up in my closet.”

Mrs. L. interrupted, “That was my fault. I’m sorry. When all those packages from the lingerie shop arrived, I thought it was just more of the same, but I couldn’t control my curiosity. You know, just in case you had slipped, pardon the pun and the aversion therapy needed to be cranked up; I had to take a look. Then once I saw all of that lovely lingerie I lost it and as if you were my daughter I just had to put the things away for you. What is with all of that? It is the finest quality lingerie. I hope you aren’t stuck with the bill. You will never get out from under it. And those costumes are the cutest. But my, not for a guy, even for a masquerade they are girl’s only stuff.”

I explained, “It’s not me. I think it is part Mrs. Porter having fun with me at my expense and even more part Marge running up a big bill at Mrs. Porter’s expense. In any case I don’t have to pay for it and I would have just left it in the boxes. But now with Estelle walking off with my clothing I don’t have much of a choice. Besides she didn’t leave me a stitch of my male clothing and the only clothing I have are hers, that is what was hers, and I’ll need my new lingerie for that to fit so it is just as well that you put it away for me. I guess it is pants suits and blouses over my girl underwear and for that matter girl figure, for me for the time being, until I get my old body back or at least loose these curves.”

Then finally calmed down and the broad explanation of how I wound up even more of a girl out of the way, I went on to explain the nitty gritty of my day and how all this had all happened.

Mrs. L. was as always very comforting and finally told me in agreement, “Yes, I just think you will have to settle in as a girl for the time being. Fortunately for you, with all the aversion training you have submitted to you can actually act and pass as a girl if we just get you to do what we were training you not to want to do. And with a little electrolysis, which I can also help you with, you will look just fine.”

“Electrolysis...?!” I exclaimed. “Why would I need my hair permanently removed?”

Mrs. L answered, “Not all of your hair silly; just enough so you don’t have to shave your face and hands every day as close as it takes for a boy to pass as a girl, otherwise you will have the worst shaving rash that you could imagine. Besides you have never worn a mustache or beard that I can recall, so what would be the difference to you? And let me tell you this, you really don’t want stray hairs giving you away

so you have to worry about people staring at you. Now if I thought that this whole thing would be over in a jiffy or that your exposure would be limited to here and to your office I would not suggest such a procedure. It is just that you may be like this for months, though hopefully not, and who knows where your boss might send you during the day. She could have the receptionist run any number of errands that would expose you outside of the office. And you know what a kick she seems to get out of this, at least according to Estelle. ”

“But electrolysis...” I sort of mumbled.

“Well you could wear heavy make-up dear, just a bit heavier than what you now have on.” Ms. L then told me.

“Make-up...!” I repeated. “Oh no, not more make-up...!”

“Well of course dear. It is one or the other. You have to cover your hair or remove it, if you are going to pass unobtrusively as a female. Right now you look like a girl to me, an attractive one at that. However, I can see the beginning of a light shadow around the face and of course there is the hair on your hands that is also a giveaway. Now I am sure your boss won't have you running around like this for a while and as the girls at work know you are really a boy there is some lag time before she will probably expose you and so we should have some time to ease you in as a full time girl and that of course requires the removal of your unsightly hair or covering it up with makeup or perhaps both. And you know what? I am sure with your skin softening the way it is the hair removal would be the best thing for you. You might even like the feel. It leaves the skin very smooth. Besides we have to get you to start thinking like a girl if you are to pass as one and face shaving is not a very lady like activity.”

This was just getting worse and worse I thought. My best bet might have been to just to stop work and hide out for a bit until the effects wore off. I discussed that with Mrs. L. but she explained the difficulty if not impossibility of that idea.

“Why Robin, I depend on your rent check, the money that comes out of your salary to pay a part of my mortgage. If I lose you as a paying tenant I can't pay my bills. No you just have to continue working and we will work this thing out. Of course I could try for another tenant and once I got one you could stop working and move in here with me and hide until you got better. I certainly owe you that. But for the time being you do have to show up for work and I guess dressed as you are since those are the only clothes you have and neither of us is in a position to go out shopping right now, as besides Mrs. Porter is expecting you to come to work dressed as a girl. So in any case, let me at least start on your hands and the face can wait, assuming I can

find another tenant. I haven't done this in a while and would enjoy doing it again. You know, old memories and what not."

"Also, this condition may last longer than you think. I've seen this situation backfire before with boys or men on female hormones, for whatever reason, usually real medical problems. The effects on your body have really been too drastic for the amount of hormones you have been taking. Even considering the double dose you may have been getting, and you have really been on a very small dose since we found that out. If you would have been more forth coming and revealed the full changes you had undergone I would have made you go to a doctor. Something is definitely not right here. You should be getting less feminine in shape and not more feminine. Your breasts are pretty substantial, push up bra or not. Either your male hormone production has shut down or you are producing your own female hormones. In any case you have to see a doctor."

"And in any case, besides that, you may not be free of your new body as soon as you think and as your boss and Estelle do not appear to be letting you hide these changes, you will have to hide behind the changes and just make sure, that is if you are going to continue to work, that you present yourself as an acceptable looking and acting young lady, at least for the time being. I know your fellow workers have to know their new receptionist is a guy, but dressed as you are and looking as you do, it is bound to be embarrassing if you appear and act as a guy dressed as a girl and you will become the butt of joking. I can tell you that you will be treated much better and not as a joke if you can carry off this masquerade and really appear to be the girl you appear to be. And besides that, it seems that you are really going to be the receptionist and a cross dressed one at that, and though neither Estelle or Mrs. Porter seem to care if the clients take you as a boy or a girl, Mrs. Porter just seems to get a kick out of putting you in girl's lingerie and went on from that and Estelle simply wants to force you to stay the receptionist; your life will be much less embarrassing if you appear to be that which you appear to be. So my suggestion is as long as you are in this position and can't get out of it we should make you passable and the best girl you can be. But, if you can't deal with that, and it is a hard pill to swallow, I will help you to do whatever works for you, even if it is hiding out with me for a while."

The picture that Mrs. L. presented was not a pleasant one for me. Even though despite all of my embarrassing experiences I was still enamored with lingerie and wearing lingerie, the thought of dressing fully as a girl and perhaps even having to present myself as such, as a girl, was not really what I wanted to have to do. I was really satisfied just playing with all my lingerie in the privacy of my apartment and

wearing it under my male street ware on occasion for what I had found was becoming more and more of an erotic thrill. Perhaps even dressing with Mrs. L. was a bit fun as I got used to it.

But having to live and present myself full time as a female, to dress, move, act, walk and talk as a female in public, and even at home, as not to break the rhythm was really not, I thought, going to be a pleasant. Now, I must say that somewhere in the recesses of my mind I was sort of getting a kick out of the idea, the thought getting to wear my exciting lingerie all the time, albeit not under my own clothing, but under a full complement of woman's clothing without a stitch of men's clothing was just hitting me on the fringe as a bit of a turn on.

And then, in any case I knew I could never move in with Mrs. L., no matter how much I liked her and enjoyed her company. There was only one bathroom downstairs and the bedrooms were right next to one another. I knew dressed as I was with all the intoxicating satins and having to wear the lovelies all day and experiencing those sensations against my body all day that I would be pillowing every night at least once if not more or suffering the consequences of being full.

I knew I could not get away with that living with Mrs. L. and so I had to decline her more than kind offer and suffer the consequences. I told her, I would actually be quite comfortable with you, but I don't think we could take the chance of getting a stinker of a tenant that wouldn't come up with the rent and then if I hadn't returned to normal I would never get a job in my current condition; except maybe in the porno or sex industry, which is not where I am looking to get a break. No I guess I had better start behaving as a full time girl and the electrolysis will just be part of my new life style. That is until the effects of the female hormones started to reverse and I could get my own clothing back. So I agreed with the plan.

"Yes dear," Mrs. L. agreed. "So for a while you can't think aversion therapy any more. You have to start committing to all those feminine behaviors I taught you, as sort of punishments, to your everyday behaviors and actions. You have to walk and talk and sit and act like a girl all the time, not just on occasion to learn how uncomfortable it could be to do that full time. You must now actually do it full time, at the office and at home, as difficult as you may find it, until you do it naturally. So go upstairs and put on your high heels, which should put you in the mood, while I get my electrolysis equipment and let's get started on fully bringing out the girl you."

So obediently I retrieved my high heel shoes and leaving my new flats behind I returned downstairs, moving as femininely as possible once

put in the mood so to speak, and met Mrs. L. in the living room where she had prepared an easy chair on which I could relax while she worked on me. When she saw me enter, moving in my feminine persona she complemented me, telling me, "Now that's the spirit, dear." Then she had me take two pills, one for relaxation and the second for the discomfort and then she used a local anesthetic on my face for the same reason. She explained, "I am going to do as much of this as I possibly can, more than would usually get done when a body is paying for this by the hour, so I need you to be as comfortable as possible. The medications will help, and allow me to work on you for an extended period. Customarily one only goes under the needle for an hour or so. It is an expensive proposition when you don't have a girlfriend in the business. But since this is for the fun of it, I plan to spend most of the evening working on you and plan to continue to do so until you are all cleaned up. We'll take a dinner break when things get a bit too uncomfortable. So sit down and lie back and let's get started."

So the first of a number of hair removal sessions started. And although Mrs. L. had told me she was going to start on my hands to acclimate me, she did my face first. Then she did do my hands, but she didn't stop there. Eventually I was hairless to my bikini line. While this was going on I was still finding that the feeling of my lingerie on my hairless body was even more delightful than it had been when I had some hair between my skin and my lovely lingerie and so I never thought to stop her from cleaning me up.

Every time I made some objection she would tell me, "Now Robin, let's not be such a fuss pot, you have been behaving so well. I just had a little more to do to even things out. After all we don't want any unusual appearing demarcation lines, not do we? And besides, you know, I really enjoy doing this. I haven't had a chance in years and this is actually fun for me.

Of course the electrolysis took some time even at the accelerated pace and while it was going on I was going to work wearing Estelle's pantsuits and fulfilling my duties as the receptionist while appearing more and more the girl and not just a boy in girl's clothing. Fortunately, my facial and body hair thought never plentiful had thinned considerably due to the effect of the hormones and so a close shave kept me passable until Mrs. L. had finished making that look permanent.

I was pretty much passing as a girl or at least a tomboyish girl with the customers who did not know me. With those that did or when I made a revealing mistake, before Mrs. L. had me perfected in my feminine role, Estelle or Mrs. Porter would simply admit that indeed the

receptionist was a male. It was that simple. It was explained that I was Mrs. Porter's nephew, we did have the same last name and that had been so, as it was the real life situation, since I had started there, and that, depending on Mrs. Porter's or Estelle's mood when they gave an explanation, I was either being punished or preparing for a part in a play.

And as the explanation was given in a matter of fact way it was taken as such and usually that person would eventually engage me in some pleasant conversation about my situation, either my punishment or my dedication to my acting.

Again the firm mainly dealt with female clients. So I would get such comments as, "Don't worry dear, a little petticoat punishment never hurt a fellow...much." Or "You know my mom used to punish my brother in a dress and then have him do household chores, but it was a big secret. I just have to tell him how open petticoat punishment is today. You had better watch out and learn a lesson, for he did it so long that he learned to loves to wear his panties." Or "You know you had better behave yourself, wearing girl's clothes can get to be a habit and then where will you be?" Or "You are lovely. Are you studying for the female lead? You know with a bit of practice no one could tell." I must have heard them all.

And then of course there were the woman who guessed my secret and then upon having it confirmed seemed to take an interest in me. They would always have questions about what I was wearing and Estelle and Mrs. Porter would always tell them, much to my added embarrassment. So I would be asked how I liked wearing panties or a bra or a girdle. "Oh I just have to know dear. How do you like the feel of those panties? Aren't they so much nicer than cotton shorts? Or "Do you wear a front or back fastening bra?" Or the classic, "My girdle is killing me, how does yours feel?"

And in any case they would usually finish with a pliantry such as, "You know you make a lovely girl; if only you would just do 'such and such' I never would have guessed." And I always had to be polite and smile and take all the questions and comments pleasantly, as with my secret out I did not need the aggravation that one of those women could cause me if she thought I had been insolent and wanted to teach me a lesson.

And that is how the first weeks in pants suits went as Mrs. L. kept removing my hair and I learned my new job. But after a while, with my obvious male pattern hair gone and my complexion softened from the hormones and all my lessons on feminine deportment learned no one could tell that I was a male, and that was even before I was forced to

wear skirts, dresses and makeup. But then I am getting a head of my story.

## Chapter 17: First Day to Work at my Feminine Best

Estelle true to her word picked me up the next day and I was ready and waiting. I didn't have much of a choice. I wore the pants suit and blouse she had supplied me, the shoes we had purchased the day before, and of course my most feminine lingerie, it was all that I had for underwear. So dressed, my figure was on display and it looked perfectly feminine and curvy. It was the first time I would appear out with obvious breasts, relatively small mind you, thought they would get larger, and obvious feminine hips and feminine buttocks for that matter, which would also increase in size and shape, as well as my hair femininely styled. I looked like a girl, though I was still at that point carrying myself a bit like a boy, for all appearances a bit tom boyishly, despite my training, but it was no use revealing myself as a boy, or as Ms. L would say, "pretending to be a boy," it would only add to my embarrassment.

When Estelle tooted me I responded with a feminine wave and approaching the car spoke to her in my sort of feminine voice, and again all that would improve with time and continued training, and sat down next to her entering the car as much the way I would imagine a woman would sit.

"Oh you look divine," she told me. "I can't get over just how feminine you appear. This is just going to be so much fun. Of course you must be wearing that push up bra I left you and one of the girdles that flatter your feminine figure rather than hiding it. That does make such a difference. I'm glad I took those unflattering garments that covered up your curves. You look so much better this way. Not quite a girl, but girlish enough to be fun around the office. Yes you will be a much better receptionist than that horrible niece of Mrs. Porter. And if any one guesses you are not a girl, and I am sure some people will, we will just tell them you are practicing for a part in a play and as it is a charity function supported by Mrs. Porter she decided to help you along by having you become the receptionist so that you could have plenty of time to practice your role. Does that work for you?"

I had no choice but to agree. And as I thought about it the cover story was believable and served to numb the embarrassment of my situation. I thanked her for the cover story and asked, "Perhaps we could pass that story around the office so that the girls would hear it also?"

Estelle told me that was not a problem and probably a good idea but then gave me the kicker, “Just remember, the girls are going to expect you to act as femininely as possible if you are practicing that part and will probably start to give you pointers as how to behave more girlishly. You can’t get angry if you expect the story to fly and you have to actually improve your feminine deportment, as if you are really trying to do that.”

Trapped again in femininity, thought I, but I readily agreed as it was to save me some embarrassment, not that the situation itself, being a boy practicing to present myself as a girl, wasn’t embarrassing enough, but if the truth of the situation came out, I could never live it down. I worked in what was a closed industry and it would follow me wherever I went.

When we got to the office Estelle immediately took me into Mrs. Porter’s office to show me off, that is to introduce the new me, and tell her of the cover story she had come up with. It gave them both a giggle talking about it. I could see by the look on Mrs. Porter’s face that she was really quite pleased with my appearance and my predicament even though professing her apologies and regrets for her involvement in the whole affair, and promising to stick to whatever cover story with which I was comfortable, and to get me to her doctor as soon as she could arrange for an appointment.

However, she did ask me to go along with a second cover story she wanted to use with one or two of her friends. Apparently she was trying to get into some sort of restricted club whose members were all businesswoman who aside from running successful businesses had also somewhat dominated some male relation in some manner or another. She wasn’t very clear about that at the time. So, as our last names were the same, she wanted to pass me off with the group as her misbehaving nephew who had gotten himself into a lot of trouble and whom she had taken under her wing and in exchange for bailing him out of a bad situation had been forced to subject himself to a round of petticoat punishment. All things considered I readily agreed as anyone who I knew would be told that I was learning to play a girl as a favor to my boss and those told otherwise would be people I did not even know. Little did I suspect that aspect would later escalate my problems even more.

So I was to be a girl for a while and settled down into my new role. Of course at first I was still not quite perfect in my new role, but would pretty much get almost so, becoming for all appearances a young girl. As horrible as the situation became, what kept me going was just the simple delight in my feminine lingerie. I had become a slave to the delightful sensations of my silks, satins and body supporting satiny

spandexes. As much as I hated, well not really hated, but was let's say not happy about having to appear to the world as a girl and having to practice that role most of the day at the office and most of the evening at home, always being forced to learn new aspects to perfect my feminine role, the titillating sensations of my lingerie and my robust pillowing at the end of the day kept me from developing enough male backbone to rebel against the whole thing.

It was a love-hate relationship I could not free myself from and in which I just gotten deeper and deeper. Additionally as no one in my life seemed to find the situation objectionable or made any snide remarks, but only acted in a supportive fashion and all seemed to enjoy the fun of the situation there was no one to bring me down about it. And so I continued in my role and often in a pleasant fog or oblivion.

Additionally, Mrs. Porter appreciated my work as the new receptionist and my ability to get along with her right arm woman and executive secretary, Estelle, and she seemed anxious to keep me in that role and leave me as feminine as possible as the means for keeping me in that role and for her own reasons as well.

All that became apparent when she called me into her office one day. "Oh Robin dear," she called. She seemed to like adding that dear to my name since this whole thing had started. "I've been going over these bills for your lingerie from Marge's and I have a couple of items that I want to run by you, just to make sure Marge is not padding the bill as well as the bras. If you get my drift," and she laughed at her own joke, which was sort of at my expense, as I was the one in the padded bra. But anyway, she asked, "There are a number of items here I know you are not wearing to the office and I just want to make sure you actually received them. You know if you are really wearing them at home I don't mind the expense. I sort of feel responsible for you problem here with lingerie and your condition even if it will be temporary, and don't mind helping you out as I know on what I pay you that you can't afford the luxury of lady's finer lingerie."

And without waiting for a reply she continued, "On the bill are listed several slips, both full slips and half-slips and some nightgowns as well as a number of costumes. Now camisoles and pants slips I know that we introduced you to, and I wouldn't mind paying for satin pajamas, but these other items I find questionable. I know a boy can get so used to nylon and satins that he finds the more manly fabrics difficult to wear, and I am sure that would explain some of this, but slips and nightgowns and costumes I have to confirm with you."

I was stuck. Marge was supposed to have covered the billings for those items with more masculine woman's wear, and she had apparently forgotten or decided to have some fun with me. Since I had hidden the fact due to Marge's threats I could not tell Mrs. Porter the whole truth or I would have to admit to my addiction to silks and satins and as Estelle already new of my new vast wardrobe of feminine finery and there was always a chance that she might mention it to Mrs. Porter, so lying at that stage could have turned out really bad for me.

I had to come up with a story which would not reveal the extent of my addiction nor create a situation for Marge, but would give me a bit of leeway as not to reveal the extent of my problem and susceptibility to Marge's blackmail. So I thought fast and came up with the best story I could, which I think most likely set the stage for Mrs. Porter to continue her manipulation of me on to further feminization.

I told her during that second visit Marge had given me a couple of drinks to relax me, which had made me act sort of silly. Then when Marge saw my changed and feminized figure she went a bit overboard suggesting lingerie and outfits and silly as I was I found myself going along.

Then I dropped the bombshell, again fearing that Estelle would share with my boss what she had found in my apartment, this time the sailor outfit. In fact Marge even got me into a slip and a dress at the shop, inebriated as she had got me, and when I sobered up a bit and found myself in a dress I was willing to take anything she suggested, as you can see from that bill, I did. A lot of that stuff I am not wearing and can return for a refund if you would like. With that comment I had put my foot in my mouth and had to tell some more of the truth, just in case she did want me to return everything not quite appropriate to my dress habits as feminine as they had become.

So I continued, "To be honest thought, I did wear one of the costumes, that was the dress Marge slipped onto me and so I imagine that can't be returned and I have been wearing the nightgowns as I sort of looked on them as fancy nightshirts and didn't have any other sleep wear, and so I imagine I would have to keep them also."

The answer seemed to satisfy Mrs. Porter. She seemed even a bit happy with my explanation. It might have been that Estelle, as I had feared had already mentioned something about my extensive lingerie collection or that Mrs. Porter was not unhappy about my apparent comfort with the feminine finery for which she had paid.

She told me, "Now don't return a thing, as long as it all fits. I wouldn't want Marge to think that I don't trust her judgment. And who knows, if



you are wearing the nightgowns and find them comfortable, you might actually find a use for the slips and whatever costumes Marge picked out for you. You know she is a very good judge of character as far as these things go and has a rather diverse clientele, so who knows; perhaps you may need those slips one day. Sometimes a slip and a robe over a girl's lingerie can be very comfortable. Perhaps you should give it a try. Anyway, as long as you remain femininely presentable, regardless of your actual gender, I don't have a problem with whatever you choose to wear to the office. But of course, you would have to shave your legs," she told me, followed once again with a laugh at her own joke.

I thanked her, and not wanting to press the issue, and not wanting to have to aggravate Marge by returning any of the items, I simply told her, "Well for now I would just as soon leave those things for the

privacy of my apartment, assuming I get to wear them at all. It has been difficult enough adjusting to wearing lady's pants and blouses in public; I really don't want to go take it further than that."

Mrs. Porter then concluded the conversation but left the possibilities open with, "You just hold on to everything for now and use them as you choose and we will see what we will see."

But Mrs. Porter had her own ideas of how far I was to go.

## Chapter 18: Cosmetics

Several weeks into my pleasant, though somewhat troubling, ordeal I was invited to a lunchtime Merle Norman cosmetics party. Now I had worn rather heavy cosmetics at the office until my course of facial electrolysis was over, that was to hide the stubble, but after that slowly cut down on the makeup until I was only wearing lipstick on occasion. I claimed at times that it was really just a punishment of sorts and not from any wish to paint my lips. However, of course I was finding it difficult to refuse under the circumstances. The girl showing it had asked me if I was going to have to wear cosmetics in my role and as early on I had worn cosmetics to the office and even after I had stopped with that, still on occasion I had worn the lipstick to the office and so I could only cover that by telling her yes, at which point I received an invitation to the party. I tried to beg out based upon my receptionist responsibilities but Mrs. Porter overhearing the invitation from her office got involved and wouldn't hear of me not attending. .

She told me in front of that young lady, "I won't hear of you missing such an opportunity to perfect your stage role as a boy convincingly masquerading as a young lady. After all it is my pet charity group you are helping out. No, I'll find someone less in need of a makeover to sit in for you are the front desk at that time. Marlene in engineering is a real makeup freak and doesn't need to be wearing any more. And in fact, I think you should be one of the girls to undergo a makeover and I will foot the bill for that and all of the cosmetics you will need to maintain that look. After all we certainly will need you to wear cosmetics for the play and it would be a great help if you could apply them yourself and would bring them with you for the play, rather than the stage manager having to figure all that out."

Then she told Estelle. "I expect you to make sure Robin doesn't miss her appointment now, and that she is given the full treatment. I think she should look a bit over made up for the office as on stage he will need a bit more makeup than a girl would usually wear around the office."

And so that agreed upon I realized I was trapped once again.

Then Mrs. Porter told Estelle. "And I want you to make sure that whatever the final look the cosmetician, and you girls select for Robin, that he leaves it on until I can see it, as I want to make sure he has the right look for the play. Otherwise you know," she told me with a bit of a smile, "Now that I think about it, we could do this at my beauty parlor. It does have to be done, what in keeping with your role. Now doesn't it?" I didn't miss the double intonation to that one and knew I was going to be one of the victims at the cosmetics party. I say victims, because the cosmeticians at these parties like the one at the makeup counters, always put too much makeup on the girls. And now I was to be one of them.

So Estelle made sure I made it to the party and that I got a turn at being made up.

No one told the cosmetician that I was really a boy, Estelle just told her I was a bit of a tom-boy and would be playing a princess in the company play and needed to be made up for the play and given some hints on how to apply the makeup so I could wear it around the office for a while as to get in some practice.

What I didn't hear Estelle tell Christie, the Merle Norman cosmetician was that I was a terrible Tom Boy who they could not get into makeup and would probably just refuse to wear it for the play at the last minute and so she wanted Christie to use some of the long-long lasting makeup so that I couldn't remove it. She wanted her to use just enough to force me to use makeup to add balance to cosmetics that I could not get off and to force me to learn how to fully apply them.

Estelle thought it would be great fun and would keep me in bondage, so to speak, even longer. She knew the effects of the hormones were bound to start wearing off, but if I was stuck with red lips and black eye lashes I would have to maintain my role as a girl until that too wore off. She knew I would have to hang around a bit with the cosmetics on, waiting for Mrs. Porter, who had told me she wanted to see me made up and that would give the long lasting cosmetics time to set.

So when my turn came up I sat down on a chair in the center of the room and a makeup cape was place around me and the cosmetician made me up with Estelle giving her pointers on the type of look she was trying to achieve for me and a very show girl look it was at that. Christie explained everything she was doing, and thinking I was a real, though a boyish girl, she kept referring to me as a girl; the real girls watching had a great time and some fun at my expense. But it was all in fun and really quite good-natured, so it did not bother me,

though it must have kept the cosmetician wondering what was so funny.

By that time my face was hair free and softened from the hormones, so even though my bone structure was not good enough for a girl, the face still appeared to be girlish enough to pass.

My eyebrows were a real mess, even a bit shaggy for a guy and especially for a girl, and of course Susie was demonstrating a home use hot wax machine and by the time she got done my eyebrows were cut short and perfectly shaped into feminine arches. My reaction to the pulling out of my hair by the roots and the resultant arches was one of the aspects of my treatment that really amused the girls.

I suppose if I weren't the victim it would have seemed pretty funny to me also. It is not often one gets to see a guy publicly undergo some torture that women typically have to endure to keep themselves beautiful. I got a lot of those, "Now you really know what we girls go through to keep guys interested, even if you aren't going to be so much of a guy for a while."

Then the rest of the session seemed fairly typical. Not that I knew it was at the time. It was all new, a quite mysterious to me at the time, but I would learn much more about cosmetics as my life as a girl continued and in retrospect I realized it.

She did have me hold a mirror up in front of myself so that I could see what was being done to me and the changes effected. It was such a feminine experience and made me feel so much like a real girl, sitting there and holding one of those hand held mirrors that only girls use, to watch my face as it was slowly transformed with makeup from that of a tomboy to a sensually attractive and passable girl.

Susie covered my face and neck with a liquid foundation, which I found very soothing, and then with a setting powder and demonstrated a compact with pressed powder for doing touch ups. I found the smell intoxicating and stimulating as it reminded me of attractive femininity in the same manner in which my feminine lingerie did, and that got me worrying about what sort of effect the cosmetics would have on my drives. However judging from my appearance a bit of makeup shouldn't make that much of a difference in my life and so at that point I wasn't really that upset with that addition to my feminine repertoire. I could always take it or leave it, once I understood it, or so I thought.

With that as a base she applied some coloring, a bit of rouge, eye shadow, eyeliner, eyebrow pencil, and finally lipstick. She explained the application and the color choices as she went along and had me

help out a bit. Much of it was fairly straightforward and I got to help out, but some of the shading concepts, to bring out certain aspects of my face and hide others were difficult for a novice to get, even having gone through similar instruction that one time at the cosmetics counter. But I picked up on most of it that second time around. The only unusual aspect was that she seemed very careful when putting the lipstick and eyeliner and eyebrow pencil on me and did not let me help with that and while she gave me everything she used on me, with the lipstick eyebrow pencil and eyeliner she also supplied new and unopened containers.

The girls were doing “oohs” and “ahhs” as Susie finished my face. Once again I couldn’t believe the changes that an expert cosmetician can bring to a face. There was a girl looking back at me from the mirror, and not the tomboy I had seen at first in the mirror. I can honestly say I looked lovely. A bit over made, which seems rather typical with cosmeticians, anyway. My lips were really red and full and my eyebrows so thin and arched and just so unbelievably black, as were my eyelids, and then there was a bit more rouge over my cheek bones and makeup on my eye lids than I liked on my girlfriends, but the total affect while overdone was pleasing and attractive for a young girl and probably perfect for the stage, which was how the makeup was supposed to have been used in any case. So I couldn’t really complain or ask Christie to tone it down a bit for the office.

Then at the end when she talked about removing the makeup she gave me a general makeup remover and then one for the lipstick and another for the eyebrow pencil and liner which because I knew nothing about cosmetics at the time did not seem that unusual, only more complicated, then it should have. Then Christie began to explain some aspect of the long lasting makeup when Estelle grabbed me to explain my replacement was having trouble with the switchboard and we had to get back. That was fine with me, as a number of times during the demonstration Susie had made mention that my ears weren’t pierced and that she could do that for me quite painlessly and had a lovely display of keepers with her and the piercing was complimentary with the purchase of the earrings. So I didn’t need

much convincing to excuse myself as to avoid having my ears pierced.



Back at the switchboard reception area my relief was happy to be relieved. She was a bit speechless when she at first saw me. Then she just could not compliment me enough on the changes. She as an employee knew that I was a guy and told me, "I just am finding it so difficult to still believe that under all of that you are still or were ever a guy. You now look prettier than most of the girls with whom I went to college. I could have gotten you in to my sorority just to balance out some of the less attractive members. It is a bit much for daytime wear,

but you should leave it on so that we can all go out tonight. You just look so good, and it is Friday, that I am sure the girls are going to want to take you out and show you off, unless Mrs. Porter has some objection. You know it would probably do you some good to get out and about like this, as from what I understand you will be on stage in front of a rather large audience and some public exposure should help settle your nerves. But we can talk about that latter, I really want to get away from this switchboard. I just don't know how you do it, and you supposedly a boy at that!"

I guess nothing is quite as easy as it appears. I did a very good job there and made the job appear easier than it was. So I went back to work all made up, without breaking to remove the cosmetics, and the "supposedly a boy" echoing in my mind.

When Mrs. Porter made it back she was also delighted. She told me, "My my, how lovely you turned out to be all made up like that. And what do you think of your new look, dear Robin?"

I told her, "I am not really too sure. It is certainly a shock to look so real in makeup, but as everyone here knows my true gender it seems a bit of a bother. It seems to be a lot of work to get this stuff on and to get it on right."

"Well, perhaps you should expand your horizons dear?" She responded. You can't stay cooped up in the office all the time. One does have to get out and about and on with one's life, you know. I do sort of feel responsible for your predicament here and although it is working out fine for the company I can see it is not in your best interests to play at being a girl for too much longer, unless of course it suits you, for whatever your own predilections are to continue in this manner. You are getting very good at it, being a girl that is, and who knows what that might lead to. But in any case, you look lovely, and you shouldn't worry, as the receptionist job will always be open to you, that is as long as you need it and appear appropriate for it. But I am very fond of you as your boy self or as a girl, and in any case there will be a job for you. But if the receptionist position is fine, at least until we sort things out, I am going to insist that you think about using a bit more makeup than you have been using. It would be more in character and I am sure Christi will be more than happy to continue your instruction with cosmetics, for her typical fee, which I would be more than happy to cover, if that would help you to get out and about. But in any case, I made an appointment with my doctor, at my cost of course, I do feel so responsible for your situation, and she is expecting you late this afternoon. I think that if you decide to continue as you are that is fine and just wonderful, but I want you to make that decision and so I think as you are not reversing as fast as one would

expect I think you should keep the appointment with my doctor. That is unless you have another that you prefer?"

I didn't. I was too embarrassed to go to a doctor for help and so being pushed into it was most likely the only way I was going to go and so I was most happy for the help and told that to Mrs. Porter. She told me, "Oh, you are most welcome. And so I will have Estelle take you over and she can take you home from there. You are still commuting with her, are you not?"

## Chapter 19: The Doctor

That agreed to, I got to the doctor at about 6 PM, shortly after work and was brought right into her examining room without any delay. She looked at me and was obviously a bit surprised. "Mr. Porter, is it? She inquired.

I told her, "Yes doctor," in the most masculine voice I could generate, which at this stage had become a bit femininely effected even when I talked in my normal timber, which had been getting harder and harder to do as I spent more and more time totally in my feminine role.

The doctor picked that up and told me, "Don't strain yourself dear. You can talk with me in whatever speaking voice you customarily use. After all you are here for an evaluation. Now aren't you?" It was rhetorical and she did not wait for an answer, but continued, "And judging from your appearances and demeanor, if you are really a guy, you and are desirous of remaining a guy, you have a serious problem. I think you had better disrobe and let's forget about modesty. I really have to see your figure in its entirety. It may be a bit embarrassing for you, but it is necessary. You can take your clothes off behind that screen, but then I need you to come out without any coverings.

I was used to being embarrassed and exposed by Marge so in front of a doctor and under the circumstances, even though I did so a bit reluctantly as it was embarrassing, I did as I was told. The worst part of it was having had to hang my female garments over the top of the screen where the good doctor could see exactly what I was wearing under my pants and blouse, my camisole, bra, pants slip, girdle, panties, and stockings, such absolutely female garments, all open to the doctor's view.

When I stepped from behind the screen I got an, "Oh my!" from the good doctor, who then told me, "Please come this way and then turn around slowly so I can get a good look at you." I did so and got another "Oh my! Your proportions are all feminine, with the exception

of your shoulders. Obviously your facial structure is a bit masculine, but well covered I might add with your makeup, and your underlying hip structure is masculine, but all your fat distribution, skin tones and musculature are absolutely feminine. Sans what you are carrying between your legs you could easily pass for a somewhat masculine girl. Did I say could? Why, I imagine you are!”

I was pretty much nonplussed and did not know what to say. So she continued, “The pills you took really don’t have sufficient hormones to have caused so extensive a change. I had better do some blood work before we go any further. I would really like to have an answer for you before you leave today, so we can start on your therapy. This must just be awful for you.” Then looking at me for a reaction and not getting one she continued, “Well, how do you feel about all this?”

I told her, “It really isn’t so bad. I mean I wouldn’t want to go on like this. I would like to have a family. But all in all, though terribly embarrassing at times, all the girls have been so nice to me that I’ve just gone with the flow and tried to get whatever fun I could out of the situation.” Of course I didn’t tell her how addicted to wearing lingerie I had become which had taken away the rush in stopping the whole thing as long as it remained somewhat beyond my power to stop it.

She did not pursue that venue but got down to work. She took the blood right away and then proceeded to do a complete physical, including both a breast exam and then the checking my prostate and a close exam of my male structure. I am not sure which was the most embarrassing for me. My breasts were very sensitive. First she checked for lumps and then showed me how to do the same. She told me, “Even guys without such feminine breast development can get breast cancer and in your case with your female like breast development you really must be on the watch and learn what a girl would have to know about monitoring for growths. After all we don’t know yet how long you may be like this.” I just sort of gulped to show my surprise that the condition could last much longer.

Once she was sure I knew how to check myself she told me, “Now I have to test for sensitivity. Some men develop breast like growths, but they are still male in development, only meaty. However, yours appear absolutely female, with the thickening of your nipples and the development of an areola like area.” With that she started playing with my breasts and the effects were apparent. After a while a slight shiver went through me and then my male attribute reacted and rose to the occasion. At that point she once again did not appear happy and stopped her test.

She gave me the customary cough test, but she however, spent a lot more time poking around down there and pushing in my testis, which was a bit of a turn on having a woman do it so I was a bit turgid. Her face told me she did not like what she found, but she did not say anything at that time about it.

Then she told me to mount the obstetrics table and put my foot in the stirrups. "Like a woman?" I asked.

At that point she smiled and told me, "No, like a man. You are a man, at least down there, aren't you?"

"Yes," I stammered, "Then why the stirrups?"

"It just makes what I have to do a bit easier for me. Most doctors wouldn't ask a guy to do this because of the association with a female pelvic exam would make them balk, but in your case you are so much female that nothing female should ever embarrass you."

However, contrary to her words I did feel terribly embarrassed as well as terribly exposed positioned like that on my back and my legs held apart by their position in the stirrups. "I am sorry about this she told me. It isn't a game. I have to see if it still works and how well. That is why I did not slap it down when you got a bit frisky with the last test. So let's not be embarrassed here and just go with the flow and let it all out, or as much as you can. Now spread your legs so I can get a good look." I complied, which made me feel even more embarrassed. Almost as if she would be able to reach up inside of me as if I were really the female I was appearing to be.

Her one glove hand well lubricated pushed inside of me and I imagined it must have felt something like a lubricated condom entering a girl, shocking at first but not unpleasant. I was still too young to have experienced a prostate exam and didn't swing that way in general. I found the thoughts terribly embarrassing and was disturbed by them, but wasn't surprised as I had found myself sort of having girl thoughts under other occasions. But in any case, that did not last as her hand reached my prostate and she started to massage it vigorously, in and out, I found myself losing my breath and groaning a bit as I tried to catch it, but could not. I started to cough to avoid sounding pleased as I felt myself feeling an internal orgasm coming on.

The doctor then apologized for her actions, but did not stop. "I am sorry about this dear. I should have warned you, but guys never agree to this if told beforehand. I have to test your prostate and also need a sample, so the easiest thing is to do both at the same time. So let

yourself go. No use in fighting it. I can't stop now without obtaining a sample. I can't take a chance of losing it."

Regardless of her permission, I still tried to fight the pleasurable feelings. I was being entered like a woman and manipulated from inside. I couldn't believe it or the pleasure I was feeling and I fought it. I knew what was about to happen and I could not let it. It would be just too embarrassing. However, what was to be was to be.

The doctor realized I was not cooperating and so to speak took matters into her own hand and with her other gloved and lubricated hand ministered my other organ and gave me what turned out to be a very pleasant hand job, if not a bit embarrassing, it was certainly enjoyable. With that combined attack I could no longer control myself and started gyrating with her movements into me and despite my best efforts became vocal with groans of pleasure that I tried to disguise as moans of pain and loss of breath. However, I don't think I fooled the good doctor. She was quite attractive and if medicine didn't work out for her she certainly had a future in that other healing field. She caught the resultant flow in a graduated specimen tube that went over the head of my organ while still allowing her hand access to the rest. She made sure I was emptied out and then after cleaning me up a bit told me I could get dressed and wait for her while she checked over the laboratory results.

I didn't know if I should thank her or not. I am sure there are guys who pay big money for what I had just gotten, but I was too embarrassed to say a word and did as I was told. However, the shock of penetration followed by a complete orgasm did have its effect on my psyche.

I got dressed and once dressed I again met with the doctor and she told me the frightening news. "I am afraid I have some disturbing news for you," she started off and that did not bode well for me. Then she continued, "It appears that you are producing your own female hormones and are quite receptive to their effects. If we do nothing you will continue to develop as a female going through puberty and the only determination of how feminine you become, that is how big your breasts develop and rounded your hips and buttocks become is in your genes. If the females on your side of the family were buxom so will you be eventually. Of course these changes can't erase the secondary male characteristics you have already developed, your beard and deep voice and underlying bone structure, but they will overpower them so to speak. With breasts and full hips and even some hormone driven changes in your facial features and perhaps even your emotions, you will definitely be thought of as a masculine female and not a male with problems. Even right now, when these changes do not appear to have run their full course you can pass for a

girl. It is apparent that your appearance and demeanor have been augmented to help you pass, I mean the makeup is overpowering and your actions are quite feminine, but even without those you are heading toward womanhood.”

The shock was overwhelming. I realized that I just loved my lingerie and at that stage could probably never give it up, and perhaps even small sensitive breasts would not be too bad, something I could deal with, especially under my current situation, but the shock of realizing that if this continued I would never be able to pass for a guy or even wear guy’s clothing was too much. “What am I to do?” I asked, throwing myself on the mercy of my physician, who was to have absolutely no mercy on me as she was in on the plot.

She told me, “We have to take a vigorous action to end this before it is too late. But I cannot be sure which action will work and will have to leave that decision up to you. I will explain. You are producing your own female hormones and in large quantities, which are overpowering your male hormones and consequently pushing you through female type puberty on top of the male one you already passed. If we give you more male hormones to try to overpower those female hormones it may cause your system to actually respond by increasing the production of those female hormones in an attempt to overpower the invading male hormones.

On the other hand we could try to go with even more female hormones, a massive dose now to satisfy your demand and to hopefully shut that system down and followed with small doses very week, a dose with hardly any feminizing effects, as to hopefully reach a point in which your system feels it has enough hormones and shuts down production of the female hormones. Once shut down, I would hope that it would be the end of that production in your body and then your male hormones would once again dominate and there would be a reversal of all this. At that point we could use surgery to help get you back to your boy self. Since you seem to be getting along in your current state I wouldn’t suggest any surgery until we can iron this thing out. As long as your penis works you have not passed a point of no return. If that fizzles out, you are to call me right away. Otherwise, I will implement whatever therapy you decide upon and give you an appointment for a reevaluation in a month’s time.”

After a lot more discussion we decided to go with the massive dose of female hormones followed by low dose female hormone releasing implants. I wasn’t really totally convinced, but the doctor seemed so sure, and I was not thinking aggressively anymore, an effect of the female hormones. And so I felt myself being convinced.

Little did I realize at the time that the doctor's story was just that, a story, and that Mrs. Porter had paid her off and the doctor after seeing me thought it was all in fun. All the changes were really due to the relatively high hormone containing pills she had supplied as muscle relaxants and were inadvertently continued with the pills Mrs. L had supplied. All that had run its course and would shortly have started to reverse. But not after the good doctor fixed me up with the female hormones implants, followed by the injection of the same. My changes would continue and I would become more and more comfortable with them and accepting of them. So I was given a number of implants, with supposedly enough low dose estrogens to last a month. However, the dosage was not low and was really sufficient to maintain my changes and to continue them. Additionally, she used one implant that released male hormones so that my maleness would continue to perform as not to unsettle me. And suspecting that I was somewhat turned on by my current situation the fact that I could still be stimulated and respond, she felt, was sure to keep me happy in my state of transformation.

Finally she gave me the massive dose of the female hormones by injection, which was the supposed attempt to shut down my own body's alleged manufacture of female hormones. She gave it to me in the rump while I was standing up. "Now pull down your pants and panties and hold your blouse out of the way so I can inject you, Ms., I mean Mr. Porter." She wasn't giving me any more time to think about it and it was more an order on her part than the culmination of any decision we had made concerning my treatment. Gosh I felt so much like a girl.

A warm rush then followed the pain of the injection as the feminizing liquid entered and then flowed through my body. I felt a bit dizzy; it may have just been from the shock of the injection and then all of a sudden very relaxed and then as I put my clothing back into position, even a bit more relaxed and all of a sudden very feminine. I thought, how bad could it be, if I feel so calm about it? But little did I know the doctor had also injected me with tranquilizers and she could have chopped things off at that time and it wouldn't have bothered me much. I thought it was most likely psychological but that was the effect.

The doctor patted the injection site through my clothing, which added to that feeling of being a girl. She told me, "Now this may work and it may not, but in any case, it may give you some nausea, like morning sickness, so don't worry if you feel a bit sick in a while and then for a couple of mornings running."

Then a funny thing happened, she looked at me in my pants suit and I guess with me appearing to be a girl she gave me a comforting hug, just as if we were two females and told me, "Not to worry dear. Whatever will happen; will be for the best. I will see you in a month. Grab a card on the way out, and if you have any problems you can give me a call. Now get going, and don't give all of this a second thought. Your girlfriend is waiting for you." So with that thought as a good bye I left for my ride home high on female hormones and tranquilizers.

## Chapter 20: Drunk and then the Loss of my Pants

So though I wasn't depressed when I got out of the doctor's office I was beginning to hurt a bit, not only at the injection site but also where the hormone releasing implants had been placed. Estelle could see by my expression that things did not go well and without going into details I told her that it would a while before I could expect any changes and was stuck as I was for the time being and it would be at least a month before I would know anything for sure.

She on the other hand seemed quite happy with my report and gave me a girlish hug and kiss and told me, "Don't worry about a thing, you have plenty of friends who will stand by you, whatever your figure, and attire. And as for myself, to tell you the truth, I prefer you this way as long as it means you can continue to fill in for the receptionist and we can be girlfriends, oh, I mean pals, in the office. I will help you to be as girlish as possible while you are stuck like this and I think you will find Mrs. Porter very supportive if you only appear to be a little less upset about your situation. You know, pretend to make the best of it. She is very sensitive and holds her self-responsible for your situation. If she feels you are not terribly upset and are making the best of it she will be as helpful as possible and do whatever she has to do to keep you working. If you become a downer she will probably still help you, but not a much and as free with the money. She might even just send you home on a work at home project and lower your salary commensurately."

I didn't see that I had much of a choice and I agreed to try. After all the lingerie was still a delight and this situation could not go on forever. I was after all still fundamentally a guy. Eventually, or so I thought, I would be a full-blown boy again and it would help to be in Mrs. Porter's good graces when it was time to start looking for another job. I told Estelle "Thanks for your support. I guess I will just have to go with the flow as you suggest."

With that Estelle told me, "You do look like you could use a drink, however. And the girls from the office are getting together at the usual Friday watering hole, so why don't we drop in and get you a snoot full. It should make you feel a bit better and at least should relax you for the weekend. Most of the girls love the new you any way, especially since you proved to be such a good sport about the makeup session."

I told her I didn't want to go drinking at some pick up bar, as the way I looked and was feeling I could really find myself into trouble. But Estelle explained, "Dear I wouldn't take you anywhere you could get into trouble. This bar is a girlie bar, a bar and grill that caters mostly to females and the owners have a Sadie Hawkins policy that only girls could initiate a pick up and so not too many guys frequent the place. You should be safe unless after a few drinks you feel that you are as much of a female as you appear to be. Besides, even though you are a bit young for me, and I don't want to be perceived as a chicken hawk, I will keep you close to Auntie Estelle and out of trouble."

So we wound up at this girlie bar and true to Estelle's description, there were mostly girls there and we quickly found the group from the office. I was a real hit, looking so like a girlie and being out with the girls for the first time and every one in our group knowing that I was a guy. The girls were having a blast with me and kept buying me drinks. And they were not the straight up ones I was used to, but all these sweet juicy mixed drinks. After a while I was totally relaxed and just about forgot I was for all appearances a girl and made a few passes at some girls not from our office, all of which got loads of laughs from my girlfriends in the know. And that is what got me into trouble.

I was feeling sick. Perhaps the drinks and perhaps the effects of the hormones, but in any case it was time for me to leave. I was pretty drunk and on the way out I got into the wrong car, one that was similar to Estelle's. The driver was one of the girls I had come on to and swinging both ways thought I was a pick up and simply took me home with her. I collapsed in the front seat and didn't remember a thing until the next morning. When I awoke I was in my underwear, my lingerie that is, with my new girlfriend none the wiser, as nothing had happened between us. But I awoke to find I was without my pants and my jacket as both were gone and most likely ruined anyway, so vomit encrusted that they had been left outside by my drunken companion and they just weren't there in the morning when she had gone out to retrieve them. Even upon waking it was fairly apparent I was suffering from the alcohol added to morning sickness and my new girlfriend wasn't getting anything from me and so without much further ado, which was fine with me, she bundled me up in a blanket and took me home, never suspecting my true gender.

Mrs. L. spotted me coming home and brought me in downstairs and got the story from me while she made me breakfast. She told me a light breakfast would help with the nausea and vomiting regardless of its cause, morning sickness or a hangover. After wards she sent me upstairs to wash up, and to return to bed if I wasn't feeling any better.

And then she gave me some bad news. Estelle had come by earlier that morning to drop off a bunch of makeup that she said was mine and not finding me at home thought that I was shacking up with some bar bimbo and had gotten really angry with me and had picked up all the clothes she had lent me, but hadn't yet returned with those of mine she had borrowed, or supposedly as it stood had taken in exchange. So as I had returned without my outfit from yesterday, once showered I would not immediately be able to dress for the day, as all I had to wear over my lingerie was more lingerie that is nightgowns and robes.

I just felt so grungy that I couldn't worry about that at the time and figured I would give Estelle a call and straighten everything out and she would return with my clothing or at least her clothing that I had been wearing. I never thought that I might be happy getting a load of woman's clothing, but I guess that would have been my feelings if that had worked out like I had imagined, as they were fairly conservative outfits for a guy having to dress as a gal. But of course it did not work out that way. And besides there were other complicating factors, like makeup that did not come off.

I took a nice long shower, concentrating on washing my face and then my long hair and watching the colors wash down the drain with some satisfaction. Like, yea Estelle brought over all that makeup, like I was ever planning on wearing it again. Or so I told myself. Then I dried off and got a look at myself in the mirror. Gad, my lips were still ruby red and my eyebrows and eyelashes were still kohl black. What was happening? I had just scrubbed my face and had watched the makeup go down the drain? Even, if I had not gotten it all, my lips were just too red and my eyebrows and lashes just too black. I tried scrubbing again and it did not make a difference. I tried cold cream and it didn't make a difference. I scrubbed a third time with a washcloth and the color remained.

I just looked at myself and gave out a shriek, emotionally more like a girl than a guy. I heard Mrs. L. came running and I wrapped the towel around me girlie fashion to cover myself in all modesty. She knocked anyway and I came out and told her my makeup wasn't coming off. Of course she asked if I had tired cold cream and scrubbing and I had and so that was that.

Then she checked out the contents of the bag of makeup that Estelle had left for me and gave me the bad news. She asked a couple of questions about my makeup application session and then explained my predicament. “Your lips and eyelids and lashes are covered with long lasting makeup that lasts about one month. That lipstick is not coming off, short of derma abrasion, which would be really painful and almost a waist, as neither is that black eyeliner or eyebrow pencil coming off, short of pulling out the hairs. You my dear are stuck with that makeup until it wears off in about a month’s time. You were apparently given the cleaner, which is used to take it off if used within a few hours of application, but after a night on it is there for the duration. Most likely Estelle just forgot to tell you and then you disappeared so she couldn’t find you. Anyway, your collection includes a full set of makeup of the standard duration, some of which is meant to complement what you are wearing and some of which is meant to go over it to refresh it and keep your lips from drying out. You already know how to put on lipstick and I can teach you to apply the rest so that you will look just fine.”

“Just fine...!” I said, somewhat in shock once again. I don’t want to talk about me wearing makeup, or at least any more makeup than I have to. Let me get Estelle on the line and find out what is going on here and get my clothes back, or at least my or that is her pants suits, so that I can at least feel dressed.”

Mrs. L told me, “Oh you’ll look fine in a nightgown with your lingerie and foundation garments. You can wear a nightgown and a robe for the time being while we figure this thing out. I may have some of my daughter’s old stuff around which we might get to fit you. Give Estelle a call and let me see what I can find.”

So I called Estelle, but she wasn’t home or wasn’t answering the telephone in any case. I left an imploring message, almost in tears, explaining what had happened and my current problem and begged for her help as if she was a mother figure.

By then Mrs. L. called me down. “Get dressed dear. I may have something here we can take in to fit you.”

So I got dressed: satin lined push up bra, satin panties, and satin camisole, girdle and nylon stockings and over that my satin pants slip. Over all that I put on a satin robe, for modesty, assuming Mrs. L. had some street clothes suitable for me. As usual everything felt wonderful and I was well enough that I was getting a bit turned on once again. However, there was nothing I could do about that as Mrs. L was expecting me. I put on a pair of my flats and went downstairs and met Mrs. L. in her daughter’s old room.

Laid out on the bed were a number of her daughter's business outfits, which consisted of jackets, blouses and skirts, and only skirts. Mrs. L. appeared quite pleased. I am not sure that I was that happy. She told me, "None of these can fit you right off, my daughter was a bit bigger than you, but I should be able to alter these to fit you, and of course you can help once I get you started and show you how it is done, so that in no time you should have several outfits for work."

"But these are skirt suits. They are for a girl!" I complained.

Mrs. L. making fun of me replied, "I don't know if you've noticed it yet, but right now you look awfully much just like a girl, especially since you started wearing makeup. And after all it isn't any more girlish than your bra and panties, the wearing of which doesn't seem to bother you much anymore."

I told her, "Yes, I know, but those are under my clothes. I wear them under a pants suit, which at least offers me a bit of modesty."

Then Mrs. L. then turned to reason with a bit of blackmail. "Robin dear, you have to be prepared for Monday. What if Estelle doesn't call or return with those outfits and you have to go to work and get there on your own. You have to go to work. You don't have any sick days and we depend on your paycheck. Mrs. Porter doesn't seem to care about how you look as long as you show up and are presentable. These are certainly very presentable outfits for work, especially for a receptionist."

"Yea," I sarcastically told her, "A girl receptionist!"

She told me, "Look at yourself, sweetness. You look like just as much of a girl as many of those liberated girls. You know the boyish butch types out there who don't even know how to behave themselves or deport themselves as girls. A young lady is supposed to, not even as well as you do. And it is no longer just your changed figure or long grown hair, but now with your lips and eyes made up, you won't be able to pass for much of a boy even if you try hard. You would just look like a girl trying to pass herself off as a boy. And if some sorts did think you a boy, would you be in trouble! No, as long as you are stuck like this, and with that makeup and the treatment you are now under, you are going to look like this for at least another month, we had better have a contingency plan just in case Estelle does not come through for you, though it would be a shame to have ruined that friendship over a silly misunderstanding."

"Friendship...!" I exclaimed. "Why she is the one who let me be branded with this makeup I can't get off! Some friend...."

“Now, now, Mrs. L. interrupted. “I am sure that was just a joke and the makeup was to come off, if circumstances had not made that impossible. Let’s wait to hear from her before rushing to judgment. Besides you will be happy to be wearing makeup if Estelle doesn’t show on Monday and you are stuck on public transportation with only your girl’s clothing to wear out.”

“I just won’t go to work until Mrs. Porter makes Estelle come and get me and bring me back those pant suits,” was my only reply.

But Mrs. L. brought me back down to earth. “You can’t assume Estelle will be reachable. She seems pretty angry with you. And you know that Mrs. Porter can’t do without Estelle and you on a Monday. If both of you don’t show up there may be trouble. We can always wait and find out, but you need a contingency plan. You can call her first thing on Monday and find out what can be done, but you have to be ready to go in if there is no way out for you. Mrs. Porter, being a woman, may not understand your reluctance to show up at work in a skirt and makeup, all things considered, with you passing so well as a girl. After all you have already been going to work masquerading as a female, in pants and have let yourself be made up by a cosmetician, and everyone has already been told that you are simply preparing for a role in a charity play, and so showing up at work in skirts and make up should not shock any one. Besides, you have indicated that most of the girls at work seem to find you delightful as a girl. It will just appear to be part of the normal progression of your training for your part in the play as a boy masquerading as a girl. Certainly that would be every ones take on the situation as far as Mrs. Porter would be concerned. Besides, she knows you have been wearing woman’s underwear all along and that chances are you like to wear woman’s lingerie. She could always hold that over you. And if she is getting a kick out of this whole thing, what makes you think that she wouldn’t put the pressure on for you to show up at work in whatever clothes you have available; especially if what you do have available are only skirts. If not prepared for that alternative you would really be in a fix!”

I thought about what Mrs. L. said and I didn’t have an answer for it.

Mrs. L. continued, “My suggestion is that you are prepared for the worst possible case scenario for Monday, that you have to go into work and in skirts and by public transportation, and as a girl. And that necessitates you pick out at least one of these outfits for us to take in so that you can wear it out on Monday and so that you can practice wearing a skirt for over the weekend so that you can get use to wearing a skirt and seem natural in a skirt and slip. And you are also going to have to practice wearing it in your high-heals. Not as an aversion situation, but because girls typically wear these skirts with

high heels. And you will have to learn how to apply all that makeup you were given, as no business girl would be seen in just lipstick and black eyeliner. If it is not necessary, that is if Estelle shows up or your boss gives you some time off, fine, but if not you will be prepared. Otherwise you will just embarrass yourself.”

Mrs. L’s argument while frightening was perfectly logical. And after all, I sort of lied to myself, most likely it will only be something I will have to do at home, only in front of Mrs. L. and come Monday, Estelle will be here with my pants suit. Girl’s clothing, but not as bad as skirts. So I relaxed my attitude and my hips and placing one arm across my waist with my hand on my hip and the other hand under my chin, pointing finger up I struck a feminine pose of thoughtfulness and told Mrs. L. “I think the black outfit suits me and is more business-like. Let’s start with that one.”

“That a girl, I mean boy,” she told me, just go with the flow and let’s try to make you the most convincing girl we can, at least for the time being. After all, no matter how serious it appears to you, to us real girls it is all in fun and I don’t think any harm is intended. Two months or so from now it will just be a silly memory. And if you still like lingerie after this experience, it will be our little secret.”

I was about to say something in denial but she cut me off. “Now dear, let’s not have any false modesty here. Satin lingerie can be such a turn on even for us girls, I can just imagine the problems a boy would have in giving it up after having to wear it for so long. I imagine it would become an addiction. I don’t know how you would ever be able to give it up. Just imagine having to try to sleep in a pair of men’s pajamas instead of those lovely satin panties and nightgowns that you now have. Oh the thought gives me the shivers!”

I just gulped. I couldn’t answer. I didn’t know if she was reading my mind, or had guessed at my addiction, or was just trying to unnerve me as to have her way. She certainly enjoyed dressing me and feminizing me through the aversion game we had been playing under the guise of therapy. It had all been in good fun, but now it had really gotten a bit too far. But I felt that I hadn’t much of a choice, and all things considered I had better learn to pass as a girl, at least for the short times that I would be in public. I could always relax it a bit when I was at home and at the office. But as Mrs. L. pointed out I realized that I had to prepare for the worst and wearing a skirt and full makeup in public was not the worst, but being found out in the middle of town with nowhere to hide could be pretty bad.

But that was not all. After it appeared that I realized I had no choice in the matter Mrs. L added, “And we’ll have to start working on your

voice also. Fortunately for you, under the circumstances, you do have one of those voices that can go either way, like your face, but I don't want any problems at all. We will have to work to get it a bit higher so it definitely sounds like a girl's voice and there can be no thought to the contrary. Also we'll have to work on your diction a bit so that your words and phrases don't even hint of any masculine training."

At that point I was so defeated I could only nod in agreement and giving in completely I went to pull on the skirt. Mrs. L. interrupted with a laugh. "I guess you aren't all girl yet, at least not thinking like one, which we of course will have to change, for you see no girl would try on a skirt for alterations without wearing the shoes that were to go with the outfit and of course a slip not a pants slip, silly. So I think you need those black pumps of yours from the aversion therapy days and a medium length full slip that has just been sitting in your lingerie drawer. Put that on instead of your camisole and pants slip. And thank Marge for having so much forethought."

I told her, "Sorry," making a face and I retrieved my high heel shoes and the slip she had recommended so that I could try the outfits in a proper feminine fashion. As I put the slip on I was treated to another feminine sensation, the drag of the slip against my nylon-covered legs and once again I found an additional turn on from my situation and lingerie. Again I put the robe on for modesty and was tantalized with the feel of the satin robe over my satin slip. I never wanted to take the robe off. But downstairs I had to go, and after slipping on my high-heels I once again adopted my feminine walk.

Once I had the skirt on Mrs. L. marked it for alterations and then we did the jacket and blouse. Mrs. L. explained to me everything that she was doing and taught me to sew and alter as she went along. "You will be doing the next one", she told me, "that is if this thing goes past Monday, as you will need more than one outfit and if you are stuck in skirts for a while I think you should think about remaining in a feminine mode all the time. Jumping back and forth is not healthy." I thought, not healthy for who, you or me. But I let her continue. "And if we are to be living as girlfriends then I think I might as well teach you whatever I can to pass the time. We can't have you engaged in manly pursuits, it will just get you into trouble nor can you spend all your time watching he soaps, like some girls," she laughed, having a good time with me.

I nodded in agreement but was not happy with the idea. Lingerie yes, Mrs. L was right, I couldn't help myself any longer, but living full time as a female was not my idea of a turn on, at least not yet. But being stuck with a feminine body, at least for another month and with the long lasting ruby red lips I did not see much of an alternative and simply thought of the pleasure of being in lingerie full time and gave

up without a fight. So I told her, "I suppose that is the thing to do. But let's wait till Monday before you start making me into a seamstress."

"Of course," she told me, which caused me to relax a bit, figuring I just might be out of the woods. But then she continued, "We won't have any time for sewing this weekend, it will have to wait, I have to make sure you can move in a proper feminine fashion in a skirt and heels and that you know how to apply all of your makeup and that your voice and elocution is a bit more feminine. That will fill up this weekend. I know you can walk in heels from the aversion therapy, but now you must learn how to walk like a girl in heels and how to properly handle your skirts. And of course just because you have had to put on lipstick on occasion as part of your therapy, it doesn't mean you will be a natural with the rest of our war paint. So we do have a lot of work to do between today and tomorrow. And you have slept away a large part of this day already. So let's get started."

So I spent the weekend learning to walk like a girl in heels and a tight business skirt, how to apply my makeup, and how to speak more like a girl. Mrs. L's voice would forever be in my head. "Now dear, let's have one foot in front of the other and point those toes and move from the hips. Relax those arms and hold them out a bit so they go around your hips dear. You are no longer a boy, you are a girl and have hips, and nice hips at that. Yes, you know, you do have hips and a well-rounded seat now." And then I learned to sit holding my hands beneath me as to straighten out my skirt before sitting, and to hold my legs together or crossed and place my hands in my laps and hold my shoulders back and my chest out. As Mrs. L. would tell me, "A girl has to be proud of her assets, dear, and yours are simply charming. A bit small so one has to stand straight."

And of course there were hours in front of the makeup mirror learning how to properly apply my cosmetics. There was apparently an art to applying it all, the foundation, and sealer and rouge, and eyeliner and shadow and lipstick, and how and when to refresh my makeup, and how to apply it in public and do it in a feminine fashion so not to give myself away. There was an art to it and Mrs. L. made sure I learned it all.

She kept me in skirts and makeup for the whole weekend and made sure I helped her around the house just as if we were two girls living together, except she would correct any masculine motion I slipped into and make me repeat it femininely several times as to help me break any inclination to act in the slightest as a boy. And I had no choice but to go along. And of course she had me feeling as if I were Eliza Doolittle as she coached me along with the voice training.

At first I rebelled a bit. But after a while I just felt the comfort of my lingerie and then surprisingly comfortable with my makeup. The more femininely I acted and moved and talked, the more I brushed against my own satin finery and the better I felt and so I soon fell into that pattern and no longer fought my transformation. When I walked heel to toe and swayed at the hips I could feel my panties against my manhood and my slip tickling the back of my nylon hose. When I brushed my skirt under me as I sat I could once again feel my slip against my satin girdle and nylon stockings and it was so comforting.

And surprisingly enough there was something about the smell of the makeup that was also a bit of a turn on for me. I had had an inkling of that when the cosmetician had first made me up, but it was nothing like the effect when I was forced to put it on myself. The feel of it on my skin and the delightful aroma of it just relaxed me so, that I stopped fighting the lessons and later found myself refreshing it without being reminded to, just to put that aroma around me once again.

Needless to say Mrs. L. was quite pleased with my quick progress and by Sunday evening when she finally let me go to bed she told me, "Dear, you are really doing so well and have picked all this up so quickly, if I did not know better I would have believed you had lived as a girl before, or at least in another lifetime. You have picked all this femininity up so quickly that you have made it more fun than work for me. I wish my own daughter could behave like as much of a girl as you do. Now you shouldn't have any problems tomorrow, if worse comes to worse, and if it doesn't, well I at least have had a fun weekend. And as I have said, depending on what happens to you on Monday, I would have absolutely no problem continuing to teach you what a girl has to know and improving on your feminine self until such time as you are able to return to being boy. But it will be a full time experience and I am not sure that if you intend to stay here and must continue as a girl at work that I will give you a choice in this matter. I know it must seem a bit harsh, but I believe it will be best for you. Besides I would appreciate if you would just let me do it. For if you are pretty much stuck in fem," she laughed at her own joke, "then for your own protection it can't be a half time thing. I know that you have gotten away with it so far, but the laws are pretty rigid about these things, and you haven't been out much in public, and if you are to be commuting in skirts, you had better pass and start thinking of yourself as a girl, so there will be no accidents. Think about it."

With that she gave me a kiss on the forehead and sent me to bed, with a lot to think about. But I knew that I had no choice in the matter. If Estelle had abandoned me I would be stuck in skirts for some time

and there was a hidden threat in all of Mrs. L. caring speech. That is, “if I continued to live with her.” Well where else was I to go, especially in my condition. Even if Estelle would take me in there was no room for two at her place and I was beginning to think if Mrs. Porter helped me out any more I would be a girl for life. No there was no other place to go and if I stayed I would have to let Mrs. L. have her fun with me. After all, under the circumstances it was really for my own protection and good, though I did wonder at the intensity of her apparent desires to have me pass as a girl.

## Chapter 21: To work in dresses and fated to spend all my time in dresses

Monday morning came and Estelle didn't show up at my place. I called the office and got Mary, the girl from the back that had stood in as the receptionist from the time before I had been given the job, and she put me right through to Mrs. Porter, as Estelle was not at work either. I explained the situation and how Estelle's feelings had been hurt by her misperception of what had happened and that as a result I not only was branded with long lasting cosmetics but also only had a skirt suit to wear, anywhere, let alone to work. Mrs. Porter however insisted that I come to work and told me she would get to Estelle and set her right.

Mrs. Porter told me, “You just get into that skirt suit and do the best you can with some makeup and I will send a cab to pick you up. We can't have you getting arrested, but I must have you at work today, especially if Estelle doesn't show. It is just isn't the same here without you on that front desk and the coffee is just terrible. It doesn't matter how that skirt fits you; as long as it doesn't fall off and we'll get something for you that you can work in, once you get in. And just do the best you can with the makeup for now and I will get one of the girls to help you if you don't look right, I know black on the eyes does not go without complementary makeup. You'll look like a character from a sci-fi movie. Don't worry I will have a cab there shortly.” And with that she hung up and so there was nothing I could do but get ready and tell Mrs. L. that she had been right and it turned out to be a good thing she had prepared me for what was to come, but that she wouldn't have to accompany me as my boss was sending a cab.

So I got ready, I guess pretty much feeling just like a young girl getting ready for work, and strangely enough I was not that uncomfortable with the preparation, as I had been forced to practice so intensely.

However, what was frightening was that I sort of luxuriated in getting into my lingerie, including my full slip even though I knew I would be traipsing around in public, at least at the office so dressed and in full makeup. And as I applied my makeup I luxuriated in the feeling and textures and perfume aroma of it all. The skirt and heels bothered me a bit, but that was all that I found really disturbing. However, I guess that after such an intense practice one wants to give it a try. How convincing would I be?

The only problem was that once dressed I had no place to put my things, there were absolutely no pockets in the outfit. Mrs. L. had come up to see how I was doing and as she was carrying a pocket book with her and I got the shocking answer to my question. She saw my things piled up on the dresser, I had brought them home in a bag from my overnight stay, and she told me, "I just realized your outfit does not have any pockets. And even if it did, you no longer have that androgynous look that would let you get away with carrying those things in pockets. And besides, you will have to carry some makeup with you and that alone necessitates that a young lady carries a pocket book."

I couldn't even object as I at least needed something to carry my house keys and some money in, and without pockets a pocket book was all that was left to me. If I had thought about it earlier I may have come up with an alternative. But left to the last moment there was no getting around it. I was going to have to use a pocket book.

Mrs. L. showed me how to stow everything in it and it came with a purse into which the contents of my wallet was emptied and a makeup bag into which my makeup for touch up and refreshing of my look was placed. Then in went my keys and some other odds and ends. Then Mrs. L. showed me how to carry it on my arm or hands and how to walk around with it and open it like a girl would, and had me practice until the cab arrived. I really had no choice, I needed the pocket book and I felt so utterly girlish walking with it, and I think it just threw me over the edge where I just went with the flow of being the girl I so appeared to be.

I took the cab to work. I don't think the driver had the slightest inkling I wasn't what I appeared to be, a young woman on her way to work, at least he acted that way. Once at work I was like Miss Efficiency, I even sort of surprised myself. I just felt so much like the efficient receptionist secretary. I wasn't even too self-conscious about my appearance though I could see that Mary, who was sitting in for me, was a bit taken aback by my totally feminine appearance and the fact I was in full makeup a skirt and heels. At first she didn't realize who I was and asked, "Can I help you Miss?" And then I told her in my best

feminine voice at that time, "It's me, Robin, come to the rescue." Mary told me, "Oh Robin, I would have never guessed, even after having seen you in those pants suits. Why you look darling and you even sound like a girl. You'll be wonderful in that play. But you had better watch out for the boys if you are going to be so convincing. You do look attractive in that outfit."

I called into Mrs. Porter and told her I was in and would be in with her coffee as soon as I straightened up the front desk situation. Then I started a fresh batch of coffee for Mrs. Porter and cleared up the telephone calls and straightened out the appointments, everything an efficient receptionist would do. Then I sent Mary back to her own desk, for which she really thanked me.

On the way out she asked, "Is it all right if I tell the other girls just how wonderful you look, or do you want to surprise them at lunch?" I couldn't believe I had caused such a stir with her and of course told her she was free to tell anyone anything, except of course a police officer. We both laughed at that and she told me, "I wouldn't dare, I would be the one arrested for lying. Absolutely no one would believe that our pretty receptionist is not everything she appears to be. I think I know the truth and I can't believe you aren't really a girl."

Then with everything settled down I brought Mrs. Porter her coffee into her office. She was also a bit taken back when she first saw me, I guess I looked more like a girl then even she had suspected I would and it could be no one else but me in that outfit, and makeup as girlie as it was. "Robin?" she asked as she took the coffee I offered and took a sip. I responded, "Who else brings you your coffee Mrs. Porter?" She smiled and took a taste and told me, "Now that is a proper cup of coffee and I am so glad you are here. But I can hardly believe it is you. I mean when you explained the situation over the telephone I was expecting to see a silly looking boy in an ill-fitting skirt suit and clownish makeup, wobbling in on high heels. Instead I find you every bit the attractive young lady, and well-appointed at that."

I could only tell her, "Oh yes Mrs. Porter, it is me, and regretfully so, and feeling very foolish."

"Not at all," she told me. "You look delightful, and so much like a proper receptionist. As soon as you relieve Mary and get things straightened out we'll have to have a bit of a talk."

"All done," I told her. "Mary should be back at her desk by now and I straightened everything out while the coffee was brewing."

Mrs. Porter told me, "You are just irreplaceable Robin, just irreplaceable. I don't know what I am going to do when you get

yourself straightened out and finish your internship.” Then she laughed, but I knew she was serious when she jokingly told me, “We may just have to keep you like this for as long as we can as not to lose the perfect receptionist, especially since you seem to have adapted to a feminine job by becoming so feminine that you can really just pass for a girl. I mean if you like it you can certainly remain the way you are and the job is yours, with a big fat raise, for as long as you like or as long as you are in this condition.”

I was about to address that when Estelle walked in. She obviously did not recognize me and excused herself for barging in on a meeting. Mrs. Porter then told her who I was and she could not believe it at first. I had to force my voice back down to its normal range to convince her I was a guy, let alone Robin.

Well she threw her arms around me and gave me a kiss on the cheek. The pressure of her breasts against mine encased in my satin bra was unnerving as it was pleasurable, as the pleasurable sensation was unexpected. I knew my breasts were sensitive and could be a source of pleasure, but did not think that such a simple act as the rubbing up against me of another female chest could be so pleasurable. It got me to thinking that perhaps that was the reason girls were so huggy-kissy, it was just a turn on for them.

Then she told me, “I just can’t believe what an attractive young girl you make, all made up like that and in a skirt and high heels. Why, even your legs are shaved and quite shapely at that, and you were sitting there just like any young lady would, legs together and hands in your lap. I had no way to have known it was you. Now if this was all my doing I don’t feel so bad after all. Why I just wish you could stay like this forever and we can keep you as our receptionist. I just love your company, you are so giving and accommodating and I would just love to see you continue to flower as a young lady. You certainly have the personality for it.”

Then she directed herself to Mrs. Porter. “Oh Mrs. Porter, can’t we keep him, I mean her, oh I’m not sure what I mean, just like this and as our receptionist, at least until your niece returns? Robin is just so easy to work with.”

Mrs. Porter had already expressed such a desire to me, and she told that to Estelle. Then she formerly broached the subject with me, but more telling me than asking me, and sort of brought Estelle up to speed on my situation. “Now I understand from our earlier conversations and from just speaking with Doctor Melanie, that you are stuck like this for at least a while. And by this I mean that you have developed the figure of a young girl going through puberty and

the figure you are displaying here today is pretty much you, and not any padding, or any more padding than any of us girls who are not so well endowed would wear. And it is no longer the result of wearing support garments designed for a female; though that was the cause of those early changes that feminized your figure. And that the procedures the doctor has put into effect to reverse your figure changes won't take effect for a bit, at the earliest, assuming they work. Also, due to the mishap on Friday which we discussed over the telephone this morning, you are stuck with makeup on your lips and eyes that can't be easily hidden and certainly also brand you as a girl.

Additionally, just seeing you here tells me, and obviously also Estelle, based on her initial reaction, that you have somehow accommodated to these changes and can pass for a girl, at least in this work environment, not that it is necessary. I was perfectly happy letting you play at being a girl without actually appearing to be one, it was fun. But be that as it may, give me an idea of other changes you have wrought that allow you to be, well at least appear to be so much a girl, so I can make a decision of where we can go from here; though based on my conversation with Dr. Melanie, and another situation with which I really need your help and which I will explain to you, I already have made some decisions."

I told them part of the truth, but did not want to reveal how fully feminized I truly had become and over how long a period I had undergone the process. I told them, "It was my landlady. She assumed I would have to come to work in whatever clothes we had on hand and by public transportation. So she spent the weekend getting my clothes and me ready to pass as a girl. The dress suit was her daughter's, and she altered it to a perfect fit. Then she kept me as a girl, in heels and this skirt for the entire weekend, and had me practicing my makeup, deportment and voice for hours and hours, until she was satisfied"

Then not thinking they would totally believe I had adopted the feminine attributes so shortly I had to add, "And really since this whole thing began she has been playing these mind games with me and getting me to act in a feminine fashion on every occasion that she could. And of course under the circumstances I was sort of at her mercy and couldn't escape, as I could not leave the house dressed as I was and with my access to my own clothing denied. So that this turned out to be the culmination of all her efforts, and everything just seemed to fall into place. Only now I am in public and it is not a game anymore."

Of course I didn't tell then about the electrolysis I had been forced to undergo, I just let them think I had shaved rather closely, nor did I tell

them of all the feminine activities with which I had been forced to occupy my time.

That explanation flew, or at least it seemed to. Estelle told me, “It is just simply amazing how quickly you picked up all the attributes of a girl and have been able to reconstruct yourself as one of us so well. However, there must have been some underlying need in you to explore your feminine side for you to have become so convincing in such a short time and so relaxed and at home with your new girl self. No dear, it isn’t just your landlady; it is in you, some deep dark secret that has been let out. I think I must have read it in you from the beginning, the girl hidden away that needed to be released, and that is what attracted me so to you, my need to help the girl in you emerge.”

I could not let that get by and I started to protest, but Mrs. Porter interrupted. She told us, “To tell the truth, for me it was more fun having Robin as a boy traipsing around the office in mannish girl’s clothing and knowing that his under things were even more feminine than his outer things, than having him pass muster as an apparent female.”

Then she turned to me, “But be that as it may, I don’t want to lose your services at the front desk, at least not for the time being. And as I feel the blame for much of this I do feel I should accommodate you here in whatever condition at least until you can return to normal, whatever that might turn out to be, now. So having discussed this with the good doctor and having heard Estelle out, and having heard you out, nothing has really changed my mind as to the solution to this situation, and a little private problem of my own that you have exacerbated, and to our problem of keeping a receptionist, and getting a receptionist who can help out with some of the secretarial work. And so this is what I propose for you.”

And with that she laid out her plan, a plan that was to be in effect until I could once again pass as a boy, and which in effect was to keep me feminized and prevent me from returning to my masculine self, at least till my own hormones took affect instead of the estrogens circulating through my body. And of course was for my own good. She told me, “This, as much as it hurts me to do it is for your own good, and you should not view it as anything but that. Based upon your necessity to work and your current appearance, I mean woman’s makeup that won’t come off and a female figure that is getting harder and harder to pass as a boy’s and your obvious ability to pass as a girl, and your obvious comfort with that role in life...”

Although much of what she said was true, it was still difficult to let the assault on my fleeting masculinity go like that and so I started to speak up, but she would not let me. She continued, "Now try not to interrupt dear. This will be a lot to take, but hear me out and then we can talk about it. My mind is made up, but of course you have to agree with it. But hear me out." And so I let her speak. Mrs. Porter continued, "Now, as far as I am concerned you are for the time being a girl and will work here as one and are be treated as one of the girls. This I believe will be for your own good and for the good and smooth workings of the office. No matter that everyone here knows you are really a boy, those thoughts will soon pass and the girls will forget you were ever a boy and soon treat you as if you are a girl and if you have always been a girl and were never a boy. And to some extent you will find that you will also see yourself as such. No use in trying to pass yourself off as a boy when you obviously no longer fit that category, and will probably cause more trouble for yourself by trying to pass as a boy when people will just most likely think you are a girl with unacceptable drives trying to pass yourself of as a boy, and would probably hurt you for that. And based on your musculature at this time I wouldn't believe anyone is going to have much trouble intimidating you physically. So if you are read as a girl trying to pass as a boy, and that will most certainly occur if you do try to return to being a boy before you look like one and can carry yourself as one, you will be the worst for it. While on the other hand physically no one will have any trouble accepting you as a girl if you choose that path for now, that is as long as you keep your panties in place."

I had to realize there was something in what she said. I was sort of in mild shock being told that I was to be a girl for a while but, as I didn't object at that point and so Mrs. Porter continued, "Now in order to prevent you from being arrested for the opposite problem, being discovered as a boy masquerading as a girl, I will arrange with Dr. Michele to register you as a candidate for sexual reassignment who will be living the required year or so in the gender you will be corrected to; so that way you will receive a document, a license so to speak, which makes it legal for you to be cross-dressed in public and legalizes your temporary status as a girl. So if you are ever stopped by the police you don't have to worry and you won't have a heart attack. Not that I would mind bailing you out of jail worse comes to worse, but, I don't think you would be the same after a night in the lockup dressed as you are and looking as you do. And I certainly don't want to have to identify you down at the morgue. So if you are in for a penny here, you are in for a dollar. Once licensed your photo identifications can all be changed, so you can drive again, and you can use your credit cards again. You will have all your identifications

changed to identifying you as a female as to match your current appearance so that they are once again usable.”

“The down side is once so registered you must live as a girl 24/7. And I mean that. Or you will cause a lot of trouble for Dr. Michele and for me. Now, if you want I will talk to your landlady about this situation. If it presents a problem for her we can always find you a new place to live. But based on her efforts with you so far, and under the circumstances I don't imagine that it would be a problem for her, as you don't really have much of a choice. But getting back to the necessity for you to go 24/7 as a girl from now on let me continue. To get you the transgender identification the doctor will register you with a transgender program as a preoperative boy to girl transsexual, which requires that life style. The doctor will tell the program people that you have been under her private care in the early stages of sexual reassignment from a boy to a girl, as she did not believe you were so serious about the transition. But as you have gone so far that she is no longer able to supervise you and believes it is time for you to enter a proper certified program. Once you are registered you will be for better, or at least no worse, in the hands and control of the clinic doctors. But we really have no choice here. Of course you will have to undergo therapy by the clinic doctors who have to determine if reassignment is right for you, while you live and have to earn a living as a girl for at least one year. They will check up on you, which is why this is a 24/7 girl's lifestyle. Of course over the course of the year you should revert back to your normal self and can drop out of the program, and that will be the end of that. People do drop out, that is why they make it necessary to live as a girl for a year 24/7. At that point we'll slide you back into the internship program and you can finish that off and get your certification.”

“While this is going on and you are stuck impersonating a female I would like you to work with Estelle and me as it regards your time here with us as a receptionist and to start taking on some of her secretarial responsibilities. That idiot niece of mine, who was supposed to help out, wasn't worth a darn. Estelle rarely took a vacation and has so much time piled up she will have my Board Members up in arms when she retires. She really has to take some time off, and so I need you to work with her on that. I mean you will have to stand in for her on occasion and I need you to pick up some additional secretarial skills with that in mind. You know things like proper filing, perhaps short hand and so we would pay for you to take an intensive secretarial course, if you agree. Now obviously we could not continue to pay you as an intern if you agree to all of this and I was thinking that as the receptionist and training for executive secretarial work, and a salary along these lines,” and she wrote the

figure down for me to see, “would be more commensurate with those duties.”

I thought I would die. But thinking about it, what choice did I have? And that salary was unbelievable. And it was a bit intriguing, always wearing lingerie and all that physical pleasures all the time, and getting paid for it. And I thought, 24/7 as a girl and in effect under the control of my Mrs. L. and Estelle, that should be more effective than those aversion sessions Mrs. L. had been putting me through, which had really backfired on me now that I thought of it. If total immersion living and acting and oh yes dressing as a female didn't cure me of my fascinations then I might as well go through with the sex change.

Yes I had to do this I thought. If too much of a good thing could ruin it than being in lingerie full time and having to act as if I belong in it full time didn't cure me of my obsession with it then nothing would and I might as well stay a girl. So I feigned with Mrs. Porter that I was not totally willing to go along with her plan but really didn't see any alternative and so would give it a try, even with all the complications. But even with that, I knew there was something more to this, as Mrs. Porter had sort of let out earlier. I thought she had been honest when she told us she had more fun having me dressed in lingerie when it was obvious that I was a guy and not a girl. So what was the driving force here and why was she so willing to give me such a raise and pay for everything. And this couldn't really be about the receptionist job. She really could have kept me in the receptionist job for as long as she needed me there. I wasn't the type to have fought her on it and she knew it. So what was really going on here? I had to ask and I wasn't happy with the answer.

I told her, “That salary makes a lot of this livable.” I did not tell her, “Yea, especially as I realize that I am just about stuck with the situation anyway, so I might as well make something on it, and I don't think I would see that type of money for some time under normal circumstances.” But I did tell her, “What is the catch here. I need to know before getting myself so deep that I won't have any choice. And don't give me sweet talk; I know there is a catch here!”

“Feminine intuition...?” Mrs. Porter joked. I told her, “Educated guess and the fear factor.”

“Well you are right, I am sorry to say. Let me explain. I stand a strong chance of losing this business unless you help me out here. And let me be blunt here and just get it out for I find this very difficult to ask. But I really have no choice. I need you to continue this masquerade under the pretense that it has been forced upon you, by me, your aunt, as a type of petty coat punishment, and that all these changes to

you have been part of that punishment and against your will. Next I need you to participate in the guise of a maid and then as a little girl singer at a party I have to host at my home.”

My face must have dropped. I was imagining myself in front of a bunch of man hating, man dominating woman, as a man dressed as a French maid in a frilly outfit and then as a man dressed as a little girl in another frilly outfit and even with all I had gone through it was still a bit of a shock. Now I didn't think that I would definitely not do it, it was not that much of a jump from what I had already been going through, but it was a bit of a shock under any circumstances.

Mrs. Porter continued, “Think about it. You were the only guy here, and we have the same last name. And did you ever see my Board of Directors? I got the loan to start up from a group of investors that support woman run businesses for woman. However, there is one extra requirement. They only support woman who can control men in a punishing fashion and can bring that victim, you, to one of their private club meetings. I have that look about me, and can turn it on occasionally, though I am really a pussycat. My loan will be called in unless I host a meeting and I can't do that without you. To host a meeting I need to get a suitable male under my obvious subjugation and control. I thought I would just hire someone with that in mind, you know, like an actor. But that did not prove workable for reasons that would take too long to go into here.”

“ Then you came knocking and desperately in need of a job and as we had the same last name I was able to hire you, but I had to tell them you were here because no one could handle you and that as your aunt I had permission to do whatever I felt necessary to bring you under control. So I gave them this story of all the young Porter boys I had punished in petticoats and that you were to be my first young man I put in dresses and that I had your parent's permission to go as far as I deemed necessary to bring you under control. It was just that you seemed so desperate and so nice that I just had to help out, and we did have that internship position open and needed someone for it. And especially since we had the same last name, and to be quite honest I think we probably are related. But I will get into that another time.”

“I never really thought to put you in petty coats. I figured it would be a stall and give me time to pay off the loan. Then I would simply pay it off and tell them you had just proved to tuff, and hopefully walk away from the whole thing. However, we lost some contracts thanks to my idiot real niece, which is why she is gone. Then to my surprise, whom do I find in front of a lingerie shop and staring at girl's unmentionables, but my pretend nephew. Well I just went with it, and what to my surprise, before I knew it I actually had you in lingerie, and for all

appearances, to coin a phrase “petty coated.” And once more I did not even feel bad about it. I found it fun to have you traipsing around the office knowing full well you were wearing girl’s underwear under your clothes. I guess misery loves company. And under the circumstances I must have rationalized away any misgivings about what I had done to you.”



“Well when those board members showed, and being experts on such matters, knew what you had on for underwear it seemed that I had done everything I said I could and they eased up on me. And then without really any effort on my part, well aside from slipping you what I thought was a low dose of female hormones, more to impress my

creditors than to have any effect, you got deeper and deeper into the situation and seemed to have lost control. After all, I had no way of knowing your landlady was also feeding you female hormones. And when Estelle got involved and pushed you further along I couldn't bring myself to intervene and so now at this stage I really just have to present you, assuming you can bring yourself to help me out, and I am home free. By the time you have recovered I will have paid off the loan and you can return to your intern position, and keep your higher salary. I just need you to continue the masquerade and act subservient about the whole thing for a little while longer. I will certainly make it worth your while, though I would understand if you could not bring yourself to help me out here."

That was a lot to absorb, but it explained a lot. I really couldn't say no. I was a bit afraid to carry this any further. I was finding out a lot about myself that it probably would have been better if I had never found out. But all things considered, I was publicly embarrassed beyond imagination and the only thing that made the situation workable was that being hooked on lingerie I was so out of it with pleasure that most of this was not terribly bothersome as long as the notion existed that I had been tricked and forced into my gender bending position. I was like a drug addict and all this femininity aside from the lingerie was just becoming something I had to do to get my lingerie fix, and no matter how embarrassing it was I would do it. However, I knew that it never paid to give in so easily. So I shared my initial misgivings, "Well that certainly explains a lot," but told Mrs. Porter, "Isn't that a lot to ask, I mean for me to parade around in front of a bunch of man hating old biddies as a French maid and then as a little girl, for them to make fun of?"

Mrs. Porter told me, "It is, but not as bad as you think or as demeaning as you think, especially considering your current condition and the fact that you are stuck this way for a while. The ladies don't hate men, they just like to dominate them and all the humiliation is really in good fun. They are really just out to have a bit of fun and a good time and are not really out to hurt anyone. And they are not old biddies. I am one of them, thought half-heartedly in the beginning; though at this stage I am finding it a bit of fun myself, no offence meant."

"None taken," I reflexively told her. And she continued, "You wouldn't be dressed as a French maid, this isn't a story made up to titillate cross dressers and their fans, you know. I would have you dressed as a parlor maid to show that you know your place. It is all in good fun, and you would be there just to greet the ladies and to take their coats and then to later serve drinks and snacks. Then for some light

entertainment it would be expected that you would do some sort of performance. I thought the simplest thing would be to put you in a short little girl type dress; you do have lovely girlish legs, boy or girl, and have you mime the words to some Shirley Temple songs, until the ladies of the club had enough. You could move around a bit coquettishly and pretend to dance a bit and that would be it. The ladies would ooh and ah and make all sorts of silly comments, just to get you to blush, and that would be the end of it. One night, and you would be well remunerated. And we both would be out of the woods, and I would be eternally grateful.”

“Also, these ladies have a lot of influence in parts of the business world, and I am sure I could prevail on one or two to help you out once you have shown you have learned a lesson and had completed your time in petticoats. An occasional weekend appearance with lingerie under your pants would probably be enough to convince them you were eternally in my petty coat power and serve to have one or two help you with your career. That shouldn’t be too difficult a situation, unless returning to lingerie, that is after this is all over, would be to hard on you.”

I laughed to myself as I thought that I never wanted to leave my lingerie behind, and was actually hoping this petticoat punishment would help me control that. So all in all I thought why not? Looking for a cure, the more extreme I took this and the more embarrassing it became the better my chance of escaping this desire or it at least of it becoming less desirable as it became more and more associated in my mind with embarrassment and boring woman’s household chores, whether those of just the typical girl or those of a household servant. So I told Mrs. Porter, “You’ve really have been rather generous about this situation, when I am sure you could have, under the circumstances, just had me in your power to do what ever you wished me to do. So I could never say no to you, especially as you told me that we might be related. I will do what ever you think is necessary, while the feminine condition of my body continues, and with a smile as to impress your associates with the success of your petty coating program.”

Then more to convince myself than my benefactress I told Mrs. Porter and Estelle, “For the time, being I guess, for the benefit of this masquerade and to make sure you don’t lose your business I will just stay just as I am today, like this, in skirts and as feminine as possible, doing all that I can to appear a female. And if need be I will do so consistently, or 24/7 as you suggest. I will attend whatever therapy program you select and portray myself as a pre-op boy to girl transsexual and actually proceed in that direction short of actual

reassignment surgery. I will continue as your receptionist and try to learn whatever secretarial skills you deem I need and attend whatever secretarial skill courses you deem necessary and of course are willing to pay for, and use those skills at the office. And finally I will attend that party and play my role as a maid and as the entertainment, whatever that might be, within reason as long as it is all in fun and not too humiliating. And I guess I will just be the best girl I can be until this whole thing works out for the best. Of course, providing that salary was serious and I am not subject to abuse. Jokes are okay, but not abuse," I laughed.

"Yes, yes yes, thank you, thank you, thank you!" exuberantly cried out Mrs. Porter, and of course came over and gave me a big hug that only girls can give one another. And of course my breasts were setting me off once again. "Now don't worry about a thing," she continued. "I am sure Estelle will be a great help to you, as before, now that we have that misunderstanding out of the way, and she knows how your success in skirts means the success of the company. It is just you can't take lunches together. I need one of you here when the other is not. You can pal around after work. And of course, whenever you two are taking care of company business; so to speak in regards to this matter, it will be on the clock. Just keep a tab of what's going on."

I told her it wasn't really necessary as my new salary was so generous, I did not mind giving a bit back in time, which Mrs. Porter must have found endearing because she gave me that look and told me, "You are really sweet, dear. I see why being a girl seems so natural to you."

Estelle also declined the extra time on the clock. She told both of us, "I enjoy this too much to have to limit my time helping Robin because that time is on the clock. I could spend all evening picking out outfits for his girl self and helping him to feminize. It is just so much fun turning him into a girl and watching his reactions. May be with someone else it would be work, but with Robin, he is just so cute about the whole thing, that it is nothing but fun. I don't think I ever want to stop until even Robin isn't sure any longer if he is a boy or a girl." And at that she gave a laugh.

Mrs. Porter laughed at that also. She agreed, "Yes that would be a fun thing." But she warned, "No we can't go that far or the girls at the club won't believe he is the result of petty coating, and will only think he was a transgender to begin with." Then she continued, "What I need you girls to do is start putting together a uniform and a girl's party dress outfit for Robin for that little get together that will be at my place. You can start at Marge's. And don't make it anything too kinky now as that is not the purpose of this. And then as long as Robin is passing,

where ever else you have to shop is fine, but don't push it until Robin has her identification card identifying him as her."

Then she added, "And don't get to sassy once you have the card. It will only keep you out of jail for the night, it won't keep an overzealous officer from dragging you downtown to spend a couple of hours if you call too much attention to yourself or act sassy. And let's not get too crazy with the purchases, unless you intend staying this way for a considerable more time than is necessary for me to close this deal."

Estelle told her, "Oh I have plenty of things for Robin. Especially now that he is wearing skirts, and I would imagine also dresses. I've got all sorts of outfits for him, err her. Oh how should I refer to you?" She asked looking at me, but Mrs. Porter answered. "Robin is a girl for the time being, 24/7 and should be referred to as such in public. That would be her wish in the role she is playing and it is certainly my desire under her petty coating scenario. In private, however, he is to be dealt with as a petticoated boy, a dominated and punished one, as to get use to that treatment, which will be what the girls at the club are looking to see. Now especially if you are to be palling around with her, it must be in a dominating relationship as that is what the girls would expect as you know Robin is a boy and you should know that he is undergoing petty coating punishment and training, and the only way you would be allowed to spend so much time with her would be if you were having a hand in that training. So Robin you have to understand, in public even though Estelle is treating you as a girl we never know when you will be under club observation and so whatever Estelle tells you to do, you are to do. Of course, in real private it is still up to you two how you want to play the game, but I think in terms of your mindset, Robin, you should try to be obedient to Estelle. And that actually goes for your landlady to a certain degree. Understood girls?"

Estelle just smiled and I of course told her "Yes ma'am." At which point Estelle said out load to no one in particular, "Why this may even be more fun that I thought it would be." At which point Mrs. Porter joy full at the outcome of our little meeting simply shoed us out of her office and told us, "Now back to work girls, this is an office." And I certainly did as I was told.

My immediate future settled in such an amicable fashion and every one friendly again I found refrains of the song "I enjoy being a girl" going through my mind. Of course I would not admit it, but I was quite comfortable in my new role and outfit and found the lingerie as stimulating as ever and just ignored all the other changes forced upon me. The girls from work who came by my desk, and they all knew I was a boy, just treated me as a girl. Mrs. Porter had let every one know that she wanted Robin to get her role for the charity play, as a

boy masquerading as a girl, down perfectly and did not want any one to remind me in any way that I was not a real girl as to ruin my mood. Any one coming to the office just assumed that I was a girl, the new receptionist, and that took care of that. And I just became the girl I was supposed to be, in appearance, actions, and even to a large degree after a while also in thought.

End of Book 3