

SHE MADE HIM HER  
**SHE MALE**  
**SECRETARY**



Janice Wildflower  
**GEMINI**

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# SHE MADE HIM HER SHEMALE SECRETARY

By Janice Wildflower Gemini

## Book 1: Introduction:

As long as I could recall I had been attracted to woman's lingerie, to the soft satiny feel and restriction of the garments. I had a number of incidents as a kid, which probably turned me on to that stuff and locked it in as a sensual stimulant, but my tale starts way after my childhood. At first it had been somewhat of a fetish type attraction and over the years I had illicitly, as I was too embarrassed to get them in any other way, obtained a number of items that helped my fantasies. However, as time passed I was having a stronger and stronger desire to actually put on some of the items from my collection. Fortunately for me, or so I thought at the time, none of the items I had acquired actually fit me, and I would often dispose of the items so as to remove that temptation. However, without them as a relief, I found that my desires had gotten even stronger.

If that predilection was not bad enough, I had also always been attracted to dominating woman. Not necessarily the nasty and dominating type, as the sweet and dominating also worked, but they did have to be a bit bossy to attract me. Now as fate would have it I was always being thrown into contact with that type of female. They also seemed to be attracted to me. Now again I don't mean the cruel bitchy ones who had mean streaks, but woman who simply expected their men to do as they are told and liked to tease them a bit as well. So in seeking employment I had always gravitated to jobs reporting to woman, the more attractive and demanding, the better. In the past those had all been summer jobs or part time jobs, but now I was employed full time and in the same situation.

In addition to that, girls in general seemed to like my company. I think there were two reasons for that. One, I was a listener. I loved to listen and never offered that much advice. Just tell me your story and cry on my shoulder and that was okay with me. Two, I had one of those faces that went either way. You know, one of those boyish faces that is a bit too round for a man, so that if not for the facial hair my face could even be considered a bit girlish. Some of the girls seemed to go

for that also. That is in a male friend, and I emphasize friend. I imagine it was part of that same phenomenon when guys first started wearing their hair long and girls found it to be sexy. However, neither of these two characteristics ever got me laid. I was just the guy that had all the girl friends that were really friends.

The third strike against me was being named Robin. I had shortened it to Rob, but frequently when my female bosses would want to have some fun with me they would fall back on calling me, Robin.

So there were three strikes against me and I just guess that something had to happen.

I was of course working for one of those types of female bosses, in a job in which I was the only male employee. The pressure of seeing the girls all dressed up in their feminine finery and with them forgetting I was a male so that I was seeing and hearing things that no guy should was adding to my problem. When I would make some sort of comment the girls would just tell me I was so pretty that they would forget I was a guy, and that I was just such a pleasure to talk to that they did not care if I was really a guy. And they would always come up with some comment, like; “Oh you’re too good a listener for anyone to think of you as a guy. Here, you’re really just one of the girls. Stop pretending to be so macho.”

The whole thing was really driving me crazy the sexual tension was so great. And so I was looking for a new position despite the fact that I had signed a contract which stipulated that I had some time left at my current job, actually a low paying internship, before I could even interview for another position. And that was also despite the fact that all my fellow employees and my boss wanted me to stay, even after I had completed my internship.

They all liked me and liked working with me. I picked up on things rather quickly and so was a big help if anyone wanted to take off or was ill. I could always step in and help out and so for a small company tightly run without a lot of excess help I was a great guy to have on board, and as an intern I was really cheap to employ. The boss knew that all of that and wanted to keep me. There were other reasons, but they were less apparent and I would not find out about them until later in this adventure.

What made things worse is that as the intern at the firm I was at every ones beck and call and the girls just seemed to love having me in that position. At first it was okay as I thought that at least one of them would give me a turn, but as it became more and more apparent that for whatever reason they just liked me in a friendly way, the sexual

tension for me was just mind boggling, especially since I had no outside interest.

Unfortunately for me as I was already about three and a half months into the yearlong program and could lose that first three months or so if I left and so I was pretty much stuck. I was just supposed to be working with the firm's computer systems, but I wound up replacing anyone who was sick, from the janitor to the boss's personnel "go-for." What was bad was that I was good at filling in for people. I had done a lot of odd jobs while in High School and while working my way through college, and so I could pretty much step in for any one and with the minimal of training do the job and then do it well enough for a temporary at least, and most of the time even better. So even though the girls liked to joke around with me and to embarrass me, I was actually well liked and there was a lot of talk about keeping me there in my current role. That is working with the EDP people, but filling in when people were out sick or on vacation.

However, I wanted out of that place as soon as possible. Not that most of the staff was really nice to me, despite the teasing, it was just the sexual tension of my situation was tremendous and as I was too shy to get anything, as the expression goes, I was suffering terribly and was finding myself more and more attracted to that feminine finery that had always so attracted me. So I was secretly looking for another internship, even at the risk of losing those first months and having to start a new.

I had been coming in late and I think that must have raised the boss's suspicions that I was interviewing and she made a point of telling me how well I fit in and that after the internship she would try to find an opening for me. And of course most of the girls were telling me that they were all telling the boss to keep me as I was such a pleasure to work with and was able to pitch in and fill in for anyone

I had no friends to help me so I was pretty much on my own. I was still living in the place I had rented when going to college. All my college buddies had moved on and I was nowhere near my hometown. I was just coming out of college when I had bagged this internship, and had been lucky to get it. Or so I thought at the time. The one I had originally been hired for fell through and this was one of the few available. The jobs councilor told me that the firm never hired guys, but as I was in a fix I might as well give it a try. As it turned out having the same last name as the owner got me the job. Based on my background she thought we might actually be related, and additionally I think we sort of clicked, in that she turned out to be the typical bossy dominating personality that I gravitated to, and by the way I responded to her questioning I think she picked out that part of my

personality. It was the only job available and so I was glad to have gotten past the gender discrimination and to have gotten the job.

As it was nearby and as I was comfortable where I was and it was just too much trouble to pick up and move. Not that I had a lot to move. It was that I had a great deal on my apartment. I was living in a mother part of a mother daughter home with my landlord, the mother, in the daughter section of the home. I had a deal where I helped her out in maintaining her home and would on occasion drive her around in her own car, I did not have one, and she adjusted my rent accordingly. While working together we sort of bonded and as she had no children living with her, her daughter had moved some distance away, and my family was distant with me, we became friends. So even though it was probably time to have moved on I stayed.

So I was in one of those jobs and in one of those situations when the desire to actually wear some of the feminine finery that I admired so was really beginning to obsess me.

I felt I had to leave the job and get away from woman for a while but I was afraid to tell my boss due to the restrictions of my contract. But I just knew I had to get out of that place before I went over the edge. I did not want to be around come Halloween. I could not even imagine what I might be tempted to do. So I started to job search mornings despite the agreements in my contract and calling in sick complaining of lower back pain to cover the time out. Then I would show up for work after the interviews telling my bosses that the back problem had worked itself out.

However, the job search was not proving fruitful, but I was able to interview. I thought things were working out well, until one day I was caught daydreaming in front of a lingerie shop by my boss.

## Chapter 1: Caught daydreaming and being myself-

I had called in sick with that same old back pain excuse. I really had some lower back trouble but it was not as bad as I pretended it was and it did not actually pain me as often as I used it as an excuse to show up for work late. I was using it as an excuse to come in late so that I could interview another job without letting my current boss know that I was trying to get out. Once again I had interviewed rather badly and was a bit depressed. The interviewers had all been males, and after having worked with woman in recent years I was having trouble connecting with guys. They were impressed with my credentials, but not with me, and even had somewhat off handedly commented that it was a bit unusual for a guy to have worked for all the female

dominated firms for which I had been employed even though it had been part time work, that is until my most recent job. I realized I had been sort of type cast as that sort of guy, which I probably was, and was going to have difficulty in getting a new job outside of the feminine element I had chosen for myself and with which I had surrounded myself.

I was walking towards the office after having absent mindedly taken a wrong turn down what was an out of the way block for me when my attention was drawn to a display window in a lingerie shop, My Lady's Corseterium, apparently a lady's lingerie shop that had been around for some time. I had never spotted this shop and consequently had never perused the window of this business, as was my uncontrollable habit with such shops.

The contents of the window, the lingerie on display was a pleasure for me to behold. The display windows were filled with lovely garments of nylon, silks and satins in sensuous reds and blacks and pinks. I took my time and gazed upon each and every garment imagining the silky feel any of them would have against my skin. There were stockings and panties and bras and all sorts of girdles. Many of the styles were a bit dated. Those garments had always been more appealing to me than the more modern versions and so I was really transfixed. Finally, my gaze had become affixed upon a curvaceous lady mannequin that was wearing an old fashioned corselet with a large frontal satin panel and the glistening satin affixed by gaze.

Much to my chagrin I could not help but reflect on how such a garment would feel on me. And I was stuck there gazing upon it, my mouth dry and my maleness a bit turgid from the thought of wearing such a garment. In my depression, I could not pull my gaze or myself away. And that proved to be my downfall!

I heard a voice behind me. "Oh Robin, is that you?" It was my boss, Ms. Estelle Porter and I could kick myself for failing to realize that it was lunch time and stopping to stare at the lingerie was not a good idea when there was a chance someone I knew would catch me and be curious or at least have some fun at my expense catching me at such an unmanly occupation.

She continued, "And what have we here? You are late for work again and just standing here day dreaming about woman's lingerie ... shame – shame?!"

I found the "shame – shame" to be a bit of a turn on, but in any case the question itself was one that demanded an answer. Without realizing where it was going to take me, I quickly came up with a ploy. "That garment", I was afraid to call it by name and give away my

knowledge of such things, “just made me think that perhaps I should look into getting some sort of back support to relieve my back pain so I would not be coming in late so frequently.”

“But, a lady’s back support?” was the rejoinder from my boss, apparently poking at or for my weakness. I should have left the matter alone, but guilt and the desire to cover up made me want to make my actions seem okay for a guy and in doing so I only dug myself in deeper.

I told her, “It just these garments seem lighter than the regulation back supports and perhaps a bit more comfortable for night wear, as that is when my back begins to hurt. Though obviously it is only a thought, I don’t think I would actually do it.”

My boss continued to dig. “But, Robin, the garment is not just a back support, it is also a breast support, it is an all-in-one type garment with a bra portion and garters for stockings. I wouldn’t think you needed such support in addition to the back support.”

Talk about digging one’s own grave; I just couldn’t let it go backing out with something like, “Gee that was foolish of me”. I had to continue. “But I am not a real macho man and the cups seemed rather flimsy and I thought they would not get in the way and the shoulder straps would prevent the garment from slipping as regulation back supports often do, and the garment otherwise seemed perfect for my needs.

“Even with the built in garter tabs?” the boss repeated. Again I just kept digging and answered, “Well, I was thinking that support stockings might help me with my overall back problem, so the garters may have gotten used.”

The boss seemed impressed. “Well Robin, I never dreamed you were such a liberated fellow and that you would actually think about using a female support garment as the solution to your problem. I am impressed.”

The boss actually seemed to have fallen for the story for a moment and I thought there would be no harm in embellishing and so I told her, “I wear what works for me, not what society dictates.” And then I tried to back down a bit. I continued. “Seeing the garment there so suddenly, I did think for the moment that I might give it a try; but I guess it is time to stop playing silly games and get to work”. Then I laughed trying to make the whole incident into a joke, “The boss will be on my case. I am rather late. I can’t be day dreaming all day about a pain free existence. I will just have to put up with it.” But I was not to get off that easy, not at all.



“Oh not at all,” The boss told me, with a wicked little smile appearing across her face. “I just happen to know the lady who operates this shop and she is a friend of mine and a very liberal thinker in the matter of who can wear lingerie, especially if it turns a profit for her. I was on my way to make a purchase myself on my lunch hour. Why don’t we go in together and have a talk with her and maybe we can fix this back thing of yours once and for all, so that I can get you to work on time. In fact, if Marge thinks she can help you out, I will even foot the bill for such a liberated fellow. I would just love to see a fellow in that corselet as to give at least one fellow, you, an idea of what we girls go through. And I usually get a hefty discount when I bring in a new customer, though usually they are ladies,” she laughed.

What had I gotten myself into, I thought. The offer was enticing, but all things considered I was not yet ready to give up the fight and actually wear such a garment, especially with my boss’s knowledge and worse, her assistance. I would be the laughing stock of the office. So I tried to back out gracefully. “That is not necessary”, I told her, “I think I can put up with the pain for now and I think I should get back to work.”

But she would not have any excuse and insisted that we go in. She told me, “You know that I do not like being made fun of or lied to. If you are serious about this I am more than willing to meet you half way, but if you were having a joke at my expense you can start looking for a new job full time!” Suddenly I realized I could not avoid it after all I had said, especially since she seemed to indicate she new the real reason I had been getting to work late, so it was a case of put up or shut up; actually put up or loose my job. I did want to change jobs, but being out of work always made it harder to get a new job, and so I let her lead me in.

She grabbed me by my elbow as an adult might lead a child and directed me into the shop. I could not resist and had to continue to play along.

## Chapter 2: Inside the Lingerie Shop

When we entered, all of a sudden I felt I was in heaven. It was a real rush. All that finery... I had been afraid of entering such a place by myself...Carelessly I let my eyes transfix on all the lingerie on display. I did not know which piece of finery to look at first, with all that nylon, satin and Lycra on display in front of me. Slips, panties, girdles....my mouth was getting dry as my manhood hardened. I simply gazed on one bit of feminine finery after another.