

SHE MADE ME WEAR

DRESSES

FOR GOOD PT. 2



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GEMINI

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By Janice Wildflower Gemini

This is the continuation of John's transformation to Janice.

CHAPTER V A FRENCH MAID WAITRESS

At The restaurant Mabel introduced me to her sister who gave me the quick once over. I could see the love light in her eyes as she held my two hands in hers and gave me a kiss on the cheek, just managing to catch the corner of my lips with hers. "Welcome to the club, Janet. It's such a pleasure to have you...here!" Mabel then said her farewells, telling me that she would be back later to pick me up. I knew that I was trapped, as I could not leave the restaurant the way I was dressed.

I started thinking about obtaining some street clothes, a slip and a dress, so I could at least get away and hopefully walk home. The realization of how feminized I had become in such a short time and how much the girls had affected me then hit me. I was beginning to think of normal street clothes for me as a slip and a dress. And I didn't just think of getting a dress, I knew I would also need a slip. The realization was painful, but not as painful as it could have been, as I realized I needed more than trousers and a shirt to be able to pass as a man at this stage of my transformation. In any case, I did not see any hope of getting any of the necessary articles and therefore knew that I would have to pass as a waitress until Mabel returned for me, or be totally humiliated in public when my true gender was found out.

I had been a bus boy and then a waiter during my college years and so I saw no problem performing the actual duties of a waitress. I also realized as long as I kept my voice from starting in my chest, but spoke from the throat, I could probably pass for a throaty

sounding woman. I knew my figure or dress would never give me away; and I hoped my mannerisms would let me pass for a female, perhaps a boyish one. But then many waitresses were on the boyish side, and so hopefully that would not present a problem.

Lolly, Mabel's sister showed me the setup and gave me the run down of the operation. While we talked, she constantly held my hand and looked me in the eyes, or placed her hand over my shoulders or around my waist. I never moved away, but let her do what ever she wished, and tried to be as friendly and as close and touchy as possible. I wanted Lolly to make her move as soon as possible as Mabel had told me I would hold the waitress job for as long as it took for her objectives to be achieved, and I wanted to get that over with as soon as possible.

A quick bond of affection arose between Lolly and me. In a way I felt sorry for her in that I knew she could not help herself as I was finding I could not prevent the warm feeling I was beginning to get from being attired as a female and the constant warm feeling I maintained from being so dressed. She must have felt that bond and proceeded quickly.

Lolly introduced me the girls, the other waitresses. They were all glad to see me, as there was too much work to do and not enough waitresses to do it. We chatted for a while and after they felt me out, and I had passed their review I was advised, "Look honey, you seem like a nice girl, so we'd better tell you how things are around her. Lolly has got roving hands, if you get the meaning."

I replied that I did, and they continued, ""But the money is too good to give up the job. Some of the girls do, but we won't. So if you're smart don't get all excited if Lolly cops a free feel once in a while. Let her get her cheep thrill, as we all do, and you'll keep a swell job, even if you are a terrible waitress. I am telling you now because I don't want you to get the wrong idea when you see any of us letting Lolly have her way. The job is just too good to loose, by being a prude. And most male bosses are even worse with the hands. Besides, Lolly is okay, aside from that quirk. And besides I've worked for men for whom I had to do far worse. So once a year you may be asked to give Lolly a bonus, if you get my drift. We all do it. I just want you to know because you seem like an okay gal. We don't usually tell a new girl so soon, or let her find out for herself. But you seem so shy....and....

Noting her apparent embarrassment I interrupted and thanked her for her confidence and told her, "I've had to do and been forced to do some worse things also." But I didn't confide in her that my current situation was one of those worse things. "And I really don't have any objection to performing what ever services all the other girls do." With that I was told I was okay and we all went to work.

So I was ready to wait tables. I was now a waitress. I began setting up the tables at my station. Each time I entered the kitchen Lolly would pat me on the behind like one of the other girls and tell me how well I was working out. I always thanked her, telling her I simply aimed to please, while making direct eye contact with her. After a while I could see she was starting to get sexually aroused. She just couldn't help herself.

Then the customers started to arrive. They were mostly businessmen and business-woman, with clients. At first I was terribly embarrassed, but as I knew I had no choice in the matter and nowhere to run away to I began to get into my work. The embarrassment soon faded, as I was not recognized. And not only did no one realize that I was actually a

guy, but many of the male customers seeing a new face and legs, decided to test the waters. From my males days I remembered how I had flirted with some long legged waitresses, which when I had latter thought about it, I had realized that in fact they had not been that pretty, I realized that my best bet was simply to flirt back. A titillated client would most likely overlook and imperfections in my new persona or any careless mistakes that would reveal my true gender.

So I acted as coquettish as I could muster, flirting the in the manor waitresses had flirted with me, over the years. I smiled at the clientele as sensually as I could, always parting my red limbs sensually. I lit their cigars; I bent down or over them to give them peeks at my cleavage or panty covered fanny. I walked as sensually as I could. The walk actually turned me on. To get that feminine swish, I had to keep my thighs pressed tightly together and walk placing one foot in front of the other. The feel of my nylon clad thighs rubbing against each other had become a sensual turn on and one which I could not fight for fear of my male character taking over and revealing the truth beneath the maid-like waitress uniform.

So I had to continue to act like a female, and a sensual one at that. So I just tried to relax and enjoy the feel of my sexy sensual clothes and tried not to be embarrassed. I just kept telling myself, it is not so bad being a girl and helped myself along by humming "I Enjoy Being a Girl" while I tired to forget that I was ever a man.

That sensuality must have been revealed to my customers and certainly to Lolly. My voice got very throaty and I began to feel very warm and feminine and sultry and even got more into my feminine role. The customers must have appreciated the attitude. After lunch I counted my tips and found I had made more that afternoon in just tips



than I had made in a day and a half at my old job. And the work was easier and almost pleasant if one didn't mind being entirely dressed as a girl. And I hadn't even worked the dinner shift. So I was getting the feeling that maybe it wasn't so bad for me to be a girl!

Lolly called me to the back room. She said she was very pleased with my work. I thanked her and gave her a mock curtsy. Lolly laughed in a sensual manner. Looking at my groin she said that I seemed to have a spot on my panties and picked up the front of my short skirt for supposedly a closer look. I didn't try to stop her or even pull away in a flinch. She then began pulling down my panties saying that the stain would have to be cleaned up! I thanked her and she pulled my panties down. As they slid down my silken covered legs, the satin rubbing against my silk stockings increased my sexual arousal. When she got them down to the floor I voluntarily stepped out of them. I could see that her hands were sweaty and that she was getting extremely aroused; her tongue beginning to show through her teeth.

When she looked up and saw a modes pad I am sure she could have died. She then gave me a new pair of panties. I told her, "You took them off me and you ought to put the new pair back where they belong by yourself!" She smiled and did so; the disappointment plain on her face, as she slid them up my legs, the satin on the silk continuing to arouse me.

I took her hands in mine and thanked her for her kind assistance. At first I just gave her a peck on the cheek and then after telling her how kind she had been to me, and that I would do anything for her, I gave her another peck on the cheek, but purposefully caught her lips for a slight touch. She then moved one hand up my dress and started patting my behind telling me what a doll I was. I didn't flinch but became compliant to her touch. She then kissed me full on the lips. Again I was complaint and I didn't flinch. She then kissed me again, full on the lips, biting my upper lip. I accepted the dominating gesture and returned her kiss. I felt her starting to breath heavy. She looked me in my eyes and then kissed me hard on the lips once more and began pressing her tongue into my mouth. I took it in and touched it with my tongue and began sucking it passively.

It was actually becoming quite a turn on as I let my self go, and I had to do this because I had to seduce Lolly and then prove to her that I was a man, or Mabel would leave me at the restaurant for ever. At first I was afraid that I could not do it. My manhood would never arise to the occasion dressed as I was in the ultimate in femininity, as I would be too humiliated that I could never be sexually stimulated. But I was finding the opposite was occurring. I had been somewhat aroused the entire time that I was working as a waitress, dressed as a sexy female. I sought of thought of myself as some one else. And I became sexually stimulated. Being a female became a sexual stimulus as if I was looking at a lovely and sensual French Maid, and was not actually myself that maid. The thought of not mine but some female's full breasts pressing against that satin bodice; and some girl's long silken clad legs covered with only a short satin skirt, and pushed up in high heeled shoes, walking before me and some woman's panties peeking out from under that short skirt was arousing to me, even thought that some one, the girl, was ME.

Additionally, I had reached a point of relaxing in my fate and the clothing itself had become a turn on, sexually stimulating. The feel of the silk and stain was arousing me and without my modesty device I would not have been able to have controlled myself. Also,

there was just something about the entire situation that was arousing. I found the fact that I was completely dressed and made up as a female and working as a real female where at any moment I could be discovered was much to my surprise almost amusing and also a bit of a real turn on.

I don't know why, but I had on occasion liked chancy situations and had been stimulated by them. That current situation though in reality not physically dangerous in itself, if exposed, could have gotten me a good beating and would have been embarrassing to the extreme, and was one of the chanciest situations I had ever allowed myself to have gotten into. In any case, I had become my own erotic turn on. Thus dressed and acting as a female, I was mad for sexual release since Lolly had started touching me. I had restrained myself, because I knew that I could not appear to have been too anxious. And I was also afraid to have revealed my own perverted desire to myself. But at that time I was ready to make love to Lolly. And I was completely turned on by the idea of making love to her dressed as I was as a female. I wanted to be her lesbian lover.

Not a word was said. We simply accepted one another's lesbian sexuality. Lolly's right hand moved down to my buttocks and under my short skirt while her left hand massaged my loins through my modes pad. I did the same for her. Only my hand soon slipped down her trousers and into her panties to massage her naked wet mound. It was dripping wet. I must admit I felt odd pushing my hand down a woman's pants while she placed her hand under my dress, when usually it would have been the other way around. However, I was by then completely at ease with the situation and my new style of dress, though that ease would be temporary for a while and associated with release. We both began moaning and kissing passionately. Lolly finally pulled me into her office. I was terribly excited, yet felt passive in my current situation. In the past I would have brought out my maleness by this time and driven it home. However, in this situation the time was not ripe. My mouth became terribly dry and I wasn't even doing it because I had to but I did it because my costume and the events of the day had taken over my male personality and I felt every inch the passive female. I unbuckled Lolly's pants and pulled her pants and panties down while falling to my knees. I then began licking and sucking her femininity as if I had been doing it all my life.

Lolly moaned and groaned while I passively and passionately licked and sucked. I brought her to the edge time after time only to let her fall back again without letting her orgasm. "Oh please," she finally cried out with a sexual husk to her voice, "you're just so good, but please let me come or I'll go insane!"

Her words turned me on even more. As a male, I had been okay in bed, but had never gotten such compliments from a partner. So continuing and so hot myself, I pushed her down on her own office couch while I continued my ministrations. With my hands I pulled down my panties and released my gaff. My stiffness sprang to attention and in one swift motion I entered her to the hilt. I pumped and pumped like there was no end as she moaned and moaned and then screamed as we came together, both then totally spent.

It was honestly the best sex I had ever had. But after it was over I lost that tremendous feeling of sexual titillation, arousal, and calmness I had gained from being dressed as a female covered in feminine silks and satins. Once again I wanted my male clothes back.

Lolly however knew a trick had been played upon her, but was so totally exhausted and totally sexually satisfied that she couldn't yet move. There was nothing else I could do and I had no place to go, run or hide. I could only hope that Mabel would return soon to take me away, since I had done exactly what she had instructed or ordered me to do. However, as it turned out Lolly was far from through with me.

After she regained control she grabbed me by the hair before I knew what was happening. She groaned in a mixture of anger and sexual satisfaction, "You little transvestite bitch, I ought to chop that dick off of you and shove it to teach you a lesson you'd never forget. And if you weren't so good, you can be assured that I would. You can bet on that. But I think I want you again, at least to find out if it can be that good... with a man... twice. So I will let you keep it, at least for the time being. And besides I got a better idea to get even with you. So if you think I am letting you walk away from here you're crazy. You were just wonderful; with the tongue and the softness of a woman but the instrument and final thrust of a man. Why, you're the best. And I aim to keep you around. From now honey you on you are on my permanent waitress staff, so all of your cross-dressing dreams have finally come true. You'll be walking through the rest of your career in high heels and a short satin skirt as my little French Maid waitress!"

I cried out, "Oh no! Please let me go. Your sister made me do it. I'm not a cross dresser. I was forced to do this!"

Lolly just laughed and told me, "No matter dear. If you aren't a cross dresser you could have fooled me. And you certainly did, and all the other girls for that matter. We all thought you were a girl. Only a practiced cross dress could have pulled that off. Why you are just so feminine and girly. If you are, or at least weren't a transvestite you must be one now. And if not now, you certainly will soon be one, for in any case you will be living out a cross dresser's dreams. And in any case, I've always been fond of queens and I've seen and know lots of them and you my dear certainly are a sweet-cream queen whether you want be or not and whether you admit it to yourself or not. I can tell by your sensuality. A real male could never have acted so sensual while so obviously a female. You may feel masculine now, just after sex, but in a half hour or so when this wears off you'll be your feminine self again and just as hooked on dresses and panties as ever. I'll be back then. So go use the bathroom and clean yourself off and get dressed. And do as you are told, because you're not going any where in any case and especially the way you are dressed, except may be to a feminine impersonator show. I'll be back after you've had some time to think about all that has happened and get back to your fem state of mind."

Much to my shame, Lolly was right. By the time I had cleaned myself up and fixed my gaff and had gotten dressed that warm feeling from the silk and satins, the stockings and slippers, had returned. I was beginning to feel feminine again and to be stimulated by my clothes and appearance. My movements slowly became less masculine in nature and then more and more feminine. And by the time Lolly returned I was once again Janet. Lolly returned, but not alone. All the waitresses came with her.

The four waitresses and Lolly entered the office. The girls just stared at me for a while, and then Sue said, "I just don't believe she's a he, that is that she is a boy!"

Lolly told me, "Now Janet honey, tell the girls the truth and in your butch voice."

I had to fess up and in my real voice, almost crying, I told them, "Yes, I am a guy. My wife tricked me into a corset and dress and the works and then Lolly's sister found me and fixed me up the way you see me now. It's all corseting, and padding, and heavy makeup. She forced me..."

They all blushed, remembering the personal things they had told me, when they thought me to be one of the girls. Sue, then exclaimed, "Why you little trickster you! I have half a mind to put you over my knee and give you a good old fashioned spanking for being such a mischief maker."

Lolly agreed and told the girls, "Not a bad idea. And that should put her or him in his or her place here. She is too good a waitress, boy or girl, to let go, and way to cute in that outfit to ever let him out of it. So let's teach him his place here. Let's each give our little Janet a good spanking, just to teach her a lesson. And I think she'd better not give any of us a hard time about it or she'll find herself out in the street in her uniform and running to save her pantied ass from the real men out there.

"Yes," chimed in Terry. "Did you see the way the male customers took to her? I just can't believe she's a he!"

And Betty commented, "And the way she flirted back. Just like a flirt."

"Yes" Lolly told them. "I think we've got a budding transsexual or transvestite queen who'll do as she is told to do or will find herself in the county jail dressed as she is. Got that Janet?"

I hesitated and she asked again, with the same threat. What could I do but give in and tell them, "Yes... what ever you say," much to my shame.

"Good", continued Lolly, "Then you had better curtsy and tell us..."

Burning red, I did as I was ordered. I grabbed each side of my short satin skirt and curtsied as best I could in my high heels and told them I would do what ever I was told to do but, "Please don't send me to jail. I won't survive."

All the girls giggled as I curtsied, Sue then approached me and grabbed me by the wrist, sitting down and throwing me over her knee. She then pulled up my dress and began spanking my pantied bottom I was mortified, but I dared not fight it or object. I took my punishment not saying a word but kicking my legs much to the amusement of my on-lookers. Little did I know then, that it was just the first of so many such spankings I would receive from the female bosses.

As Sue spanked me she explained it was for fooling her. Aside from that she said, "Honey, I have no hard feelings and think you make a wonderful girl. And I certainly hope you won't have any hard feelings about this either. It is for your own good. And I hope you will stay on with us as one of the waitresses here." And when she was done she let me up and embracing me gave me a hard kiss right on the lips and told me again, "No hard feelings sweet thing," and that she hoped I did not feel too embarrassed or bad, but that I did have to be put in my place.

Terry was next and told me, "Come here 'girl' and get your medicine." I tried begging off, "Please Terry my behind already hurts so much, and Susie was so cruel!" Please don't spank me!" The girls all had a good laugh, apparently having a kick out of my begging.

Betty enjoyed watching and told Terry, "Isn't that just too cute! I hope she is as cute when it's my turn to take a whack."

But Terry would not give me a break. She insisted I take my medicine, "Come on missy, and make it quick or I'll give you a bare assed spanking!"

I believed the threat and implored, "Oh please Terry, not that!", as I begged and then of course presented myself for my punishment. She placed me over her knees and gave me the second spanking of the day. That one hurt. When she was done she also kissed me, telling me she hoped there were no hard feelings and that she hoped we would be friends.

Then it was Betty's turn, last but certainly not the least. She was the strongest of the three waitresses and my behind was red and sore already. As she smacked away, she told me what a bad girl I had been for tricking her and the other real girls. At that point my male pride, if any, was long gone, and I started to kick even more and finally broke down and begged, "Oh please stop, it just hurts so much!"

Lolly must have thought I was just so terribly cute panties showing and over a knee, kicking and carrying on so, and she snapped several photographs while Terry and Susie laughed at my discomfort, agreeing that I was acting "just like a girl." Again I was kissed strongly on the lips by my third punisher, while I assumed the feminine passive acceptance of the kiss and was told that my oppressor hoped there weren't any hard feelings.

Off course then Terry and Susie also wanted photographs as a remembrances and I had to pose with each of them as Lolly took some more photographs documenting my humiliation by the girls. And then of course Lolly wanted one also, with her as the spanker and I had to pose with her for that one. Fortunately with Lolly it was just a pose, as my fanny was really sore by then.

Then the girls and Lolly began to discuss my future with me. They unanimously decided that I was to keep my job with them as a waitress and continue my masquerade as a girl. They laughed as they decided I would always wait the tables with the most flirtatious customers, male or female, so that I would be the one getting my behind patted and pinched. Worse was that each one wanted to take me home as a roommate and keep me dressed as a female full time. But Lolly told them that for the time being I would be going home with her as her personnel maid, her French Maid, as I was just so talented. And then of course she gave me a wink.

However, just then Mabel returned to disappoint the girls. She told them, "I'm sorry girls, but Janet has got another assignment for this evening. After that I believe his wife may be amenable to lending him out." Then turning towards me she handed me a box and told me, "Janet you'll need to change into this uniform as tonight you'll be working as a cocktail waitress at the Bunny Hutch, and these are you're working clothes. And I think the girls here and Lolly deserve a preview before we get you started over there, so change her in the ladies room. You've got ten minutes and if you're not out by then we'll be in to help out with the uniform change."

"I'll be quick" I answered as I minced into the ladies room. I quickly undress down to my waste cincher and gaff. I felt ashamed, but I realized I removed my feminine finery a bit reluctantly. Next I took a good look at my new costume. "Oh no," I said to myself as I opened the box it was in. It was even more revealing then the French Maid Waitress uni-

form I had been warring. My new outfit was a version of the well-known Play Boy Bunny costume. It was all in pink satin and terribly feminine and somewhat revealing, thought not as revealing as the genuine article.

I put the pink satin high leg panties on first. They were made of a very high quality satin and really felt just wonderful as I pulled them into place. I was every embarrassed by my addiction to female satin panties, but I could not help myself. The silken pantyhose followed. They were sheer all the way to the top and showed off my long legs and thighs. Next I put on the uniform itself. It was pink satin and stiffly boned, with a strong zipper up the back and sporting the typical cottontail at the rear. I stepped into it and pulled it up and over my breasts as I put my arms through the wide shoulders. It was the ultimate humiliation for a guy to be so dressed and in pink satin. But I just found that I just loved the feel of the satin and could not help myself from running my hands along it at the cinched in area of my waste just above my expanded hips, while I stared at myself in the mirror. It was difficult but I was able to zipper myself in. Then I stepped into the pink satin pumps which part of the costume. They were the highest heels I had worn to date but I had little problem walking in them. My day as a waitress in high heels had served me well. Bunny ears and cuffs completed the outfit. Once again I looked at myself in the mirror and then hesitated to walk out in front of the girls, but Mabel's orders compelled me to leave my sanctuary... the ladies room.

It was horrible, as walking out in front of those girls, dressed as I was, as a satin bunny, was the most humiliating experience. They loved my appearance and each whistled at me and slapped at my behind as I walked by. "What a lovely bunny he makes" they all agreed. Then Mabel added to the humiliation by handing me a companion make up kit with all pink cosmetics and told me to redo my makeup as it needed to match my costume. I was all in reds and needed to change to pinks. Then I had to change my makeup in front of the girls, sitting down, crossed legged, and all feminine. Of course they watched the whole procedure and suitably impressed told me what a great job I did and that I was a natural as a girl, I just learned feminine things so quickly, that it would be a big mistake on my part to try to remain a guy.

With that, Mabel handed me a coat and told the girls, "Why don't you all come over to the Hutch tonight and watch our darling little sweet heart Janet on her first night as a cocktail waitress. I'm sure she can use your moral support. Can't you Janet?"

I knew I had to answer, and politely. So what else could I say but, "Oh yes! Please girls. I'd be ever so comforting if you would stop by to see me." They all laughed and said they wouldn't miss it for the world.

With that Mabel took me out and into her car, reminding me to hold my coat down as not to show off to my leg.

Taking me once more into the world, dressed as befitted my new female status.