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*The House
Sitter*

John Dylena

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John Dylena

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If you, the reader, are of legal age (18+) and are fine with the previously mentioned themed story, then continue.

Enjoy.

I sat quietly in the driver seat of my car, staring down at the phone in my hands. I was nervous, a slight quiver in my hands giving it away. A quick swig of my water bottle to rid myself of dry mouth; I looked down at my watch: noon. I opened the car door and stepped out into the summer heat.

The neighborhood was spacious and affluent. Many of the homes were large two-story mansions, with two- to three-car garages and manicured lawns and gardens. Tall fences of wood, brick, or stone surrounded the back of each home, giving their ample backyards plenty of privacy.

I walked up the cobblestone path to the large double front doors made from a dark brown wood. I rang the gold-colored doorbell and waited. A gentle breeze blew past.

“Ahh, good afternoon, John!” the homeowner said as the door flew open. She was dressed in business attire: a black skirt suit with an ivory blouse and pantyhose. Her perfume was noticeable but not overpowering, and her gold and gem-inlaid jewelry shone brightly in the sunlight.

I jerked back slightly, startled by her boisterous enthusiasm. “Good afternoon, Ms. Stevenson.”

She motioned for me to come inside. “Oh please, call me Janet. Come on in. I’ll show you around.”

I nodded and stepped onto the light gray granite of the entryway, looking up at the vaulted ceilings as Janet walked past me, her high heels clicking on the stone floor.

Ms. Janet Stevenson, a wealthy thirty-year-old, gorgeous blonde, used to be my family’s neighbor. We lived in a nice enough neighborhood, but when she got a major promotion, she packed up and moved out into a gated community with the round-the-clock armed guard. She was only our neighbor for a couple of years, and I house-sat for her then, but only once.

That was, however, before I developed my secret hobby.

I was once again house-sitting for her because she was embarking on an extended business trip. She would be gone for about six days, and even

though she lived in a well-protected neighborhood, she didn't like leaving her place empty for that long. So she managed to find me and give me a call. I was glad to accept her offer to house-sit, not only because she had one hell of a house, but because the pay wasn't too shabby, either.

"Come on!" she said, waving me over. "I wanna give you the grand tour."

"Right," I said, shaken from my reverie. "Sorry."

She led me on a tour of her house, and frankly, it fit the mansion description. The whole place was well-furnished, with expensive-looking rugs, paintings, framed movie posters, pictures, and other ornate accoutrements.

Leaving the entryway, we came into the living room. It had a giant, comfortable-looking couch and a massive flatscreen TV, complete with 7.1 surround sound. One thing I always liked about Janet her was that she had superb taste in movies, and next to her TV was a giant DVD collection. As tall as a bookshelf, it was full to the brim of movies and boxed TV sets.

Connected to the living room were the kitchen and dining room. The kitchen was large and open by design, with lots of counter space and expensive granite counter-tops. With all the shiny stainless steel appliances and fully-stocked fridge, it reminded me of a kitchen a celebrity chef on The Food Network would have.

"I went shopping yesterday and stocked the fridge for you," Janet said as we passed through. "You're welcome to use anything in here to eat and cook what you like."

"Cool."

She stopped. **"Can you cook?"**

"Nothing fancy, but I'm learning."

"Really? Nothing beats a guy who can cook." She gave me a sly wink.

I continued following her and she led me into the dining room. A large wooden table with eight chairs sat atop a rug in the middle of the room.

Against the wall was a liquor cabinet and wine fridge.

“You’re twenty-one, right?” she asked me.

“Twenty-four, almost twenty-five,” I replied.

Janet raised an eyebrow. “Really now? You look so young. You’re welcome to the bar. I also just restocked it too – just don’t go drinking all of it!” she said as she laughed.

“Thanks,” I said with a smile.

I followed her out of the dining room, across the living room, and up the stairs to the bedrooms.

“This house has three bedrooms and two bathrooms. This one is the office.” She opened the door and we walked in.

Inside was a massive wooden computer desk with a very expensive iMac. There were filing cabinets flanking it, and an all-in-one printer situated at the top. The office was decorated with pictures, plants, a coffee maker, and a micro fridge.

“There is WiFi throughout the whole house. You’re welcome to use it, if you want. It's very fast.”

“Thanks.”

She led me out of the office and back into the hallway. She opened up another door, and awe-struck, I walked in.

“This is the master bedroom.”

“Wow!” I breathed.

That was an understatement. The room was huge. It had a gargantuan bed, nice wooden furniture, and another flat screen TV that wasn’t quite not as big as the one in the living room.

“All the TVs are connected to the satellite and have DVR capabilities,” she

pointed out. Then she moved across the room. “Over here!”

I walked over to the doorway where she was standing. Inside was a massive bathroom. It was outfitted with a had large, glass-walled shower, a whirlpool bathtub, a high-powered flush toilet, and a sizeable vanity.

“What's that?” I asked as we were walking out of the room, pointing at two large sliding doors.

“Oh yeah, I forgot about that.” She walked over and opened them up. “This is my walk-in closet.”

“Closet?!” I said as I stared into it. There were floor to ceiling clothing racks, a myriad of designer shoes, a chest of drawers, a full length mirror, and a couple of wigs on the top shelf. “This is like a small bedroom!”

“Yes, this is my sanctuary,” she said with a smile.

We left and she showed me the spare room. It was moderately furnished, but still looked very nice and clean. The bedroom and bathroom combined were probably the size of the master bedroom.

“You’re welcome to sleep in either room. However, if you do sleep in my room, make sure you make the bed. Got it?”

“Yes, ma’am!” I replied.

“Good. Now, there is one room in this house that is completely off limits...” She hesitated. “Well, sorta.”

I frowned. “Which room is that?”

“The garage.”

We walked downstairs and into the garage. She had two cars and a motorbike. One was an SUV, which was probably her everyday car. The other one was an Aston Martin, which just happened to be my dream car. The bike was a ‘super bike’ and had a nice color scheme, but all my attention was on the Aston.

“I have the keys locked away and hidden,” Janet said. “You can look all you want, but no touchy! If you do manage to find the keys and drive the car, well, just know there is a special place in hell waiting for you.” She grinned wickedly.

“Don’t worry, Ms. Stevenson. I highly respect these cars and will not drive them, but may I at least sit in them and pretend?”

She laughed. “Sure! Just don’t dirty the interior.” A honking outside signaled the arrival of her ride to the airport. “Crap, that’s my taxi! Okay, I left a very detailed instruction packet in the kitchen. There you will find your parking permit and clicker so you can get in through the gate without having to go through security. You’re not allowed any guests, and you do not have to stay here the whole time. Feel free to come and go as you please.”

I smiled at her reassuringly. “No worries. I’ve got a lot of work I have to do, so I might just hunker down here for a while.”

Janet nodded. “All right. Thanks again, John! You’re a life saver!” Then she gave me a big hug and a kiss on the cheek, grabbed her luggage and ran outside to the cab. She waved goodbye as it sped off.

Goddamn, she is so hot, I said thought to myself with a sigh of relief. Not only does she look sexy, but she dresses sexy, too!

The images of her and her outfit filled my mind as I unpacked my car and brought my luggage into her house. Locking the door behind me, I moved my stuff out of the entryway into the living room. I took out my laptop and set it on the coffee table, then took the rest of my stuff upstairs. I walked down the hall to the bedrooms and was about to open the door to the guest room when I thought about it for a second.

Wait, the guest room? No, no, no. I’m staying in the master bedroom!

I turned around and opened the door to the master bedroom. I set my stuff down and jumped onto the bed. I rolled over and saw the time. It was close to three-p.m. Ms. Stevenson had an evening flight to Japan, but in the company’s first-class private jet. Looking at my watch, I figured she was still on her way to the airport.

I headed downstairs and turned on the TV. Time flew by, and my rumbling stomach reminded me that it was time for dinner. After a quick meal, I headed back to the master bedroom.

Aw yeah, I'm gonna take a whirlpool bath! I decided. I've always wanted to take one of those!

I stripped and got the bath ready. I had read through her instructions while eating, so I knew where the towels she set aside for me were located. When the bath was ready, I climbed in and was instantly relaxed. I helped myself to the fancy-smelling, super-cleaning shampoos, conditioners, and soaps. I was inspecting all the other stuff she had when I found it: a bottle of shave-less body hair remover. I couldn't help but think of my secret hobby.

Over the past few years, I'd grown more and more interested in women's clothing. I'd fantasized about dressing up in various outfits, putting on makeup, and having long hair. I'd always wondered what it would like to wear women's clothes, high heels, lingerie, makeup, and jewelry. And when I grabbed that bottle, the urge to indulge those desires hit me like a truck.

Now is the perfect time.

I had this nice house all to myself for six days. The owner was a drop-dead gorgeous blonde who had a massive closet with who knows how many different types of outfits. This was the chance I'd been looking for.

I took a deep breath, meditated on it for a good minute in the nice relaxing tub, and then decided to go through with it. But I would have to be very discreet and make sure everything was put back exactly where it was. I wouldn't want Janet to think that anything had been disturbed.

I smiled as I looked down at my arms and legs. I was lucky; I had never been very hairy. My younger brother got all those genes.

I followed the instructions on the bottle, and within minutes, my arms and legs were free of body hair. I got out of the tub and dried off.

"Oh, wow," I murmured aloud. The feel of the soft towel on my now hairless body sent a slight chill up my spine.

I drained the tub, wrapped the towel around my waist, and headed towards the walk-in closet. I took a deep breath and opened the sliding doors. My hands were shaking with nervous energy as I walked around the closet, my fingers feeling the fabrics of the clothes Janet had hanging up on the racks.

First things first: underwear. I walked up to the drawers and browsed through them. I found the bras and took out a pink one. Then I searched some more and found a matching pair of panties.

I set them aside and continued searching. After a couple seconds, I found a garter belt and a pair of white stockings, and I set them next to the rest.

I removed the towel and put the bra on first, clipping it behind me. Then I put on the panties and the garter belt afterward. I sat down on the drawer and slid up the stockings. The feel of the fabric on my smooth legs sent another chill up my spine. When I had both of them on, I stood up and attached the tops to the garter belt.

I trembled with anticipation as I walked over to the shoes and looked through them. I found the pair I was looking for: matching pink, five-inch heels. I prayed as I slid them on that they would fit, and while they were a little tight, the stockings helped to slide them on more easily. I stood up and walked over to the mirror.

Damn, this is so awesome! I thought, admiring my reflection. But I'm not done yet.

I walked over and grabbed one of the shoulder-length brunette wigs from the top shelf of the closet. I put it on and looked at myself again. Almost there.

I left the closet and headed for the bathroom vanity, my heels clicking on the wooden floor. I looked down at my groin as I walked and saw the growing bulge in my panties. Hoping that I wouldn't get too excited too quickly, I sat down at the vanity and began the process of applying makeup to my face.

It took a while, but when I was finished applying the mascara, eye shadow, eye liner, blush, lipstick, and lip liner, I took a step back and admired my handiwork.

“Not bad,” I said to myself. Looking back at me in the mirror was a woman—not the best-looking woman I’d ever seen, but I was convincing enough to be mistaken as one.

I put the makeup away and returned to the bedroom. There I had some fun posing in front of the mirror. All the while, I was getting more and more turned on.

Shit. Looks like I need to go “relieve” myself.

I went into the bathroom and fumbled around the shelves. I found some lotion and tissues, but I decided to look through one more drawer before I began touching myself. Inside, I found something intriguing. I slowly reached into the drawer and removed the object. It was a dildo. I was fascinated by the object; it was the first one I’d seen.

“Oh my,” I said, further inspecting it. Curious, I set the stuff down on the counter-top and fumbled around with the dildo. My curiosity peaked as I slid down my panties and set them aside. I placed the dildo near my anus and took a deep breath. I pushed it in slightly and it penetrated my hole. It entered smoothly despite the lack of lube and I was quickly overcome by the sensation.

I slid it in further as my penis got harder and harder. I started sliding it in and out, faster and faster. Girlish moans escaped my lips and I was now taking the whole thing in.

My dick was fully erect and I started masturbating. My fingers fumbled around the base of the dildo and accidentally switched on the vibrator. The vibrations heightened the pleasure exponentially, as my moans grew louder.

I felt my dick twitch as I climaxed and shot a load off into my hands, the shock of it all bringing me out of the erotic haze. I immediately removed the dildo and tossed it aside, turning it off in the process. Gasping for air, I looked down at my right hand. It was covered in my man-juice.

What just happened? I wondered in between labored breaths.

Exhausted, I washed off the sperm in the sink and cleaned off the dildo and put it away. Then I inspected the bathroom for any drops that I might’ve

missed.

I stood there, looking at myself in the mirror and at the outfit I was wearing. God damn, I'm a fucking slut, I thought. But that was very, very... weird.

Even though I'd just unexpectedly fucked myself in the ass with a dildo, I still wanted to wear Ms. Stevenson's clothes. But now that I knew what that felt like, I vowed to stay away from her dildos.

I removed her clothes and put them back, then put on some PJs and passed out. It was near midnight, and I had a lot of work to do in the morning.

“Ugh,” I grumbled as I climbed out of bed the next day. It was so comfortable that I didn't want to leave it. I sat up at the end of the bed and planned out my day.

“Let's see... oh yeah, I have all those data sheets that I need to type up today... balls!”

I got up and went into the bathroom. While relieving my bladder, I remembered what Ms. Stevenson wore yesterday, and that's when it hit me.

Damn, she was so sexy. Maybe today I'll do my work in a similar get-up. I mean, all I'll be doing is typing... so pretty much all I'm doing is secretarial work. Why not dress like one?

I finished my business and showered. My body hair hadn't started growing back yet, so I didn't need to shave again. I dried off and went back into her closet to get dressed. This time, I'll need a different color, I thought.

Browsing through the underwear, I found something special: a black corset. Excited, I put it on and fastened the clips in the back. It was tight, but now I had a more defined, hourglass shape befitting a woman. I slid on a pair of matching black panties, followed by a pair of sheer stockings and attached them to the garters. To complete the look, I stuffed the bra cups with socks.

Satisfied, I looked through her outfits. I found a black pencil skirt and

slipped it up over my body. It ended several inches above my knee, but was not too revealing. I put on a white blouse, almost similar to the one Janet had on. It had a V-shaped neckline that showed some of my “cleavage,” and the sleeves stopped at the elbow.

I put on a pair of five-inch black patent heels and headed into the vanity with the wig. I sat down at the chair and did my makeup again. This time it was a little more modest, with nice ruby red lipstick. I combed the wig and slid it on.

I definitely look better, and hotter, than I did last night... but something's still missing...

I searched through the drawers for accessories and put on a pair of gold clip-on earrings, a chain necklace, rings, bracelets, a feminine watch, and topped it all off with a few sprays of perfume. Lastly, I filed my nails down and attached a set of acrylic press-ons, which were a shade that was similar to my lipstick and slightly longer than my normal nails, giving them a strong, feminine appearance.

Satisfied, I stood up, straightened out my skirt, and headed downstairs for breakfast. I made myself some food and a cup of coffee, sat down at my computer, and began typing away, my fingernails clicking against the keys with every stroke.

After several hours, I rolled back from the desk. In all that time, I had only been getting up to use the bathroom, which after drinking several cups of coffee was pretty often. It didn't take long for me to notice that sometime during the typing session, I started sitting cross-legged like a woman normally does.

I would also stand up to stretch my legs occasionally, and in the process, straighten out my skirt. I was surprised at the fact that my feet had not been bothering me from the heels, and that the outfit was surprisingly comfortable. I would get up to refill my cup, and walking in the heels almost came naturally. At first, it scared me a little that I was able to walk so gracefully in them, but I got over it pretty quickly and got back to work.

“Okay, it’s six-o’-clock. I’m calling it a day,” I said to myself. I stretched out my limbs then sat back down. I wrapped up what I was working on and shut down my computer. I got up and went back into the room and laid out across the bed, exhausted.

Crap! I’ve worn these clothes for the majority of the day. They probably have my scent all over them. Gonna need to wash them to hide it, I thought, stripping down.

After removing the skirt and blouse, my stomach began to rumble. Hmm, I think tonight, I’m gonna cook up something fancy... Of course, that means fancy dinner wear, too!

I kicked off the heels and removed the stockings, skirt, and blouse, put them away, and slid on a pair of darker stockings. I went into the closet, pulled out a black evening dress, and put it on. Then I grabbed a pair of knee-high, heeled black leather boots. I slid them on, tidied up my makeup, and then went back downstairs and cooked the fancy meal: a slab of rib-eye steak, mashed potatoes, green beans, and a glass of wine.

Damn, I thought. I feel like a friggin’ housewife cooking a meal for my business-type husband!

I sat down at the table and ate. After the meal, as well as several glasses of wine, I retired to the couch and watched a pay-per-view movie. When it was over, I changed out of the clothes and put them away. Then I removed the makeup and wig and went to bed.

Gotta remember to remove these nails before Ms. Stevenson gets back, I thought as I fell asleep.

The morning sun shone brightly into the room as I awakened the next day.

Damn, another good night’s sleep and I have to get out of this bed, I thought to myself said. Fortunately, I finished most of my work yesterday. I don’t think I’ve ever typed that fast and with so few errors before – must’ve been that secretary get-up.

I rolled back over and fell back asleep, waking up some time before noon. I got out and showered and headed downstairs for breakfast.

The day was well spent. It was beautiful outside, and I met up with friends to hang out at the beach. When I came back to Ms. Stevenson's, I made sure to brush off all the sand before stepping into her house.

What a day, I thought. There sure were some hotties out and about. Oh well, time to try on another outfit.

I stripped, showered and returned to the closet. I clipped on a baby blue bra and a matching pair of panties, then put on a pair white stockings.

The slutty schoolgirl.

I stepped into a plaid miniskirt. This one was pretty revealing, barely covering my thighs. Then I stuffed my bra and put on a thin, white, long-sleeved sweater. Since it was summer, I cranked the A/C so I would be more comfortable.

For shoes, I put on a pair of black leather heels with an ankle strap. I put on some makeup and the wig and retired to the couch to watch some TV. It was getting late when I saw it: on the TV was a hot blonde in a very sexy cocktail dress.

Oh yes, that is nice, not to mention I am craving a nice mixed drink right about now.

I went back upstairs and put the outfit away. Then I looked through Janet's collection of "sexy dresses" and found the one I was looking for. It was a sleeveless green cocktail dress. But this one was not something that I could wear a bra underneath.

Huh... Well, she's gotta have breast forms somewhere.

I looked though all the drawers and searched high and low for them, eventually finding what I was looking for.

I pulled on some panties and put on the dress. It was tight-fitting, but not too tight. I inserted the breast forms in and they actually gave me nice cleavage. I put on a pair of green strappy sandals and headed downstairs to the bar.

Wow, this is the first time I've gone without stockings, I thought. And damn, I've got nice legs!

I walked up to the bar and made myself a mixed drink, then sat back down on the couch and watched some more TV, occasionally getting up to mix myself another drink. After a while, I was getting pretty drunk, so I decided to call it a night. I changed out of the pretty cocktail dress and went to bed.

Ugh, what a weird dream, I thought as I awoke, scratching my head. That was the first time I think I've ever had a dream from the point of view of a woman.

I had dreamed that I was, in fact, a woman. In this dream, however, I wore the cocktail

Well, today is the fourth day of my house-sitting; Ms. Stevenson returns in two days. Huh, I just realized that other than the schoolgirl outfit I put on the other night, I haven't dressed in anything that would be dubbed "slutty." I guess I have to get creative today. I should go all out, then let that be it—maybe I won't need to dress up anymore.

With that, I got up, showered, and ate breakfast. I then went into Ms. Stevenson's closet and picked out a "slutty" outfit. I wore a red thong underneath a jean miniskirt and a red tube top, the breast forms inside it. For shoes, I went with a pair of clear "hooker heels" with an ankle strap. I put on the makeup and clipped on a pair of big hoop earrings.

If I didn't know better, I'd say I looked like a prostitute. I shifted uncomfortably. This thong is giving me a killer wedgie, and these heels are ridiculous.

It didn't take long for me to change out of the outfit. I turned on my laptop and started playing online games for the rest of the day.

That's when she showed up.

A voice echoed in the empty house. “Evening, hun!” I ran out of the office and looked down from upstairs. Standing in the living room, suitcase in hand, was Janet.

“Ms. Stevenson?! I thought you weren’t gonna get back for a few more days?!”

“Originally, I wasn’t,” she said. “But the meetings ended sooner than planned. I was given a few spa days, but then I decided to head home and surprise you.”

I faked a smile. “Yep, I'm surprised all right.”

“Did you sleep in the master bedroom?” she asked me. Although I knew she couldn’t possibly suspect what I’d done, my heart began to race anyway.

“Oh shit, yes. I haven't made the bed yet.”

She smiled and shrugged. “Don’t worry, you didn’t know that I would be getting back so soon, so you can move your stuff into the spare and I’ll see you in the morning. I’ve had a long flight and would like a nice extended beauty sleep. Oh, and I’ll have a surprise for you once you wake up!”

“Okay,” I said. “See you then.”

Janet retired to her bedroom, and I put on my headphones and played video games into the night.

“John!” Ms. Stevenson called out from the hallway right outside my door.

“Oh god, what, what?” I quickly sat up, still half- asleep and cursing her for waking me up so suddenly.

She opened the door to my room and stood in the doorway. “Wake up, John!”

“Ugh, what time is it?” I said, rolling around in the bed.

“Seven-a.m., just in time for your training!”

I turned towards her, suddenly awake. “Training? For what?”

“You have three minutes to get out of bed and meet me downstairs,” she said, slamming the door.

“God damn,” I mumbled as soon as she was out of earshot. “What’s crawled up into her ass this morning?”

I rolled out of bed and headed downstairs. Ms. Stevenson was waiting for me on the couch, her laptop set up on the table.

“Sit,” she said. I sat down next to her and looked at her computer screen. “Good. So, an interesting thing happened while I was on this trip...”

“Oh?” I looked at her, wondering what she was talking about.

“I was between meetings, so I decided to log into my personal security camera website and watch some of the recorded footage.”

It took a couple moments for what she said to sink in. “Wait... what!?” I looked at her like a deer caught in headlights.

“Yes, I have three hidden cameras placed here in the house: one in the garage, one here in the living room, and one in my office.”

“Oh...” I replied, trying to hide the panic in my voice. She was watching me like a hawk.

“So, I logged in and started watching some of the video feed, and that's when I got a surprise. You were walking around my house wearing my clothes!”

I said nothing, hoping I had misheard her, but she continued: “At first I was like, ‘did he bring a friend?’ But then I looked carefully and realized that was definitely not the case.”

I looked at the footage on her screen. Spliced together were several scenes of me en femme.

Shit.

She leaned back on the couch. “Well, the thing is, it livened up my day seeing you dressed up like that. Who would've known you were a closet crossdresser?” She leaned forward. “So tell me, John: are you gay?”

I recoiled violently. “No!”

Great, here come the questions.

“Then why do you wear women’s clothes? Do you dream of becoming a woman? Getting a sex change?”

“No, none of that.”

“Then what is it?”

I hesitated. Never in a million years did I think I would have to explain myself to someone. While I always feared it would happen, I never actually planned for it. It was a secret I was hoping to take to my grave.

“Curiosity,” I said finally.

She cocked her head to the side. “Curiosity?”

I stood up and paced in front of her, ready to lay down the truth. “Yes. For a few years now, I’ve been getting curious as to what your clothes were like. Were they comfortable? what did they feel like? Pretty soon, I wanted to know the answer no matter what.”

“So, you just wanted to dress as a woman because...?”

“All I wanted was to experience being a woman on a very temporary basis. Just dress up, wear makeup, perfume, and heels, and that's it; close up shop and move on with my life.”

Her tone shifted. “Huh, well that is acceptable. You know, you’re not the

first man I knew who would dress up in women's clothes."

Now that caught me off guard. "I'm not?!"

She crossed her legs and put her hands behind her head. "Nope. I dated this guy a year or so ago. Went out with him for two months. Then one night, we came back here drunk and I passed out on the couch after sex. I woke up in the middle of the night and climbed back upstairs to sleep in my bed and I see him standing there, in my lingerie, jacking off with my panties around his dick and a dildo up his ass.

I gulped. It's a damn good thing she didn't have a camera in the bathroom. "What happened?"

"I immediately dumped him and told him never to contact me again. I made him replace the clothes and delete my number. A month or so ago, I got bored and looked him up. Turns out he's making forced feminization videos with a dominatrix."

"Wow." In my time spent on the internet, I had come upon that aspect of cross dressing many times.

She stood up and walked around the living room. "Back to the present. Truthfully, my business meetings did finish early and I got to enjoy a kickass spa day, but I really wanted to get back here and catch you in the act."

"Really?"

"Yup. I watched all of the footage on the plane ride back. It was very enjoyable. Oh, and you have great tastes."

"Pardon?"

She laughed. "I loved three of your outfits. The secretary one... that one was both sexy and hilarious. I loved watching you type away at your computer dressed like that."

"Thanks...?"

“And that one with the white sweater and plaid skirt; that one was pretty cute. I might have to try it out. And... oh yes, that evening get-up you had. You looked like a cute little housewife all dolled up and sexy. That one was my favorite.”

“Really? Honestly, I felt the same way once I started eating.” My face turned red with embarrassment.

“But onto the main point here: you wearing my clothes without asking, John. You violated my trust, and that offends me. Honestly, if you had asked, I probably would've let you. But you didn't, and now you must make up for it or else these videos are hitting the internet!”

My chest clenched in terror. “Oh please, don't!”

“Then if you want this to stay a secret, you must do one thing for me.”

I hung my head in shame. Not only was my secret out, but if I refused to do what she said, everyone would know. “I'll do it.”

She smiled. “I'm glad you saw reason. Here, take this key. First, you must go into my bathroom and shower – make sure you're clean-shaven. Then take the key and use it to unlock one of the wardrobes. I'm sure you ran into it during one of your sessions, am I right?”

“Yes, I know the one.”

“Good. Open it up and put on the outfit inside—all of it—and then put on your favorite wig and doll up your face some. Then come back down here. I'll be waiting.” She smiled gleefully. “Now go; get on with it!”

“Yes, ma'am!”

I quickly climbed the stairs and hopped into the shower and shaved the stubs of hair that were starting to grow back. I stepped out and dried off then went into her closet, key in hand.

I was wondering what she had locked in there. Now I'll know...

I took a deep breath and opened the unlocked wardrobe.

Oh, shit.

I stood there, open-mouthed at the sight of the contents as Janet's voice echoed in my head: "You need to put on all of it!"

I instantly recognized what the contents were: it was a complete head-to-toe French maid's outfit. Ducking my head in shame, I got dressed.

I put on the corset and tightened it in the back. It was tighter than the one I had on last week, and this one gave me a much more defined hourglass shape. I stuffed the breast forms, which were more like actual breasts, in the cups of the bra. I now had bigger and more realistic breasts. I pulled on the black lace panties, followed by the stockings and attached them to the garters.

I put the satin slip on next and stepped into the maid uniform. The outfit was form-fitting and could be labeled a "naughty French maid" outfit, as the skirt portion was very short. I put on the apron and slipped on the black velvet gloves, then stepped into the heels. They were black patent six-inch heels with an ankle strap. I grabbed the brunette wig and sat down at her vanity and did my makeup, then headed downstairs.

"Oh my god!" Janet said, standing up. "You look like the real deal!"

"Really?"

"Yes! Now, if you want to keep your precious little secret from leaving this house, you must make my entire home spot-free. All the materials necessary are in the small closet over there. You have to vacuum the carpet, mop the hardwood, scrub the bathrooms, do the dishes, dust the place, and sort the laundry, and you must do that without a word of protest or else you get punished. Okay, Lynessa?"

"Lynessa?"

"Yes, that is your name for today. You can't have a boy's name when you're dressed like that. Now get going!"

"Yes, ma'am!"

Several hours passed as I thoroughly cleaned her house. The outfit was incredibly sexy, and several times I had to show some self-control, otherwise I would've soiled the outfit and gotten in trouble. For that moment, I was a maid, and it was my duty to clean. Ms. Stevenson probably knew some pretty powerful people, and the last thing I wanted was for her to distribute the footage of me cross dressing and acting like a lady.

I'd cleaned before, but only my tiny apartment. Her house was huge, and I made sure I covered all the bases before leaving one room to start on another. Beds were made, the tile was scrubbed, the windows were cleaned, and all the surfaces were dusted. Everything was made spotless.

"Lynessa! You can come down and take a break, I made you some lunch!" Ms. Stevenson yelled from downstairs.

I stepped into the hallway and yelled back: "Okay, be right down!"

Moments later, Ms. Stevenson could hear the clicking of my heels on the wood floors upstairs. She couldn't help but laugh a little at the sound of it, and at the fact that she managed to blackmail me into being her maid for the day.

"There's some sandwiches and lemonade in the kitchen. Help yourself."

"Thank you, ma'am," I replied, adding a little bow. She watched me sit down and enjoy my lunch and the break from the servitude.

"How much more work do you have, Lynessa?"

"Not much," I replied. "Just a little vacuuming, and then I have to finish cleaning the master bathroom."

An hour or so later, I finished vacuuming and when the master bathroom was spotless, I came downstairs and sat down on the couch next to Janet.

"All done?"

"Yes, ma'am," I answered.

“Good. Come with me.” I followed her upstairs to her bedroom. “Okay, go into the bathroom and change out of that outfit, then wait for me to call for you.”

“Umm, okay,” I said, slightly confused.

She’s up to something.

While I was in the bathroom, she quickly went into her closet and picked out a new outfit for me. I had finished stripping and was standing naked in her bathroom waiting. She opened the door and handed me some clothes.

“Here, change into this. Clean up a little bit and redo your makeup.”

The new outfit consisted of a black and red lace bra, matching panties and garter belt, and black fishnet stockings. I put the breast forms into the bra and tidied up my makeup.

“All done?” she asked through the door.

“Yes, ma’am.”

“Good, put these on, too.” She handed me the same pair of hooker heels I wore earlier in the week. I quietly sighed, not wanting her to hear my protest, and put them on. However, this time they seemed strangely more comfortable than when I had previously wore them.

Must’ve been due to the heels I wore all day today.

“Okay, Ms. Stevenson,” I called out.

“I told you to call me Janet!” she said with a little annoyance in her voice.

“Okay, Janet, I’m all dressed.”

“Good. I’m all ready, too. Come on out.”

Her words worried me. All ready for what? I gulped and opened the door.

“Janet?”

“Over here, hun.”

I turned and saw her on the bed. She was dressed in a really sexy and provocative outfit. A weak-minded man would’ve been ensnared instantly.

“J-Janet? What are you doing?” I asked.

“Oh, Lynessa, watching you do your work and all the video footage I have of you drove me insane! I gotta have you!” For some strange reason, I couldn’t look away. She was super hot already, but seeing her in that outfit drove me crazy.

What are you doing, John? You can't! But the little voice in my head wasn't strong enough, and I gave into my carnal urges.

I crawled onto the bed and kissed her. I could taste her lipstick melding together with and mine. We kissed and caressed each other. Then she backed off.

“Wait here, my little minx, as I get your special gift.”

The ecstasy of the passionate make-out session was overwhelming my senses. “Lynessa” slowly took over my mind. Seconds later, Janet returned, but she was wearing a pink strap-on.

John, what are you doing?! That's a strap-on! She's gonna—

The little voice in my head was cut off when she climbed back onto the bed and continued making out with me. By now, “Lynessa” had nearly taken over and I started craving the dildo. Janet rolled onto her back and I moved towards the strap on.

“Oh, Lynessa, you're such a slut!”

“Yes I am,” I replied in a girly voice.

No, no, NO!

The voice was powerless as I started sucking on Janet’s rubber cock. After giving her a blow job, she pushed me onto my back and slid down my

panties. The saliva-coated dildo slid easily up my ass.

Girlish moans escaped my lips as I stroked my hard cock.

“Ohhhh yes!” I cried out in an effeminate voice.

She pushed harder and faster, and soon I was taking the whole thing. The strap-on was double sided, so she was getting pleased at the same time. I climaxed and shot a load of sperm onto my chest, but she didn’t stop and I came a second time. After what seemed like hours, and several climaxes later, we collapsed from exhaustion. She fell asleep instantly and I passed out only moments later.

I woke up in the middle of the night thanks to a wet dream about becoming the shemale secretary and lesbian lover of Janet. I shook the ideas out of my head and went back to sleep.

In the morning, Janet woke me up, ordering me to take a shower and “become a man again.” I did what she told without hesitation. I showered, removed my makeup, and got dressed in my normal clothes.

After a quiet breakfast, it was time to say goodbye. She paid me what she promised, plus a little extra for “being a good sport,” and promised to delete all the files.

“You know, I had a ton of fun yesterday and last night,” she said.

I stood there, lost in my thoughts. “It was... interesting.”

“Did you not have fun?”

“Honestly, a part of me thoroughly enjoyed it—dressing up and whatnot.”

She smiled. “You’re welcome to come by and we can do it again sometime. Besides, I’ll gladly pay you to clean my house. You did an amazing job!”

I laughed. “Well, if I need the money, maybe I’ll consider it.”

“We don't have to have sex again... unless you want to.” She winked.

I walked out the front door and down the path. “I’ll think about it,” I said as I climbed into my car.

She smiled as I waved goodbye and left.