

SHE MADE HIM HER
**SHE MALE
SECRETARY**



3

Janice Wildflower
GEMINI



Copyright (c) 2007

Published by Mags, Inc
All Rights Reserved.

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

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

Call toll free (800) 359-2116

www.magsinc.com

MAGS, INC
COPYRIGHT (c) 2007

SHE MADE HIM HER SHEMALE SECRETARY Book 3:

by Janice Wildflower Gemini

Chapter 15: Estelle Walks off with Robin's Male Clothes

Back at my apartment I found that I was all nerves from my adventure at the mall. So Estelle took over. She emptied the suitcase on my bed and started putting things away in my closet and drawers, and grabbing a couple of my things, which she would hold up in front of herself, to apparently take in exchange, as she had threatened or promised she would do. When I objected and I seemed a bit distraught at losing part of what little male clothing I had she got very sympathetic and took me by my hands and sat me down on the bed and had a talk with me about my situation.

"Don't worry dear, this is just until you physically return to normal and we can get you a new job. Once you can fit your male clothes and actually need them back I will be more than happy to exchange everything back with you. But for the time being, you don't even fit these clothes properly and as you will be masquerading as a girl, at least at work, you probably would be better off without them and all the changing back and forth between female attire that fits your figure and male attire that does not fit you any longer. I'm sure that psychologically you would be better off sticking with your female clothing all the time, even at home, as long as the boss has you in this position. You know you are bound to give yourself away with all this changing back and forth. If you are stuck with this girlish figure for a while and the boss has you presenting yourself as a girl at work, and you seem so natural at it, you'd be silly to force yourself to try to act like a boy in the privacy of your own home. It is very hard to go back and forth and you should stick with the more difficult one for you for the time being. Why don't I start a bath for you and you can have a good soak to relax. I got you some lovely and very expensive bubble bath with bath salts courtesy of the boss's account and a good soak should do you good and you can think about the situation. I know it always does work for me. Meanwhile I could explain the whole thing

to your landlady so if she sees you as your girl self she won't freak and have you evicted as a low-life."

I was about to object on just impulse not even realizing it was an obvious ploy to get me out of the room when she continued, "And why would you worry about losing some male clothing items that probably no longer fit you well when there doesn't even seem to have any male underwear here, at least I haven't seen any male underwear here."

The change in subject, which put me on the defensive, had its calculated affect. I mumbled to her that they were all with my landlady, which was in effect the truth, and then realizing how that sounded told her "err, she does my wash on occasion." But after that I was putty in her hands not wanting her to bring up again the obvious absence of male underwear in my apartment and allowed her to start my bath and show me how to use the bath salts with bubble bath she had purchased for me.

So Estelle grabbed the package with my new toiletries and brought it and me into my bathroom and showed me how to draw a sudsy relaxing bubbly bath and had me in my underwear over my objections which were to no avail. She would have had me completely undressed if I had not agreed and had her leave so I could remove the rest of my clothing in privacy as not to reveal my more radical figure changes and slip into the bathtub in privacy.

She was right. The bath felt delightful and totally relaxing. I found out what I had been missing in that regard. When she heard me plop in she returned and gathered my discarded clothes. As she came in I got down deeper into the bath so that the bubbles would cover me and my new additions. "Now doesn't that feel comfortable and relaxing as can be? And I'll just leave you in there to enjoy it and put these on your bed," she told me, "So they don't get wet." And thus she kept me out of her way while she rummaged through my things. To get out of the bath I would have had to wrap myself in a towel from my budding breasts down, just like a girl would, or reveal that which I wanted kept a secret, and being a boy, I had no towels long enough for that. Not at that time anyway.

As I bathed she kept talking and going through my closets and drawers. She was quite happy with me in my situation and thought it a lark and told me that I should take it that way also. "After all," she told me, "it's not like you have to be a girl forever. Not too many boys get such a chance. You know, to see how the other half-lives. And it should do you some good. After all, how long can these effects last? And, oh my, it seems as if you are doing this already and don't need my advice." And with that she walked into the bathroom, while I was

still enjoying my warm bubble bath, holding up the satin sailor dress along with the support bra that I had gotten to try on and model for Marge. Estelle had found the bra in a drawer, and left it there until she found the dress hanging in my closet, along with a number of other outfits that Marge had sent over and that Mrs. L. had put away for me, but more on that later.

Anyway, she came into the bathroom holding them and told me, "Here I am trying to convince you to expand your gender horizons as long as you are stuck in this situation and you aren't saying a thing when you have already been wearing push up bras and satin dresses and from the contents of your drawers, satin lingerie also, though all of it appears fairly new. You're just so secretive and I bet having a good laugh at my expense. I'll just have to teach you a lesson, now won't I, or I'll never hear the end of this at work."

I tried to explain to her that I had just gotten those things from Marge and that they had been forced on me, but she wouldn't have it. Pointing to specific clothing she told me, "You've worn this cute sailor dress and this push up bra, now haven't you? One can't wear a satin outfit like this one without the creases showing. And I just recall, when we purchased the shoes, your feet were hair free and now seeing you get ready for your bath I now recall that your legs were also hair free, a bit to hair free for a guy, not to have been shaved. It didn't strike me at the time, but it makes sense now, for if you were wearing pants all the time there would be no need for you to have shaved your legs, now would there?"

I didn't want to get into my aversion training with Estelle, so I skipped over the shaved legs and just told her, "I just got that one dress and support bra from Marge today, and she forced it on me. It wasn't my idea. You walked me over there."

But Estelle replied, "I didn't see you come out of the Corset Shop with any packages and besides you've got a lot of expensive lingerie here, as well as a number of cute dresses and costumes and all for a feminine girl..." and she paused and then told me, with a little giggle, "or feminine boy. Your drawers are just full of push up bras of every kind and expensive satin lingerie, pants slips and regular slips. Why did you need the regular slips if you are wearing trousers all the time? And there are a number of satin and nylon dresses in your closet along with some interesting costumes, like a very expensive maid's outfit in the finest back satin, a cute can-can girl outfit in lovely blue satin and a schoolgirl outfit for a little girl. And finally you have high heel shoes that have obviously been worn and there is the peignoir set on the back of the closet door, which has also obviously been worn on a number of occasions. No you have been exploring your

feminine side and just won't confide in me. But I'll fix that. I really want us to be just like girlfriends until you decide where you are going with all this."



With that she went to my medicine cabinet and opening it found my Lady Schick razor. She handed it to me with the shaving gel and sort of whispered to me, like we were sharing a secret, "Now no need to be ashamed of anything with me. I am going to help you all I can in exploring your feminine side. I really enjoy working with you as our receptionist and as long as you are stuck this way for a while you might as well find out as much as you can about the girlish life and I am more than happy to help you do so. That is as long as I can have

you at work like this, and whatever will make you happy like this works for me. No need to hide anything. I would have told you myself that as long as you are in part of the way why not go the entire way, that is as long as you are stuck like this and it is not of your own making and Mrs. Porter is fitting the bill.”

She let that sink in again. And then she continued, “You take this,” she told me handing me my lady’s razor and scented shaving gel, “because after a bubble bath is the best time to shave ones legs. And you should keep those legs shaved as to enjoy the feel of your nylons and satiny attire all the better. It can be our little secret. No one else at work has to know that you may be enjoying part of this situation.”

Estelle was just so pleased to have such a pleasant fellow, me; or for that matter, such a pleasant young lady, also me as it were, to work with, rather than the regular receptionist who was a bit nasty and only kept the job because she was a relative of the boss. I was sort of getting into the gossip and feeling relaxed in by bubble and salt bath when Estelle apparently finished. She told me, “I am all done in here dear and will be leaving shortly. I’ll make a stop with the landlady and fill her in on your situation so she doesn’t get the wrong idea. I’ll be back tomorrow to pick you up; so don’t worry about public transportation, though before the boss finishes with you, I don’t think that will present much of a problem.”

I let her go, thanking her for her concern and help, as it was apparent that any explanation without me first getting a look at what had been added to my collection of lingerie and female clothing just might be a waste of time and as by that point the bath had done its work and I was relaxed enough not to really care.

Then I got out and tamped myself dry as my skin had softened considerably and Mrs. L. had explained to me under the circumstance that was the way to dry myself, like a girl. I skipped shaving my legs; I did not have the time. I really wanted to find out what Estelle had found in my bedroom and what male clothes she had left with me.

Once in my bedroom I put on my boy-girl panties and fought the desire to pillow and went to retrieve one of the original girdles and bras that contained my changing figure. Strangely enough, though the new panty girdle I had taken off and Estelle had taken out of the bathroom was there on my bed, the bra which I had worn home was not, but in its place was the new bra which augmented my figure rather than controlled it, the one I had just gotten that day and that Estelle had found and shown me as evidence that I was experimenting with my wild side. I pulled my girdle into place and then without really thinking about it, I put the new bra on. After all at that

point I did need something to support me, until I could get an outfit together. Once again I enjoyed its satin caress, almost wishing I could wear it all the time. Little did I realize to be careful for what I wished as wishes sometimes do come true.

I then went to my closet to retrieve a male pair of trousers and likewise a guy shirt. Not that they fit me that well, but I felt as if that is what I should continue to wear. Well there wasn't any male clothing in my closet, let alone a shirt and pants for a guy. Estelle must have taken everything I had for my guy self. I was immediately hysterical, but knowing she was gone there was little I could do, and knowing how I was supposed to dress for work the next day, it did not matter that much. I would have to get my stuff back from Estelle the next day.

Meanwhile my closet only contained the female outfits that Estelle had supplied and a number of the outfits Estelle had described to me while I bathed, the substance of which had not really sunk in. Hanging in my closet among all the girlie stuff that Estelle had so kindly provided for me, were items, which could have only been sent over by Marge. How they got in my closet I would not find out until later. But the fact that they were there had obviously convinced Estelle that I was more than happy traipsing around in females clothing, despite any protestations and she had taken all my male clothing from my closet to keep me true to myself or at least my new self.

I had spent much time bathing and Mrs. L. would be expecting me for dinner. However, every article of my male clothing and the boy-girl clothing designed to hide my feminized figure was gone! Estelle had apparently emptied my closets and drawers of every article of male clothing that I had and all of the gender bending items used to mask my curves and to hold me in. All that was left was the female clothing with which she had supplied me and even more feminine items I had never seen before which must have been the things Marge had promised to send over.

I rushed to the window to see if Estelle had yet left and found her just leaving. There was nothing to do. It was too late to explain to her that the items she had discovered had just been acquired and not by request. I could not stop her.

I had no choice, I had to wear the new lingerie, which accented my figure, the new girdle that I had already put on and in addition that new bra that Estelle had bandied about which augmented rather than reduced my two new budding assets. I smoothed on a pair of nylon stockings, attaching each to the garters hanging from my new girdle. Over that I donned a pants slip and then a pair of the lady's pants with which Estelle had supplied me and a new satin camisole that I just

grabbed out of my lingerie draw, over which I put on the blouse which had also been Estelle's and finally a pair of new shoes that Estelle had just got for me, for other than that I only had high heels, and went downstairs to speak with Mrs. L. about this new aspect of my situation. A full review of my stock of clothing to confirm what Estelle had told me would just have to wait.