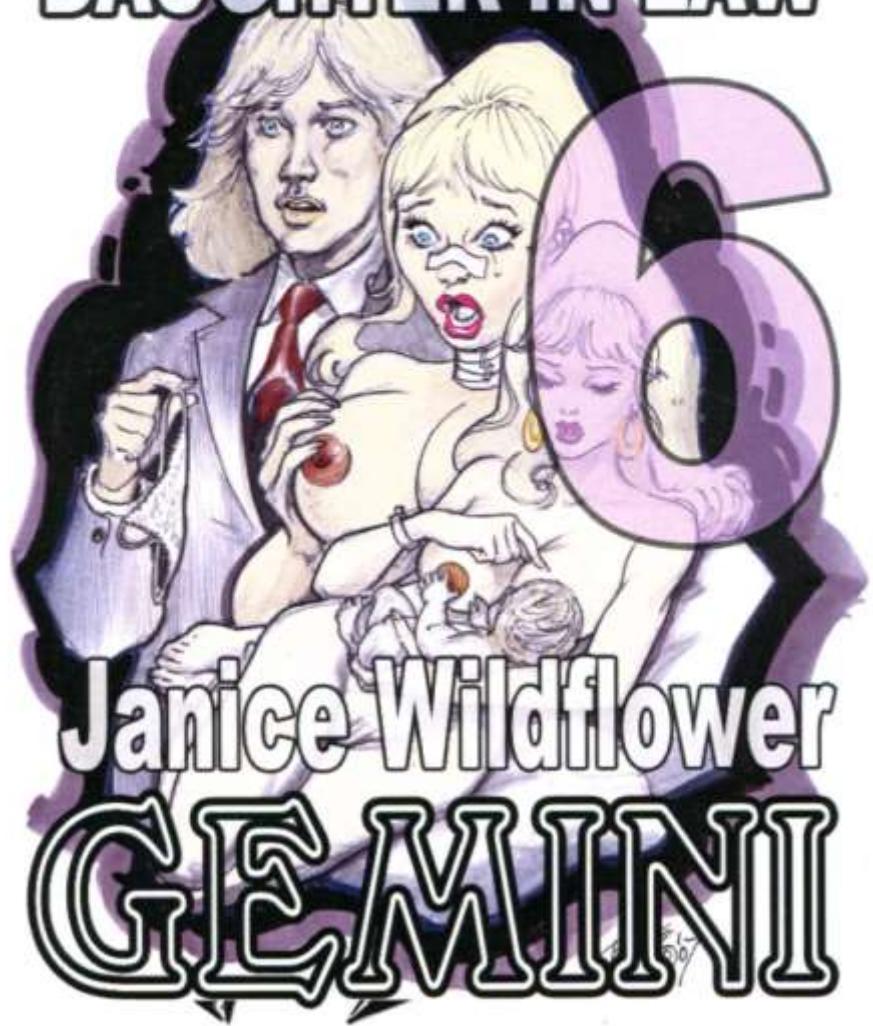
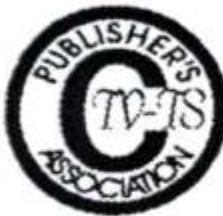


SHE MADE A SWEET
SHEMALE
DAUGHTER-IN-LAW



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GEMINI



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She Made A Sweet Shemale Daughter-in-Law

Book 6: Conclusion

By Janice Wildflower Gemini

Chapter 68: Now a cleaning girl

I spent a while working evenings as a cleaning girl. I still worked days at the dress shop with Maria. I was only spared evenings at the beauty parlor. Melissa had offered to increase my salary in an attempt to keep me, everyone was so pleased with my work, but Mona explained that this was not a question of money, but an obligation I had to fulfill.

After my experience with Fernandez, Maria had asked around and gotten some real horror stories about his kinky antics with some of the girls. And as I got friendly with the other cleaning staff, all Latino girls, as I was not always assigned to the same building, I got an inclination of what some of them had to do to keep this job and not be turned over to immigration. When one of the girls recognized me as Tia Susie from the Church and asked me why I had taken such a job I could not tell her the truth so I came up with a story that was based on my sympathy for the girls in this situation. I told her that I had heard of the antics of Mr. Fernandez with the girls and I was aiming to fix Mr. Fernandez permanently, so that he would not be taking advantage of the girls any longer. She asked how I was to do it and I had to tell her I was not sure yet. I did have an idea, but it would require the help of others. She gave me a hug and told me she would get the word around and once I had an idea, short of murder, she would come with help.

Meanwhile I was cleaning offices, working hard at night. It took a little while to get the lay of the offices, even with Mary's instructions, and I realized the computers to which I needed access were locked down when we cleaned. I would have to figure a way to get access without implicating Mary. We were working on that as I finished my first week and was forced to meet with Fernandez once more. It would be very suspicious if I did not show to pick up my pay. Luckily once again by coming late I was able to get away with providing but a simple hand job. I think Fernandez even liked the sexual talk I provided to stall him,

and so I got away with it a second time. However, I was pretty sure it would not work a third time. Why go for telephone sex when you can have the real thing? Besides, I was becoming a real tease, and every guy likes to have his way with a tease.

So by the start of the second week I decided I had to gain access to the computer I needed by simply breaking in, there was no other way; and once that was done I would settle with Fernandez and disappear. I had come up with an idea that would meet out poetic justice in more ways than one. I discussed it with Maria and the girls, and even enlisted Dr. Robert's assistance via Mary. A number of the girls were willing to give it a try. They were thirsting for revenge and to be free of him, while still employed.

So on Wednesday of that week I broke into the computers and sent my untraceable message. I foolishly checked on the funds before I contacted the mobsters, which turned out to be my downfall. No use in offering to return the moneys if they were not available to me. They were still in the account and I offered to return the moneys to the company and therefore the mobsters, along with all the interest, if they promised not to come after me, and was ready to do so monetarily through the financial computer system I had gained access to. .

In response I was surprisingly told to hold on to the money for the time being and not to give any specifics over the channel I was using. I was to contact them from time to time for further instructions and eventually I would be located, not harmed, and told how I was to return the money. This all became clear when I got the inclination from a cryptic comment that they were interested in using me and my expertise in other capers and owing to good fortune the fact that I had removed the moneys actually was working out for them.

At last I thought I was home free. Mona no longer had me under her control and I could rebel and slowly be returned to my old male self. Things were not to be that easy, however. After celebrating with Mary, I returned to work on Thursday. I still had to take care of Fernandez and did not wish to raise any suspicions by not showing up for work.

Who but Robin Hanover was waiting for me? He was apparently no slouch himself when it came to computers, and after being told of the break in, did a bit of forensic work himself and realized what the computers had been used for. He then figured it must have been someone from the night crew and recognizing me from the party as Mona's niece he figured I would have had no honest business there employed for the cleaning service. It took a while, but he finally got the connection between Mary returning home, the fact that her boyfriend

had not, and the fact that I had apparently been checking on off shore accounts through the company's computers which required quite a bit of computer acumen that the simple country girl that I was supposed to be just would not have.

Putting everything together and remembering me from the party in his father's dress, and being a cross-dresser himself it just suddenly hit him. I was Mary's boyfriend, the computer wiz who had some involvement in moving retirement funds around illegally, hiding out from the police, he thought - it was the only thing he got wrong but it didn't matter - masquerading as a girl. He loved it. He absolutely loved it. I had fooled his mother and every one at the party and now I was to continue to fool his mother and some others, but now it would be for him.

I denied the whole thing, all about the break in and especially about being a guy disguised as a girl; but Robin wasn't buying into it. He told me, "Susie or Bill, whatever your real name is, I don't care. This is the situation. You can deal with the police about the break in or you can deal with me and with what I need you to do for me. If you lie to me it will be the police while if you cooperate you can stop cleaning these offices and instead work here at a higher paying job more in tune with your talents. The choice is yours."

I started to stammer, "But....", seeing no end to this masquerade and knowing if I stayed in feminine finery much longer I would be hooked on it forever. I was almost addicted as it was. The pleasure of it all was becoming outrageous and too much to resist. I was like a drug addict.

However, Robin would hear none of that. He interrupted and continued. "Don't give me any butts here, girlie girl. The only butt here is your shapely feminine posterior and it is in a sling, so to speak. So you're not a boy under all of that. Well let's just see. If you really are a girl, a poor uneducated girl from the country and you broke into the computer room for some crazy reason that only you can fathom, then I still have plenty of uses for you, and you will still work for me, but only as a receptionist, a girl receptionist. So if you think your little masquerade is over you are wrong. And I will have plenty of evening activity for you besides cleaning offices. You may have gathered that I have a thing for larger sized woman. Genuine or fake you are a turn on. But let's find out. Take off that dress and let me see how much padding it is hiding. You have a nice figure but as far as I know, I've seen lots of feminine impersonators just as well endowed with silicone and foam padding."

I hesitated embarrassed at taking off my dress in front of this guy. I felt so like a real girl. Even as a boy girl it was an embarrassing thing



to be forced to do. But he was to have his way. He came over and unzipped the front of my dress. He told me, "Don't make this any harder than it has to be. If you are a real girl this won't be so bad. I will make this worth your while. It is this or I call the police right now."

And so I let him pull down my dress and I stepped out of it. I might be able to fool Robin if I stuck to my guns, but I would not be able to fool any police matron for long as their pat downs get right to the heart of the matter. All my padding was my own and I had to believe once he saw that he would lose interest in me, despite his threats. I just had to keep him away from my serious working part. The slip pretty much still covered me, thought my cleavage was now even more obvious as was the weightiness of my breasts, which gave indication that they were real. However, Robin insisted on finding the foam and silicone. He told me, "At this point you can strip or I can pat you down. It is your choice."

I agreed to the pat down. Nude I was a giveaway, but unless Robin got really inquisitive I had a chance of passing a pat down. So Robin came over and started to run his hands over my satin slip covered figure. Of course he could have done the entire pat down with me fully clothed but he was out for a cheap thrill. He worked his way up from the bottom, my bottom, giving me some hope that he did not have the nerve to perform the ultimate test and that I was safe and due and apology. He started at my rump, kneading my ample behind and realizing that it was flesh not foam and was part of me. Then working his hands up my hips they followed the contour of my waist and wound up at my breasts. These he played with to his obvious delight, and under that message my nipples actually stiffened and he could feel that.

He finally admitted, "No foam and no silicone here. Your figure must be real. I don't get it." Meanwhile I was turning red with obvious embarrassment, which must have also helped to give him second thoughts about my true gender. In truth I was terrible embarrassed by my physical reaction to his soft warm hands playing with me, through the sensual satin of my bra and slip. I wasn't turned on by it and did not feel any physical attraction to him, but the message I had just received was somewhat stimulating whether from a girl or a girlish boy like Robin.

Then he thought a bit. I tried to put my dress back on but he angrily kicked it aside. He told me, "I don't know what goes on here but those breasts can't be real! Take off your slip!" I hesitated but the look he gave me and his threats of the police were enough to make me comply. I pushed one satin strap over my shoulder and then the other and dropped my slip to the ground and stepped out of it. I then stood before him in high heels and only wearing my bra, panties, with my garters sticking out from them and holding up my nylon stockings. He looked me over again and again. For a while his eyes were focused between my legs, but the clever prosthesis in place down there appeared through my panties to be the real thing and he seemed a bit afraid of it. My breasts on the other hand were another matter. He kept staring at them. Being stared at like that my feelings of womanhood were tremendously reinforced. I just felt like a sex object. Although I was so embarrassed by my situation it was still somewhat of a turn on.

So as my breasts did not seem to intimidate him as much as that other feminine part of my anatomy he concentrated on that area in his search for the real me. So staring at my breasts he told me, "Now the bra." I was mortified. This was humiliating, even for a guy. My thought

patterns had become very feminine and I was not used to exposing my ample breasts in front of a guy. But what choice did I have.

He walked over to the telephone. The message was clear. I unclasped my bra and then let that fall to the ground, freeing my ample breast, which were every bit real. My breasts of course not only appeared real but also were real, though developed only relatively recently. I was fortunately or unfortunately, I guess depending on one's position in this matter, one of those guys whose genes were just right for growing breasts once the right hormone mix was introduced and I had grown a lovely pair. They were often a turn on for me and I guess Robin liked them also. If nothing else he would at least have another cheap thrill out of all of this.

I stood there shamefaced, like a real woman. I was just about a real woman. I felt much like a real woman at that point and was reacting like one. Now a member of the weaker sex overpowered by Robin, a weak member himself, but at that time of the stronger sex.

I had no choice. I had to play my hand to the end, hoping that the end would not come and Robin would walk away believing I was what I appeared to be, a rather large woman. Robin came over and once again felt and felt up my breasts, searching for the feel of implants or something artificial. His soft warm hands were still somewhat of a physical turn on, but not as much as they were through the soft satin of the lingerie which he had made me shed. That was somewhat of a relief as crazy as that might seem.

Robin appeared a bit shocked. He could not figure this out. This girl before him had to be a guy, so where were the signs? His hands slipped down towards my rear again, and caught the waistband of my panties. His next move was fairly obvious. However, inserting his hand underneath my panties he did not find my flesh which he expected to find as he had been able to tell by his earlier pawing of that part of my anatomy that all my curves were real, he found the satiny elastic of the girdle that held me in and cleverly constructed gave me that girlish appearance in my only area that required it.

It must have hit him all at once what that garment under a pair of panties signified. He had at times been forced to cross dress himself and may have even worn some similar garment. All I know is that he smiled and told me, "I should have known....but everything else is just so real." And with that, much to my embarrassment, he grabbed my crotch ever so tightly. I could feel his hand down to my ample manhood, which had never shrunk through all of this, and he could feel me and knew the truth. He laughed in victory, because he knew

he had won. My gamble had not paid off. And he had such fun playing and I had only served to embarrass myself needlessly.

He stepped back and told me. "You're the best Susie. You not only have balls for real but you had the balls to play this one out to the hilt. I respect that. And your figure is outstanding, all girl, except for that one piece of unnecessary baggage. We'll have to talk about losing it some other time when I am more in the mood. I can't tell you how impressed I am with your figure. The shoulders and maybe your hands to a small degree are the only giveaways and only to someone whom is looking for it. Otherwise you just appear to be a Rubenesque girl, and an attractive one at that. You really should have been born a girl, you are so natural."

I did not bother to tell him how much work it had been for me to metamorphosis into this natural appearing woman he had just had the pleasure of feeling up; nor all the pain I had undergone to change from a boy to an apparent girl; nor the real psychological pain of finding that I was finally enjoying myself as a girl. I did not tell him any of that.

He continued, "Once things get going the way I want, we'll just have to date. May be I can convince you to go all the way. I am finding myself sort of attracted to you. I can admit the fondling you was a bit of a turn on as there is absolutely nothing artificial about your figure. But you couldn't win this one. And now you will do exactly as I tell you to do and play my game with me or suffer the consequences. Do you understand?"

I could only reply, "Yes Mr. Hanover."

And he told me "Good. Then get dressed and we will discuss your future. And you will do as you are told to do. You can drop the Mr. Hanover. We are going to be great friends and you can call me Robin, unless of course others are present"