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# ADRIFT

**By JERI ELLEN**

My fourth set of adoptive parents was the home I grew up in. The first two sets didn't keep me very long. I had been something they used to get financial assistance. The first used the money to supply the husbands gambling habit and the second was to help finance the couple's entry into the world of drug dealing. I was fortunate to have survived the short time I had spent with either family.

The third set was a little better. My step mom had wanted to adopt a girl but her husband, an over the road trucker, insisted on a boy. He was gone a lot. During his long absences she kept me in girls' clothes without his knowledge.

I was just a preschooler then but I never forgot the soft feel of those pink tricot panties and the top half of

the petti slip that I wore under my pink dress. I also wore pink socks to match the pink Mary Jane shoes. After painting my fingernails pink she would lipstick my mouth and then she would apply some pink powder to my cheeks before placing the pink bonnet on my head.

We would go into town shopping she would also have me carry a little pink purse. All the sales clerks thought I was so adorable. I wondered if they knew that I was really a boy. I felt so good in my lingerie and little pink outfit. I missed it when I had to change back into my boy clothes.

When my dad would call and tell my step mom when he would be home she would remove my makeup and nail polish. After dressing me in my boy's clothes she would always make me promise not to tell him when he got home as this was to be "our little secret" so of course I didn't say a word.

One day the doorbell rang. Mom was in the bathroom so I opened the front door. Mom came rushing out of the bathroom to see the social workers' district supervisor eyeing me up and down. He looked at my step mom in a disapproving way. When he left she took off my nail polish, make up and girls' clothes. Less than a month later I was in another foster home. This time I would stay put.

The fourth set of stepparents, Thomas and Vivian Peterson, had quit farming. Despite being a fairly young man Thomas had a heart attack in his mid forties. He and his wife decided to quit putting in the long hours that farming required.

The land was leased out to another farmer and they began taking in orphaned or abandoned children on a

temporary basis. They earned a good reputation from the department of health and social services.

In addition to the lease money Vivian cleaned homes in a Milwaukee suburb about twenty miles away. She had a small list of very satisfied clients and numerous requests from many others that she placed on her waiting list.

The work ethic was ingrained in me from the time I arrived. Even though I was very young I had some chores like most farm kids did. Although they no longer farmed there were things to do around the house. I would occasionally help my step dad in his shop and with the outside work of lawn care, snow removal, etc.

At five years of age I began my home schooling. Thomas and Vivian didn't want me being bussed into the city to attend public schools. Two retired teachers had started a home school in a converted machine shed on their farm about two miles down the road.

Vivian drove me there and picked me up each day in a battered old mini van that Thomas kept running like a top. Like most farmers Thomas believed in taking care of your equipment and he was good at it too, often fixing the neighbors cars or machinery for extra cash.

The courses were accelerated but I picked things up quickly and was soon at the top of my class. In addition to my studies I stayed late two nights a week for piano lessons. I didn't care much for music but I did it because my step parents wanted me to.

They had an old upright piano in the basement that I would practice on. Thomas secured wood blocks to the pedals because I was short for my age. I applied myself and soon to no one's surprise I was able to play quite well.

Between schooling, music, and my work around the house there was no time for getting into any trouble. It was a disciplined household. I was a very happy child growing up around people who really cared about me.

Over the years I was able to play at nursing and retirement homes for their "sing alongs". I also played for kids' birthday parties and the VFW and American Legion Auxiliaries. It was good experience and Vivian used the money I was paid for my school expenses and clothes.

I began playing for some private parties each summer too. They paid much better and soon I had acquired a substantial amount in my savings account. I also had one gig at a private country club for an afternoon "tea" as the women called it.

One of the women my mother cleaned for was a member of the club and had gotten me the gig. Several of the women, including her, seemed to look at me in a rather odd way. I wasn't sure what they were seeing but I guess I figured the women were just being women.

Thomas had his second heart attack in April. I had gone down the basement to see why he hadn't come up for supper and found him on the floor. The paramedics arrived shortly but they were unable to do anything for him and at the hospital he was DOA.

Following the funeral his estate was settled with everything going to my step mother. She sold his pick up truck and the old minivan. She bought a newer mini van to replace them both.

I had completed my drivers' training and passed the license exams with ease so I could drive it too. I didn't have enough in my savings to buy a car of my

own just yet and I didn't want to borrow money even though Vivian offered to cosign the loan for me.

Vivian expanded her customer base and I began helping her. With two of us working we finished up in about half the time. I knew Thomas's death had been hard on her so despite the additional demand on my time I said nothing.

In my life to this point I had only one concern. It was the fact that most of my classmates had grown taller than me. I was still the shortest one in the class. It was never a problem at school or anywhere else for that matter but I was now interested in dating girls.

It soon became apparent that girls didn't like short boys or maybe there was something else about me that they didn't like, I wasn't sure which. Once I overheard one of the girls remark "he would look better in a dress than I do."

I didn't know what to make of her remark. That night after my shower I looked at my reflection in the mirror. I saw myself in that little pink dress my previous stepmother had me wear. I hadn't thought about that for some time. As I combed my hair down over my forehead to form bangs I thought maybe she was right. I could just as easily have been a girl.

I turned sixteen in May. After passing my school exams with high scores I was looking forward to making some money over the summer. I figured by fall I would have enough money saved up to buy a used car. I knew that the Honda Civic was high priced but they were good quality cars and the extra money would be well spent.

Memorial Day weekend Vivian got a call from Mrs. Angela Danforth. I had helped mom clean her house

several times. It was a magnificent mansion in a gated community. She wanted to know if I would like to work at her cottage on the lake for the summer as well as play at her afternoon and evening gatherings of friends. I would be paid \$4500.00 for the summer with free room, board, and uniforms provided.

Angela's late father in law, Roger, had gone to trade school right out of the service. After working as a machinist for several years he bought some used equipment and began doing small custom jobs in his garage for some local companies. He eventually quit and leased a larger space and hired two machinists to work with him.

The business grew by leaps and bounds. His son, Edward, Angela's late husband, expanded the business and when Edward died in the crash of his private jet the company was a world wide operation. Angela sold the company to the employees and was now actively engaged in philanthropic work.

I was astounded at that sum of money. It seemed like a fortune compared to the fifty or a hundred bucks I had been getting paid for short gigs here and there. So far I hadn't booked anything for the summer so I agreed. My whole earnings from last summer weren't equal to what I could make in one month for Angela so this was too good to pass up.

After she hung up the phone Vivian had me undress so she could measure me. I stood still in my tee shirt and briefs while she measured my head, neck, chest, waist and hips. Next she measured the circumference of my hands, length of my feet, and the distance from the middle of my neck to my wrist. When she finished she called Angela back and gave her the measurements.

I was a bit puzzled by this but for \$1500.00 a month I was willing to wear a uniform while I worked as well as a costume when I played the piano. Those dollar signs obliterated any thoughts of whatever else this job could involve.

Three days later a limousine pulled into the yard at eight am. I put on a light jacket and grabbed a small suitcase. I hadn't started shaving yet so in addition to several sets of underwear the only things inside were my toothbrush, tooth paste, a nail clippers and some body powder.

It was about a three hour trip. When the limo pulled in the driveway of Mrs. Danforths' summer "cottage" as she called it I was very surprised. It was nearly as large as her mansion in the city. The four vehicle garage was about the size of the farm house I was living in.

When I got out of the limo I was greeted by a Hispanic woman in a black dress and white apron. She introduced herself as Joan Gomez and asked me to follow her inside. I walked behind her to the rear entrance as the limo pulled out of the driveway.

We walked thru a massive kitchen, down a short hallway to the stairs. I followed her upstairs to a bedroom at the end of a long hallway. The carpeting was as plush as could be and there were paintings on the walls that I could only guess were works of fine art.

Inside the bedroom, which was just smaller than the entire downstairs of my house, the maid showed me the full bath and then the closet where there were six blue coveralls on hangers.

"You will wear a clean coverall each day. On Fridays bring the dirty ones and your other laundry down

to the kitchen and toss everything down the laundry chute. Tomorrow you will start work. Be in the kitchen for breakfast at seven. Let's go back to the kitchen and I will fix your lunch."

I followed her back downstairs. She made me tuna fish sandwich and poured out a glass of milk. When I finished I walked around the beautiful estate. It was really something. After supper I watched some TV and then set my alarm for six am. It took me a while to fall asleep in my new surroundings.

My week began with mowing the lawn and trimming the shrubs. Jose was the head groundskeeper. He kept me busy. I applied some sealer and paint to the dock and Jose took me aboard the fiberglass fishing boat that was tied to the pier. I would have liked to take it out on the lake for a spin but I knew better that to ask.

Except for one day of rain the week had gone quickly. I enjoyed the work, especially since most of it was outdoors. I was granted the use of Angela's exercise machines in the basement so between that and work I had already lost a couple of pounds.

Sunday morning after I finished breakfast Joan informed me that I would be playing at two that afternoon for a small gathering of Angela's friends. She instructed me to shower, shave and come to the bedroom across the hall for a fitting at one pm.

I read the Sunday paper and then watched a movie to kill the time until one. I had a salad for lunch and then went back to my room to clean up. I wasn't sure what I was going to be wearing but promptly at one I knocked on the door of the room across the hall.

Joan opened it. She looked closely at my face and then bent down to raise one leg of my coveralls. She handed me a pink box.

“Go back to your room, shave your legs, put these on, and then come back.”

I took the box from her and returned to my room. I had only shaved my face so I quickly undressed and went into the bathroom. I soaped my legs and shaved them. When I opened the box I found that it contained a pink strapless body briefer and a pair of sheer panty hose.

I was surprised as hell since no one had said anything about wearing women’s clothing. I struggled into the foundation garment and then put on the pantyhose. The hose felt good against my freshly shaven legs as I walked across the hall. I knocked again and Joan let me in.

She looked me over carefully. Seemingly satisfied she motioned me over to the vanity. I sat in the chair and she applied my eye makeup, blusher, and lipstick. When she finished she placed a brown wig on my head and adjusted it.

I was totally amazed at the reflection in the mirror. After affixing a set of press on nails to my fingertips she placed a single strand pearl necklace around my neck and a similar pearl bracelet around the left wrist. Last, she clipped a pair of four inch dangling earrings to my earlobes.

“Over here now,” she commanded.

I followed her over to the long closet. She selected a dark red, short sleeved, velvet sheath dress. She unzipped it, and removed the dress from the hangar, then handed it to me. I stepped carefully inside and brought

it up over the briefcase. After placing two weighted breast forms in the briefcase cups she adjusted the dress over them and then zipped me up.

From the closet floor she placed a pair of red stiletto heel pumps at my feet and I stepped into them. They couldn't have fit better if they had been tailor made for me. It was hard to describe the way I felt as I stood there in those four inch heel pumps.

"Walk back and forth across the room for me please," asked Joan.

I took a few tentative steps towards the door. I lengthened my stride a little. The dress was tapered below the knees so it inhibited my walk. I turned around and walked back to where Joan was standing. She was smiling as I stopped in front of her.

"That's very good. You walk just like a girl." She smiled again. "Now do it several more times for me please."

I began walking again. My mind raced back to when I was a child in tricot panties and a little pink dress. That euphoria that I had felt then had returned.

As I turned around I shook my head and my beautiful brown shoulder length wig swished back and forth. I put one hand on my hip and walked back to Joan again putting a little more sway into my hips.

"Not so much sashaying around," she said with a frown, "Just a nice girly walk, like a lady."

I went back and forth to the door several more times. I was enjoying myself and I have no doubt that it showed. Joan continued to watch me closely and then put up her hands to stop me.

“Enough. Let’s go downstairs and pick out your music. Remember to pick up the slack of your dress before going down or back up the stairs. Walk slowly, like a lady.”

I nodded and walked ahead of her out the door and down the hallway. At the top of the stairs I picked up the slack in the dress and continued down the steps. At the bottom we turned right and then left into the living room. Across the living room was a large piano on a circular stage near the windows.

There were two short stacks of sheet music on top of the piano.

“Angela said you should pick out something that would be appropriate for an afternoon tea.”

I sorted thru the stacks and made my selections. I placed them to the left of the rack above the keys.

“Remember to smooth your dress before you sit down and again when you get up. Just like a lady.”

I did so and adjusted the bench underneath me. The pedals had a different feel wearing high heels. I placed the first booklet on the rack and began to play.

“Practice for awhile and I will be back later,” said Joan

I went thru a couple of songs in each book. There were no complicated pieces here so I didn’t have concerns about playing any of them. It would only be for a short while anyway, not like a concert where I would be playing for several hours.

As I played I felt almost giddy, very girlishly feminine, so to speak. I knew with the lipstick and rouged cheeks that I presently a very female look. I was very

proud of myself and couldn't wait to see the reaction of Angela's guests.

Joan returned and I showed her the selections I had chosen.

"The guests will be arriving shortly. Don't start playing until Mrs. Danforth signals you."

I nodded and she left the room.

It was a little after two pm when Angela came into the room followed by several women. She nodded to me and I began playing. I felt a sudden movement under my feet. I continued playing but noticed I was moving. The piano was on a turntable hidden in the floor. It was rotating me and the piano as I played.

I concentrated on the sheet music in front of me. I was afraid I might get dizzy though I was moving very slowly. I continued playing as more women joined the others. Soon it seemed almost as if their conversation was as loud as my playing.

Just after four pm the rotation stopped. Mrs. Danforth walked over to the piano and stood by me as she spoke to the assemblage of women.

"Thank you all for coming and giving me your pledge for the local artists. Before leaving I want you to meet the pianist who has provided the lovely background music for our gathering this afternoon. Ladies this is Phyllis Anson."

I was very surprised at Mrs. Danforths' introduction as well as being introduced as "Phyllis" when my name was really Phillip, but then considering the way I was dressed it seemed very appropriate. I stood up and bowed slightly to accept the applause that resounded thru the room.

As Mrs. Danforth escorted the women out I picked up the slack in my dress with both hands and in lady-like fashion stepped off the circular stage. Joan came out of the kitchen and we walked up the stairs.

In the large bedroom she removed my wig, nails, jewelry, and makeup as I sat at the vanity. I stood up, slipped off the high heels as she unzipped me, and then stepped out of the dress. It felt strange not being in the confines of the sheath dress, almost like I belonged in a dress.

I went back to my room to take off the panty hose and briefer. After I dressed Joan was waiting for me in the hallway. She had a big smile on her face.

“Leave the lingerie in your room. Mrs. Danforth wants to see you in the living room. Come into the kitchen when she is finished talking to you and I will fix your supper.”

I went back downstairs to the living room and Joan went into the kitchen.

Mrs. Danforth was waiting for me by the piano. Her face brightened as I walked over to her.

“You were simply marvelous Phillip. I am so pleased with your performance. I am glad I could count on you today and for the other gatherings this summer.”

I smiled as I said “Your very welcome, Mrs. Danforth. I am glad to be working for you this summer.”

She turned and left. As I walked to the kitchen I wondered about her expression “other gatherings” this summer. Had she brought me here to work as a male or did she simply enjoy dressing me in female apparel I asked myself.

My second thought was about the \$1500.00 a month I was getting. That kind of money was not available anywhere else. I guess it kind of overshadowed what I was doing to earn it. Besides, it wasn't like I didn't enjoy performing my little feminine charade.

When I went to bed that night I saw myself in that dress and high heels again. I recalled the way the sheer pantyhose had felt on my smooth legs and as well as the soft touch of the velvet dress on my bare skin. I shivered with delight, closed my eyes, and went to sleep.

It was another two weeks before I was asked to play again. I had been busy around the place doing a variety of things. I was given a ride in the large speedboat and taught how to use the controls. It was a thrilling ride. I loved being at the controls of those two massive out-board engines.

My second performance would be in the early evening. I would begin playing just after seven pm as the first guests arrived. This time Mrs. Danforth was entertaining a dozen couples in formal dress. Of course I had no idea who they were and if I did it wouldn't have mattered to me anyway I guess.

That evening Joan instructed me as I applied the makeup myself. The lipstick and blusher were bright red as were the press on nails. The wig was blonde, nearly the same color as my sleeveless dress, a bright, shiny gold satin sheath.

I loved the feel of the satin as well as the matching black over the elbow gloves on my smooth skin. My jewelry was the same and I felt like a golden princess as I walked down the carpeted staircase in my black stiletto pumps.

I walked to the stage and sat down at the piano. More than once during the evening I caught sight of a man glancing at me. It was good to know they found me desirable. I was not attracted to men of course but it let me know just how good my charade was. Apparently I had them all fooled.

At the end of the evening Mrs. Danforth thanked me once again. Upstairs Joan helped me change from Phyllis back to Phillip again. It seemed almost a shame to have to go back to being in male clothing when it was so pleasurable to be dressed in that feminine finery.

Work continued around the cottage. As busy as I was I seemed to spend more and more time thinking about how I missed being dressed in feminine apparel. That included my memories of when my third step mom would keep me in a little pink dress.

The fashion ads in the newspapers and magazines caught my eye. I had never paid attention to them before. When I looked at the women working here and in particular, Mrs. Danforth's guests, I became more aware of the way they fixed their hair and did their makeup.

The month of June ended. Sunday night Joan came to my room. She handed me a pay slip indicating the direct deposit to my bank and a small pink box.

"I have a serving costume that you will be wearing for the Fourth of July party Mrs. Danforth is having on the patio. Take your shower & shave everything about eight tonight. Put on this lingerie and then come to the bedroom across the hall. I want to be sure everything fits you ok."

I took them from her and she left. When I opened the box I found it contained a pair of pink satin panties, a pink bra, a pink garter belt and a pair of pink seamed stockings. What now I thought. I had never done any serving. I thought I might be playing again but this was something different entirely.

I took my shower and shaved myself again. I didn't think I needed it as I had very little facial or body hair but I wanted to follow Joan's instructions anyway. I kept seeing those dollar signs in my head and I didn't want them to go away no matter what.

As I put on the bra and panties I began to feel girly again. The bra had a little pink bow between the cups and the nylon tricot brief style panties had four rows of white ruffles along the back.

I took the breast forms out of the briefcase and placed them in my bra cups. The garter belt was next and then the stockings. The seamed hose felt wonderful on my freshly shaven legs. I walked across the hall and entered the bedroom. Joan looked up and a big smile creased her face.

She adjusted the bra straps for a proper fit. Next she held up two pink petticoats, one inside the other. I stepped into them and pulled them up to my waist. From the closet she held up a pink satin puff sleeve mini dress. She slipped it over my head, closed the zipper, and then adjusted the hem of the dress over the petticoats.

I turned around to look at myself in the full length mirror on the bedroom door. I was gorgeous. All I needed now was the wig, makeup and nails. Joan placed the four inch stiletto heel sandals at my feet. I stepped into them and she closed the ankle straps. I felt

delightfully feminine as she stood back a few feet and looked me over.

“Everything fits you perfectly,” she announced.  
“When you serve the guests you must always curtsy first and curtsy again when you leave, like this.”



She demonstrated the proper technique. I followed suit. I practiced the curtsy several times before getting it exactly right the way she wanted me to do it. Then I walked back and forth across the room. Each time I stopped in front of her I performed the curtsy.

“Okay. Now you must learn how to carry the tray and serve her guests.”

From the top of the dresser she picked up a serving tray with a bottle of wine and several glasses. She handed it to me.

“Hold the tray firmly with both hands. Walk back and forth, curtsy and set the tray down on the vanity.”

I followed her instructions. Walking in those stiletto heels had become almost second nature to me. The soft fabric of the tricot panties and the satin mini dress felt so good on my skin. I didn’t want to stop.

After putting the tray down on the vanity I picked up the bottle and poured each glass half full. This bottle contained only water for me to practice with.

“Be very careful not to spill any wine. Its’ very expensive and you don’t want to incur the dry cleaning bill for one of Mrs. Danforth’s guests’ designer clothes do you?”

I shook my head no. I practiced walking with the tray and pouring the water out several more times. Joan seemed to be satisfied so we stopped. She helped me out of the dress and petticoats. I took off the shoes and went back to my room.

I left the pink panties on and got into bed. I closed my eyes and saw myself at the party. With a wig and makeup there was no way you would ever imagine that I was really a guy.

I went to sleep quickly and dreamed of wearing that little pink dress just as my third step mother had made me do only this one was luxurious pink satin, not cotton, and the shoes were four inch heel stiletto pumps not the pink patent leather Mary Jane style I had worn for my step mom.

On the Fourth of July I ate an early lunch. I was a little apprehensive as I had never done this before. Serving guests the proper way was a far cry from sitting behind a piano and playing for them. Half of the guests weren't listening to me anyway.

After putting on my pink lingerie I went across the hall and sat at the vanity. Under Joan's watchful eyes I applied pink blusher, creamy pink lipstick, eye makeup and a shoulder length blonde wig. Joan pinned a large pink satin bow at the top of the wig. The long pink nails, a single strand pearl necklace and a matching bracelet were next. I got up and went to the closet.

The petticoats, dress and heels were last. We both walked over to the mirror and stared at the pretty girl, all in pink, looking back at us. It was hard to believe it was really me.

"I guess I am as ready as I will ever be," I said to Joan.

"You will be just fine, I know it," she answered back.

Joan went over some more details of my serving duties and then we went downstairs. There was one other girl in a pink outfit like mine. We would share the serving duties while Joan would be in the kitchen and another woman would take care of the bar.

The afternoon went very well indeed. Once I got over my nervousness I adapted quite well to become an, effeminate, coquettish servant. I was curtsying properly and moving about easily in my stiletto heels as I served the guests.

In fact, to be quite honest I was actually enjoying myself and that was a hard thing for me to admit considering I was a male. There was something quite joyous about mincing around the tables in this very girly, feminine outfit and high heel shoes. I had never experienced anything like it before.

When the guests finally left I helped Joan clear off all the tables. I donned a pair of pink latex gloves and helped her do the dishes. Mrs. Danforth stopped by the kitchen as we finished up and showered me with compliments. I was glad she was pleased with my work.

Back upstairs Joan helped me become Phillip again. After my shower I stood naked in front of the mirror and wondered if maybe I should have been a girl. I wore the pink panties to bed again that night and dreamed of wearing all kinds of very feminine outfits.

The rest of July went very fast. I played two more concerts and served guests at one more gathering on the patio. I was enjoying myself more and more. When Joan stopped by with my second months' pay slip I realized I had only another couple of weeks to enjoy these forays into femininity. In a short time this experience would only be a memory, just like those times with my third step mom.

In August there were no more serving parties but I did play at two more evening gatherings. The first had me in a purple satin sheath with black stiletto pumps and the last in a broad skirted pink chiffon dress that

was flared out with both a petticoat and a petti slip with matching pink stiletto heel sandals.

Once again I hated taking everything off. It was getting harder and harder to remain happy as Phillip when I would have much preferred living as Phyllis all of the time. I kept dreaming of a life cross dressed since I wasn't sure if I really wanted to become or should be a female.

Near the end of August Joan gave me my last pay slip. At eight the next morning the limo would take me back home. My summer job would be over as well as my feminine charade. I knew I was going to miss it terribly but what could I do?

The ride back seemed very short. All the while I kept thinking about those pretty clothes I had left behind and would probably never be able to wear again. When the limo pulled into the driveway at home mom was there to greet me.

"Did you have an enjoyable summer?" she asked.

She had an innocent look on her face. I wasn't sure if she knew I had spent some of it cross dressed while I played the piano or served the guests.

"Yes," I answered truthfully. "The money I made will go towards a car when I graduate in the spring. I should have enough money by then."

"That's very wise of you," she said as we walked to the house.

When school resumed I began taking a few college prep courses. I dropped my music lessons because of time constraints. Mom had some new customers so I was kept plenty busy.

Just before Christmas while we were at the mall I entered a drawing for a seven day vacation trip to Jamaica. It was all expenses paid. Usually I never entered one of those promotional contests as the large number of entrants made the odds of winning very high.

The holidays came and went. I had passed my semester exams and was looking forward to finishing the last semester. I wasn't sure what I was going to do after that. Vivian thought I should enroll in the local college and take a few general courses before deciding on a major. I said I would think about it.

In addition to helping mom with her cleaning business I had played at a few holiday parties and made some additional money. Holidays bring out the better tips as any service person will tell you.

The cold weather left us. I wondered if Angela Danforth would call and ask me to work another summer. I hadn't cross dressed since August though there were occasions when I had thought about it.

The last week in March while we were at the mall I had sat on a bench across from a women's department store while my mother shopped there. All mannequins in the front window displayed prom dresses. Across the floor in front of them were a dozen pairs of high heel shoes.

Those feelings came back again. I closed my eyes imagining myself wearing those beautiful dresses and high heel shoes. My hair was shoulder length and at the top of my head was a pink satin bow. A dainty pink purse on a gold chain hung from my shoulder. Pink blusher adorned my cheeks and my bright pink lipstick matched the color of my finger and toe nails.

Thoughts like that continued to drift thru my mind, just as I had drifted back and forth from living in a male world and then periodically in a female one. I thought about the fact that I had also sort of drifted from one family to another before finding roots with the fourth one here. I wondered if I would ever be able to stop drifting and settle in a place of my own.

In late April the phone rang. The man identified himself as the general manager of Top Hat Vacations. I had won the seven day vacation to Jamaica. He was going to send me a packet of information of the flights available so I could plan my schedule accordingly. I thanked him and hung up.

Mom was happy for me. I hadn't been away from home before but I was eighteen now. It would be a good chance to get away for a while. School was winding down and I could use the break from my cleaning work too. I applied for a passport and visa.

Several days went by and I received a large brown envelope in the mail with the flight and hotel information. I checked my exam schedule for school and my work schedule with mom to find the best date of departure. I called the manager back to give him the dates that were best for me. He said he would forward the tickets to me that day and hung up.

The tickets and travel information arrived shortly. I kept busy helping mom clean and playing at a private club one Saturday afternoon. It would be about seven days before my flight was due to leave.

We went to Mrs. Danforth's house to clean but she wasn't there. I noticed two of the serving maids talking as we entered the living room to clean the carpets. One looked at me and whispered to the other. Both of them left the room giggling.

Finally the day arrived. Mom took me to the airport. I went thru security, boarded the flight to Miami, and then the connecting one to Kingston. After customs I went straight to my hotel and had a bite to eat. I was tired and went right to bed.

I spent the next several days going to the usual tourist traps but not spending a lot of money. I sent mom a picture postcard each day detailing where I had gone and what I had seen. The weather was absolutely gorgeous. With the cold Midwest winters I thought this would be an ideal place to work or retire to.

With one day left I decided to rent a boat and do some skin diving around the island. I had brought my fins and mask but hadn't used them in many years. There weren't that many lakes near me where the water was so clear you could skin dive.

The man who rented me the boat cautioned me to be back by four or five pm at the latest as there was a storm front moving in. I nodded as I took the keys from him. It was a little after eleven as I made my way out of the harbor.

It was a balmy day and the horizon was clear. A storm was the farthest thing from my mind. I drank a little beer and had a sandwich about noon. I had anchored here and there and did a lot of swimming. I was a little tired so I lay down on the expansive bow seat and closed my eyes. I dreamed of those prom dresses again.

Suddenly I was thrown violently to the floor. I got up to find the boat pitching in heavy seas. The sky was dark grey and a stiff wind was blowing. I could see lightning flashes jumping out of the line of black clouds on the horizon. I looked at my watch and saw it

was four pm. I couldn't believe I had been asleep that long.

I reeled in the anchor rope only to find there was no anchor at the end of the rope, just a frazzled end. I sat at the controls and tried to start the motor. When I turned the key there was just a buzzing noise. The low battery light was a dim orange color and it should have been green. I had left the radio on while I was eating and improving my tan. If it wasn't dead it was close to it.

The boat suddenly heaved up and I was tossed to one side. A large wooden plank, riding a crest of a wave, smashed into the control panel narrowly missing me. The radio console was smashed in making the radio useless. I got up and tossed the plank overboard. Now I was really scared.

Lightning lit up the sky and I saw the black line of clouds getting closer. There was a grey wall of rain heading across the water and soon I was in the deluge. The boat was fiberglass so I didn't think I was in any immediate danger of sinking but I had no idea where I was. I didn't know how long I had been drifting and I had no way to communicate with anyone.

If another chunk of debris were to slam into the boat and sink it I would be adrift on this angry ocean. No one knew where I was and it may be some time before a search and rescue could be initiated to find me depending on how long the storm lasted. I sat at the controls and hung on to the steering wheel. All I could do now was to ride out the storm and hope for the best.

Night fell and now I really was in the dark, figuratively and literally. The boat wasn't pitching as much

and the rain had subsided. I peed in an empty beer can and tossed it overboard. Thunder continued to rumble in the distance but there was no lightning now. The rain had stopped and I hoped that the worst of the storm was over.

In the distance I thought I could see a thin white line. It could be waves breaking on a beach. I thought I might be close to an island. My hopes buoyed up. I wasn't sure how long I could last drifting like this.

There was a beef sandwich and some beer left in the cooler but that wouldn't last me too long. My best hope was after the storm blew over a rescue party would be sent out to find me.

The wind shifted and seemed to be stronger. I appeared to be moving closer to the white line in the distance. Hopefully by sunrise I would be on dry land. Despite being soaking wet the temperature was still warm so I wasn't worried about hyperthermia.

I glanced behind me to see a large wave rise up out of nowhere. The boat was picked up and then it began to roll. Water cascaded in and it capsized. I fought my way to the surface. I saw the boat several yards away. It was floating upside down.

I turned to look towards the beach and saw that the white line was much closer now. I heard a loud grating noise and turned back to see the boat. A wave rolled the boat on its' side and I saw a gash in the hull. When it rolled back upright again it began to settle and soon it had sunk out of sight.

Now I was alone. My life jacket was keeping me afloat. I could see I was getting closer to the beach but in the darkness it was hard to judge how close I was. I hadn't even thought about sharks. Rather than continu-

ing to drift I decided to try to swim with the waves to the shore.

It was difficult in the four foot waves so I decide to let the ocean just push me in. Another large wave buoyed me up and I could see I had less than a hundred yards to go. I looked at my watch and it was just after three am. It would be another three hours or so before anyone would be out looking for me.

I tried swimming again to cover the last few yards. Another wave tossed me around and when I recovered I felt my feet touch solid ground. I was exhausted but manage to walk several yards up the beach to the tree line. I sat down with my back against a tree. I closed my eyes and fell asleep.

In my dream I was wearing a pink women's bathing suit. I was sitting on a large pink beach towel. As I applied sun tan lotion to my hairless legs I noticed my finger and toenails were bright pink too. Under a large pink floppy hat my brown hair was shoulder length and I was wearing pink plastic sunglasses. The screeching sound of a bird woke me up.

I rubbed my eyes and looked around. The sun was shining and the waves splashing on the beach were quite small compared to the ones I had to swim thru the night before. There wasn't a cloud in the sky or an airplane either. I looked at my watch. It was eleven am. I stood up and got my bearings.

Down the beach I saw a blue object. I walked about fifty yards to find my cooler. There was no other debris along the beach. I picked it up and carried it back to where I had been sitting.

I opened it up and took out a beer. It was still cold and it tasted good going down. So did the beef sandwich. There were two beers left which I decide to save for my supper. I was certain a rescue effort must be underway so it would probably be either later today or tomorrow when they found me.

Feeling refreshed I got up and walked along the tree line. It was almost impenetrable though there were a few places where you could walk between the trees. I had no way of knowing just how far inland I could go so I decided to explore the beach. I walked a considerable distance either side of where I had left the cooler but found nothing and saw no boats or airplanes either.

As the sun set I drank the last of the beer. I sat down with my back up against a tree. In the morning I would try to walk further inland to see if this island had any inhabitants. It would be several days before I would be in any real trouble without food or water. I was certain by that time a search and rescue operation would find me.

The sky was clear and there were a million stars sparkling in the heavens. I got up once during night to pee but other wise I enjoyed a very restful sleep with the warm tropical breezes blowing over me. My awakening the next morning was a rude one as I felt someone or something kicking my leg.

I looked up to see a dark skinned woman in a bikini staring down at me. She was tall, trim and muscular, with jet black shoulder length hair. She said nothing but appeared to be looking me over in a strange way. I was about to open my mouth to speak when a cloth was placed over my nose and mouth. The woman grabbed me by the ankles and I felt hands under my armpits as I blacked out.

When I woke up everything was white. I was lying in a bed. It appeared to be a hospital bed. To my left was a small table. I reached over and grabbed the glass next to the plastic pitcher. I got the straw in my mouth and sucked in some water. It was ice cold and tasted very good. I drained the glass and set it back next to the pitcher.

My head cleared and I took stock of my surroundings. I seemed to be in a hospital room. A momentary feeling of relief swept over me. Apparently I had been rescued by somebody and brought here. The room had no windows and I couldn't hear any noise. It was dead quiet, almost like a morgue.

A suddenly felt panicky. Had I died and this was heaven? Was I in a temporary place like a purgatory? I thought about that tall, gorgeous woman I had seen just before blacking out. Was I now a captive of some band of Amazon women never to be allowed to return to the real world? Would I be forced to spend the rest of my life as their personal sex slave? Perish the thought!

The door opened and a woman dressed all in white, including a surgical mask walked in and stood by my bedside. I was about to speak when she placed a single finger up to her mouth to shush me. I thought this was rather odd.

After pulling the covers back she raised up my hospital gown. She placed her hands on my genitals and examined them carefully. Then she placed both hands on my chest. With one hand under each my nipples she squeezed them both gently.

My mind was racing. What on earth was she examining my genitals and nipples for? And more importantly I guess was why? When she finished she

lowered my gown and replaced the covers. After making some notes on a chart she left the room without saying a word.

As I lay there thinking about what had just occurred I was beginning to be concerned about where I was and in whose hands my life was in. Maybe I was still back on the beach. This was only a dream. I would be waking up soon and be rescued with a good story to tell my friends about being abducted by a colony of Amazon women and held prisoner on a Caribbean island. I pinched myself just to be sure. I felt the pain and I knew I wasn't asleep back on the beach.

I laid there for a while longer. My watch was gone so I didn't know what time or what day it was. I was sure it was Monday. I had been shipwrecked on Saturday afternoon and had spent most of the next day surveying my little stretch of beach. This had to be Monday but I still wasn't sure.

Pulling the covers back I swung my legs out and stood at the edge of the bed. I pulled up my gown and looked at my genitals and chest. There weren't any marks there so I was more than a little curious as to why the woman had been interested in that area of my body. I took another drink of water and walked over to the small door on the left side of my room.

I went inside. I urinated and flushed the toilet. There was a small mirror above the sink. As I washed my hands I looked at my reflection. My appearance hadn't changed any. Seemingly I was none the worse for wear and tear.

I walked out of the small bathroom to the room's door. When I turned the handle it was locked. Now I was really mystified and a little more frightened. Why would my rescuers see the need to keep me locked in

here? Was I being quarantined for some reason? I got back into bed.

Time passed very slowly. A woman in white entered and set a tray on the arm of the table to my left. She swung the arm over the bed as I sat up.

“Where am I?” I asked her.

She shook her head and put one finger to her lips to shush me.

“Eat,” was the only thing she said.

She left the room. Just before the door closed shut I heard a voice say:

“He’s perfect for our needs though we will still need to make some minor changes....”

The rest of the conversation was cut off as the door clicked shut. It was plain to see they, and I mean whoever “they” were, had something in store for me and getting me back home didn’t appear to be it.

On my tray was a small pile of cottage cheese on a bed of lettuce surrounded by several peach slices. I ate all of it and drained the cup containing about twelve ounces of fruit juice. I pushed the tray aside and lay back down.

While I didn’t appear to be in any immediate danger there was obviously something amiss here. I was a prisoner for sure. Just where I was and what was going to happen to me was still unknown. Suddenly I got very sleepy. I closed my eyes and was out like a light.

Once during the night I got up to pee and I mean I peed like a river. I went back to bed and when I opened my eyes again I had belly cramps like you wouldn’t believe. I barely made it to the commode. I thought I would never stop defecating but finally I did. I wiped

myself and stood up shakily. As I washed my hands I felt weak was glad to be back in bed where I dozed off again.

When I awoke again there were two women, one on either side of me. Both were tall and dressed all in white including surgical masks. The one on the left swabbed my left shoulder and then produced a giant syringe.

“What is this for I asked?”

The one on my right put a finger to my mouth to shush me. I pushed it away as the other held up the big needle. The women on my right grabbed both my wrists and pulled them towards her as the woman on my left injected the contents of the needle into my left arm.

One of them made a note on my chart and then both of them left without speaking to me. I laid back and began to wonder about the contents of that needle. I slept a little more then spent the rest of the day going back and forth to the john.

I defecated only one more time but I was peeing about every three hours. I began to wonder if I had anything left inside of me at all. Exactly what their plan was for me I had yet to figure out.

That night I did not sleep well. A lot of things were going thru my mind. Not the least of which was whether or not I was ever going to get out of here and see my family again. I wondered how Vivian was handling my disappearance.

I finally dozed off. When I did wake up I was still in this white room and the hospital bed. It wasn't a bad dream I was having. I was tried to remember what day it was and of course without a watch I had no idea of

the time. I was almost sure it was Thursday and it was early morning. To be honest, I guess I wasn't sure of anything anymore. I was just going to have to play it by ear come what may.

My thoughts were interrupted by the door opening. There were four of them. All tall women gowned up in white including surgical masks. They had brought a gurney with them and rolled it to one side of my bed. There were now two on each side of my bed.

"Now just wait a minute, where are you taking me?" I asked.

As I sat up one of them on my right pulled the covers back while one on my left held up another, smaller needle. I opened my mouth to say something when a latex gloved hand smacked me across the face.



As I waited for my eyeballs to stop circumnavigating the inside of my head I felt a cool swab on my shoulder and then the pick of the needle. Everything went black.

I looked up to see a million stars above me, just like I had seen the first night on the beach after the storm. When I looked down I saw the planet earth. It was a beautiful blue marble floating in space. What a fantastic view I thought. It was just as the astronauts had described it. Now maybe I'm dead I thought and I am floating in the heaven.

Without warning I began falling. As my speed increased I saw the earth coming up faster and faster to greet me. I felt no pain and had no sensation except that of falling at a terrifically high rate of speed. I saw the Caribbean and it looked like I was going to impact just south of Jamaica.

I woke up with a sudden start. When I opened my eyes I appeared to be in a different room. The room was all white. There were two other beds next to mine, both empty. It was very quiet here. The only sound in the room was my breathing.

My face and neck were bandaged. With one hand I reached out and touched the bandages. I was in no pain. I was racking my brain trying to figure out why they had operated on my face when I noticed that my groin felt numb.

I reached down and felt my genitals. There were no bandages there but my testes were gone. I pulled the covers back and sat up. Pulling up my gown I pushed my penis to one side and found a small row of stitches along each side of my scrotum. I had been castrated!

My mind was a complete blank as to why they were doing this to me. I covered myself up and lay back down. Sleep came again. It was a dreamless sleep, nothing but blackness.

I was awakened by someone grabbing my arm. I looked up to see another tall black haired woman slip a blood pressure cuff on me. When she finished she wrote the figures on my chart and then pulled the covers back to examine my scrotum. She made some more notes and then left the room.

I hadn't attempted to engage her in conversation as the last time it resulted in a stinging slap. The other times my questions were met with stony silence. I desperately wanted to get some answers but didn't know how or if I was ever going to get them at all.

Several more days went by. I was fed twice a day and once a day a woman came in to examine my groin, face and chest. It was hard to keep track of time. The only thing I could do was to sit and wait until somebody talked to me.

After another exam one woman said to another: "He's ready."

They left without saying anything to me. The following morning I was taken to another room. The bandages were carefully removed and once again I was examined, this time by two women. I thought it was about time to say something. This had gone on long enough.

"Where am I?" I asked. The words sounded different like my voice had changed.

The two women looked at each other and then one of them replied:

“Dr Clark will see you tomorrow morning. She will talk to you.”

They took me back to my room. After the door clicked shut I went into the bathroom. In the small mirror above the sink I looked at the reflection of a young girls face. I put my hands up to my face because I couldn't believe the image that I saw in front of me. I spoke a few words to the mirror and found my voice didn't sound like me.

My lips were thicker, my cheekbones were more pronounced, my chin had been filled in a little, my nose appeared to have been reshaped and my Adams apple was reduced. I didn't feel any different. I was the same guy I had been before but now I had a girls' face. If someone had known me before I doubt if they would have recognized me now. Even my own stepmother might not know me.

I hadn't had much to eat since coming here so I figured I had lost some weight too. I went back to my bed. The day passed very slowly. After eating that nights' meal I felt very tired and I went right to sleep.

It seemed like I had just closed my eyes when a hand grabbed my arm. I awoke with a start.

A tall woman in white said in an authoritative voice:

“Get up. Go in the bathroom and shower. When you come back out here we'll get you dressed. Be quick about it.”

She watched me as I got out of bed. I took off my hospital gown and walked naked into the bathroom. I showered quickly and dried myself off. It felt good to be clean since I hadn't had a shower since leaving the

hotel the morning of my disappearance. I walked back out to where she was standing.

She handed me a pair of pink rubber pants with an elastic waistband and cuffs. Next was a pink rubber long sleeve shirt with elastic wristlets and neck line. A pair of pink socks and pink sneakers was last. When I finished tying the laces I looked up at her.

“Outside,” she barked.

I walked out of the room into the hallway.

“Left to the elevator,” she ordered.

Inside the elevator she pushed one of the buttons and I could feel us dropping. When it stopped we walked down a long corridor and then into an office.

“Wait here,” she said.

I took a seat in one of the leather chairs in front of the large desk. The nameplate on the desk said “Dr. Jane Clark.”

My mind was full of questions. If there was going to be an explanation for all of this I couldn't wait to here it. Time dragged on. Without my watch I had no idea how long I waited until the office door opened and another tall, black haired woman walked in.

Was everybody on this island a tall black haired woman? I asked myself. She was dressed all in white like everybody else and had a stethoscope around her neck. She sat down opposite me and smiled.

“Welcome to Amazonia Phyllis,” she said.

She had called me “Phyllis” I hadn't been called that since leaving Mrs. Danforth's house.

“What and where is Amazonia and why am I being kept here?” I asked. There was a bit of anger in my

voice, which I noticed was now softer and more melodic, like a woman's voice

"Calm down Phyllis. There is no need to be hostile. You are in a very safe place and you are being properly cared for and will be trained for the next part of your life."

"Trained for what?" I asked. "Why can't I go back to my family? You have no right to keep me here!"

Her face was impassive. It was like she had heard this a hundred times before.

"Calm down Phyllis, I am not going to tell you again. If you continue to act in this hostile and un lady like manner measures will be taken to restrain you."

I didn't like the sound of those "measures" so I leaned back in my chair to try and let my pulse return back to normal. Her comment about my being "un lady like" seemed rather odd since I was not a lady.

"What is Amazonia? I have never heard of it."

"Actually that is just what we call it. Only a select few even know of its' existence. You won't find this island on any map. Your boat was wrecked in a storm and you sort of fell into our laps."

"I don't want to be here I want to go home to my family. You can't keep me here against my will!"

"Oh but we can Phyllis. Phillip Anson died in that storm. Officially you don't exist. Here take a look."

She took a folded newspaper from her out basket and handed it to me. When I opened it up it was a copy of the Milwaukee Sunday edition. "Missing Milwaukee man's partial body found washed up on a Jamaican beach." I was stunned to say the least. I handed it back to her and she handed me another one.

“Page 22, left hand column.”

I opened the paper to that page. I saw my picture and read my obituary. I closed the paper and handed it back to her. As far as my family and the rest of the world for that matter was concerned, I was dead. No one would be looking for me. I had just fallen off the end of the earth. She smiled again.

“Now then Phyllis, lets get down to business shall we?”

I paused a minute as I thought about what she might be about to say. I had no real options at this point except to go along with what she and the others here wanted me to do. Maybe at some future time I could find a way out of this mess. For now the best thing for me to do was to keep my mouth shut and do as I was told.

“Ok,” I answered.

“Splendid. Now come with me please.”

She got up and opened the door. We walked down the long hallway and into another room. Near the back was a tub full of a pink substance. There was a control box to one side of it.

“Take off your clothes please.”

After I undressed she placed clear plastic cups over my eyes and slid a nose clamp over my nostrils. She inserted plugs in both of my ears then handed me a snorkel like tube.

“Get in the tub and breathe thru this tube. This will take about twenty minutes.”

I could hear her somewhat muffled voice despite the earplugs. As I sat down in the pink stuff it had an abrasive feel to it. The fluid level rose to just below my

eyes. There was a distinct humming sound. I could feel the fluid swirling around me. It felt very good, almost sensual.

“Turn over please,”

I turned around. I supported myself with my arms so the fluid stayed near eye level. When the noise stopped she motioned for me to stand up. With a small hose she sprayed my body with warm water as the pink fluid drained from the tub. She handed me a large pink fluffy towel.

“Dry yourself off and then get dressed. I will be back in a few minutes.”

She left the room and I began toweling myself dry. I sat on the edge of the tub and dried my feet. My skin felt very soft, almost like a woman’s, and I had a delicate feminine scent.

I examined my body carefully and found I no longer had any body hair. I had been completely denuded of ANY hair. I rubbed my cheeks and could feel no stubble or even fuzz there either. There was no mirror so I couldn’t see my face but it appeared that my entire body was now hair free.

I got dressed. Dr. Clark returned just as I finishing tying the laces of my pink sneakers.

“Lets’ get you a room,” she said.

I walked out to the hall way. We went down several corridors and then stopped in front of a large door. She placed her finger on a small keypad and a green light came on. The door slid open and we walked thru it. It was another corridor. The rooms were numbered. We stopped at number nine. She opened the door and we walked in.

The room was small. Everything was pink. The floor and ceiling were white but everything else was pink. The small bed, sheets, pillow case, the chair, and in the bathroom so were the towels and washcloth. It was a very feminine décor to say the least.

“For the time being you will stay here. There is a schedule on the door. Adhere to it. We will talk again at the end of the week.”

She turned and left. I was still without answers to a lot of questions. I looked at the schedule. There were periods of time for exercise, “study” and meals. Above the schedule there was a map of the floor where my room was located. The admonition at the bottom said “Do not leave your floor and do not speak to the other students.”

If they were others here and this was a school what were we being trained for? I looked over my pink surroundings. There was an alarm clock on the table next to the bed. It read ten forty five. I checked the schedule and I saw there was an exercise period at eleven. I looked at the floor diagram and left the room.

I turned right and walked to the end of the hall where there were treadmills and stationary bikes. An attendant showed me a schedule where the number nine listed the times I was to spend on each machine.

I got on a treadmill and the attendant entered the number nine before starting the machine. I walked for thirty minutes and then pedaled for thirty minutes. When I finished the attendant said “lunch” and pointed to the door at the end of the room.

I followed others in pink rubber. They all were young men of short stature and some of them still had facial bandages. We all took a seat at a table. Each one

of us was handed a fruit salad and a large glass of what appeared to be milk but thicker. When we finished we all went back to our rooms. An attendant followed me and once inside the room she pointed out the small TV above the table.

“Start with number one and continue for each study period.”

She left the room.

I found DVD#1 labeled “deportment” and inserted it in the player just under the flat screen TV on the wall above the table. I turned it on and adjusted the volume.

A beautiful woman appeared and began to talk about feminine movement. I watched fascinated as she explained the proper way for a lady to walk, sit, get up, hold a cup and saucer, knife and fork. When it was over I tried getting something else on the TV but couldn't.

After another workout we ate again. I had a small piece of wheat bread, some chicken, and green beans as well as another glass of the thick white drink. There was no desert. Nobody said anything to us. I was tempted to ask one of the other men something but remembered the admonishment at the bottom of the schedule.

Back in my room I watched DVD#2. This time the same woman talked about voice modulation. She explained the proper technique of speaking in a soft, modulated and feminine voice. When the tape was finished I ejected it and put it with the others.

So what was going on here? Were we all going to be turned into women? The others, like myself, had been castrated, surgically altered somewhat and were now undergoing the same training as I was. I supposed they

had been given shots too, but their contents were still a mystery to me.

That night before getting on the treadmill I was given some knee high nylon stockings and fitted for a pair of three inch heel, black leather pumps. The attendant watched all of us. Her only instruction was to follow the instructions in DVD#1. I had walked in high heels before so I adapted readily as opposed to some of the others who were occasionally corrected by the attendant.

The week continued. Exercise periods were longer and more strenuous. The rubber suits made us sweat profusely. That combined with our Spartan diet insured that all of us were losing weight.

The three inch heel pumps were exchanged for four inch heel pumps. This proved a little bit trickier for some of the men but I already knew I could manage and walked quite easily in them. Our girly walk, with elbows in, arms across our bodies and hands dangling at the wrist seemed the please the attendants.

I sat down with Dr. Clark following my afternoon workout and supper. I thought for sure it was a Friday. We all had been on schedule for five days straight. I now had an alarm clock so I knew the approximate time of the day we were meeting.

“Take your clothes off please,” she asked.

I stripped in front of her. She glanced briefly at my scrotum and then placed her hands under my nipples. She squeezed gently and then felt my face with one hand. When she finished she produced that awfully large needle and gave me another injection.

“Please get dressed,” she asked.

She walked around the desk and sat down. I put on my rubber suit, socks and shoes then sat down opposite her.

“What does that needle contain?” I asked politely.

“It’s for your own good health,” she replied with a bemused look on her face. “Everything you get here is for your good health and well being. You needn’t concern yourself with anything.”

“What are we being trained for? All those tapes are for women. We are men and walking in high heels is not for men....”

Her serious stare stopped me cold. She looked as if she was about to get up, lean over her desk, and smack me across the face.

“As I said to you once before you sort of fell into our laps. All of our trainees were recruited by our representatives worldwide or they were sent here by someone in their family who knows this training is in their best interests. When you finish your training and get your assignment you will understand.”

“Yes but I don’t want an assignment. I want to go back to my family,” I replied.

“I told you this isn’t going to happen,” she said in a louder voice. “So don’t mention it AGAIN!”

I sank back a little further in my chair. She did the same. The stern expression on her face changed to a more pleasant one.

“When we first found you we did some checking. We have resources you wouldn’t believe.”

She paused and opened her desk drawer. From a brown envelope she removed two photographs. She handed me one. It was a picture of me in the gold satin sheath playing the piano at Mrs. Danforths'. I gave it back to her and she handed me the other one. It was me in my pink sissy serving dress. I was bending over slightly as I poured one of Mrs. Danforth's guests a drink. My skirt had ridden up a bit and my lacy pink panties were partially visible.

"I was working for Mrs. Danforth when those were taken. Those were just costumes I wore while I played for her guests or served the drinks and food. It wasn't because I wanted to become a woman like I think you're trying to do to us," I said in a squeaky, dry voice.

"Of course," she said as she looked at me with that smirk on her face. "Our sources indicate you enjoyed mincing effeminately about in your stilettos as you served. You also enjoyed applying your makeup and getting dressed in your feminine finery. That wouldn't by any chance be a lie would it?"

"Well no, but I was paid \$1500.00 a month. I probably would have enjoyed wearing a burlap sack. I mean I needed the money so what?"

"I see. Well I think you enjoy your feminine self more than you think. You sound like a lot of our students here. They try hard to put on a brave macho face, defending their actions, when they all really want the same thing."

"The same thing, what do you mean?"

"You know very well what I mean. Look at you. You're hardly what a woman would call the "macho" type. You like solitude and enjoy serving other people.

In addition your physicality is more along the lines of a female than a male. You have a pretty face, much prettier now after surgery, a narrow build, small hands and feet."

"Your secret dream, like the others, is to be able to live enveloped in femininity. You love wearing lingerie, dresses and heels. You know how good you look with makeup and take great care in applying it. You got a real charge out of the way some of the men at those parties looked at you. Am I really wrong here?"

I thought about all the things she had said. She leaned back in her chair again and smiled.

"See, you have nothing to go back for. We will prepare you for the lifestyle you have secretly desired. All we ask is that you follow our teachings. You must keep yourself fit and trim of course and always present the proper appearance for whatever the occasion demands."

"Now then, is that so hard for you to understand? Whether or not you want to admit it you are about to have your dream of a perfect lifestyle come true. What could be better?"

I was at a loss for words. She had me alright. Physically and emotionally she was right about me and I had no doubt all of the others too. We had been living a lie with little or no hope of living the life that we really wanted to live.

"I thought so," she had answered me before I had a chance too.

"Go back to your room and continue. That's all for now."

I left her office. I slept much better that night.

The time that followed was much more enjoyable. The daily schedules continued as well as the shots. My skin had developed a very nice rosy, feminine glow, especially my face. There were now the beginnings of two mounds of flesh under my nipples.

Those shots we were getting were female hormones. My nails and hair had grown longer too but we were forbidden to cut them.

The DVD training continued with make up instruction, then hair, wig, nail, and uniform care. My weight had dropped and I doubted if I weighed much more than one hundred and thirty pounds. I felt very healthy and with each passing day I cared less and less about returning home.

Whether it was the hormones or the fact that I had accepted my situation I didn't know but to be truthful at this point I didn't care. I was just going to have to stick it out come what may. I had no past and a very uncertain future ahead of me.

Our other training continued. It included cleaning methods, cooking, and particularly the proper serving techniques most of which I had already mastered at Mrs. Danforths'. Our exercise times were increased even though we were all fit and trim. I knew by now all of us had lost a considerable amount of weight.

We were all walking a mile a day in six inch stiletto heels now. This was as high as we would need. The instructor said we would be in four or five inch stilettos most of the time but six would occasionally be required depending on the whim of our new employers. I wondered idly what other "whims" those new employers might have.

I lost track of the days. If it wasn't for the little pink alarm clock I wouldn't know the approximate time of the day either. Not that I cared. The shots we were getting, or maybe it was something in our food or beverages, seemed to be changing my mood & thinking.

After passing a written test and the practical test of mincing coquettishly about the dining room in six inch stiletto pumps serving drinks to several members of the staff we all got our final shots.

We were told that we would be leaving in the morning. Our rubber suits were exchanged for a pink bra, a pair of pink panties and a pink pantsuit to wear with our pink socks and sneakers.

That night as I showered I looked over my feminized body. I had begun developing a very nice pair of breasts. My penis had shrunk considerably. My skin was very smooth and as hair free as could be. That, along with the facial surgery, had transformed me into an attractive young woman despite the fact that I was still a biological male.

After a very early breakfast we were all given a perm, manicure, and pedicure. Both finger and toenails sported bright pink nail polish. We were given a large pink make up case. We made ourselves up and went back to our room to wait.

Looking in my bathroom mirror at the lipsticked mouth and pink rouged cheeks of the pretty girl staring back at me I could hardly believe it was the same young man that had swum ashore on the beach a short time ago. I examined my pink nails and momentarily thought about Vivian and what she might say if she could see me now.

At lunch there was just me and two others. We ate our salads and then went back to our respective rooms. Following our evening meal there was just me and one other "girl". It had been a long day just sitting around waiting to be called. We had been given several movies on DVD and that helped to pass the time.

I was getting tired. The last movie ended and I hoped to be getting out of here soon. The door suddenly opened and a tall woman in white said:

"Let's go!"

I got up, grabbed my case, and walked ahead of her down the hall to an intersecting hall. The other girl, accompanied by another tall woman in white walked ahead of us. I wasn't sure if this was the end of a long journey or the beginning of a new one.

In any case there was no turning back now. My life, whatever it would consist of, was going to be ahead of me. What was behind me was going to stay there.

We walked to the end of the corridor and turned left. We went thru another door into what appeared to be a loading dock area. There were piles of boxes everywhere. A limo was parked just outside the large open overhead door.

The girl ahead of me got in the limo and slid over. Looking up I saw a zillion stars in the night sky. The same stars Vivian was probably looking at back home. The woman in white handed me a brown envelope as I got in the limo.

"Do not open this until you arrive at your destination," she said curtly.

I nodded and got in the limo. The door slammed shut and I heard the locks click as the driver put the limo in gear. I glanced briefly at the girl beside me but

her eyes were straight ahead. I turned to look to the front too.

It wasn't long before the limo stopped. A woman in a black pantsuit opened the door. We both got out. It was still dark as we were escorted to a large private jet waiting on the tarmac. The engines made a low white as we ascended the boarding ladder.

We took our seats in the rear of the plane. I saw about a dozen people up front as I took my seat. The door closed behind us and the seat belt sign came on. The engine whine increased in pitch and we began moving slowly away from where we had been parked.

I suddenly felt very afraid. Panic surged thru me as the jet began to pick up speed. I looked out the window and saw the runway lights going by faster and faster. The plane tilted up and I saw the runway fall away from me.

We were airborne. My pulse raced. I didn't know where I was going. I wanted desperately to get out of the plane and run back home. The plane leveled off and the seat belt sign went out. I began to calm down. I reminded myself that there was nothing for me to go back too.

A beautiful blonde flight attendant handed me and the girl next to me a pink lady. The drink had a fruity taste. Moments after finishing it I got very sleepy. I reclined my seat. The girl next me had too and she was already asleep.

The flight was a very smooth one. The flight attendant woke us both up. I had no watch so I had no idea how long we had been airborne. We both brought our seats upright. After both of us used the restroom in the rear of the plane the flight attendant brought us a cup

of coffee. Normally I would have refused but I felt I needed a little caffeine.

Shortly the seatbelt sign came on again. We finished our coffee and fastened our belts. The landing was as smooth as the flight. I looked out the window as we taxied to see if I could recognize where we had landed. The sun was shining brightly and it appeared to be a beautiful day wherever we were.

The plane pulled into a large hanger. The engines quieted down and then shut off. The door up front opened and those passengers got off first. When they had deplaned the two of us were led out the back door. I was a little stiff from the flight but soon found my "land legs".

The flight attendant led us into an office where a stout woman in a customs uniform waited behind a small table. She went thru our cosmetic cases and then tore open the brown envelopes that we had been given just before leaving the island. She stamped the papers inside and then returned everything to us.

There were two men in chauffeur's uniforms waiting near the door at the end of the room. One held a sign that said "Marjorie" and the other held one that read "Phyllis". The girl ahead of me went out the door with the first man and I went with the second.

Marjorie got into her limo and I got into mine. I buckled my seat belt and we drove off. As we got on a main highway we accelerated and the road curved somewhat. I looked out the rear window to see an overhead sign across the way that read: "Heathrow Airport" with an arrow indicating the exit ramp. Well at least now I knew where I was.

As I rode I decided to look in the brown envelope. There were three items inside. One was a letter of introduction to a Mrs. Frederic Langworthy. The second was a birth certificate with the name Phyllis Anson. I looked closer to find it showed I had been born in London, England. Under "parents' name" was a single word: "Orphaned" and in the box for sex was the letter "F". The third item was a British passport also indicating that I was a female. Inside was a temporary visa to visit the island of Jamaica. Both the passport and the visa had entrance and exit days and times stamped.

Dr. Clark had been right. They had resources I wouldn't have believed. If things like this could be arranged on very short notice what else would they be capable of? I guess I just didn't want to think about that.

Apparently I had left England thirty days ago and was now returning. Essentially I was now a British citizen and a female one at that. I wondered if the removal of my male organ was in the near future. I put the items back in the envelope and settled back in my seat to enjoy the rest of the ride.

The scenery changed from busy highways and buildings to green countryside with trees. I guessed that a little over an hour had passed since I had deplaned. The coffee was keeping me wide awake but I would need to use the restroom soon. I tapped the glass in front of me and it lowered slightly.

"Will it be much longer, I need to use the restroom," I asked the driver.

"We are almost there," replied the driver. "Another ten minutes."

I nodded and the driver closed the glass partition. My new life would begin in just ten minutes. I was going to meet someone I would probably spend the rest of my life with. I felt a little panicky again. What if she was a disagreeable person? What if she was very demanding or treated me in a disrespectful or mean spirited way?

The limo turned off the highway. We were moving slowly down a long driveway with beautiful trees on either side. We stopped at the front of a beautiful estate. The driver opened the door and extended his hand. With my envelope and case in one hand I placed my other in his hand as I stepped out.

“You are home,” he said with a smile.

It took a minute for my eyes to get used to the bright sunlight. A woman approached me from the front of the house. I walked towards her slowly as the driver got back in the limo. She extended her hand.

“Hello, I am Mrs. Langworthy, your new employer. Please address me as Madame Langworthy during your stay here,” She said as I placed my hand in hers and gave it a limp squeeze.

“I know you want to freshen up a bit so please come with me and I will show you to your quarters.”

I handed her the brown envelope. She removed the letter of introduction and gave the rest back to me. I noticed the grounds were immaculately manicured as I followed her inside the house. This place looked like it was something you would see on a picture postcard.

I followed her upstairs and down the hall to my room. It was large for a bedroom, it least for what I thought a bedroom should be. The décor was all pink and white of course. A well lighted vanity sat between

a large dresser and the four poster bed with a pink satin canopy and pink chiffon sides to match the pink drapes and thick, plush, pink carpeting.

“You freshen up and then come to the living room. I will have the downstairs maid serve us tea.”

She left. I surveyed my beautiful pink kingdom. I set the envelope and my case on the vanity. It was fully stocked with a dozen shades of lipsticks, bottles of nail polish, palettes of blusher, cleansers, cotton balls and numerous other items to keep a girl looking her best. The entertainment center was to the right.

In the bathroom I sat down to pee like I had been used to doing. The ceiling, trim and floor were white but the wall tiles, hamper, commode, bathtub and sink were pink. When I finished I washed my hands with the pink perfumed soap and dried them on the pink fluffy towel.

Inside the cupboard I found additional pink towels, washcloths, and several sets containing perfumed soap, bubble bath crystals, dusting powder, and small bottles of similarly scented perfume bottles. Talk about the fantasy of a girly, feminized version of heaven!

On the massive closet's top shelf I found a dozen wigs of various styles and colors. The clothing and shoe racks were empty and so were the drawers of the large dresser. Presumably I was going to be outfitted with a new wardrobe shortly.

I went back to the vanity and checked my appearance. To be on the safe side I opened my case and took out the pink lipstick and blusher. I smoothed some powder on my cheeks and applied some more lipstick. It was still hard to believe the reflection in the mirror.

Satisfied I went downstairs to the massive living room where Mrs. Langworthy was waiting for me. She looked me over carefully as I walked towards her. I remembered my training and walked slowly with a girlish gait. She motioned me to sit next to her on the massive davenport.

“Sit here, Sissy Maid Phyllis,” she said. “We have a lot to discuss before you begin your duties.”

I sat down and briefly surveyed the elegant surroundings before turning to look at her. She picked up a small bell and rang it. Almost immediately a maid appeared carrying a tray with a small pot of tea, two cups on saucers and a container of cream and one of sugar. She curtseyed, set the tray on the coffee table, and poured us each a cup of tea.

“Cream or sugar?” she asked me in a soft girly voice.

“No thank you, I replied as we picked up our cups.

I had looked the sissy maid in the eye and she had quickly looked away but I knew she was still a male like me. Her hair, nails, and makeup were as impeccable as was her sharply tailored maid’s uniform.

“Thank you Sissy Maid Alice, you may go now.”

Sissy Maid Alice curtseyed politely and left us walking perfectly on her stiletto pumps. Mrs. Langworthy turned her attention to me as we each took a sip of our tea.

“I know you have had a long journey but it is necessary for me to get you acquainted with your duties and responsibilities right away. My husband Donald is the CEO of the British Division of Langworthy Software Inc. We live in the city but on weekends we come here

to relax. Sometimes we entertain guests for business and sometimes it is a social gathering”



“You will be my upstairs maid. You will be responsible for keeping the upstairs spotless. That means, vacuuming the carpets and furniture, dusting, cleaning the mirrors and all the windows in the bedrooms as well as the hallway, bathrooms, and of course the carpeted stairway. In addition you will assist the other maids when they ask you too.”

“When my guests are here for a week or just the weekend you will respond to their requests ASAP. On the front of the small entertainment center in your room is an intercom box. When you hear the bell, answer it right away and see to the guests needs. The room number will be displayed on the front above the speaker. I can’t emphasize enough of the importance of being prompt. When they leave you will change the bedding and put out fresh towels. There is a laundry chute near the stairs for the dirty linen.”

“You will be given a schedule of your duties as well as what uniform, wig, and make up schemes to wear. Whether you are on duty or not you must always present a most feminine appearance and of course you must act accordingly. A sissy maids’ department must be very proper, just like they taught you at Amazonia. You must always behave in a mincing, effeminate and coquettish manner.”

“Check your appearance in the mirror before beginning work, or before I take you to the doctor for your shots, the dentist, or shopping to replenish your supply of make up or lingerie. There is no excuse for a chipped nail, smeared lipstick, crooked seams in your hose, mussed hair or wig and failing to scent yourself each day with the delightfully feminine scented products that I have provided for you in the bath sets or on your

vanity. You will find a min-gym in the basement. You must continue your rigorous exercise routine to keep your feminine figure."

She paused momentarily to take a sip of her tea. I did likewise. She smiled and continued to speak in her soft but authoritative voice. Perhaps this wasn't going to be a bad experience like I had feared.

"Tomorrow I will take you to see Ms. Eleanor. She has been providing maid uniforms, clothes, shoes and accessories for sissy maids like you as well as hundreds of gay, transgendered, and of course many straight men who enjoy crossdressing world wide for over twenty years. The measurements that were taken at Amazonia were faxed to her and we must go there to insure everything fits you properly."

I nodded and took another dainty sip of my tea. I made sure to extend my little finger while holding the tea cup as I had been instructed to do so when I was on the island. This woman certainly had everything planned out to the last detail. Any negative thoughts I might have had about this had been quickly dispelled by her calm and professional demeanor.

"Slip this on and we will go into the kitchen. You can have something to eat. Afterwards you will go to your room and stay there until I call for you early tomorrow."

She handed me a pink ladies watch. I slipped it on my wrist. The band was a perfect fit and the shade of pink matched my nails.

"Thank you Madame Langworthy," I said as we got up.

I set my teacup down and followed her into the kitchen. Another sissy maid was there. Madame

Langworthy left and I took a seat at the table. I was given a small bowl of vegetable soup, a tuna fish sandwich and a glass of 1% milk. When I finished the sissy maid cleared the table and I went back upstairs to my room.

I walked over to the entertainment center. Below the forty inch LCD TV was a DVD player and a laptop computer with a seventeen inch screen. I opened the laptop and Googled "Ms. Eleanor."

The website that appeared came as no surprise to me. Ms. Eleanor was a very beautiful woman who had started a business dressing English gentlemen in feminine apparel twenty four years ago. In the beginning she had converted a bedroom into a sewing room and tailor made French maid uniforms for her customers. She expanded her business to include high heel shoes, wigs, lingerie and a line of makeup designed especially for sissy maids or men who wish to pass as women.

Over the years her business volume increased to the point where she had to hire additional seamstresses to work for her. The internet brought a huge increase again and now had she had twelve employees. Five years ago she added a subscription porn section to her website that depicted her cross dressed stable of male sissies and maids in sexually explicit scenes.

I back tracked to the Google home page and clicked on "Gmail." There was an immediate pop up with a warning: "NO EMAIL IS AVAILABLE FROM THIS COMPUTER. DO NOT ATTEMPT THIS AGAIN." I clicked the red "X" and then exited the internet.

I shut off the computer and picked up the TV remote. The satellite connection brought in stations from just about anywhere. I watched some American TV programs and then decided to get ready for bed.

I took a hot steamy bubble bath. After drying off I dusted myself liberally with the delightfully sweet scented body powder. I brushed my teeth with the pink toothbrush and put on my pink bra and panties again.

It felt so good when I slid between the pink satin sheets. My head nestled comfortably on the pink satin pillow case covering the pillow. It didn't take long for me to fall asleep nestled in my feminine cocoon.

The alarm clock woke me up at seven. I dressed in my pink pantsuit, pink socks and sneakers. I applied pink blusher and lipstick. As I looked myself over in the mirror there was a knock on the door. Mrs. Langworthy entered. She looked me over briefly.

"Good morning Sissy Maid Phyllis, I trust you slept well?"

"Yes I did. The bed and satin linen is very comfortable."

"Let's go down to the kitchen and we will have breakfast."

I followed her downstairs. Breakfast consisted of two small slices of wheat toast with vegetable spread and honey washed down with a glass of chilled pineapple juice. The kitchen sissy maid cleared the table when we were finished.

There was a limo waiting outside when we left the house. It was about a forty five minute ride to another magnificent home in the country. Mrs. Langworthy pushed the door bell.

Shortly a sissy maid answered the door, curtsied, and let us in. He wore a purple satin mini dress, white apron, fishnet stockings, black stiletto pumps and a black wig topped with a large purple satin sissy bow.

His lipstick and nail polish were purple as well. As I walked past him I caught the scent of some very sweet perfume.

“Ms. Eleanor is expecting you in the fitting room. Please come with me,” He said in a soft, melodic voice.

We followed the sissy maid as he minced perfectly in his high heel stilettos to the fitting room that was down a corridor and off the living room. Upon entering the large room he curtseyed again in front of Ms. Eleanor.

“Ms. Eleanor your eight am is here.”

“Thank you Sissy Maid Bobbi, you may go.”

The sissy maid curtseyed and left as Ms. Eleanor walked over to us. She was elegantly dressed in a pink satin sissy blouse with the straps tied in a huge bow under her chin, a black slim skirt and black leather stiletto pumps. Her makeup was impeccable, soft pink blusher and lipstick much like my own. She eyed me up and down as Mrs. Langworthy introduced us.

“Ms. Eleanor, this is my new upstairs sissy maid, Phyllis Anson.”

I extended my hand and gave hers a polite, soft, girly squeeze.

“I’m very pleased to meet you Ms. Eleanor,” I said as I dropped her hand.

“You are a lovely maid Phyllis and I am pleased to meet you as well. Would you please step behind the dividers over there and undress”

I walked behind the dividers. As I undressed there were some muted giggles. I stepped out and stood in front of them. They were both looking at me with be-

mused looks. I wasn't sure if they were sharing a private joke or they just found feminized men humorous.

For the next two hours I was in and out of foundation garments, hose, petticoats, dresses, and high heel shoes. I was amazed at the collection that Mrs. Langworthy had amassed and was surprised to learn that this was only part of the entire wardrobe that I would be getting.

It came as no surprise that alterations were unnecessary. The garments were well tailored to the measurements that had been sent to her by the staff at Amazonia.

I had never felt so deliciously feminine as when I tried on the satin and taffeta dresses over the petticoats. I was proud of the feminine image I presented to these women. They seemed to sense it too as I walked back in forth in front of them.

When we were finally done I got dressed in my pink pantsuit again. Sissy Maid Bobbi returned and began helping Ms. Eleanor box up my wardrobe. Everything would be delivered to us within the hour. As we got back in the limo I couldn't wait to get back home and get dressed in one of my uniforms.

"We have one more stop to make before returning home," said Mrs. Langworthy.

Another thirty minutes went by and we pulled into a parking lot behind a small white office building. We went inside to an office down the hall. Behind the counter a receptionist in white greeted us.

"This is Phyllis Anson. She has an eleven thirty appointment with Dr. Edna Whitestone."

The receptionist checked her computer and then announced "Of course, please have a seat. The doctor will be with you momentarily."

We sat down in the small lobby area. I was still thinking about those dresses when a nurse came out of the door adjoining the counter.

"Phyllis Anson?" she asked.

I got up and followed her down a short hallway and into an exam room.

"Please take off all your clothes, put them on the chair and get on the exam table."

The nurse left and I began to undress. It was a bit cool in the room as I lay down on the table. There was a knock on the door and a short, grey haired woman with granny glasses came into the room.

"I'm Dr. Whitestone Phyllis, I understand you will be working for Mrs. Langworthy?"

"Yes," I answered.

She began by examining my genitals and then my breasts.

"Sit up please,"

I sat up. I did some inhaling and exhaling followed by having my blood pressure and pulse rate checked. Then she weighed me and measured my height. After making some notes she put the chart down on the table.

From the cabinet above the table she removed a bottle and inserted a large needle in it. After drawing the prescribed amount she injected me. She did a rectal check, then pulled off her latex gloves and faced me.

"How do you feel overall Phyllis?" she asked.

“Fine,” I answered. I wanted to add that I had an aversion to most needles and particularly those that were that large.

“You couldn’t be in better health. I hope you will continue with your exercise and proper diet routine.”

“I will,” I replied.

She wrote on her prescription pad.

“You can get this filled at the counter near the front door. You may get dressed. Have a nice day and good luck with your new job.”

She left the room. As I dressed I was thinking about my “new job” too. I couldn’t help but smile thinking that it wasn’t like I had just graduated from college and was about to begin working for corporate America!

Mrs. Langworthy and I walked to the front of the building to get the prescription filled. On the label of the plastic bottle were the instructions to take one a day after my evening meal. The pink pills in the bottle were considerably larger than any type of pill that I had ever seen before. “1000mg” was imprinted on the sides of the pills.

We got in the limo and headed back to the house. When we arrived there was a white panel delivery truck at the front of the house. The limo pulled in along side of it. The truck had no markings on the sides and the driver was just pushing a handcart out of the front door. As we got out he put the hand truck in the back of the van and backed away from the house.

“Good, all of your things are here. There will be more coming in due time but this will be enough to insure that you are properly attired for your maid duties.”

I followed her into the house. She stopped at the desk and took a box cutter out of one of the drawers.

We went upstairs to my room. There were several boxes in the hall outside of my room. Inside there were many more. It took us several hours before we had everything unpacked. The clothing was on hangers, shoes in the shoe rack and the lingerie in my dresser drawers. We went down to the kitchen and ate a light supper.

When we finished eating she gave me my schedule and then excused herself. She would be going back to the city for a several days. If I had any questions I should just ask one of the other sissy maids in residence. I nodded and went upstairs to my room.

Once inside I put the schedule on my vanity table and the pills in the bathroom cabinet. Then I went right to my dresser drawers to look at the selection of lingerie we had just put away. Foundation garments, panty and garter belt sets, panty hose and stockings, and of course peignoirs, chemises, and waltz gowns to sleep in. All were topped with a small cake of perfumed soap.

Each bra, panty and garter belt set came in a dark and a light version of red, blue, green, yellow, orange, purple, and pink except for white and black. The panties were all brief style and came in both satin and nylon tricot with four rows of ruffles along the back. The waist, leg elastic, and ruffles were in a contrasting color. I couldn't wait to get dressed.

I walked over to the closet and opened both sliding doors. The shoe rack on the bottom held four inch stiletto heel pumps and sandals in colors to match the bra and panty sets as well as fuzzy toed slippers to match the sleepwear.

The single pair of pink running shoes looked a little bit lonely sitting off to one side under the pink sweat suit hanging above it. It was almost as if the rest of the shoes didn't want to be near it. Maybe they sensed it was an orphan, like me.

There was also two pair of black leather pumps with five and six inch stiletto heels respectively. As much as I had been trained to walk in high heels I was hoping that I would not have to spend too much time in pumps with heels that high.

The maid uniforms were of two styles. The mini dresses were of both puff sleeve and long sleeved versions. The mid length had a hem just above the knee and came in the same two styles. Both styles came in the traditional black and colors to match the bra and panty sets. All were made of satin.

The petticoats were in two lengths to fit both styles of dresses and were also in the same colors. There was two of each since Ms. Eleanor had recommended wearing two to better flare out the skirt of the dress. It would also insure the skirt of the dress would bounce from the jarring effect of the stiletto pumps when the sissy maid walked.

There was a large box next to the wigs that hadn't been there before. When I opened it I found that it contained a selection of 3" X 6" satin sissy bows in colors to match the dresses as well as several maid caps, lacy chokers, wristlets and gloves. Mrs. Langworthy certainly had spent a considerable sum of money to outfit me.

I took a luxurious bubble bath. As I dried off I looked at my skin. What ever that bath of pink stuff at Amazonia was it certainly had done its' job. I couldn't find a hair anywhere. The shots were working quite

well too. My skin had become much softer and the size of my breasts had increased a little more too.

I brushed my teeth and took one of the pink pills. After dusting myself with the perfumed body powder I slipped on a royal blue satin chemise. I stood in front of the full length mirror admiring the beautiful girl looking back at me.

Sliding on pink satin sheets into bed wearing a satin chemise was an erotic experience in itself. I felt very calm, peaceful and of course quite feminine to say the least.

I closed my eyes and prayed that I was not living a dream. The last thing I wanted to do right now was to wake up and find myself on that beach with a rescue boat coming thru the surf to take me back to the Midwest and my previous life there.

The alarm clock went off the next morning and I got up feeling very rested. I put on black lingerie and fishnet stockings. After applying red blusher, lipstick, and eye makeup I scented myself liberally with perfume. I went over to the closet and stepped into two, white, mid length petticoats and brought them up to my waist.

There was a large safety pin on a forty inch shoe string that had been hooked to the eye of the black mid length taffeta maid's uniform. After putting it on I reached behind me and pulled the shoe string up and over my shoulder, closing the zipper.

What a clever idea I thought. I opened the safety pin, unhooked it from the eye of the zipper and set it on the shelf. I took the choker, wristlets and one of the maid's caps out of the box and put them on. I stepped in the black leather four inch stiletto heel pumps and

walked over to the full length mirror on the bedroom door. I was a very pretty French sissy maid indeed.

I walked with confidence down to the kitchen to eat my breakfast. The other sissy maids were there and I met Sissy Maid Danielle who was in charge of the place when Ms. Langworthy was gone. As we ate she went over the things I was scheduled to do that day.

Back upstairs I applied a little more lipstick before going down the hall to the closet where the cleaning equipment was kept. I worked thru out the morning taking my time with each task to be sure I was doing a proper job. I went down for lunch about twelve thirty.

Sissy Maid Danielle followed me back upstairs to check on the work I had done that morning. She was pleased at my attention to detail so I knew that Mrs. Langworthy would be pleased as well.

The day was over before I knew it. After supper I went back upstairs to watch some TV. I felt good about the work I had done that day.

The fact that I was behaving in the effeminate, sissified manner in which I and the other maids here had been taught had not been lost on me either. It had become second nature to me. Almost like I had been doing it all my life and didn't know any other way.

The week passed. Mrs. Langworthy returned about one pm on Friday to get ready for an evening dinner she was having for some friends. I was helping Sissy Maid Alice set the dining room table when she walked thru the door. She walked right over to me with a smile on her face. I stopped what I was doing and curtseyed politely in front of her.

“My, don't you look splendid Sissy Maid Phyllis!”

“Thank you Madame Langworthy,” I said as I stood before her. “I just love everything you got for me.”

She got closer and pulled up the skirt of my dress and petticoat. After looking at my matching panties and garter belt she dropped the hems and smoothed them out. She looked closely at my face and then examined my pink fingernails.

“I’ll have additional instructions regarding the dinner tonight for you and the other maids. For right now I want to freshen up. Please continue setting the table.”

“Yes Madame Langworthy,” I replied. I curtsayed again as she left the room.

I was pleased I had passed her inspection. I had no doubt she would go upstairs first and look everything over before returning to her large downstairs bedroom. Sissy Maid Alice and I finished setting the table.

We both sat in the kitchen awaiting Madame Langworthy’s return. Alice didn’t volunteer any conversation and neither did I. We had both been trained that sissy maids are to be seen and not heard. To speak only when spoken to and of course to obey without question any instructions.

When Mrs. Langworthy returned she briefed us on what to do at this evenings’ dinner. The cooks were busy preparing the menu so we were excused to our rooms. Sissy Maid Alice walked ahead of me to her downstairs room.

“Oh, and by the way Sissy Maid Phyllis, the upstairs looks just perfect. You did a good job, keep it up.”

I curtsayed politely. “Thank you Madame Langworthy I will.”



I went back upstairs to my room. I was quite relieved to know that she was pleased not only with my appearance and deportment but also with the work I had done during her absence. I didn't want to think about what the consequences of failure would be since I obviously had no where to go if she wanted to get rid of me. My only ID was a British passport and birth cer-

tificate. It wasn't like I was going to catch a flight back to the US or anywhere else for that matter.

Madame Langworthy's guests were all women that night. The sissy maids were all in black satin mini dresses and the black six inch stiletto heel pumps. None of us so much as wobbled even a little as we served Madame Langworthy and her guests. I couldn't help notice that a couple of the women were eyeing us a little more closely than the others. Had Madame Langworthy told them we were all feminized men?

After the guests left Madame Langworthy complimented all of us on our service skills. I helped clear the table and then while the others did the dishes I went back to my room. I turned on the news and began undressing. As much as I had come to enjoy wearing the high heel pumps it was a relief to take off those six inch heel stilettos. I was glad it had only been for a few hours.

The next day I was off. I put on my makeup anyway and touched up my nails. There was always the possibility I might be called to duty if the occasion arose so I kept my chemise and fuzzy slippers on all day. It was so easy to relax in such very feminine sleepwear.

I always felt very girly in my feminine garments and was pleased with the feminine appearance that I presented. Like the song I enjoyed being a girl. Actually I wasn't a real girl of course. Like the other sissy maids I was just a feminized male, but I had become quite comfortable in my own femininity even if it was created, not natural.

Another week went by. Time flies when you are having fun. I enjoyed my work as well as my relationship with the other sissy maids. There was no jealousy

here like you might find with any other group of female employees.

Of course we were still all males, at least biologically speaking. More importantly we all knew the importance of presenting and maintaining the most feminine appearance possible whether we were cleaning or serving. As a result, though the conversations amongst our selves were kept to a minimum we did share tips for makeup, hair and wig care.

In addition we also checked each other out to be sure there was not a hair out of place in exact accordance with Mrs. Langworthy's wishes. Sissy Maid Danielle was in charge of us but we all made sure each of us looked our feminine best at all times.

The last Saturday of the month I had just finished cleaning the upstairs. Mrs. Langworthy was coming up the steps with a garment bag in one hand. I curtsayed politely as she got to the top of the stairs.

"I'm having some friends over tomorrow night for a little tea and coffee chat about some upcoming charity work. I need you to play some background music. I have something special for you to wear. Lets' go into your room and see how it fits."

Inside my room she unzipped me and I took off my maids' dress. I stepped out of my petticoats and hung them and the dress up in the closet as she opened the garment bag. She held up a gorgeous floor length pink chiffon dress. She unzipped it and held it up by the hem.

The dress felt sumptuous as it flowed over me like a river of pink chiffon. I slipped my arms thru the billowy sleeves and fastened the four button cuffs while Mrs. Langworthy zipped me up. I took several steps

away from her and then twirled around several times. She was smiling broadly when I stopped.

“It’s a perfect fit my dear Phyllis. Please wear your pink stiletto sandals with it. Tomorrow morning after breakfast come to the piano alcove and pick out the music you think would be appropriate to play.

My guests will be arriving about sevenish so that will give you plenty of time to play your selections several times before they get here.”

I turned around so she could unzip me. She left and I hung up the dress in my closet. I watched a movie and then enjoyed my perfumed bubble bath. I had just slid between my pink satin sheets when a thought made me bolt upright.

How did Mrs.Langworthy know I played the piano? I couldn’t recall mentioning it to Dr. Clark in any of our conversations. There had been no conversations among the others in training on the island. I never said anything to my seatmate on the plane coming here nor did I mention it to anyone once I arrived here.

Dr. Clark’s words: “We have resources you wouldn’t believe” suddenly came back to me. If I had been investigated that thoroughly without arousing suspicion what else would they be capable of? It was a long time before I finally drifted off to sleep.

The next morning after breakfast I walked into the piano alcove. It had been hidden by a sliding partition that had looked like part of the wall. I sorted thru the books on top of the magnificent white piano and made my selections. I played several of them while Mrs. Langworthy sat and listened. When I finished I set the other books aside and began my duties for the day.

As much as I concentrated on the tasks at hand it still stuck in my head how she knew about my piano playing. Maybe it was a trivial thing but it still bugged me. I finished up for the day and later ate my supper in silence.

I got ready for the evenings performance. I used pink lipstick and blusher to match the dress. At six thirty I got behind the piano and adjusted the bench. I was now accustomed to playing in heels. Mrs. Langworthy had instructed me to wait until the first two couples had arrived.

There were six couples altogether. I played all the selections with a several minute break between each one and then played them again. I couldn't see much from the alcove and obviously could not hear any of their conversations. When the last of the guests left Mrs. Langworthy came over to me.

She was wearing a very sharp black jersey sheath and black stiletto pumps. A single strand pearl necklace and bracelet set it off nicely. Her smile told me she was pleased with the nights' performance.

"The music was beautiful. My guests wanted me to tell you they were very appreciative of your talents."

I stood up and smoothed out my dress.

"Thank you Madame Langworthy. I am so glad that you and your guests are pleased."

She departed and I went back upstairs to change. I guess it didn't matter how she had found out. I didn't think that there was a connection between Mrs. Danforth and Mrs. Langworthy. If there had been would Mrs. Danforth had said something to my mother about my alleged death? I didn't think so.

Maybe Dr. Morgan was right. They had resources I wouldn't believe.

Another month passed. I saw Dr. Whitestone again. When she finished her exam I got another shot. At the counter she turned to Mrs. Langworthy.

"At the rate he is blossoming I would suggest getting him new bras in about two months."

Mrs. Langworthy smiled. We stopped up front for a prescription refill and then left the building. After stopping at two stores in a nearby mall we had lunch. I couldn't help but notice she always observed me carefully. As we ate I made sure I took small, dainty bites of my food, and sipped my tea in lady like fashion. I also would touch up my blusher and lipstick before we left the table.

We never conversed much on these trips into town. You have to remember I was one of the help and not a friend or business associate. I knew my place. I was always polite and only spoke when she initiated the conversation. I didn't want to engage in a mindless gab fest like some women do.

The next month brought another recital. I wore a blonde wig and a black taffeta cocktail dress adorned with a huge black bow at the base of the zipper to match my black leather stiletto heel pumps. Along with my fire engine red nails, blusher and lipstick it made a stunning combination.

There were several serving sessions as well. I wore a gorgeous long sleeved jade green mid length dress at one and bright yellow mini dress at the other. Once again the guests were very pleased with the service they had received. Mrs. Langworthy always took the

time to let all her help know how much they were appreciated.

I had become settled into a routine not only for work but for my feminine needs as well. Work, shots & pills, manicures, pedicures and perms. I seldom wore the wigs as I had beautiful long hair now.

When I looked at myself in the mirror it was hard to believe the reflection I saw. Dr. Whitestone was right. I was about due for new bras. Even with adjustments these were getting a little tight.

I had continued with the rigorous exercise routine and had lost some more weight so new panties and garter belts were going to be on my list too.

All in all I was very happy. I loved my new feminine lifestyle. I loved my job too, despite being a servant, and a feminized male maid at that. The thought of ever going back to being a male was the farthest thing from my mind. At this juncture I couldn't imagine doing anything else.

It was hard to believe how quickly time was passing. With the fall weather I was given a hot pink raincoat with a liner, hot pink rubber boots and a pink rain hat. It was a very girly ensemble to say the least but of course but Mrs. Langworthy loved the way I the other "girls" looked in pink and so did we.

My trips to the doctor continued and of course I had a new selection of lingerie. My bras felt much more comfortable now. The nightgowns, especially the chemises which had been a bit loose when I first got them, were now a close, snug fit. I was very proud of my breast development. I was no longer using inserts.

The upcoming Halloween party would bring in more than the usual number of guests so plans were

made accordingly. Mrs. Langworthy's parties were always festive and people looked forward to her invitations regardless of the time of year.

That weekend Mrs. Langworthy had all of us dressed in orange satin with black frilly aprons and black five inch stiletto heel pumps. In addition we all had a black mask over our eyes and at the top of our black wigs there was an orange satin bow. Bright orange nails and lipstick completed our serving ensemble. Several guests seem delighted to see our bright orange satin panties with black ruffles as we bent over to serve other guests.

Everyone had a good time and I mean everyone. The sissy maids were having as much fun as the guests as we minced coquettishly about in our stiletto pumps serving the guests. Afterward Mrs. Langworthy forwarded complements all around.

The Christmas and New Years Eve parties were no different. All the sissy maids had received gifts of lingerie or sleepwear. Despite being supplied with everything it was always nice to receive personal items like that.

The Valentines' Day party had us all in red, from our lipstick and nails to our panties and heels. St. Patricks' Day was an all green ensemble to be sure.

The guests marveled not only at the way we looked but at our ability to provide such outstanding service while we balanced ourselves on those high heel stiletto pumps. Of course our effeminate movements had all become second nature to us. It was now ingrained in our nature. I guess it had become no different than someone else walking in flats.

With the cold, rainy weather behind us I was looking forward to the warmth of Spring and Summer. There would be afternoon teas as well as evening parties on the expansive patio. I was not the least bit unhappy to have left the frigid Midwest winters for the damp cold of England's shorter and milder winters.

Each night as I slipped between those lovely pink satin sheets I couldn't wait to get to sleep so I could get up the next day to get dressed in my feminine finery, make up and heels to begin the next days work.

I wonder how many people there were out there who would honestly make that statement. I hadn't thought about Vivian in a very long time. The life I once had on the farm had been absent from my thoughts. My only concern was the life I was leading here.

In April Mrs. Langworthy took me to see Dr. Whitestone again. My exam was a bit longer this time as she paid more attention to my breast development. She gave me another shot. After making some notes on my chart she left the exam room.

When I finished dressing I walked out to find Mrs. Langworthy talking with Dr. Whitestone at the counter. They both turned to me as I approached them.

"I think it is about time for you to make a decision. You are about as far along as you can go," said Dr. Whitestone.

"Would you like to remain a sissy maid Phyllis or do you want to become a woman and be a female maid?" asked Mrs. Langworthy.

Their statements had really taken me by surprise. I wasn't sure what my answer should be.

"I don't know," I answered truthfully.

"I understand how you feel Phyllis," said Dr. Whitestone. "It is an irrevocable step you know. Why don't you think about it some more. We will talk again when you come in next month for your shot."

We stopped to get some more pills and then left the clinic. Mrs. Langworthy did some shopping at the mall and then we stopped for lunch. As we began to eat our salads she looked at me and smiled.

"I know this is a big step to take," she began. "I am pleased to have you here working for me. I want you to stay. You are a most charming sissy maid and you have done a fine job. Watching you I know you have become very happy in your femininity."

"Like my other sissy maids you take great pride in your appearance and have always maintained the proper feminine look that I require. My guests have always been pleased with your service skills and musical ability. In addition I am also very happy with your cleaning and other housekeeping chores."

She took a sip from her drink and then placed her hand on mine. Looking into my eyes she smiled.

"Take your time. Whatever you decide I am behind you 100%. You will always be welcome in my home."

"Thank you very much, I appreciate your sentiments," I said.

We finished our meal and the limo took us back home. There was no conversation. I was deep in thought about the prospect of the surgery. It wouldn't really change anything regarding my work or my living arrangement.

It would just be me that would be physically changed. I mean anyone looking at me now would hardly guess that I was a male. My feminine beard free

face, ample breast development, satin smooth legs and skin. I was always wearing feminine apparel. To the outside world nothing would have appeared to have changed.

My passport, visa, and the English birth certificate already had me listed as a female. Perhaps that had been the plan all along. I was, at least by all outward appearances, a very pretty young woman. I guess it would only be fitting and proper to take the last step so that I would become “complete”.

That night as I languished in my sweet smelling bubble bath I was still a bit unsure. Later I stood in front of the full length mirror on the bedroom door and dropped my towel. I pushed my shrunken genitals between my legs. I had to be honest with myself. I began to think the doctor was right.

I dusted myself with perfumed body powder and slipped on a pink chiffon nightgown. As I slid between those pink satin sheets I closed my eyes. For a time I imagined myself after surgery. I would be as close to being a real female as any man could get. But like the doctor had said it was an “irrevocable” step and I wanted to be sure it was the right step.

I went to sleep. I dreamed of dresses and high heel shoes. Ball gowns, cocktail dresses, prom dresses, pumps, sandals, and fuzzy toed slippers. In my mind I was the star model putting on a feminine fashion show for all the world to see. The alarm clock brought the fashion show to an end and I got up to get dressed for work.

The next week or so I concentrated on my duties. I wanted to keep that final and irrevocable step out of my thoughts. It was hard. My work didn't suffer but occasionally one of the other sissy maids would ask me

if everything was ok. I would say “yes” and then continue my work. If they had noticed something in my behavior did Mrs. Langworthy notice it too?

I kept busy. When you like what you do time passes quickly. I guess that’s why it was so hard for me to believe that it was coming close to a year since I had been found on that beach. It was nearly nine months since I had completed my training on Amazonia and been flown here to start work for Mrs. Langworthy as one of her sissy maids.

Essentially I was “one of the girls” now. Obviously I had no idea how many of the other sissy maids working for Mrs. Langworthy were still biological males. It wasn’t my place to ask of course. I wondered if Ms. Eleanor’s sissy maids were still males too.

Two more weeks passed. I played at an afternoon gathering of Mr. Langworthy’s business associates and their wives. Mrs. Langworthy dressed me in a low cut violet taffeta cocktail dress which showed off my enhanced cleavage. The large bow at the base of the zipper gave me an especially girly feeling.

I wore a black wig in an upsweep style, my long earrings and of course black stiletto pumps. Once again I couldn’t help but notice the way the men had looked me over as they and their wives entered the room as I played.

It would have been interesting to have a camera focused on the faces of the men as Mrs. Langworthy explained that I, as well as the other very attractive maids who were serving them and their wives, were actually biological males. I had no doubt that their wives would have gotten a kick out of their surprised looks too.

When the guests left I chatted with Mrs. Langworthy briefly and then went upstairs to my room. After closing the door I looked at myself in the full length mirror. I twirled around several times enjoying the swish of the taffeta dress against my nylon clad hair free legs.

I blew a kiss at the mirror. I felt very girly and feminine. I took off the dress and hung it in the closet next to my other beautiful gowns. I walked back to the mirror in only my lingerie and heels. I stood with my legs together and placed both hands on my hips.

I couldn't help but laugh out loud as I gave a couple of girlish wiggles. Except for that slight bulge between my legs my reflection was that of a very pretty and very feminine female. I had no doubt I looked better than half the women in England or the USA for that matter.

Later as I snuggled in my cozy pink satin enclosure I believed I was not going to have much trouble making that "irrevocable" decision. In my dreams I saw myself wearing a pink satin sheath, over the elbow gloves and high heel shoes dancing in a movie. I felt like I was Marilyn Monroe in one of her old movies I had seen on television late one night.

What I had been was just a memory. I loved and adored what I had become. The past was just that, the past and it was going to stay buried. Dr. Clark had been right all along, so I guess I knew right then what my decision was going to be.

The month of May brought us lots of sunshine and of course patio parties. Everyone was glad to have the rainy and cold weather behind us. There was the usual frivolity from the gatherings that were female only. All of us sissy maids had come to enjoy our femininity im-

mensely. If anything we were all true to that song I had once thought about because we truly did “enjoy being a girl”.

Mrs. Langworthy took me to see Dr. Whitestone for my monthly shot the last weekend in May. My examination was cursory and I was given another shot.

“When you get dressed please wait in my office, which is to the left of the counter,” said Dr. Whitestone.

When I finished getting dressed I walked in to her office to find Mrs. Langworthy sitting there too. I took my seat next to her. Dr. Whitestone was seated behind her desk with my medical records open in front of her.

“Phyllis you have come along very nicely with your transformation process. Your physical development, especially your breasts and skin tone, has been outstanding. Because you have followed the exercise & diet routine that was prescribed for you your physical health is also excellent.”

“In addition you have adapted quite well in your new life as Mrs. Langworthy’s upstairs sissy maid so I know you are also in excellent mental health as well. What remains is now up to you. When we spoke last you were going to think about transitioning completely. It has been about a month, so what are your thoughts?”

I took a deep breath. This would be the final and of course, an irrevocable, step in my transformation process. I was now at a point where I had to decide to continue as a feminized male or undergo the surgery to become a female. Rather than bring up some of the thoughts I had during the last month for discussion I felt it would be best if I just came right out with my decision.

“Dr. Whitestone I would like to be complete. I mean I want to be a complete woman, as much as the surgery and my current hormone therapy will allow me to be.”

There I had said it. It was out in the open in front of the doctor and my boss. I felt a great sense of relief for having said it. This surgery would not be the end of my journey at all. It would be the beginning of a new life’s journey, a peaceful and rewarding life as a female.

I could see a look of relief come over Mrs. Langworthy’s face as she smiled. Dr. Whitestone smiled too as she made several notes on the paper in front of her.

“I am glad you have made your decision,” Dr. Whitestone said. “I can schedule you for the Fourth of July weekend, is that ok?”

“Yes, that’s fine with me,” I answered as I looked at Mrs. Langworthy’s face to see her nodding her head. She was smiling broadly this time.

“Very well, July 4<sup>th</sup> it is. I will give you further information by mail to prepare you for your surgery. Thank you for coming ladies and have a nice day.”

Mrs. Langworthy and I left Dr. Whitestone’s office. We stopped at a very nice restaurant for lunch before heading back home. When the waiter left with our orders she reached out her hand across the table to touch mine.

“I want you to know that I am proud of your decision. You are going to be a beautiful girl.”

She looked like she almost had tears in her eyes. I gripped her hand slightly.

“Thank you Madame Langworthy, I do appreciate you saying that.”

There was no further conversation as we ate. The limo brought us back home and I went straight to my room. I worked my afternoon shift and then cleaned up for bed. I had not thought about my decision for the rest of that day. As far as I was concerned it was a done deal. I would take that final step and become a woman for real.

The month of June went about as slow as could be. I kept busy with things of course. I played at two more gatherings, one indoors and one on the patio. I enjoyed my serving duties as well. I tried not to think about what lie ahead. I focused on my work though something of this magnitude could never be too far from my mind.

One night I found a website that showed the complete male to female operation from start to finish. It was not something for the squeamish. I found it very educational. It gave me a very clear idea of exactly what I was in for.

Despite its' graphic nature it didn't affect my decision about having the operation in any way shape or form. I was very sure of myself and had every intention of going through with it come hell or high water. I was bound and determined to be "complete".

In England there were no Fourth of July celebrations. I mean this was the country the USA was celebrating its' independence from so here it was just another weekend. I watched the news highlights on some American television stations. As usual there were numerous parades and picnics in the park.

I took my usual perfumed bubble bath before going to bed the night before I was scheduled to check into the hospital. As I rinsed off the sweet smelling suds from my soft, girly body I examined my penis and

scrotum. It would be for the last time. I was surprised at how much they had shriveled up because of the hormones.

After dusting myself with the sweet scented body powder I put on a pink baby doll nightgown and got into bed. I had trouble getting to sleep. A lot of things were running thru my mind. I thought about Vivian for the first time in a long time. I wondered how she was doing now that she was alone.

I tried not to think of the actual operation itself. I wasn't going to be one of those people who only think of "What if something goes wrong, what if there are complications, what if...". The only "what if" I had thought about was what if I can't go back to work soon enough. I loved working with the other sissy maids and my recovery period would of course keep me apart from them.

When I finally did go to sleep it was not a restful sleep. I had no bad dreams or anything. I guess I was preoccupied with the desire to "get it over with" so I could heal up and then get on with my new life. A new life that would be a very enjoyable, erotic and pleasureable one just as it had been to this day despite my original feelings when I first sat down in front of Dr. Clark on Amazonia.

The next morning I got up and went down to breakfast. I was off duty so I could be full rested for what lie ahead of me. Back upstairs I watched a couple of movies. After lunch I lay on the bed and dozed off for a while. Once again I had no dreams. When I did awaken I felt very refreshed.

Following supper all the sissy maids gathered around me and wished me well. I thanked them and returned to my room to await the limo that would take me to the hospital. It arrived about seven pm. Mrs. Langworthy came to my room and we walked downstairs together to the waiting limo.

It was about a two hour trip. The driver parked in front of the hospital and we got out. I looked up at the night sky and saw all those twinkling stars. The same stars Vivian would be looking at. We went inside and I was checked in. Mrs. Langworthy saw me to my room. After wishing me well she left.

I can't recall ever having felt so alone. I turned on the TV for a short time but then turned it off again. A nurse came in and gave me a shot to help me get to sleep. It wasn't long before my eyelids got heavy so I closed them and was fast asleep.

I was in my third foster home. My step mother was putting lipstick on my mouth. She roughed my cheeks and then put the pink bonnet on my head. I was wearing that pretty pink dress and Mary Jane shoes. I saw my reflection in the mirror on the closet door as I passed it. Now I had no doubt, I should have been a girl.

When we returned from our shopping trip she whispered in my ear again: "Remember this is our little secret". Well it wasn't going to be a little secret anymore. This time there would be no going back to pants and tee shirts. It would be dresses, high heels and makeup from now on. I was going to be the girl she had always wanted.

Someone grabbed my arm and I woke up. There were several people in the room. They were all gowned up and there was a gurney next to the bed. I was no

longer dreaming. This was the day that my dreams would become reality.

"It's time," One of them said.

"I have to pee first," I said in a dry voice.

The woman next to the bed stepped aside as I got out of bed. In the bathroom I sat down to pee as I had been doing since my sissy maid training. My bowel movement was quite small. I wiped myself and stood up. After flushing the toilet I washed and dried my hands as I looked at the feminine face staring back at me from the mirror over the sink.

As an afterthought I pulled up the front of my hospital gown and looked at my male genitals one last time. Compared to the rest of me it was definitely out of place. I had a nearly perfect feminized body and face. It was the one thing that was keeping me from being totally and completely feminine. It had to go and today was the day. In a couple of more hours I would finally be complete.

I walked out to where they were waiting for me. I got on the gurney and they covered me up with a blanket. I closed my eyes briefly and saw the face of my third step mom who had always wanted a girl. You are about to get your wish I thought to myself as they began wheeling me to the operating room.

The overhead lights began flashing by as we made our way down the hall. I got a sudden pang of fear in my stomach. It was the same panic feeling I had when the plane began rolling down the runway on Amazonia. I wanted to jump up, get off the cart, and run for my life. Of course there was no where to run to.

I had made my decision and I was going to have to stick to it.

I began to calm down. I had already become a British citizen with a passport and birth certificate to prove it. I was about to have an operation that would confirm what those documents said I was. I would become a British female. The cart slowed and the double doors opened so we could enter the operating room.

They lifted me off the gurney and on to the operating table. Dr. Whitestone looked at me.

“All set?” she asked.

“Yes,” I replied and closed my eyes.

They began prepping me and soon I felt a slight pick on my arm. The overhead lights went out and everything was black. I began floating in the blackness. I couldn't find that blue marble that was planet Earth in one of my earlier dreams. It was complete sensory deprivation. I was not moving at all, just floating in a universe without Earth, moon, sun or stars.

I opened my eyes once but everything was too bright so I closed them and the blackness enveloped me again. When I tried the second time my eyes adjusted and I found myself in bed, swathed in green. There was no one else in the room. I could not feel anything as I waited. It was very quiet.

I heard a door open. Dr. Whitestone came in and stood by the bed. She was smiling.

“You are going to be fine. There were no complications. I will be in to see you periodically. You are very young and in excellent health so your recovery period will not be too long. We will have you up and around in a few days.”

I nodded and she left the room. The nurse that was with her picked up the cup of water that was on stand next to my bed. She placed the straw in my mouth and I sucked about half of it down. I closed my eyes and went back to sleep.

Like the doctor had said my recovery period was short. Initially though I felt like I had either just given birth to Big Ben or perhaps Vivian's husband Thomas had returned from the dead and brought his table saw to the operating room where under close supervision of the operating room staff he had proceeded to nearly cut me in half.

At any rate despite the pain I managed to complete the post operative period. My room was adorned with bouquets of flowers, all with pink ribbons of course. The sissy maids had sent one, as had Mrs. Langworthy, who had sent the largest bouquet. I even got one from Ms. Eleanor and her sissy maids too.

It was a Friday morning when Dr. Whitestone gave me the ok to return home. I had some medication to take and would not be able to work for awhile. Mrs. Langworthy arrived with the limo about one pm. I walked slowly to the limo and got in gingerly. We arrived back home to find a yellow ribbon tied to the front door.

The sissy maids had supper ready. I didn't feel like eating very much but it tasted very good to me, especially compared to hospital food which has never been known for its' cuisine.

Mrs. Langworthy followed me upstairs to my room. There was a large pink bow under a spray of pink balloons hanging from my bedroom ceiling light.

“I hooked up your service button to one of the sissy maids’ room and the kitchen. If you need anything just let them know.”

“Thank you I will,” I replied.

She left and I was alone once again.

Later I sat in my perfumed bubble bath and thought about what lay ahead. I had crossed the Rubicon so to speak. I was a woman now, at least as close to it as I was ever going to be. My life was here now, as a British subject and employee of Mrs. Langworthy.

I placed my hands under my breasts and squeezed them gently. They felt good and I was proud of the way they filled out my bras. After scrubbing myself with perfumed soap I opened the tub drain and stood up. After showering off the sweet smelling suds I explored the new “me” with my fingers.

It was odd to feel my fingers inside of me. I wondered what a penis would feel like if and when I was ever going to have intercourse. As a sissy maid we had little time for ourselves but now as I woman I thought perhaps I would have the opportunity to socialize some.

I dried myself off and applied some perfumed dusting powder. My pink satin chemise felt as good as ever. I was quite tired so I decide to go right to bed. I pulled the covers back and found a small pink box.

On the cover was a note that read: “Remember the doctor’s instructions about irrigation.” It was signed by all the sissy maids I worked with and those who worked for Ms. Eleanor too. Inside I found a six inch plastic dildo including batteries. I burst out laughing and then set it aside on my nightstand.

I got into bed and fell fast asleep. There were no dreams, good or bad, just a deep, long and restful sleep. In the morning I awoke feeling very refreshed. I dressed in my pink pantsuit and went down for breakfast. I ate a full bowl of cereal, a glass of juice and two pieces of wheat toast.

For the next several weeks I followed the post operative care routine. I became more mobile and spent less time sitting in my room reading or watching TV. My appetite had returned and I was getting stronger every day. I resumed my exercise routine. It felt good to be more active.

By the end of the month I felt ready to resume the duties of the upstairs maid. I spoke with Mrs. Langworthy about it and she suggested working half days for the next two weeks and I agreed. Those half days were enough as I found though my strength had returned I wasn't quite ready to perform a full days' work just yet, especially in those high heel pumps.

At the end of August I completed my first full week and felt strong enough to resume work. Mrs. Lanworthy took me into the clinic to see Dr. Whitestone for my follow up appointment. She gave me a thorough exam and was very pleased with my progress. I received another shot. Mrs. Langworthy and I stopped at the front counter and refilled my prescription before we left the building.

We stopped for lunch and then did a little shopping. On the way back she reached over and touched my arm.

"I am very proud of you," she began. "You have come thru this with flying colors as you Americans say. Take your time getting well, I don't want to push you. If you need an extra day or so just say the word."

I looked over at her compassionate face.

“Thank you Madame Langworthy I will let you know.”

We rode the rest of the way home in silence.

So my new life began. The days flew by and I was happier than I had ever been. I loved what I was doing as well as the company of the other maids. I felt very relaxed. I was comfortable in my new body and my surroundings. I had healed completely without any complications.

Sometimes at night I wondered if maybe I was still dreaming. My only fear was that I might wake up and find myself on that beach again or perhaps in my own bed at home. Vivian would be standing in the doorway of my bedroom wondering why I had overslept.

A year passed and on the anniversary of the day I came home from the hospital the sissy maids surprised me with a special treat. After our evening meal they brought out a cake. It had white frosting with pink trim. In the center of the cake was a large pink one. I cut the cake and we all ate a piece.

Over the years there still were times when my thoughts drifted back to Vivian and the farm. But they were getting to be fewer and farther between. I had found happiness and contentment. Now I wanted to live forever.

Forever encased in lingerie, dresses, and heels. A life enveloped in and surrounded by femininity. I was consumed by it and reveled in it. I couldn't imagine living the rest of my life any other way.

I had found a place in life. I was no longer being shuttled back and forth at someone's whim. My aimless life had been turned around. I had found a pur-

pose and my life here had stability. More importantly I guess was the fact that I was no longer adrift, I was home.

THE END