

SHE MADE HIM HER
**SHE MALE
SECRETARY**



Janice Wildflower
GEMINI



Copyright (c) 2007

Published by Mags, Inc
All Rights Reserved.

No part of this book may be reproduced without the
written permission of the publisher, except for brief quotes
contained within a critical review.

For information address
Mags, Inc.
P.O. Box 5829
Sherman Oaks, CA 91413
USA

Call toll free (800) 359-2116

www.magsinc.com

MAGS, INC
COPYRIGHT (c) 2007

SHE MADE HIM HER SHEMALE SECRETARY - BOOK 4

By Janice Wildflower Gemini

Chapter 22: Mrs. L. Agrees to Keep Me a Girl 24/7

Of course after work Estelle took me home. It had been a bit hectic and I begged off the shopping expedition, but of course we had to stop at her place so she could replace all of her clothing that she had taken back in that fit the other day. She felt so bad, and because she wasn't to give me any pants at all she really overdid it in making up a wardrobe for me. But based on how her clothing was bursting out of her closets and drawers she wouldn't miss most of it, if any. And again, she supplied me with the loveliest of outfits for work, play, daywear and evenings, and even special occasions.

When Mrs. L. saw me come home with Estelle, she assumed everything was all right between us, and then when she saw suitcases she knew things must be okay. Mrs. L. opened the doors and joined us in my apartment and watched as Estelle took charge and put my new wardrobe away, before anything wrinkled. Mrs. L. had made some comment as to the extent of the wardrobe and so Estelle shared my embarrassment with her. She explained to Mrs. L. the agreement I had with Mrs. Porter and that I was now to stay in my girl persona 24/7 until, I got better and could no longer pass as a girl or until Mrs. Porter decided otherwise. Mrs. L. gave an "Oh my!" But didn't pursue that issue as she seemed a bit more interested in seeing the wardrobe I had accumulated.

Towards the end Mrs. L. told us that she was going downstairs to put on a pot for tea and left saying, "I expect you two girls downstairs to join me in a cup of tea, once all of Robin's clothing is put away and I want to find out more about this 24/7 life of Robin as a girl. It is not what I was expecting to be the outcome of this thing when he, or should I now say, she, left this morning."

Over tea Estelle shared with Mrs. L. exactly what had transpired that day at the office and elaborated on my current 24/7 status as a girl,

and concluded by asking if any of it presented a problem for my landlady. Mrs. L. told her, "Oh, not at all. You can tell Mrs. Porter that I fully support woman run businesses and will do everything I can that would help her hold onto hers. I think Robin makes a rather cute and convincing girl and sort of enjoy his company when he is in femme. I'm not at all bothered with the arrangement, if Robin can live with being a girl, than I certainly can live with him being a girl, as long as he is living as a girl and passing as a girl. I can't have him found out and arrested while he or should I say, she, is living here; it would cause all sorts of problems for me. My daughter would never understand. So if he is to stay here as a girl, it must be 24/7 without a let up, or there will be a tendency to make mistakes that will give his real identity away. Of course he can stay here as a girl, as long as is necessary for him....ah, there I go again, I mean her. But, I warn her that I will be mercilessness in her training. Mrs. Porter should understand that, as should Robin. I mean I am very fond of him. He has been a wonderful tenant, certainly a friend, and almost like a son. And I don't think that financially I could get along without him, at this time. However, I believe in doing things right. And what little help I have already given him in, let's say accommodating himself to this situation, has been a lot of fun for me. You know I taught him to walk in heels and put on make-up, and have even been removing some of his hair so that he could pass as questionable and even taught him to speak in a somewhat feminine voice."

"But it hasn't been a full time thing. I mean, as far as I know he still was mostly boy, just a bit, not a lot on the feminine side. Now he will have to be all on the feminine side. As long as he is willing that is all right with me. But I am not a half way person and if he is telling me that he is willing to go 24/7 then that is what it will really be. Robin will be become a girl in just about every way possible, that I can affect. And, unlike some young girls in such matters, if this puts him under my tutelage, then dear Robin will be a most obedient girl, at that."

Estelle had let Mrs. L. go on as she seemed happy with her response. Then she interjected, "Well I can see we are of a similar mind here. I am actually very fond of Robin myself, and have always enjoyed his company and even more so since his transformation. He is just like one of the girls now, just nicer. If all this would have been a problem for you, I was going to volunteer my place, though it would have been tight. And I think having him stay with you works out better for Mrs. Porter as regards the story of his having been petticoated, as you are an unknown entity, and he has actually been living here. Mrs. Porter, I am sure, can work you into the story if need be, especially if you have actually been assisting Robin and are intent on helping him full fill

himself as a full time girl. And if money is a problem, though not rich, I am sure Mrs. Porter would be quite generous.”

Then looking at me Estelle asked, “Robin, how do you feel about this arrangement. And keep in mind, that we real girls may not be asking you for your opinion very often, for you are not only to appear to all as a girl, but to a select few it is to be known that you are really a cross dressed boy, and as such must be obedient to all woman, and especially those of us who know you are really not a girl.”

I told her, “I think it is a little too late to be backing out of anything at this time. I sort of suspected Mrs. L. would help me out. She’s been so helpful up till now. It’s just that I did not realize how helpful she would be. I thought I just might get some respite here, but I guess that won’t be the case and I will have to live with that. I am committed to helping out Mrs. Porter and if that means being a girl then I am committed to being a girl, and a girl 24/7. So if Mrs. L. is also committed that I be a girl and one all the time that will just have to be fine. I hardly feel like a boy anymore any way, and based upon my appearance I am probably better off not thinking of myself as one until my condition changes, if not for the best at least for the more masculine.” And I ended with a laugh at my own little joke.

Estelle seemed pleased with my reply, but voiced one fear that Mrs. L. then solved with a solution that did not bode well for me, in terms of me sneaking in any masculine time at all. Estelle told Mrs. L. “I am just worried with the living arrangements here. With me, Robin would have no place to hide and would be under my eye all the time. Staying here he can on occasion escape to his apartment upstairs where who knows what he would be doing?” Mrs. L. had a solution. She told us, “That may not be the problem you suppose. I have a bit of a problem that I had wished to discuss with Robin and had forgotten all about at the surprise of all of this. But the solution actually works out well in terms of our current plans. My daughter is threatening to come back to live with me for a while. It seems she has sewn some of her wild oats and is now trying for a real job and got a nice one in here in this area, but is a bit strapped until she banks a couple of those salary checks, and so was asking to move back in with me until she can move up the corporate ladder a bit. I don’t really want her down here with me that is unless she has really calmed down a lot. And I would never ask Robin to move out, especially in his current circumstances. But now considering all the issues, why doesn’t Robin just move down here with me where I can keep a motherly eye on him, just as you would do. Robin can have my daughter’s old room. It has its own bathroom, so we wouldn’t be on top of each other. But we would be sharing everything else and be together most of the time. My daughter

can take the upstairs apartment at a moderate rent, rather than the rent-free plan she had, so that there will be some pressure on her not to become a free loader. By the time she is gone, I am sure Robin will be the perfect girl and surely this whole thing will be over and Robin can move back upstairs to her own apartment with a bit more privacy and of course less pressure to be feminine all the time, or none at all if everything works out.”

I didn't like the idea at all. I thought I would never get a break. I will really have to be a full time girl. But Estelle thought it was a fine idea and the solution to her worries about me. Now why Estelle was so worried about me in that regard I couldn't figure out at the time. But as it turned out she just really liked me as a girlfriend and thought to do all she could to keep me a girl and her friend and her coworker, the receptionist, if not forever at least for as long as possible. I don't think any of us realized at the time how long it would actually be.

Estelle seeming happy with that arrangement told us, “Yes I think that works quite well.”

I think Mrs. L. noticed that I did not seem as happy. She gave me a big smile and told me, “Don't look so sad about the whole thing my dear. I think it should be fun having you living down here with me, sort of mother and daughter. And it doesn't have to be right away. We can give it a bit for the idea to sink in and for you to get used to the idea of living with a middle age woman, who will be acting the mother to you and a dominating one at that, if I understand my position here. We don't have to move you down right away. We can wait a while, we have till my daughter and her baggage arrives. This whole thing will be a lot of work, and probably a lot more than you can imagine. So having you down here will probably make it easier on both of us. And I hope it will also be fun. You know finding out how the other half lives and even living like the other half lives. I think that you already appreciate some of the benefits of being a girl. You certainly seemed quite comfortable in lingerie, when this whole thing started.”

At that I sort of gulped and then got a noticeably red, which both ladies must have picked up on. But Mrs. L. just continued, “And there was something about the makeup which also seemed to have affected you in a pleasant way. So we just have to find some other aspects of the feminine life, of being a girl, that attracts you, and I am a sure things will work out, at least for the time being. And I am going to try to make dress-up as much fun for you as I possibly can, so having you down here with me we can really make it more of a mother daughter arrangement. Of course even with in that context you still have much to learn about being a woman.”

I still wasn't happy. But I didn't want to continue the verbal explorations of my fascination with lingerie and makeup. So I just told her and could really only say, "Anything you think is for the best is fine with me."

Both Estelle and Mrs. L. seemed quite happy and Mrs. L. told me, "Good dear. You see you are already getting with the program. I wish that my real daughter were as easy to convince about things and as cooperative with me as you are. I think it may actually be nice to have you down here to share things with as if we were really mother and daughter, just two girls. And you know that I am finding it more and more difficult to think of you as anything but a girl."

"Fine, and then it is settled," Estelle told us. "And you young lady," she said looking straight at me in case there was any doubt as to who she was talking to, "should be ready tomorrow morning at about 10AM for me to pick you up to go shopping and to meet with Dr. Melanie to get you ready for that interview at the sex reassignment clinic. From now on, outside of work, you can think of me as your Fairy Godmother... a nice one."

Mrs. L. then chimed in, "And to get you started, you can clear the table and get dinner started. I want to walk Estelle to the door and have a word with her." So I was quickly put in my new position with Mrs. L. Not that I wouldn't have cleared the table anyway under those conditions, but now I was supposed to get used to being told what to do and to be obedient. To show my cooperativeness I responded with a polite, "Yes mum," and really without even thinking about it, gave a bit of a curtsy. Both ladies caught it and seemed pleased with my cooperativeness and reaction. Mrs. L. of course gave me an encouraging smile and Estelle told me, "Very good Robin. That is the spirit. Yes, I think everything is going to work out just fine." And with that they walked to the door leaving me to my chores.

That evening with Mrs. L. went like many others I had spent with her since this thing had begun, but was much more intense. Instead of us playing the fun game that placed me in it dressed as a girl, her Archie, and instead of any lessons in girlish activities, such as walking in high heels, being done as an aversion therapy to prevent me from falling into a feminine life style, everything was done to keep me as girlish as possible and to make sure that I could pass full time as a girl and would be comfortable doing so. And it was not a game it was serious. Mrs. L. wasn't nasty about it, but she was serious about it, and I did not fight my training, but it had gone from a part time game to a full time immersion. I could tell that I was, as far as Mrs. L. was concerned to be in every way a girl, and she was going to teach me to be a girl, and seemed to enjoy it.

Toward bedtime, though a bit early, Mrs. L. ordered me upstairs to change into my sleep clothes. She told me, "We'll have to start to get you ready for sleep a bit early. Tonight you will have to start you with an evening skin regimen and facial. Your skin has picked up a feminine sheen and we want to keep it that way for the time being. No use in giving yourself a way to a really watchful eye. Some of this a girl takes care of before her washing up and some of it afterwards. But as it will be a first time with you and we don't yet have the convenience of living on the same floor we'll do everything before you shower and you just be careful about getting your hair and face wet. And this is yet another reason why perhaps you should move down here for the time being. So go change into your sleepwear and then come back downstairs, and we will get to work."

Upstairs I undressed and changed into a satin sleep set that was among the items Marge had supplied. A set, which consisted of a satin sleep bra, satin panties, a short satin chemise, a short satin robe, and a pair of satin stretch slippers, all of which were in pink satin. To make the set workable for a girl with something extra she had added a firm control stretch satin brief, also in pink satin. The brief held in and hid my special attributes so no matter how turned on I got by the sensuous feel of my wardrobe little showed to give me away. It was also lined with an absorbent material in order to avoid any tell-tale signs of the pleasure I was feeling when so dressed. And the feel of this girdle was such a delight, that I found it difficult to prevent myself from just staying there and moving my hands up and down the satin panels. Holding up the skirt of my chemise to see how that garment looked, by gazing at myself in the mirror, I couldn't believe myself. I looked at my panty covered front and I looked just like a chubby girl, nothing was showing to give away what was hidden beneath and so turned on. I just wanted to lie there running my hands over my satin encased loins, both for the tactile sensation of the satin on my hands and the feelings it caused beneath those satin panels, but I knew I would not have the time. Mrs. L. waited for me.

Once downstairs in front of Mrs. L., she was also impressed with my appearance and deportment in my new outfit. "You look lovely and carry yourself relatively well. I am not saying there isn't any room for improvement, but you actually are carrying this off better than some girls." She took me to her daughter's old room and sat me at the vanity and she showed me how to remove my makeup and afterwards how to moisturize my face and hands, elbows and knees. Then we took off my nail polish, though it looked fine to me and I questioned her. She explained the nails have to breathe. She told me, "Most girls are lazy and don't redo their nails unless there are unsightly chips. But you my dear are going to do things right. Your polish should be

removed each afternoon or evening and reapplied in the morning. Girls have to get up a bit earlier than a guy if they are to wear makeup, to give themselves plenty of time to do things correctly, and you will be wearing full makeup every day. So get used to it. You will be doing it.” Now by the way she said it, I knew the choice was not mine and I did not balk at all, knowing that I was going to have to do as I was told.

When all that was done she seemed to get another idea. “You know dear, why don’t you shower down here and then we can go over the moisturizing regime one more time, the way it is really supposed to be done, after a shower. I know there is really isn’t any way you won’t disturb those moisturized areas, if we do it before you shower.”

