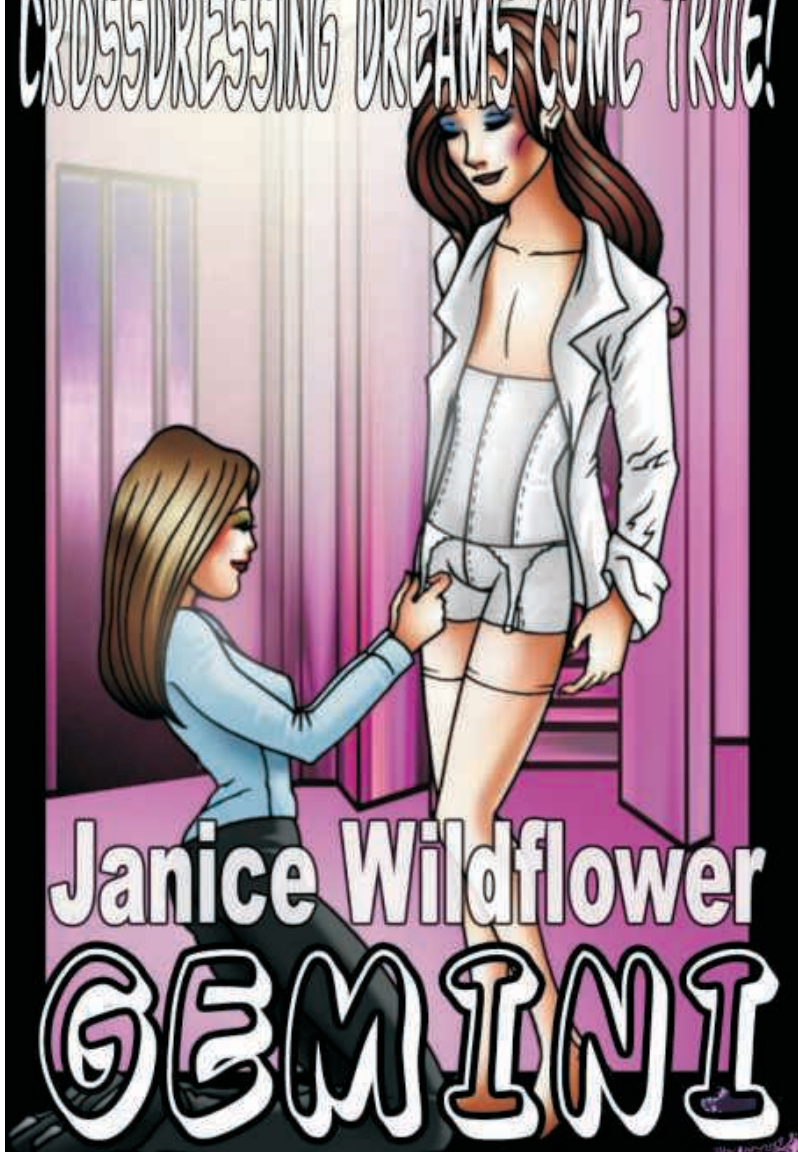


SHE MADE ALL MY
CROSSDRESSING DREAMS COME TRUE!



Janice Wildflower

GEMINI

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SHE MADE ALL MY CROSSDRESSING DREAMS COME TRUE

By Janice Wildflower Gemini

I used to be a real guy and now I am such a sissy it is hard to tell if I am a guy or a girl. It's really just so embarrassing when I think about it. I look and act and dress more like a girl than a guy. I am just so effeminate; I can hardly take it sometimes. I talk like a girl. I move like a girl. All my affectations are effeminate. My general appearance is just so effeminate with soft skin, and long hair, and thin eyebrows, and full lips, and a rounded face and I am even a bit curvy in all the wrong places. And I am wearing panties and the full set of lingerie all the

time. And even my outer clothing can be female. And when I am allowed to wear male outer clothes, the clothing is sissy male.

And I am so emotional, just like a woman. I just want to cry about how feminine I have become. But my wife is so understanding and comforting and happy with me, that I guess I am stuck like this.

And what makes my whole situation worse is that everyone who really knows me knows that I am a guy.

And it doesn't appear I can get out of this situation. I am just stuck as a sweet cross-dressed receptionist and secretary, acting out my life as an effeminate male and much of the time as if I were really a girl, while everyone around me knows I am a sissy guy.

And at one time I thought that something like this might just be wonderful, but when it is full time and for real it is not that wonderful. Though even I have to admit the situation is not without some niceties.

I admit I had some attraction to lingerie, and on occasion liked to wear soft feminine things, and really enjoyed the feel of soft nylon, and silks and satins on my body. But aside from that attraction I still lived my life as a masculine guy. Now my life as a masculine male is over and so far there has been no turning back for me. My wife, who is my boss at work, will never let me be live as a real man again. She likes me just the way I am. I will never wear anything masculine again. I will never be permitted to act masculine again. It looks like I will be forced to live my life as my wife's sweet effeminate crossed dressed sissy home maker and secretary reception-

ist. She made me into a sweet sissy, cross dressed all the time, and behaving like a woman, and she means to keep me this way. Whether I want to stay effeminate full time or not!

I did have a “bit” of a lingerie fetish. But I was living as a real guy, with an occasional run it with lady’s lingerie. It was fun. I was a closet cross dresser, effeminate at times but not really what one would call a sissy; enjoying my feminine finery in private and by myself, and spending the rest of my time as a regular type guy. Though I always did want to find a woman with who to share my hobby, who would enjoy me cross dressed and help me to be more fem. Little did I realize the down side of that wish fulfilled.

Now I have too much of a good thing and I have to dress and act feminine 24/7, and in public. Can you imagine this? I look like a girl, and I sound like a girl, and I act like a girl. I am forced to wear my feminine finery in public, and to show everyone that I am a sissy. I look rather like a female, with long hair and small breasts, and a nice feminine shaped butt and hips. My hair is long, my nails are long and always polished, and my ears are pierced. I only wear satin panties and nylon lingerie next to my skin. I often have to wear a dress, or a skirt and blouse and of course high heels. I use makeup. I look like a girl, and I sound like a girl, and I act like a girl. But everyone knows I am a guy.

But I can’t even act like a guy anymore even when I try to and no matter how hard I try. My patterns of acting like a male have been broken and everything masculine about me has been taken out of me.

At first it was fun and exciting and kept me on edge. But I've been this way now for such a long time I sort of miss my guy days, even though most of the time I find that I am titillated by my situation. But I could use some time off, I could use some time as a real guy.

And even worse, the way I am kept, always feminine, always on edge, I just can't imagine myself as masculine again. And when I really think about it, I don't think I want to ever be a real guy again. I don't think I can really give this all up. I always loved soft silky lingerie and now I can wear it all the time. And I find that I have come to just love my soft feminine skin and figure, and long soft hair, and full lips. I just love the feel of my silks and satins. And I have come to accept that I have to act feminine and that most of the time I need to be dressed in dresses or skirts and of course high heel pumps.

And in a way I sort of feel fulfilled taking care of my wife as if I were the wife. She is just so appreciative and loving, when she isn't demanding about keeping me feminine. And for some reason, I just don't know why, but I find some rewards and enjoyment in fulfilling a role as a homemaker. I just seemed to have found it rewarding taking care of our home, and cooking and cleaning, and learning all the female skills, such as sewing and ironing, and doing it all so well. They all seem to make me happy...a job well done.

And I do so enjoy my job as a receptionist down at the clinic. Even if most of the time I need to sort of pass myself off as a female, and dress that way; when everyone knows that I am a guy. For some reason I find all of that just very relaxing and comforting. It has just become so relaxing for me when I

am acting totally like a girl at the clinic. I find it fun to wear my jewelry and put on my makeup, and take care of my long hair and nails, and just interact with everyone in a girlish way. And I just don't know why. And I fit right in with the clientele there, guys and gals who are unhappy with their respective genders and are looking for a change.

So now I am trapped in my feminine lingerie by my enjoyment of it and have come to accept all the other things that come with being able to wear my panties, and slips, and nylon stockings all the time. I've found that if I want to wear and enjoy lady's lingerie as much of the time as possible than I will just have to stay a lady.

It is sort of a dream come true, but also a nightmare. I mean despite my love for lingerie I never had wanted to have to dress like a woman from the skin out and most of the time, and to have to act like a female just about all the time, have my body changed so, and literally live my life almost totally like a female. I mean cross-dressing was a part time hobby for me, and not a life style.

But I am stuck, a guy dressed and living as a girl, when most people know that I am a guy. Crazy but true. And this is how I got into this awful but delightful situation.

Chapter 1: I follow the girls and get trapped

It all started one night when I was following two ladies wearing clothes for which I had an immediate attraction, and I did think that one of the two attractive ladies I was following in front of me might have been a guy, which made the situation all the

more of a turn on for me. The older one, about my age, perhaps a bit older than I, was definitely a female and an attractive one. The younger one was a very boyish girl, a tom-boy, uncomfortable being out dressed in a dress and high heels; or perhaps a very girlish boy who was really uncomfortable being out dressed in a dress and high heels, and I could only guess at what for underwear. And it was such a turn on for me in either case, for the way they were dressed I couldn't keep my eyes off of them nor could I stop following them. And so I just walked behind watching them, staring at them, each wearing what for me was their sensual outfits, enjoying the sight and trying to figure out the gender of that younger of the pair. And I was of course a bit aroused.

Now just based upon the way they were dressed I would have been following them in any case, but the gender question on the younger just made it that much more exciting for me. I loved female lingerie and I loved nylon tricot. As I explained, I love to wear it myself but I also love to see it on the female figure, or even better on the male figure if the fellow looks feminine enough. I mean lingerie on a broozer, male or for that matter a broozer type female never did a thing for me. But in the case in question both the persons looked feminine enough, the woman and the boy or girl with her and both were wearing nylon tricot dresses, my favorite outfits on the female figure.

There was a middle aged woman, about my own age, and the younger one, a daughter or niece or as I was hoping even better perhaps a son or a nephew. The soft skirts of the dresses just swayed erotically. On the woman the dress fit tightly and hugged her

ample figure and just slide along it in a way that was just such a turn on for me. I imagined the way it was sliding on her femininely shaped rear that she just had to have been wearing a girdle with satin panels with a nylon slip over the girdle and that added to my turn on.

And the younger one's outfit, with the skirt of the dress a bit short, showed off her or his gartered stocking top and garter when the breeze caught it just the right way. And I could also see the lace of a slip peeking out beneath the skirt of the younger one. It was almost as if she or he had been dressed that way intentionally, in a dress with a skirt just a bit too short, to attract attention and perhaps even to embarrass the wearer, boy or girl. And the younger one just kept pulling down on the skirt of the dress in a manner indicative of embarrassment and to what seemed, if I was not mistaken, to the obvious amusement of the older companion. It was as if the younger one knew the show that was being put on. And even better for me was that she or he took these small dainty steps as if not used to walking in high heels and having difficulty walking in high heels and was just so embarrassed to be out there dressed like that and wearing high heel pumps. I just loved watching it.

I just loved it, for despite being a guy I myself just loved wearing lady's lingerie, wearing nylon and silk and satin lingerie for woman, wearing panties, and nylon stockings and camisoles, and on occasion when acting really crazy even wearing a soft satin bra, and if really rutting, maybe even wearing a dress of nylon tricot. And thought I had always done it in private, the temptation to go out in public was always there.

But I had been off of all that for a while as I had recently once again purged, thrown out my entire collection of female underwear and anything else female that I had owned and had worn. It happened every once in a while. And I just could not help myself. And once again by the time I regretted the act all was gone and it was just too late to do anything about it. I mean the finery never wound up for sale at the same charity thrift shop at which I had deposited it. So there I was, at that time, out of work, black balled and with little perspective in the down economy in which I found myself of finding work, and to make things worse I was running out of money and almost out of funds and then a place to live; and so the repurchasing of lady's panties for myself, a guy, was the least of my worries, though as it appeared, the wearing of them was not the last thing on my mind.

And so I couldn't help but follow these two attractively dressed bodies. It was embarrassing. Did I say that? But in any case as it turned out I followed them into the local bar-restaurant. It was a place at which I actually had a credit and so I sat down at the bar and continued to watch the lovelies as they sat at a small table in the bar area, waiting or so I thought, for their dates; though actually just for a table in the restaurant area, the reason for which will shortly become apparent. As they sat on the high bar chairs at a bistro table in the bar area, the skirts of their dresses sexily rode up their bodies exposing more leg. And of course on the younger the stocking top and garter peeked out and I could not help but stare and enjoy the view. And the young one must have known that I or others were enjoying the view. However, apparently forced to sit on the high bar chair there was nothing that could be done

to prevent the exposure, and after a while knew that guys were watching and knew that I was watching, and just could not avoid the situation and had to bear up under it.



And it was almost if the older woman knew exactly what was happening, as every time she looked at me looking at her companion I would look away and she seemed to get a kick out of that and out of the predicament of her companion, girl or boy, sitting there on the high stool with legs and stocking tops so exposed for all the guys to see.

Well they had finished their first drinks and were still waiting, and I was still watching, and felt obliged to pay for the view and ordered them a refill on whatever they had been drinking. Well one thing led to another, as these things go, and I was invited over to their table, and finding out they were without dates, wound up sitting down for some pleasant banter followed by introductions. The woman introduced herself as Ellen and her companion as Robin. I was sort of hiding out and didn't want to use my real name and my mind racing to provide one that I wouldn't forget and would actually respond to it went from Robin to Robin and Marion to Francis Marion, and between Francis and Marion I gave my name as Francis. Ellen gave me a look when I gave my name but didn't make it an issue. I continued to make what we used to call clever conversation with Ellen while Robin didn't say a word, and sort of looked down all the time obviously much embarrassed, making me even more suspect of the situation and the hidden gender of that young person. I loved it. And I was even a bit more turned on.

After the pleasantries Ellen, seemingly got bold and indicated she suspected, I had been following them and kiddingly asked if I were up to "no good", though told me that I did seem pleasant and harmless enough and made for interesting conversation, as so she hoped that I could be trusted. And she

continued with she didn't think a fellow named Frances who gave his name as Frances instead of Frank, and she pronounced Frances in the feminine version, would be up to making trouble for a couple of defenseless woman, but she could not be sure. She said this jokingly and obviously too open up the conversation and turn it in that direction.

Well I don't know why, but under the influence of my own drink and strangely attracted to her, and a bit turned on by her embarrassed companion I became more truthful than I should have and revealed somewhat of my nature and my odd hobby. I told her, "There isn't anything dangerous about me. I just love the way you two are dressed. You are wearing what I find most delightful to see on woman, and have just enjoyed the show, and have no other desire other than to gaze upon your beauty and the loveliness of you two in your outfits. And to tell you the truth, your companion's difficulty in handling skirts and pumps and embarrassment, for whatever reason, I find quite coquettish and enchanting in this day and age. I just thought at the very least I owed you each a drink for the pleasant show that you had put on for me. I have no foul play in mind and you have naught to fear from me. It is not in my nature to harm anyone or any woman nor to take advantage of anyone for that matter. In fact I have found myself in a bit of trouble at this time due to that nicer part of my nature. "

With that, as I later found out, she cleverly suspected me having at least some sort of lingerie fetish or worse. She was as it turned out a nurse, and a psychological nurse at that who worked with gender dysphoric persons. And though smiling and seemingly jokingly had actually been probing for my reac-

tion. Then she told me, “Well perhaps if you play your cards right, I might make my outfit a present to you, as you say you enjoy it so much. We’re close enough in size that perhaps with the right support garments you might be able to get you into my clothes. That is if you are as fascinated with girdles and cinchers and such as you seem to be with dresses, slips and stockings... I mean we could just call you Francis instead of Frances, and who would know? I think you might look cute dressed as a girl.”

Well that would have been a dream come true, and I wanted to tell her not only, “Yes...yes...yes;” but, “Please yes” or “Yes, please dress me!” but that revealing of myself and of my secret desires I could not be with her at that time. Anyway, she continued with, “I would give you my...hum.... My niece’s outfit as she does not seem as happy as she should with it, but there is somewhat of a size differential between you two. And in any case my niece isn’t getting out of dresses and rid of her outfit that easy. Though it is a thought getting you into a dress along with my, a hum niece. My niece being quite the... tom-boy, the two of you together in matching outfits might be cute. Yes, we might just get you into my outfit and with the right makeup you might even look as cute as she does. You do have a rather nice feminine way about you. Yes, Robin and Frances would make a nice pair? What do you think of that my harmless Frances? ”

What did I think of that, her dressing me up in her lingerie and dress? Gosh she was turning me on! Her teasing threats were no threats to me and were turning me on so that I wished it were true and my blushing must have given me away. So despite

my protests to the contrary Ellen must have seen through me and guessed at my predilection. So Ellen who seemed to have enjoyed the situation then seemed to want to pursue the issue with me. So when the dinner table opened for them, they brought me along as a third wheel, despite my protest. When I explained my financial status, Ellen told me that it was okay, she was celebrating and my company was much appreciated, her niece turning out to not being much of a conversationalist that evening and them without dates. She told me if I would keep up my end of the conversation she would not mind paying the bill, if I promised to be entirely truthful that evening about my fascination with her outfit. She told me she found my fascination very interesting under the circumstances and wished to explore it further. And after all she continued, she didn't really know me and I didn't really know her, so what harm could come of use exploring my fascination with her dress? And by then she really had me turned on.

Ellen told me, "You know I am a psychiatric nurse and I work at a gender clinic, and I am always interested in exploring a guy's fascination with anything feminine. So why don't you let me have some fun with this? I don't really know you. So you get a free dinner out of this, and can always walk away. Though I think I would miss your company."

Well the chance, at a good meal and the company of such attractive ladies was something I could not turn down, and did not, and swore to tell the truth though without the intention of being totally truthful. It would have been too embarrassing, or so I thought. And so I thought to be as truthful as modesty would allow. Well I thought, it might be fun,

and I would probably never meet either of them again, and so why not, or so I thought.

Once we had been seated and dinners ordered Ellen was first with telling the truth. Much to the embarrassment of her companion she introduced me to her nephew the pretty young person sitting with us, all dressed up and made up as a young girl who was really a young boy. Ellen with a devilish smile on her face had encouraged her, or as it turned out, him, to join in the conversation, but the pretend niece kept her or rather his face down and the replies short. Ellen seemed to have been enjoying his apparent discomfort and kept trying to engage him in our conversation but it wasn't working.

Well finally she seemed to have given up on that and after a while she told me, "I have to apologize for my nephew here. You see it is his first time out dressed and having to pass as a girl and I guess he is still shy about it. But I am sure with time he will get over it and will be better company. I just don't want you to think that as a young girl he is intentionally being rude to you. And I mean he is just so convincing as a girl he has nothing to be embarrassed about. Don't you think so Frances?" Well I was immediately turned on even more though feeling totally empathetic with the lads plight, though wishing it were me and not him in what for me would have been, or so I thought at the time, a thoroughly delightful situation.

I tried to speak, but at first it was difficult. I guess another give away. But finally finding my voice and feeling sorry for the lad and wanting to comfort what I thought was a kindred soul, I told them both, "Why yes, dressed as he is he certainly does pass as a girl. Though I am sure it is just the

clothes and the makeup and other wise he would seem all boy. But in any case I would have never known... for sure. And I don't think that anyone else has guessed or even thought about it. The lad is really quite pretty and passable as a girl. Only his embarrassment and his somewhat masculine actions give him away and only to someone really looking closely. There is really nothing to be embarrassed about. He makes a lovely girl. I would think with a bit more practice and being out in public no one would ever think him a boy." And looking right at Robin I told him, "You really shouldn't be embarrassed. You will make a lovely girl."

Well that was not what he wanted to hear, as I was to find out and I could sort of tell that by his body actions. However it was what Ellen wanted to hear and what she had wanted him to have been told. It was an attack on his masculinity. She told him, "You see now dear, you do make a passable and lovely girl. So I won't hear another word about you wanting to return to boy's clothes until you've learned your lesson and your punishment is over. Not passing as a girl will no longer serve as an excuse. Apparently you can pass as a girl. And as I've told you, and Frances here agrees, you do make a very cute girl at that."

The lad didn't say a word but his shoulders slumped even more. Then Ellen turned to me and told me, "You are very kind...a real gentlemen, and I suppose I owe you and explanation. I don't want you to think ill of my nephew. But if all this makes you uncomfortable it will be understandable if you need to leave." Well I wasn't thinking of leaving and in fact I was having the time of my life, at the expense of this cross dressed lad, and leaving was the last

thing on my mind. It was a fantasy come true for me and I had no intention of leaving, unless forced. Or perhaps if I started to get to wet to hide it which was fast becoming a possibility. So I nodded to let Ellen know that I would hear the story, which she proceeded to tell.

She explained her nephew's situation resulted from a combination of trying to back out of a rather unusual court ordered job commitment and then losing a bet about it to her and then being punished for trying to back out of that job commitment and losing the bet. So as a result of both situations he had been forced to agree to come out with her made up as a girl to see if he could get out of his deal and to pay off the bet. And so there he was after a day at the beauty parlor and the lingerie shop completely shaved, wearing girl's clothing from the skin out including all the right support garments, and in full makeup and a feminine hair-do having dinner out in public with his aunt. And if he passed he was going to have to stay that way for some time. So there he was looking more like a girl than he ever thought he would when he agreed to the bet, and out and about looking so much like a girl that he was trying to pass as a girl to save himself one heck of an embarrassment. But if he did pass as a girl, if he aunt had gotten him so dolled up that he could pass as a girl then he would be forced to stay dressed the way he was dressed, a boy dressed as a girl, until the terms of his bet were paid off. What a predicament!

Well when that explanation was over and his situation made public, to me that is, Robin, the boy passing as a girl, started to complain and tell me his story of woe. He was trying to speak as much like a girl as he could, less embarrassed about it and his

whole situation after having been exposed as a boy. But as it turned out what he could not admit, especially to a guy, was that he was finding out that he liked his girl things once he was getting used to them and that there was some pleasure in it for him so dressed and made-up.

His aunt then seemed to enjoy every minute of it, him having to tell me his story while trying to still sound and act like a girl. She realized that she could not have planned it any better having me there to increase the young boy's embarrassment about being out and about completely dressed like a girl and having to act like a girl and finding the situation such that he had to do his best to act and pass as a girl.

As his story went Robin had gotten into trouble for his fringe involvement at a frat hazing of an effeminate pledge joining in and teasing the kid as gay. The only way out of it was some sort of public service for that group. His frat had sacrificed him and he had taken the brunt of it, and for some reason the victim seemed to get a kick out of seeing Robin so punished and also let Robin take more of the blame than he was entitled to take.

From what I could gather as the undercurrent Robin himself was not so sure of his own masculinity had tried to prove it by assisting in that type of hazing. So his aunt, Ellen, agreed to have him do volunteer work at a clinic at which she worked, for those with gender dysphoria. Only so that he would fit in with the crowd using the clinic the job required him to wear to wear feminine designed underwear, what he described as girl's underwear, and act effeminate.

Well to get around to how Robin had wound up as he was totally dressed up as a girl, things just went from bad to worse for him. Then to stay out of jail the job eventually necessitated him to dress from the skin out as a girl, act as a girl, and spend time with boys who wanted to be girlish and with girls who felt they wanted to be boys and were acting out that role. And he then had to spend some time with his victim, first in that lingerie, and now totally dressed as a girl. And this was his first time out completely dressed and made up, and just with his aunt, to give him a feel for being out and about so dressed. There was a side bet that if she couldn't get him all made up like a girl and girlish enough to pass that she might have helped him out of the deal. But since he was passing there was no out for him. And if he didn't stick with that job it was jail for him. And based upon his own looks and lack of toughness he knew that a stint in the county jail would not work out well for him. He had heard the stories.

I fended sympathy at first, suspecting he was not the prejudice type but had his own issues that he had been trying to cover up by acting with the bullies rather than the bullied. I had been there myself, before I had learned to accept my fetish. His aunt on the other hand just kept smiling girlishly as he was forced to describe to me his transformation from boy to girl, which eventually just about had him on the verge of tears. But after a while his tears seemed more crocodile like and I told him that, "Perhaps the lady doeth protest too much", which he didn't understand, but aunty did which just got her laughing to the boy's dismay.

And so I tried to cheer him up, to make him feel better about his situation and I told him, “Robin you really look wonderful. I mean you do make a rather cute enough girl. And I don’t see your problem. No one would think you are anything but what you appear to be a young girl. And as long as you continue to act cute and coquettish everyone around will continued to think you are a girl. And you get to wear all those nice silks and satins that only girl’s get to wear. I imagine it should be fun for a while any way. You should be happy... You should just try to enjoy your situation and not worry what the others may think about it or you. Try it for a while. You might find it fun dressing up as a girl. I mean it looks like you are stuck with this for a while, and so you might as well make the best of it. I know that I would play it that way if I were in your situation, and just try to be the best girl that I could as to remain under the radar. And then I would just try to enjoy all the nice things about being a girl. The things we guys never get a chance to try. I mean it could be fun fooling everyone. And it just might be nice experiencing how the other half lives. I mean it is only for a while. And then you would certainly show the judge you were repentant, if you were to appear before the judge and pass as a girl. I mean, what is so bad about being a girl for a while? I mean experiencing life as a girl for a while. It really could be fun!”

Well with that I realized I had gone a bit too far and back tracked a bit and told him, I mean I imagine that the soft clothes would feel nice being worn. That is what my girlfriends have told me. And I know such things feel nice when I’ve rubbed against them on my girlfriends. You know the type of lingerie girls wear when dating. And any way the clothing

does look so nice and attractive and so nice and attractive on you as well as on your aunt. And I have some guy friends who like the feel of soft woman's clothing and they highly recommend silks and satins and nylon to me, joking around of course. So I can't imagine things are really that bad for you. You need to just sit back and enjoy dinner and enjoy yourself, and this too will end. I think looking back on it you may even find out you had a nice time all dressed up and looking so pretty. I understand some boys actually like it." And thankfully I stayed short of saying again something to the effect of, "I know that I would."

Well Robin didn't stop with his complaining and said something to the effect that I should try it. He told me that I should try wearing girl's clothes for a while and out in public and see how it really feels. I tried to stay sympathetic and I said something to the effect of that under the right circumstances and like him to avoid jail I probably would wear and do everything that he had done, but not feel so guilty about it nor complain so much about it. I told him it really shouldn't be that bad if he didn't let it embarrass him so. And I told him again that I had "friends" who I am pretty sure liked to wear woman's clothes and would not look as nice and convincing as he looked dressed as a girl, but I suspected dressed as girls anyway and would most likely enjoy his situation. And of course I was talking about myself, but I was not going to elaborate.

That stopped him, but then Ellen got started again. And once again she offered to lend me her clothes if I liked so I could give it a try and find out for myself how woman's clothes would feel on a guy. She told me that she would be more than happy to

help me find out for myself how nice lady's lingerie felt and would just love to lend me her outfit, complete with her nice soft lingerie, and then I could find out for myself how nice those silks and satins felt on anyone, female or male, who liked the feel of such lovelies.

Believe me I was more than tempted to take her up on her offer it sounded so nice to me, but politely declined, fearful of the consequences. Just plain scared to give into what I knew I really wanted to do. However, Ellen seemed to know better, and I was actually hoping she would offer again in such a way that I could somehow accept and borrow her clothes. I really wanted something feminine to wear again and my own stash of lovelies by then had regrettably discarded. So perhaps as ridiculous as that would seem to Robin and as all her things just all looked so lovely to me I really did want to have a try with her clothes, but was terrified to go there.

Ellen pressed the issue, seeming to have fun with it, and told me, "Frances I think that you don't give yourself enough credit for your looks. You too would make a convincing enough girl in these clothes and you might even find them as nice as they have been described to you. And we could still call you Frances, which I think would make everything just perfect. I might be good for you to explore your fascination with the way we are dressed. I mean some men attracted to woman wearing certain types of very feminine clothes are in fact also attracted to the clothes. I mean what could be the harm if you tried some lingerie on for fit and comfort? I think you might find it fun. I know that I would. And it would give Robin some company so he wouldn't feel so bad about his situation. You see we'd all be win-

ners. And I think with the right support garments and some padding that you could look convincing enough!”

Well I knew what I wanted to say, and that was yes. But years of hiding my desires didn't make it easy to admit to a stranger that I wanted to wear woman's clothing, her clothes, panties and all, even such a nice lady who I was becoming more and more attracted to as she continued to tease and thereby excite me. Fortunately just then the food was served and that conversation ended and the conversation turned to me and my circumstances.

I did not feel like lying and so I had to admit that I was unemployed with little prospect of a good job. I explained that I in essence had whistle blown on a dangerous scam and had been black listed in my industry and was almost in hiding fearing the repercussions from my actions, and had been unable to get any type of real work not having recent references and not wanting to be found. The State authorities involved had wanted my evidence but then under the circumstances had no protection for me, unlike the Feds. And at this time I was fast running out of money and could soon be without room and board. I did have some resources, but under the circumstances I could not get to them. And so I really had to thank them for this which might just be my last good meal for a while; before I was forced to enter the underground economy.

Ellen actually seemed sympathetic. She pressed me about my background and how daring I might really be in regard to the wearing of lady's clothing if it was unavoidable or a necessity for whatever reason, if I was sort of forced to wear it by circumstances. To make a long and probing conversation

short, she found out that as I had told Robin I was not “theoretically” averse to trying on some lady’s clothes if forced to by circumstances or anything else for that matter; and in fact really believed what I told Robin, that wearing such finery might be nice, without me having to admit to that desire, or that I had already worn such finery. And I told her or let her find found out that I really did have a number of friends with diverse gender situations and fascinations, and as I had told Robin. And also that I respected them and got along well enough with them and whose company I enjoyed even as they gave way to their fascinations; without me having to admit that it was also my hobby.

Dinner came and I had to excuse myself for a moment. I knew that I was leaking from the excitement of the conversation. So I just planned to use some tissue to dry myself off and then to cover myself and keep my pants dry, but it was too late. The stain was already there. I thought I would die. The only thing to do was to pull my shirt out, which was thankfully dry, to cover the stain. When I returned to the table I explained the water from the sink splashed me and I was a bit wet and was covering it with my shirt. But Ellen sort of gave me a look lie, “Tell me another one.” But she was just so pleasant and fun to be around that it really didn’t matter. I was taking a liking to her and her games. She certainly had me turned on.

Then over desert she told me that if I truly could deal with a diverse gendered population and could let myself appear a bit more feminine she might have a job for me as a secretary receptionist at the Medical Clinic at which she worked, and under the circumstances she had a social security number

and a name that I could borrow to stay below the radar. Robin had tried out for that job but had blown it and as a result was being punished in dresses. And so the clinic was still looking for someone to fill that job. The clinic needed to hire a secretary receptionist, and hopefully a male, but one on the feminine side due to the nature of the clients served.

So if I could be that effeminate male or at least pass myself off as an effeminate male and was willing to work as a secretary receptionist she might be able to get me the job or at least an interview with potential for the job, if I had the right look and the right attitude. So if I could lose some weight, would grow my hair and nails a bit longer, be more feminine in appearance, wear some lingerie instead of male underwear, and just act or learn to act a bit effeminate so as to fit in and allow the clients and the clinic to be comfortable with me, she might be able to help me out with that job, which paid real money and was not “underground”.

And in addition she might be able to provide me with a name and social security number of a relative of hers, out of work and not looking for work, so if those looking for me had access to such information they would not be able to pick up that I had re-entered the employment market, or where I was working for that matter. It was Robin’s mother Frances, and so it was almost if I were fated for Ellen to help me out.

She would know better in few weeks and if I could lose the weight by then, and change my appearance a bit, to show my commitment to the deal she would get me an interview. And the fact that I would be passing as a relative should help me. I could have dinner with her in a couple of weeks at

her home, and if I by then looked the part and was still willing we could move on to step two. She would supply me with the same female underwear that Robin was wearing, and I had agreed might be nice to wear. And if I could actually get myself to put it on and wear it around she might have a job for me.

Well at the time the thought of wearing that lingerie full time and growing my hair and nails femininely long and just acting girlish I thought would be great, a real kick. It was really a dream come true, especially since there was the potential of being helped along by a cooperating female. And as I really did not have any job or prospects for a good job and so I thought why not and told her so and so the deal was struck. I pretended I was hesitant about it but having little choice in the matter would at least give it a try, without making any promises. But truth be told I could hardly wait to get into the promised lingerie. The difficulty for me would be losing the weight. I had let myself go a bit.

So by the time dinner was over she had my telephone, my address and my promise and I had her promise to call me with the job offer if things turned out as she thought they might. She told me that if all that seemed workable she would send some prescriptions to a local pharmacy and get me some diet pills for the weight loss and some creams to keep my skin soft in case I lost too much weight. On parting we shook hands on the deal and she gave me a kiss on the cheek and whispered into my ear, "I think you'll find you will like all the female undies if you give it an honest try. And I think you will look cute in them and will have nothing to be embarrassed about. Please try. And please don't disappoint me. I do enjoy your company."