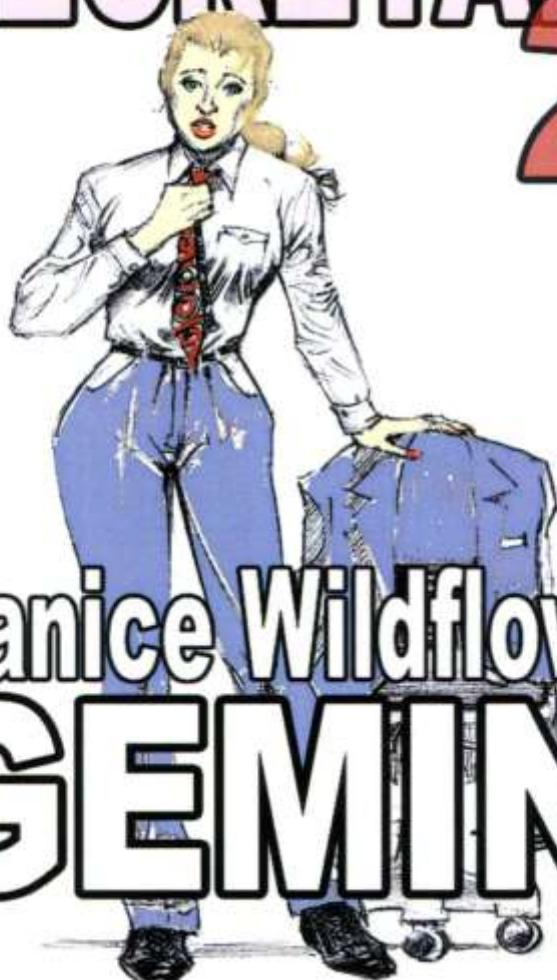


SHE MADE HIM HER  
**SHEMALE  
SECRETARY**  
**2**



Janice Wildflower  
**GEMINI**



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# SHE MADE HIM HER SHEMALE SECRETARY

## Book 2

By Janice Wildflower Gemini

### Chapter 8:

#### Mrs. L. Helps Me Along and Introduces Me to Girlish Things

Now as much as Mrs. L. warned me about stopping when I brought up problems I was having, or what I took to be problems she really did not push me to stop unless I brought up my situation. Otherwise she seemed quite happy with my company for meals and evenings. She had cleaned out my apartment of all the food that was there and made sure I did not bring any home with me, all for my own good of course, and I had all my meals with her.

After dinner we would relax together, at first watching television and eventually engaging in some feminine activities. Slowly but surely she introduced me to those feminine skills. After all it was only fair, she explained, since she was now doing the cooking for me.

It all started out simple enough. Despite my early experience dressed as a girl in front of Mrs. L., I would usually not only appear so, but would actually remove my female support garments as soon as I got home as to continue my pretense of wearing them only because I had been forced to do so. Then all of a sudden Mrs. L became insistent that I remain in my feminine finery under my outer male clothes even at home, so I would become used to moving around in those constraining garments and appearing natural in them, as to avoid detection.

Nothing could have pleased me more. The clothing had become such a turn on and I was getting so comfortable wearing woman's underwear, despite the constriction in the waste that I was fast

reaching a stage at which I never wanted to return to my boring male undergarments.

I came home one evening after a day of having been out of the office running errands and was so turned on by a day of parading around outside of the office while wearing lady's underwear beneath my male attire that I felt I just had to go to my love pillow and take care of business, I was so uncomfortable. My maleness was just so full and uncomfortable. Once home, since I had started spending my evenings with Mrs. L., I would usually stop off to tell Mrs. L. I was home and make some small talk about my day. But this time I was obviously in hurry and started to leave having made few pleasantries.

Mrs. L. asked, "What's the hurry, Robin. You haven't told me anything about your day. Aren't we being just a bit hurry-some?" Not wishing to give an inkling of the truth I lied and told her that I was in a rush to get out of my girdle. Mrs. L told me, "Absolutely not. If it is getting uncomfortable that is because you aren't in it enough hours of the day and things will only get worse if you continue to rush out of it when you get home. No. If you insist on continuing this adventure of yours, you must wear it and all you feminine finery until you find it so natural that you don't even realize it is on. I should have known better and stopped this changing out of your girdle and girl things right away. It's just that I did not think you would or could keep this up for so long."

"One, I can tell the more you change in and out of your support garments the more difficult it becomes to last the day in them. It is only a natural situation. Also you should realize that if you changed back and forth it will soon become too difficult to remain natural while wearing the corselet and gartered nylons and having the bra of your corselet against your chest. You will start to get even more uncomfortable in them that you feel now and you will start pulling on them for relief and those actions will be so unnatural for a guy that they will give you away.

And two, there is also always that chance that you will start to get some sort of kick out of your, let's say, feminine finery if it becomes something you are just wearing occasionally, so that the feel of it is somewhat unusual and you associate it with a particular event, such as being suppressed by a woman boss. Yes, there are cases of young fellows forced to occasionally wear panties as punishments who then learn to love wearing silky feminine lingerie, and girl's under things become almost a fetish for such guys. Then in certain situations resembling the situation that got them in panties to begin with, those guys develop an uncontrollable desire to wear panties again. While guys who have been forced to spend prolonged time in girl's lovelies usually become so embarrassed by the fact that they

never get enamored with the clothing and are relieved when the punishment ends and they get out of those girlie things.”

“Gee,” I said, “frightening. We can’t allow that to happen. I’d be trapped for life.” But I thought it was already too late for me. But I could not tell that to my landlady.

Mrs. L. continued, “Now I insist you stay right here in your lady’s support garments and tell me about your day. In fact you can help me make dinner. You should find standing and peeling carrots more comfortable than sitting, if your girdle is so uncomfortable.” And with that she slipped that frilly apron over my head and knotted it in a big bow on my back, I was so taken aback that I didn’t even make an attempt to stop her.

However, I did argue with her a bit, but knew I just wanted to give in. I loved that idea. I never wanted to take my lingerie off, except for those brief times of guilt and regret, which passed very quickly. I just did not want Mrs. L. to know that embarrassing fact. I made no effort to remove the apron.

Finally Mrs. L put her finger over my mouth the way a mother would shush a child. She asked me, “Are you going to continue playing this little game with your boss? Or are you going to tell her the truth or at least the half-truth and back out gracefully or ungracefully out of this mess into which you’ve gotten yourself?”

I did not want to give up the lingerie but of course did not want my landlady to know that, I would be so terribly embarrassed, and so I had to equivocate sort of indicating I wanted to but was afraid to confront my boss about the issue. “After all” I rationalized to Mrs. L, “the boss spent so much money on me she would really be pissed if I stopped wearing these things. They are all gifts from her.”

Mrs. L. came back with, “I am sure this is just a joke that got out of hand. An expensive joke, but a joke none the less, and if you approach it in that fashion and perhaps offer to make good on your bosses loss than she should not hold a grudge.”

I could not agree as, one, I did not want to pay back my boss for the cost of all the lingerie she had gotten me, and two, I did not want to stop wearing it. So again I responded in a fashion indicating I was afraid to broach the boss on the subject and that I was sure the boss was serious about the entire matter, even though I knew it had indeed started out as a joke, and that I would just have to endure with the situation as it was and bear up no matter how unbearable it might be.

At that point Mrs. L. put her foot down and restricted me to feminine undergarments, no choice on my part. "Well then, if you truly feel you must continue with this masquerade, I will have to protect you from yourself. Now don't you dare fight me on this! I will be terribly hurt! There will be no more of this changing back and forth between men's underwear and your girl's lingerie. No more men's underwear for you until you do give up on this silly game. You just have to stay in lingerie all the time or you will give yourself away or worse you may just learn to like this dressing in girl's underwear just too much, and I cannot let you do that to yourself. Perhaps on weekends, but I am not even sure about that. I am going up to your rooms and removing any male undergarments there as to protect you from yourself and remove all temptation. You just have to stay in female lingerie 24-7 until you can deal with your boss about it. No halfway measures you know. Now you are to stay here and continue peeling carrots and I don't want a word of objection. It is for your own good. If you fight me on this I just don't know what you might force to do."

Of course I told her, "Isn't this a bit extreme?" And of course she told me, "Not at all and I think I may know what is best for a boy in a matter like this. Don't ask me how I know, but I do know."

Well I certainly did not want to give up my lingerie. It was becoming a dream come true. I had never dreamed that I would be wearing the feminine garments that I had admired so and had been so attracted to, but there I was and I did not want to give them up, at least not at that time and I knew that this was not a battle I could win and so I had no choice but to tell her, "I think it is a bit extreme Mrs. L. But I am sure you know more than I do about such matters, and of course I will do as you suggest." I refrained from saying ordered, as I was afraid where such an admission might lead. So I asked, "Would you like me to bring down my male underwear so that you can hold it here?"

"Absolutely not," she told me. "I don't trust you. I am sure you will hide some of it away for an emergency or such. You stay here and peel. I will take care of the matter. I am going up to your rooms to empty them of all male undergarments, unless you tell me right now that you will put an end to this infernal game you appear to be playing with your boss."

Of course I argued a bit more with her but told her that it was impossible for me to go back on that agreement right now and agreed that she should do whatever she thought best and I would just have to assume she was right and go along with whatever she said. So she took me at my word and emptied my quarters of all of my male underwear.

When I checked out my room later that evening there wasn't a stitch of male underwear to be found. Mrs. L. had been quite thorough. In addition all my male sleepwear was also gone. I did not see the reason for that, but since I had not used any of it, except during those short periods of guilt, I saw no reason to make an issue of it and thought myself better without it, as I no longer had any excuse not to wear my silky feminine nightclothes to bed. I found that I got a strange thrill from knowing that I no longer had any choice in regard to what underclothes or sleepwear I would be wearing; that I was suddenly forced to wear my female lingerie all the time, day and night, want to or not. It was strangely thrilling and I found myself hardening as I thought about it. I took care of that little problem in my usual fashion, luxuriating in the feel of the satin lips against my groin.

Of course afterwards I felt the customary guilt and tried sleeping without any clothing, but as usual that soon passed and I dressed accordingly in one of my nightgown and panty sets. I was soon hard again and fell asleep quickly. I had found that I slept so much better when in nylon and stimulated by it, then I had ever before. I was realizing that I would always need some sort of nylon or silky sleepwear or sleep would be impossible. That thought put a faint smile upon my lips. I wondered would it always do so?

So I would come home each day and having nothing to change into I would spend my time with Mrs. L., telling her of how my day had been. We would have a pleasant enough discussion. As time went on she continued to share her chores with me, and as I was sort of at her mercy as long as I continued to dress I did as I was asked.

Additionally, I began to find it pleasant to take orders from her.

So after a while she worked me into setting the table and helping her with the dishes. Then before too long I was actually helping with the cooking, with Mrs. L. explaining to me the finer points. Of course I would wear an apron a nice frilly one when helping. Mrs. L insisted as she did not want me to dirty my clothes and all she had were the frilly type. I almost appeared to be wearing a dress, but it wasn't what I looked like it was the breakdown of my barriers of masculine feminine that suffered the most. Then after I spilled some soup on myself while having dinner she had me in the apron from the moment I got into the kitchen until I would leave. And of course I was almost happy to have the apron as hid my changing figure from Mrs. L. and after a while I would wear it from the moment I got home until I left to go upstairs to my rooms.

And of course she had me sitting with my legs together so that my pants would be protected by my apron, as I had so little male clothes left and could not go shopping. Eventually, it almost became a habit

with me to sit in such a fashion. It was also more comfortable to sit so with that tight waist cincher and thigh to chest corselet. Unfortunately, these habits started carrying over to work, which caused me even more difficulties and thereby got me into even more female clothes and other female things.

But even before that, I was wearing girl's slacks and blouses at home, and as I would stare at myself in the mirror it became evident I was able to pass for a girl, from the neck down. I was actually not so thrilled about that, but still could not pull myself from my feminine lingerie and also found myself strongly attracted to my new satin blouses. I was hooked on feminine finery and like a drug I just could not give it up no matter the consequences.