



Reluctant Press presents:

Branded For Life



Norman Way

A 'HER TV' E-BOOK

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BRANDED FOR LIFE

By Norman Way

Twins. If there is one word that thrills prospective parents and grandparents alike, other than the news that “we’re pregnant,” it certainly is that one. The fact that the miracle of twins seldom occurs is a reason for joy by itself. Whether it is twin boys, twin girls, or one of each really doesn’t matter. A multiple birth is a cause for celebration.

There have been many studies done regarding how and why twins occur once in “x” number of births. Further studies about the relationship between twins and their comparative success rates in life have also been done. What isn’t well understood and what happens

rarely is when twins are born with opposite characteristics.

The female baby is larger than her male counterpart. Growing up, she gets physically larger and quicker than her younger sibling. She will grow to have masculine features like a larger skull, strong jaw-line, a larger physical build, bigger hands and feet while her male counterpart grows up to have small features, build, and a pretty, almost girly, face.

The female baby's personality development may exhibit a domineering side as she grows older while the male remains more submissive. Looking at them in the crib or stroller were it not for the pink or blue clothing, one could easily make a mistake in guessing their genders. At least that was the case with me.

My sister was born first at 6 lb. and 12 oz. I was a minute or so later, weighing in at a modest 3 lb. 10oz. When my mother asked about the size difference, the doctor just shrugged and told her to be happy we were both healthy, squalling babies with ten fingers and ten toes. He was certain I would eventually get bigger and would soon be larger than my sister.

The doctor never used the word "underdeveloped." Everything was where it was supposed to be and working just fine. Of course the doctor didn't mention that things were not always that way in nature.

Momma Robin comes to the nest with a bug in her beak. There are five baby robins stretching their necks to get fed. Over time, one or two of them get more to eat; as a result, they become bigger, stronger and faster than the others. They are able to push the other smaller, weaker babies aside. Eventually the five are reduced to four, then three as the weaker ones die off.

In the wild, babies of all species struggle to find the teat to get the nourishing milk they need. The bigger, stronger ones push the weaker ones aside and as a result they get less milk and soon die off. The law of the jungle is that life is survival of the fittest and the weak soon perish.

Fortunately that do or die scenario is not played out for humans but I would soon learn the importance of standing up for myself.

The first memories from my childhood were of standing in the living room and reaching for a ball that was on the floor. My sister pushed me away. I fell down and began to cry. My mother came to my rescue and reprimanded my sister.

There were other times when my mother wasn't around so I learned to push back when my sister pushed me. This made her madder and she began hitting me. There was no one to rescue me when this happened so I just ran into the other room, crying. I began keeping my distance from her and stayed away as much as possible to avoid another confrontation.

She was always the first at the table to eat our meals, the first to jump in the car when we went somewhere, the first to see the doctor when we got our checkups. Rather than try to be the first at anything we did, I decided it would be less trouble to just let her lead and have her way.

I simply avoided being around her. She liked the noise of radio and TV while I liked the quiet of the outdoors and the library. I spent most of my time alone and liked the solitude. I enjoyed being outdoors in the quiet of the park and the many things the library had to offer in addition to the solitude I found there. I became a voracious reader; as a result I did very well when we

started school, as opposed to my sister who did just enough to get by.

Grade school introduced me to soccer. Due to my small stature, I was knocked around pretty good. It was the first time I ever heard the word "runt." I quit soccer and took up tennis which I found more to my liking. I worked hard and became good at it. I never heard that word in or out of the locker room again.

In addition to practice sessions, I worked out at home as well. My parents had exercise machines in the basement and I made full use of them. My sister avoided them at all costs. Twice a week, my parents had to practically force her to spend as little as fifteen minutes on the treadmill and stationary bike.

We had healthy meals at home. Of course my sister preferred the junk at the fast food restaurants when she was with her friends. By the time we had finished Middle School, I was slim and trim while she was overweight, though much taller than I was. I continued to stay out of her way whenever possible.

We lived within walking distance of school but we never walked together. She was always in a hurry to get there to be with her friends. I was not overtly shy but I continued to keep pretty much to myself. I never felt the need to be the center of attention like my sister did.

I continued to work hard at improving my game. I kept myself motivated by taking out my frustrations with my sister on the ball in practice sessions. In addition I would run on the treadmill or pedal the stationary bike until my legs hurt.

I never spoke to my parents about those occasional conflicts with my sister. I felt that was better than to

have either or both of them speak to her about it, then have to watch my back when they weren't around.

After finishing middle school, my name was mentioned in the local newspapers after I won a tournament for eighth graders. The high school coach was quoted as saying he was looking forward to working with me next year.

My parents were pleased but my sister couldn't have cared less. She wanted to be with her friends rather than accompany our parents to see me play, which suited me just fine.

I spent the summer doing a few odd jobs for cash as I was still too young to get a job. We both helped out at home by sharing chores. She seemed to take great delight in seeing me in Mom's pink apron and rubber gloves when I washed the dishes and she dried.

I rode my bike to tennis practice all summer. Between that and my workouts in the basement, I was as fit as any kid could be. I was looking forward to my freshman year because I knew when tennis began in the spring, the competition would be much stiffer. It would be much more of a test of my abilities than the opponents I had played against in grade school.

School started and once more I settled into the routine of classes, homework and keeping fit. The high school was only several blocks from the middle school so I continued to ride my bike back and forth. When the weather turned cold, I rode the bus while Leann rode with her friends in one of the older girl's car. They were a wild and noisy bunch.

In the spring our tennis team finished third in our conference. Next year was much better as we lost only

two players to graduation. I was very confident that we would make it to the state tournament.

That summer Leann began working at a pizza place in the mall several miles away. A co-worker was going to take her back and forth to work. Dad's brother got me a job at a GM dealership. I had just finished driver education. I drove Mom or Dad's car back and forth to work.

"Auto detailer" is something of a misnomer. Auto janitor is more like it. I drove the used cars through the car wash, then vacuumed and deodorized the interior and cleaned the glass. You wouldn't believe the crap people leave in their cars.

The summer went fast as did my sophomore year. Both Leann and I were too busy with school or work to get in each other's way. They say time flies when you are having fun. School wasn't that much fun and neither was cleaning up other people's crap but I was too busy to care, I guess.

I was making the minimum wage and after paying for gas, I wasn't able to save very much. Leann was making the restaurant minimum but she also got tips and soon she had a small down payment saved up. With Mom and Dad cosigning the loan, she bought a very used Mustang and was soon peeling rubber when she left for work.

I had no close friends outside of the tennis team at school so I kept mostly to myself. Leann had many friends but they were like her: loud, wild and crazy. They were more interested in the mall, thrills, and alcohol and marijuana too, I'm sure.

There was no doubt in my mind that if they spent half as much time on their studies as they did cruising

around and having fun, they probably would have done much better grade-wise. It just didn't seem to matter to them that much. I wondered what Leann thought she was going to do after school with such low grades. Maybe she was planning on working her way up the ladder at the pizza place.

Just before we broke for the Christmas holidays, a classmate asked me if I would help his older brother out. They were going to play a practical joke on some of his brother's college girlfriends. They wanted me to drive them to the sorority house in my car because it was one the girls wouldn't recognize. I saw no harm in helping them out so I agreed.

That Saturday night, I drove my classmate's brother and two of his buddies to the sorority house. I parked two blocks away. About twenty minutes later, I saw the three guys running towards the car. They jumped in and screamed "Get this thing moving!"

I started the car and put it in gear. Four blocks later, a squad car pulled me over. We all got out of the car and the cops began questioning us. It was then I noticed the guys had several pairs of panties they had apparently taken from the sorority house.

I answered all the officer's questions, denying any knowledge of what the boys had intended to do. They let us go but we had to appear before a judge in ten days. My parents were upset with me but there was nothing I could do.

A female judge presided over the hearing. She had a bit of a smirk on her face and I wondered if she had been a member of that sorority when she attended college. The University and the sorority girls agreed to drop all of the charges if each of us would come and clean the sorority house from top to bottom on differ-

ent weekends. We agreed and I figured that was the end of it. After the other three guys spent their Saturday doing their house cleaning, I took my turn.

When I finished, the girls inspected the work I had done, then invited me to join them for a drink. I wanted to go back home but reluctantly agreed. After a couple of sips from the wine glass, I felt a little dizzy. The next thing I knew it was about an hour later and one of the girls was waking me up.

I found myself lying on a bed in one of the upstairs bedrooms.

“Wake up, sleepy head. Come downstairs, we have something to show you on our computer.”

She walked out the door as I swung my legs over the edge of the mattress. I thought I could smell a slight odor of perfume as I got up. I looked at myself in the hallway mirror but I couldn’t see anything out of the ordinary.

When I entered the living room, there were several girls standing by the desk. I looked at the computer screen. It was a picture of me lying on the bed. I was wearing a pink bra, a pair of pink panties, and a pink garter belt was holding up my pink stockings. My cheeks had pink blusher and my lips had a thick coating of bright pink lipstick.

“Okay wise guy, watch this.”

She made several keystrokes and a black bar covered my eyes so you couldn’t tell it was me. Next she uploaded the picture to the sorority’s website under the heading “Local Sissies Who Entertained Us.” I was too stunned to speak. There were three other pictures as well. It didn’t take a rocket scientist to figure out that

if the bars were removed, I would see the other three guys that I was with that night.

“If there is more trouble from any of you clowns, those bars will be removed and the whole world will be laughing at you. Got it?”

I nodded without speaking.

“Good, now get lost.”

I turned around and walked out. As I drove home, I wondered if they would keep that bargain. I decided not to think any more about it or even discuss it with my classmate after school resumed. The less said about something like this, the better. School started again and I never gave the incident another thought.

In late January, Leann’s car died after work one night so I drove to pick her up. I arrived just as the tow truck was hauling the Mustang away. I walked inside the pizza place and found her talking with two girls at the counter.

They both had prom magazines in their hands. One of them pointed at a page and they all looked up at me and laughed. As I approached, they closed the magazine so I couldn’t see what they were looking at.

“I’m ready, let’s go,” announced Leann. “I’ll need a lift to the station tomorrow too.”

“No problem,” I answered.

As we drove home, I wondered what the source of their amusement was. Prom magazines were informational, not funny and they had looked at me in a sort of bemused way. If there was something humorous there, I couldn’t see it.

Several days later, I saw the same magazine on the break table at work. I had finished eating my lunch and no one else was around so I began paging through it hoping to find a clue as to what Leann and her friends had found so funny.

The magazine was full of beautiful girls modeling all sorts of prom fashions in many styles and colors. In the middle there was a stunning picture of a very pretty blonde girl wearing a pink satin sheath dress and matching stiletto heel shoes. She was wearing pink blusher, pink nail polish and shiny pink lip gloss. A matching pink purse hung on a gold chain from her shoulder.

I thought back to that picture of me on the bed at the sorority house wearing pink lingerie and makeup. I closed my eyes and imagined myself wearing that lingerie under the pink satin sheath. I heard someone coming so I tossed the magazine aside, unable to figure out what was so amusing.

One of the office girls came into the break room. She retrieved the magazine from the table and walked away. At the door, she handed it to another girl.

"Sorry, I guess I left it in here," she said as the door closed.

I drank the last of my soda and tossed the can in the recycling bin. As I came out of the restroom, the door to the ladies room was just opening and I heard someone remark, "That little runt would look just fabulous in any of those gowns," followed by laughter.

I kept walking back to the service bay. It was the first time I had heard the word "runt" in quite some time. I was puzzled as to why the girls would want to

see me in a dress, high heels and makeup. Was I that unmasculine, I asked myself?

I finished work and went home. When I got inside, the house was empty. I went upstairs and undressed.

After my shower, I stood in front of the mirror. I didn't think I was feminine. My body was nearly hair-free and my skin had always been smooth and soft. I guess you could say it was sort of "girly." I brushed my hair down over my forehead. If I had longer hair, I would definitely look just like a girl.

On the spur of the moment, I walked into my parents' bedroom. A pair of knee-high nylon stockings was draped over my Mom's shoe rack. I slipped them on and then stepped into my mother's black high heel pumps.

I was surprised to find they were just a little big. I took several tissues from the box on her vanity, folded them over and placed one around the inside of each shoe's heel. The fit was almost perfect. I felt confident that I could walk easily in them despite hearing my mom complain that they hurt her feet.

I began walking around the room, trying to act like a girl. It was easier than I had anticipated. I stopped in front of her dresser and opened the top drawer. I set one of the cakes of perfumed soap aside. I held up the nylon tricot half-slip, then stepped into it. It felt good as I brought it up to my waist.

My pulse was accelerating as I put one hand on my hip and began walking around the room. I struck a pose in front of the full-length mirror. I really did look just like a girl. If I was wearing makeup and a dress, I thought I could easily pass for a female. Maybe that is

what the two girls at the pizza place were seeing when they looked at the prom fashions, then back at me.

The sound of Leann's Mustang pulling up to the curb in the front of the house interrupted my thoughts. I panicked and took off the shoes and nylons. I quickly replaced them on the rack exactly as I had found them. I slid the half-slip down and stepped out of it. After folding it carefully, I put it back in the drawer and placed the bar of soap on top of it. I ran back to my room and closed the door. I dressed quickly and walked out to the hallway just as Leann was coming up the stairs.

"You look kinda scared, whatcha up to?" she asked with a grin on her face.

"Nothing," I replied

"Uh huh. You weren't jacking off in there, were you?"

"No, of course not and that was a stupid thing to say," I shot back.

"Yeah, right. On second thought maybe you were in Mom's room trying on her lingerie and heels," she answered with a laugh.

I didn't answer her but swallowed hard as I passed her and went back down stairs. I took a soft drink out of the fridge and looked at my reflection in the small mirror over the kitchen sink. I didn't think I looked guilty of anything but Leann must have seen something or sensed it.

I was half-finished with my drink when Leann left again. As soon as her car was out of sight down the street, I ran back upstairs to my parents' room. I wanted to be certain everything looked OK. The

dresser was fine and the cake of soap on top of the half-slip looked undisturbed.

When I went over to the shoe rack, I was startled to find that in my haste I had left the tissues inside the pumps. I quickly removed them and tossed them in the bathroom waste basket. My heart was pounding as I thought about what Mom might have said if she found the tissues in her shoes. She knew Leann would never be trying on her shoes so I would be the only logical person to ask. I went back downstairs and finished my pop.

I had a hard time getting to sleep that night after such a close call. It was a good thing I hadn't decided to try on some lipstick or blusher. Closing my eyes, I saw myself walking around the room in the half-slip and high heels. I had enjoyed myself. I liked the feel of the half-slip's fabric and the nylon stockings on my skin. I had walked almost effortlessly in Mom's high heels and found them to be very comfortable.

At the end of May, we were runners-up in the state championships. I did win the singles title. Next year would be our best shot at winning the top spot. The press was pretty good even though tennis didn't get the coverage of other sports.

Coaches from several universities had already contacted me by mail. Tennis scholarships were few and far between compared to the other sports but it would go a long way towards saving me from having to pay for my education.

In mid-June, Leann was bringing Mom back from the mall. It was raining heavily when Leann took a freeway exit ramp a little too fast and flipped the Mustang over. Both of them were dead at the scene. Leann having an accident was no surprise to me but getting

herself and Mom killed made things much worse. I know Dad blamed Leann for Mom's death but blame didn't bring her back.

I was more afraid for my father than myself as they had been more than just another married couple. They were truly soul-mates for life. People handle tragedies differently. Some grieve openly, others privately. Some get over the loss of a loved one and some never do. My dad handled things pretty well but I knew he was torn up inside.

Following the funeral, I helped Dad box up Leann and Mom's clothing for the thrift store. Leann's small life insurance policy was given to me and Mom's went to Dad. I took title to Mom's car. Leann only carried liability on her car so we got nothing for the loss.

I had a little money in my checking account and it felt good to have ten thousand dollars in a CD. Since I had no definite plans after high school, it would give me a little cushion if some unexpected expenses should arise.

Dad began working more hours. I did most of the cooking. We didn't talk much and he seemed to be increasingly distant. I kept the house clean and continued to wear Mom's pink apron and gloves. For some strange reason, I liked it.

Occasionally I dreamed about wearing the half-slip with a bra, panties, garter belt, stockings and a lacy camisole under a blouse and skirt. Why I did was a mystery. What was there about wearing feminine apparel that made me feel so good?

One night I typed "cross dresser clothing" in a search engine and found many websites that sold feminine apparel to men. Their links led me to many others

as well as self-help guides, chat rooms, therapists and clinics that treated what they called “transgendered men.”

I was amazed at what I found; as time went on, I put together a file of these sites. I categorized them into two sections. The first was ‘retail’ where I listed the products they sold and the second was ‘professional and informational.’ I did not list the many porn or subscription sites I found.

The holidays came and went. It was a difficult time as there were two less at the table for Thanksgiving and Christmas dinners. I could tell Dad was still having trouble with Mom’s death. He became more and more distant. He would always pay half the groceries and we were splitting the phone and light bills while he took care of the mortgage payment and taxes.

In my senior year, we hardly talked at all. In late November, the economy went into the toilet. All the risky mortgages and sub-prime loans had contributed to a near world-wide collapse of the financial system.

Dad had enough time in at work so his job would not be in jeopardy but some of the younger employees were worried and each day the news gave them good reason to be. I doubted that my part-time job at the GM dealership would be lost as I had done a good job for them, earning two raises since I had started and several other employees had come and gone since then.

Up to this point I had not socialized much outside of school functions. With school, work, taking care of Dad and the house, I was kept pretty busy. My dates had been between a movie and a burger after a football or basketball game. I liked most of the girls in my class but without sounding paranoid, I don’t think they

liked me very much. I overheard one of the girls ask another, "How was your date with Shorty?"

I was never self-conscious about being short, but I felt I was being labeled. My parents had instilled in me the work ethic as well as maintaining a positive image of myself. "You are as good as anybody," they had both told me at one time or another. I wondered why girls didn't see me that way.

With spring just around the corner, I was looking forward to another championship season. I was one of three seniors who were ranked. I began hearing from college coaches on a regular basis now but I was not really certain what I was going to do.

My father's heart attack at work came as a shock but in retrospect it was no surprise. He hadn't been himself since Mom died. I contacted the attorney that had helped us with Mom's estate and he took care of things for me.

After funeral and legal expenses, I put the ten thousand dollars from his life insurance and another ten thousand dollars from Mom's insurance together with my ten thousand from Leann's insurance in a CD.

I didn't want to keep the house but with the country in financial collapse, I knew it would be hard to sell it so I listed it anyway. I had enough to continue the mortgage payments for about a year. In my spare time, I began getting rid of the accumulation of stuff we had. I was pretty exhausted for the first week or two.

With the prom a month away, I asked several girls and they all responded that they had already been asked. I began to wonder again if my shortness had something to do with it. Finally a girl in my American History class accepted my invitation.

She was a new girl and had transferred here in January. I was happy about my prom date until I overheard one of the girls in another class remark, "Who is going to wear the dress?" followed by giggles.

That night after a shower, I looked at myself in the mirror again. I had lost some more weight with the stress of my father's death but I didn't think I looked overtly feminine. Later I dreamt I was at the prom wearing pink blusher, pink lipstick, pink nail polish, a pink dress, and matching four-inch heel shoes. I was dancing with a tall, muscular girl in a black tuxedo and black leather boots. I woke up with an erection and in the bathroom I masturbated myself to a release.

As I ate breakfast, I tried to understand why I had such a wonderful feeling being cross-dressed and in the arms of a muscular, assertive woman. I was a male and as such I should be the lead when dancing with a girl, I should be the masculine, aggressive party not the submissive, feminine one.

I had felt very comfortable in the submissive role in my dreams. I wondered if I was destined to have a life like that. The way things were in our society, I doubted it very much.

We won the state title. I was singles champion to boot. At the end of the month, Jill and I had a good time at the prom. She wore a pale blue dress. Despite wearing low heel shoes, she was still taller than I was and I had no doubt there were plenty of giggles and talk behind our backs.

I was yet undecided as to the direction my life should take. Money was no longer an issue and the house was yet to be sold. In addition I continued to pursue information about my love of feminine apparel.

It was like some deep, dark secret had been hiding inside me and had now become unlocked. I wasn't sure how I was going to deal with this and lead a "normal" life too. I didn't want to seek out professional help just yet either.

In August I reduced the price of the house, hoping to be able to sell it before the cold weather set in again. Not many homes in the upper Midwest sell after November. I was given extra hours at the dealership and had disposed of most everything in the house I didn't need.

I had told my counselor that I was going to put off going to college for a year, citing my father's death and getting rid of the house as my priorities.

By March of the next year, the housing market and the economy in general were still in shambles. I had lowered the price of the house again in January but there were still no takers. The only positive thing was that I got a chance to move up at the dealership.

The service manager had retired and his assistant had been promoted. I got a nice raise and began learning the shop business while another young man replaced me as the detailer. The first two months went fast, then the bottom fell out.

GM was closing the dealership. We all wondered what we were going to do. I cashed in part of my CD to pay the taxes and it was expensive heating that house in the winter. The house was mostly empty with just a few furniture items and me. It was like heating an empty warehouse.

The owner of the dealership flew to Detroit to talk with GM. We were a small town dealership and didn't have anywhere near the gross that the big dealerships

in the Twin Cities had so they decided to give us the ax.

The boss was the grandson of the founder and had just taken over when his father retired two years earlier. It was a bitter blow for a lot of people. Some of the customers were the grandkids of the dealership's customers when it first opened many years ago.

June 30th would be the last day. We had a big inventory reduction sale during the month of May but with the economy in trouble, most of the vehicles went to other dealerships. The only good news by the end of the month was that I had two bites on the house. I kept my fingers crossed each time the realtor showed up with a client.

All of the employees had begun seeking new jobs as soon the closing had been announced. We all made up resumes, registered with Job Service, contacted other dealerships and used the internet. I had yet to decide whether to attend school in the fall or continue working.

June 1st I filled out a questionnaire sent to me by email from a dealership near San Jose, California. I thought it was a bit odd that they wanted to know my height, weight, eating and drinking habits. I got an immediate answer back and that afternoon had a video cam interview with the dealership's owner and general manager, Connie DelGatto.

The next morning I got an offer to start August 15th. With nothing to lose, I printed out a copy of the offer and replied to accept it. That night when I got home, I found a message on my answering machine from my realtor.

Both parties had made an offer. The first was too low and the realtor refused to even tell me about it. The second was a little better so at the realtor's suggestion, I made a counter offer. I had hoped to sell it quickly so I could go to California without being encumbered with a house to leave behind.

Three days later, the second party called back with another offer. Rather than wait any longer, I decided to accept it and made arrangements for the close. They wanted to move in the last week in July and I agreed to be out by then.

With a first and second mortgage, closing costs, realtor commissions, fees and holdbacks, I didn't have very much money left. I hadn't realized just how deep in debt my parents had been.

After the dealership closed, I got my last check and began getting rid of everything I wasn't going to bring with me to California. I had an estate sale, then donated everything I couldn't sell to the local mission charity.

I checked into a motel for the remaining week before the new owners moved in. I went to the house once each day just to be sure everything was OK. It looked so different now that it was completely empty. I felt a sudden pang of emotion as I remembered growing up there.

The realtor and I made one last "walk-through" of the house, then I locked the doors and handed him the keys. I stopped at AAA and got a membership, maps and travel information for my trip west. That night as I got into bed, I almost cried.

Three days later after closing my bank accounts and transferring the money to a San Jose bank, I got some

travelers checks. Early the next morning, I left for California. It was a bright sunny day and I tried to think of the future I had by going out west as opposed to what I was leaving behind.

It was an uneventful trip. I found a small apartment near the dealership which was adjacent to a new shopping mall. I could bike to work and get groceries. When I was all settled in, I drove to the dealership and asked for Connie Delgatto.

In a few minutes she came out of her office and introduced herself. She was a tall woman who wore a black pantsuit, a plain white blouse and highly polished black flat heel boots. She wore no makeup and didn't smile as she gave me a firm, almost manly handshake, then asked me into her office.

It appeared that this was going to be an all-business relationship instead of the congenial, relaxed atmosphere I had been used to working in. As I took my seat across from her, I decided I would be more guarded in this conversation that I might have been.

She handed me several forms to fill out, then gave me a sheet listing my work hours for the last two weeks of August and the month of September. Another sheet was a confirming letter of hire with my starting wage as well as an employee handbook. Her face was without any expression or emotion as she waited for me to read and sign everything.

"I see you keep yourself in good physical health. You must continue to do so to keep your job here. We are all very health-conscious and you will be expected to maintain a professional as well as a healthy appearance at all times, understood?"

"Yes, ma'am," I answered.

“After you complete your ninety-day probation, you will be eligible for the benefit package which I will discuss with you then. You should know it includes a membership in the health club at the mall nearby. Do you have any questions?”

“No ma’am,” I answered.

“Good. Here is the address of a uniform shop in the mall. All service personnel must wear blue coveralls instead of street clothes. They will measure you and call you when your coveralls are ready for pickup. Wear a clean coverall each day and read the appearance guidelines in the handbook. The second address is where your physical takes place in two hours, don’t be late. See you on the fifteenth.”

I took the slip of paper from her and stood up. We shook hands and I walked out to the car. She was all business all the time, I thought to myself. If the job was going to go anything like the past twenty minutes, maybe I had made the wrong choice in coming here. It was a bit late to second guess myself. I was here and for at least a year, I was going to have to make the best of it.

I drove to the uniform shop. I was ushered into the back room by a man named Don who told me to undress to my T-shirt and briefs to be measured. I did so but was puzzled by the need for head, neck, wrist, sleeve length, and shoe size. I thought that with short-sleeved coveralls, all they would need would be chest, waist and inseam measurements. I said nothing to Don; when I got re-dressed, he said he would call me when the coveralls were ready.

I had lunch at the café court, then drove to the address for my physical several miles away. It was a two-story office building. I went inside and found the

suite number on the sheet Connie had given me. I gave them my name at the front counter and filled out the medical form on the clipboard I was given.

My physical was given by a female doctor. She glanced at the clipboard, then proceeded to give me a thorough going-over. At its conclusion, she made some notes on the sheet, then wrote something on a prescription pad before giving me a shot from a very large needle.

“Everybody gets vitamin and flu shots on a regular basis. Stop at the pharmacy on your way out and give them this.”

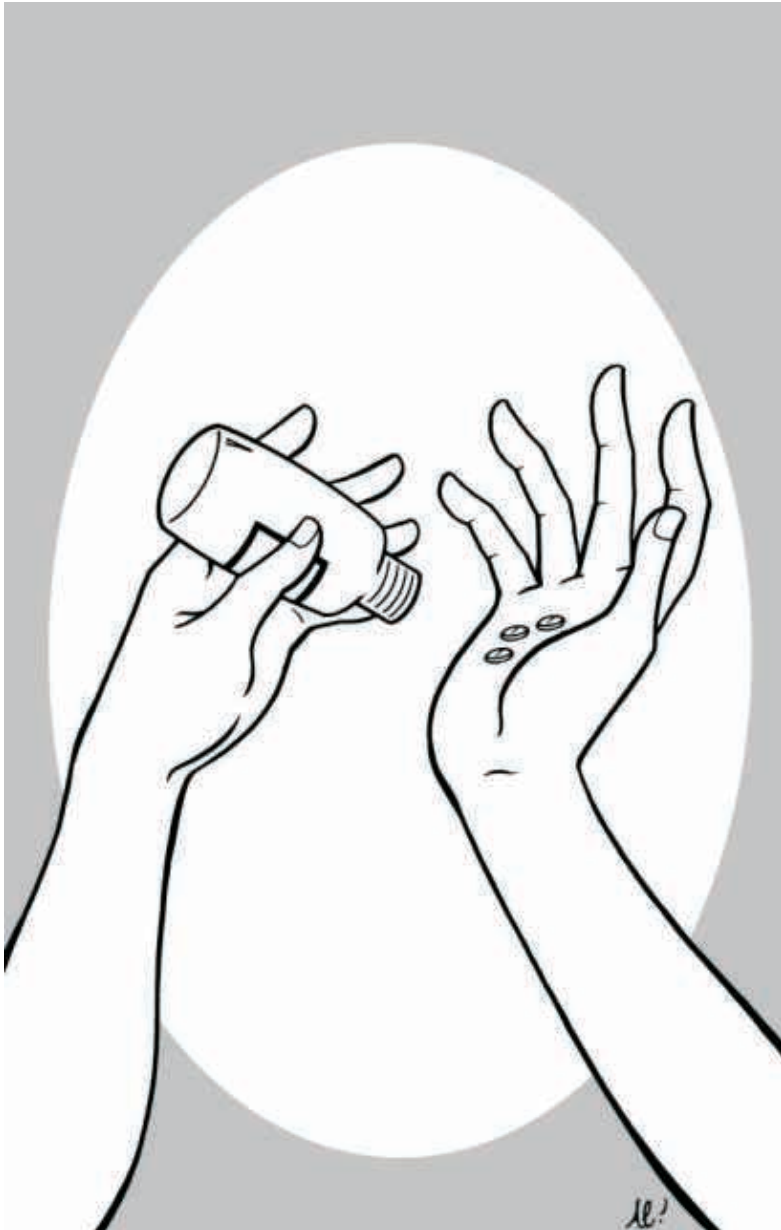
She handed me a prescription sheet. After she left the room, I got dressed and walked to the pharmacy at the front of the building. The female pharmacist handed me a container of pills. As I left, I thought I heard her and a co-worker giggling about something.

At home, I opened the container and examined the pills. They were pink and a little smaller than a dime. The instructions were to take one a day after a meal. I put them in the medicine cabinet. I knew Californians were a pretty health-conscious bunch but I thought giving me an injection and pills to take was a bit much. Nevertheless, “When in Rome...” as the saying goes.

The next two weeks seemed to crawl by. I picked up a large garment bag at the uniform shop at the end of the first week. Inside it I found seven blue coveralls. I tried them on and found they were sharply tailored to fit my body very closely, especially around the buttocks.

At the bottom of the bag were seven pairs of black socks and a pair of black oxfords that fit just as well as

the coveralls. For a pair of black work oxfords, they were as comfortable as any sneaker I had ever worn.



The second week I bought a used bike and began getting to know the general area. I timed myself to the dealership and the shopping mall. It felt good to be getting some exercise as I had not worked out in about six weeks. I was stiff and sore for a couple of days but along with running several miles in a nearby park whenever I could, I felt as good as I ever had.

I purchased a small flat screen TV and set it up with an indoor power antenna. It brought in several local channels which was enough for me as I watched very little TV, preferring to be outdoors or reading. There were several public tennis courts in the area as well as tennis clubs. I decided to wait until my probation was up since the health club had ample court space and it would be free.

My starting day finally arrived. I was a bit apprehensive and didn't sleep all that well the night before. I decided to drive to work instead of biking it. The forecast was for rain later that evening but I didn't want to take a chance on getting caught in a storm on the way home if it came earlier.

I parked my car in the side parking lot. It was six thirty so I sat and listened to the radio for fifteen minutes. I walked in the rear service entrance promptly at six forty-five. A short black man introduced himself as John Hunter, the service manager.

"Go into the break room and grab a soda or coffee. I'll get you started in a few minutes," he said.

I walked into the break room and stopped at the two machines along the wall. One machine contained cans of juice without any sugar and diet sodas without the caffeine. The other offered hot chocolate and either decaffeinated tea or coffee. It didn't surprise me after Connie's lecture about health.

I bought a can of orange juice even though I wasn't thirsty. I sat at the table and waited for John. At the other end of the room were two women. One was a short, muscular blonde with very short hair, almost like a man's crew cut, while the other was a thin, mousey girl with dark brown hair. Both wore coveralls like mine.

I finished my drink and walked to the men's room. When I came back out, the two women were just leaving the room. I heard the blonde say, "What's short stuff going to be doing here?" The door closed before I heard the answer.

John entered the room and I walked out to the service counter. Over the next hour, he explained the computer and phone system. It was pretty much the same as the other GM dealerships had. By lunch time I had a pretty good handle on things.

I lived close by so I drove home for lunch. As I made myself a peanut butter sandwich, I thought about the blonde's remark: "What's short stuff going to be doing here?" It looks like I was being labeled again.

I finished my lunch and drove back to the dealership. When I walked in, John told me that Connie wanted to see me.

"Don't keep this lady waiting," he admonished.

I walked to her office. Her secretary was gone but the door was open. I knocked politely on the door jam rather than just walk in. She got up from her desk and motioned me inside. I stood by the desk and she closed the door.

Standing behind me, she ran her hands over my shoulders and lower back. I was quite surprised that

she would put her hands on my person. She walked around to face me.

“It looks like the uniforms fit you well, how are the shoes?”

“Just fine, in fact for plain work shoes they are very comfortable”

“Good. I trust you have read the employee handbook, particularly the section in the back that deals with the health regime?”

“Yes, I have.”

“OK, now I want you to drop your weight to 140 lb. I know you are in excellent health but you can never be too careful. Your weight was 146 at the physical so another six pounds shouldn’t be too difficult for you to lose, now should it?”

“No,” I answered. I was too afraid to say anything else.

At 5’5” and 146 lb., my BMI would be 24.3. If I dropped to 140 lb., my BMI would be 23.3. Both would be below 25, the recommended number. I could not see why that extra little amount could possibly be that important but I certainly wasn’t in a position to argue with her.

“That’s all for today, you may go back to work,” she said as she turned away from me.

Just as I was about to go, I glanced at the picture on the shelf behind her desk. One of the girls in the picture was at the sorority house where I had cleaned and been photographed in pink lingerie.

I turned away quickly and walked back to the service department. I wondered if there was any connection between that incident and why I got the job here. I

put it out of my mind and concentrated on the rest of the afternoon's work.

That night, after a bike ride and a hot shower, I thought about that picture again. Could it be just a coincidence? I thought for sure a harmless prank of a panty raid would have been long forgotten by the sorority girls.

If the girl in the picture had mentioned it to Connie, why would she be interested in bringing me here? If the sorority girls wanted more revenge, why not refuse to hire me? I drank two light beers before going to bed and they helped get me to sleep.

A month passed and I became settled into a routine. Each first day off from my five days on, I took five coveralls to the uniform shop to be dry cleaned and pressed. They would be ready for an evening pickup in two days. I stopped at the clinic to get weighed and given another shot.

"You are at 140 and a half," said the nurse. "If I were you, I would drop another two or three pounds."

I nodded and got dressed. I couldn't understand what the trouble was with being just a half-pound over but then I remembered John's remark: "Don't keep this lady waiting." I began to wonder just what kind of a boss she was.

That night I put her name in a search engine. It seems Connie Scarlotti was divorced from Alberto Delgatto, the grandson of Dominic Delgatto, one of New Jersey's crime bosses. There was no proven connection between her and the mob but with only two years of college, she had no trouble getting financing to buy this GM dealership.

I decided I would have to watch my P's and Q's very carefully at least until I could get to know the employees a little better so I could ask some questions. The second month passed and I got my weight down to 135, more than I had been expected to lose. I got another shot, which surprised me too.

Friday night about eight, I got a phone call from Connie.

"I need a small favor. I am having some friends over tomorrow afternoon for tennis. One is sick and can't make it. I know you are a very capable tennis player. Could you please come over so we can have a foursome?"

I answered "Sure" without thinking about it. I wrote down the directions to her house.

"Please come about one, I have everything here that you need."

With that, she hung up. I hadn't played for some time but I was sure I could handle a casual match among Connie and her friends.

When I arrived at the address she had given me, I found it was a gated community. I gave my name to the guard at the gate. After making a call, he waved me inside.

I parked on the street in front of the house and walked to the door. I rang the bell and Connie let me in.

"Hi, come right in. I have everything you need in a back bedroom. Follow me."

I closed the door behind me and we walked to the room.

Her house was absolutely gorgeous, as you might expect from a business owner. The lawn and shrubs were manicured and the inside was tastefully furnished. If the dealership wasn't making money, she certainly had been getting it from someplace.

The whole bedroom was done in pink and white. She stopped by a queen-size four-poster bed that was covered with a pink chiffon bedspread. On top of the bedspread was a pink bra, a pair of pink panties and a pink tennis dress. She held the pink tennis dress up against me.

"Looks like it should fit perfectly. Put on your lingerie, the dress, then come out."

She turned and walked out of the bedroom before I had a chance to say anything. Of course she hadn't said anything on the phone about me wearing a women's tennis outfit. It was too late for me to say something now so I undressed.

She had placed two ping pong balls in the bra cups; after I closed the front hooks, I knew they would fill out the front of the dress very well. I slipped on the panties and in my mind saw the picture the sorority girls had taken of me. I smoothed my hand over the four rows of white ruffles along the back. I felt very good as I slipped the dress over my head and walked to the bedroom door.

Connie was standing just outside the door when I opened it. I turned around and she zipped me up. She lifted the skirt up and ran her hands over my buttocks. After smoothing the skirt back over the panties, she ran her hands around my waist. I turned around and she looked me over carefully.

"It looks fine, now please sit at the vanity."

I walked over to the vanity and sat down. She took a brown wig from its foam head and put it on me. Next she took the cap off a pink lipstick and turned up the base.

“Open wide please,” she instructed.

I opened my mouth and she applied a thick layer of the creamy lipstick, then pushed the tube once into each cheek. After smoothing the makeup over my cheeks with one finger, she put the lipstick back on the vanity.

“Press your lips together, then stand spread eagle in the middle of the floor.”

I did so. She used some strips to remove the fuzz from my arms and legs. Then she placed a pink cap with a large bill and elastic back over my wig.

“Slip on your socks and shoes. You are all set. Leave your watch on the vanity. The other girls will be here at two. By the way, for today I will call you Denise.”

After putting on the pink socks and perfectly fitting tennis shoes, I removed my watch. It was a quarter of two as we walked out the back to the tennis court. She handed me a pink racket from the table. Just as I sat down in one of the lounge chairs, I heard the door bell ring.

“That will be them,” said Connie as she left to answer the door.

As I sat there in my pink outfit with the pink racket in my hands, I wondered what I had gotten myself into. For today I was no longer “Denny,” I was now “Denise” and I certainly looked the part.

The softness of the tricot panties felt good against my skin. My fuzz-less arms and legs looked very feminine. With the wig, my lipsticked mouth, and rouged cheeks, I doubted if anyone could tell I was not a girl.

There was a smattering of giggles as Connie and her two friends came out.

“Denise, this is Rachel and Sue Ellen. Girls, this is Denise, one of our secretaries.”

I was about to get up to shake hands like a man is supposed to but remembering my role for the day, I extended my hand from a seated position and gave each of the women a limp dishrag handshake.

We began to play and I was a bit rusty. We lost the first set but barely won the second. We triumphed in the rubber match and adjourned to the tables.

“Give me a hand in the kitchen, Denise,” said Connie.

We left the girls and went back into the house. Connie put a vegetarian pizza in the oven and got a bottle of wine out of the fridge. She placed some glasses on a tray, then opened the bottle.

“You were splendid on the court, I am so glad we beat them.”

“I always play to win,” I answered back.

I followed her back out to the court. I took my seat, remembering to smooth the skirt of my dress as I sat down. We sipped our wine and the girls made conversation about their careers and Connie’s car business.

For the most part, I kept my mouth shut. The timer went off and Connie and I returned to the kitchen where she cut up the pizza. I carried the platter of

pizza slices out while she brought the wine bottle and refilled our glasses.

We ate our lunch without much conversation. The girls left and I followed Connie into her kitchen. She handed me a pink apron and pink latex gloves. I washed and she dried.

“Let’s get you changed,” she said as she dried the last glass.

We went into the bedroom. I sat at the vanity. I took off the cap and wig, then my pink sneakers and socks. Using face cream, she removed the rouge and lipstick. After unzipping me, she stepped out into the hallway and I took off the pink tennis dress and lingerie. I got dressed and met her in the hallway.

“Thank you so much for today,” she said as we walked to the door.

“You’re welcome,” I answered and left the house.

I drove home and checked myself in the mirror. There was no trace of Denise, just a slight telltale odor of the sweet-smelling face cream. In the shower that night, I noticed that my skin was appreciably softer and I liked the way the soap felt on my smooth legs and arms.

Lying in bed that night, I wondered about the day’s events. I had kept the boss happy. Remembering

John’s words, the last thing I wanted to do was to get on the wrong side of her.

The next several weeks were uneventful. I was getting close to the end of my ninety-day probationary period. I felt I was doing a good job and did not foresee any problems getting hired. I couldn’t help but think

about what I might do if there was something else on her agenda.

Saturday's mail brought a box wrapped in brown paper. There was no return address. When I opened it, I found a blue box inside. It contained seven royal blue satin bras and seven pairs of royal blue satin brief-style panties. The bras had a small bow between the cups. The blue panties had black leg and waist elastic. Across the back were four rows of black ruffles and across the front in black script were the words: "Sissy's Panties."

There was a note on top reading, "You will start wearing these from now on even when you are not working. See you at 5 PM on Friday for your evaluation." It was signed "CD." Underneath the note was a photo of me from the sorority house. There was no black bar across my face so it was easy to see it was me.

This took me completely by surprise. Why was she doing this to me? I wondered if this could be called sexual harassment. If I quit and sued, all of this would be made public. Maybe I should quit. I had some savings, at least enough to last a year and replace Mom's older car, if need be.

I fingered the top pair of panties. I knew I would enjoy the way the heavy satin would feel on my skin. I put the box on my dresser. I did not sleep well that night.

Monday morning, I put on the bra and panties instead of a T-shirt and briefs. I did not see Connie all week. It was a very slow week. I spent considerable time thinking about that five o'clock meeting with her on Friday.

Just what did she have planned for me was the unknown factor. I did not sleep well Thursday night ei-

ther. I put on the blue lingerie set Friday morning as I had done the previous four days and went to work without eating breakfast. I made up my mind that I was going to have to face whatever it was she had planned for me.

I was busy all morning and most of the afternoon. It helped take my mind off the five o'clock meeting. I signed off on the last service request of the day and punched out. Walking to her office, I felt my pulse start racing.

Her secretary was grinning as she left for the day. The office door was open and once again I knocked politely on the door jamb. She looked up at me from her paperwork.

"Come in, Dennis and close the door, please."

I closed the door and stood in the middle of the floor as she came around her desk and stood in front of me. Without a word, she unzipped the front of my coveralls down to the crotch. After verifying I was wearing the lingerie she had sent me, she closed the zipper.

Next she placed her hands on the sides of my waist. Walking behind me, she pulled some of the slack in the coveralls back, then fingered my hair. My additional weight loss had made them a little roomier in the seat and the waist. She walked back to her desk.

"Sit down, Denny," she said as she took her seat.

Her face had no expression. I half-expected her to call me "Denise." She made some notes on a pad, then opened a manila folder.

"You have done a good job for us, Denny. John spoke highly of your work and I want to retain you. Do you want to continue here?"

She looked up at me. I was debating as to whether or not I should ask about the lingerie. Instead I answered her question first with a "Yes."

"Excellent. I am giving you a raise, effective immediately. Your insurance and health membership cards will be mailed to you shortly. I want you to stop by the clinic for a final evaluation. Before nine PM tonight, take all your coveralls to Don at the uniform shop for some minor alterations. In addition, I trust you will be able to assist me again if the occasion should arise?"

Her face remained impassive but the corners of her mouth had turned up slightly, almost like a smirk. I decided not to ask her what that might entail or about her requiring me to wear lingerie under my coveralls and simply said: "I would be glad to help you in any way I can, Ms. Delgatto."

"I am glad to hear you say that, Denny. Now that you are one of us please call me Connie. Oh and by the way, I like the way you look with longer hair. Please don't cut it."

"Alright Connie, I won't. Thank you for hiring me."

She signed off on the evaluation form and gave me a copy. I took it from her and left for the clinic. I received a cursory exam from the doctor, another shot, and a refill of my prescription for the little pink pills.

After dropping off my coveralls, I ate a late supper and then tried to get interested in a movie on TV. I kept thinking about my situation and finally shut it off.

In the shower, I noticed again how soft my skin seemed to have gotten. When I stood naked in front of the mirror, there seemed to be more "fleshiness" in my breast area. I put both hands under my nipples and pushed up.

There seemed to be more firmness there than I remembered. I would have to ask the doctor about that the next time I saw her. Connie's comment about the length of my hair was puzzling too. I hadn't cut it in some time and now she wanted me to let it grow longer. It took a while before I finally fell asleep that night with all those thoughts banging around the corridors of my mind.

Two days later, I picked up my coveralls in the morning. I wasn't due in at work until one. I tried them all on. They fitted me much more closely than they had before, especially in the buttocks and the waist.

Dressing for work, I found myself liking the feel of those satin panties. Since I had received the box, I had not gone back to wearing my cotton briefs. The bra gave me a kind of girly feeling too. It was a good thing she hadn't asked me to use ping pong balls in the cups as they would have stood out for sure.

The next Saturday, another box arrived. Inside were a lady's multi blade razor, a can of pink shaving gel, a blue garter belt, and seven pairs of sheer stockings. The note read: "To keep yourself smooth as satin and to wear with your bra and panties, FROM NOW ON. CD."

I placed the garter belt and stockings in my dresser. I shaved very little because my beard was so light. Since the tennis match, the re-growth of my leg and arm fuzz had been barely visible. I wondered if anyone at work noticed or was aware of what she was doing.

The next day of work, I put on the garter belt and stockings for the first time. The sheer hose felt good against my hair-free skin. I could easily get used to wearing such feminine things. Since the sorority prank, I hadn't even thought about feminine apparel. Now

several months later, I found I was enjoying myself a little more than I thought I should. Could it be the shots or pills I was taking that were affecting my feelings?

At the end of the week, I was summoned to Connie's office where she unzipped my coveralls and verified I was wearing everything she sent me. Her face displayed no emotion as she slid her hands up and down my smooth, nylon-encased legs.

"That will be all," she said in a quiet, matter-of-fact voice. I left and went home.

A month passed. We were kept very busy. Summer was always good for the old shop but here in California there was no change of season as there was in the Midwest so we stayed pretty busy most of the time. It was good to be busy and most importantly, I guess I felt like I was a part of something here.

I was summoned to her office just before leaving for the Labor Day weekend. After closing the door, I stood in front of her. She unzipped my coveralls, checked my lingerie again, then zipped me back up.

"GM will have a display at the mall this weekend. One of the girls that was supposed to make the trip from Detroit got sick at the last minute and can't be here. I need you to substitute for her. You will be at the corporate booth to hand out brochures and answer peoples' questions. Can you be there for me or do you have other plans?"

"I have no plans and will be glad to help you out," I answered.

"Good. Follow me to the mall. I will explain everything when we get there."

I nodded and we left for the parking lot. At the mall, we parked at the north end and walked through Marvin's department store to where the GM display area was. There were several cars and display boards with pictures of current models as well as sketches of future model concepts.

"You will sit at the booth and hand out literature. The GM rep, Ms. Brown, will be here in the morning to help you get started. The mall opens at ten so be here by nine."

"I will," I answered.

"Come with me back to the store as I have picked out something for you to wear."

I swallowed hard as she turned around and I followed her back to Marvin's. Marvin's was an upscale women's department store. We turned left near the rear entrance and stopped at the end of the hallway in front of a counter. No one was there so we walked around it and stopped in front of the manager's office. Connie knocked and I heard a woman's voice say, "Come in."

We entered the office. A silver-haired woman was sitting at a large desk and stood up as we came in.

"Hello Connie, it's good to see you again," she said.

"Thank you, Beebe. This is Denise. Do you have the things for her that I requested?"

"Yes I do, Connie."

The woman came out from behind her desk and walked over to where a box was sitting on one of the chairs. Connie turned to me and pulled down the front zipper of my coveralls.

"Slip off your shoes and coveralls," she ordered.

I sat down on a chair and began removing my shoes. She had introduced me as "Denise." The manager had not even blinked. Apparently with my longer hair and soft looks, I gave her the impression that I was a female.

I stood up, took off my coveralls, and placed them on the chair behind me. I felt a little vulnerable, maybe self-conscious was a better description, standing there in front of these two women in my blue lingerie and sheer stockings.

Beebe opened the box and handed me a long, white, open-bottom girdle.

"Put this on over your lingerie and we'll see how it fits you."

I took the garment from her. I stepped into it carefully and pulled it up to my waist. It was a snug fit but I liked the way it compressed my body. The side panels made up for my lack of feminine hips.

"That fits you perfectly, dear," remarked Beebe, "Now put these on."

She handed me a pink half-slip with a wide band of white lace at the bottom. After I had it on, she gave me a pink camisole with a similar band of lace across the top. It also felt good as it slid over me. Connie adjusted the straps slightly.

"So far, so good," said Connie.

The next item was a pink, long-sleeved blouse with a huge spray of ruffles down the front. I fumbled with the buttons. I wasn't used to having the buttons of a shirt on the opposite side. The billowy sleeves ended in a four-button cuff. The last item of clothing was a slim pink skirt. I put it on and tucked the blouse inside. I closed the side zipper and buttoned the flap.

“You were right about everything, Connie,” mused Beebe as they both looked me over.



Beebe reached into the box again and handed me a pair of pink stiletto pumps with four-inch heels. When I had put both of them on, I was not surprised to find they fitted me perfectly.

“Good enough,” announced Connie. “Put everything back in the box and we will get going.”

I took off the shoes. Then undressed, I handed Beebe each item to be replaced in the box. When I finished re-dressing, Connie handed me the box.

“Remember to wear everything that is in here tomorrow and Sunday. The mall opens at ten so you better be here at nine sharp. Ms. Brown will explain everything to you then. Now I have other business to discuss with Beebe so you can leave us.”

“Yes Connie,” I answered. I left the room. Just before the door closed I heard a burst of giggles.

When I got home, I set the box on a chair in my bedroom. That night I thought I should practice walking in those high heel pumps so I put them on and walked around the apartment for awhile. It was much easier than I anticipated, maybe because they were such a good-fitting pair of shoes.

Later, I soaked in the tub and shaved myself smooth. The blades of this new razor were much better than any of the disposables I had been using on my face. My skin was not only hair-free now but it had an almost feminine sheen to it, just like a woman’s.

Afterwards, I applied some hand cream over myself to ease the razor burn. I set my alarm for seven to give myself plenty of time to get dressed in the morning.

I was awake just before the alarm went off. I decided to skip breakfast. I shaved my face and then opened the box. I put on the girdle and stockings first.

A white, long line bra was in the box too. There were two ping pong balls in the cups. I put it on and closed the ten front hooks. It was tight on my breast area so I adjusted the straps.

Putting on the lacy camisole and half-slip, I noted how good they felt. When I had the blouse and skirt on, I found a single sheet of paper on top of a blonde wig and a pink purse. There was one word printed in big black letters in the middle of the page: "EVERY-THING."

I picked up the blonde wig and stood in front of the mirror on the back of my bedroom door as I put it on and adjusted it. It was a snug fit as my hair had grown out quite a bit. At the bottom of the box, I found a pink lipstick and a palette of pink blusher. Standing in front of the well-lighted mirror over the bathroom sink, I brushed the powder on my cheeks, then applied a thick layer of the creamy pink lipstick.

When I finished, I had to admit I was a very pretty blonde. I put the makeup in the pink purse along with my wallet and found a dainty pink handkerchief inside. After I stepped into the pink high heel pumps, I stood in front of the full-length mirror again and looked at the pretty girl in pink looking back at me.

"Wow!" I thought to myself. No one at the dealership was ever going to be able to recognize me if they happened to come to the mall. I took my car keys off the dresser and slipped the purse over my arm. Walking carefully out to my car, I hoped no one was watching, not that they would know me with the way I was dressed.

Driving like a little old lady, I made my way to the mall. The last thing I needed to do right now was get into an accident. Even a minor fender bender could be

trouble as I tried to explain to the investigating cop why I was dressed the way I was.

At the mall, I parked close to Marvin's rear entrance. The store wouldn't open until ten but there was a side corridor not far from their rear entrance. I got out of the car and began walking. The blacktop was a bit uneven so I took my time. I didn't want to stumble or twist an ankle.

Once inside the corridor, I noticed the echo of the stiletto heels on the hard floor. I felt quite girly and feminine as I made my way to the entrance. I opened the door and walked to the GM display. Except for a few mall walkers, the place was nearly empty. Sitting in the booth was a black woman sipping a cup of coffee.

As I approached, her eyes widened and she set the cup down in front of her. She stood up as I introduced myself.

"Good morning, I am Denise Jensen. I am looking for Ms. Brown."

"That's me but call me Carol" she replied with a smile. "Come around and we'll get started. You can leave your purse in that cabinet."

I walked to the cabinet and put my purse inside. As I did so, I got the feeling she was watching me closely, almost sizing me up.

"For starters, distribute the brochures and informational flyers in the boxes on the floor. Put two stacks on the front counter here and two stacks on each of the small tables in front of the vehicles."

I got started as she turned from me and began cutting open some larger cardboard containers that were on the floor. When I finished, I returned to the booth.

“Help me set up these posters next.”

We carried a poster to the front of the first car, unfolded the supports on the bottom, and placed them just to the side of the small tables. When we finished, we returned to the booth. I smoothed my skirt as I sat down while she took the chair next to me.

“The customers probably aren’t going to be asking many questions. This is more of an informational display. If they have questions about price, simply show them the salesman’s display at the end of the counter and ask them to pick a card and stop in at the dealership.”

I nodded and looked at the first of the customers approaching one of the tables. The morning went fast as a lot of people came in to see the new models. The questions were few and far between. At noon, Carol told me to go to lunch.

I retrieved my purse and walked down to the café court. For the first time I became aware that men were looking at me. It wasn’t the most comfortable feeling but maybe I should feel flattered that I was seen as a pretty girl.

After a diet soda and salad, I headed for the restrooms. Out of habit, I almost went into the men’s room but turned quickly and entered the ladies’ room. In the ladies room, I wasn’t accustomed to sliding everything down so I could sit to pee but I managed.

Standing in front of the large bright mirrors, I washed my hands. I still had trouble convincing myself that the pretty girl in the mirror was me as I touched up my blusher and applied a generous amount of fresh pink lipstick.

Walking back to the booth, I found myself being looked at again and again by the men walking towards me. If they only knew what was under all this feminine apparel, I thought to myself as I made my way back to the booth.

I put my purse back in the cabinet and Carol went to lunch. The rest of the day went quickly. About half the brochures were gone but few of the salesman's cards were given out. By five o'clock, the crowd had thinned out for the supper hour.

"You can go home now, Denise. I want you to come back at one tomorrow and stay until close. I need you to help me pack everything up."

"Okay," I answered. "See you tomorrow at one."

I got my purse and walked to the corridor.

As I passed one of the display cars, I not only saw my own reflection in the glass but Carol's too. She was watching me walk away from her.

I entered the corridor. I was alone and once again the sound of my stiletto pumps echoed in the confines of the corridor. I wondered why Carol had been watching me so closely. Did Connie tell her I was really Denny from the service department?

I drove carefully out of the parking lot. On the way home I picked up a chicken sub and almost laughed out loud as I left the drive-through. The teenage boy at the window smiled as he gave me my change and sandwich. Just as I pulled out, two other boys crowded behind him and I heard one of them say, "hot stuff" followed by a low whistle.

The next afternoon at one when I arrived at the booth, Connie was there. Her face brightened when she saw me approach.

“Carol is at lunch. Everything going OK?” she asked.

I smiled. “Just fine, Connie,” I answered truthfully.

“Good. I will leave then, Carol will be back shortly.”

I nodded, then put my purse in the cabinet. I took my seat at the counter. I handed out some brochures to an elderly man; as he walked away, I saw Connie standing with Beebe at the entrance to Marvin’s. They both glanced at me with grins on their faces, then walked into the store.

Sunday was much busier than Saturday had been. At five-thirty, Carol and I took down the displays. After they were packed up, we gathered up the brochures and put them in boxes. We taped the containers shut and took down the display tables. Two men from the dealership arrived to take the boxes and several of the salesmen showed up to drive the cars back to the dealership.

“Thanks for all your help, Denise,” said Carol as she extended her hand when we finished.

“You’re welcome,” I replied and walked back to my car. I felt very girly, the cool evening breeze blew my wig hair back as I walked with my pink purse over my arm.

When I got home that night, I stood in front of the full-length mirror. It seemed a shame to take off all of these pretty things and become Denny again. I had just spent two whole days almost totally en femme. I was puzzled as to why I had enjoyed it so much and now had these pangs of guilt at having to return to my masculine self.

I took off my wig and shoes, then placed them in the bottom of the box with the purse. I undressed. I placed my lingerie and pink clothes in there too. Using some hand lotion, I removed my makeup. In the mirror I saw there was a trace of lipstick left so in the shower, I scrubbed my face and lips hard to insure it was all off.

The next morning I double-checked my appearance in the mirror before getting dressed for work. I looked OK except I couldn't help but notice how soft my skin had gotten since I had started working here. My clean-shaven body had a much more feminine appearance.

I was still working out at the club but had been surprised to have its female manager tell me that there were specific exercises that Connie had selected for me. Weightlifting was not one of them, just treadmill, stationary bike and some work on the resistance machines oriented to developing my chest and buttocks more than anything else.

The next two weeks were uneventful. There had been a slight increase in sales but whether or not it was due to the mall show or the economy strengthening, nobody was sure. When the new models come out, there is always some increase in business.

I saw the doctor who administered another shot and renewed the prescription for those little pink pills. When I asked her about my chest area and softer skin, she just shrugged and told me not to worry about anything as different people have different reactions to vitamin and flu shots as well as the pills.

Another week passed; as I was leaving on a Saturday afternoon, Connie called and asked me to come down to her office. I punched out and walked to the administrative area. She was talking with one of the

girls as I approached. She pointed to her office so I walked in while they continued their conversation.

Connie closed the door when she came in. Standing in front of me, she unzipped me again and checked my lingerie and stockings. Satisfied, she zipped me up and walked around her desk to sit down.

“My receptionist is combining her vacation and sick leave to have some dental work done. I need you to sub for her starting Monday continuing through Friday from seven-thirty to four-thirty. I let John know you will be on vacation during that time. The box on the chair contains the things you will need for the week.”

She looked up at me almost impassively as if she were going to challenge me if I refused.

“Alright Connie, I will.”

“Good.”

For the next hour she went over the phone, computer system, and some other things that her receptionist/secretary would need to know. When she finished, we went back into her office and I picked up the box.

“See you Monday,” she said as I left her office.

When I got home, I went straight to my bedroom and placed the box on the bed. It may sound a bit odd but I couldn't wait to see what I was going to be wearing for that week.

I opened it to find a navy skirt, a bright blue satin long-sleeve blouse, a powder blue camisole and matching half-slip both with a six-inch band of navy lace across the top and bottom, a pair of sheer seamed stockings with Cuban heels, a navy purse containing a palette of red blusher and a tube of red lipstick, a black wig similar to the blonde one I had worn previously

and a pair of navy four-inch stiletto heel pumps. The note at the bottom read: "Blue M-W-F, pink Tue-Thurs. AND STAY SMOOTH!—CD

It was no surprise to me, I guess. I doubted if she would have had me sitting at the desk in my blue coveralls and black work shoes. I put everything back in the box and slid it under the bed next to the one containing my pink outfit.

I got the oil and filter changed on my car, then did some grocery shopping. I took in a movie and the next day after reading the Sunday paper, I did some laundry. I was not thinking about Monday as I had done it once before for two days so I didn't think three more days would matter. I felt very confident that I could pull it off without any trouble.

That night I had two glasses of wine as I thought about what had transpired since I moved here. I was happy living and working here. Despite what anyone might think, I had also become happy with the way I was changing.

Monday morning, I was up early. This time I did eat breakfast as I felt much more relaxed and almost eager to get dressed. I was actually looking forward to the work week as Connie's secretary/receptionist.

I opened the package of seamed stockings after I put on my long-line bra and girdle. I rolled each one down, slipped it over my foot, slowly brought it up and fastened it to the garters. When I had both stockings on, I smoothed them out with both hands. They felt wonderful on my hair-free legs.

Standing in front of the full-length mirror, I checked to be sure the seams were straight before putting on the half-slip and camisole. I stood in front of the bathroom

mirror and applied the rouge and lipstick. I liked the way the bright red makeup was set off by the black wig.

The blue satin blouse was next and this time I was able to button it easier. I guess practice makes perfect after all. Under the broad collar were two satin straps which I tied in a large bow under my chin. After tucking it in the navy skirt and closing the zipper, I stepped into the navy high heel pumps.

In the full-length mirror I saw the same attractive girl staring back at me but with a different look in the navy blue outfit and red makeup. I almost felt as if I should be wearing red nail polish too, which was a funny thing for a man to be thinking.

I put my wallet and make up in the matching purse and walked to my car. I drove carefully again and arrived at the dealership about fifteen minutes early. I parked in her secretary's spot and walked to the side entrance all the office personnel used.

Walking in stiletto heel pumps had come easily to me and now it seemed almost effortless. Connie was already there when I walked in. I smoothed my skirt as I sat down at the front desk. After booting up my computer and phone system, I walked into her office.

"Any special instructions I should have before the day begins"? I asked.

She looked me over carefully and motioned with one finger to turn around.

I did so. Apparently she wanted to check my stocking seams.

"No," she said. "You may take your place outside now."

I walked back and sat down at the desk.

Everything went smoothly for the next three days. After lunch each day, I made it a point to touch up my blusher and apply fresh lipstick at my desk with Connie watching from her office behind me. For some reason she liked to see me do it in front of her.

I would occasionally notice her watching my movements and mannerisms when she thought I wasn't looking so I always walked with my elbows in and with one arm across my body, my hand dangling effeminately at the wrist.

In addition I had modulated my voice somewhat when I spoke to her or over the phone. She never said anything to me but I think she was secretly pleased and I wanted to continue making her happy.

Thursday afternoon, I had just returned from lunch and was applying some more pink lipstick when a large man with a pockmarked face and wearing a very expensive suit walked up to me.

"Is Ms. Delgatto in?" he asked in a deep masculine voice.

I put down my lipstick and looked up at him.

"Yes she is. Who are you, sir?" I asked.

"Johnny Scarlotti, I am her father."

I got up and felt a blush creep across my face. I had never done that in my life. I guess the fact that the name was someone important to the dealership and that he was known to everyone else who worked there had made me feel a little flustered. I got up and walked to her office. When I opened it, he was right behind me so I stepped aside.

“Close the door on your way out, girlie,” he said as I left.

As I sat down, I wondered why Connie hadn't mentioned the fact that he was coming. Then again maybe it was a surprise visit. I sat down and checked my face again, then put the makeup back in my purse. He stayed about an hour, then left without saying anything.

I went to her office door.

“I'm sorry Connie I didn't know who he was and you didn't mention you were expecting anyone so...”

She waved me off with her hand. “It's OK Denise. Don't worry about it.”

I returned to my desk. An hour later, a delivery truck arrived. A man came inside and gave me a dozen roses. The attached card said, “A pleasure meeting you, Denise. Johnny.” As the delivery man left, I heard a loud giggle coming from the office.

I turned to see Connie standing there, holding a large flower vase. “Need some help?” she asked.

I took the vase to the rest room and put some water in it. Connie helped me arrange the roses. “Dad always had an eye for a pretty girl,” she said as we finished.

I made no comment as I smoothed my skirt and sat back down at the desk. The aroma of the roses was very nice to have around me. Hopefully he would never find out what was underneath that lingerie or I could be lunch for the ocean fish. I finished my work and went home.

The rest of the week was a breeze. Friday night after work, I had everything back in the box and my makeup was removed. It was getting harder and harder to be

one thing during the day and another thing at night. I was beginning to feel stressed by it all. I hit the club for a vicious workout and finished a bottle of red wine before going to bed.

Another month went by without Connie asking me for anything. I was a little apprehensive. My hair was much longer now and the wigs I had worn were a little tighter. At some point I was going to have to either cut my hair or stop wearing the wigs altogether.

Then it struck me that maybe Connie was planning on having my hair fixed in a woman's style and I would not only stop wearing wigs but find myself totally en femme 24/7.

It was not an unpleasant thought as I had come to enjoy my little forays into the feminine world. I certainly had people at the mall fooled. The dealership employees had accepted me as a female temp while the regular girl was out.

On Monday I was back to work in the service department. No one said anything to me and work proceeded normally. Later in the afternoon, I was at the copier when the brown-haired female mechanic who I first saw with the crew cut blonde mechanic walked behind me and caressed my buttocks.

"Nice buns," she said. "I like those ruffled panties on you better than the girdle."

She giggled loudly as she walked away leaving me somewhat flustered. If she knew I was wearing ruffled panties, how many others did? I had come to believe that only Connie knew. Except for telling Beebe at the department store and Carol Brown from Detroit, I couldn't imagine why she had told anybody else.

I finished my duplicating and went back to the counter. In the shop, I saw the two female mechanics looking at me with wide grins. Maybe this was going to be common knowledge just among the female employees. I wondered how long that would last.

November came and went. Business had begun to slow down. The economy was still in trouble but there were signs of recovery here and there. The boxes with my feminine apparel stayed under my bed.

It was a hard thing to admit but I missed being en femme. My male clothing just didn't feel right anymore despite wearing the blue lingerie and stockings underneath it.

The first week in December, I saw the doctor on my day off and got another shot. This time I felt I should say something as I was now getting much bigger in the chest. The doctor made some notes on the clipboard.

"You are coming along nicely and I told you not to worry about it!" she barked at me. "Now get dressed and don't ask me again!"

I was surprised at her outburst but got dressed and left the building. At home there was another box for me in the lobby. I took it upstairs to my bedroom and opened it. Inside, I found a pink shower cap on top of two pink baby doll night gowns. The panties were satin and the chiffon top had a pink satin bow beneath the neckline. In addition there was a pair of pink four-inch heel fuzzy-toed slippers. The note read: "Sweet dreams EVERY NIGHT sissy boy. CD"

Later that night, I tucked my long hair inside the pink cap and took a hot shower. I dried off and pushed my hands up under my breasts. They were definitely much bigger now and soon I was afraid they would ex-

tend the blue bra cups out far enough to be noticeable under the coveralls.

The nightgowns fit perfectly and when I went to bed that night, I fell asleep right away. I did have sweet dreams too. I was in dresses, skirts, and high heel shoes of all kinds. I felt *so* rested when I woke up.

Two weeks before Christmas, Connie called and asked me to stop by her office before going home. I went about my daily routine and then punched out. I walked into her office and closed the door. She walked around her desk and unzipped my coveralls. After sliding her hands over my smooth thighs and squeezing my ruffled buttocks with both hands, she zipped me up again.

Her face was expressionless as it always was. As she returned to her seat, I wondered what she was going to ask me to do this time. It had been over a month since her last "favor." She shuffled some papers in front of her, then looked up at me.

"Next week some executives from Detroit will be here for a meeting and to look over the dealership. I don't think they plan on closing us but there maybe some personnel cutbacks. As you know, you have the least seniority in the service department so I wanted to forewarn you.

"They will be arriving Friday night. Saturday they will be around the dealership most of the day, auditing our books and looking things over in general. Sunday I will be having them at my home for an afternoon gathering for coffee and cake. I need your assistance to serve these guests. Since you are off Saturday, I was hoping you didn't have plans for Sunday?"

She looked up at me quizzically as if she expected me to say that I had other plans.

“Of course I will be glad to help you out, Connie.”

“Thank you. My guests will be arriving at three PM so I need you to be at my house no later than two. I have some things for you to wear for the occasion. Saturday afternoon, I want you be at this address at four PM sharp. Wear only an athletic support under your sweats and no socks. You will need some additional preparation for Sunday. Give them my name when you get there. That will be all.”

She handed me a business card and I put it in my pocket. I walked to the parking lot and after getting in my car I took out the card and looked at it. It was a white card with bright pink script. “Monique’s” was the title of the business. There was a street address, fax and phone number. At the bottom were the words: “Catering to San Jose’s most fastidious women.”

I put the card back in my pocket and drove home. The phone book had a large ad describing their services. There was a beauty salon, wig shop, and a hair removal studio. I already had two wigs so I doubted if she was going to have me fitted for another one. I had kept myself smooth so I didn’t think hair was my problem either. I closed the phone book and fixed my supper.

The next day, I left work at seven just as Connie was headed for the airport to pick up the executives. I took a hot bath but didn’t shave. The pink nightgown felt so good when I put it on. I tried to remember the last time I had worn a T-shirt and briefs. I wasn’t sure if there was going to be a time when I would again either.

Saturday at three forty-five, I walked in to Monique's. A woman in a white coat looked up and smiled at me as I approached the counter.

"You must be Denise," she said.

"Yes, Connie Delgatto sent me."

"Follow me please."

I walked behind her as we went through the door on her left. We stopped about halfway down the corridor and entered a room on the right. There was a table, similar to an exam table, against the wall.

"Undress and lay on the table. The technicians will be with you shortly."

She left and I began taking off my shoes and sweat suit.

Several minutes, later two women came into the room. They were all gowned up like they were going to perform surgery. They moved the table out so that one of them could stand on my left side. One of them turned on some electronic equipment.

"We will be getting started soon. You may feel a little stinging sensation. If it becomes painful, just let us know."

With that, they both pulled up their masks. Each one had a wand-like device in one hand. There was a flashing blue light and a clicking noise as they moved the light across my legs, arms and chest. Then one of them pulled down my jock strap. They went over my scrotum and pubic area.

I was very surprised but decided to say nothing. After they pulled my jock back up, they began working on my neck and face. Next I turned over and they be-

gan again. When they were done, I rolled back over and they shut off their equipment.

“Get up and stand spread-eagle in the middle of the floor, please,” said one of them.

When I did, one of them opened a jar. Both of them scooped out a handful of a pink cream and they began slathering it over my legs, chest, arms, back and finally my neck and face. The stinging sensation went away and I caught the faint, but unmistakable feminine scent of the cream.

“You may get dressed now and go back towards the office to Room 2.”

They left the room and I got dressed. My skin was a little red. It felt like I had mild sunburn. I walked down to Room 2. Another woman, all in white, was reading a magazine.

“Take a seat here please.”

I sat down in a chair similar to a dentist’s chair. She put on a pair of latex gloves and turned on another piece of electronic equipment.

“Just lean back and relax. You may experience a slight tingling feeling.”

She placed one hand on my forehead. A tiny needle was protruding from the pen-like instrument in her hand. I felt the pick of the needle and a brief bit of tingling like she had mentioned. She was done in about thirty minutes.

“All done,” she announced.

I got up walked to the front door. As I pushed it open, I thought I could hear some laughter from the corridor. Laughter had followed a lot of the things I

had been doing for Connie and I couldn't help but wonder if all of it had to do with me.

In my car, I looked in my rearview mirror. My eyebrows had been thinned. They were thicker closer to the nose, then rose to a slight arch, and tapered off to a thin line. With my longer hair and those eyebrows, I now had a definite feminine look.

As I showered that night, I found it hard to realize just how soft, hair free and feminine my whole body was. In the mirror, my shoulder-length hair and altered eyebrows really made a difference. I no longer had a masculine appearance at all. I brushed my teeth, put on my pink nightgown and went to bed.

I arrived at Connie's place promptly at two PM. She let me in and we walked back to the pink bedroom. On the bed she had "something for me to wear."

"Put on just the bra, garter belt and panties. I want to see how you look before you get dressed."

I simply nodded and she left the room.

On the bed was a black bra with a little pink bow between the cups, a black garter belt with a pink bow in the center and one above each clasp. I put them on, then stepped into the black satin panties with bright pink leg and waist elastic. In addition to the four rows of pink ruffles in the back, the pink script in the front said: "Sissy's Panties."

I walked to the door and let Connie back in. She reached out her hand and ran it over both cheeks and my neck. Using both hands, she ran them up and down my legs.

"Smooth as silk," she said. "Monique's laser, electrolysis equipment and staff are the best. Okay, now put on your fishnet stockings, then sit at the vanity."



I walked back over to the bed and put the fishnet stockings on. She stood behind me and watched. When I finished, she grabbed each leg with both hands and smoothed out the stockings.

I turned around and took a seat at the vanity. She applied eyeshadow, eyeliner, then attached long black false eyelashes.

“Put on the red rouge and lipstick while I get the other things I want you to wear.”

When I finished applying the red rouge and red lipstick, she was standing behind me again. She opened a package of press-on nails and helped me select the proper length for each finger. Next she put the brown wig I had worn the day I was a substitute tennis player on my head and secured a ruffled maid’s hairpiece to the top of it.

Following that was a pair of ruffled wristlets and a ruffled choker. After securing a pair of six-inch long dangling earrings to my earlobes, I winced as she gave me a healthy squirt of some very sweet perfume behind each ear and on the wrists.

“I don’t want you to just look like sweet, feminine French Maid, I want you to carry a sweet, feminine scent about you too. Now let’s get you properly dressed for your work this afternoon.”

I got up and we walked over to the bed. She handed me two short petticoats, one pink and one white that had been placed one inside the other. I put them both on and brought them up to my waist. She unzipped the black satin puff sleeve French Maid minidress and held it up by the hem. I put my arms through the sleeves and turned around so she could adjust the hem around the petticoats and zip me up. The white ruffled tricot apron was last and she secured it with a large bow in the back.

“Slip your pumps on now and let me see you walk in them,” she said

The black leather pumps had what looked like five- or maybe six-inch stiletto heels. They fit like they were tailor made for me but I was a bit unsteady as I had been used to only four-inch heels before. I began walking slowed around the room. The jarring effect of the high heels made the skirt of the satin minidress bounce a little under the stiff petticoats.

“You are doing fine, almost like you were born to it,” she said with a grin.

It was the first time I had seen her smile since I had met her. I continued to walk around the room, being careful to walk in a graceful and effeminate manner with my elbows in, my arms across my body, and my hands sporting the long red false fingernails dangling effeminately at the wrist while she watched with a very bemused expression on her face.

“That’s enough, my sweet French Maid. I have some cleaning for you to do before my guests arrive. Please follow me to the utility closet and I will get you started.”

I followed her to a hallway closet near the entrance to the living room. She opened the door. From the top shelf, she handed me a feather duster.

“Start by dusting everything and then you can vacuum.”

I headed for the living room as she got the vacuum cleaner and pushed it behind me. When I finished dusting, I vacuumed the carpets and furniture. She watched me closely as I completed my cleaning tasks. “That’s fine. Please put the duster and vacuum back in the hallway closet”

I unplugged the vacuum and wound up the cord. I took it and the feather duster back to the hallway

closet. I returned to the living room where Connie was seated on the expansive sofa.

“Stand in front of me please. Now grab the hem of the minidress and petticoat on both sides with your hands, raise them up a little while placing one foot behind the other and squat about a third of the way down. Then stand back upright again and let go of the hems. That is the way you perform a proper curtsy.”

I took a deep breath and followed her instructions. She had me repeat the movement several times in succession. Then she had me walk around the room, stop in front of her, and curtsy again. I continued to do this until she was satisfied with my actions. Despite the higher heels, I found myself walking easily and performing the curtsy without any difficulties.

“That’s fine, Sissy Maid Denise. Let’s go into the kitchen and I will show you how I want you to serve my guests.”

I followed her to the kitchen and for the next half hour she explained how to pour the wine and refill the glasses correctly as well as placing a piece of cake on each plate and setting it in front of each guest at the table. She had just finished when her door bell rang.

“Please answer the door, Sissy Maid Denise and remember to curtsy in front of each guest as well as when you enter and leave the room. There will be five of them. When the last guest is here, come with her to the living room.”

“Yes Madame,” I said. I performed a curtsy and went to answer the door.

When I opened the front door, I saw it was Carol Brown from Detroit, the woman I had helped at the mall. I curtseyed politely.

“Please come in, Connie is waiting for you in the living room,” I said as I stepped aside.

Carol looked me over momentarily and then walked past me to where Connie was seated.

The other guests arrived shortly. They were all women and they all had given me the once-over when I curtsayed as they entered. As I walked behind the fifth guest, I had no doubt they knew I was no female French Maid. I curtsayed in front of Connie as the last guest took her seat in one of the huge stuffed chairs.

“Please bring us the wine now, Sissy Maid Denise,” asked Connie.

“Yes Madame,” I answered.

I curtsayed again and went to the kitchen. I returned with a small cart and poured each wine glass half full. I handed one to each guest, then the last glass to Connie. As she took it from me, she held up a small bell.

“Thank you, Sissy Maid Denise. Please take the cart back to the kitchen. Open another bottle of wine and wait until I ring for you.”

“Yes Madame,” I answered and politely curtsayed again.

I pushed the cart back to the kitchen. I opened another bottle of wine and placed it on the cart. I could not hear their conversation but it was interspersed with a considerable amount of giggling and laughter. It sounded more like a social than a business gathering.

I looked briefly at my reflection in the small mirror over the sink. I thought I was one very pretty French Maid. I wondered if anyone could spend a life doing something like this. My thoughts were interrupted by

the ringing of the bell. I pushed the cart back to the living room and curtsayed again in front of Connie.

“Please refill our glasses, Sissy Maid Denise,”

“Yes Madame,” I replied.

I proceeded to empty the first bottle and nearly all of the second as I refilled the glass of each guest. When I had finished, I placed the bottle back on the cart, curtsayed politely and pushed it back to the kitchen. I opened another bottle of wine and placed it on the cart. Shortly Connie came into the kitchen.

“You are performing up to my expectations. The cake is already cut. Place it on the cart and bring it to the dining room table. Put a piece on a plate and set it in front of each guest and then refill our glasses.”

“Yes Madame,” I said again as I curtsayed.

I pushed the cart to the dining room. I was very careful as I put the cake on the plate and set it in front of each guest. After placing Connie’s in front of her, I picked up the wine bottle and refilled each of the glasses half full. When I finished, I curtsayed again and pushed the cart back to the kitchen.

There was more conversation and laughter as I waited but I still could not hear what they were saying. I was tempted to pour myself a glass as I thought it would calm my nerves a little. In pouring the wine and serving the cake, I had kept them check. I thought I had acted in a very relaxed but effeminate and coquettish manner as would be expected of a proper sissy maid.

Later Connie came back into the kitchen again with a big smile on her face.

“You were magnificent, Sissy Maid Denise. I just knew I could count on you to be the perfect servant.

The girls thought you were terrific; one was a bit jealous as her own service staff doesn't always measure up to you."

"Thank you, Connie. I am pleased that you and your guests were impressed with my service. When will you know about staff reductions?"

"Not for sometime yet, Sissy Maid Denise. Now let's do the dishes and we will get you changed."

She opened a drawer and handed me a pair of pink latex gloves. I put them on and filled the sink with hot, soapy water. After washing each dish, I rinsed it off and handed it to Connie. When we finished, I helped her put the dishes away in the china closet.

Back in the pink bedroom she helped me undress. She hung up the uniform and petticoats in the closet. I kicked off the high heel pumps and sat at the vanity. She took off the maid's cap and wig. I still looked good with my shoulder-length hair.

Opening a jar of face cream, she removed the make up and false eyelashes. The earrings, wristlets and choker were placed in a box in front of me. The press-on nails went back into their package.

"Get dressed and we will finish the wine," Connie said.

I stood up, unhooked the fishnet stockings, and rolled them down. I took off my lingerie and with the stockings, put them on the bed. After getting dressed, I went back out to the living room.

Connie was seated on the sofa and motioned me to sit next to her. She handed me a half-full glass of wine as I sat down. We both took a sip. She leaned back, placed one arm across the back of the sofa, and looked straight at me.

“I think you really enjoyed yourself today, didn’t you, Denise?”

Despite my not being in the maid’s uniform, she had still called me “Denise.” I took another gulp of wine and swallowed hard.

“Well, I wanted to do the right thing by you, Connie. I mean, you are my boss and I felt I should do what you ask me too, no matter where you have me working.”

“Good answer,” she smiled again. “After your performance today, I am certain you will be able to help me out, no matter where or when I need you.”

She took another sip and reached over to give my hair a little flip.

“I like you with shoulder-length hair but those wigs are nice too as they give you a little different look.”

I drank the last of my wine and put the glass down on the coffee table as I got up to go. She put her glass down too and got up to walk me to the door. At the door, she smiled again and grabbed my left hand.

“Thanks again for helping me out today. By the way, along with your longer hair, I think you should let your nails grow out. The press-on nails we used today can be such a hassle.”

“OK, I will,” I said as I walked out the door.

Back in the car, I held my hands up. I had just cut them last week and they had not grown out much yet. I had been very careful handling the wine bottle, glasses and plates because of the longer press-on nails I had on. I didn’t want to bump anything as I reached for it.

Putting the key in the ignition, I looked in the rear view mirror and wondered what the reaction at work

to my newly-shaped eyebrows would be, to say nothing of what might be said a few weeks down the road when they noticed that my nails were not being trimmed.

I started the car and drove home. I guess I shouldn't be worried about such things since outside of the two female mechanics, none of the other male employees had said anything to me so far. Maybe it was because Connie kept a tight rein on all of them and they might be afraid to say something.

I went to sleep easily that night. Maybe it was the wine, maybe because I had felt so relaxed and so wonderfully feminine as I minced about coquettishly in my black satin mini dress that I wanted to do it again and again.

Work continued the next week. Not a word was said to me about my new shaped eyebrows though one of the female mechanics did a double take when she saw me and walked away laughing. I had the next weekend off. Friday night when I got home, there was another box in the lobby.

I put it in the bedroom and ate supper first. I wrote some checks out for bills, then walked into the bedroom. When I opened it up, the first item was a large book titled "A Professional Appearance Guide for Women." Its author was a former model. There were four sections to the book for hair, nails, makeup and skin care. The note sticking up from the middle of the book read: "Some light reading for my lovely sissy maid—CD."

Underneath the book was a bag of cotton balls, a small zip bag containing nail care implements, a bottle of nail polish remover and two bottles of nail polish—one pink and one clear. The note taped to one of the

bottles read: "Toes first, one coat pink and one coat clear, FROM NOW ON-CD."

After a hot soak in the tub and scrubbing my toe cuticles good, I dried off. Wearing my pink nightgown, I curled up on the sofa and read the appearance guide cover to cover. I re-read the section on nail care. I shoved the spacers between my toes and with great care applied the pink nail polish. Thirty minutes later, I applied the top coat of clear nail polish.

I almost let out a girlish giggle after I had slipped on my pink fuzzy-toed high heel slippers and stood up to look down at those ten pink glistening toenails looking back up at me. I put the book and nail care items back in the box. After sliding them under the bed with the others, I watched some TV and went to bed.

The next day when my shift was over, Connie summoned me to her office. I stood before her and she unzipped me again to check my lingerie.

"Slip off your shoes please,"

I sat down and took off my black work shoes. You could easily see my pink toenails through the toes of my sheer hose. She nodded and I put my shoes back on.

"That will be all," she said and went back to her desk.

I went home and ate supper. Over a glass of wine that night, I wondered what all this was leading to. In another month my finger nails would be much longer. I wondered if she would ask me to paint them too.

My hair was longer than it had ever been. It was just above shoulder-length now. With my shaped eyebrows and pink nails, I would have a decidedly femi-

nine appearance. I was a little more than curious as to why no one at the dealership had said anything so far.

The possibility of being laid off was there as well. I knew we had been selling cars on a regular basis so I guess that wasn't a real worry. No point in worrying about something I couldn't control, I thought to myself as I went to bed. I slept soundly as I had been doing since I began wearing the pink baby doll.

The day after Christmas was a Friday. Connie called me in her office. She had that deadpan look on her face as I walked in and closed the door. Instead of getting up and coming around to unzip me to check my lingerie, she asked me to have a seat.

"I have good and bad news. The bad news is that you are laid off effective today. The good news is my secretary turned in her notice last week. Her fiancé is back from the Middle East and she has left for Seattle to join him there. They will be getting married in June."

"Her position is the only one that I have open. The pay is less than you were making in the service department but your benefits would remain the same. At the health club, you would have to start going to the women's section and of course I would need you to reimburse me for your treatments at Monique's as well as your wardrobe. Do you want the job?"

I didn't feel as if I had any choice. I still had a substantial amount in my savings account but it wouldn't last very long if I couldn't find another job right away. At least I would have a continuing paycheck by staying at the dealership.

"Yes," I answered.

"Good, I'm glad to be able to keep you on board. Now you subbed for her once before so you are already

familiar with most of the job. If you will come in an hour early on Monday, I will fill you in on the rest. Take your coveralls to Don Saturday and have a good weekend.”

I got up and left her office. I stopped to have supper at nearby restaurant. The headlines on the papers in the machines at the entrance were not good news. There were more layoffs and a tent city had sprung up in Sacramento, not far away. I didn't eat much and drove home.

The next morning, a very large box was delivered to my apartment. Inside I found more blouses and skirts, along with two pair of high heel pumps, one brown and one black. There were two more sets of camisoles and half-slips in black with pink lace and brown with peach lace as well as a black longline bra and girdle.

In addition there was a brown wig and a pink rain/shine coat, a pink rain hat, a pair of pink rubber knee-high boots and a clear plastic shoe bag. There were two shirt dresses, one pink, one blue with matching full slips in pink and blue, two denim miniskirts, one pink, and one blue along with two matching peasant blouses and a pair of wedgies. At the bottom of the box was a bright pink sports bra, a pink spandex exercise outfit and a pink wallet.

The sheet of paper on the top was a printout of my work schedule and what I was to wear each day. At the bottom of the sheet was a hand written note: “Pink fingernails from now on, Monique's 4 PM on Sunday—miniskirts + peasant blouses and shirt dresses for days off—CD.”

I hung everything up in my closet including the items that were in the boxes under the bed. I put my male clothing in the empty boxes and put them back

under the bed. The purses as well as the wigs on their foam heads I placed on the closet's top shelf. The cosmetic items I put on top of my dresser.

It looked like I was now going to be living en femme 24/7. There would be no more changing back and forth. I felt a genuine sense of relief. I undressed and put on the blue denim miniskirt, peasant blouse and wedgies. I took the coveralls back to Don's uniform shop and went back home.

I had been accustomed to wearing lingerie for some time. It felt really good to be wearing a skirt and a blouse. I was walking easily in the four-inch wedgies. I guess the only difference was the purse dangling from my left elbow. That night I applied a coat of pink nail polish and later a coat of clear polish to my fingernails.

Sunday, I applied pink blusher and pink lipstick before leaving for Monique's. When I walked in the door just before four PM, the face of the girl behind the counter lit up in a smile.

"Denise Jensen, four o'clock. Connie Delgatto sent me."

"Right this way Denise," she said.

I followed her back to one of the private stalls and took a seat. She glanced briefly at my pink toes and then my hands.

Following my shampoo, she put my hair in rollers. She instructed me on how to use them and a curling iron. When I was done, she pierced my ears. At the front counter, she handed me a pink cosmetic case, a curling iron, a set of heated rollers and four bath sets containing bubble bath crystals, dusting powder, perfumed soap and a purse-size spray bottle of perfume.

When I got home, I looked inside the cosmetic case to find additional bottles of nail polish, several more matching lipsticks, a palette of eye shadow, a bottle of eyeliner, an eyelash curler and a tube of mascara. I set everything on top of my dresser.

The four bath sets were color coded with bows on the top. The pink one had a strawberry scent, the red one had a cherry scent, the purple had lavender and the white had just an indescribably sweet feminine scent. I put them in the bathroom cupboard with the pink set on top since I was wearing pink lipstick and nail polish.

That night, I re-read the make up section of the book. The strawberry-scented bubble bath made me feel very good. It made me giggle to see those ten pink toenails peeking above the pink foam as I scrubbed myself with the bar of perfumed soap. Later I dusted myself with the scented body powder and put on my pink baby doll nightie. I don't think I ever felt or slept so good in my entire life.

I was up early to prepare for my first day of work as a full-time secretary. I applied my makeup carefully and gave myself a spritz of perfume behind each ear before putting everything in my pink purse.

I couldn't wait to get to work, in fact I felt like skipping all the way to the car. Of course I didn't as trying that in a tight skirt and high heels was not very practical or ladylike. Even the clicking of my high heel pumps on the hard floor gave me a joyous, girly feeling.

Connie was already there when I walked in. She smiled at me as I walked up to her. She stood close to me as she looked me over, taking a whiff of my perfume, and glancing at my pierced ears as well as check-

ing my pink fingernails. She handed me a ladies watch with a bright pink band.

“You look wonderful Denise. Let’s get to work.”

Having passed her inspection, I smoothed my skirt and sat down at my desk. After placing my purse in the lower drawer, I booted up the computer and the phone system. She reviewed some procedures and I was ready to start the day.

The first day went fast. I found that I was as comfortable in my new job as I was in all the feminine apparel I was wearing. I had come to enjoy being feminine though still biologically a male. I knew I looked good too judging by the reactions of male customers and employees.

On Friday, Connie followed me to Marvin’s. Beebe outfitted me with several pairs of clip-on earrings and a dozen pair for my pierced ears.

“I think pierced earrings are so much more feminine, don’t you, Connie?” she asked.

“Of course and I know Denise will love them too,” Connie answered with a grin.

I removed the plugs in my earlobes and attached the pair Connie had selected. Beebe handed me a box containing a single strand pearl necklace and bracelet.

“You may have use for these later,” Beebe said with a smile.

We left the store and in the parking lot, Connie handed me a sheet from her purse.

“Just drop me a check in the mail when you get home,”

I took it from her as she walked back to her car. After getting in my own car, I looked at it closely. It was a list of all the things she had sent me in the boxes from Marvin's as well as the bills from Monique's salon for all the work I had done.

The total was a hefty sum. I stopped by the bank's drive-through and had them make out a money order for the full amount. Back at home, I addressed it to Connie and dropped it in the mail the following morning.

It had taken up about a third of my savings. Nevertheless, I was quite pleased with all the things she had bought me. I had enjoyed my trips to Monique's and was looking forward to being pampered like that again in the future.

Saturday found me in hot pink spandex exercising at the club. None of the other women looked at me twice. I was developing quite a figure and was proud of myself. It had been a long time since I had given any thought to the man I used to be or the life I used to have as a man.

Work continued and on the first of February, Connie had me change to red nails, lipstick and blusher. I was now sweetly scented like cherries. I wore a new pair of red pumps with a red satin blouse, matching purse and a white skirt.

Over my lunch hour, I saw the doctor for another cursory exam. She smiled as she examined my breasts. After a shot, she handed me a renewal for my prescription.

Things were going smoothly. I was living a life that was like sliding down a slippery slope. There was no

resistance. I could not recall being happier than I was at this moment.

On Valentine's weekend, I wore a red satin minidress with my red heels to serve Connie and her friends wine and pizza. Instead of the maid's cap, she had me wear a red satin sissy bow at the top of my hair.

All the guests enjoyed themselves and I had no doubt part of that enjoyment came from seeing me mince about coquettishly as I served them.

After the guests left, I helped Connie with the dishes again. When we finished, I took off the large pink apron and pink latex gloves. We drank the last of our wine. I picked up my purse and as I turned to go to the front door, she blocked my path.

"Come back to the bedroom for a minute," she asked.

We walked back to the queen-size pink bedroom. Once inside, she closed the door and stood very close to me.

"I just love the smell of cherries on you. You look so ravishing tonight, almost good enough to eat."

Her actions took me by surprise. In almost a year that I had known her, she had never made any overtures towards me as a man, when I began wearing lingerie, or at any point up to now when I had become almost completely and totally feminized.

She grabbed my arms, then brought them around her neck as she leaned in and kissed me hard. Dropping her hands around my waist, she squeezed me close to her body and forced open my mouth. She began probing me with her tongue.

I felt very warm as our tongues intertwined. She relaxed her arms and I withdrew mine from around her neck. I took an unsteady step back and looked into her eyes.

“Wow,” was all I could say.

She smiled as she grabbed me again. This time she picked me up and carried me over towards the bed. After putting me down, she kissed me again, only harder this time. We stayed lip-locked for the longest time. I was getting hotter to the point where I didn't think I could stand it any more.

When we finally came up for air, she spun me around and pulled down zipper of my dress. I slid the petticoats down to my ankles and stepped out of them, then kicked off my high heel pumps. She turned me around again, quickly unhooked the front of my bra and let it slide to the floor.

“The doctor said you were coming along beautifully and I can see she was right.”

She held a breast in each hand, then began French kissing one nipple and then the other. I closed my eyes and tilted my head back. She stopped and took off her clothes.

“I want to teach you something special. I know you are a fast learner, so pay attention.”

She took a pillow from the bed and placed it on the floor between her legs.

“This is called cunnilingus. Kneel in front of me and follow my instructions.”

My pulse was racing so fast, I thought I was going to pass out. I knelt in front of her and looked up waiting for her instructions. She stepped closer to me,

locked her fingers behind my head and pulled my face into her sex.

“Lick me wet, force your tongue inside of me, then do what I tell you.”

I closed my eyes again and did what she asked. Like a puppy licking himself, I began to lick her. After I forced my tongue inside of her, she began moving back and forth until I heard her gasp and I felt warm juices running down my chin.

“Ahh, that was good, Denise. Now please lick me clean.”

I obeyed her order just like I had obeyed every other instruction she had ever given me. When I finished, I looked up to see her smiling down at me. She placed her hands under my armpits.

“Stand up please,”

When I stood, she picked me up and carried me over to the bed. She set me down and walked over to the dresser. When she came back, she was wearing a dildo and spreading lubricant on it with one finger.

Suddenly I felt very frightened. I had never been penetrated before. I wasn't sure I should be doing this. I wanted to say something but she pulled me up and kissed me hard again. I closed my eyes and felt this incredible warmth flood over me as our breasts touched each other.

I kept my eyes closed as she pulled my panties down to my ankles, spread my legs and entered me. We fell back on the bed and began our intercourse. My body moved with hers in a precise rhythm. It was painful at first but as we continued, I felt a warm, sensuous glow spreading over me. I let out a gasp as I climaxed and she stopped.

She withdrew from me and lay down next to me. The only sound in the room was our labored breathing becoming less and less. I had lost track of time, not that I cared what time it was. I looked over at her and she was smiling at me. She leaned in and began nuzzling my neck. I turned towards her and we began kissing again. Shortly she was on top of, then inside of, me again.

When we climaxed, she withdrew and lay back down beside me. I fell asleep in her arms. I slept hard and didn't feel her crawl over me the next morning.

When I woke up, I could smell fresh coffee. I got up and took a shower. I soaped my rectum as it was a little sore. After drying myself off, I applied fresh blusher and lipstick, then I got dressed.

I walked into the kitchen to see her sitting at the table reading the Sunday paper. She looked up at me as she took a sip of her coffee.

"Good morning, sleepyhead. I trust you got a good night's rest?"

I couldn't help but grin.

"Yes I had a deep, sound and restful sleep," I replied.

"I'm so glad to hear you say that. Now if you don't mind, please wipe that stupid grin off your face. Have a roll and some juice."

I joined her at the table and began to eat. I felt hungry enough to eat a dozen of those breakfast rolls but remembering the company's health regime, I didn't. Actually only two things can make you feel much hungrier than you really are: Alcohol is one and a night the previous night is the other.

When we finished, I helped her with the breakfast dishes. I pulled off the pink latex gloves and set them on the sink. She followed me into the living room to the front door. As I opened it, she caressed my buttocks and whispered in my ear.

“Thanks for a great weekend, see you in the morning.”

I didn't answer her, just smiled again and walked out to my car.

I picked up a paper on the way home. I undressed and checked my rectum. I had bled a little in my panties so I placed them in the bathroom sink to soak for a while.

I dressed in my pink lingerie, pink denim skirt, pink peasant blouse and wedgies. I looked myself over in the mirror and despite feeling much more womanly because of the previous night, I did not seem to look any different. I spent the rest of the day cleaning the apartment.

Monday morning when I came to work, her office door was closed. Later in the day, she gave me some additional instructions about some of the reports I was working on. She never mentioned the weekend and I didn't bring it up either.

For the week of St. Patrick's Day, I wore green nail polish and green lipstick. The green satin blouse and black skirt with my black leather pumps made a great holiday combination. At her party, she had me in a long sleeved green satin minidress and of course a big green satin sissy bow topped my black wig. Following the party we sweated up the sheets again.

At work, our relationship continued in a professional fashion as it had been. She never talked about

our affair, it was always strictly business. The end of the month brought a flurry of business and she asked me to stay late and help her finish up some paperwork. It was just after seven when we were all done.

“Do you have a lease or do you rent month-to-month?” she asked me.

“It is strictly month-to-month,” I answered.

She stood closer to me and looked into my eyes. “I would like to have you move in with me,” she said softly.

I was very surprised at this. I didn’t know what to say. If I said no, what changes might be in store for me here at work or our relationship in general; if I said yes, what changes, if any, might there be then?

“I would like to think about that,” I answered. “You have a beautiful home but I kind of like having my own space too.”

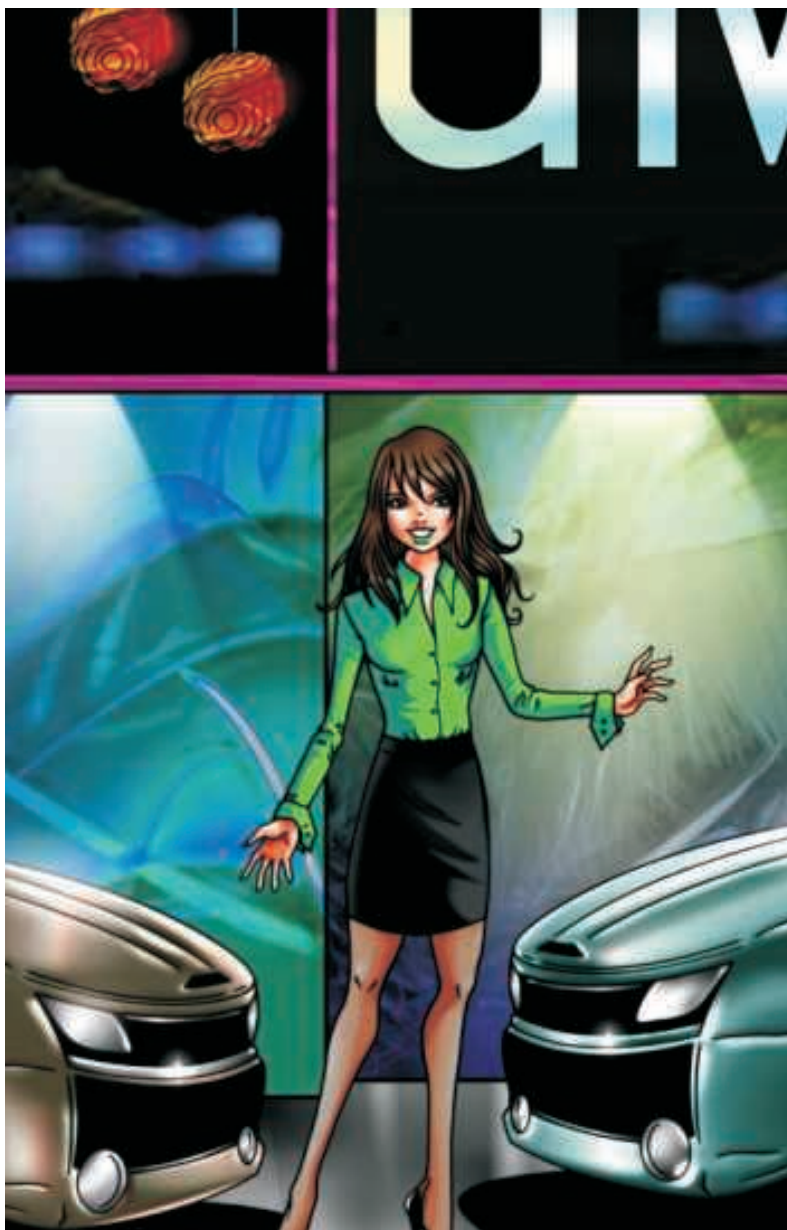
“I understand,” she answered. “Let me know when you decide.”

That night as I soaked in my perfumed bubble bath, I thought about her request. I slid the bar of soap over the two mounds of flesh that had sprouted from my chest. Looking down at my hairless body and those breasts, I thought I was as close to being a female as she was.

Momentarily, I fingered my penis and scrotum. They had shriveled up and were much smaller now. I wondered just how long I would continue to have them.

For the first time, I thought about the sex change surgery I had heard so much about. Was that going to be the end result of all of this? Had this been her plan

all along? Had she seen something in me during my web cam interview that was not visible to others or perhaps not even to me?



It had started initially with my wearing lingerie under my clothing. Next was the physical and emotional effects of the shots and pills, followed by shaving myself hair free and painting my toenails. I had let my hair grow out, then spent several days working en femme before having laser and electrolysis treatments, my hair styled and my fingernails painted so I would be able to begin a new life living and working en femme 24/7.

I had been not only seduced by her sexually but by the joy I found in being totally feminized and wearing feminine apparel all the time. It was almost as if I forgotten what it was like to dress and live like a man, which at this juncture I had no desire to go back to doing.

I showered off the sweet-smelling suds and dried off. After dusting myself liberally with the perfumed body powder, I slipped into my pink baby doll night gown. At the vanity, I checked my nails and stared at the feminine image in the mirror. Was I meant to be a woman all along? I asked myself.

The week of Easter, I wore a purple satin blouse with my pink skirt and heels. I wore frost nail polish with my pink lipstick and blusher. She hadn't said anything more about my moving in with her. I had a lot of things to think through before making my decision.

At her Easter party, I served the guests in a hot pink satin sissy dress with little white bows on the puff sleeves and along the hem. My pink pumps had five-inch heels and I wore a shocking pink wig topped with a pink satin pair of rabbit ears instead of a sissy bow.

As I began cleaning up afterwards, she came up behind me. Grabbing the hem of my minidress and petti-

coats, she raised them up with one hand and squeezed my firm buttocks with the other.

“You know, you have a great ass. I’m glad you are keeping yourself taut and trim. Now hurry up, we can do dishes later.”

I stacked up the dishes in the sink and walked back to the pink bedroom. She held up a pair of purple satin panties in one hand and a light purple chiffon top in the other. Tossing them on the bed, she walked past me to the bathroom. “You have five minutes, Sissy Maid Denise,” she said with a giggle.

I undressed and put on the baby doll nightgown but left on the pink wig and sissy bow. I sat down on the bed and tucked my legs up under me in girlish fashion.

She returned in less than my allotted five minutes. She was naked and carrying her clothes. After placing them on the chair, she walked over to me with no expression on her face.

We made out for a while and I got that warm, gooey, womanly feeling again. I got off the bed and she sat on its edge with her legs spread. Kneeling in front of her, I satisfied her with my tongue, then like a good servant, I licked her clean.

She got up and went to the dresser. Returning with the dildo strapped on, she stood over me.

“A taste of real honey for my sweet Sissy Maid Denise,” she said with a smile. “Open wide please.”

I opened my mouth and she pushed the dildo in. As I began sucking, I realized she had lubricated it with honey. After several minutes, she pulled back and brought me to my feet.

“Now we know you like both female honey and the bottled kind,” she said with a grin.

She wrapped her arms around me and kissed me hard. Dropping her hands to my waist, she pulled my panties to my ankles and I kicked them off. I let out a girlish squeal as she picked me up and tossed me on the bed. She plunged the dildo inside of me and once more we rocked back and forth.

It was much later as we lay together that I looked over at her. Her eyes were closed. She didn't look like my boss as she lay there breathing slowly. I watched her for a few minutes and when she opened her eyes again, I kissed her cheek and whispered in her ear one word: “Yes.”

“Yes?” she looked at me quizzically.

“Yes, I will move in with you,” I said.

“I'm glad you have decided to be with me,” she said without expression.

She turned and placed her lips on mine. Shortly we were entwined again.

That week, I notified my landlord that I would be moving out. I let the power company know too. On Thursday just as I was leaving, Connie handed me an appointment card.

“You will have tomorrow off. Be on time for your appointment. A week from Sunday, I will be over with two employees to help you move.”

She walked back to her office. The appointment card showed I had an eight AM appointment with my doctor. I still had some pills left and I wasn't due for another shot yet either. I put it in my purse and went home.

At seven forty-five I was ushered into an exam room. A nurse told me to undress and get on the table. As I lay there, I wondered what was going on. Usually my exams had been very brief and didn't require me to get fully naked.

The doctor came in with the nurse right behind her. The nurse went to the opposite side of the table from the doctor and handed her a wide strap. It was pulled tight across my chest, pinning it and my arms to the table.

"What are going to do?" I asked suddenly feeling a little bit afraid.

"Nothing you should be worried about," said the doctor sharply as they spread my legs and secured them to the table.

I felt the pick of the needle on both sides of my scrotum. I couldn't see what they were doing but after several minutes, the doctor left the room carrying a small tray. The nurse shook an aerosol can, then I felt the cool spray on my scrotum. She left the room and a few minutes later, the doctor returned.

"You will have some minor discomfort the rest of the day. Every two hours or so, put some ice in a damp washcloth and place it on either side of your scrotum to reduce the swelling. If you have any problems, just call the office. Sit up and I will give you another shot."

"I am almost out of pills..."

"You won't need any more blockers. We took care of that today."

She plunged the needle in my arm.

"Okay you can get dressed now."

She left the room and I put on my clothes. When I got home, I examined my scrotum. It was empty and I had a small line of stitches on each side of my scrotum. I had been castrated. The pills had been hormone blockers which were no longer necessary without my testes.

I wasn't really unhappy. I was living a totally feminine lifestyle now. I had no desire to be masculine anymore anyway. I had experienced wonderful climaxes with Connie and felt truly fulfilled.

It was hard for me understand how a male could be brought to a point where at climax his orgasm gave him a warm feminine feeling as mine had, as opposed to the first time I had masturbated and at my climax I had been flooded with a very masculine feeling.

During both of the times I had intercourse with Connie, my shrunken, shriveled penis had remained flaccid. I had expelled a small amount of seminal fluid but for the most part, my maleness had become non-functional.

As the day wore on, the anesthetic wore off. I spent some time applying an ice pack to both sides of my swollen scrotum. I watched TV and read the paper but the "slight discomfort" the doctor had mentioned was a little more than "slight."

I took a hot bubble bath that night. By then the swelling had gone down and I was feeling much better. At eight o'clock, the doctor called to check on me and I said that I was fine. A half-bottle of wine helped me to get to sleep.

Our working relationship continued to be the same, always professional. She still looked me over and would occasionally watch me as I walked in my stilet-

tos or smoothed my skirt as I sat down. These things had become second nature to me. I was doing them naturally just as if I had been doing them my whole life.

I began getting rid of the things I wouldn't need. All of my male clothing was taken to the thrift store. I sold my small TV and after using up what groceries I had in stock, began eating all my meals out. I still kept my exercise regimen at the health club in my pink spandex outfit. My furniture was gone by Saturday so I spent Saturday night at Connie's.

Sunday, the two female mechanics showed up with Connie and helped me box up all my feminine items. After I had everything properly placed in my pink bedroom, Connie took us out for supper.

That night as I pulled back the pink chiffon bedspread and slipped between the pink satin sheets, I thought once more about the choice I had made. Connie was asleep in her master bedroom. I had my space and I was one hundred percent sure I had made the right choice. I fell asleep quickly in my new pink surroundings.

In the next two weeks, Connie added some things to my wardrobe including all new bras as the shots and testosterone blockers had given me a beautiful set of breasts that any woman would be proud of.

I now had hips too so new foundation garments were in order, this time without the side panels of course. Beebe was happy with Connie's purchases. I dipped into my savings to pay for these additions to my wardrobe. I was now down to less than half of the money I had brought with me.

I continued to be pampered at Monique's. I was now paying for the services I was receiving. They had high fees but the skill of their personnel made up for the cost. Each time I looked in the mirror at my beardless face, hairless body and perfectly-shaped feminine eyebrows, I was grateful for their expertise.

There were several more tennis matches with Connie's friends and despite the fact that I hadn't played in quite a while, we always won. I liked the exertion of the matches as her friends were good players and they tested my abilities to the limit.

I think Connie especially enjoyed seeing me in that pink tennis dress and my pink panties when my skirt flew up, almost as much as when we beat her friends. It always felt good to be on the winning side of anything.

We ate out more than we ate at home, which was fine with me. I loved being taken to a fine restaurant as much as I loved my velvet little black dress and the matching black suede peep toe pumps Connie had bought me.

She always made me feel special as she helped me with my coat, opened the car door for me, or held my chair as I smoothed the skirt of my dress when I sat down at the table. I wondered how many women were lucky enough to have a partner who was as attentive as she was.

One evening over a candlelit dinner, I thought about the girls at the sorority house and what they had done. If they had planned this as some sort of revenge, they would be surprised to learn that it had backfired.

What they had actually done to me was the biggest favor anybody had done for me in my life. They had

given me the opportunity to find my true self, that is my feminine self. I wondered if they were as happy in their own lives as I was in mine.

Connie's Memorial Day party was a blast. I thought perhaps she would have me dressed to the nines as her "Queen of the May" but instead she had me serve her guests wearing a pink sissy maid uniform, pink seamed hose, pink stiletto pumps. On the top of my shocking pink wig was a sissy bow in place of the pink rabbit ears I had worn at her Easter party

Several of her friends had bought me moving-in presents. The gifts were lingerie of course. There were three baby dolls in pastels and two peignoir sets, one in pink and one in black. Before they left, the girls insisted I model the gifts I received with my high heel fuzzy slippers.

I was only too glad to accommodate them, adding a few girlish wiggles as I paraded around in front of them. The feminine frivolity in the room that day was at an all-time high.

The warmth of summer brought out a few more customers so we were kept pretty busy. I had become totally caught up in my feminine lifestyle. I didn't think life could get any better. I couldn't even imagine going back to the life I once had.

When my driver's license came due, Connie set me up with an evening appointment. There was no road or written test. The butch looking woman behind the counter took my money, then had me pose for the picture. Minutes late, she handed me a California driver's license with a grin and we were on our way back home.

I was no longer amazed at the picture of a pretty girl on my license nor was I surprised to find an "F" in the box for sex and the name "Denise Jensen" on the first line. It wasn't the truth but I genuinely felt that maybe that last step was not too far down the road.

Instead of taking the same way back, we detoured down several side streets and stopped in front of a small shop. The name out front was Marti's Skin Art. It was a tattoo parlor.

"Uh are you getting a tattoo?" I asked Connie.

She placed her hand on mine and grinned at me. "No, my sweet sissy maid Denise, YOU ARE! I just knew you wouldn't mind doing it for me, right?"

I didn't think I really had a choice. "Of course I will do it for you."

We went inside. At the counter, a chunky, mannish looking woman whose body seemed to be covered with tattoos and had pierced just about everything, greeted us.

"Can I help you?" she inquired.

"Yes. I am Connie Delgatto and this is Denise. I called earlier."

"OK, right this way please."

We followed her to a booth in the back. An hour later, we were done and Connie drove us home. That night, I washed the two tattoos, one on each arm, carefully, according to the instruction sheet. They were a little sore but the artist said it wouldn't last very long.

Just below where the elastic of my puff sleeve dresses would be there was a pink bow. Above the bow in blue script was the word "Sissy" and below the pink bow was the word "Maid" also in blue script.

I had been labeled several times in my life and had worked hard to overcome them. Now I had more than a label. Essentially I had been branded. Sometimes labels stick and sometimes they don't. This was something I could not overcome or change, at least not with some difficulty, because it was for all intents and purposes permanent.

Nevertheless I didn't really care. This was a brand I was proud of just as I was proud of my femininity. My initial fear was unfounded and I was happy Connie had done this for me.

Our one-year anniversary was celebrated at a fine hotel in San Francisco. We saw the sites and enjoyed the best food and wine the city had to offer. I was certain that if we spent every weekend there, we still would not be able to sample everything which was the best reason of all for going back there again and again.

Before leaving that beautiful city, our trip would not be complete without visiting some of the wilder, out-of-the-way, places. Connie took me to a little boutique called simply "WOW."

She outfitted me in a lime green bra, garter belt and panties with fishnet stockings. Multi-colored petticoats flared out the very pouffy, girly, purple satin mini dress sporting little white bows on the puff sleeves and along the very short hem. The red patent leather knee-high six-inch spike heel "hooker boots" were as outrageous as the fire engine red wig. As we walked to the car, I was almost afraid of being arrested.

The out-of-the-way nightclub was called "The Master's Place." We were met at the door by a sour looking woman who demanded that I raise my skirts to show her my panties. I accommodated her and she waved us

in. We sat in a booth and sipped wine as we watched a parade of characters come and go.

They ranged from naked men on dog leashes led around by women in full dominatrix regalia to sissified men wearing a great variety of very flouncy, feminine outfits with spike heel shoes, makeup, sissy bow-topped wigs and carrying dainty purses as they were paraded around by their female masters in black or brown leather pantsuits and highly polished flat-heeled boots.

We had a great time and it was hard to leave a place where you could come and be yourself without prejudice. I told Connie that what the world needed was more places like this and more stores like "WOW." No matter who or what you were, here you could dress and act the way that pleased yourself and your partner without fear. This was a place where you could be what most people are afraid to be: themselves.

Arriving home was something of a letdown but then what end of a great vacation isn't?" Soon we were back into our routine. I found myself as much in love with Connie as with my feminine lifestyle. I loved my job and at this juncture I just wanted to live forever. How many people can honestly say that?

The next step, if there was to be one, would be an irrevocable one, one I still wasn't sure about. But that was in the future. For right now I was happy just to be immersed completely in femininity. To be honest, I was very proud to be "Branded For Life."

THE END