

A full-body photograph of a woman standing against a light gray background. She is wearing a black, form-fitting, sleeveless dress that reaches her knees. She is also wearing black sheer tights and black high-heeled pumps. Her left hand is on her hip, and her right hand is hanging by her side. The lighting is soft, casting a subtle shadow on the floor.

SISSY SECRETARY

A Tale of Gentle Femdom &
Forced Feminization

AURORA HARPER

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CHAPTER 1

“You must be John,” came a friendly female voice.

John snapped his head up and hurriedly shoved his phone back in his pocket. “Uh yeah,” He replied, caught off guard. He found his mouth was suddenly dry at the sight of the gorgeous woman standing in front of him. She wore a black pencil skirt and white blouse that struggled to contain her considerable chest. In her heels, she towered over John’s small frame.

“I’m Tiffany” she beamed, extending her hand. “I am sorry to keep you waiting, I just couldn’t get off my last call and I don’t even have anyone here to greet you. But I suppose if I did, you wouldn’t be here,” she concluded with a small chuckle.

John took the offered hand and gave his best entering the workforce handshake, trying to seem more confident than he felt. Her hand was soft and John felt his heart quicken at the touch.

She went on to explain how her last front desk girl had returned home for the summer. “I am hoping to find a girl,” she started and then quickly corrected herself, “sorry, I meant a desk person, who will be a little more permanent. That’s why I was so delighted when I got the call from Rebecca.”

John smiled warmly, making sure he kept his eyes only on her face. He had been very grateful to his stepmom and didn’t want to mess this opportunity up. Despite the siren song her chest seemed to be crooning, he was sure nothing would sour the interview quicker than being caught leering.

He had graduated high school less than a month ago, and with less than stellar grades his senior year, he knew college wasn’t going to be an option. His stepmom had been more than gracious about everything. John’s dad had walked out on them three months prior without so much as a note. Since then she had been trying to make the best of a crappy situation. Upon

graduation, she had told John he didn't have to move out or start paying rent but she did expect him to get a job. He could take two weeks off to celebrate graduating, but after that, he was to start looking for work and to have found something by the end of June.

John had spent his two weeks off primarily playing video games. His friends were all going away to college and most of them had very little free time between getting ready for their next chapter and one last big hurrah with their families. When John started the job hunt, he quickly found it harder than initially anticipated. He had never had a job while in school, and found most places turned him away after the first interview and quick glance at his resume. Despite his bleak prospects, John was adamant he didn't want to work at a fast food place with a bunch of 'teenagers'. Even though he was barely out of high school himself, he now considered such work beneath him.

As he had neared the end of the second week of job searching with no real prospects, he confessed his situation to his stepmom over dinner. She listened patiently as John shared all the places he had applied and all the interviews he had been on, but how it all amounted to nothing. When he got done, he sat in his chair sullenly pushing the pasta and chicken around his plate, unable to meet his stepmom's gaze.

Rebecca watched deep in thought for a moment before speaking up. "You know John, I have a friend who may have something available. It would just be an office position, answering phones and such, but she works in real estate and there may be a chance for you to learn the trade if you like it," she offered in a hopeful tone.

"Really? That would be great." John had beamed excited at the prospect of working in an office.

Rebecca smiled across the table at John. She had met and married his father when he was 13. He had always been a very slight child and even from that young age she had figured he would have a hard time in life. He was far quieter and more reserved than his peers. In fact, she had often thought he had more in common with girls his age than the boys.

“Well I am sure we will be a great fit,” Tiffany was saying. “And it never hurts to have such a cute young man at the front desk.”

John felt his face flush a deep crimson at the comment.

Tiffany got him settled behind the large white desk and showed him how to log into the computer, her mail, and various calendars. “Basically, the job is to just answer the phone when it rings, add appointments to my calendar, and greet anyone who happens to come in. But it’s mainly just the first two. Now, I won’t lie. It can get pretty boring so feel free to be on your phone when it’s slow. All I ask is that you answer the office phone promptly and don’t be looking at porn.” She said the last part with a laugh. The red that had been receding from his cheeks flared back at the mention of porn and he gave a small chuckle of his own to hide his embarrassment.

CHAPTER 2

It had been two weeks and working for Tiffany was going great. John didn't have to be in the office until 9:30 and was done each day by 4:30. The work was even easier than Tiffany had said. Really just handling a dozen or so calls a day and keeping her calendar up to date. He found he got to spend most of each day surfing the internet. Tiffany was often either shut up in her office or coming and going from the office. John especially enjoyed watching her walk through the office. She was what he and his friends would have considered a dime, with her long legs, large chest, and inviting smile. Tiffany also turned out to be incredibly laid back, all she asked of John was that he didn't add to her stress. He found if he did what was asked and put in just the barest amount of initiative she was more than happy with his performance.

It was in one such moment of trying to show initiative that his role at the company would be forever changed.

Just after lunch, the mail carrier came in with the normal handful of correspondence and several cardboard envelopes. John quickly discovered that with just a little bit of effort, he could actually take care of about 75% of the mail that came in any given day. Shredding that which was obviously junk, filing the other items, and handing Tiffany the rest of the now greatly reduced stack.

Without reading the label John pulled open the easy tear top of one of the cardboard envelopes and reached inside to retrieve what he assumed was a notarized contract needing to be filled. Instead, he pulled out sealed plastic packaging with some sort of fabric item inside. Furrowing his brow and still not realizing his fateful mistake, he tore into the packaging and dumped the contents onto his desk. Reaching down he lifted the first of the three pieces up and flushed a bright crimson as understanding dawned on him. In his hands, he held a lacy black pair of panties. He looked down in horror as his

mind suddenly recognized the other two items on his desk as a matching bra and garter belt.

John felt the heat radiating from his cheeks as stared down at the new lingerie his boss had ordered and which he inadvertently opened. In a panic he tabbed open Tiffany's calendar and was relieved to see she was in a virtual meeting for the next hour, giving him time to figure out what to do. He contemplated simply trying to explain that it had been an innocent mistake. Turning over the now opened envelope his heart sank as he read that it had been addressed to Tiffany and not the company. To make matters worse the sender was listed as XFantasies. Anyone with half a brain should have been able to tell this was personal mail and not business. John feared Tiffany would fire him for his incompetence and her embarrassment, or worse yet she would assume he read who the sender was and had deliberately opened it as some kind of perv.

John frantically looked around the office for a solution. None of the garbage cans in the front were deep enough to hide the evidence. He would have to throw everything away in the bathroom and bury it under some paper towel. Gathering the items up, John slipped from behind the front desk as discreetly as he could. He stopped momentarily at the large recycle bin and tossed the shipping envelope in, knowing one more envelope would never be noticed. Then he proceeded to the single bathroom at the back of the office.

Quickly stepping inside, John allowed himself a deep sigh of relief as he threw the lock on the door. He had made it. Certain disaster had been averted. Safe within the confines of the restroom, John took a moment to look at the garments he was holding closer. His mind swam with images of Tiffany wearing the lacy black lingerie. He knew she was good friends with his stepmom, and therefore probably right around the same age, just shy of 40. He felt himself stirring inside his jeans as he imagined his buxom employer in the delicate panties. He set the panties aside on the sink counter and picked up the bra and garter belt.

As he examined the lacey lingerie a crazy urge gripped John. He wondered what it would be like to put the items on. He felt his member stiffen in his jeans at the thought of sliding the panties on. There's really no difference if I throw them away or if I keep them, John thought to himself. Plus, this way

there is no chance Tiffany could find them in the trash. Without even realizing what he had decided to do in that instant, John unzipped and stepped out of his jeans. His breath caught as he picked the panties up from the counter and stepped into them. The touch of the lace against his skin sent electric jolts up his spine. He slowly straightened pulling the soft fabric up his legs. His small boyhood jumped and twitched as he got the panties above his knees and then pulled them into place.

John struggled to regain his breath as he gripped the sink. His head was swimming and his pulse raced as he examined his panty-clad reflection in the mirror above the sink. When he felt he had regained a measure of control he removed his shirt, and slipped the bra into place. He had never considered his nipples to be an erogenous zone before but as the padded cups brushed across them, he felt his nipples become hard beads beneath the dainty black lace. Another moment to collect himself, and he was fastening the garter belt around his slim waist. Part of John was disappointed that the order hadn't also included a pair of stockings to wear with the belt.

John took a step back to better see himself in the mirror, the tile floor cold and hard beneath his bare feet. He couldn't believe how well the items fit him, running his hands first over the empty cups of the bra, which deflated somewhat beneath his fingers, and then down over the garter and finally across the panties covering his bottom. Electricity flowed across his skin wherever his fingers touched. The swimming in his head returned as his hands felt the slick texture of the panties across his hips and cheeks. He felt himself throbbing in the lacey prison that enveloped his member. Despite being harder than he could have ever recalled being in his life, his slight shaft only made the faintest of lines beneath the panties. Still, John didn't like the way it ruined the smooth lines of the material. Reaching a hand down the front of the panties, John tucked himself back between his legs. This mere act was nearly enough to send him over the edge as he felt himself begin to leak precum between his cheeks. Now tucked, John was much happier with his reflection. He was even delighted to see that in tucking, his little balls had popped up and gave the appearance of a slight camel toe beneath the panties.

Unsure of how long he had been in the restroom and not wanting Tiffany to notice him missing from the front desk, John quickly redressed. With a rushed once over to make sure no one could tell what was beneath his clothes, John headed back to his desk.

His heart raced and he could feel the pulse in his ears as he took his chair and busied himself looking at random files on the computer. John nearly jumped out of his chair when Tiffany emerged from her office several minutes later and asked how things were going.

“Oh umm... Fine,” John stuttered, as he tried to keep control of himself, immediately regretting his choice to not just throw the lingerie away. “This came for you.” He said, handing over the few letters he wasn’t sure what to do with.

Tiffany took and flipped through them quickly scanning the sender line of each. “Thank you for all the extra work you do,” she said, reaching out and giving him a pat on the back. “I really appreciate the initiative you have shown since starting.” As she patted him, Tiffany thought she felt a strap running across his shoulder blades. That makes no sense though, she thought. Wanting to see if she was imagining things, she switched from a pat to a rub and added, “I am sure Rebecca is quite proud of you.”

John felt like his face was glowing red as she patted his back. He held his breath hoping she wouldn’t feel the bar strap just beneath his shirt. When she gave his back a quick rub, he was confident he was going to be found out. But Tiffany said nothing else as she broke off the contact and headed back to her office. John let out a long exhale as her door clicked shut.

Tiffany closed her office door and leaned against it as she tried to process what she had just discovered. There was no question in her mind, she had definitely felt a bra strap under John’s shirt. She thought back, had she ever noticed anything else about him that made her suspect there may be more to him other than the young man he presented himself as? It’s true he had always struck her as slightly feminine, with his diminutive frame, long hair, and quite reserved manner. He had always been very proper and polite, and quick to blush anytime she made a slightly off-color remark, but nothing would have suggested to her that he liked to wear women’s underthings.

A thought popped into Tiffany's head and she crossed over to the desk to check something on her laptop. Logging into her personal email, Tiffany quickly found what she was looking for and clicked the link. She leaned back in her chair staring at the words on her screen. **DELIVERED.**

So John wasn't just wearing women's underwear beneath his clothes. He was wearing *her* underwear.

CHAPTER 3

Tiffany sat staring at the screen as she tried to think of how to handle the situation. She couldn't believe the quiet young boy she had hired, who blushed so easily, had stolen and was now wearing the lingerie she had ordered. After a moment's reflection she called out, "Hey John, can you come in here for a sec?"

John nearly jumped out of his desk chair at the sound of Tiffany's voice. He took a deep breath trying to get his racing heart under control before going to her office. He let out a long exhale as he tried to convince himself there was no way she had felt the bra beneath his shirt. She would have said something in the moment and not waited. He depressed the handle and stepped into the office, hoping his face didn't betray how nervous he felt. "You wanted to see me?" He asked, trying to sound normal.

"Yes, I was just wondering if this was all the mail that came?" Tiffany asked, motioning to the small stack on her desk, John had handed her.

John's voice caught in his throat and he had to cough to clear it. "Well that and a signed lease for the Roosevelt property, I think. I can go check and verify if you like. I just filed it." John said, pointing a thumb over his shoulder at the door, desperate for any excuse to leave.

"No, that won't be necessary, but thank you. That's all," Tiffany said looking down to her desk in dismissal.

John breathed a sigh of relief, as he turned to leave. His hand no sooner touched the handle when Tiffany spoke again.

"Oh, John. There's just one more thing," she said, studying him. "Please unbutton your shirt."

John slowly turned around, his heart plummeting through his stomach. "I'm sorry," he said.

“Your shirt. Please unbutton it and let me see.” Tiffany spoke with an icy calmness, John had never heard before and he felt helpless to resist as his fingers numbly fumbled with the buttons.

John stared at the floor not speaking as he finished and let the shirt fall open revealing the lacey black bra beneath.

Tiffany stood up and came around her desk to where John stood. She stopped in front of him and pushed his shirt off his shoulders. “We may as well go ahead and remove this,” she said pulling the shirt free of his arms.

John’s breath caught at Tiffany’s touch and he felt goose pimples sprouting down his arms as his shirt was stripped from him.

Tiffany traced her fingers first along the straps and then the cups. John was grateful that his jeans were holding him tucked as he felt himself twitching between his legs. “Hmm, it seems it wouldn’t have fit anyway,” Tiffany said mostly to herself as fingers ran over the lace cups. “Those Asian websites always run so small.” She could feel John’s hard nipples through the material.

“Go ahead and step out of your pants too,” Tiffany instructed running her fingers along the garter belt that encircled his waist just above the hips. “I want to see the rest of the set.”

John stood frozen, still unable to look up, trying to will this not to be happening.

“What’s the matter, do you need some help?” Tiffany said, completing her circle of him and coming to stand back in front of John. Without hesitation, she reached out, undid the top button, and pulled down the zipper. She gave the denim a tug bringing them down to mid-thigh. The clasps at the end of the garter belt disappeared just inside the top of his jeans. “Go ahead and step out of them, unless you want me to pull them the rest of the way off.”

John was finally able to overcome his catatonic state as he stiffly obeyed the command, first kicking off his shoes and then stepping on the pant legs to pull free of them. He took a small step back, to get free of the puddle of denim around his feet.

“Well at least the set is as cute in person as it was online,” Tiffany said taking a step forward to better inspect the panties. “And it seems to fit you just fine.” She ran a hand over John's lace-clad cheeks, a small ‘eek’ escaped him as she did so.

Her touch felt electric, his head swam and he felt on the verge of passing out as she caressed his butt through the soft fabric of the panties. He could feel himself leaking and twitching between his legs, as Tiffany trailed her fingers around his hips and across the front of the panties where his small testicles made a faux set of lips. Tiffany wrinkled her brow as her fingers ran across the small mound. “Well that is unexpected,” she said mostly to herself and then louder. “Step forward and place both your hands on my desk.”

John took three steps and leaned forward slightly to comply with her instruction, not wanting to make matters any worse. His gaze scanned the shelves behind her desk, full of pictures and awards but not really seeing anything as his mind struggled to grasp his current predicament. He heard Tiffany take a step toward him but was afraid to look back to see what she was doing. His heart missed a beat as he felt her manicured nails trace up the back of his exposed thighs.

Tiffany struggled to keep her breath even as she gazed upon the slight boy now bent over her desk, dressed only in a lingerie set she had ordered a few days earlier. She could feel a warmth and desire growing in her most intimate of places as she studied the way the lace scalloping ran up and framed John's young pert bottom. Not thinking about what she was doing, she took a step forward and let her fingers run up his thighs, her pulse quickening as she did so.

“You know John, you look quite good in my bra and panties, but I can't have you stealing. And I certainly can't have you lying to me about it.” Her voice had grown husky with desire and sounded strange to her own ear. Before she knew what she was doing, she had reached back and swung her arm forward.

SMACK!

The sound seemed as loud as a gunshot in the quiet office and made John let out a yelp as much in surprise as the sting he now felt radiating out from his left butt cheek. He was about to straighten when he felt a second swat fall on his right cheek.

SMACK!

He let out another yelp as both his face and butt seemed to be radiating heat. “Keep your head forward and don’t move if you don’t want to make this any worse on yourself,” Tiffany said from behind him. He felt himself jump in fear as her hand was placed on his backside, gently this time.

Tiffany felt her need growing as she watched a red handprint bloom first on his left and then right cheek, just visible through the black lace of the panties. She first rested, then ran her hand slowly over John’s pantied backside. Her own head was growing light at her excitement. She stroked the boy’s bum through his panties, feeling his body tense and then ease at her touch.

Jake let out a soft moan at her soothing caress. He was mostly relieved that the spanking had ended as quickly as it began, but he could also feel himself getting even harder inside the lacy confines of his panties. His member was beginning to physically hurt as it felt like it was harder than it ever had been. Just when he thought he could take no more, he felt her hand pull away and then there were two more swats in quick succession.

SMACK!

SMACK!

John let out a girly cry first in surprise and then in pain as spankings landed. Before he could stop the words forming in his mouth they were out.

“Please. Please stop, Tiffany. I am sorry I stole your panties. It will never happen again. Please just stop.” He begged. His cheeks flushed anew at the embarrassment his words carried. His voice cracked as he struggled to hold back tears of pain and humiliation. Mercifully, Tiffany did stop. John flinched again though when he felt her hand come to rest once more on his backside.

Tiffany flushed in arousal, as she heard John pleading beneath her hand. It’s true, John wasn’t very big, actually, he was downright small, and at 18 and

only a few weeks out of high school he had a long way to go to be a man. Still, hearing him beg and seeing him bent over her desk, wearing her lingerie, filled her with such a sense of arousal and power that it took her considerable self-control not to plunge a hand beneath the hem of her skirt and rub herself.

She rested her hand once more on the young boy's round firm bottom, tracing her manicured nails along the delicate filigree pattern of the lace. She smiled as another quiet moan escaped the boy's lips. Tiffany let her fingers trace over to and down the garter strap that lay against the back of John's thigh. It was a shame she hadn't ordered a set of stockings along with the lingerie. When her fingers reached the clasp she lightly raked her nails back up along his creamy skin, eliciting another moan. Her fingers were now exploring with a mind of their own, trailing first between his cheeks and over his delicate little rosebud, which drew a sharp inhale from John and involuntary clenching of the hole. Tiffany stifled a laugh at this. Then her fingers were making their way down between John's legs, running over the smooth material of his panties until they found the prize they had sought tucked between his legs.

Tiffany felt the panties growing wetter as her fingers approached the tip of John's leaky peenie. The boy practically bucked as she slid her fingers over the sensitive head and along his shaft. The fabric was absolutely soaked and John's cock was smaller than she had expected. So much the better she thought to herself as her hand began to stroke him through the panties.

John felt as though he would explode at Tiffany's touch. Never in his life could he remember feeling so horny, as her hand caressed him through the lace. He was so sensitive and on edge that her touch was almost painful as her fingers ran over his head. Then he felt them sliding along his shaft. He felt himself fill with dread at the prospect of debasing himself in front of Tiffany. At the same time, he had never been more desperate to come in his life. He knew he wouldn't have to wait long for his release, he could feel that he was already teetering on the edge. He rocked his hips forward, pressing himself into Tiffany's hand as she continued to stroke up and down his shaft, pressing him deeper between his cheeks.

John squealed as he felt the orgasm overtake him. His body went rigid as Tiffany cupped him through the lace, feeling his small member spasm and

contract as it shot sticky stream after sticky stream into the waiting panties. She continued to press her hand against John until she felt his already diminutive penis begin to deflate in the panties.

CHAPTER 4

When John's breathing had returned to a normal rate and he no longer twitched and convulsed with random aftershocks of his orgasm, Tiffany instructed him to stand up and turn around.

John did as he was told, too embarrassed to face her. Warm tears slowly slid down his cheeks as the humiliation of coming in his boss' panties at her touch and resulting climax simply overwhelmed him.

Tiffany took a tissue from a box on her desk and not ungently wiped away his tears. "There there now. It's all over." She tenderly adjusted the front of John's panties as she spoke, smoothing them back out where they had bunched. "I want you to know I didn't spank you for wearing my panties, although you should have asked if you wanted to try them on. But you were spanked for lying about it. Do you understand?"

John nodded with his eyes down, not able to bring himself to look at her. Not that view of the top of the garter belt and Tiffany's hands as she smoothed out the panties, helped his embarrassment.

"That's not good enough sweetie. I want to hear you say it." Tiffany slowly lifted John's chin with one hand until he was looking at her. With their height difference, it actually meant he was looking up at her.

"You spanked me for lying," John said in a quiet voice that wavered as he tried to keep from crying again.

"What else?" Tiffany prompted.

John felt his cheeks color at this. He took a deep breath and answered. "You didn't spank me for wearing your panties."

"That's a good girl," Tiffany cooed, giving John a warm smile. "And they really do look quite cute on you sweetheart." Her hands once again smoothed down the front of the panties as she said this. "Now, why don't

you go stand in the corner for a little bit while you calm down. I'll let you know when you can come out." Tiffany pointed at the corner just to the left of the door she wanted him to stand in.

She watched feeling her own panties growing wet, as John slowly walked past her. His hips swayed ever so slightly as he went to the corner, and the garter straps bounced against the back of his legs. Not for the first time, Tiffany again cursed her bad luck for having not also ordered stockings to go with the lingerie. Despite his small frame and stature, Tiffany was delighted to see John had been blessed with a shapely behind. Its curves highlighted by the cut of the panties.

Tiffany walked around to her office chair when John took his assigned spot. She fought to remain in control of her breathing as she rolled her own skirt up her thighs. Leaning back in the chair, she slipped a hand beneath the hem of her skirt. Tiffany inhaled sharply as her fingers, lightly at first, pressed into her puffy lips. Her panties were slick with her own desire and the fabric practically flowed over her sensitive skin as she began to rub herself.

With an effort, Tiffany thought she was reasonably able to keep her breathing under control as she saw to her needs. She stared at John's still bright pink backside beneath the panties as he stood in the corner. His long hair hung down in waves across his shoulders. She realized that from this angle she couldn't tell that he wasn't a girl. No one would have called his shoulders broad, and the bra straps fit him perfectly. The garter belt even gave him the illusion of an hourglass waist and the panties hugged his round bottom in a way that filled her with desire.

Her fingers picked up their frantic pace as Tiffany thought about the events of the last several minutes. The feeling of power that had surged through her as John pleaded for her to end his spanking. The feeling of his hot butt cheeks as his skin glowed from her swats. The delicate lace as it clung to him, and finally the soaking wet panties as he shot his seed into them.

John thought he heard something making an almost wet sound behind him as he stood in the corner, but he dared not turn around. He could feel his cum as it leaked out from between his cheeks where he had shot it in his ecstasy. The feel of the now cool semen running down his legs and into the waiting gusset of the panties filled him with a deep humiliation while at the

same time caused him to twitch once more inside the sticky garment. The twitching made him want to crawl out of his skin, as his extremely sensitive tip moved against the soft material. John was sure he could hear Tiffany's breathing becoming ragged, but he still didn't dare to turn around.

Tiffany had to press her free hand to her mouth to keep from screaming, as she felt her climax building. No man had ever made her scream, and even if she were to give some credit to John and the role he played in the now quickly approaching orgasm, she could hardly call him a man as he stood in a bra and panties that were meant for her. This thought sent her over the edge, as her fingers moved in a rapid circle over her clit. Tiffany arched her back and nearly fell from her chair as the immensely powerful wave of ecstasy washed over her. She pressed one hand tightly against her now soaking mound and the other just as tightly to her mouth, desperate to keep the orgasm as quiet as possible.

The minutes dragged in an intense blur as she waited for the climax to die down and for her breathing to come back under control. When at last her body no longer trembled with waves of pleasure, she slowly removed her hands and readjusted her skirt to its proper position. "John, honey. If you think you have calmed down now you can turn around."

John took a deep breath and then did as asked. He was surprised to see Tiffany looking flushed and somewhat disheveled. He approached her desk, as Tiffany beckoned him forward with a finger. The panties stuck to the insides of his thighs as he walked.

"Where are *your* underwear, sweetie?"

"Ummm... I normally go commando." John answered sheepishly, the crimson creeping back into his cheeks. He thought it odd this confession should have embarrassed him in light of all that had transpired.

"That works," Tiffany said dismissively, her mind already formulating new plans. "For now you may put your shirt back on and then return to the front desk."

"Just my shirt?" John asked, terrified at the prospect of not having his pants, he didn't even think to ask if he could remove the lingerie. "What if someone comes in?" He cried.

“Then you will just have to remain seated,” Tiffany said as if it was the most sensible suggestion in the world. “Now get your shirt back on, unless you rather I don't even let you have that.”

John quickly picked up his white dress shirt and buttoned it as fast as his trembling hands would go, fearful Tiffany might change her mind.

CHAPTER 5

As John padded out of the office his mind called forward countless times of when he had seen women on TV dressed as he was now, often as they walked around their boyfriend's place the morning after. Regardless of the scenario, the wardrobe was always the same, a guy's button-up shirt hanging loose over their bra and panties. Panties that were sure to peak out anytime they reached for something or sat down. The thought made John pull at his shirttails trying to make sure his pantied bum was fully covered. His face burned with shame as he slipped out the door and made for his desk, desperate to hide behind it. The feeling of his cum dripping down from between his cheeks only added to his chagrin.

oOo

Tiffany smirked at the sight of John's retreat from her office. He looked so small and almost helpless as he first struggled with the buttons on his shirt and then pulling at it, trying to make sure his backside was hidden. She could already feel the fire between her legs, so recently quenched, already rekindling.

As soon as the door closed behind him, Tiffany turned to her computer and quickly found what she was looking for. Good, she thought, it will be delivered yet today. A few more clicks and her purchase was complete. She stood and collected John's jeans, where they still lay forgotten on the floor. Folding them, she placed them in the bottom left side drawer of her desk and then turned her attention to the work she still needed to get done.

John sat at the front desk feeling naked despite being fully clothed, at least as far as anyone else could tell with a quick glance. He cast about desperate for anything that could distract him from his current predicament. Going through email and handling the little bit of sorting that needed to be done had taken less than a half hour.

It wasn't until he was back at his post that John realized he didn't even have his phone on him. It was still in the front pocket of his pants. There was no way he was going to get up from the relative safety of the desk, for anything short of a fire and even then the flames would have to get pretty close. He certainly wasn't going to get back up to face his boss.

Finally, John settled for Minesweeper, after he discovered that even doom scrolling the internet took more focus than he currently had. No matter how much he tried to not think about it, his mind kept going back to how incredible his earlier orgasm had felt. For the life of him, he couldn't figure out what had made him slip the lingerie on. It was just an intrusive thought, he told himself. It meant nothing. If it meant nothing, why did the panties feel so good against him? Even now, soiled with his cold sticky seed, the feeling of the soft caress against his small package made him stir within them.

He had just started a new game, having lost the previous umpteenth in fairly rapid succession, when the front door opened. John had been mindlessly clicking on the blank tiles turning everything over in his head, how good it had felt but how wrong it was and was he still going to be fired, when the delivery driver walked in with a small box. John hadn't realized he was there until the driver cleared his throat. The sound startled John and when he realized he was no longer alone, he nearly jumped out of his chair.

"Sorry, I didn't mean to startle you. I just need a signature for the delivery." The driver held out a small tablet.

John was still trying to recover from his shock when the new dilemma presented itself. The driver was just out of his reach from where he was sitting. John reached out a hand, feeling like the ass he was sure the driver was taking him for.

With a roll of the eyes, the driver closed the distance between them to hand John the tablet.

John quickly scrawled a signature, feeling his pulse quicken at being seen by someone else, as his pantied state was precariously hidden. How would this guy react if he caught sight of John's bare legs, or the garter straps hanging down beneath the shirt? Handing the tablet back, John accepted the small box and thanked the driver.

“Sure thing,” the driver said as he walked back out.

John let out a long breath when the door finally closed again. He had been confident his secret was about to be discovered. With a groan, he realized that he was once again growing quite stiff inside the black lace. What was wrong with him? John set the box on the furthest corner of the desk he could reach without getting up. After the trouble opening the day’s earlier mail brought, he had no desire to even read the shipping label.

“John, was that a delivery?” Called Tiffany from her office.

“Uhh yeah,” John answered back. Just hearing her voice again sent his heart fluttering.

“Can you bring it in here please?” There was no hint of the events that had transpired earlier in her voice; she sounded like she had any other day.

John swallowed the lump in his throat and picked up the box from its quarantined corner on his desk. As he walked towards Tiffany’s office, he was acutely aware of the panties now sticking to the inside of his legs, adhered there by the puddle of cum that had soaked into the gusset. He was also very much aware that his cock was once again growing hard.

CHAPTER 6

He entered the office and placed the box on Tiffany's desk, without a word walking as fast as he could still not seem like he was trying to hurry.

Tiffany held back a smile at the boy's obvious discomfort. He walked with the box stretched out in front of him, as though it might come alive and attack at any second. When he had deposited it on her desk, John turned on his toe so quickly, that his shirt flared out and Tiffany was greeted with the sight of the panties hiding beneath. She saw with some disappointment that the redness from his earlier punishment had begun to fade. "Hold on for a sec, John."

John froze. For a second he considered just running for the door. If she was going to fire him, fine but he wanted it done with. Then another thought occurred to him. What if she didn't just fire him, but also called his stepmom and told her why she had fired him? It was his stepmom who had gotten him the job after all. She had been so accommodating since he graduated. All she had required was for him to get a job, and now he had messed that up.

In John's hesitation, Tiffany had gotten up and walked around to the front of her desk, picking up the package as she did so. "Why don't you have a seat, sweetie," she suggested quietly, indicating one of the client chairs in front of her desk.

Meekly John did as he was told, deciding he was going to do everything he could to keep this job. His shirt rode up as he did so, revealing the black panties beneath. Tiffany was leaning against the front of her desk and didn't miss a moment of the accidental show John was putting on. She noticed the faint outlining of his stiffening member beneath the delicate material.

"This package actually is for you," Tiffany held the package between her hands out in front of her. Letting him get a good look at its size and to try

and guess what was inside. With a glint in her eye, she reached behind her for the letter opener on her desk.

Tiffany made a show of slowly sliding the dull blade between the sides of the box, and sliding it along the perimeter cutting through the packaging tape. Then she upended the box into her hand, spilling out the contents.

He reacted as if it had been a pair of skins belonging to some monstrous snake that had fallen out. John's eyes widened and his breath caught as the pair of long black sheer stockings dropped into Tiffany's hand.

Draping one of the stockings over her desk she began to roll the other one in her hands, bunching the material until only the toes remained free. Tiffany stepped towards the chair John occupied and knelt down. "I thought it such a shame that you had that pretty lingerie to wear, but no proper stockings to go with it."

A small giggle escaped Tiffany as the boy in front of her flinched back from her touch. It really was as if she were holding a snake. "Come now, there's no need to be shy," she teased as she took his right foot and slipped it into the waiting material. She watched with eagerness as the outline inside the panties grew more pronounced.

"You have to be careful putting on stockings," she explained, unrolling them slower than was necessary up his calve. "They get runs so easily."

A dark spot had begun to form at the tip of John's cock. Tiffany had to resist her own urge to reach out and caress him. It wasn't time. Not yet.

Tiffany continued to watch as the outline in the front of John's panties grew as she unrolled the smooth material over his knee, heading to his thigh. She looked up to see him biting his lip as he stared intensely at her hands. "Now we just take this little clasp," Tiffany said as she finished unrolling the top of the stocking. She reached between John's legs to retrieve the end of the garter strap from where it had slid near his crotch. Her hand brushed against him as she did so.

An impish smile had formed on her lips as John inhaled sharply at her touch. He had screwed his eyes shut and looked to be in pain. Slowly, drawing her hand away she made sure it brushed along the length of him as

she did so. His hips bucked in little jerks, and his hands dug into the upholstery of the chair as he fought against the building climax. She felt his swollen head spasm in response to her touch. The panties had grown quite damp again. Tiffany pretended not to see the young man's agony as she pulled the strap straight, checking to ensure it wasn't twisted. "Then we just snap this down here on the top, and that's all there is to it." Her voice was almost sing-song as she demonstrated, as though she was helping a very young niece.

"One down and one to go." She repeated the process, noticing how little hair John had on his legs. What hair he did have was very fine and as soft as a baby's. When the second clasp was fastened she instructed him to stand up. "So I can fasten the backs," she said.

John rose awkwardly on unsteady legs. His head swam and without thinking he placed his hands on Tiffany's shoulders to stabilize himself.

"Whoa, easy there," she said, with genuine concern in her voice. "We'll get you seated back down in just a second." Tiffany stood, holding his arms to help him get his balance. "Then we'll take care of this." She reached down and cupped him through the panties. John let out a whimper, as she felt him spasm in her hand. Reluctantly, she released her grasp on him and walked around behind him to fasten the clasps along the backs of his legs. As she stood, she ran her fingers up the now taught straps, over his bottom, and to the garter belt. This drew further whimpers from John.

Tiffany took a seat in the chair he had previously occupied. She couldn't remember the last time she had felt this aroused with a guy. Although she had to admit she could hardly count her best friend's stepson as a boy any longer. She drank in the sight of the scalloped lace as it framed his cheeks, peeking out from beneath his shirt, before reaching out and pulling him back and into her lap.

John landed lightly on her waiting lap. Tiffany could feel the warmth of his skin, now directly against hers, as he sat on her exposed thigh. It sent a wave of chills through her. Her pussy dripped with lust.

"You know John," Tiffany said admiring the straight black lines of satin that now ran to the tops of the sheer black stockings. She had made sure to order a set with complementing details that closely matched the filigree swirls of

lace on the bra and panties he was wearing. “You really do look quite cute dressed this way.” She fingered the top of his new stockings as she spoke.

Tiffany watched as his member danced and twitched in its lacey prison, threatening to poke free of the top of his panties, but it lacked sufficient length. She trailed a manicured finger up the garter strap until her nail was tracing along his sensitive tip.

John inhaled sharply at her touch. Every nerve ending in his body seemed to come alive.

He squirmed and whimpered on Tiffany’s lap as she traced the outline of him through the panties, with her thumb and forefinger. “It seems like you are really enjoying wearing my panties.”

John moaned, fighting to keep from bucking against her touch.

Snaking her right hand between the gap in the buttons on John’s shirt, Tiffany slowly began to caress his nipples through the bra. They hardened under her touch. John gave out another girlish whimper and then everything seemed to overwhelm him. He collapsed against Tiffany’s shoulder. His breathing was ragged, often filled with small moans, and his eyes tightly shut against the reality of what was happening.

If she had not seen to her own needs earlier, Tiffany was sure she would be crawling out of her own skin. As John lay against her, head resting in the hollow of her neck, she could feel his breath warm and uneven against her. She was filled with a desire equal parts wanting to make him her personal plaything and to protect him from everything. She had picked a brutal and unforgiving industry for a career. She had had to be cutthroat and ruthless to fight for her place. It had left her hard and only thinking about her own desires. Now, here was this young man, her best friend’s stepson, and he was helpless in her hands. For the first time that she could recall she could feel herself wanting to nurture and care for someone.

She felt the spreading wetness as precum leaked out of John. Tiffany swirled the tip of her finger across John’s head. His hips raised against her to increase the pressure, but she pulled away keeping it feather-light.

Tiffany opened her mouth to speak and found her own throat had gone dry. Swallowing she tried again, her voice a husky whisper, dripping with her own lust. "Tell me John do you like wearing my lace panties?"

John didn't answer, only buried his face deeper in her neck. His small penis gave all the answer she needed. It stiffened against her thumb and finger, straining to increase the touch.

She turned her head to whisper in his ear. "Do you want to come in my panties?" She said the word slowly. It tasted delicious in her mouth.

John whimpered and nodded, he desperately tried to push himself against her. His climax was right there. Just beyond the edge. Tantalizing close. Every second he didn't reach it felt like agony.

Tiffany resumed her slow light strokes up and down his short shaft between her thumb and finger. "You know only little sissy girls come in panties. Now do you want to come?" She asked again.

John nodded desperately against her neck.

"I need you to say it." Tiffany's hand froze on his cock. She knew he was right on the very edge and would fall over at any moment.

"I want to come." He pleaded. Tiffany's hand remained motionless. John whimpered. "I want to cum in your panties," he added, desperate for her to finish him off.

"Now say it all my sweet baby," she cooed in his ear, her hand resuming its back and forth along his shaft.

"I am a sissy girl who wants to come in your panties," He cried in a hoarse whisper.

As he said the words, Tiffany increased her speed and pinched his nipple through the bra padding. She felt his body arch against her. His balls draw in tight against him. Tiffany pressed her hand firmly against his cock as his orgasm overtook him.

"That's my good girl," she praised. "Come in my panties, my sweet sissy."

John's face was still buried in the hollow of her neck as his body convulsed in ecstasy. Tiffany heard him give a small girlish cry as stream after warm sticky stream shot into the front of the panties.

She continued to hold him against her as his body was wracked with the aftershocks. When at last he lay still in her arms, he felt smaller to her than ever before. She withdrew the hand from his shirt and combed it through his hair, whispering to him. "There's a good girl. You did so good, coming for me."

oOo

Tiffany held John for a long while even after his breathing returned to a normal pace. Part of her didn't want to let him go, but her mind was running a mile a minute with ideas and plans. If she wanted to put any of them into motion she was going to have to move from where she now sat on her client chair with John in her lap.

Brushing a hand through his long hair, "Why don't you head home, sweetie. You have had a busy day."

John sat up and then slowly stood, not fully trusting his legs. "Ummm. Ok," he said quietly.

Tiffany walked around to her desk and retrieved John's jeans from where she had stuck them in the drawer.

She watched as John pulled them up his now stocking-encased legs. Tiffany got a last peek of his pantied posterior, as he slipped the waistband up and over his backside. She wondered if John realized he hadn't thought to remove the garments or even to ask. As John headed for the door she called after him. "I'll see you tomorrow, John," she said with a warm smile.

CHAPTER 7

John paused outside his front door, checking to make sure his shirt was completely tucked in and no one could tell what he had on beneath. He was entranced with the way his stockings felt beneath his jeans. The material made the denim feel slick against his skin. It was unlike anything he had ever experienced. He was convinced that had he already not had two explosive orgasms, the feeling of the stockings alone would have been enough to bring him back to a rock hard state.

The aroma of his stepmom's cooking greeted him, as he entered the house. He could hear her in the kitchen, no doubt busy fixing dinner. John walked through the house, pausing in the hall just short of the kitchen threshold.

His stepmom was at the sink washing a dish, her back turned to him. She still wore her own work clothes. For the first time in his life, he wondered what she was wearing beneath. What color was her bra? Did it match her panties? Were they as delicate and feminine as the set he was now wearing? Once more he could feel himself begin to grow hard inside of the lacy lingerie.

Sensing his presence, Rebecca turned to greet her stepson. "Hi John. Did you have a good day?"

John instantly colored in embarrassment. He felt as though she could read the inappropriate thoughts he had been having about her, see through his clothes to the bra and panty set beneath, and worst of all see the small bulge forming in the front of his panties.

"It was yes," he stammered. "I mean, yes. It was good." He did his best to recover and hoped his stepmom wouldn't think too much of it.

She gave him a puzzled look, drying her hands on a dish towel. "Are you feeling ok, sweetie? You look flushed." She asked as she approached him.

Before he could say anything she was brushing his long hair out of his face and placing the back of her hand to his head. He was transported back to thoughts of Tiffany and how she combed her hand through his hair as she held him.

“I uh..” He began, “Actually, I have been feeling a little light headed all day.” That was an understatement if ever there was one he thought.

“Ok, sweetie. Why don’t you go lay down and I’ll come check on you later. Dinner won’t be done for a while. I wasn’t expecting you home so early.”

“I’ll do that.” John said, wishing she would call him anything else. He had heard that particular endearment too recently from Tiffany. He turned and headed to his room.

Safe in his room with the door closed, John stood hesitantly in front of the full-length mirror that hung on his wall. His reflection showed the image he was used to and one he wasn’t particularly fond of. His build was far slighter than he would have liked and his face didn’t even have a hint of peach fuzz, despite his 18 years. Growing up, the word most often used by people was pretty. They would mention how lovely his large blue eyes were framed by long dark lashes or how any girl would be jealous of his thick shoulder-length hair with its natural curl. Those who were more cognizant of how such comments would make a boy feel said how nice-looking he was. His stepmom had always reassured him that he had eyes girls would love to get lost in, and his future girlfriend would love to play with his long tresses.

It wasn’t his face that John was interested in. He turned this way and that in front of the mirror and was relieved to see there was no sign of what he had under his clothes. Straining to hear anything that would suggest his stepmom was approaching, John held perfectly still for a moment. Confident she was still in the kitchen working on dinner, he kicked his shoes off revealing the black sheer stockings. Undoing the top button, he slid his jeans down. His penis gave a twitch as his hands slid down over his butt, and he got a jolt of pleasure at how smooth the denim felt as it glided over his legs.

Looking up at his reflection again, he thought he no longer resembled the girl who slept over. The sheer black stockings, with their suggestive lace

tops being held up by garters that ran up and disappeared beneath his white button-down, the image looked like something out of the beginning of a porno. He could even see the black lace crotch of the panties he wore just barely peeking out from beneath his shirt. The image caused another twitch.

John removed his shirt and turned around so he was looking at himself over his shoulder. From behind, he almost could have believed he was a girl. He ran a tentative hand down over his backside and shuddered at the chills it caused.

The revelry was cut short by the sound of approaching footsteps. John dove between his covers and the oversized blanket he always kept on his bed. Hurrying to pull it up around his neck he quickly laid back and closed his eyes, just as the door to his room swung open.

“Oh, I am sorry sweetie,” his stepmom said. “Were you sleeping?”

“No, just resting my eyes,” John made sure to hold the blanket tightly under his chin. “I had a bit of a chill.”

His stepmom came and sat down beside him on the edge of the bed. “Oh you poor thing. Is there anything I can get for you?” She asked, resting a hand on his stomach. The concern in her voice made John feel guilty.

“No, I think I am just going to turn in early. I am not really hungry.” He tried not to move, worried she would be able to feel the garter belt beneath the blanket.

“Ok, sweetie. Well if you change your mind later, I fixed you a plate and stuck it in the fridge.”

John let out a breath he didn't realize he had been holding when his stepmom pulled the door closed behind her. That had been far closer than he would have liked. He began to get out of bed when he realized how soft his blanket felt against him. Being in lingerie was almost like a drug, everything that touched him felt a 1000 times softer, smoother, and more sensual. He could feel himself stirring once more. He reached a hand under the fleece blanket and felt himself growing firm in his hand. John began to rub himself only to find all the attention from the day had left him too sensitive to continue.

With a frustrated sigh, he removed his hand and tried to distract himself with thoughts of anything else. No matter how he tried though, his mind kept coming back to accidentally opening the lingerie and everything that had followed. Replaying it in his head, it all seemed surreal, more like a bizarre dream than reality. No matter how he tried to look at it, he couldn't deny that wearing the bra and panties was turning him on. Yes, he found the taboo nature of it exciting and it was only expected that he should come at the hands of his sexy older boss. But these things only added to the excitement he felt from wearing the lingerie. Faced with this inescapable fact, a new question leaped out at him.

What did this mean for him going forward? Will things go back to normal tomorrow? Was this all just a weird one-time thing? What if it was just a one-time thing for Tiffany? Would he now crave to wear panties? Would intimacy without them just feel hollow? What if he couldn't control his desires going forward and some future girlfriend caught him in her things? She would probably leave him and all his friends and family would find out and think him some kind of freak. But what if Tiffany wanted him to continue? What if she brought it up again? Would she forever hold this over him? Would she tell his stepmom what happened if she ever got upset? His life would surely be over.

Each new thought and question left John feeling more unsettled than the last. Soon his stomach was doing flips and he felt as nauseous as he had claimed. Laying in bed more uncomfortable with each passing moment, John threw off his blanket in a moment of decisive action. He hurriedly peeled the clothes off him, blocking out the sensations they caused as he pulled them off. Carrying the pile of lacey black garments, he buried them in a pile of dirty clothes at the back of his closet to be dealt with later. John climbed back into bed determined to put this day behind him and forget it ever happened.

CHAPTER 8

John walked into work the next day, feeling uneasy. He said hello to Tiffany when she saw him enter, mercifully his voice didn't crack as he did so. Tiffany returned the greeting and to John's great relief, she too seemed to be wanting to pretend like yesterday never happened.

Feeling instantly better, John took his seat at the front desk and began to look through the morning's email, happy that things had gone back to normal.

John was paging through a video game forum when Tiffany poked her head out of her office door. "Hey John, could you come in here and help me for a second?"

Clicking off his screen, John hopped up from his chair. "Yeah, of course. What do you..." The last word died in his throat, as he followed Tiffany into the office. Laid out on her desk were several articles of clothing. John's mouth went dry. His wishes to pretend yesterday never happened evaporated.

He felt Tiffany approach as she came and stood next to him, his eyes still transfixed on the garments before him. Her voice sounded distant. He also felt himself begin to harden inside his jeans.

"In light of the events of yesterday," Tiffany began, her voice sounding as though she was conducting a business meeting. "I thought we needed to implement a new dress code."

John could feel his heart quickening with each word, and his breathing becoming shallower.

"If you would like to continue to wear panties at work, that is more than acceptable, however then the rest of your attire will need to reflect that." She continued.

On the desk was a plaid pleated skirt, white blouse, and thick white knee-high socks. John wondered what the thicker material would feel like in comparison to the sheer fabric of stockings he had worn yesterday. And the skirt. Just flicking his eyes across the garment caused him to grow harder. To wear something that outwardly screamed girl to the world.

“You would come to work dressed normally, but once you stepped through the front door I would expect you to immediately change into your *work clothes*. And of course, I would need you to start coming in earlier to give you time to change and for me to do your makeup.”

“My... my... makeup?” John asked, struggling to get the words out.

“Yes, of course, sweetie.” Tiffany spoke as if it was the most natural thing in the world, that she should be doing his makeup. “You were pretty convincing in just my bra and panties yesterday, but a second look would tell anyone you were a guy. Don’t worry tho with just a little bit of makeup, no one will be able to tell you aren’t a girl, no matter how close they look.” She gave his shoulder a reassuring squeeze. “Well I mean, I suppose it would depend on *where* they look.” She corrected. “Although, if you were much smaller. I don’t think even that would matter.”

John swallowed, his head had grown light and began to swim with each passing word. His determination of last night to put this all behind him was quickly failing him.

He stared at the schoolgirl outfit laid out on the desk. His pulse quickened as he thought about what it would feel like to wear it.

“Of course, if you are uncomfortable with all of this,” Tiffany continued, her voice returning to its matter-of-fact manner. “Then you can choose option two.” She gestured to a simple black tie on the desk, that John had not noticed until this moment. “In which case, I simply request you start dressing a little more professionally by wearing a tie. You do reflect on me after all.” Then as if it was an afterthought she added, “Of course what happened yesterday could never happen again.”

John took a deep breath, as he considered the choice before him. It seemed he still had the option of simply shutting the door on all of this. No consequences. Just a crazy memory.

He took a step forward, pulling away from Tiffany. His mind made up, he didn't want to delay and risk having his resolve weaken. He approached the desk and picked up a single article, before turning to face Tiffany.

She smiled at the knee-high socks in his hand.

“Please, Tiffany, will you transform me into a girl.” John spoke with a steadiness that shocked him. It seemed having made up his mind, most of his nerves left him. At least for now.

CHAPTER 9

Tiffany wasted no time. In moments she had the young boy stripped and standing naked before her. His small member bobbed before him with excitement. She could already see a drop of precum leaking out of his tip. John had initially protested as she began removing his shirt and pants. Claiming he could do this part himself. Tiffany shushed him and slapped his hands away anytime he tried to help.

Now completely naked, and once more feeling his nerves, John tried to cover himself with his hands, only to have them brushed aside.

“Your stiff little clitty is too cute to hide,” Tiffany chided. Her words caused a flush to bloom on his cheeks.

John stood awkwardly as Tiffany turned to the clothes. She faced him a moment later holding out a pair of white cotton panties. “I thought since you had so much trouble keeping your panties dry yesterday, something a little younger may be more appropriate.”

A little younger seemed to be only the beginning in John’s opinion. He had never seen a pair of panties that seemed so juvenile. The waist and leg holes were trimmed in delicate pink ruffles and a matching little pink bow was front and center just below the waist. Under the bow was a cartoon-style graphic of a smiling cat, with long lashes and the words “pretty kitty” in a pink girly script.

“I see somebody likes them.” Tiffany tapped the head of John’s penis. Her touch always seemed to send electricity shooting up his spine. He uttered a small eek, then Tiffany was kneeling in front of him.

“Ok sweetie, step in.” She instructed holding open the waistband.

John did as he was told and shuttered with goosebumps at the feeling of the soft material being drawn up his legs. His heart was racing and his member

twitched and bobbed, already aching for attention, as only an 18-year-old boy's member can.

Tiffany pulled the panties up over John's butt and gave each of his cheeks a caress through the material. They felt far thicker than the pair he wore yesterday but no less pleasant. The cut was also more childish, this only heightened the excitement John felt at wearing them.

He watched as Tiffany, still kneeling in front of him, leaned in until her face was only inches from where his stiff 'clitty' as she called it, strained over the waistband of his new panties. Looking down he could see the bead of precum glistening on the tip.

"We will take care of you in just a moment." Tiffany spoke softly to his member. Her breath felt hot and damp against his skin. John was sure he would lose himself at any moment. His eyes widened in disbelief as she leaned forward and planted a kiss right on the tip. Her lips felt soft and heavenly. John let out a moan. A mixture of pleasure and anguish.

Tiffany smiled up at him, "Be patient my sweet little girl," she said as pulled the juvenile panties up over his still twitching cock. She traced a finger along the outline of his member through the soft cotton.

Biting his lip, John clenched his fists at his side trying to not to crest the wave that would sweep him over the edge if he wasn't careful. Mercifully, Tiffany didn't linger long and was soon back on her feet and retrieving more items from the desk.

John watched as she returned this time with a padded cotton bra. Its color was such a light pink as almost to be white. It had a pink ribbon bow between the cups that matched the panties.

"I thought a training bra would be more appropriate for today's outfit." Tiffany unfastened the clasp at the back and slid the shoulder strap over John's arms.

Rather than step behind John to fasten the back strap, Tiffany pulled him to her as if to hug. John felt himself dangerously close once more to the crest of the wave. Her hair felt soft against his skin and her aroma filled his senses. She smelled clean. The scent of a floral shampoo and a light vanilla

perfume mixed together pleasantly and complimented the warm smell of her skin. John thought it was exactly as a woman should smell. He wished he could smell like that. Delicate and feminine.

Stepping back, Tiffany adjusted the straps until she was happy with how the cups sat on John's chest. "There, how does your bra feel?" She asked, running her thumbs over John's nipples.

"Ahh. Good." He said, his body coming alive at her touch. He could feel the wetness spreading in the front of his panties.

Next came the skirt and blouse. John felt his arousal grow with each new article of clothing. He particularly liked the skirt. Despite it covering his panties and hiding them away from sight, he somehow felt more exposed and vulnerable than ever. It was far shorter than he would have guessed with the hem falling mid-thigh.

Finally, Tiffany was sliding the knee-high socks up his legs. As with the panties, they sent a wave of electricity running up his skin, that made him want to shudder and moan with pleasure all at the same time.

John watched as Tiffany pulled the second sock into place, then with a mischievous grin ran a hand up under his skirt. Her nails trailed lightly against his inner thigh and then her hand gave his member a gentle squeeze. John's body tried to pull away from the touch, as the sudden burst of pleasure shot through him.

"Is my little girl still doing ok?" Tiffany asked as her thumb rolled over his swollen head. When John let out a girlish squeak, Tiffany smiled wider. "I'll take that as a yes."

Still recovering from her latest attentions, John almost missed her reaching under one of the client chairs to pull a small pink rectangle box he hadn't seen before. "Lolitta's" was emblazoned across the top of the lid in a gold glitter flowing type.

Removing the lid, Tiffany pulled what looked like a pair of black ballet slippers to John from amongst the tissue paper. He later learned the proper term for the shoes was flats.

“Ok sweetie, have a seat.” She instructed as she pulled a brush from her purse. In short order, she had brushed John’s hair into two pigtails complete with a pink bow for each of them.

“You look so cute.” She exclaimed, looking over her work.

John was once again standing. He looked down at the thin linen blouse he wore, and saw the faintest of mounds where the training bra’s padding gave him a hint of blossoming breasts. The blouse had been tucked into the skirt, and his legs looked slim and dainty in the white socks with their two pink stripes encircling his thighs just above his knees. Last were the black ballet slippers, as he thought of the shoes. Without thinking, he suddenly gave a quick twirl causing the pleated skirt to flair out. Giggling, he smiled at Tiffany.

“You are simply too precious,” she told him. “Now, before we take care of your swollen little clitty, I need you to do something for me.”

The giggles caught in John’s throat as he watched Tiffany undo the zipper on the side of her skirt and let it fall to the floor. She was wearing a garter belt like the one he had yesterday, but instead of black it was a creamy white, and perfectly matched the satin white panties covering her mound. John was filled with lust as he looked upon his boss, his penis straining with all its might against the cotton panties pinning it down.

“After all, you aren’t the only one with needs.” Tiffany was slowly unfastening her own blouse. John could hear the heat in her voice, and the fire burning in her eyes that made him want to blush and look away. With the last button undone, she removed the shirt and John wasn’t surprised to see a bra that perfectly matched the panties and garter. Its cups were ribbed in satin that pushed her breast up into the most alluring cleavage John had ever seen. Tiffany took a seat in her chair and beckoned John forward with a finger. He approached, tentative and nervous.

“Down, sweetie.” Tiffany commanded, and if there could be any doubt of her intentions she slid to the edge of the chair and spread her legs.

John got to his knees and crawled slowly forward. He wasn’t trying to tease her or be provocative. He was merely delaying, unsure of what to do next.

He had never been with a woman. Despite having watched plenty of porn, the real thing felt entirely different and he was afraid of screwing it up.

Before he was ready his head was between her legs. At this distance he could clearly see her lips beneath the white panties, and the dampness there. Her scent filled him. Intimidated at the prospect of actually touching Tiffany in her most private of places, John began by kissing the inside of her creamy thighs. The skin was soft and warm against his lips.

He slowly kissed his way up one leg and then the other stopping just short of where her legs came together in that tantalizing cleft.

John hovered there. His mouth just inches away from that which he desired, her smell beckoning him forward but he felt paralyzed to move. Without warning he felt a hand on the back of his head pressing him down.

“You’re doing such a good job sweetie, don’t be afraid,” Tiffany encouraged as she pressed his mouth down on her mound.

John felt the panties against his tongue, warm and wet. Then he tasted her. He began to kiss her lips through the soft fabric and lick at the dampness. Tiffany rocked her hips pressing herself further into his mouth. He heard her moan and say “Just like that baby girl. You feel so good.”

John began to suck at her lips, pulling the puffy skin and wet panties into his mouth. He was desperate to taste more of her. Her moans intensified as did the pressure on the back of his head. He could see her moving her hips to grind against his mouth.

Then her other hand was sliding down her body to pull her panties to the side. “Keep it up, baby. You’re doing so good.” Her voice was breathy and uneven.

John felt her flesh directly against his tongue and his own desire intensified as the taste of her flooded his mouth, addictive and sweet. His confidence growing with her encouragement, he timidly ran the flat of his tongue over her cleft. He smiled at the sharp inhale of breath he heard from Tiffany.

Before he could make another pass, she had spread her lips and John saw her pink tunnel slick with desire. “Don’t be afraid, baby.” Tiffany panted. “I want to feel your tongue deep inside me.”

With that, John felt her hand press him deeper. He quickly stuck out his tongue as he was plunged into Tiffany.

He drank her in, relishing every swallow. The hand on his never let up and Tiffany began to grind against him. He found it difficult to breathe as she pressed into him with an ever-increasing need. At times he couldn't breathe at all, for what felt like minutes at a time as she ground her mound against his nose. All the while John made sure to keep his tongue working vigorously.

"Oh god! Yes!" Tiffany screamed during one of these prolonged grinding periods.

John strained to look up and saw Tiffany's head thrown back. He redoubled his efforts knowing she was close. Tiffany's thighs clamped down around his head, and her hand dug into her hair pulling it. He felt her crunching forward as she pressed his mouth harder still against her. He could feel her walls closing on his tongue, and John thought he may actually pass out from lack of air as she held him fast and he struggled to swallow her juices.

"FUuuuuuuuck," she cried.

John gasped as Tiffany finally fell back in the chair, releasing him from between her legs. She was slick with a fine film of sweat and panting hard. Gently she pulled John forward and rested his head on her stomach. "You did such a good job sweetie," she said still catching her breath as she began to comb her fingers through his hair. "Give me a moment."

As far as John was concerned, she could take all the time in the world. He had never felt so content as he did now, kneeling between her legs, head resting just above her mound. He basked in the smell and feel of her on his cheek and savored the taste of her pleasure still on his tongue.

The moment came too soon when Tiffany sat up and lifted John's head from her lap. She took in a deep breath, held it a moment before letting it back out. "Thank you, baby girl. That was incredible," she said. "Let's get you cared for, what do you say?"

All John could do was nod his head vigorously. His mouth had gone dry at the thought of his own orgasm.

Tiffany stood and then pulled John to his feet before having him take a seat on the edge of her desk. "You really do look so good as a girl." Tiffany placed a kiss on his forehead and gave him a squeeze through his skirt and panties. With her other hand, she tilted his face up to hers and was kissing him on the mouth. Her painted lips felt soft and slightly tacky against his.

Her hand slid to his throat as she darted a tongue into his mouth. John let out a small moan and felt himself going limp in her arms. As she drew back, he was left breathless. She began to leave small kisses all over his neck as she pulled him against her.

Tiffany's other hand slipped under John's skirt and began to stroke him through the cotton. She could feel that his panties were as wet as her own.

"My baby girl likes her new childish panties, doesn't she?" Tiffany said in a low voice. Her breath hot against John's ear. He could only moan for an answer, as she pulled him out over the waistband. He trembled in her hands.

"You're just my sissy schoolgirl now," she teased. His penis jumped in her hands as she spoke. She swirled her thumb through his precum. "Look how hard your little sissy clitty has gotten," she teased.

The words made John burn in humiliation and ache with lust.

Tiffany pulled him closer, so his cock was caught against her stomach and his face was pressed against her chest. John could feel himself coating her tummy in a slick layer of precum as she began stroking him up and down. He turned his face into her warm soft cleavage and let out a high squeak.

Tiffany reached up and pulled down a cup freeing her breast and the hard nipple beneath, as her other hand continued to slide up and down John, trapped between them. "Suck on Mommy's nipple, baby girl," she said as she pulled his mouth over to it. "Someday you will have big firm breasts just like Mommy."

John did as he was told and parted his lips for the hard bead of flesh. He felt the warmth filling his mouth as he began to suck and kiss greedily at her breasts. His breathing was increasing as Tiffany's hand picked up speed.

Tiffany held him to her for a moment, making sure he would continue to do what he was told. "That's my good girl," she praised.

John felt her let go of his head and snake the hand down his back. Her manicured nails, left faint trails as they went. She passed over his bra strap and continued down his spine until he felt her hand caressing his pantied bottom.

John's kissing and sucking became more desperate as her other hand slid over his shaft and head with ever-growing speed. Every so often it would slip lower and cup his balls. All the while Tiffany continued to proclaim what a 'pretty girl' he was and how she was so 'proud of her sissy.'

John sucked in sharply as he felt the hand on his bottom slip under his cotton panties and a long finger slide down between his cheeks. His body tensed. Then he felt the manicured finger pressing against his hole.

John squealed against Tiffany's breast as the pressure against his little rosebud increased. He felt his balls draw up tight, and his body go rigid. Tiffany's stroking hand held him firm as he felt himself begin to come between them. The warm sticky mess shot out of him and flowed down over Tiffany's hand and coated both of their stomachs.

Tiffany held the small boy against her, as he succumbed to his pleasure. She smiled down at him on her breast, as he shuddered and jerked with each wave of the climax washed over him. His mess was warm and sticky on their skin. Tiffany continued to hold him like that for a long while after his orgasm had subsided.

CHAPTER 10

John drove happily to work, the clock on his dash read 8:25 as he pulled in. It had been just over two weeks since Tiffany had caught him in panties and everything for him had changed. He entered the brightly lit office dressed in jeans and a button-down shirt for the moment. His heart raced with excitement as he wondered what Tiffany would dress him in today.

He didn't mind having to come in an hour early each day. Far from it. In fact most days he was so excited to come to work that he got there early, not able to sit around the house any longer waiting for the clock to turn a quarter after. His stepmom Rebecca has assumed the earlier start time was because of increased responsibilities. In a small way, she was right, as now more often than not he was expected to provide Tiffany with at least one orgasm a day. Sometimes it was in celebration of a deal, other times it was to help her destress after a bad phone call. She even had him hide under her desk and eat her out during a particularly long and boring Zoom call. What fun that had been. John had set for himself the goal of making her scream out in the middle of it. He had counted it a win, when she had to mute her mic and then shut off her video moments later as she came on his face.

What absolutely excited him the most though was coming in and seeing what sort of outfit she had picked out for him. Some days it would be a juvenile pair of panties and a training bra, such as the first day she dressed him. Other times it would be a sexy number complete with garter and stockings. Tiffany had even gotten John a pair of fake breasts to fill out the more mature bras. It had felt odd the first time she applied them, but soon he loved them just as much as his feminine clothing. Their heavy weight and realistic nipples filled him with confidence, as he would look down at his cleavage or examine his reflection in the bathroom mirror.

It wouldn't just stop there. She would dress him to match the panties beneath the clothes. Tiffany had put him in schoolgirl outfits and jumpers to

cover his cotton panties. On days she chose something more adult for his underthings, she dressed him in form-fitting skirts and blouses. Once properly dressed for the day, Tiffany would do his makeup and hair, everything from pigtails with large ribbon bows to high-tight buns. Whether he was a schoolgirl or a sexy secretary made no difference to John. Each outfit sent chills of excitement through him and had his panties damp with lust by lunch.

As he walked past his reception area, he beamed with pride at the name tag that read “Jamie,” complete with a small heart after the name, in front of his chair. His heart quickened as he heard Tiffany quietly singing to herself in her office. He opened the door anxious to see what today’s outfit would be.

Tiffany had upped the stakes as John had gotten more used to his new clothes and appearance. First arranging for more deliveries to the office, that ‘Jamie’ had to handle. Then taking her on errands, and finally even taking her out to lunch where John had nervously squirmed through the whole meal. Tiffany had rewarded him with one of his best orgasms afterwards, telling him how proud she was of him, and how no one suspected that he was really a sissy dressed in girl’s panties and skirt. When he opened the door, Tiffany looked up from her desk and beamed a perfect smile at him.

“Hi Jamie,” she greeted her eyes glinting with excitement and lust. “I thought we would try something new today.”

BOOKS BY THIS AUTHOR

Modern Art: A MtF Gender Swap

What would you do for a quick \$10,000?

When Hunter offered his friend a chance to make \$10,000 for one night's work, Matt found he couldn't say no. Hunter failed to mention that there was a chance Matt might find himself transformed into a beautiful young woman in a room full of horny art lovers who have been encouraged to interact with the art pieces however they like.

Dressed in a provocative outfit and looking like a fantasy come to life, Matt finds himself doubled over, restrained, and left very exposed as the patrons begin to enter the exhibit hall. His previous reservations are quickly forgotten as Matt finds himself craving the attention being lavished upon him."

Temp To Fetish Model: A FFM ABDL Story

Jerry thought his new temp gig would be like any other, that was until he met the CEO of FAR Industries, Ms. Crawford, who would forever change his life.

The moment Ms. Crawford laid eyes on Jerry with his small frame and quiet and innocent demeanor she knew he would be perfect for her unique modeling company. She had built an empire around one thing, powerful women reducing and treating men like helpless big babies. What's more, Ms. Crawford doesn't just want Jerry for her company, she wants him for

herself.

Jerry soon discovers Ms. Crawford is too powerful of a force to resist and before he knows what's happening he finds himself diapered and nursing at her breast. But this is only the beginning of what she has in store for him and his soon-to-be Nanny Tina.

Becoming Mommy's Sissy: A Bad Boy To Good Baby Girl Transformation

Emily loves Hank, and can't wait for their pending nuptials; there is just one problem, Hank's 21-year-old son Ryan. Ryan is a spoiled brat who is set on stopping the marriage and protecting his inheritance. Unbeknownst to Ryan, Emily has her own plans to turn him from a problem child to a sweet little girl.

In this battle of the wills, Ryan finds himself outsmarted at every turn, as Emily maneuvers him into compromising scenarios; overpowered when Emily forces him over her knee for a well-deserved spanking and ultimately outmatched as Emily and her friends transform into the ultimate baby girl. Will Ryan ever be able to regain control of the situation or is he destined to end up in diapers and panties at the hands of his new Step Mommy?