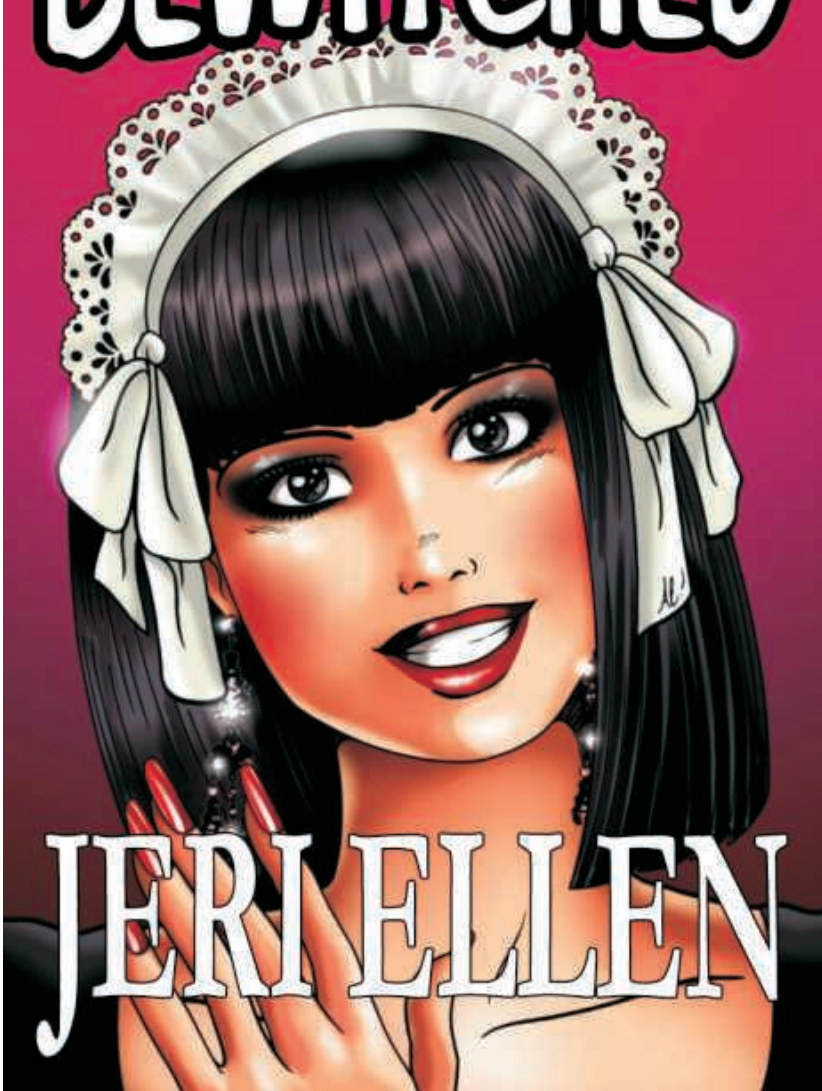


# BEWITCHED



JERI ELLEN

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# BEWITCHED

By **JERI ELLEN**

## **PROLOGUE:**

The three women were seated at a table in one corner of the restaurant. Each one was sipping wine from their respective glasses. Their conversation drifted from fashion to the weather. A fourth woman joined the group and sat down breathlessly.

“Eunice, I am so glad you could join us, any new prospects?”

Their conversation stopped as an effeminate waiter approached with a bottle of wine. The women watched him closely as he filled the glass of the woman who had just arrived. He was short, with wispy blonde hair. His features were small and he had a very pretty, feminine face. When he finished pouring the wine they all

watched as he minced away. Once he was out of ear-shot they broke into giggles.

“Alright, down girls. He’s all mine,” spoke a tall black haired woman. “I saw him first when he began working here and you will keep your hands off, clear?”

There was another smattering of giggles before the blonde of the group spoke up.

“Agreed,” she said and then sighed.

“He really should have been a girl you know,” she said in a matter of fact tone of voice.

“He certainly will require a lot less work in the transformation process that’s for sure,” commented the late arriving auburn haired woman as she took her first sip of wine.

The women examined their menus as they drank their wine. After they discussed their options the tall woman raised her arm and signaled the waiter. He floated over to their table with pad in hand.

“Would you ladies like to order?” he asked in a soft, girly voice.

The women placed their orders and the waiter left. As he walked away they all watched his mincing gait.

“I can’t wait to see him waxed, plucked, and made up wearing high heels and a dress,” said the blonde.

“Okay seriously girls,” began the tall woman with black hair. “What about new prospects, Eunice?”

“Well I do have one strong possibility. He is an only child. Like our waiter here he is short, with small features and a pretty face. He doesn’t know quite what to do with him self and is in his first year of college, mostly just to please his mother. Unfortunately he is

also a bit of a smart aleck and somewhat abrasive around girls. You know the type. He thinks women were put on this earth for only one thing."

"I see," replied the blonde haired woman. "Except for the attitude he does sound like a perfect candidate though. After hormones and our transformation program I am sure he could be an excellent addition to any one of our clients' household staff."

The other women nodded in agreement as they resumed drinking their wine.

The waiter approached again pushing a small cart ahead of him. He placed their orders in front of each woman and then refilled their wine glasses before leaving. The women ate in silence as more customers came in and the initial quiet when they had arrived was now replaced with the buzz of conversation.

When they were finished the tall woman signaled the waiter again. Once again all eyes were on him as he minced over to their table.

"Can I get you ladies anything else?" he asked.

"Girls?" inquired the tall one.

There was no response.

"Okay, then check please."

The waiter put the check on the table and left.

"See you next month girls and remember the coven meets on the 23<sup>rd</sup> this month," said the tall woman as they all got up to leave the restaurant.

The waiter returned with a cart. After scooping up his generous tip he cleared the table and pushed the cart back to the kitchen.

Outside the restaurant the doorman tipped his hat as the women walked towards their Mercedes Benz cars. As they drove off he wondered what they did for a living to afford such vehicles and their monthly visits to this very pricey, upscale restaurant. . It began to mist so he went back inside to retrieve the umbrella he would need for the other patrons.

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The presentation was finally over. I had just about fallen asleep. Professor Leon Sheldon shut off the power point and brought the lights back up to full. He was a large man, almost entirely bald with a thick black glasses and a black goatee. He took his handkerchief from his back pocket and wiped the perspiration from his forehead. Unfortunately he could do nothing about the dark circles in his shirt around his arm pits.

“In conclusion I want to relate again my three examples of the unexplainable. Mind you these examples were the experiences of three people very much like yourselves who were in no way out of the ordinary. Remember too that there are many more examples like these three, most of them undocumented.”

“The first was the man who arrived home late from a meeting at work and as he was about halfway from his garage to the back door he saw a large orange disk appear over the house. Almost instantly he was bathed in an eerie green light. He stood very still not knowing what to do. The light went out and the orange disk darted off to the northwest where he saw three other

orange disks and shortly the four of them disappeared over the horizon."

"The second involves a young sailor standing night watch on the bridge of a U. S. Navy frigate. Something comes out of the water about the size of a nuclear sub and moves steadily alongside the ship. The sailor calls out for the officer of the deck. Just as he arrives it slips under the waves. The officer turns to the sailor and asks: "You didn't see anything did you?" The young sailor shakes his head. "No sir. I didn't see anything unusual. It must have been a freak wave or something."

"The third was a businessman who checked into a hotel late one night. After sliding his card thru the slot he opens the door to his room. He picks up his suitcase and is about to go inside when he notices a beautiful young woman in a bridal gown walking towards him. She smiles at him and then walks down another corridor. The next morning he takes a seat in the hotel restaurant and notices an oil painting on the wall of the young bride he had seen the night before. The waitress informs him that the woman in the picture was the founders' daughter who was murdered on her wedding night. Occasionally guests report seeing her walking the hallways at night. When the waitress asks him if he saw the ghost of the dead girl the businessman shakes his head no and then proceeds to order his breakfast."

"Please do not scoff at these reports. They are very real. When you read about others, please pay close attention to them. There are many unexplained things out there and we should try to understand them better rather than dismiss them as figments of someone's

imagination or the results of the use of drugs or too much alcohol.”

“Thank you again for coming this evening and for your interest in the paranormal, ghosts, UFOs and the unexplained. In the back of the hall you will find a number of free pamphlets as well as some copies of my own book for sale.”

The professor walked from the stage to the stairs. The sparse crowd began heading for the exits. Very few went over to the table to purchase a book or get a pamphlet. Like my self they were only here for the half credit we got for going to several of these lectures throughout our first year of college.

I followed a short brown haired woman out of the hall. In the parking lot we both got into our cars. A short time later when I entered a local college hangout before heading home I saw her sitting alone at the bar. There weren't many students there as it was a Tuesday night. I walked over and sat down next to her. I ordered a beer and then turned to face her.

“Penny for your thoughts?” I began.

She smiled and put down her drink.

“About what?” she asked.

“The presentation. I saw you sitting across the aisle from me. What do you think?”

She shrugged and took another sip of her drink.

“You can believe whatever you want I guess. There are some things out there that just have no logical explanation.”

“I see. Do you believe in any of that stuff?”

“Yes, I have to.”

I was a little taken aback by her answer.

“What do you mean by “you have to”?” I asked.

“Simple. I am a witch.”

To say I was a little stunned by her answer was an understatement. I wasn’t sure if she was kidding or not so I decided to play it a little cool.

“Aah, I see. I am tho thiscared,” I lisped as I shrank back in mock horror.

“No reason to be afraid,” she said with a smile.

“Shouldn’t you be in a castle basement with the other witches stirring a pot of frogs’ legs, bat’s wings, newt’s eyes and other things while chanting about boiling, toiling and trouble?” I asked with a smile. “Or perhaps casting spells on people?” I added.

“Not necessarily. That’s not all we do.”

“Would you care to enlighten me?” I said with a grin.

“Of course I could, but not here and not now. Perhaps we could get together at a mutually convenient time and place.”

“Sounds like a plan. My name is Jan Norton. Here is my number.”

I removed a notepad from my shirt pocket and wrote my name and phone number on the top sheet, then tore it off and handed it to her.

“Thank you, Jan. I am Eunice Sheffield. I will give you a call.”

She finished her drink, then got up and left leaving behind the scent of some very sweet perfume.

I ordered another beer. When the bartender sat it down in front of me I asked him.

“Ever seen that woman before?”

He shook his head.

I took a gulp of beer and started thinking about the write up I had to do about that night’s presentation. It would be very brief without mentioning that I thought it was a lot of nonsense and of course I would have to exclude how my evening had ended with meeting and then getting a date with, of all things a witch. No professor would find that to be interesting or credible that was for sure.

I finished my beer and went home. I heated the leftovers mom had in the fridge and after doing the dishes I watched the news. I went to bed and fell asleep right way. I dreamed I was sitting in a pot of boiling water with Eunice and several other witches laughing at me as I was being cooked.

I woke up to the sound of the phone ringing. My t shirt was wet from the dream had been having. I mean you’d been sweating too if you were dreaming about being boiled to death. I checked my watch to find it was six fifteen am. Mom was an RN and worked twelve hour shifts from 6pm to 6am. I thought maybe she had car trouble or something.

When I answered the phone it wasn’t my mother but the police. Mom had been in an accident on the way home from work. I had to get to the hospital right away as she was badly injured. I hung up the phone and got dressed.

I drove to the hospital ER and gave them my name. I was told to have a seat in the small waiting area adja-

cent to the admittance desk. I took a seat and prepared myself for the worst.

Mom divorced dad when I was still very young. I had never heard from him since. She had a tough go for a while but finished nursing school and landed a job with the local hospital right away. She made good money and was able to provide a good living for the two of us.

Shortly a doctor came towards me accompanied by the hospital chaplain. I took a deep breath and stood up to meet them. I could tell by the looks on their faces and the presence of the chaplain that the news was not going to be good.

“I am very sorry to tell you this young man but your mother succumbed to her injuries. We did the best we could but it just wasn’t enough.”

“I understand doctor, thank you for all you did,” I replied.

The doctor left and the chaplain extended his hand in sympathy. I took it as we sat down. He said a short prayer and then I left.

Back home the house was strangely empty. I didn’t feel like eating breakfast. I sat at mom’s desk and made a list of things to do. I had no idea where my father was, not that he would care to know she was dead. She had been an only child and her parents were both dead so there was no one to notify.

By noon I had notified the hospital of her death and the funeral home to pick up her body. I had a 4pm appointment with the funeral director to make arrangements. I called mom’s insurance company to notify them of the accident.

A police officer had come by and left a copy of the accident report and mom's purse. A teenager had been texting while driving to work at a fast food restaurant and had run a red light. She was dead too.

That afternoon I drove to see what was left of the car. It was not salvageable. I was able to get a few things out of the glove box and the trunk. Later I told the funeral director to plan a short visitation and then private interment later in the spring. He helped me write an obituary and then I went home.

I contacted an attorney to take care of the legal details and then ate supper. I went to bed early as there would be lots of things to do to settle the estate. It was a restless sleep to be sure. I still felt tired when I got up the next day.

It was still a week before classes started up again. By that time everything was taken care of. There were very few people at the visitation. I sent in a claim for mom's small life insurance policy and the human resources rep at the hospital helped me get her final check and life insurance proceeds she had earned at work. Everything was settled except the check for her car and the lawsuit I intended to file.

Just before school started I made several trips to the thrift store with her clothes and other things. When I finished her bedroom seemed as empty as the apartment. The place seemed so quiet. It was still hard to believe she was gone.

The Saturday before school started I got a sympathy card in the mail. It was from Eunice. She had beautiful handwriting. The card had that same sweet scent she had been wearing the night I met her.

It was a very feminine and captivating scent.

That night I re-read the note as I sipped a glass of my mom's favorite wine. I held the card to my nose and was momentarily taken back to the summer I turned twelve. It was the summer I spent with a woman mom called "Aunt Mada".

I had gotten into some trouble at school on several occasions. The cops had brought me home after I and a couple of classmates sprayed graffiti on the walls of a downtown building. Mom was upset of course.

Maybe the lack of a father figure was to blame. I guess I was still mad at him for leaving us, though to be honest I thought the counselor was right, our unfortunate circumstances were no excuse for my behavior.

The four of us had to repaint the businessman's wall. I was released to the custody of my mother and told to stay out of trouble. Mom grounded me and said unless I attended a special school that summer I would stay grounded so I agreed to go.

My grades had been average but I knew I could do better. I figured this summer school would bring my grades up so my college application would look better.

School ended on a Thursday and the woman mom called Aunt Mada showed up Friday night just as I was finishing my workout. I liked to run and along with regular bike rides I had kept myself in good shape.

"No need to change clothes or pack anything," said mom. "The school provides everything. Aunt Mada runs a disciplined class so do as you are told. No cutting up or smart remarks. Remember if you don't complete the course and pass your tests you will stay grounded for the coming school year."

I nodded and followed Aunt Mada out to the mini van parked in the driveway. I got in the front seat and

buckled my seat belt. Sitting behind me were three other boys about my age. They were all dressed like me in sweat togs and sneakers.

Shortly we arrived at a nearby mall. Aunt Mada parked behind a beauty salon. I wondered why she was stopping here as it was just after nine pm and I was sure the place would be closed.

Aunt Mada got out of the van and pushed the button next to the rear door. The door opened and she talked with someone briefly and then motioned for all of us to come inside.

Once inside we all were ordered to remove our clothing and stand spread eagle about four feet apart. I wasn't sure what was going on here but I remembered my mother's admonition to do as I was told and I was certain the other boys had been told the same judging by the speed with which we undressed.

In short order under the watchful eye of Aunt Mada the attendants used clippers and wax strips to remove our body hair. Next we were seated in the beauty shops chairs where we had our finger and toenails manicured and given two coats of hot pink nail polish. Our eyebrows were plucked and our eyelashes were curled. I had no idea why they were doing this but like the other boys I kept my mouth shut as the girls worked.

When they were finished we got dressed again and were given a small pink box. As we walked back to the van I was quite taken aback by what had been done to us. Why were we being treated like girls?

We got in the van and strapped ourselves in again. For the next two hours we sat quietly in our seats with the pink boxes on our laps. None of us said anything as

we had traveled north and then west on the interstate, then north again on a state highway.

Finally Aunt Mada turned off on a secondary road, then a gravel road and came to a stop at the back of a large farm house. I had no idea where we were except it was probably a hundred miles or so from where I lived.

“Alright girls get out and I will get you settled,” said Aunt Mada.

No one asked why she was addressing us as “girls” as we followed her inside the big house. We walked in the back door, thru the kitchen and then up the stairs.

There were four small bedrooms, two on each side of the hallway, each with its’ own tiny bathroom. She assigned each one of us to a room and then stood in front of us.

“I am a retired school teacher. My husband passed away many years ago and I leased the farm out to my hired hands. I began home schooling young people in this area and started a behavior modification summer school for boys like you. My classroom is in the basement. In addition to your studies you will be instructed on how to behave as well as helping out with the cooking and cleaning chores. I suggest you do exactly as you are told. Any questions before we begin?”

No one said a word. Aunt Mada smiled and continued.

“I want all of you to go to your respective rooms and undress. Fold your clothes neatly on the bed and place your shoes on the top. In the pink box you will find a small pink bottle and a cake of pink soap. Put one capful of the liquid in the tub and fill it with warm water. Put on the pink shower cap and then scrub

yourself with the pink soap. When you are finished, dry yourselves off. The round container in the pink box contains body powder. Apply it liberally to your body and underarms. When you are finished put on the nightgown you will find on the bed and one of the pairs of pink scuffs you will find on the floor. Pick up your clothes and stand outside your room. You have thirty minutes."

We all hurried to our rooms. The walls were pink with white trim and a white ceiling. I undressed and began running my bath water. The capful of pink liquid turned the tub water into a sweet smelling container of pink foam. I put on the pink shower cap, sat down in the tub and began scrubbing myself with the perfumed bar of pink soap. When I finished I rinsed the residual foam down the drain and dried myself off. I dusted myself with the sweetly scented body powder, put on the pink satin panties and pink chiffon top that was on the bed. After slipping on one of the pairs of pink scuffs I folded my clothes, placed the shoes on the top and walked out to the hallway.

Aunt Mada was standing at the end of the hallway waiting for the other boys to finish. It was hard to figure out what the object of this school was. Here I was standing outside my bedroom, wearing a pink girls' nightgown, smelling to high heaven of the girly sweet perfumed bubble bath, soap and powder with my pink finger and toenails. I was wondering if the purpose of the school was to curb our behavior and attitude or simply turn us into girls.

When the last boy was outside his room Aunt Mada came forward and looked each one of us over like a drill sergeant inspecting his troops. She said nothing as she walked down the hallway and back.

“Alright girls, bring you clothes over to the end closet here.”

We all followed her obediently to the end of the hallway. She unlocked and opened the door. The boxes were placed inside. She closed and locked the door again.

“Tomorrow will be a long day so go right to bed. No talking and no noise. I will wake you for breakfast and then we will begin.”

We all headed to our rooms as she turned and went downstairs. None of us had spoken since our arrival and now it seemed that conversation amongst us was also forbidden. I knew this school was going to be different than I or the other boys had ever attended.

I pulled the pink chiffon bed spread back and slid between the pink satin sheets. I was tired but did not fall asleep right away. I liked the way the satin panties and chiffon top felt on my skin. The satin sheets and pillow case made me feel good too. I felt calm, relaxed and comfortable in this very feminine environment. As I drifted off to sleep I wondered if the other boys felt the same way I did.

It seemed as if I had just gone to sleep when Aunt Mada’s voice came over the small speaker above the door.

“Good morning girls. It’s time for you to get up. Please be at the table for breakfast in five minutes. DO NOT KEEP ME WAITING!!!” she added in a louder voice.

I got up quickly, slipped on my scuffs and walked into the small bathroom. The seat was fastened down so I had to sit down to pee, just like a girl. I washed and

dried my hands. After I made up the bed I went down stairs.

“Take your seats gracefully girls, we’re not a bunch of farm animals here,” admonished Aunt Mada.

We all sat down. All of us had the same look on our faces. Somewhat scared and a bit embarrassed because of the way we were dressed not to mention the fact that we all smelled sissy sweet.

Aunt Mada poured each of us a glass of orange juice and then placed a spoonful of scrambled eggs on our plates. She added a single piece of toast and then sat down at the head of the table.

“Keep your elbows off the table and take small bites of food. Chew it well and then swallow.”

We began to eat. She watched us very carefully as she ate. When we finished she stood up.

“Bring your dishes into the kitchen girls,” she announced.

I could’ve eaten much more as I am sure the other boys could have as well but I wasn’t about to say anything. She picked up two frilly pink aprons and handed them to two of the boys named Vance and Wilbur.

“Valerie you will wash and Wilma you will dry.”

She had addressed the two boys with female names instead of their given male names. She gave Vance a pair of pink latex gloves and Wilbur a dish towel.

“Tomorrow Janet and Tonya will do breakfast dishes,” she said as she began filling the first of the two small sinks with soapy water. After filling the second with hot rinse water she stepped back to watch.

I wasn't surprised at being addressed as Janet instead of Jan and Tony being called Tonya. Apparently from now on we would not only be dressed and forced to behave like girls but we would be responding to being called by female names as well.



When the chore was finished we were marched upstairs again. We all crowded into my room with Aunt Mada standing behind us.

"Janet, please take out the tube and palette from the pink box and stand in front of the mirror over your dresser."

I did as she asked putting the articles she mentioned in front of me.

"Take the top off the tube, turn the base up and press the tube to your lips then move it around so the lipstick covers your upper and lower lips. Press your lips together when you are done."

After I finished I turned the tube back down and replaced the cover.

"Very good Janet, now open the palette of rouge. Brush some over both of your cheeks, starting in the middle, and continuing outward in larger and larger circles."

When I finished I replaced the pad and closed the lid of the palette. It was hard to believe the reflection in the mirror. If I had longer hair I would have been easily mistaken for a girl.

"Next girls you will be outfitted for your stay here."

Behind the room's door was a small table and chair. The wall from there to the bathroom door was one large closet. Aunt Mada pulled open the double doors to reveal our clothing for the summer.

"Your mothers gave me your approximate measurements so these will probably fit ok. Your panties and socks are in your dresser. After breakfast you will come back up here and put them on first. Then you will step into a petticoat and then the petti slip. Last put on

a pink dress and then the pink shoes. This type of a shoe is called a Mary Jane. Last you will fasten the large pink bow in your hair. After you put your lipstick and blusher in the pink purse on the shelf slip, it over your left arm, pick up the pink notebook on the table there and carry it in the crook of your left arm down to the basement where classes will begin. Now go to your respective rooms and be outside your door in no less than ten minutes."

When everyone had left I took off the pink nightie and walked to the dresser. From the top drawer I took out a pair of pink socks and a pair of dainty pink nylon tricot panties with several rows of white ruffles across the back.

After I put them on I walked back to the closet and stepped into the petticoat and brought it up to my waist. The petti slip was next followed by the pink puff sleeve mini-dress. The second pair of pink Mary Janes I tried on fit the best so I closed the strap across my in-step.

I took the pink purse off the shelf and walked back at the dresser. I put the make up inside and then pinned the large pink bow in my hair. I slipped the purse over my arm, picked up the notebook and walked out to the hallway.

Despite what you might think I was feeling perfectly wonderful. The pink panties felt so good against my hair free skin. An overall feeling of calmness had come over me. Just like the previous night when I was wearing that pink nightie and slid between the pink satin sheets. I wondered if that was how girls felt when they got dressed and if the other boys felt the same way that I did.

When the last boy came out Aunt Mada stood in front of each one of us. She looked us over carefully again. She seemed satisfied that we all looked like we were supposed to.

“Alright girls, two of you turn around and zip the other two girls up. When you are done turn around and they will zip you up. Do the reverse when you come back up here at night after supper.”

When this was done Aunt Mada had each one of us twirl around once.

“You all look just right. Now girls if you will follow me to the basement we will begin your class work.”

With that she turned around and we followed her downstairs to the basement.

In the basement there were two long tables one in front of the other and two chairs at each table.

“Stand behind the chairs,” instructed Aunt Mada as she walked to the front of the room.

“Place your purses to the left of the chair and your notebooks in the front of the chair. Pull the chair out with your left hand and stand in front of it. With both hands smooth your skirt up and sit down carefully in lady like fashion. Then get up slightly and pull the chair forward.”

We all did as she had instructed. Aunt Mada’s face had no expression but she seemed pleased at the way we continued to obey her instructions.

“Okay now we will begin. The first part of your instruction will consist of something called deportment. Watch the first part of this DVD carefully as you will be expected to mimic this behavior for the length of your stay here.”

An attractive blonde woman walked into the camera's view and began to explain the proper way a lady speaks, walks, sits, talks, holds a coffee cup, eats daintily and moves around a room gracefully carrying her purse whether in high heels or flats, and regardless of how she was dressed.

The next section dealt with hair, nail care, and makeup. Aunt Mada shut off the DVD after that part and then addressed the class.

"The balance of the summer you will be reviewing some of the things you've already had so far in school. You will be tested at the end of the summer and your grades will be forwarded to your respective schools. Your parents also get a copy. Apply yourself and study hard as this is a chance for you to improve your grade point average. Now open your notebooks and we will get started."

So it began. The twelve weeks were intensified. We all buckled down and earned good grades. In addition to retaking the school subjects we hadn't done well in we also learned to sew, knit, crochet and do needle point. "Idle hands are the devil's workshop" Aunt Mada had said.

After one month of our feminine lifestyle we were taken to a nearby mall. We walked thru several women's department stores while Aunt Mada shopped. Judging by the way the women clerks looked at us as we followed her around they all knew we were boys in dresses and seemed to be very amused by our predicament. A second trip followed at the end of the next month.

We all became accustomed to behaving like "ladies" as Aunt Mada had put it. It had become second nature to us from applying our makeup in the morning

to walking and curtsying in a feminine manner as she had instructed.

At the end of the third month we took our exams for school and we all got high scores. The last Saturday night in August we removed our makeup and nail polish. We were given a small bar of masculine scented soap for our shower. The next morning we dressed once again in our sweat togs and got into the mini van. Aunt Mada drove us to our respective homes.

Mom never asked me about that summer. It was as if it had never happened. I had not gotten into any trouble since then. I had no contact with the other three boys either. Once in awhile I thought about how natural it felt to be wearing feminine garments and applying makeup. There were times when I missed the feel of those dainty panties and the slippery confines of a bed with satin sheets and pillow cases.

I finished my glass of wine and went to bed. The white cotton sheets seemed rough and unpleasant compared to the satin sheets I had slept in that summer. I knew I had to stay focused on my education but I still was unsure of what I was going to do about a career.

My second semester of college seemed to drag on forever. I reached a settlement with the insurance company for my mothers' death. I didn't want a prolonged lawsuit so I had instructed my attorney to get a quick but fair settlement. I wasn't exactly set for life but at least money wouldn't be a problem for awhile.

As spring break approached I got a call from Eunice. She invited me for lunch at the college hangout where we had met. I was looking forward to seeing her. I hadn't had much time to socialize between taking care of mom's estate and keeping my grades up with a heavier spring semester class schedule.

I walked in the club to find she had already taken a corner booth. She waved me over. There weren't many other customers there so it was still fairly quiet.

She was wearing a black pantsuit and smiled up at me as I took my seat opposite her in the booth.

"Glad you could make it," she began. "I know you have been very busy with your mom's funeral and all. I am sure your class schedule has kept you jumping as too."

"You are right on both counts. That first month I wasn't exactly sure if I was coming or going."

She smiled again as the waiter approached.

"A beer for the gentlemen and I will have a diet Pepsi please."

The waiter left the menus and went for our drinks.

"You have lost some weight, are you still working out?"

"Yes. I stepped it up recently as the two months following my mother's death and the start of school I had sloughed off quite a bit."

"I think you look fine, in fact losing a couple of more pounds wouldn't hurt you either."

I was puzzled about her remark about my weight but decided not to comment on it.

"What's up with you?" I grinned. "Cast any spells on guys yet? Or maybe you turned them into frogs!"

She giggled.

"No, nothing like that," she responded with good humor.

"Then what?" I pressed her a little

She gave me a broad grin.

“Oh now why would a non-believer like you really want to know? Besides if I tell you everything then I would have to shoot you.”

The waiter set my beer in front of me before I could counter with a response. We both ordered a chicken sub and fries. The waiter left and we each took a sip of our drinks.

“Have you decided on a major yet?”

“No. Right now I am not sure of anything. I think I should continue with some general courses. I won't have to declare a major until this time next year anyway.”

“Good for you. There are too many people who jump right into something and later on find out it wasn't what they thought it was or find themselves working for a lot less than they anticipated.”

The waiter brought our lunch. We ate for a few minutes and then she looked at me in a sort of funny way, almost as if she were sizing me up.

“Have you thought about the hospitality industry?”

“You mean like being a bartender or waiter?” I asked.

She nodded with a smile as she took another bite of her sandwich.

“Service people make very good tips in the right places,” she said.

“I don't know about that. Some customers can be very difficult to please. All it takes is one bunghole to ruin your shift. I've been in places where if I had been

the waiter I would have given the customer a coffee enema, pot and all."

She laughed and took a sip of her drink.

"That's what I mean. You have to get into the right place and that can be difficult. Are you working part time while you are going to school?"

"No. Mom was getting child support checks until last year when I turned eighteen. She had set aside a little money each month. That and student loans covered this year."

"So no summer job lined up either? I know that big Indian casino on the south end of town is putting on extra help for the summer."

"Don't need to. I settled with the insurance company over my mom's accident and death. I won't have any financial problems for a while yet."

She nodded and finished her sandwich.

"You sound like you would enjoy the action and excitement of the casino environment. Why not meet me there Friday night. I know someone in Human Resources. I could set you up with an interview and then we could have dinner and maybe throw the dice, play the machines or blackjack. What do you think?"

I swallowed the last of my drink and wiped my mouth. She had a captivating look on her face. Almost as if she was daring me not to accept her invitation.

"Sure," I replied. "What time shall I meet you there?"

"Let me contact my friend and I will give you a call."

She signaled the waiter and he brought the check. I reached for it but she intervened.

"It's on me tonight, but you can pick up the tab at the casino," she said with a smile.

"Thank you, I guess." I figured the casino dinner would set me back a lot further than the cost of tonight's dinner. "Can I walk you to your broom, I mean car?"

The corners of her mouth turned up a bit but she didn't smile.

"No thanks, you go ahead. I'll be in touch."

I left and drove home. I had another beer while I watched some TV. In my mind I kept hearing her talking about my weight and then the suggestion about the service industry. I wondered if there was an ulterior motive at work here. I wasn't the paranoid sort, especially when it came to women, but then it was probably just my imagination.

Wednesday night she called me. I had a 4:30 appointment with a Ms. Regina Kiley in human resources. We would have dinner afterwards. I was hoping if I didn't get lucky gambling there might be a chance I could get lucky with Eunice. With school starting up again the next Monday it would certainly be a great end to my spring break and something to tell the guys when I got back in class.

That night I thought more about what she had said about the service business. It was almost as if she was gently nudging me in that direction. I didn't need any money after the insurance settlement but here I was with an interview for a job I didn't need or want. I was going there more or less to please Eunice, something I had never done before for anyone, male or female.

I pulled into the casino parking lot a little after four that Friday afternoon. I didn't see Eunice's Mercedes. I sat there for a few minutes contemplating things. I had no job history or references to offer and Eunice knew that. Once again I felt that pang of uncertainty in my gut.

I went inside and found the human resources office. After giving my name to the receptionist I took a seat. A few minutes later a stocky woman with jet black hair and some awful black rimmed glasses came out and walked over to where I was sitting.

I stood up and took her hand.

"I am Regina Kiley Jan, please come in to my office."

I followed her inside and took a seat in front of her desk. She sat down and picked up a pen.

"We don't usually hire anyone without some previous job history. In addition we go beyond the usual background checks that some companies do. We have a lot at stake here as I'm sure you can imagine."

"Yes ma'm," I said as I nodded my head.

We talked for about fifteen minutes about the positions that would be open to me as well as my plans for the future. She concluded the interview. I thanked her and went into an adjoining office to be fingerprinted by one of the security people. After washing my hands I walked out front where Eunice was waiting for me.

"How'd it go?" she asked.

"Ok, I guess. Like anything else they will let me know."

"Good. Let's eat."

I followed her to the dining area and the waiter seated us. There weren't many people eating yet but it was still early for the Friday night crowd. I picked up the menu while Eunice ordered drinks.

The waiter brought our drinks and we ordered. I couldn't help but notice the sparkly earrings she was wearing. I was momentarily mesmerized by them. As I stared at them I thought I could hear her speaking in a soft voice but I couldn't tell what she was saying.

"I got us an "in" at a private gaming table," she said with a grin. "After we eat we'll see if you can break the bank."

I came back to reality and continued eating. I had been to a casino only once before. After losing a hundred bucks at the blackjack table I left. I wondered why she had gone thru all the trouble of getting us a private table.

We had another round of drinks and then finished our meal. I paid for the dinner and then left a generous tip on the table. I had no illusions about breaking the bank like Eunice had joked. Then again, there was always that one in a million chance, right?

As we walked to the private room that pang of uncertainty in my gut got stronger. The cocktail waitress handed me another drink as we took our seats. There were several stacks of red chips in front of us as the dealer laid out the cards for the first hand.

Forty minutes later I lost the final chips in front of me. As I downed the last of my drink the dealer smiled.

"Time to pay up," he said.

I hadn't thought about paying anything since the chips were already in place when we got there. I guess

I had just assumed they were complementary. I looked at Eunice who just shrugged.

“With your mom’s lawsuit settled I just assumed you wanted to play with the big boys.”

“How much do I owe?” I asked politely.

“Fifty chips at ten grand each is \$500,000.00 sir,” the dealer replied matter of factly.

I was so stunned I had to sit down again. I couldn’t believe I had lost THAT much. It was stupid of me not to ask how much that stack of chips was worth when I sat down. My head was swimming as I got up again.

“If you will come to the main office sir we can arrange for a bank transfer,” said the man standing next to the dealer.

I nodded without saying anything. Eunice and I followed him to the casino’s main office. Once inside I took a seat in front of his big desk. A laptop computer was turned around and pushed in front of me.

“Access your bank account and I will transfer the funds to the casinos’ account.”

My fingers were sweaty as I accessed my account and entered the amount. I turned the laptop back around and he typed in the casinos account number, then hit enter. When the transaction was completed he closed the laptop.

“Thank you very much sir. We would look forward to having you visit us again.”

He didn’t smile when he said that and I didn’t either. Eunice and I left the office. She said nothing to me on the way to the car. She turned to face me and those sparkly earrings caught my attention.

“Thank you for dinner Jan. Let me know how the interview turns out.”

She kissed me on the cheek and got in her car. I walked to mine and drove home.

Sitting in my recliner that night with a drink in my hand I tried to figure out just what had happened. I had hoped to have an enjoyable evening with Eunice and then go home with her to spend the night.

Instead I was sitting home alone with three quarters of my inheritance and lawsuit money gone in less than one hour.

That pang of uncertainty that I had felt going to the casino had now become pang of fear as my financial future had been drastically altered. There was still \$300,000.00 left in my account. No small sum to be sure. What was of greater concern was how I had been either talked, or slyly tricked, into this mess by Eunice.

I finished my drink and took a shower. As my head hit the pillow I closed my eyes. I saw Eunice’s face and those sparkly earrings again. Her lips were moving but I couldn’t hear what she was saying.

The next morning I made some coffee. I didn’t like coffee but made it anyway as a pick-me-up. I turned on my computer and checked my account again. It showed a half a million dollar transfer had been made yesterday. It hadn’t been a bad dream after all.

I made some toast and added a glass of orange juice to the coffee already churning in my stomach. Maybe I should think about taking a summer job at the casino after all I thought to myself. I still couldn’t believe how incredibly stupid I had been.

As I stood in front of the mirror over the bathroom sink I began shaving myself but still seeing Eunice’s

face and those sparkly earrings. I was going to have to be more careful in the future I thought to myself. Once again I had the feeling that there was something else at work here. I just couldn't quite put my finger on it.

I finished school and passed my exams. Just before Memorial Day weekend Regina Kiley called. She offered me a job in the hotel kitchen for the summer. Reluctantly I agreed. The pay was low but it would give me a start on a job history. I wrote down the address for my two pm appointment for a physical and drug test.

I arrived at a small complex of office buildings near the casino at one thirty. I sat in the car for a few minutes thinking about what lie ahead.

To be honest I wasn't sure why I even said yes to Ms. Kiley's offer of employment. It was almost as if someone or something made me say yes. I mean I had said yes willfully but afterwards it was like I really didn't want to say yes and didn't even know why I had.

At one forty five I walked into the building and checked the directory. I walked to the suite number Ms. Kiley had given me. Once inside the receptionist gave me a clipboard and pen. I sat down and filled it out, then returned it to her.

I took my seat and began thumbing thru a magazine. I couldn't find anything interesting to read. My mind was still occupied with how I had gotten here and why I had agreed to take this job. I tossed the magazine aside when a tall redhead in a long white lab coat came up to me.

"Jan Norton?" she asked

I nodded and stood up. She held the clipboard in her left hand and extended her right.

"I'm Dr. Manson. Please come with me."

I followed her down the corridor to a small exam room.

"Take off your clothes, pee in the cup and put on the hospital gown please, I'll be back in a few minutes."

She left the room and I undressed. After filling the cup I put on the gown and sat on the exam table. A few minutes later there was a knock on the door and Dr. Manson re-entered the room.

The exam was quite thorough. She asked numerous questions about my and my mother's medical history. After drawing some blood she finished up by giving me a shot from a rather large hypodermic needle. My eyes must have widened at the size of the needle because she had smiled as she injected me.

"Everyone at the casino is on a strict health regimen. Because all employees come into contact with a lot of people, or like you in food handling, they must maintain near perfect cleanliness. I see you keep yourself in good shape and eat right. Never the less booster shots and extra potency vitamins that I will give you are necessary. Get dressed now and take this to the pharmacy on your way out."

I took the prescription from her and she left. After I got dressed I looked closely at the scribbling on the paper but couldn't make out what it was. It appeared to be "VIT-ES-07". I walked out of the room and back down to the pharmacy near the front door.

A few minutes later I was handed a large bottle of pink pills. The label instructed me to take one a day before a meal. There were ninety of them in the bottle, ap-

parently one a day for each day I would be working at the casino that summer.

I drove home. After doing some laundry I took a second look at the bottle. I took the cap off and sniffed the contents. There didn't seem to be anything out of the ordinary other than the fact that these pink pills were quite sizable. "1000mg" was in tiny figures on the pills. I took the first one after supper that night.

The next day Regina called. I was to report to Gloria Reardon in the casino's kitchen at 1pm for orientation. That night I had trouble watching TV. As I drank a few beers I thought about both the job and what had led me to this.

Another thing, though not particularly troubling, was the shot and pills I had been given. I didn't know employers did such things but with the high cost of medical care these days I guess it seemed to be ok.

I did not sleep very well that night and spent the next morning cleaning the apartment to kill some time.

Mom had been a meticulous housekeeper while I had a tendency to let things slide. When I finished I made myself a sandwich and finished the coffee. I watched the noon news and then drove to the casino.

Gloria Reardon was a stout middle aged woman with grey hair. She gave me a firm handshake as she introduced herself. In the tiny cubicle she called her office we went over safety, rules and regulations, and my job responsibilities.

I began my shift by learning how to make the various salads. After a break I learned how to make some of the or'dourves, and then cut numerous pies and cakes into equal size pieces. After four hours I was told to come back tomorrow at one for a full shift.

That night after a rigorous workout and a few beers I thought about the days' work. It was simple work to be sure. No Phd required here. The only odd thing had been the way some of the other women had been looking at me. Not really staring just a quick glance and then looking away. Maybe it was just seeing a man in a hair net that amused them.

I settled into a routine of eight hour shifts. Sometimes I worked an extra four hours and on a couple of days I came in to fill in for someone on vacation. I was no longer closely supervised as I once was. At the end of my first month Gloria told me to see Dr. Manson again for a follow up.

This mystified me a bit but then rules were rules. I guess I just assumed that every new employee went thru this. I wasn't about to rock the boat so to speak and get on the wrong side of my supervisor. I finished a morning shift and went directly to Dr. Manson's office.

In the exam room she had me strip. I put the paper gown on again and got on the table. Her exam was brief this time. It ended with another shot from that massive needle. I got dressed and went home.

There was a message from Eunice on my machine. I had been so busy with work I hadn't socialized at all. I called her back and she wasn't home so I left a message. I did a load of laundry and cleaned the apartment again.

For some unknown reason I had been cleaning more frequently. The apartment looked just like it did when mom was alive. I was getting to be as good a housekeeper as she had been.

After her death I had thought briefly about getting a maid to come in to clean. Now it seems as if I had become my own maid and a pretty good one at that. The bathroom and kitchen sparkled. The living and bedroom were free of dust and clutter. It almost looked like a woman was living here.

I had the night off so after supper and taking another pill I was planning on taking in a movie when the phone rang. It was Eunice. I had discount tickets for the cinema plex near the casino so I suggested she meet me there and we could have a few drinks afterward. She agreed right away.

We met outside the complex. She was wearing those earrings again. They sparkled as I greeted her, just like her smile. Once inside she suggested watching a comedy. I would have much preferred seeing the murder mystery but I wanted the lady to have her way.

The movie she wanted to see was a goofy comedy. It was a mindless sort of thing. It included a scene where a couple of guys get dressed as girls and sneak into a sorority house. I was glad when it was over. Both of us headed for the john and then she joined me outside the theater.

She smiled again and those earrings caught my eye as she suggested I follow her back to her place. We got in our cars and left the complex. It was a short drive to her condo. It was no surprise she had an upscale place.

I took my seat on the couch as she went behind the bar and poured two wine glasses half full. She sat next to me and handed me one. We each took a sip.

“So what did you think of the movie?” she asked.

“Kinda dumb,” I replied and took another drink.

“Yeah, I guess it was a little silly, especially that part about the two guys in drag getting into the sorority house. How is the job going?”

“Okay. It’s pretty simple stuff. Gloria keeps me hopping. I guess I never realized what it took to feed several hundred guests and staff every day. I kind of took that sort of thing for granted.”



“There are better jobs there you know,” she grinned as she took another sip of her wine.

“No doubt about that.” I said, and then added “This has to be the bottom of the pile, just above the janitorial or laundry jobs.”

“The bartenders, cocktail waitresses and other servers do pretty well. Maybe if you keep your eyes and ears open something there would develop.”

“I don’t know. I don’t really need the money but I heard they average about 30k a year.”

She nodded as she put her glass down. Leaning in close she kissed me. My eyes stayed open and those earrings caught my eye again. Her lips were moving but I couldn’t hear what she was saying as she kissed me again, only harder this time.

We held our embrace for some time. When we broke she grabbed my hand and led me into her bedroom. We undressed quickly and embraced once more next to the bed. I felt myself getting harder as she kissed me again.

When I opened my eyes again I was lying next to her in the bed. I lay still for a moment trying to remember the night before. The alarm clock suddenly buzzed so I got up and shut it off. I had to pee so I went into the bathroom.

I was wearing a condom. I couldn’t remember putting it on the night before. I slid it off and dropped it into the toilet. After urinating I washed off my penis with the facecloth and dried it with the hand towel.

I looked at my reflection in the mirror over the sink. Putting my hands to my face I found the texture of my

skin seemed noticeably softer. Still I couldn't figure out why I couldn't remember the night before. My thoughts were interrupted by a knock on the door.

"Not to rush you but please hurry up. I got to get ready for a meeting in an hour so please go," said Eunice.

I opened the door and let her in. While she showered I got dressed and went into her kitchen. I made coffee and toast. I finished eating before she was dressed and left.

Driving home I was still confounded as to how I could spend the night with her, wake up wearing a cum filled condom, and then not be able to remember anything. It couldn't have been the alcohol as we didn't drink that much. I wondered if she had put something in my drink.

At home I watched the morning news and then did some grocery shopping. As I was shaving prior to going to work I noticed my skin again. My beard was very light to begin with but now not only was my skin softer but the beard re-growth was less. I dressed and went to work thinking about Eunice.

My second month flew by. I was very busy now and didn't see Eunice at all. Once again at the end of the month I saw Dr. Manson. Another shot and my prescription was renewed. That night I looked at myself in the mirror again.

Normally I would shave about every 2-3 days as my beard was quite light. It had been a week since my last shave and there were just a few thin hairs here and there. My skin was much softer and there was a tight feeling around my nipples. They seemed to be a bit larger too.

I looked at that bottle of pink pills again. Combined with my weight loss the shots and pills had given me an almost, dare I say, feminine appearance or was it my imagination? I went to bed and slept well.

I finished my first week of the third month. I talked to Gloria about some time off near the end of the month for school registration. She agreed and marked her calendar accordingly.

I still wondered why I was keeping this job. I had taken it more or less to please Eunice. I still had 300k left from the lawsuit but for some reason I thought I should continue.

The next week I had Friday and Saturday off. I called Eunice to get a date. She wasn't in so I left a message again. When she called back she said she would be gone for the weekend but agreed to meet me at the casino for lunch on Thursday.

Thursday I took my lunch break a little earlier and met Eunice in the dining room. She had those earrings on again. We had a nice lunch except for a brief period of time when I saw her lips moving but I couldn't hear her say anything. I hadn't had any alcohol to drink but shortly our pleasant conversation renewed.

This had happened before and I was having a hard time figuring out what was going on here. Glancing at those earrings, and then watching her lips move but not hearing anything had me completely mystified.

She left and I went back to work. I had just punched in when Gloria approached me.

"Eunice said you would be able to help us out tomorrow night with that private party. Thanks so much.

See Ginny in wardrobe when you come in at seven tomorrow night.”

To say I was completely surprised by this was an understatement. Eunice hadn't said anything about a private party tomorrow night and I certainly hadn't agreed to come in on my night off. Why I had to see Ginny in wardrobe was another mystery. I finished my shift, punched out and went home.

Friday night as I showered before going to work I couldn't help but notice my skin feeling softer. As I soaped myself up it was almost like Eunice's. I rinsed, dried myself off, and got dressed. I drove to the casino and found the wardrobe department behind the main lounge where the performers' dressing rooms were located.

A tall blonde woman came up to me.

“I am Ginny and you are Jan, right?”

“Yes,” I answered. “Aah just exactly what do you need me for? Eunice wasn't specific except that you needed some extra help.”

“Just come with me and I will get you outfitted,” she said with a tight little smile on her face.

We walked to the back of the large room.

“Step into the cubicle, undress and put on what is in the box. Come out when you are ready.”

I stepped inside and closed the door. I undressed, putting my clothes on the small bench. When I opened the small pink box I got the surprise of my life. Inside was a G string. I thought it must be somebody's idea of a joke. There was a sharp rap on the door.

“Hurry up Jan, I don't have all night!”

I stretched out the elastic string and stepped into it. The pink satin patch barely covered my genitals. I opened the door and stepped outside.

Ginny was grinning at the sight of me. She held up a tape and measured my head, chest, waist and hips. When she was finished she got several pink boxes and handed them to me.

“Put these on and come back out.”

“What kind of costume is this and what am I going to be doing?” I asked.

Her face had a stern look as she got very close to me.

“Look, like I said we don’t have a lot of time. Now put these on and get back out here. Lots of men do drag. It’s only for one night and no one’s going to know. Now hurry up!”

I went back inside. Drag, I thought to myself. I was going to spend the shift in women’s clothing. I thought back to my lunch with Eunice. I couldn’t remember anything about agreeing to do drag.

I opened the first box and put on the pink bra. The second box contained a pair of pink panties. After I put them on I opened the third box and stepped into the pink garter belt then slipped on and attached the pink seamed stockings.

It was unreal. The nylon tricot panties felt so good against my skin as did the shiny seamed stockings. It was reminiscent of my summer with Aunt Mada. I stepped outside to where Ginny was waiting with a blonde wig in her hand.

"I see my size estimate fits you quite well," she remarked with a smirk as she put the wig on my head and adjusted it.

After pinning a large pink bow at the top of the bangs she led me over to the clothing racks. I stepped into several pink petticoats and brought them up to my waist. She slipped a pair of weighted breast forms into the bra cups and adjusted the straps.

As the pink satin puff sleeve mini dress cascaded over me I felt a shiver of delight. She zipped me up and adjusted the hem over the petticoats.

"Now step over here to the shoe rack. I will start you off with a pair of low heels."

I tried on three pairs of pink patent leather pumps before finding one that fit. The heels were about three inches high and I got quite a giddy feeling as I stood in them.

"Walk around the room. Keep one hand on your hip and take small, mincing steps. You know, like a girl."

I did as she asked. Walking in high heels wasn't very difficult. I just had to remember my balance and walk carefully. When I reached the front of the room I turned around and walked back to a smiling Ginny. She slipped a lacy, white, nylon tricot, two pocket apron over my head and tied it in the back.

"Very good, I don't think you will have any trouble at all. Now take a seat at the table with the mirror.

I walked over to where there was a chair and table. I sat down in front of a small lighted make up mirror. She applied pink rouge to my cheeks, then pressed a tube of bright pink lipstick to my lips and gave them a thick coat. It was hard to believe I was the pretty

blonde cocktail waitress I saw looking back at me in the mirror.

“Press your lips together and smooth out the lipstick,” she instructed.

She clipped a pair of six inch fake diamond earrings to my earlobes and then gave me a squirt of perfume behind each ear. I winced as the sweet sissy smell reached my nostrils. Ginny giggled as she opened a package of pink press on nails and applied them to my finger tips.

“There, now you are ready for the party,” she said with a grin.

“Get up and walk around the room several times. I want to be sure you are able to walk with confidence in high heels.”

Once again I placed one hand on my hip and walked around the room as she watched me closely. Next she picked up a tray containing a tall bottle and two glasses. She handed it to me.

“Hold the tray with one hand and keep your other hand on your hip, now walk around the room several times again.”

The tray was heavy but I managed to keep it balanced on one hand and not stumble in my high heels.

She smiled as I made several trips around the room.

“Okay, now come over to the make up table and put down your tray. Pick up the bottle and pour each glass half full.”

I completed the task and saw by her smile I had met with her approval.

"I like a quick study. You have picked up on everything faster than I thought you would. Eunice was right about you, she said you could adapt to anything without being ruffled or nervous. Now sit here for a minute and don't forget to smooth your skirt and petticoat with one hand, just like girl."

She placed a small tablet and pen in the right front pocket of my apron as I sat down. I wasn't about to tell her how girlishly wonderful I felt in my gorgeous pink outfit and high heel shoes.

"For private parties we have a very small selection from the bar and kitchen on the menu. Simply write down what they want and when it is ready bring it back to them. There will be only one bill submitted to the host of the party so you won't be handling any money. Your tips go in the left pocket. At the end of the party we pool all tips and divide it up. Any questions?"

"I guess not," I replied.

"Good. Here is a menu. Memorize as much as you can and then I will take you to the party room in about thirty or forty minutes."

She got up and went back to her office. As I sat at the table and began to look over the menu items I was not able to comprehend how good I felt. The lingerie, petticoats and satin mini dress gave me a wonderful feminine feeling. I felt very relaxed and confident in my feminine outfit and high heel shoes.

Whatever fears I might have had about this evening had dissipated quickly as I walked around the room. I'm sure Ginny recognized it too. I concentrated on the menu and had most of it memorized when she returned.

“Time to go to work,” she said with a big grin on her face.

I got up, smoothed my dress, and stood in front of her waiting for her approval.

She nodded and said “Walk ahead of me and follow my directions. I want to watch you walk. Remember to take small, mincing steps, and keep one hand on your hip.”

As we walked to the party room I felt more and more confident. I found myself enjoying the looks I was getting from the other employees as we made our way to the party room. The click of my high heels as well as the swish of the petticoats under my satin dress gave me an unexpected charge. It was something I had never experienced before.

We arrived at the party room and Ginny introduced me to several other girls as “Janet”. Their faces seemed to brighten as they looked me over. We were all dressed in similar costumes except the other girls wore pastels. I was the only one in pink. None of the guests had arrived yet so the girls and I chatted about movies, music and college courses.

Soon the guests began arriving. Each of us waited by the entrance and escorted the couple to a table and then took their order. The couples were all women. They appeared to be composed of a dominant and a submissive woman.

One of them wore a pantsuit and flat shoes or boots while the other one wore a dress or blouse and skirt with heels and make up. It didn’t take a rocket scientist to figure out that this private gathering was for lesbians only.

More guests arrived and soon all of us were busy serving drinks and sandwiches. As the evening progressed there were several strippers to entertain the guest of honor who was getting married. She even got a lap dance from the strippers as well.

I had been at two bachelor parties for men so this was a first for me. Actually it was pretty much the same party except at this one of course the guest of honor was a bachelor-ette and a lesbian wedding was in her future.

For the most part I thought I handled myself quite well. There were a number of admiring glances as I minced effeminately from the serving bar to the tables. Guests at two of the tables insisted on picking up the rear hem of my dress and petticoat to see my panties as I turned away from the table.

Of course I pretended to be miffed and let them enjoy their little joke as they giggled at the sight of my pink panties. I wondered if anyone had told them that I was an imposter and not a real girl at all.

The tips began filling my left apron pocket so the fact that the hourly rate was the restaurant minimum of a couple dollars an hour didn't seem so bad. Eunice had been right about the income some service people make. I had my doubts about my ability to do this in drag on a nightly basis while living as a male on a daily basis.

As the evening drew to a close and the guests departed I received more tips and a couple of pats on my ass. After everyone had left we emptied our tip pockets. We watched as the manager counted out the money and then divided it equally among us.

Along with my tips were several business cards. The manager shrugged and said "Be careful". I walked back to the wardrobe room where Ginny was waiting for me. She had a big smile on her face as I walked thru the door.

"So Janet, how did your evening go?" she said with a laugh.

"Ok I guess," I said as I held up a fistful of money.

"Great, now let's get you changed."

I took a seat at the table. She removed my make up, earrings, press on nails and wig. I slipped off my high heels, stood up and turned around so she could unzip me. After pulling the pink satin dress over my head I slid the petticoats down and stepped out of them.

While Ginny hung them up I went into the small dressing room and took off my lingerie. After putting the lingerie back in their respective boxes I got dressed. I rejoined Ginny in her office and handed her the pink boxes.

"Thanks so much for helping us out Janet," she said with a smile. "It's good to know the casino can count on you."

She had called me "Janet" but I said nothing as I walked out of the room and headed for my car. The wad of cash felt good in my front pocket and it had certainly been worth spending a couple of hours mincing coquettishly around the party room in a little pink satin dress and heels.

Back at home I put the wad of money and business cards on the dresser and took off my clothes. After a steamy shower with some of my masculine scented soap I took the business cards off the top of the wad of

cash and took them into the kitchen. I poured myself a glass of wine and looked them over.

One was from a makeup artist, one sold insurance and the other was from a financial planner. I didn't need the first two but the third one made me think of my \$300k that was just drawing plain interest.

I finished my wine and went to bed. Before going to sleep I thought about investments but those could be risky too and I had just lost two thirds of my bank roll to stupidity and it would be better to secure the rest of it than to take any more chances with it.

My work continued. On occasion I became aware of the women I worked with giggling behind my back or suddenly clamming up as I entered the back lunch room for my break. It was like they all knew something I didn't know. I wondered if Ginny had told them about my one night stint in drag.

Eunice called me the next week and offered to take me out to eat to thank me for helping her friend that managed the party room. I agreed to meet her on a Wednesday night that I was off. Maybe now I could take her home and really have something to remember.

The waiter took us to a secluded table. As we sat down I noticed that she was wearing those sparkly earrings again. Those earrings and her smile were very captivating. A man could get lost, or maybe just lost in thought by looking at them.

"I appreciate you helping out Jan. I know it was your night off and it was a last minute thing but I glad you could do it," she said with a smile. "My friend was very impressed with not only the way you looked but the way you handled yourself."

As she talked her eyes sparkled just like her earrings. I thought she might call me "Janet" as Ginny had done when I had returned to the wardrobe room to change but she didn't. Nor did she tease me about spending several hours lipsticked, powdered, pantied and perfumed up wearing pink petticoats, a pink satin mini dress and heels. The waiter brought drinks and we placed our orders.

"Have you decided on a major or registered for school yet?" she asked.

"No. I am taking a couple of days off next week for that and I will be taking general courses for another year before picking a major."

I took a sip of my drink and our eyes locked. Those sparkling earrings caught my attention again.

"You know you could take a year off and continue working at the casino. I know they like having someone as dependable as you. The balance of your saving could be invested and the money would grow while you are working and living off of what you make."

Once again I saw her lips moving but I couldn't hear what she was saying. The waiter's arrival with our food interrupted my train of thought. He refilled our wine glasses and then left. We ate in silence. After picking up the check she left a tip and we walked out to the parking lot.

Back at home I went straight to the bedroom and picked out the business card of the financial advisor I received along with my tips. I poured myself a glass of wine and then entered the name on the card on my computer.

Marie Detloff was the manager of a small investment fund. She had done remarkably well in a short

period of time. Her website had many glowing recommendations from local individuals as well as some very successful business people. I exited the internet, shut off the computer and finished my wine.

As I got into bed it just occurred to me that I had gone home alone instead of following Eunice to her house. I couldn't imagine how I could forget to go with her or why I couldn't even recall our conversation in the parking lot. How could something like that have slipped my mind?

I began to wonder if there was something wrong with me. Ever since I had started seeing Eunice I was doing things I hadn't done before. As much as I liked her and wanted to continue seeing her something else had always gotten in the way.

I still thought about having sex with her, but I always wound up coming home or forgetting about it entirely. In fact I couldn't even remember the last time I had masturbated. It was almost as if I didn't have any manly desires at all. I went to sleep and dreamed of wearing that pink dress and high heel shoes again instead of having sex with Eunice.

My work continued. The last Monday in August I saw Dr. Manson again. She was pleased that I had lost some more weight and seemed more interested in the nipple area of my chest than anything else. I had noticed that area becoming more "fleshy" but she said different people have different reactions to the stronger vitamins I had been taking.

When she examined my groin area she got a serious look on her face.

"Is something wrong?" I asked.

“Wait here for a minute,” she said and left the room.

A moment later she returned with a nurse. The nurse reached over me and brought a large strap across my chest and arms, then secured it tightly.

“What is going on?” I demanded to know.

“Just stay still, something is not right. Sign this please,” ordered Dr. Manson.

I signed the form without really knowing why I signed or what I was signing.

“You will feel a slight pick,” announced Dr. Manson with a small syringe in one hand.

There was a slight pick on one side of my scrotum and then the other. The nurse stood by as Dr. Manson put the needle down and picked up a scalpel. A few moments later she handed something to the nurse who left the room.

“The lab is not real busy today so we should get the results of your biopsy shortly,” she said

“Biopsy?” I almost shouted. “Do I have cancer?” I asked.

“Not sure. I found some small lumps on your testes. We’ll get the results shortly like I said.”

“Shortly” seemed to take forever. When the nurse returned she handed me another form.

“Sign this one too,” said Dr. Manson.

Once again I signed. Dr. Manson picked up the scalpel and continued doing something under my gown. She handed the nurse a small container. The nurse left the room and Dr. Manson continued doing what she

was doing. When she finished I felt a cool spray on my scrotum.

“There were small tumors on your both of your testes. I removed them. You should be ok but I still want to see you once a month to continue your shots and also the pills. You will be in some discomfort for about 24 hours. Place an ice cube in a damp cloth next to the incisions to reduce the swelling.”

I was stunned to say the least. Dr. Manson gave me another shot from that massive needle and I was on my way. When I got home I undressed and looked at the two small lines of stitches on either side of my empty scrotum. That night the ice helped reduce the swelling like the doctor had said but it was still sore so I finished off a bottle of wine to help me sleep.

Two days later I felt good enough to go to work.

“So how did registration go?” asked Gloria when I punched in.

“Change of plans,” I muttered as I headed for the salad table and started work.

That night my answering machine was blinking when I got home. The message was from Marie Detloff and it said she was returning my call about an investment appointment. I hadn’t called her since looking at her webpage, at least I didn’t REMEMBER calling her. Once again I was questioning my sanity.

I took a steamy shower and after drying myself off I stood in front of the full length mirror on my closet door. My entire body, which had never been very hairy any way, was nearly hair free. My skin had become very smooth and soft, almost girly soft you might say. In fact it had been several days since I had last shaved

and three months since I had a haircut. How could I forget to get a haircut?

My upper chest around the nipples had become much fleshier. I was afraid I might be growing breasts. Dr. Manson seemed very cavalier about this growth I was experiencing. Maybe I should ask her again at my next appointment.

I slipped on my robe and walked into the kitchen. I was no longer drinking beer only red wine. It wasn't good for your triglycerides but it was for keeping your cholesterol level down. The phone rang as I sat down to watch television.

When I answered it was Marie and she gave me an appointment to discuss some investment ideas the following morning at nine am. I hung up and sat down to watch a movie.

The next morning I was up early. After breakfast I did up the dishes and cleaned my apartment. I was getting to be a regular cleaning lady. As I vacuumed I was trying to figure out why I had even made an appointment. I would much rather keep the cash on hand even if it didn't earn much interest.

I arrived at Marie's office and gave her secretary my name. Shortly Marie came out to greet me.

Marie was a short, chunky woman. She wore no makeup and was wearing a plain black pantsuit and flat shoes. Her handshake was firm as she introduced herself. I followed her into her office and took a seat opposite her massive desk.

"I specialize in long term investments. I do not handle any short term or high risk stuff like metals, commodities, and other speculative investments."

She handed me several sheets of paper.

“As you will see when you read thru these my clients are enjoying between a ten and eleven percent return over the last several years despite the recent financial turmoil. I had stayed out of real estate speculating and mortgage packages. My clients and I have reaped the rewards of my more conservative polices quite handsomely.”

I nodded as I glanced at the top sheet.

“I want something safe and secure so I will have a good retirement. I am working part time now and I am not sure what I want to do so in the mean time I want the money to make money for me,” I said.

“That’s very wise,” she added as she handed me another booklet. “This will give you some additional information that I want you to have. When you’re finished reading this over think about what I have said and then give me a call. Please remember though that all investments do have some degree of risk”

I shifted the booklet and papers to my left hand and stood up to extend my right hand.

“Thank you for your time Marie I will get back to you.”

I left her office and went home. After work that night I read over the information she had given me. There were a lot of charts, graphs and some investment terminology that I didn’t understand. Never the less I thought it would be a good place to put the rest of my inheritance.

The next afternoon I called Marie and after asking a few questions I transferred my money to her. She said I would get some paperwork in the mail within a day or two and then a quarterly report on how my money was doing as well as periodic e-mail updates.

I began to put more hours in at work. I was no longer a student and in fact I hadn't even thought about school. I had more time to myself when I was off which was nice to have for a change. When I called Eunice for a dinner date she wasn't in so I left a message.

The next day I once again found myself meticulously cleaning my apartment. After lunch I did the dishes. When I pulled off the latex gloves I noticed that I had not trimmed my nails in some time either. There were getting long, almost girlishly long yet I had not thought about cutting them.

Eunice called back. She sounded like she was out of breath. She turned me down for a dinner date but agreed to meet me for lunch that Friday. I was off that day so I was disappointed that it wouldn't be an evening date but it would be good to see her again.

She appeared to be a bit troubled as we sat down at our table. The waiter left the menus and went to get our drinks as my attention was drawn once again to her earrings.

"Is anything wrong I asked?"

"A friend of mine is an agent for a modeling agency. She is having a meeting with several of her clients, including supermodel Simone Bordeaux. She needs an additional person to help serve drinks and snacks. I know this is short notice but could you possibly help her out? You did such a good job at the casino's party room I am hoping you wouldn't mind helping her out even if it meant doing drag again."

I found myself nodding in agreement as I sipped my drink and said:

"Of course, I would only be too glad to help your friend out. What would you like me to do?"

The words had come out of my mouth almost involuntarily. It was like if I didn't want to do it the word "no" would not have been uttered anyway. She flashed a smile as she shook her head slightly making those earrings dance before my eyes.

"I'm so glad you can do this for her and by the way I like the way you look with longer hair. I hope you aren't planning on cutting it."

From her purse she took out a small slip of paper and handed it to me.

"Go to this address about three this afternoon. Alice Morgan of the Morgan Agency will be there and she will tell you what to do. Please shower and shave before you go."

I nodded as the waiter arrived with our meal. We made small talk as we ate. A short time later I found myself back home in the shower. I barely remembered agreeing to do this and couldn't remember for the life of me what we ate or any part of our conversation other than agreeing to do what she had asked.

I turned off the shower and soaped my legs. After shaving them with a disposable razor I showered off the residue. Looking at my reflection in the mirror over the sink as I shaved my face I suddenly realized she hadn't said anything, at least not that I remember, about shaving my legs.

I did think that my longer hair made my face look more feminine than masculine. When I finished I rubbed some hand lotion over my legs and face to ease the razor burn.

As I stood naked in front of the full length mirror in my bedroom I had to admit I had a great pair of legs. My face and legs looked even better without the small

amount of peach fuzz that constituted my beard and body hair. I was certain I was going to look fabulous in whatever costume Alice had in mind.

I arrived in the lobby of the condominium complex promptly at two forty five. I found Simone Bordeaux's name on the directory and rang the bell for number 100. Alice answered the bell and I identified myself. She buzzed me in to the inner lobby and I took the elevator to the top floor.

At the door to 100 I rang the doorbell. Alice opened the door and looked me over briefly as if she was sizing me up for something. She smiled and said "Come in Jan, I am glad you are on time. This way to the small back bedroom please."

Alice was a silver haired middle aged woman with a genuine smile. I followed her thru the living room to a hallway and then down to the end to the small bedroom in the back. The "small" back bedroom as she had put it was larger than my apartment.

The carpeting and drapes were bright pink and the walls were pink with white trim with an all white ceiling. A huge four poster bed was along one wall. Next to that sat a lighted vanity on one side and a massive dresser on the other. The wall next to the full bath was one long walk in closet. It really took your breath away.

"Your serving uniform is on the bed and your shoes are next to the vanity. When you get changed come out and I will help you with your makeup." She turned around and left closing the bedroom door as she did so.

I took my shoes off and slid them underneath one of the two stuffed chairs. I undressed, put my clothes

on the chair, and then walked over to the bed to see what my serving uniform consisted of.

It came as no surprise as I surveyed the clothes she had laid out. On top of the pink chiffon bedspread that covered the pink satin sheets and pink satin covered pillows was a black satin puff sleeve French Maid mini dress with black lingerie, fishnet stockings and white petticoats.

I put on the black satin panties. The fabric felt so good against my skin. The waist, leg elastic and the four rows of ruffles across the back were bright pink. They prompted a momentary giggle from me. The black bra with inserts was tight so I had to loosen the straps. Apparently my bust had increased somewhat since that night Ginny had dressed me for the private party at the casino.

The black garter belt followed. I rolled each fish net stocking down and put them on. As I smoothed them out they felt just as good on my freshly shaven legs as the panties did. Two short petticoats and two pink elastic garters were next. I slipped the mini dress over my head. A shiver of delight ran thru me as I smoothed the black satin over my petticoats. I walked over to the bedroom door and let Alice in.

Her face brightened as I turned around. She zipped up the dress and closed the hook at the top. I put on the lacey wristlets while she fastened the lacey choker around my neck. She adjusted the two pink elastic garters so they were both about two inches above my knees and even with each other.

“Take a seat at the vanity please,” she asked.

I sat down and she made up my eyes with grey eye shadow and black eyeliner followed by long black false

eyelashes. After applying red rouge to my cheeks she filled in my lips with a generous amount of fire engine red lipstick. A shoulder length black wig was next. She pinned the lacey maid's cap at the top and then clipped six inch long earrings to each earlobe. A set of matching fire engine red press on nails was last.



I sat transfixed looking at the pretty French Maid in the mirror as she squirted me with some very sweet French perfume behind each ear. When the sweet scent reached my nose I felt so deliciously feminine. I had never felt that way before but it was a wonderful feeling. Seeing that perfect feminine image in the mirror and feeling the way I did I wondered for the first time if maybe I should have been born a female.

“Now the shoes,” said Alice.

My train of thought interrupted I slid my chair around a little and picked up one of the pumps. They were black leather five inch stiletto heel pumps with an ankle strap. I put them both on, closed the ankle straps and stood up. Alice slipped a white, ruffled, tricot apron over my head and tied it in the back.

It was a little eerie standing up at that angle. The pumps I had worn before at the casino party had only three inch heels and I wondered if I was going to be able to manage walking with a much higher heel. I certainly didn't want to stumble or fall and embarrass the host.

“Let's got out to the living room and you can practice walking,” said Alice. “Remember when you are not carrying anything keep your elbows in, your arms across your stomach and let your hands dangle at the wrist. You want to be the perfect picture of femininity as well as a poised and obedient servant.”

I nodded and walked in front of her to the living room. I remembered to take small steps in a mincing and girlish fashion. I wobbled slightly in the higher heel but did not stumble. I had such a glorious and delightful feminine feeling. With each step the jarring of the five inch heels made the flared out skirt of the mini dress bounce. I felt like I could almost skip with joy.

“Stand in the middle of the floor please,” asked Alice.

At the center of the living room I stopped and turned around.

“When a serving maid enters or leaves the room she always performs a curtsy, like this.”

She demonstrated the proper technique and I followed suit. It took me several tries but I finally got it right. It gave me a giddy, girlie feeling to do so.

“Okay now I want you to walk gracefully around the room and then stop in front of me, curtsy, walk around the room again, curtsy, and so on until I tell you to stop.”

I followed her instructions to the letter. I was feeling so giddy I couldn't wait to perform the curtsy. I smiled each time I did so until she told me to stop.

“Sissy Maid Janet, that is what we will call you for tonight, you were letter perfect. Remember too. Don't speak unless you are spoken to. You are a servant, always smile and don't forget the curtsy.”

“Yes ma'm,” I said with a smile as I curtsied again.

For the next hour Alice went over the serving instructions. When she was finished she held up a small bell and rang it.

“After greeting each guest at the door you will escort them to the living room. Hand each one a plate with the small sandwiches and a glass of wine. Go back to the door and wait for the next guest. There will be five women in addition to Simone. When everyone is here go back to the kitchen and wait for the bell. When

you come back out fill their wine glasses or bring them more snacks then go back. Do you have any questions?’

“No ma’m,” I replied and curtseyed perfectly again.

“Good. Have a seat. I am going to finish making up the plates of snacks and opening the wine bottles. Simone should be here shortly and her guests will be arriving about twenty or thirty minutes later.”

Alice walked back to the kitchen as I smoothed the very short skirt of my mini dress and sat down on the expansive brown leather couch. I was a bit surprised at the décor. I thought perhaps a super model would have more feminine surroundings. Brown leather couch and chairs, dark wood beamed ceiling, gold carpeting and drapes. It looked more like a man’s place than a woman’s.

As I waited I thought again about how wonderful I felt. My reflection in the vanity mirror was a thing of beauty, feminine beauty.

There was only one hitch of course. Under the stiff petticoats and black satin pink ruffled panties I was wearing there was a penis not a vagina. Never the less I knew for sure anyone seeing me would not even think it was possible. Between my first job in drag at the casino party and tonight I was confident I could fool anybody.

I thought back to what Eunice had said about liking me with long hair. The black wig was a bit snug. It wouldn’t be long before my hair would be shoulder length. Then, in order to wear a wig I would either have to get it cut or not wear a wig at all and have my hair styled in a girlish way.

My thoughts were interrupted by the sound of the front door opening. I recognized Simone Bordeaux im-

mediately from her magazine covers. She was a tall woman with the most beautiful long brown hair.

I stood up quickly and smoothed my dress over the petticoats as I balanced myself in the stiletto pumps. We walked towards each other. I stopped, curtsied, and extended my right arm letting my hand dangle at the wrist. I knew a little French from my freshman year of high school.

“Bonjour Mademoiselle Bordeaux, I am Sissy Maid Janet. I will be serving you and your guests this evening.”

She seemed genuinely surprised as she took my hand in hers and examined my nails. She dropped my hand and grabbed the hems of my dress and petticoats. Raising them up she looked at my panties and then let go, adjusting the skirt over the petticoats evenly.

“Bonjour Sissy Maid Janet,” she replied as she slipped off her raincoat and handed it to me.

“Please hang this in the hall closet,” she said.

“Oui Mademoiselle,” I replied as she walked past me.

I walked to the hall closet with small mincing steps. I had a hunch she was watching me. After hanging up her coat I turned around and found I was right. She was still standing there watching me walk towards her. Her face was without expression. I stopped in front of her and curtsied.

“Is there something else,” I asked.

“No. Please wait here until I return.”

She turned and walked down the hall to the bedrooms. Alice came in from the kitchen pushing a small cart in front of her. She stopped in front of the coffee ta-

ble. After placing several plates of snacks on the coffee table and the two end tables she looked at me.

“When you pour the wine please be very careful not to spill any. The wine is expensive, not that it matters to Simone but the women, as you might expect wear designer fashions and those are expensive to clean. Now pour each wine glass half full and set the glasses by each plate of snacks.”

I had just finished the last glass when the door bell rang. Alice went back to the kitchen and I walked to the front door. I let two women in and curtsayed politely. As we walked back to the living room Simone came out to greet them. They bused each other on the cheek. When each guest was seated I handed them a glass of wine and then walked back to station myself at the front door.

They spoke French so I didn't know what they were saying except the conversation was interrupted once with an outburst of giggles.

Another guest arrived. After curtsying I escorted her to the living room and gave her a glass of wine as well. Ten minutes later the last two guests arrived and after giving them each a glass of wine I curtsayed and walked back to the kitchen.

Alice was sipping a glass of wine as I walked in. She grinned and gestured to the glass on the table.

“Help yourself if you want. There are soft drinks in the fridge if you prefer.”

I took out a can of pop and struggled to open it. It would have been easier without those long red false fingernails prompting a giggle from Alice of course. The conversation from the living room was barely au-

dible and in French too, so there was no way of us knowing what they were talking about.

I stood closer to the doorway so I would not miss the sound of the bell. It seemed like an eternity had passed before I heard it. Alice nodded and waved me out the doorway.

I walked very primly back out to the living room. Simone held up her glass.

“Please give us all a refill,” she asked.

It seemed like all eyes were on me as I picked up the wine bottle and poured each glass half full. There was a momentary giggle from one of the women.

I had turned away from her to pour wine in the glass of the woman opposite her and when I did so my skirt rode up giving her a brief glimpse of the pink ruffles along the back of my black satin panties. I said nothing of course. I curtsied politely when I finished.

“Will there be anything else?” I inquired.

“That will be all Sissy Maid Janet,” said Simone.

I walked back to the kitchen quite relieved. I had done everything according to Hoyle as they say. As I entered the kitchen there was another smattering of giggles and their conversations in French continued.

When their gabfest was over I helped Alice wash and dry the dishes. Then we went back to the small bedroom. As I sat in front of the vanity Alice removed my make up, nails and wig. I slipped off the pumps as she walked out so I could undress. After placing the clothing on the bed I got dressed and joined her in the living room where Simone was watching TV.

Simone had not looked up at me when I entered. Alice got up and handed me some cash.

“Thank you so much for helping me out Janet. Eunice was absolutely right about you. You were very professional tonight as well as being delightfully feminine. I am glad I can always count on you.”

I took the bills from her and walked to the elevator. As I rode down to the first floor I remembered her words “I am glad I can always count on you” as well as the fact that when I had left she had called me “Janet”. I wondered if there was going to be more of this.

Back home I showered again with some masculine scented soap. As I looked down at my hair free girly body I thought about the image I had seen in the vanity mirror. I really was getting to be more feminine all the time. What had started out as an initial masquerade could now be very easily become a lifestyle.

Judging by the way I felt mincing about Simone’s place in those stiletto pumps I hadn’t missed being a male at all. In fact I had never felt better in my life. As I lay in bed that night it occurred to me for the first time that maybe God should have made me a girl instead.

Two more weeks passed. I became more careful with my money. I sold a lot of stuff that had been lying around. What was left, along with about half of my clothing that I seldom wore, I took down to a thrift store. When I returned the apartment seemed emptier, but much cleaner and neater. It had taken on the looks of a woman’s apartment instead of a man’s.

When I saw Dr. Manson again she examined my scrotum and then gave me another shot.

“Your stitches have healed nicely. Any problems since your surgery?” she asked.

“No,” I answered.

“Good. See you in a month.”

Sitting in my car I suddenly remembered I had forgotten to ask her about my increasing breast size. Now that I didn't have testes I thought I should be taking male hormones along with my vitamins. I made a mental note to ask her about that at my next appointment.

I had several days off. Again I found myself doing laundry and cleaning my apartment. I thought about calling Eunice but she was probably busy so I didn't. It seemed she was less and less on my mind. In fact since my surgery I hadn't thought about her or having sex either. It was almost as if I were in neutral.

That night in the shower I tired masturbating and found I couldn't. As I fingered my empty scrotum I thought about those pills and shots. If my breasts got any bigger they would easily be seen thru my t shirt. Should this continue I would have to start wearing a bra or stop with the shots and pills.

Reporting for work my timecard wasn't in the slot. I walked in Gloria's office. She was just hanging up the phone. She had a pained look on her face.

"Bad news, kiddo, I've got to lay you off. The casino is cutting back all around. Ginny in wardrobe wants to see you though."

I felt sick. The balance of my inheritance was tied up in Marie's investment package. I was now totally dependent on the job here. I had saved a small amount and when that ran out I could cash part or all of my investments in. There shouldn't be any penalties as Marie only had the money for a short time.

I stopped at the wardrobe department. Ginny was talking with a couple of very attractive young girls as I walked in. They both sort of eyed me up and down. I waited until they were finished talking. The two girls

walked past me and then at the door both seemed to be stifling their giggles.

"I just got laid off from the kitchen. Gloria said you wanted to see me?"

"Let's go in my office," said Ginny with a big smile.

I followed her inside.

"Close the door please and have a seat," she asked as she sat down at her desk.

"I know you are in a bit of a tight spot," she began. "I am grateful you were able to help me out on one occasion and also Alice on another. I have a part-time slot for you but you will have to wear a provocative costume and heels to enhance our customers' casino experience. There is a small hourly rate but of course the tips would provide you with a substantial income, much more so than your kitchen job. Would you be interested?"

I swallowed hard. Was I going to be resigned to this drag thing on an almost permanent basis now? I mean I had done it twice but I had concerns about doing it full time. If I was going to do that I would be vacillating back and forth from masculine to feminine. That could be a strain. My earlier thoughts might be correct, maybe I should work AND live en femme.

"I'm not sure about this," I answered truthfully. "When would you want me to start?"

"Sharon is thru next week. Saturday would be the first shift I would need someone but I would like to have your decision much earlier. Could you call me Monday about noon?"

"Sure."

I left her office and went home. I had several days to think about it. No harm there. After my shower that night I stood in front of the full length mirror again. Why had I felt so good when dressed in those feminine outfits? I had really enjoyed myself.

My pants and t shirts had come to feel almost uncomfortable. I actually missed the panties and stockings. Walking in heels, even those five inch stilettos, was almost second nature to me. I felt like I had been born to wear them.

Looking at my long nails I couldn't figure out what had kept me from cutting them. I brushed some of my hair over my forehead to form bangs. I looked just like a girl. Getting a haircut had also been absent from my thoughts.

Sitting in front of the TV that night with a glass of wine I momentarily saw my self in one of the sexy outfits Ginny had all the cocktail waitresses wear. Anyone looking at me would have not way of knowing I was not a female. The image disappeared and I focused on watching the news.

The lead story showed men and women in FBI jackets carrying boxes of files out of an office building. I recognized the building as the same one Marie's office was in. I put the wine glass down and nearly fell out of my chair. It was Marie. She was in handcuffs and being led to a car by two female FBI agents.

I grabbed the wineglass and took two big gulps as the words "investment scam" and "Ponzi" scheme came out of the anchor man's mouth. My pulse jumped to a startling rate. My 300k was tied up in her accounts. I wondered if I would ever see all or part of it again.

I shut the TV off. I was really scared now. Judging by what happened in other arrests like this the court case could take years. If I got anything back it might be ten cents on the dollar or maybe nothing. I finished the bottle of wine and went to bed.

The next morning I watched the news again. The anchorman used the word "gone" to explain where the money went. Marie had declined to make any statements and a well know attorney from out of state waved off questions. I called Marie's number but the operator informed me that it was "no longer in service."

I made two pieces of toast but had a hard time swallowing it, even with the glass of orange juice. My head hurt too, not so much from the wine but the fact that I was nearly broke. I had a little savings but I was now unemployed with no assets except for my old car.

My apartment was clean but I cleaned it again anyway. I drove to the mall. I walked around aimlessly and then sat on a bench. What was I going to do now? My inheritance and lawsuit money was all gone.

Looking in the window of the adjacent women's department store I closed my eyes and imagined myself wearing the jacket, skirt, and heels that the mannequin was displaying.

I could almost feel the softness of the lacy camisole and half slip I would be wearing over my foundation garments and sheer hose underneath that suit. A thought like that had never crossed my mind before so why did I now had these thoughts of wearing women's clothes?

When I opened my eyes again the store employees began opening their doors. The mall walkers and some

early shoppers began to enter the stores. I got up and went back to my car. As I sat there I thought again about the job offer and whether or not to change each day or stay cross dressed.

At home I made myself a sandwich. I couldn't get interested in anything on TV. I was going to have to make a decision soon. Tomorrow was Sunday and I had to let Ginny know my decision Monday morning. I knew how physically draining it might be to try to live two lives so along with my decision I would also have to decide how I was going to live.

I called Ginny at nine am Monday morning and told her I would accept her offer. She asked me to come into the wardrobe department at one pm for measurements and be fitted for my costume. I agreed and hung up the phone.

Well it was done. Now I would have to spend my working days en femme. The important thing in my mind I guess was the fact that I was "working." I skipped lunch and drove to the casino.

I walked into the wardrobe department promptly at twelve forty five. Ginny was talking with a very attractive young girl. The girl walked past me as I walked up to Ginny.

"I'm so glad you decided to join us. It's not easy getting someone who is as dependable as you are. Go in the changing room there and put on the G-string. I need to take your measurements again and I want to weigh you too."

I quickly undressed and slipped on the G-string. Despite the small satin patch it seemed to cover my small penis and empty scrotum quite nicely, almost as if my genitals had shrunk since my surgery. I won-

dered if the shots and those large pink pills had anything to do with my smaller genital size.

Standing in front of Ginny I felt perfectly at ease despite being nearly naked. She took her time measuring my bust, waist and hips. She also measured the circumference of my head, neck, wrists and then the width of my open hand.

After jotting down my measurements she had me step on a shoe sizer again followed by my trying on several pairs of high heel shoes and boots. I stepped on the scale and when she finished writing down my weight she looked up at me with a smile.

“That’s it. Be here Tuesday afternoon at three pm for a fitting.”

I left and drove home. I watched the noon news report but there was no more information about the investigation of Marie’s investment scheme. There were several interviews with people who had their life saving tied up in one or more of her plans.

One farm couple was very tearful as they related how they had lost everything. There was another, a very wealthy widow, who was not tearful but had that hard look in her eye like she just couldn’t wait to get her hands on Marie.

Sometimes life really sucks I thought to myself as I wrote checks for some bills. The landlord had sent a lease renewal. I had thirty days to decide whether or not I would stay. If I left I would have another thirty days to move out after giving notice.

I looked around the place that mom and I had shared and I now had to myself. Once more I thought about living and working en femme. I wasn’t sure what my new or old landlord would think if they saw me in

drag. I hadn't any contact with my current landlord after mom died. We communicated only by mail or phone and she had a maintenance company take care of any repairs. I set the letter aside.

Promptly at a quarter of three I walked in the wardrobe department to see Ginny. The same beautiful girl was just leaving again. This time she shot me a wide grin as she walked past me. At the door she whispered to her friend and they both giggled as they left.

In the changing room I undressed and put on a pink strapless body briefer. I stepped outside and Ginny placed two inserts in the cups. I couldn't help but notice that these were smaller than the ones she had used before. I was actually pleased at the way these two, soft mounds of flesh nestled comfortably in the cups. The fact that I was biologically a male and shouldn't feel that way was no longer of concern to me.

I proceeded to try on several costumes. Some were the body hugging sheath type but with a hemline fairly high above the knee, while the others, worn with small petticoats to flare out the tiny skirt, were of the mini dress type also with a very high hemline and both of course with a low neckline.

After slipping on a pair of knee high nylons I tried on the high heel shoes and boots she had selected. I walked back and forth across the large room with one hand on my hip as I had done previously. They all had four inch stiletto heels and I didn't wobble or stumble once.

In addition to my regular exercise routine I had added, at Ginny's recommendation, the use of Velcro strapped ankle weights to strength my ankles. Ginny set aside the foot wear that fit and took the others back to the rack.

“That’s all for now, come back tomorrow at one for a final fitting. The bar manager you will be working for is going to be here and she will go over everything else with you. Bring a small padlock with you for your locker. The casino will provide you with wigs, makeup and anything else you will need.”

I went back inside the little changing room and got dressed. Ginny was in her office talking on the phone when I came out so I placed the box containing the g-string and body briefer on her desk.

I stopped to buy a veggie sub on my way home. It occurred to me that I had been eating less since meeting Eunice. I felt good about the lost weight. I certainly had no attention of going back to what I used to weigh.

Eunice hadn’t been in my thoughts much. While I was not consumed by my appearance I thought she was right about my long hair. I looked at my nails again but had no desire to cut them. I was actually looking forward to working en femme as a cocktail waitress.

I slept soundly that night. In fact I had been sleeping better than I ever had. After breakfast I killed some time at the mall. I had a salad for lunch and then picked up a padlock at a box store before heading for the casino.

After my fitting I got dressed. I carried my briefer, costumes and shoes to the dressing room behind the bar. Ginny introduced me to Patricia Lane, the club manager and then left. Patricia looked me over carefully.

“There are two lockers in each cubicle. There will be a sheet of paper taped to the front telling what costume I want you to wear for each shift. Close the curtain

when you dress and undress. Sit at the table after dressing to put on your makeup, then come and see me before going out on the floor. Here is a copy of the menu and bar items. Ginny said you are a quick study so I am sure you will have no trouble with it. Remember too all tips are pooled. The other girls usually give cheaters a free body wax with road tar."

I nodded and put my things in the locker. On the top shelf were several wigs and hair bows. After locking it I looked over the table. On the table in front of each chair were small, well lighted mirrors and a supply of make up items.

I went home and began to study the menu. I had no apprehensions at all despite starting this new job and of course being en femme. I knew I looked good and my self confidence was very high. I was looking forward to wearing those girly costumes and high heels, though I couldn't explain exactly why.

When the phone rang I was surprised to hear Eunice's voice.

"I am glad to hear you have another job," she said in that soft seductive voice.

"Yes, I will be starting Saturday," I replied.

"Super. I have some more good news. Meet me for lunch at the casino tomorrow noon."

She hung up right away before I could engage her in conversation. I wondered what that could be about I thought to myself. After recent events if anybody needed good news it was me.

That night I ate my Caesar salad along with a glass of wine as I watched the news. No more about Marie but at this point I knew I probably had no hope of ever recovering all or even part of my money. Like the re-

porter had said when the story had first broke: "The money is gone."

Thursday at noon I met Eunice for lunch. She looked gorgeous as usual. As I took my seat opposite her in the booth she shook her head slightly and once again my attention was on her earrings. Her lips were moving but I couldn't hear her say anything. I blinked once and my hearing was back.

"I know your current job is part time at first. With your savings gone too I didn't want you to run into any difficulties with your rent and other bills so I thought I would mention this to you in hopes of helping you out."

She paused to take a drink from her wineglass. If this was about another part time job I wasn't sure I could manage the two together especially in view of the fact that my current job was en femme and it was going to be tough enough vacillating back and forth from male to female for one job let alone working a second job, en femme or not.

"I'm sure you remember the French supermodel Simone Bordeaux?"

I nodded as the waiter brought our lunch.

"Yes of course I do."

"Well as you can imagine she has homes in several large cities in the US as well as in Spain, Italy and France. She maintains a staff to take care of these beautiful homes except the one here which she had just purchased. You made a very good impression on both her and her friends when you served them at her open house. What if I told you that she wanted you as her live in maid?"

I swallowed a forkful of my salad and took a large gulp of my wine.

“Well, I don’t know...I...” At a loss for words I took another drink.

Eunice smiled again and I saw those sparkly earrings. Whatever objections I might have had seemed to have disappeared from my thinking. Almost as if Eunice had pushed the delete button to that part of my memory.

“You would have no rent or utilities to pay, just your cell phone and your car expenses. Your uniforms, wigs and make up, like at the casino would all be provided for you. Your monthly stipend of \$1500.00 plus what you make part time at the casino would keep you solvent. You would be reimbursed for purchasing groceries, wine and needed household supplies. When Alice told me Simone was looking I immediately thought of you of course.”

“It all sounds too good to be true,” I replied as I finished my salad.

“They say if it is too good to be true it probably is, however in this case, I mean especially in your case, it isn’t. I am sure you will find Simone an excellent boss. As her live in maid you would be required to keep the place spotless whether she is there or not and you must live totally en femme of course. When you and she are there alone or if she has friends over you will be required to serve her and them but you did a fine job before so what would be different now?

My mind kept looking for a catch or a hook. After losing my inheritance on two “sure things” I wasn’t certain I should be jumping into this one.

“If you are looking for a catch there isn’t one. However you do understand you must live as a servant and be addressed as “Sissy Maid Janet”. When Simone is there you will wear the maid’s uniform, heels and makeup. When she is gone you must still wear feminine apparel which is also provided. I didn’t think parting with your male clothing would be such a big deal, at least not to some one like you.”

Eunice’s expression “someone like you” struck me as a bit odd. Never the less this offer was very tempting. I had another week before I had to give my landlord notice. I drank the last of the wine in my glass and set it in front of me. I looked right at those earrings again and found myself nodding.

“Yes I will be happy to accept Simone’s offer,” I said. “How do we arrange my moving in?”

“I will call you later and give you all the details. You can start by giving your landlord notice and disposing of the things you won’t need, namely your male clothing, furniture, TV & stereo etc.”

We got up and left the restaurant. Driving home I had no qualms about moving into Simone’s place or for that matter living and working totally en femme. Actually I felt more relieved than anything else. I was happy about my decision.

Essentially I didn’t have anything to move but I stopped at a supermarket and picked up a half dozen cardboard boxes for the stuff I would sell or give away to the thrift store.

After a hot shower I went to bed early and slept like a log. The next morning I awoke feeling very refreshed

and looking forward to beginning my shift as a cocktail waitress.

My first shift went very well. Patricia was pleased with the way I looked in my purple satin mini dress, fishnet stockings, black stiletto pumps, and of course a purple satin sissy bow atop my black wig. Things went just as smoothly the next night.

Once again I found myself enjoying my femininity as I minced about the tables and behaved in a coquettish and effeminate manner. The customers were apparently pleased too by the tips I had accumulated.

The other girls said had nothing to me as I sat at the table and applied my makeup along with the rest of them. I felt good about being just “one of the girls” too. I may not ever be totally accepted but at least there wasn’t going to be any trouble.

After work each day I began disposing of everything I had except the bed. I had eaten most of my meals at the casino so it didn’t take long to get rid of the few remaining groceries I had left. I dropped off the remaining canned goods at the food bank and now my cupboards were bare.

With two weeks left on my lease Alice called me and told me to meet her at Simone’s place early Sunday morning. We both got to the visitor’s parking area at about the same time. She said nothing as the elevator whisked us silently up to the top floor.

Once inside we went straight to the small bedroom. Alice slid open the doors to the huge walk in closet to reveal a massive selection of maid uniforms, dresses, skirts, blouses and high heel shoes. The top shelf was filled with numerous wigs of various styles and colors.

It took my breath away as we walked over to the large dresser. She opened the top drawer.

“I’ll step out while you undress. Put on the pink strapless body brief and a pair of sheer panty hose please. We want to be sure everything fits properly but I’m sure Ginny’s measurements are accurate.”

Alice left the room as I began to undress. I put on the foundation garment and panty hose. They not only looked good on me but they felt good too. I opened the bedroom door to let Alice back in.

It took us several hours for me to try on everything. There were several styles of maid uniforms and various lengths of petticoats. From the top drawer of the dresser I put on one of the full slips and then a camisole and a half slip before trying on the other dresses, skirts and blouses. Of course the wigs and all of the shoes were a perfect fit as well. I felt like I was in girly heaven to say the least.

“Simone would like you to be in by the end of the week. Can you manage that?” she asked.

“Yes of course I can,” I answered as we walked to the elevator

“Good. Here are your keys. The large one gets you into the building and the smaller one is for the front door. You won’t need one for the storage area in the basement. If you need to get in there Simone will let you in.”

The next week I sold the bed, linen and towels. I cleaned the place up and had the landlord look it over. I gave her the keys and she said the security deposit would be mailed in a few days. I dropped off a box of clothes at the thrift store and mailed my change of ad-

dress card. I was wearing the only male clothes I had left.

When I returned to the condominium it seemed so large and empty compared to my smaller apartment. I put my shave kit in the bathroom. A toothbrush, toothpaste, disposable razors, shaving soap and some deodorant were all that I had to bring here.

I put the large brown envelope with my birth certificate, high school diploma, transcript, college records and some pictures of mom and I when I was little in the bottom drawer of my dresser. I walked out to the living room and sat in front of the big screen TV. I was about to turn it on when my cell phone vibrated. It was Alice.

“Ginny said you were off tonight. I will pick you up at eight thirty.”

She hung up before I could say anything. I watched a couple of movies and then picked up a chicken sandwich for my supper. The kitchen had yet to be stocked except for some wine in the fridge. I wondered what Alice wanted now.

At eight fifteen the door bell sounded. Alice identified her self and I buzzed her in. A few moments later I admitted her to the apartment.

“We have one last thing to do before Simone comes back Janet. Let’s go into the bedroom first.”

Alice laid out a bra and panty set, a pink peasant blouse and matching pink denim miniskirt along with a pair of four inch high wedge sandals.

“Hurry up and get dressed Janet we don’t want you to be later for your appointment. Leave your male clothing on the bed.”

She left the room and I began taking off my clothes. She had called me "Janet" instead of Jan. When I finished dressing I folded my clothes and put them on the bed with my sneakers on the top. I walked out to the hallway where Alice was waiting.

"You forgot your make up. From now on you will never leave your room without it."

She followed me back inside.

I sat in front of the vanity and put on pink blusher and lipstick. My hair was almost shoulder length now and I really did look like a girl. Alice squirted some perfume behind each ear. I put the cosmetics in my pink purse. I transferred what had been in my men's wallet to a pink ladies wallet and along with some change put them in my purse too. Alice picked up my male clothes and we left.

I opened the car door, smoothed my skirt, and sat down. It felt good to be wearing pink satin lingerie under my pink blouse and skirt. My clothes were dropped off at the thrift store. I didn't ask where we were going but it came as no surprise when we parked behind a small pink building off the expressway.

The bright pink sign on the front of the building said "Shelia's" Shelia's was a very upscale beauty salon. I had overheard one of the girls I worked with talk about it. It was just before nine when we entered. As we stood at the front counter a woman in a pink pantsuit turned off the front lights and turned on the closed sign.

Another woman in a pink pantsuit stood in front of us. Alice introduced me to her.

"This is Janet Norton, Simone's new maid. Give her the works and put it on Simone's account please."

“Of course I will Alice, Janet if you will please come with me.”

Alice picked up a fashion magazine and followed us both to the back of the room.

Following a manicure and pedicure my finger and toenails received two coats of bright pink nail polish. My hair was shampooed put in rollers. Alice took some pictures just before the dryer was tilted forward.

When I was done my eyelashes were curled, my ears were pierced and lastly my eyebrows were plucked and shaped. The waxing made my legs look even better and the electrolysis tech gave me a list of appointments.

Looking in the mirror I wasn't surprised to see a pretty girl looking back at me. I was given a small case with manicure implements inside as well as a curling iron and some rollers. When I stood up I not only looked like a real girl I felt like one too.

At the front counter I signed for the services I had received. Alice and I walked to the car. I felt girlish enough to skip but I knew it wouldn't be “ladylike”. As we drove back to the condo it seemed as if everything had fallen into place. I felt truly relaxed and very happy with the way I looked.

After Alice dropped me off I went straight to the bedroom and looked myself over in the mirror. I was gorgeous if I do say so myself. Any semblance of Jan Norton was no where to be seen. I pursed my lips and gave the mirror a make believe kiss.

Following a hot, steamy bubble bath and a generous application of dusting powder I put on one of the pink chiffon nightgowns. I stepped into a pair of four inch heel pink fuzzy slippers and twirled around the

room. It was all I could do to keep from giggling out loud.

Something inside of me had been unlocked. I felt totally and completely feminine, as feminine as any girl had ever felt. Nothing I had ever felt in my life had been this good.

I walked out to the living room, twirled around again, then plopped on the davenport and crossed my legs in girlish fashion. I momentarily surveyed my new luxurious surroundings then got up and went to the kitchen for a glass of wine.

I was tempted to pinch myself while I watched the news, weather and sports. I was totally and completely surrounded by femininity. I didn't even have one single item of male clothing. My wardrobe didn't even have a pair of women's pants. It was going to be lingerie, skirts or dresses and heels from now on. I would begin each day by putting on make up and end each day by taking it off.

This day had been long and the wine made me sleepy. My eyelids were droopy so I shut off the TV. I brushed my teeth and kicked off my high heel slippers. As I slid between the pink satin sheets it only took a nanosecond for me to fall asleep.

When Simone returned two days later the first thing she did when she came in was to stand in front of me. After I curtsied she pulled up my petticoat and dress hems to see my panties.

She stood closer as she examined my makeup and took a whiff of my sweet perfume. Then she took my hands in hers one at a time and examined my pretty pink nails. Satisfied she went into her room.

That first month between working as a cocktail waitress and being a live in French Maid I was very busy. I sandwiched my electrolysis appointments in between. My beard was very light and the technician said it wouldn't be long before I was completely beard free.

At the end of the month I went to see Dr. Manson again. When I walked in wearing my pink denim mini-skirt, pink peasant blouse and wedgies both her and the receptionist were all smiles. My exam was very brief again. After I received my shot she authorized another refill of those large pink pills.

"You have blossomed quite nicely Janet," was her only remark as she gave me the injection.

As I was getting dressed I had overheard the nurse say to her:

"Another six months doctor?"

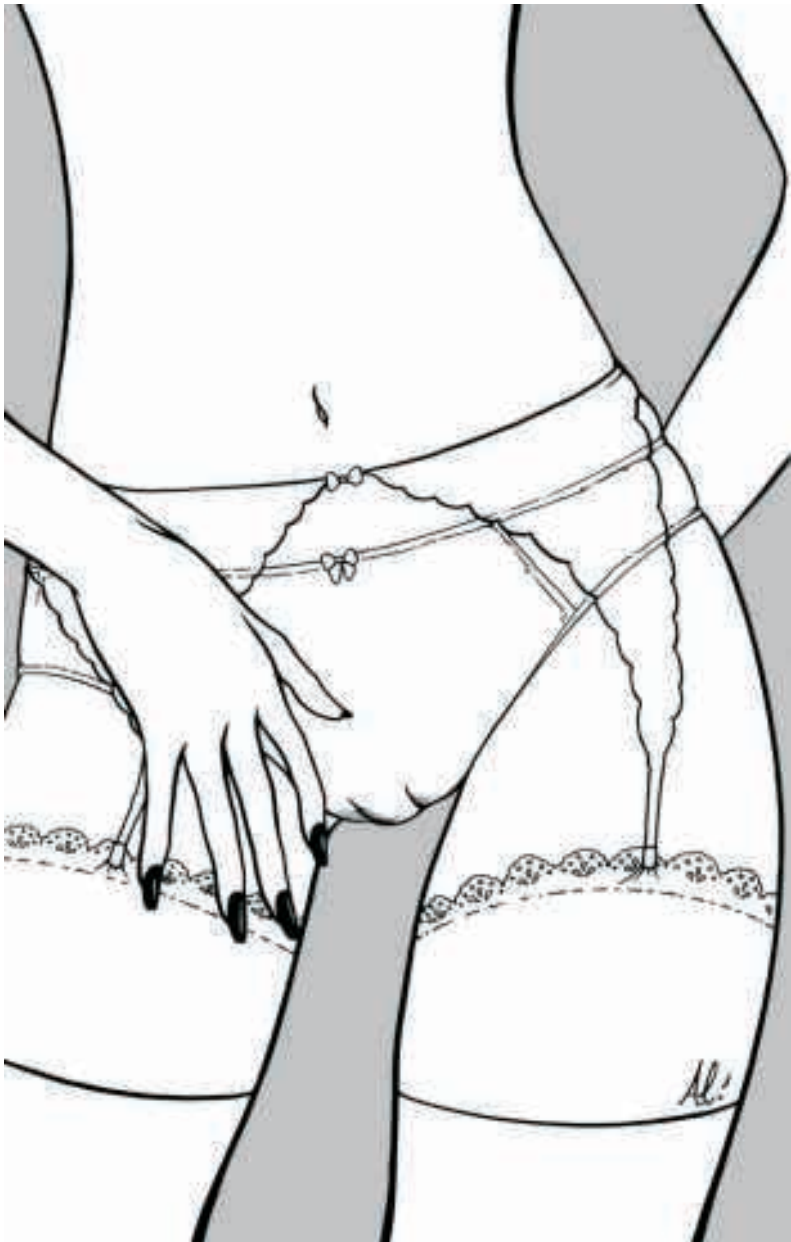
"I think so, maybe sooner," answered the doctor.

There was an outburst of giggles. I finished dressing and left the building. It never occurred to ask what was going to happen in six months. I guess at this point it didn't matter to me at all. I was so content living and working en femme.

That night at work as I undressed in my cubicle I fondled my breasts. The small walnut sized lumps had now "blossomed", as Dr. Manson had said, into two bountiful breasts that any woman would be proud of. I liked the way they felt as I put on my pink satin bra and secured the hooks.

After pulling up my pink satin panties and garter belt I saw that the hormones had reduced my small penis and empty scrotum to just a slight, barley noticeable bulge. The pink petticoats and pink satin mini

dress were last, followed by the large pink bow at the top of my newly styled hair do.



I would still wear wigs occasionally but no longer needed them. At the table I applied my makeup then went to Patricia so she could look me over. Her inspection, like the doctors, was brief and then I was out on the floor.

A month flew by. I had become so totally entrenched in my new feminine lifestyle that I had difficulty remembering my prior life as a man. I mean technically I still was a man. That part of me was useless now thanks to the hormone injections.

I was no longer able to have intercourse but for some strange reason it didn't bother me and it was something that I hadn't even thought about at all. I was now totally comfortable in my own femininity.

Each month was better than the last. Another shot, and then another prescription refill. My beard was almost gone. I was loving everyday of my new life. It was as if I had been liberated from a life that was nothing more than a prison. Perhaps the best way to describe it was to say that I was now completely free.

It was a Sunday night when I returned from Shelia's to find Simone packing her suitcases. Simone never informed me about anything in her business or personal life since I was her maid and I would be informed of only the things a maid needed to know.

She would be gone for about four to six weeks and wanted me to get up early and come into her bedroom to insure she had not overslept. She didn't want to miss her morning flight to Paris. Her alarm was set for six so I set mine for five. I would dress and then go to her room to insure she was up.

That morning I wore my black, mid length, a-line maids' dress over a pettislip and a petticoat. Black sti-

letto pumps of course, and a white maids' cap matching my ruffled apron. Red rouge and lipstick, another squirt of perfume behind each ear and I was ready to wake her.

I walked down the hallway, elbows in, arms across my body with hands dangling effeminately at the wrist. Catching a brief glimpse of myself in the hallway mirror I was very proud of the way I looked and I couldn't imagine myself doing anything else. I knocked softly on her door. She didn't respond so I walked in.

I stopped and stood mute at the foot of the bed like a proper sissy maid should. She was awake. I watched as she pulled the covers back, swung her legs out, and then stood up. She turned to face me.

Without expression she raised her arms parallel to the floor, leaned back and stretched. Her satin chemise strained as the nipples of her voluptuous breasts pushed out against the garment.

Strange as it may seem I had no manly feelings for her at all. My feminization had drained me of any sexual desires. It was almost as if I had been neutralized. Like the eunuchs that guard the sultan's harem. I was sexually useless, only good to her as an obedient servant, but I didn't care.

She straightened up, then bent over and with both hands grabbed the lacey hem of her pink satin chemise. She pulled it up slowly, teasingly, then slithered out of it, like a serpent shedding its' skin.

Without a word she dropped the garment at my feet. She walked past me to the bathroom for her morning shower with the same lithe grace she was known for when she walked the runways of the fashion capitals of the world.

I bent down, picked up the lovely chemise, and carried it to the bed. I folded it carefully and then walked over to her dresser. I glanced towards the bathroom to see if she was watching me as she sometimes did.

The bathroom door was still closed so I held the garment up to my face. Simone was not a woman who frequently used dusting powder or perfume so the still warm garment only carried the scent of her.

With one hand I opened the dresser drawer and then put the chemise inside. I placed a cake of perfumed soap on top of it. I closed the drawer and walked back over to the bed. After I made it up I stood by the vanity to await her return.

When she finished her shower she put on her lingerie. I brushed her hair and put on her make up. She got dressed. I watched as she packed two suitcases and carried them out to the front door. I made her breakfast of toast, orange juice and tea. She left and I was alone once again.

I tidied up the place a bit. Then I did the dishes and her laundry. I made up a grocery and wine list before making myself lunch. As I ate I thought about the life I was living. It was what some people might call a dream lifestyle. The thought of giving this all up to return to whatever life I might have had as a man was totally repugnant to me.

I was free from worries about money, jobs, the future, etc. I was exercising and eating healthier, even lost a few more pounds. There was much girlish frivolity in the casino dressing room and I was happy to be a part of it though I was just short of being truly "one of the girls."

It was hard to believe that I had fallen into this. A chance meeting with a pretty young woman named Eunice who had introduced herself to me as, of all things, a witch.

Despite not having an affair with her she had been a good friend. With the help of her and her friends I had managed to find a way out of the financial mess I had gotten myself into as well as become settled in a fun job at the casino and a service job as a super model's maid.

The fact that all it had cost me was my masculinity and a life as a man seemed to be almost irrelevant. In fact I hadn't even thought about the possibility of going back to what I used to be and whatever life I might have envisioned for myself.

I was now completely feminized and ecstatically happy about it too, except for one small detail of course. Perhaps it too would soon be changed, if that's what Dr. Manson's nurse had meant when she said "another six months doctor?"

THE END

### **EPILOGUE:**

The four women stopped talking as the effeminate waiter approached their table. He refilled their wine glasses and took their orders for lunch. As he minced away they all broke out into a fit of giggles.

"He is so ready to become our next project", said the tall black haired woman.

"I agree completely," added the short brunette.

"Eunice, how did your last project turn out?"

The brunette woman took a sip of her wine.

“Just wonderful Maureen. I couldn’t have been more pleased. He was very easy to hypnotize and accepted subliminal suggestions without question. I wish they all would be this easy, though I think part of the credit goes to the new and stronger version 7 of VIT-ES that Dr. Manson is now using. This one’s physical development and attitude adjustment was quicker than the others. In addition I know the girls at the casino club love working with him and Simone is very happy to have him serving her as a sissy maid.”

“That’s good to hear,” piped in the blonde woman.

The conversation stopped as the waiter approached pushing a small cart. He placed the orders in front of each woman and then left.

“He begins his transformation next week,” said the tall black haired woman. “I hope the restaurant finds a suitable replacement for him. Good help is hard to find these days. In another month I will have him at the club in costume, hose and heels. After that I will call Monica in L.A. to let her know that in ninety days she will have herself a maid.”

They all laughed together and then began eating their lunch.

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