

Derailed

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DERAILED

By Jeri Ellen

My dad worked for the railroad. He was gone a lot. When he was home he was busy doing things around the house. He was good at fixing things and we seldom had to call a repairman for anything. He liked the outdoors and when he did have some free time he enjoyed being in the woods or canoeing the abundant lakes and streams that Minnesota had to offer.

When I was twelve years old my dad took me to the rail yard on his day off. We walked from the parking area to the large maintenance facility. Once inside my ears were assaulted by the loud banging and clanging of men pounding and cutting metal. The air was filled with blueish smoke that smelled like burnt metal. Sparks flew from the welders and the men with cutting torches.

We stood there a few minutes watching the men work and then walked out another door to the main rail yard. I was glad to get out of there and be back under the basking glow of the bright sunshine of midday where the air smelled so clean.

After looking in both directions my dad led me across a dozen sets of rails to where a single locomotive was parked on a siding. We turned to the right and began walking towards it.

The front of the locomotive was painted with yellow and green diagonal stripes. It looked like the war paint on an Indian warrior's face. The two yellow headlights, one on top of the other, glared menacingly at us as we approached the engine. At the bottom the massive coupler was open, almost like the jaws of a mechanical monster waiting to devour the both of us.

My dad grabbed the handrail and walked up the front steps. I followed him as we walked along the catwalk to the cab. The huge diesel engine was murmuring softly as we made our way to where a man sat inside. He stepped outside the cab and my dad let me in ahead of him.

He had me sit at the controls and stood behind me.. He released the brakes and then pushed the throttle forward. We lurched ahead as black smoke poured from the diesel engine. After a hundred yards or so he applied the brakes and then shifted the engine into reverse. We went back to where the engine had been parked originally. My dad locked the brakes and we left the cab.

Dad thanked the man who had been at the controls and we walked across the tracks to where his

pick up truck was parked. Later at MacDonald's over a burger and fries he looked over at me.

"What do you think Louis?" he asked me. "Would you like to have a job like this someday?"

I took a sip of my drink and looked back at him. I was sure he was expecting an affirmative answer.

"I don't know dad," I answered. "To be honest I really don't know what I want to do just yet."

His face showed no emotion as he replied: "Well, you have lots of time yet."

We finished our lunch and he drove us home. I had given him an evasive but truthful answer. I wanted no part of that noisy, stinking maintenance facility. I thought it might be cool to be able to drive that big diesel engine but I really didn't like being around machinery or anything mechanical for that matter.

I had always felt more comfortable at the library or in front of my computer. I was good at math, science and things that required some thinking ability. I really didn't want to work with my hands or do physical labor.

That night I woke up and found myself standing in the dark between two railroad tracks. Suddenly I was illuminated by a bright yellowish light. I turned around to see that massive diesel start rolling towards me. I turned around again and started to run.

The ground started to vibrate under my shoes and I knew the diesel was gaining on me. I turned my head to see how close it was. As it got even closer I saw the front coupling closing and opening as if this beast was getting ready to grab me, then drag me inside to be chewed up and eaten.



It suddenly dawned on me that if I jumped aside the locomotive could not jump the rails to follow me. I leaped to my left and the locomotive rushed past me. My heart was pounding as I watched it travel down the tracks and disappear into the blackness.

I stood there in the dark for awhile to catch me breath. Suddenly I was bathed in light again. As I stood between two adjacent rails to the one I had originally been standing between another locomotive began coming at me. Black smoke was pouring from the stack as it picked up speed and the coupling in the front snapped closed and opened again as it shortened the distance between us.

Once again I jumped aside and watched the engine fly by me. I turned and ran across more rails trying to find a way out of the rail yard. I was running out of breath when suddenly the whole yard was bathed in light. It was if night had been turned into day.

There were diesel locomotives coming at me from every direction. I panicked. There seemed to be no where to run to. As they closed in I suddenly woke up.

Sitting up in bed it was several minutes before my pulse returned to normal. I got out of bed. My tee shirt was soaked with sweat. I took it off and draped it over a chair. I went into the bathroom and urinated. I filled the sink with warm water. After washing and drying myself off I put on a clean tee shirt and went back to bed but it was sometime before I finally fell asleep.

The next morning at breakfast my mother asked me if anything was wrong. I guess she had seen something in my face that I wasn't aware of. I shook my head no and said that I hadn't slept well but that I as okay.

Shortly before school started Dad took me out to a construction site. We watched as earthmovers, end loaders, and dump trucks moved large amounts

of dirt and rock. After an hour or so we left the highway project and drove to where a housing development was being built.

Dad's brother drove a concrete truck. He was pouring concrete into the forms for a driveway when we got there. I watched as the huge drum revolved around and the concrete came pouring down the chute. It didn't take long before the workman on either side of the driveway had the concrete all smoothed out. Dad's brother got in the truck and drove away.

We drove to a pizza place and once again my dad posed the question about all the jobs I had seen the construction workers doing that day. I shrugged and to give him an answer I simply said that I would rather be driving the end loader that loaded the trucks than any of the other jobs.

He seemed satisfied with my answer and we dug into our pizza and soft drinks. I was hoping my dad hadn't been disappointed in my answers. I knew that he only had my best interests at heart.

The truth of course was that I didn't want anything to do with those construction jobs. I wanted to stay as far away as possible from the noise, diesel smoke, and mayhem that the construction jobs were about.

Just what I was going to do was still up in the air, but like dad said I had time.

I went to bed without thinking any more about what I had seen that day. Waking up I found myself standing at the back of the concrete truck. I was stark naked. No one was around but I had this strange sense of foreboding.

From out of nowhere came a very large man with a maniacal grin on his face. He grabbed me and carried me up a ladder to the top of the concrete trucks' drum. He opened the hatch and tossed me inside.

I landed with a splash at the bottom of the drum in a mess of pink concrete. The hatch closed and I was in darkness. The drum started to revolve and I began to panic. I closed my eyes tight and the pink slop enveloped me. As I tumbled inside I gasped for air when the pink stuff slid off of my face long enough for me to catch a breath.

Finally the drum stopped. The hatch opened up. The man was holding a water hose in one hand and motioned me to stand up with the other. When I did he squirted me with the hose. The pink slop washed away. I began to climb out. He helped me out of the drum. When I was back standing behind the truck the man drove away.

I looked down at my body. What little body hair I had was now gone. My eyebrows and the hair on my head were the only places that hadn't been touched. When I ran my hands over my body I found that my skin was silky smooth to the touch. It was just like a girls' skin. My pulse accelerated as I thought about the possibility of someone trying to turn me into a female.

A horn honked. I looked over at two women standing next to the open sliding door of a mini van. One was holding a pink dress on a hanger in one hand and a pair of pink high heel shoes in the other. The second woman held a pink bra in one hand and a pair of pink panties in the other. They were both grinning and waving at me to come over to where they were standing.

Waking up I found myself soaked in sweat again. After removing the wet tee shirt I walked into the bathroom. In the mirror over the sink I saw my face hadn't changed any. I still had some peach fuzz. My arms and legs still had some light hair. I was still a male too. I washed and dried myself off. After putting on a clean tee shirt I went back to bed.

I laid awake for quite awhile thinking about that dream. The fact that I had shown no interest in what might be called very "manly" occupations doesn't mean that I should have been a girl or be changed into one. In this day in age there were very few jobs that might still be described as "a man's job" or a "woman's job."

My physicality was similar to that of a girl my age. I was shorter than the average boy in my class at school. I had a small frame with correspondingly small features, that is my hands and feet were closer to being like a girl's than a boy's. I never thought of myself as being feminine, or what some of the older boys called a "sissy".

When I finally fell asleep it was a restless one. I had never had many dreams but these two seemed to hit me in a peculiar way.

I entered middle school and began playing soccer. I enjoyed the physical activity as much as challenging my brain with the studies. I dropped some weight and felt better for having taken it off. My dreams hadn't returned. The little time dad was able to spend with us we usually went hiking in the park or canoeing.

Entering my freshman year of high school in the fall of 2008 I was feeling pretty good about my life. Then the bottom fell out. It seemed as if the whole

financial world was coming apart at the seams. I wondered if there was ever going to be an end to this mess.

It was in January that my world came to a screeching halt. Dad was working nights. They were switching some cars around and dad apparently slipped on the icy cold rails and fell under the wheels of a moving box car. We got the call around 5am.

As a kid I never thought much about death. Death was for old people. I remember going to the funeral home to see my grandpa when he died. We walked down the aisle to where he was lying in the casket. He appeared waxy, not at all like the man I remembered. Now it wasn't anybody old it was my dad.

After the funeral the house seemed to be bigger and empty. I picked up his tools and put them away after sweeping out his shop. It was a couple of weeks before mom packed up his clothes and took what his brother didn't want to the thrift store.

The death benefits and insurance would take care of things for awhile but mom wanted to sell the house and get a smaller place. Before moving to one side of a duplex we had an estate sale and then auctioned off what was left.

I went back to school after the holiday break and concentrated on my studies. Mom continued working at the hospital laundry. There seemed to be less and less conversation between us. Even the smaller duplex seemed empty at times.

One of my courses was in journalism. I wrote a piece on the upcoming soccer season. The local paper reprinted it and I received a check for one hun-

dred dollars. I began to think more seriously about being a writer or reporter.

Before school was out my interviews with two coaches and my write up on the baseball team were also reprinted earning me some more spending money. I felt more confident and began studying the art of interviewing as well as becoming acquainted with all the resources I would need to do research.

The comments from friends and neighbors as well as the letters I received from people who had read and liked my stuff gave me more confidence to continue. Mom was pleased too though she never said much.

I know my dad's death had been hard on her so I didn't push conversation too much.

By summer I had my driver's license. I got a job offer from a small community news paper to report on the little league baseball games as well as some of the adult summer baseball leagues. I met some other reporters from the major twin city newspapers who were always complimentary and suggested I stay in touch.

This along with comments in my e-mail inbox as well as letters boosted my confidence. I continued to be meticulous in my research as well as in my writing. It was something I not only liked doing but looked forward to doing. Journalism was my favorite class by far though I still maintained a healthy B+ average in my other classes as well. My teachers and my mom were very pleased.

Mom helped me with a down payment for a used hatchback. I would no longer have to borrow hers to go to the games I was covering. I also began dating a

girl in my journalism class. She was more into the political scene and was covering the city council and county board meetings. She was also very good at it. In fact her reports were the first thing I read in the school newspaper.

Since dad's death our lives were no longer centered around my dad's railroad schedule. We were no longer in the "main line", in railroad parlance. We were sort of on a siding. Mom would occasionally hear from the wives of the men dad worked with and of course his brother Ray would always stop by for an occasional visit.

In April of my junior year Candice and I were walking thru the mall after watching a movie at the multi-plex. We stopped in front of the window of a formal apparel store to look at the display of prom dresses in the window. The prom was a month off but I had already asked her and she had accepted. We went inside and walked over to the rack of dresses.

"What do you think?" she asked me.

"I don't know, I think you would look great in any of them," I replied.

She continued to look some more and then I drove her home.

For some unknown reason those racks of beautiful dresses stuck in my head. That night in my dreams I found myself wearing a floor length pink chiffon dress and four inch heel pink sandals. I walked down a narrow space between two rows of women and girls. They all looked up admiringly at me as I passed.

I turned and walked to the back room where a woman helped me out of the dress and into another

one with different colored high heels. In the full length mirror I saw I was wearing a shoulder length blonde wig, pink blusher, pink lipstick. My finger and toenails were pink too.



When I woke up I felt more tired than when I went to bed. In the bathroom I splashed some water on my face and looked at myself in the mirror. I wasn't wearing any lipstick or blusher and my nails didn't have any pink nail polish on them like they did in my dream.

The funny thing was the dream had been so real. It was almost as if I had been somehow transported into the body of a teenage girl model and then brought back to being a teenage boy again. I went back to bed and slept soundly until the alarm went off.

The prom was an enjoyable one. We hadn't been seeing each other for very long so sex afterwards was out of the question though we were able to steam up the windshield a little in her dad's driveway. I finished out the school year. Our soccer team wasn't very good and we didn't make the finals. I continued to do my reporting over the summer which made it go by all the more quickly.

My recurring dreams of being en femme continued to gnaw at the back of my mind. One summer day I googled "cross-dresser" and "transsexual" and found a massive amount of websites from stores that sold women's shoes and apparel to men to websites offering counseling for men and women who felt they were trans-gendered. These websites were interspaced with many pornographic websites which I avoided entirely.

I knew I wasn't crazy and neither were all the people, male and female alike who were seeking help from these websites or the professional therapists who advertised themselves in them. I was beginning to wonder why a young male like me, who enjoyed

the company of women, could possibly be one of those pictured on the websites I had viewed.

My senior year was busier than ever. I was sleeping soundly and there were no more dreams. My days were full with school as well as my reporting duties. I had become well known locally and felt confident that upon graduation from college I would have no trouble getting a career started.

I was also pretty certain that my dad would be proud even though I had chosen something far removed from the labor jobs he had taken the time to show me. I was happy doing what I was doing and had rapidly become good at it. There wasn't much money there but I knew that would come later.

After the holidays my journalism teacher asked me to stay after class for a minute. When the other students had left the room she handed me a slip of paper with a name and phone number on it.

“Call this woman and ask for an interview. It's about a summer internship overseas in England. Use my name and good luck.”

I left the room with an accelerated heartbeat. When I got home I talked to my mom about it. She was more than supportive.

“Not many kids would get a chance like that you know. Be sure you ask a lot of questions though, especially about accommodations, expenses and some walking around money,” she admonished.

“I will,” I replied.

I called the number and left a message on voicemail indicating I was interested in the summer internship. I couldn't wait to hear from them.

Later that evening a woman named Leona Hanson returned my call. She wouldn't give me any details until she was able to meet me in person at an interview. She gave me an appointment on a Saturday two weeks away at one of the airport hotels in Minneapolis. I was ecstatic.

At school I told Candice about my good fortune. She just nodded.

"Is something wrong," I asked.

She shook her head.

"No. I am happy for you. It is just that I might have stumbled on to something.

"Like what?"

"It has to do with the debate over the construction project to build another mall just northeast of here. I have been to the county board meetings and the project is moving along quite rapidly as opposed to the usual amount of time it takes to get something like that approved."

"You mean like money under the table or bid rigging," I asked.

Candice shrugged.

"I don't know anything for sure. I have a source. Last time we talked the source just held their nose briefly as if to say to me that "something stinks".

"Be careful then. Things might get rough," I cautioned her.

"I will," she answered.

We finished our lunch and departed for our classes.

The two weeks to the interview dragged by slower than you can imagine. Finally the Saturday arrived

and I drove to the hotel near the Minneapolis airport. I arrived at twelve thirty and parked in the visitor lot. I sat there for another ten minutes and looked over the list of questions I had drawn up. I wanted to be sure I knew exactly what I was getting into.

I went inside and stopped at the desk.

“I am Louis Carley. I have a one pm appointment with Leona Hanson.”

The man picked up the phone and buzzed her room. Shortly he put the phone down.

“Go right up to 417,” he said.

I walked to the elevators. The silent ride up was quick. As I walked down the hall to the room my heartbeat accelerated again. I knocked on 417. Shortly a tall brunette in a black pantsuit opened the door.

“Please come Louis, you are right on time.”

I followed her inside.

“Have a seat,” she said pointing at a stuffed chair opposite the sofa.

“Now then let’s get started. Your instructor told me about you and has recommended you for this internship. How ever it is unlike many others. Some of the work you will be doing will not be for your instructors over the three months you will be in England.”

“The work you will be doing is for us.”

She held up a copy of America’s Voice. It was a well known supermarket tabloid. There was a similar one in the UK called England’s Voice. I began to feel a bit apprehensive as working for what most

people call a gossip rag was hardly what a serious journalism student would call a job opportunity.

“Just what would this involve?” I asked.

“Recently one of our investigative reporters went missing while he was researching an article on Laura Wentworth and her financial empire. Laura was born here but educated in the US. She went to work making money for other people and then struck out on her own. Her excellent financial management has made her quite wealthy.”

“She is a very private person, not a recluse like Howard Hughes but definitely avoids the lime light whenever possible. She is rarely seen in public. She hires on a number of trainees every two years but over the last sixteen years eight of them have disappeared. I mean completely gone, like they had fallen off the planet.”

“When an investigator shows up her office shows them a letter of resignation and a final paycheck that had been cashed. There was nothing more the authorities could do. We need someone outside England to try to work into her organization and find out what happened to those eight young men.”

“It sounds to me like you need a private investigator more than a journalism student,” I replied

“Not in this case. She and her staff would be on the lookout for that. You are a student, not from England and in a perfect position to gain the confidence of those around her.”

“I see. Can you tell me any more about what I am looking for? Are there similarities among the missing men? I feel like I might me working in the dark here.”

“I understand. The only thing I can tell you is that all of the young men were of slight build, with small features and a clear complexion with little facial hair. They were all very bright and eager to learn. I find that you have all those very same qualities. If something is amiss here you would have a better than average chance to find out what it is and report it back to us.”

“If I agree to do this how do we go about it?”

“First you need to get a passport and a visa. Our contact in England will have you set up in a dorm with other journalism students. Your monthly stipend can be picked up at our main offices in London.”

“You will attend some college level classes there but most of the time will be spent with the financial editor of a local newspaper. This will give you an “in” so to speak with Laura’s organization. For the first month don’t press for an interview. You probably aren’t going to get one anyway but you may get close to several of her people.”

“If and when you do remember to keep your questions about finances not about her personally or she may cut you off entirely. The same can be said of any member of her staff that you might have the chance to talk to. Please be very careful in all things you say and do, especially when it comes to Laura or any member of her staff.”

“I understand. I will be a sort of James Bond but with a laptop and a pen not a gun.”

She grinned at me.

“Not the best of analogies but the work requires a total absence of any firearms.”

“I’d like some time to think it over. Also I may have some additional questions.”

“Perfectly understandable Louis, here is my card. Please call me by noon Friday.”

I took the card from her and stood up. We shook hands and I left the room.

Back home I laid down on my bed and began thinking about the things we had discussed. I had no doubt that even three months in an overseas internship would be a great thing to put on my resume when I finished college.

On the other hand I was a bit intimidated too. After all eight men had disappeared. Had they been killed? Kidnapped and forced to work under some unfortunate circumstances? I didn’t want to risk my life for a three month job.

I continued to think about things over the next week. Sometimes it was hard to keep my mind on my reporting. There were so many “ifs” and “unknowns” here. I almost felt that this assignment was better for someone older with more experience in the field than me. Yet at the same time the benefits I could derive from this experience would certainly outweigh what I perceived to be “some risk”.

Thursday night after supper I decided I would take the bull by the horns. I called Leona and told her I wanted to accept the job. She said to watch my mail for an information packet. I was to apply for my passport and visa too.

When I went to bed that night I laid awake for awhile wondering if I had done the right thing. I had crossed the Rubicon in a sense so I didn’t feel I should call Leona back and tell her that I had

changed my mind. I closed my eyes and drifted off to a restless sleep.

Tuesday a box was delivered by UPS. When I opened it that night I found a city map of London and the surrounding area. There was a tourist's guide to London as well as a separate guide to the customs, currency, and local expressions used by the people. I recalled from school someone once saying that America and England were two great nations separated by a common language.

In March I received my passport and visa. I had studied the materials Leona had sent to me and felt confident I would be able to find my way around as well as manage the stipend I would be given.

The day before St. Patrick's Day Candice died in a car accident. I was stunned to say the least. She was coming home from covering the county board meeting when her car went off a curve and flipped over into a water filled ditch. There had been a rain/snow mix that night which authorities had said contributed to the accident.

I went to the funeral home to express my condolences. Her mother mentioned that her laptop hadn't been found in the wreck. I thought that was rather odd. I remembered her saying that she might be on to something.

The Saturday night news had a story about the new shopping center project clearing the environmental hurdle. Construction would be starting soon. The next day the Sunday edition of the paper had an article giving more details of the construction and the proposed stores in the mall.

For the first time I felt a pang of fear. Had Candice been killed to keep whatever information

she had acquired quiet? Then I began thinking about my own upcoming assignment.

Suppose I come across something that would make headline news not just locally but around the world. I would be in a foreign country and up against a well know financial executive. It wouldn't take much to get me out of the way, especially when you consider that large sums of money would probably be at stake. That night I had trouble getting to sleep.

The first week in April brought a real warm spell. I was glad to see the snow disappear. Somehow it made everybody feel a little better. I hadn't dated anyone else since Candice's death so I did not attend the Senior Prom. Construction had started on the new mall project and it made me think of her remark about her source holding their nose as if to say "something stinks."

I continued to go over the materials Leona had sent me. I wanted to be prepared to do my best. Her most recent letter contained a schedule for me and a plane ticket. I would be met at Heathrow airport by a representative of the magazine and taken to my dormitory room. As excited as I was about getting this opportunity I still had a few concerns.

That night in my dreams I found myself naked with my hands, feet and mouth duct taped. It was late at night and I was on the edge of a barge moving on the Thames. Two very serious looking men were standing with me. I saw Laura Wentworth walking towards me. She had no expression on her face but she did have a pistol in her hand.

She stopped in front of me and grinned broadly.

“So you thought you were going to get rid of me did you?”

She brought the pistol up and squeezed the trigger. I felt the pain in my chest as the bullets hit me. She took one step closer and then shot me in the face. I fell backwards in the water. As I sank into the Thames River I could feel no pain. I kept my eyes open and when I hit the mud at the bottom there was Candice. She was in her prom dress. She opened her mouth to talk but nothing came out and I woke up.

I sat still for a few minutes. The dream had been very real. When my pulse returned to normal I took off my sweat soaked tee shirt and went into the bathroom. I washed up again and put on a clean shirt. It was several hours before I finally went back to sleep.

The dream left me shaken for a couple of days. I concentrated on my studies and my reporting duties but it didn't seem to do much good. If I was heading into something dangerous I would think Leona could have provided me with more information.

I received my passport and visa. I passed my final exams but skipped the graduation ceremony. I wanted the next few days before my flight to pass quickly but they didn't. Each day seemed to be like a year and a day. It was almost as if time was standing still. I wondered if maybe it was an omen. Like something or someone was giving me time to back out of this deal.

My flight was an early morning one. Mom drove me to the airport and wished me well. I went thru security and boarded my flight. It too seemed to take forever. I wasn't claustrophobic by any means but

half a day in a small aluminum tube was a little too much for me. I was very glad when the pilot announced that we should fasten our seatbelts for the descent to Heathrow.

I was relieved to get off the plane which to me had been an aluminum prison. A short, stocky man with a white beard in a chauffeurs' uniform was holding up a sign with my name on it. I walked over to him and introduced myself.

"I'm Ian Smythe," he said with a grin. "Come with me and we'll get your bags and take you thru customs."

A short time later I was enjoying my ride in the back of the limo as we headed to London. We stopped at the downtown offices and I picked up my stipend in British money. There was a sandwich shop nearby so we had supper there.

The drive to my living quarters only took about a half an hour. I had only one bag but Ian accompanied me inside to my upstairs room. It was about the size of a small motel room. He gave me a set of keys and a schedule for the upcoming month. I thanked him and he left.

I was tired so after calling mom to let her know I had arrived ok I watched some British television. I took a hot shower and went to bed. I slept soundly and the next morning took a walk around the area to familiarize myself with it. I ate breakfast at a small shop and went back to the dorm. When I got back I introduced myself to some of the other residents.

It would be two days before we would begin with classes so I made the most of my time by doing a lot of walking and of course continuing to sample the

British cuisine. I browsed a few stores mentally calculating the change I would receive if I were to pay for any of the items.

I was feeling much better now that I was acclimated to the new time zone. I went over the guide Leona had given me to brush up on a few things. All in all I felt ready to face the challenges ahead.

The classrooms were on the first floor. After breakfast I took my notebook to the room on the schedule and took a seat. Several others had already arrived when I walked into the room. The instructor came in and shortly the rest of the class arrived.

There were students from several other countries as well as the UK. By the end of the first week the only problem I encountered was that one of the instructors had a much more pronounced accent than the others requiring me to listen much more closely to what he was saying.

I spent evenings in my room studying notes from the day's lecture. Financial stuff seemed pretty boring to me. Lots of statistics and math oriented material. It was pretty dull and I could see I was going to have to really apply myself to stay focused for the next three months. I also made good use of the exercise equipment in the basement though not all of the others did.

After my last class on Friday the instructor invited all of us to a local hangout not far from the dorm. This get acquainted session was sponsored by the instructors and they paid for the pizza but naturally the alcohol was on us. I decide to have a soft drink since warm beer or ale didn't appeal to me.

We were seated at a large table near the back of the restaurant. Each of us in turn stood up and introduced ourselves and stated where we were from. After a second round of drinks the pizza arrived and we all dug in.

It was an enjoyable evening. By all accounts I don't think any of us thought of ourselves as strangers. Despite the fact we were all from different places we were much alike in terms of our age and our interests in our field of study.

Someone once said that if you wanted to know what people in India, Indianapolis, Indonesia or anywhere else was like you should look in the mirror. He was right of course. People are people regardless of language or culture. Work, family and recreation bind us all.

Most of my fellow students were interested in finance except for one girl from Ireland who, like me, was interested in journalism. Of course none of them knew I was there under what you might call false pretenses.

It would be several weeks before I would have my first meeting with my contact at the offices of England's Voice where I would also be picking up my second month's stipend. It was too early for me to have anything to report so I assumed it would be a short meeting.

Classes continued. I was learning more than I thought I would. At the end of the week we spent some time at the London equivalent of our stock exchange. I knew little about our own but this seemed to mirror ours in one respect. By all outward appearances it was best described as controlled chaos.

Later that evening over pizza and drinks some of us shared the same impression that it seemed a small miracle that anything was getting accomplished amid all that confusion and mayhem. One of the instructors put it as well as any American could. He said simply: "That's the way it is!"

On Wednesday of the next week I saw Heather Kilgan walking to the sandwich shop where I usually ate my lunch. I asked her if she wanted some company and she agreed to join me. I bought her a sandwich and some tea.

During our short lunch break I found we shared a lot of ideas about journalism and reporting in general. It was a very enjoyable lunch break and we were nearly late getting back to our class.

I mentioned her when I talked with my mom that Sunday night. I kept our calls short due to the expense but e-mailed her several times during the week. She was happy that I was happy and doing so well. "Your dad would be so proud," she added.

The first month was drawing to a close. It was easy to forget that I was not there to study world finance or journalism. I began thinking about what the next two months or so was going to lead to. There were still a few unknowns but my concerns about working "in the dark" so to speak were being somewhat allayed.

There was a bus stop not far from my dorm. I took a pocket schedule with me and had a pleasant ride. I needed only one transfer and then a five block walk to the offices of England's Voice. At the reception desk I identified myself and was directed to an upstairs office.

The man behind the desk stuck out his hand and introduced himself as Harold Withers. He asked me how I was getting adjusted and I told him there hadn't been any difficulties so far. He counted out my next month's stipend and I left.

Heather and I saw each other periodically. Both of us had received praise for our write ups of what we had done so far. One evening she let me read a piece that she was sending home to her journalism instructor back in Ireland. I was very impressed with her talent to say the least.

At the end of the next week we were all taken to one of London's largest investment companies in the morning. In their board room their Vice President lectured us for about an hour. The Q&A session lasted almost another hour. After lunch we went to one of the larger banks in London. One of their executives spoke to us for over an hour followed by another hour of Q&A.

Heather and I asked questions that skirted financial terms. They centered around the way things were done, the regulatory process, as well as education and training required for these positions. The other students asked questions that had more to do with speculation, risk versus return, etc. that were a more inherent part of the business.

It was quite a day. I think both men were impressed at the questions they had to field. All of us agreed that the two lectures were concise and to the point. Neither man had tried to fill in the time with any, shall we say, "BS". We were just as impressed with them as we hoped they were with us.

The instructors were pleased with all of our work. At the end of the week I asked about the possibility

of seeing Laura Wentworth's financial center and maybe having her speak to the group. The instructor sort of stiffened and then said he would look into it but not to get our hopes up. She didn't spend a lot of time talking about what she did or the way she did it with anyone let alone a group of students.

That evening I invited Heather to a movie. Afterwards we went down the street for pizza and soft drinks. It was a cozy, dimly lit, little place that was just the perfect place for couples. After our drinks came I looked over at her.

"Do you think I crossed a line asking about Laura Wentworth?" I asked. The instructor didn't seem to like it very much."

Heather shrugged.

"I don't know. It is hard to say. I know she is a very private person both personally and professionally.

She is one of the richest women in the world. She didn't marry it or inherit it. She is 100% self made, that's a rarity in women and even more so in the financial business especially here in Europe."

"People like that aren't readily accessible to anyone let alone some students but I thought it would give us some insight into how she became successful especially to you and the two other girls in the class."

"I agree. I guess we can only wait and see."

We finished eating and I walked her back to her room. I leaned in to kiss her good night and she responded with a warm and willing kiss.

That week we all passed our six week exams. The instructors were quite pleased with our scores as well as our progress in the coursework.

At the end of the second month I picked up my stipend and returned to my room. It had been raining for a couple of days so we were pretty much stuck inside.

Monday morning the instructor in my first class announced that on Wednesday we would be going to Laura Wentworth's home in the country side about two hours north of London. She would be speaking to us for about an hour and then after a Q&A session she would provide lunch.

There was a buzz among the students. My heart-beat accelerated as this was the chance I had been hoping for. If this hadn't been scheduled I had planned on trying to contact her at her offices in the financial district.

Wednesday morning we all boarded a bus and were taken to Laura Wentworth's home. Mansion was a much better term. Palatial was a bare description at best. As we traveled along winding driveway I noticed the trees, bushes and lawn were immaculately manicured. It was like something out of a movie.

We were admitted thru a side door by a butler who then led us into a large dining room. If the outside of this mansion was gorgeous the inside was way beyond that. Nothing ostentatious, but everything seemed to be perfectly suited to where it was placed from the furniture to the paintings on the wall.

The butler informed us that Ms. Wentworth would be with us shortly and he left the room. None

of us spoke as we waited. We were all too busy looking at our magnificent surroundings. It really did take your breath away.

Laura Wentworth suddenly appeared in the doorway and walked quickly to the head of the table. We were all sitting up straight and had our notebooks and pens at the ready. To say she had an air of authority was a complete understatement.

She was a tall brunette wearing a sharply tailored brown pantsuit. Her shoulder length brown hair was shiny and well kept. She wore no makeup or jewelry except a very expensive looking watch. She placed her briefcase on the table, opened it, and removed a single sheet of notes. She looked us over momentarily and then she began to speak.

Her talk lasted about thirty minutes. We were all taking notes like crazy. as She was talked rapidly, moving from one point to another. She covered a great deal in a minimum amount of time. I had no doubt that it was one of the things that had contributed to her success.

She kept things short, simple and to the point. There were no embellishments, nothing superfluous or unnecessary. She was just like Joe Friday from an old TV show I once saw called Dragnet: "Just the facts m'am." When she finished she put her notes back in her briefcase and looked us over. It may have been my imagination but she seemed to be looking at me a little longer than any of the others.

"Are there any questions?"

There was a moment of hesitation and then we began raising our hands.

At each question she fired back an answer that was like her speech, short and concise. She moved rapidly from one student to the other. When Heather was called on I held my breath.

“You do extensive traveling and I know your business takes up a great deal of your time. What do you do in your spare time?”

For a moment she seemed surprised at the question.

“When you arrived here you probably notice that the grounds are well kept by my staff. What you didn’t see was the rose garden in the back. My prize winning roses are my other passion.”

She answered several more financial questions from the other students. I raised my hand and she nodded at me, in fact when she looked at me it was almost as if she were looking thru me.

“Other than your financial dealings are you involved with any other types of businesses?” I asked.

She thought for a moment and then looked directly at me again.

“Yes. I have made numerous investments in local businesses, usually as a silent partner. Sometimes I have stayed on. Sometimes I have sold my interests.”

After answering several more questions she checked her watch.

“I am sorry that’s all the time I have for you. My staff will now serve you lunch.”

She glanced at me once more, then picked up her briefcase and quickly left the room.

Shortly two of the prettiest girls I have ever seen entered the dining room pushing two carts. They were dressed in pink satin mini dresses that were flared out with several pink petticoats, pink stockings, and pink high heel pumps. At the top of their pink wigs was a large pink satin bow. Their makeup was pink as were their fingernails. As they put a plate of sandwiches in front of each of us along with a soft drink I caught the intoxicating whiff of some very sweet and no doubt very expensive perfume.

The only odd thing was when I looked up at them to say thank you, they would say your welcome, but didn't look me in the eyes. When I finally managed to look one of them in the eyes as she refilled my glass her eyes had a dead look to them. Almost as if, despite her smile, there was nobody home.

It was a little bit scary to say the least. These two girls were absolutely gorgeous from their pink hair bows to their pink high heel pumps. Their movements were absolutely and totally as feminine as can be from their mincing coquettish walk to their limp wrists and smooth, clear skin.

If there ever was a definition of perfect femininity these two were certainly it.

We finished eating and went back to our bus. I made certain I was sitting next to Heather. As we pulled out and headed down the long winding driveway of the estate I glanced over at her.

“So what did you think?” I asked.

“About what?” she countered.

“Everything,” I answered.

“Well she gave the best presentation we have heard so far. I can readily understand why she is at the top of her game.”

“Did you notice anything peculiar about the two waitresses in pink?”

“Not particularly. I thought the costumes were a bit much. Maybe they were dressed that way just for us.”

I turned back to watch the scenery go by. Apparently Heather hadn't noticed what I had. I was going to ask her if she noticed that Laura had seemed to be looking at me more than anyone else but decided not to. Maybe it was just my imagination.

The rest of the ride back was pleasant as the English countryside was beautiful. After two more hours of classes we were done for the day. As an afterthought I mailed a thank you card to her at her downtown business address.

That night in bed I went over our visit in my mind. I couldn't find anything in her speech or in her answers to our questions that in any way would indicate something sinister about either her or her business. The fact that some of her money was invested in other business besides her own just seemed to be a smart business practice. No sense in having all your eggs in one basket.

I had nothing so far to report to my publisher who was financing this visit. I still had one month to go before I would head back to the states. I hoped that they would not consider this to be a waste of time and money. I was happy to have had this experience but felt like I might be going home empty handed.

The next two weeks went by in pretty much the same way the whole summer had been. We were a week or so away from our second six week exam. I had no doubts that I or any of the others in the class would not pass.

We had two more trips in to London for lectures and then the rest was all classroom work. We took our finals and all of us passed with high marks. The last hour of classroom work was a critique of the summer's course work. I found nothing to complain about or add.

I picked up my final stipend and was told Ian would pick me up Sunday morning and take me to the airport for the return flight home. I sent my mother an e-mail with my departure time. This return flight would have a stop in New York first before going on to Minneapolis. I told her I would call her when I got in.

There was nothing I observed that required me to report to Leona at America's Voice. Outside of my class work and our field trips I had made numerous discreet inquiries from other London businesses about Laura Wentworth but had not gotten any feedback. I wondered if this was due to fear or maybe there just wasn't any more information out there.

Saturday night I packed up everything except what I would wear on the flight home. As much as I enjoyed this three month internship and the friends I had made I had had enough of jolly old England.

Once I got home I was going to head straight to MacDonald's for a burger and fries. The next day I was going to order the largest pepperoni pizza I could find. The food hadn't been all that bad but it

did taste different and it took me a while to get used to it. A cold beer was another thing on my menu.

I didn't sleep well and decided to get up. It was six am and Ian wouldn't be here until about seven. I got dressed and sat on the edge of the bed. I wondered if Leona would call me right away when I got back.

There was a sharp knock on my door at six thirty. I wasn't expecting Ian until seven but I opened the door to find a beautiful young woman in a chauffeurs' uniform at the door.

"Ian was taken ill. I am Jill. I will take you to the airport."

I grabbed my bag and followed her outside. After putting my bag in the trunk I got in the back of the limo and fastened my seatbelt.

"There is coffee and tea if you would like some, in fact try the tea it is a new herbal blend from India."

I decided I would and as she pulled out on the highway I poured myself a cup. It had a unique flavor that was hard to describe. Because I hadn't slept well I took several gulps since I figured it probably had caffeine in it.

As we continued along I noticed she wasn't following the same route as Ian had when he brought me into the city. I mentioned this to her.

"Sorry, there was a wreck on the main highway. A couple of lorrys banged together so we have to take an alternate route but don't worry, I will get you to your flight on time."

I settled back and drank some more of my tea. Looking out at the passing scenery and it suddenly became blurry. I rubbed my eyes but that didn't

help. My legs felt like lead. The empty cup slipped from my fingers and everything went black.

When I opened my eyes again my face felt like it had been used for batting practice. My groin was painful as well. I was lying on a bed. I tried to focus my eyes but the room was pitch black. The last thing I remembered was having trouble with my vision after sipping some tea. I tried to sit up but couldn't. I had no idea where I was or how I got there. Now I was scared. I closed my eyes and waited.

The room suddenly became very bright. I closed my eyes and opened them several times. A woman in white walked over to me with a chart in her hand. She smiled at me as she took my pulse and blood pressure, then she wrote the information on the chart.

"How are you feeling Louis?" she asked me.

I opened my mouth to speak but couldn't. The woman in white held a cup close to my mouth and placed the straw to my lips. I sucked on it and ice cold water flooded my mouth. Water had never tasted so good. I looked up at her.

"Where am I? What happened?" I asked her.

"You were in an accident but you are going to be ok. Now get some more rest," she said

I closed my eyes and fell asleep. Sometime later the same woman returned. She helped me to sit up and placed a tray in front of me.

There was a bowl of soup, a cup of tea, and two pieces of toast on the tray. I ate all of the soup and sipped the tea but with my swollen mouth I couldn't chew the toast. Later she returned to remove the tray. When I asked her again where I was she put

one finger to her mouth to shush me and left the room.

My watch was missing so I didn't even know what time it was. I went back to sleep. There were no dreams just the blackness of sleep. When the lights came on again a different woman came in the room with another tray. There was a cup of orange juice, a cup of tea and a frosted roll. I drank the juice and by soaking the roll in the tea managed to eat it all. When she returned for the tray I tried to get up.

"I gotta pee," I said.

She set the tray aside and helped me into the small bathroom. I stood over the toilet and urinated. When I finished I saw that I had stitches on either side of my swollen scrotum and my testes were gone. After flushing the toilet I stood over the sink and washed my hands. In the mirror over the sink was the face of someone I didn't recognize.

My cheekbones had been enhanced, the small gap in my chin had been filled in and my thin lips were now broader. Despite the fact that my face was still swollen it was no longer the face of Louis Carley. It wasn't even the face of a man. I now had the face of a woman. I couldn't believe what I was seeing. I put my hands up to my face. I could feel my fingers but it still wasn't my face.

"Is everything all right?" asked the woman in white behind me.

I wanted to say no but I just nodded. She helped me back into bed. After she left the room I dozed off for a while. When I woke up I was still in bed. I was still in a dark room. My face and groin still hurt and

worst of all I had absolutely no idea where I was or how I got there.

When I opened my eyes again the room was brighter. Another woman in white came in with a tray. There was a cup of tea, a sandwich, and a small piece of cake. I wanted to speak but once again she put her finger to her mouth.

“The doctor will be in to see you in about an hour. Eat your lunch and then just rest.”

She left the room before I could say anything. When I finished eating I set the tray aside and tried to think. It had been at least a day since I had blacked out. I thought about my mom who by this time would be anxiously awaiting my call. I wondered if they had notified her that I had been in an accident.

I was wearing a hospital gown. I assumed my clothes, wallet, passport, visa, and luggage were in the small closet next to the bathroom. I felt like I might be on another planet. No one was talking to me and with no idea of the time or what day it was I was in the dark figuratively and literally.

Later two women in white came in. One took the tray and left the room. The other checked my pulse and blood pressure again. She wrote the figures on the chart.

“Please tell me what happened and where I am,” I pleaded with her.

“I am Dr. Saunders. You were in an accident and you are going to be fine. Stay calm. It will be several days before we can release you. Please roll over on your side.”

She was holding a large needle in her hands. I did as she asked and received a shot in my buttocks. I rolled over on my back and she left the room. I dozed off again.

When I woke up I wanted to talk to somebody but there was nobody around. I sat up for a few minutes to try and comprehend what had happened. I remembered drinking the tea and then everything going black but nothing else. If I had facial injuries why had my testes been removed?

I got up and walked carefully over to the small closet. It was empty. I got back into bed. In a sense I felt trapped. I had no cell phone, watch or clothes. I didn't know what hospital I was in and had no way to contact anybody. Essentially I was a prisoner. I wondered what else they had in store for me, whoever "they" were.

The next day was more of the same. I felt much better. I got back and forth to the bathroom without help. I was still in some pain but the swelling in my face and scrotum had receded somewhat. Nevertheless no one would talk to me. They were keeping me fed but were not forthcoming with any information.

In the morning right after I finished my breakfast a well dressed man came into my room and stood next to my bed.

"I am Detective Thorsen," he said. "Are you Louis Carley?"

"Yes." I answered.

"Are these your things?"

He showed me a picture of my bag.

"I think so, why?"

He showed me another picture of a small plastic bag filled with white powder.

“We found this in a secret compartment at the bottom of your luggage. It tested positive for heroine, any idea how it got there?”

I was stunned. I had never done any kind of drugs in my life.

“No I don’t. I have never been involved with any drugs.”

“I see. You may want to contact a barrister to defend you because you are in a lot of trouble. The doctor wouldn’t allow us to see you until now but we are keeping your visa and passport. When you are able to leave the hospital you will be in our custody.”

“I would like to contact the American Embassy. May I please have my cell phone back?”

“Our people aren’t thru with it yet but it will be returned to you shortly.”

He left the room. I lay back down. My heart was racing. What was I going to do now? I was under house arrest in a foreign country with no way to contact any help. When I had bought my luggage on wheels I don’t recall any secret compartment the detective was talking about.

This had to be a plant. But who would want me to get into trouble here? None of my classmates would have any reason to do such a thing. Other than them and my instructors no one else knew I was here except for the business contacts we all had made during our course of study.

Suddenly it dawned on me. I had raised the question about the class seeing Laura Wentworth. I had made the discreet inquiries in the financial community about her. Had this caught up with me now? Was she behind this? If so what purpose would it serve her to get me thrown in prison? Was I going to be an “object lesson” so that others might think twice about looking into her business and personal life?

I ate very little of my supper. I was sure my mother was worried about me as it had been several days since I had been due back. Now I had to defend myself against a possession charge. I had no idea what I was going to do next. It seemed like a long time before I finally drifted off to sleep.

Some one was shaking my bed. I opened my eyes but the room was dark.

“Hurry up, we don’t have much time,” a male voice said.

The covers were pulled off and I was slid onto a gurney. A sheet was pulled over my head.

“Don’t move or make a sound,” the male voice said.

I felt the gurney being wheeled out of the room and down the hall. Moments later I felt them lift the gurney into a vehicle. Shortly it started moving and within a minute or so I could hear the “hee-haw” of the British type of siren begin to wail. The vehicle picked up speed. I lay still wondering what was going to happen to me next.

The siren stopped after about ten or fifteen minutes. I didn’t have my watch so it was hard to say. We kept moving at a pretty good clip. When we finally stopped the back doors were opened and the

gurney was brought out. I could feel myself being wheeled somewhere but of course I had absolutely no idea where I had been brought or who it was that had transported me here.

I was taken inside a building. I could see lights thru the sheet that was over my face. Of course I had no idea where I had been taken. Finally the sheet was pulled back. A very stern looking woman glared at me. She was a tall broad shouldered woman who looked like she could whip her weight in wildcats and then go looking for some more.

“Get off the gurney and onto the bed.”

I sat up and slid over on to a narrow bed that was more of a cot. It was covered with a pink rubber sheet. The single pillow had a pink rubber pillow case. There was no blanket but the room was quite warm. Two men wheeled the gurney out the door and the woman followed them.

Looking around the room there was a pink sink next to a pink toilet. The toilet paper was pink as were the pink towel and washcloth on either side of the sink. On top of the sink there was a bar of pink soap in a dish next to a pink toothbrush and a tube of toothpaste.

The single light bulb in the ceiling went out. I was back in the dark again. As I lay there on my pink rubber covered mattress all I could think about was what now? Who brought me here and why? Had they rescued me from a sentence in British jails or had I been rescued from the frying pan only to find myself in the fire.

I slept fitfully as you might expect but there were no dreams. When I woke up I used the toilet. The

ceiling light suddenly came on as I washed my hands followed by the sound of classical music blaring from the speaker over the door. I looked at my reflection in the small mirror over the sink. The swelling in my face and scrotum had gone down. I was not in as much pain as I had been before.

Sitting on the edge of the pink rubber covered mattress I wondered what was going to happen to me next. I was being kept from the outside world by somebody. Hopefully I would be getting some answers real soon. I didn't have long to wait.

The door opened and in walked the woman from the night before. She put a box on the floor and stood in front of me with her hands on her hips.

"I am your instructor. You will address me at all times as Mistress Olga. Take off that hospital gown and put it in the box. Put on what fits you the best. You have two minutes. It would be wise not to keep me waiting sissy boy."

She stalked out of the room. I took off my hospital gown and opened the box. Inside I found a pink long sleeved rubber shirt. I put it on and then a matching pair of pink rubber pants. The elastic was tight at the neck and wrists of the shirt. So was the elastic at the waist and ankles of the pants. I put on one of 6 pairs of pink cotton socks and then one of three pairs of pink running shoes that fit the best.

As I waited for her to come back I wondered why she had addressed me as "sissy boy". I had certainly found my self in a pink environment. Just what this all had to do with my accident, the confiscated narcotics and then my trip here was a total mystery.

The door flew open again. The woman bent over and picked up the five remaining pairs of pink socks

and tossed them on the bed. She picked up the box and glared at me again.

“Stand at attention outside your room sissy boy. I will be back shortly.”

I followed her out of the room and stood obediently by the door. When she came back she had a black rod in her hand. It had a thick base and then the rod was thinner for about two feet to the tip.

“Hold your hands out in front of you!” she barked.

I did so and she tapped each hand with the rod. I received a painful shock from each one.

“If you think that hurts sissy boy, just imagine what this will feel like to the more sensitive parts of your anatomy. You will obey me at all times. Do you understand me sissy boy?”

“Yes Mistress Olga,” I replied.

“Good. Now go down the hall and you can have breakfast with the others. You will not EVER speak to any of the others while you are here, understood?”

“Yes Mistress Olga,” I replied.

I walked in front of her passing two rooms on my left and the room adjacent to mine. In the middle of the hall there were two treadmills and two stationary bikes on one side of the hall. On the other side there were four chairs in front of a monitor. At the far end of the hall was a table in front of a small kitchenette.

There were three other young males like myself sitting at the table. I took the empty chair. None of them were looking at me. They were all looking at the table top in front of them. Another woman

placed a plastic foam tray in front of each of us containing a glass of juice, a single piece of toast, and a single scrambled egg. Plastic utensils were next. Nobody moved a muscle.

“Alright sissy boys remember to eat in a dainty and ladylike manner. You are not hogs at the trough. You have ten minutes. Don’t keep me waiting.”

Mistress Olga watched as the four of us began to eat. I was still trying to figure out why we were being addressed as “sissy boys” and why it was important for us to eat in a lady like manner. I followed Mistress Olga’s instructions as did the other three males at the table.

As I ate I noticed that the other three males were like me. We were all short, with a small frame, and after some surgery we all possessed a very pretty face. It suddenly became apparent that we might be here to be turned into women. With that thought I almost felt like throwing up the breakfast I had just started eating.

The missing eight men couldn’t be found because they were looking for men, not men who were now women. My heart started beating faster. I finished my meal and like the others sat back to wait Mistress Olga’s next instruction.

“Exercise time!” bellowed Mistress Olga in a loud voice.

We all got up and walked over to the machines. Two of us got on the treadmills and two of us got on the stationary bikes. Mistress Olga adjusted the speed of the treadmills and the resistance of the stationary bikes. After thirty minutes we switched machines.

“Enough!” screamed Mistress Olga.

The machines were shut off and we moved to the chairs. On the arm of each chair were a notebook and a pen. After we were all seated Mistress Olga walked to the front.

“Pay close attention to the instruction you are about to get sissy boys. Take good notes as there will be a written test at the end of the week.”

She put a DVD into the player. For the next hour we watched a woman give instruction on feminine deportment. The proper way a lady walks, sits, holds a coffee cup, eats and in general conducts herself in public.

Like the others I was taking notes but in the back of my mind I kept thinking about what all this was going to lead to. I still had no idea where I was. My mother must be frantic with worry. It had been almost a week since I was due to be back in Minneapolis though I couldn't be sure since I had no watch or had the chance to see TV or listen to a radio.

The DVD ended. A woman came in and placed eight shoe boxes on the floor. She handed each one of us a pair of nylon footies. We were all handed a pair of black leather three inch heel pumps. After trying on several pairs each one of us kept the pair that fit the best.

“Back on the treadmill,” screamed Mistress Olga.

The four of us, two on each treadmill, stood about four feet apart. Mistress Olga stood in front of us.

“You have seen the training film. When the belt starts moving I want you to walk the same way the

lady in the training DVD showed you. I will stand behind you and correct you if necessary.”

She held up the black rod. After she started the treadmills up she walked to the rear of the machines to observe us. Despite our best efforts to walk in a feminine manner we all felt the sting of that rod on the back of our necks or our wrists. Finally she shut off the treadmills and walked back to the kitchenette.

“Okay sissy boys. Now I want you to walk single file down the hall to your rooms and then back to me.”

We followed her instructions and for the next hour we proceeded to walk like we saw on the DVD. This time there were no shocking corrections. We she was satisfied she had us put our sneakers back on. We were then sent to our rooms to study our notes.

After lunch we repeated our exercise and high heel walking again. Following the evening meal Mistress Olga stood before us.

“You have all completed your first day better than I had expected sissy boys. I hope you will continue your training in the same manner. You may go to your room to study your notes.”

We all went back to our rooms. None of us looked at each other. None of us said anything to each other. It was almost as if this was a POW camp. As I sat on the edge of my bed studying my notes my mind kept wandering off.

If I were to try to escape how would I do it? We were being watched 24/7. The doors to our rooms were locked at night and the big door at the end of the hallway was probably locked too. Just how long

this so called training was going to last wasn't known to me but at some point we were going to be taken from her to another place. What for I didn't know either. The ceiling light went out and I went to sleep.

Several more days went by. Our exercise routines were increased. We changed shoes to pumps with four inch heels and spent several hours walking in them too. DVD presentations were about the care of wigs, hair styling and makeup. Once again I felt that all this training was leading to a feminine lifestyle but why, and for what reason, and where, were still a mystery. I resigned myself to tough it out and see what happens next.

There was no way to tell time but I judged it to be the end of the week. After breakfast Mistress Olga handed each of us a g-string.

"Change into this and be back here in three minutes," she ordered.

We all rushed to our rooms to take off our rubber clothing, socks and shoes. Everybody was back in time. I heard the two women in the kitchenette giggling as Mistress Olga lead us to a side door. She unlocked it and we walked down a short corridor. There were two rooms, one on each side of the corridor.

"You two in here and you other two in there," she screamed.

The two of us walked into the room. There were two women in white uniforms, masks, and latex gloves standing on either side of two chairs that looked like dentist's chairs. Each of us sat down in a chair. Our arms and legs were immediately strapped down.

“Just relax sissy boys. This will sting a little but it won’t hurt.”

My heart beat faster as the woman in white placed one hand on my fore head. She held an instrument that had a needle protruding from it in the other. My eyebrows stung as she worked. It was almost an hour before she was done. When she stopped she put down her instrument and held a large hand mirror up to my face.

“See what nice feminine eyebrows you now have sissy boy,” she said with grin

Looking in the mirror I saw she was right. I not only had a girl’s face but I had a girl’s eyebrows too. After piercing my earlobes she used a scissor like device to curl my eyelashes. My earlobes stung as she held up the mirror a second time to see how curled eyelashes gave me an even more feminine appearance.

We left the room and passed the two males who had been across the hall. Their bodies were beet red and they looked uncomfortable. In the room were two more women in white.

“Stand spread eagle, about four feet apart, in the middle of the floor,” ordered one of them.

We followed her instructions.

Both women put on latex gloves. Each one had a tube in one hand. The woman in front of me squirted a clear gel in the palm of her other hand. She put the tube down and rubbed her gloved hands together then pressed them to my face and neck. After smoothing the gel evenly she squeezed some more into her hand and covered my right arm. She continued doing this to my left arm, chest, back and both legs. She pulled down my g-string and

used clippers to remove the small amount of hair around my penis and empty scrotum. Next she covered the area with gel.

My skin had begun to tingle. It made me forget the pain of having my ear lobes pierced. Soon my whole body had the same tingling sensation. The women had taken off their gloves and one of them was checking her watch.

“Ok sissy boys step over to the machine and we will get started.”

We followed them over to a piece of electronic equipment. She held up a metal rod at the end of a cable and began moving it over my legs front and back. There was a burning sensation. After she finished my legs she did my arms, chest and back. When she started on my face my whole body felt like it was on fire. Last she did my groin area.

“Okay you sissy boys are done,” She said with a giggle, then added “Just one last thing.”

Both women donned latex gloves and opened two large jars of a white cream. They slathered the cream over our entire bodies. When she did my face and neck I smelled a very feminine fragrance.

We left the room and walked with the two other males back to the main corridor. Mistress Olga unlocked the door and we returned to the kitchenette. The two women were looking at us and grinning like hyenas.

“Line up here sissy boys so the girls can see just how sissy smooth and hair free you are!”

The two women walked around us giggling like school girls. After several minutes Mistress Olga stood in front of us.

“Back to your rooms and study your notes,” she bellowed

It was hard to concentrate on my notes. I kept thinking about my mom who by now was probably desperately worried. I had yet to find a means of escape from this prison I was in. I had the feeling I was never going to get out of here.

Time was hard to measure. I had used one of the plastic eyelets of my sneaker laces to make small scratches on the concrete floor next to my bed. There were now fifteen of them. That meant including my hospital stay I had been in custody almost three weeks.

We were now in four inch heel pumps and our exercise routines became longer. I knew I had lost some weight as our meals were pretty skimpy. The elastic on my pink rubber outfit were not so tight anymore. Despite the small meals I was no longer hungry as my stomach had apparently shrunk to a smaller size.

Dr. Saunders showed up after lunch and we all got another shot. Mistress Olga called it “Girl Juice”. The women in the kitchenette found it very amusing. When I washed up at night I found the fleshy area around my nipples had become enlarged. The shots were obviously female hormones designed to give us breasts as well as prohibit us from ever getting an erection.

At twenty one scratches we had completed the last five days in five inch heels. We were all walking effortlessly in the appropriate feminine manner just as we did in the three inch trainer heels. All of us were conducting ourselves effeminately. It was as if we had never been masculine at all.

An hour before bedtime Mistress Olga summoned all of us to the dining area wearing only our g-strings. There were two women there, one holding a clipboard and a pen while the other held a measuring tape.

Their faces had no expression as one at a time our skull, neck, wrist, palm, bust, waist, hips, sleeve length, upper thigh, and leg just below the knee were measured and recorded on the clipboard. The two women left without either one of them saying a word. Mistress Olga then ordered us back to our rooms.

We watched training films on the proper way a cleaning and a serving maid performs their duties. Which uniform to wear for each task as well as learning the proper way a sissy maid performs a curtsy when entering or leaving the room or the master's presence.

Next Mistress Olga had us mincing in six inch skyscraper heels. This extra height took a little more getting used to and the black rod came into play on more than one occasion. We were tested again and again in addition to reviewing DVD's we had seen previously. I felt we may be at the end of our time here. There were now twenty eight scratches on the floor.

The very next morning after breakfast we were told to change into our g-strings and come back to the kitchenette. When we were all standing at attention Mistress Olga opened the door and four women came into the room. One of them was Laura Wentworth. My face displayed no emotion as she stopped in front of me and looked me over from head to foot.

“I’ll take this one,” she said to Mistress Olga.

“Very well, I am sure sissy maid Louise will do a good job for you. Go back to your room sissy maid Louise. I will be down to speak with you shortly.”

I left the group as the other three women looked over the remaining three feminized and sissified males to make their choices. There were all attractive women and were not only dressed fashionably but expensively as well.

My mind was racing as I entered my room and closed the door. Mistress Olga had addressed me as “Sissy Maid Louise”, not sissy boy or girlie boy. Louise was the feminine derivative of my masculine name Louis.

I sat on the edge of my cot. So that’s what all this had been about. The four of us had been abducted because of our less than masculine features. Over a period of about a month we had been feminized, sissified, and transformed into four effeminate, mincing and coquettish male maids.

No wonder the police couldn’t find the missing men they were looking for. They were no longer men. They were now male maids, just one step from becoming women. I wondered if that remaining bit of masculinity would eventually be removed too.

The door opened and Mistress Olga stood in the doorway.

“Come back to the kitchenette,” she barked.

She stepped aside and I walked out of the room. At the kitchenette the other three boys were waiting.

“Get on the table,” she screamed.

We stepped on one chair and then the four of us were all standing on the table. She handed each one

of us a chair and ordered two of us to sit at opposite ends of the table while the other two were seated at opposite sides. Four women came into the room carrying small pink cases.

In the next hour we all received a manicure and pedicure complete with pink nail polish and a top coat of clear polish. When the women were finished with us Mistress Olga ordered us back to our rooms.

For the rest of the day there were no more exercises or instructional programs to view. Lunch and supper were eaten in silence. I had a gut feeling this was going to be my last night here. If I had any plans to escape it was going to be in the next eight hours or perhaps not at all.

In the last week I had been behaving exactly the way we all had been trained. Not only were our actions and deportment totally feminine but once we had settled in to their routine we had become totally docile as well. None of us had ever given so much as a thought to objecting to anything that we were going through or complaining about the conditions here.

It even had been some time since I thought about my mom back in Minneapolis. It wasn't that I didn't care about her but it was almost as if she had been absent from my thoughts, just like everything else about my former male existence was gone.

Some how my male thinking and memory had been erased from my mind just as my body and facial hair had been zapped from my face and body. I had become feminized in mind, soul AND body. It appeared as if there was going to be no turning back.

The worst part of this whole thing was that I had reached a point in my feminization that I was no longer thinking about trying to escape. Those thoughts that had at one time been prevalent in my mind were gradually slipping away.

What was I going to do? If I continued along my present path the chances of escaping were almost nil. If I tried something in the next twenty four hours and didn't make it what would my punishment be? I decided to wait out the next few days to see what was going to happen.

I hadn't been asleep for very long when the light in my room came on. Mistress Olga came in. She held a pink jumpsuit in one hand and a pink shopping bag in the other. Tossing me the jumpsuit she yelled at me.

"Put this on along with your socks and sneakers," she commanded.

I got out of bed. After putting on my pink socks and sneakers I stepped into the pink jumpsuit which to my surprise had a long back zipper. She put my toothbrush and the other five pair of pink socks in the pink shopping bag. After closing the zipper she handed me the shopping bag.

"Come with me."

I followed her to the large door at the other end of the hallway. She unlocked it and we walked up flight of stairs to another door. She turned and slipped a pink mask over my eyes. I heard her open the door and she took me by the hand.

I could feel the sudden coolness of being outdoors. I was wearing only the pink satin g-string under the jumpsuit so I began to feel cold. I heard a car door open.

“Inside sissy maid Louise!” she barked again as she guided me inside the vehicle that was in front of me.

I tossed the shopping bag in and slid in the vehicle. The door slammed shut and we started moving. I knew I didn’t dare try to move the mask to see where we were going so I just sat still. It was hard to judge the time but I was certain it was less than an hour but more than a half hour. The vehicle came to a stop. In a minute or so the door on my side was opened and a female voice said:

“Get out, you’re home now,”

I slid out with the shopping bag in my left hand. I held my right arm out and someone grabbed my wrist. We walked a short distance. I heard the vehicle drive away as a door was opened in front of me. I was lead inside and the mask was removed. A heavy set woman with grey hair led me down a hallway to a wide staircase. I followed her upstairs and down another long hallway. She stopped and opened the door on my left.

“Welcome home Sissy Maid Louise. Come in inside and get acquainted with your new surroundings.”

I followed her inside the room. It was a spacious room all done in pink and white. There were no windows. At the back was a queen size bed with a pink chiffon spread. To the left was a small bathroom done in pink and white. Next to the bed there was a large dresser and a lighted, well stocked pink vanity. In the corner near the door was a forty inch TV and DVD player. On the back of the door was a full length mirror. The opposite wall contained a massive closet.

When the grey haired woman opened the sliding door I saw it was jammed with maid uniforms, petticoats, and aprons on a large circular rack. I turned the rack to find the back held a variety of puff sleeve mini “sissy dresses” and lots of different size petticoats to match the dresses. It made me think back to the two waitresses who had served us lunch when we had visited Laura.

The top shelf held a variety of wigs in different colors and styles. On the floor were several racks of high heel shoes in four, five and six inch heels in a variety of colors as well as a pair of pink four inch heel fuzzy toed slippers. The back rack held about a dozen pair of knee high and thigh boots in similar colors. Next to the shoe racks was a box containing a variety of maid caps, ruffled wristlets and chokers.

Inside the bathroom I found the fluffy towels, wash cloths, tub and toilet mats were all pink. The small linen closet contained several bath sets containing perfumed soap, bubble bath, body powder.

At the vanity I found an ample supply of makeup, perfume bottles and implements for taking care of my hair, wigs and nails. The top drawer of the dresser contained bra, panty, and garter belt sets along with a large supply of stockings and panty hose. There was also two pair of weighted breast inserts. The next drawer contained foundation garments and the third sleepwear. As strange as it sounds I found myself feeling quite giddy surrounded by this totally feminine environment.

“Take off your jumpsuit and g-string then put on one of the lingerie sets. I will have you try on everything so we can see how they fit.”

The woman unzipped my jumpsuit and left the room.



I put on a bra, panty, garter belt and inserted the larger pair of weighted breast forms, then walked to the door to let her back in.

The alarm clock on the dresser showed it was just twelve thirty when I had finished trying on everything. It came as no surprise that everything fit like a glove. The term tailor made was certainly the case here.

“Take everything off and put on your jumpsuit again. I will take you down to the kitchen for lunch.”

She left the room and I took off my lingerie. I put on the g-string, jumpsuit, socks and sneakers. Looking in the full length mirror I saw a feminine reflection. Mentally I added makeup, a wig and one of my uniforms and you would have seen a very pretty French maid.

I walked out of the room and turned around. She zipped me up and we walked down the hall to the stairs. At the bottom we turned left and walked to the kitchen.

“You will always use this back hallway to and from your room. The only time you will be going to any other part of the house is to clean or serve Ms. Wentworth and her guests. IS THAT CLEAR?”

“Yes ma’m it is.”

I took a seat at the table and another woman set a cup of tea in front of me along with a plate containing a chicken sandwich.

“When you are finished eating return to your room until someone comes and gets you.”

I nodded and began to eat. The other women didn’t speak to me. When I finished I walked back upstairs. I picked up the remote and the guide then sat

down in the one stuffed chair. I had left my one room pink prison only to be taken to another one room pink prison. This one was much nicer of course but nice or not a prison is still a prison.

When the set came on I flipped the channels around to see what was available. As you might expect nearly everything was British. I found some of it hard to listen to as their British accents were quite pronounced. I found some recycled American television shows and that helped pass the time.

At three pm the door opened and the same grey haired lady came back in. Her stone face expression hadn't changed any.

“Come with me. Ms. Wentworth wants to see you.”

I followed her out of the room and downstairs. At the foot of the stairs we went right this time and then left down another corridor. The woman knocked on a large door and a female voice said:

“Come in.”

The woman opened the door and motioned me to walk in ahead of her. Laura Wentworth sat behind a massive desk at the other end of the room. Her office was beautifully decorated from the paintings on the wall to the lush carpeting and exquisite furniture. Thru the large windows behind her I could see the beautifully landscaped backyard of her estate.

Her face had no expression as we approached. As we stopped at the front of her desk she looked up at the woman who had brought me and nodded towards the door.

“Leave us please and wait outside.”

“Yes ma’m,” said the woman who then turned and left the room.

Laura Wentworth continued to look me over until the office door closed.

“Sissy Maid Louise you have come thru your training with flying colors as you Americans say. I understand your wardrobe fits you perfectly and you have found your feminine surroundings to be suitable and proper for that of a sissy maid?”

“Yes m’am,” I answered. At this point I was almost afraid to say anything else.

She opened the manila folder in front of her. Handing me the 8X10 photograph I could see a young man who was a dead ringer for me getting out of a limo at Heathrow airport. I gave it back to her as she handed me another one showing the same figure going thru airport security. The next one was at Minneapolis Airport showing my likeness going thru customs. In the last one I was putting my suitcase on wheels in the trunk of a cab outside the airport. I marveled at how much that person resembled me.

Taking the last photo from me she held up two more, one in each hand. One was a picture of a plastic bag filled with white powder being removed from the bottom of a suitcase on wheels and the other was of Detective Thorsen.

She put them back in the folder and held up a newspaper clipping in plastic. The highlighted article dealt with a patient that had gone missing from the local hospital and was wanted by the police in connection with a drug smuggling investigation.

“They are still looking for you. This open investigation can be easily closed with a single phone call

from me. I would hate to see a very feminine sissy boy like you in pink lingerie, pink petticoats, a pink wig, a lovely pink sissy dress and high heels wafting a very sweet feminine scent being taken off to a cell to be taunted, teased and possibly mistreated by your fellow inmates. Compared to that life here as a feminized, sissified male maid is going to be, as you Americans say, a piece of cake don't you think?"

I gulped. "Yes ma'm," I answered again.

"Good. I am glad you see things my way. I also trust your career as an investigator for England's Voice is no longer in your plans?"

"No ma'm," I said.

For the first time I saw her smile. She removed my passport and visa from the folder and fed them in the shredder behind her. After closing the folder she got up and placed it in the small filing cabinet behind her. Picking up several sheets of paper from her desk she walked around and stood in front of me. She was a very imposing figure as she handed them to me.

"Here is your schedule and a list of regulations that all sissy maids must follow. Failure to adhere to any of the regulations, follow instructions to the letter or meet the demands of the schedule will result in serious consequences. IS THAT VERY CLEAR?"

She got right in my face as she said that last sentence. My heart was beating fast. I wanted to take a step back but I was afraid to.

"Yes ma'm it is very clear," I answered her in a shaky voice this time.

She stared at me for a minute or so.

“Sissy Maid Louise just what is very clear to you?”

Her question took me by surprise but thinking quickly I gave her what I believed to be the right answer.

“It is very clear to me that my failure to adhere to any of your regulations, or follow your instructions to the letter or meet the demands of my schedule will result in serious consequences.”

For a moment she said nothing. I had felt my correct answer had taken her by surprise.

“Very good Sissy Maid Louise, now just one more thing.”

She took a step back. The crack of her right hand across my face echoed thru out the room. My eyes began to water as she brought her left hand across the other side of my face. She said nothing for a few minutes as my tears flowed down my cheeks.

“Remember Sissy Maid Louise I don’t employ sissy maids like you. I OWN SISSY MAIDS LIKE YOU!” You are mine! Never forget that!”

My tears stopped flowing and in the dead silence of the room despite a very dry mouth I replied:

“I will not forget,”

“Good. See that you do. You may go now.”

I turned and walked out of her office. The lady who had brought me to her office followed me up to my room. She unzipped my jumpsuit and closed the door on her way out. I sat down in the big stuffed chair to read thru the papers that I had been given.

If I had any thoughts of escaping this was certainly not the time to entertain them. My passport

and visa had been shredded. I had no way to prove who I really was.

I wiped the tears from my cheeks and looked the schedule over. It listed the days and times I would be on duty and for what purpose be it cleaning or serving as well as the proper uniform, wig, and makeup scheme I was to wear.

The list of regulations had to do mainly with appearance and deportment. I was never to leave the room without being properly dressed, made up, and of course carrying the delicately sweet scent of perfume.

My off duty time was to be spent doing laundry, uniform maintenance, or using the exercise machines in the basement. Failure to keep our weight within the limits would result in punishment.

I would be taken to the doctor once a month for hormone shots. In addition I would have touchups at the laser and electrolysis clinic along with a free manicure and pedicure at a nearby beauty parlor.

Apparently I was never going to see a pair of pants or flat shoes again either. I was living in a perfect feminine environment from my clothes and shoes to the pink walls, carpeting and furnishings in my room. While I had yet to see the rest of the house I doubted if I was ever going to be able to find anything masculine in it.

It seems as if my entire life had been laid out for me according to a monthly schedule. I had no choice but to adhere to it at least for the time being. I was going to have to accept being “owned” by Laura Wentworth and become accustomed to being Sissy Maid Louise until I could figure a way out of this.

That night as I sat in my perfumed bubble bath I squeezed my breasts. The shots I had been given were working rapidly. I wondered how big they would eventually become. I let the water out of the tub and stood up.

My penis had regressed to a miniscule, flaccid piece of flesh. I tried to masturbate but couldn't. I was a male in biology only and wondered how long it might be before that was taken from me too. Strange as it may sound I wasn't angry. For the time being I was just going to have to accept what I couldn't change and make the best of it.

I didn't sleep well the night before my first day as Sissy Maid Louise. I got up before my pink alarm clock went off. I went down to the kitchen wearing the black shoulder length wig and a pink chiffon robe over my pink baby doll nightgown.

The house was quiet except for the click of my pink high heel fuzzy toed slippers. A woman there placed my breakfast in front of me without speaking. Shortly I was joined by another sissy maid. I looked at him and was about to say something but he placed a finger over his mouth and shook his head.

After finishing my breakfast I returned to my room and sat in front of the vanity. I applied red blusher, lipstick, eye makeup and then squirted myself liberally with the delicately scented perfume. Looking back at the reflection in the vanity mirror it was hard to believe I was looking at the former Louis Carley.

I put my robe on a hangar and hung it up. After taking off my baby doll nightgown I stepped into a black open bottom girdle followed by a black long

line bra. I slipped the weighted inserts into the cups and adjusted the straps. Seamed stockings were next followed by a black slip. At the closet I stepped into a pair of four inch stiletto heel pumps.

The dress for the day was a black, short sleeved sheath. In the eye of the zipper was a large safety pin with a long shoelace tied to it. I put the dress on, reached behind me and pulled the shoelace up over my shoulder. I unhooked the pin and set it on the shelf. I pinned the white maid's cap to the top of my black wig and slipped the white apron over my head. After tying it in a large bow I felt I was ready for the day. I checked my nails and then stood in front of the full length mirror on the back of the door.

Once again I was amazed at the way I looked. Weight loss and hormones had transformed me completely. To look at me now you would never know that I had once been an average male. I had no doubt that if anyone I had ever known were to come to this house and see me they wouldn't look twice.

I walked out into the hall. The grey haired lady was just coming down the hall.

"Come here," she barked.

I walked over to her as she opened the closet door. She looked me up and down for a moment and then pointed to the sheet taped to the inside.

"These are the duties for the upstairs maid. When you are finished let me know. We have no guests here now so you don't have to change the bedding and towels."

She turned and walked towards the stairs. I looked at the list. Vacuuming and dusting were the

first items on the list. I removed the vacuum cleaner and got started.

Over the next several hours I concentrated on doing a good job. I had no doubt that my work would be inspected so I doubled checked everything to be certain whoever was going to check on me would not find anything out of order. I was especially careful with the bathrooms in the three guest rooms. The windows were last. I made sure the glass shined and that there were no streaks to be seen anywhere.

The grey haired lady returned and I followed her up and down the hallway. Next we entered the three guest rooms and she looked everything over with a very callous eye. I didn't know her name or the names of the other women I had seen in the kitchen. Apparently they weren't going to tell me either.

Satisfied that everything was in order she turned to me.

“Come down to the kitchen for lunch then you can begin downstairs.”

I followed her down to the kitchen where I was given a cup of tea and a tuna fish sandwich. Once again I was struck by the fact that no one here would engage me or the other sissy maid whom I had seen briefly at breakfast in conversation. I felt truly alone despite being around other people.

The afternoon was spent cleaning the downstairs. Nothing was said to me thru out the rest of the day but my work was checked carefully. At meals I usually was alone or with another sissy maid. We didn't speak to each other nor did the other female employees speak to us except to assign us our work.

A week passed, then another. I became adjusted to my scheduled routine. I was no longer thinking

about escaping as there seemed to be no point. My mother considered me gone. No one else knew me well enough to investigate my disappearance. I was alone, without friends, a prisoner of sorts. More accurately I guess you could say a prisoner in femininity.

Saturday night I was assigned to serve Laura and three of her associates in the evening. I wore black lingerie, fishnet stockings, a black satin puff sleeve French Maid mini dress and a pair of black six inch skyscraper heel leather pumps. I practiced a little in my room as I hadn't worn the much higher heel in some time. After adding a maid's cap, ruffled choker and wristlets plus a pair of long dangling earrings I sprayed myself generously with sweet perfume and walked down to the kitchen.

The woman pointed to the tray on wheels. A large decanter of wine was in the middle. Four wine glasses surrounded it.

"Wait for the bell," she admonished.

I waited patiently until I heard the tinkling of a bell.

Pushing the cart out the kitchen door I walked carefully past the dining room to the expansive living room. There were two women seated on the large davenport, another in a stuffed chair and Laura was sitting in a larger recliner chair.

I stopped in front of the two women on the couch and curtsayed. After pouring two of the four glasses half full of wine I handed one to each of them. I moved over to the third guest, curtsayed and then poured her a glass as well.

Our eyes met momentarily. I saw she had been the woman in the chauffeur's uniform that had

picked me up early on what was to be my last morning in England. She was grinning from ear to ear but I showed no emotion.

In front of Laura I curtsyed again and poured her the fourth glass. She took it from me and set it on the end table. She got up and stood in front of me.

“Show me your nails,” she ordered.

I held both hands out to her and she took them in hers. After looking my nails over she tossed my hands aside and grabbed the hem of my mini dress and petticoats. She looked at my black satin panties then dropped the dress and petticoats.

“Stand back and turn around,” she ordered again.

I stepped away from the cart in full view of the other three women and turned around. Standing at my side she grabbed the hems again and yanked them up so the women could see the four rows of pink ruffles and the pink leg and waist elastic of my black satin panties. This prompted a round of giggles from all of them.

“Thank you Sissy Maid Louise. You may go now. I will ring you for a refill.”

I turned around to face her.

“Yes ma’m,” I responded as I curtsyed again.

I pushed the cart back to the kitchen. As sound as the door closed I could hear gales of laughter coming from the living room. Apparently I was not only here to work but to be the source of amusement for Laura, her friends and associates.

In the kitchen I waited patiently for the bell to ring again. It was about for thirty minutes or so I

guess. I had no watch so it was hard to tell. I pushed the cart back to the living room and went through the routine of curtseying and refilling the women's glasses. When I finished I stood in front of Laura.

"Will there be anything else ma'm?" I asked.

"No Sissy Maid Louise. You may go, thank you."

I left the room. Just before I reached the kitchen the laughter began again. I overheard one of the women remark: "Laura I don't know where you find them or how you do it but they are all marvelous servants."

The room filled with laughter again as I closed the kitchen door. Laura did not ring me again. Sometime later she came into the kitchen after her guests had left. She stood right in front of me.

"You did a good job tonight Sissy Maid Louise. Keep it up. Remember there are consequences for your failure to perform any of your assigned duties."

"Yes ma'm I understand," I replied as I curtseyed again.

She left the kitchen. I helped the other women wash and dry the wine glasses and put them away.

Back in my room I looked at myself in the full length mirror. I pulled up my dress and petticoats to look at my panties. I presented a very feminine image and I knew without a doubt I had better keep it that way no matter what.

A month passed. The other sissy maid and I wore our pink jumpsuits and sneakers into the city for our monthly manicure and pedicure. This time the color for the month was fire engine red. After a stop at the doctors' office for another shot we stopped

briefly at the laser and electrolysis clinic for some touch up work we returned to Laura's estate.

My skin had taken on a much more feminine tone and my body was pretty much hair free below the eyes. My breasts had continued to get larger as well. I found massaging them while in my bubble bath or shower was quite pleasurable. I wondered idly if that was how lesbians enjoyed each other.

It suddenly dawned on me that in all the time since my abduction I had yet to see a single male except for the other sissy maid with whom I shared my duties with. Laura had never married nor were any of her other female staff at the house married. Dr. Saunders wasn't married either.

I had no knowledge of her employees but my gut instinct told me the men she did employ were probably in non-supervisory, non management positions where they could easily be controlled or manipulated. Just how many of them might be in "transition" or selected for future "transitioning" was anybody's guess. I doubted if there were to be just one or two.

The thought struck me that Laura could possibly be running a secret organization of dominant women whose goal was to feminize and sissify as many men as possible so they could be placed in subservient positions that made them powerless and under control of dominant women to do with what they so choose? It sounded almost laughable or maybe something out of a grade "Z" science fiction-porn movie.

With seemingly no way out I continued to live as and perform the duties of a feminized, sissified male maid. I went about my assigned duties, wearing the

correct uniform, exactly according to my assigned schedule.

It had been some time since I even thought about my mother and my previous life. I hope of ever going back to the masculine life I had once known was fading rapidly. The past was almost totally absent from my memory. There was no doubt that eventually I would have no recollection at all of my previous life.

I had become as delicately feminine as any female you would want to meet. I was now using the smaller weighted breast inserts. My shots continued but my trips to the laser and electrolysis clinic were now every other month.

When I applied my makeup it pleased me to see the hair free, smooth face that stared back at me from the mirror. Massaging my enlarged breasts in the shower or bubble bath gave me a great deal of pleasure too. I wondered if real women felt the same about theirs.

The holidays were just another working day for a sissy maid. Laura had several dinner parties at both Thanksgiving and Christmas. Her New Year's Eve party was a lavish one at a local hotel. It made the society pages of course and it was one of the few times she was photographed for the papers.

Laura had given me and the other sissy maid of a pink peignoir set for Christmas. By now I had begun to enjoy a good nights' sleep wearing a pretty nightgown and sliding between the sensuous pink satin sheets. I was wonderfully enveloped in the sheer loveliness of the pink satin bedding or lingerie when I was dressed for work.

I had become thoroughly enmeshed in a feminine lifestyle. I can't say I was unhappy by any means. I had everything I needed for a safe comfortable life, except freedom of course. A bird in a cage has everything it needs too but it still is a bird in a cage.

Our bedding, towels and uniforms were cleaned professionally so the only laundry we had to do ourselves was our lingerie. Shortly after Christmas I was in the laundry room I taking my lingerie out of the washer when the other sissy maid came down the stairs.

I began to walk over to her when her face got a frightened look. She stepped inside a small storage room. She held her left hand up and made a turning motion with her right. It was reminiscent of the old time movie cameras that were hand cranked.

I stopped and returned to the laundry room. It didn't take a rocket scientist to figure out that there was a security camera taping our every move and conversation. I placed my laundry in the dryer on the gentle cycle and began working out on the exercise machines nearby.

Two weeks after Christmas I was summoned to Laura's office. I knocked and after her invitation to come in I entered her office. She was standing in front of her desk with her arms crossed and a stern look on her face. My pulse was racing as I stopped in front of her and curtseyed. I was certain that I hadn't done anything wrong but if I had I was going to find out about it and no doubt receive some punishment.

"Yes ma'm" I said in a dry voice.

She held out her hands and I placed mine in hers. She examined my cherry red nails briefly and

then after glancing at my red rouged cheeks and red lipsticked mouth, she tossed them aside. Grabbing the hem of my red satin mini dress and petticoats she pulled them up to look at my red satin panties. Dropping the hems she stood close to catch a whiff of my cherry scented perfume Next she turned around and picked up a remote from her desk. After starting the DVD player she turned back to face me.

“Sissy Maid Louise you have been doing a fine job here. I asked you to come in for a periodic reminder of the consequences of any failure on your part. One involves the showing of gratitude on your part for me allowing you to continue here living and working as my feminized, sissified male maid. The other is an example of what punishment can be meted out for ANY failure to obey on your part. Pay attention to this. You don’t want to even imagine what could possibly go beyond these two examples.”

I looked up as the screen lit up. Initially I thought it might be a tape showing my brief attempt to talk to the other sissy maid in the basement. I was wrong.

There was a male maid dressed in his black satin mini dress, fishnet stockings, and stiletto heel black leather pumps. He was kneeling on a pink satin pillow with an open compact in his left hand and a red lipstick in the other. The woman in front of him had her back to him. She let the pink chiffon robe slide to the floor.

“Begin!” she screamed.

The sissy made leaned in and began kissing her buttocks with great passion He stopped briefly to re-apply a thick layer of the red lipstick and then re-

turned to kissing her. When her buttocks had been completely covered he leaned back.

“Is that satisfactory master?” he asked.

The nude woman walked over to the vanity and picked up a large hand mirror. She then walked over to a full length mirror on a stand next to the vanity. Holding up the hand mirror she examined the reflection of her lipstick blotted buttocks. She returned to where he was kneeling.

“Very good Sissy Maid Lois. You may go.”

The sissy maid got up and curtsied. After putting the compact and lipstick on the vanity he left the room. The screen turned to black for a few minutes and then lit up again.

A woman ordered a sissy maid to undress. When he finished she dressed him in red lingerie, a red satin boustier, red miniskirt, and a pair of red patent leather over the knee stiletto heel boots. She applied red rouge his cheeks, red lipstick to his mouth and squirted him with what I had no doubt was some very cheap perfume.

“Now you are ready for the wrong end of London where you are going to work off your punishment.”

The next scene showed him spread eagle on a bed with a very large black man driving his huge penis into the sissy maid’s rectum. His face was contorted and I could only imagine his pain. When the black man climaxed he pulled out. The next scene showed the sissy maid taking the huge black penis in his mouth and performing oral sex. The screen then went black.

Laura pushed the off button on the remote. She walked over to me and got right in my face.

“That is a reminder of just what might happen to you if you disobey any of my rules or regulations while you are here. I trust that what you just saw will leave an indelible imprint on your mind. Showing gratitude to me for such a pleasant lifestyle is one thing but punishment from me for any transgression is quite another. I trust you got the message?”

“Yes m’am I did,” I replied in a dry shaky voice.

“Very well, you may go.”

I curtseyed politely and left her office.

Later that night I replayed that tape in my mind. Being forced to kiss Laura’s ass or any woman’s ass repeatedly to show gratitude was a minor thing compared to being put to work as a hooker and forced to service whatever john came along with the right amount of money and for how long would be a living nightmare far worse than the one I was living now as a feminized, sissified male maid. It was some time before I finally fell asleep but I resolved to be much more careful in the future.

Days and months passed. The weather turned warmer. I was certain it would not be long before we would be serving Laura and her guests in the lovely garden behind the house or in the adjacent gazebo.

St Patrick’s day afternoon the other sissy maid and myself served Laura and her guests in her living room. We wore long sleeve jade green satin mini dresses with matching green stiletto heel pumps. The white maid’s cap was replaced with a large green satin sissy bow pinned to the top of our black wigs.

As you might expect Laura took the liberty of having us raise our skirts and petticoats to reveal

our green satin panties with black ruffles on the back. The women were not only amused by what we were wearing but marveled in the way we minced coquettishly about in our high heels while serving them their cake and coffee.

For us of course it was just another day's work. To Laura's guests we may have appeared to be acting effeminately and coquettishly when in fact we were not "acting" at all. It had become the natural way we conducted ourselves whether we were serving Laura and her guests or performing our cleaning chores or for that matter doing anything else.

We had been feminized and sissified to the point where our actions were a natural part of who we were. Acting masculine in any way would have been as foreign to us now as acting feminine had been in our previous life.

Our feminization and sissification training under Miss Olga and her electronic rod had modified our physical behavior. Our monthly female hormone shots from Dr. Saunders had not only changed our bodies but our emotions and our way of thinking as well.

We had become the closest thing to being a female that a man could be without going thru SRS. I wondered if that was going to be in the near future. If it was then I would be going past the point of no return. In the back of my mind I guess I still held out some hope that I might be able to escape from this feminine prison that I was in.

The summer brought our serving duties outdoors more often than not. I liked the evenings best because those cool evening breezes felt good on my hair free girly skin. Like most women Laura and her

guests were very much amused when an occasional guest of wind blew our skirts up.

We were both flustered when this happened. Balancing yourself in high heel pumps while carrying a tray and at the same time trying to keep your skirts down is a tall order. Being careful not to drop the tray or spill anything when pouring was far more important than keeping our skirts from flaring up.

The summer passed all too quickly. In August Laura had us back in pink nail polish, blusher and lipstick. The weekend before the Labor Day Weekend the other sissy maid and I were tapped for a special job. We were only told to be in the kitchen at twelve noon and be dresses in pink satin sissy maid uniforms and five inch pink stiletto heel pumps.

On that morning I was not surprised at what the occasion was. The kitchen table had plates of sandwiches and bowls of chips. Laura breezed into the kitchen from the dining room and announced to the other sissy maid and myself:

“Please serve my guests their lunch and clean up afterwards.”

She held her cell phone to her ear as she walked out. Before the door closed I heard her say:

“His name is Lyman. He will be Sissy Maid Lydia.”

The door closed before I could hear anymore. I had a hunch that at the dining room table was an unsuspecting young man of small stature and build with a pretty, almost girlish face. Of course he had no idea that within forty eight hours would be free of body hair and learning how to be girly and effeminate in everything he did.

The other sissy maid opened the door and we pushed the carts out to the dining room. As we set the plates of sandwiches in front of each student I caught the eye of the instructor at one end of the table and then looked quickly away.

It was the same man of whom I had asked about the possibility of an interview with Laura Wentworth when I was part of a group of students like this one year ago. I wondered if he was a part of Laura's organization too. Maybe his job was selecting the "right" candidates for Laura to abduct and be trained to become feminized sissy maids. I would never know for certain but it seemed like a sure bet to me.

The group was still discussing Laura's speech as we filled their glasses with a soft drink. Across from me in the middle of the table was a short boy with wispy blonde hair and long fluttery eyelashes. I returned to the kitchen with the other sissy maid. We looked at each other and knew it wasn't going to be long before he was going to be one of us.

When the group finished eating their lunch we went back to clear the table. The instructor had left the room and was already outside. I felt like grabbing this young boy to warn him about what might be in store for him but of course I didn't. He would have no reason to believe me and would probably think I was some kind of crazy waitress. To say nothing of what would happen to me if word got back to Laura that I had tried to tip off a future sissy maid candidate concerning what fate was about to befall him.

The bus left as I cleared the last of the dishes and glasses from the table. I wondered what the boys thought of the pretty in pink waitresses that

had waited on them. There were two girls with this group and I had no doubt they had felt the same way about us as Heather Kilgan had felt about the two that had waited on our group.

When we finished washing and drying the dishes I went back to my room to change for my afternoon shift. The rest of the day passed but there were moments when I thought about Lyman. Sunday he would be picked up from his dorm but instead of returning to wherever he was from he would be blackmailed or forced in some other way to begin his training as a feminized, sissified male maid.

I had no doubt that Miss Olga and her staff would be delighted to see him. In my mind I visualized him in lingerie, petticoats, a pink dress and pink high heels. A little pink blusher and pink lipstick would transform him into a very pretty sissy maid with no trouble.

In due time he would become a mincing, coquettish, sissy maid like the rest of us working his assigned shift and spend his life pleasing Laura, her staff and her guests with his serving and cleaning skills. He would forget all about his previous male existence and be totally immersed in the lifestyle of a feminized sissified male maid.

A year from now he would be serving another class knowing full well that at least one of their number was going to be transformed just like him and there wasn't anything he could do about it.

He like, myself, would have to simply accept that his place as a sissy maid was to keep himself as feminine as possible and conduct himself in the most feminine way at all times whether cleaning or

serving. His life was Laura's and that was never going to change.

The next day I and the other sissy maid in residence were informed that Laura wanted to see the both of us in her office on Labor Day at ten am. We were to be dressed all in pink and ready for inspection.

I was quite curious about this as we had never been summoned together before. Both of us had completed our sissy maid training and just short of ten months of working on the job. No additional information was given and neither one of us was about to ask any questions for fear of retribution. As a feminized, sissified male maid our job was to be seen and not heard.

At the appointed time the two of us dressed all in pink from our pink stiletto heel pumps to the pink satin sissy bow in our wigs that took the place of a maid's cap we walked to her office. I knocked on her door and heard her say we should come in.

We both walked to her desk and curtsied. She got up from her desk and walked around to face the two of us. After examining our nails, pulling up our skirts to see our lingerie and standing close to our faces to catch a whiff of our sissy sweet perfume she took a step back.

"Wait here," she said and left the room.

Shortly she came back into the room followed by two women. I recognized one of the women as Joann Mackenzie, an American supermodel. The other woman was older and unknown to me. They scrutinized both of us from across the room.

Under Laura's watchful eye each woman stopped in front of us and did the same inspection routine as Laura had. Neither of the woman's faces showed any emotion as they held our skirts up with one hand and pressed the palm of the other hand against our groin and then withdrew it.

The corners of both women's mouths curled up slightly as they did this like they were trying to hold back a smirk or smile. When they were finished Laura asked us to turn around. Once again the women pulled up our skirts and gazed at the back of our ruffle panties, then smoothed the skirts back down again. Laura asked us to turn around again. As we faced the two women Laura spoke.

"Well ladies what do you think of my girls?"

They both grinned.

"Laura you have done a marvelous job. They are absolutely darling!" said the older one.

Joann continued to look us over while shaking her head.

"Half the women on the planet aren't as feminine as these two are or the rest of your graduates that I have seen serving at parties and charity functions. I'll take Sissy Maid Louise."

"Thank you Joann. When what you like to pick her up?"

"I have a shoot in Australia so it may be about ten days or so. Better make it the twentieth. I will have a limo here at ten am."

"She will be ready, Gladys, what about you?"

"I need a maid for the cottage ASAP. I will be here day after tomorrow at three."

“Very well, I will see to it that she is ready for you. Now please make out your checks to Wentworth Enterprises for twenty thousand dollars.”

I was stunned as the women opened their purses and took out their checkbooks. We had just been sold like two head of cattle. It had never crossed my mind that I was going to be treated like some commodity. I hesitated to use the words “sold into slavery” as we were not really slaves more like indentured servants consigned to spend the rest of our lives as feminized, sissified male maids.

When each of the women handed Laura her check she handed them a manila folder. I could only presume that in the folder was the same photos and information that Laura had shown me only a short time ago. It would be the one thing that would always be hanging over our heads in the event we should try to escape.

The two women left the room and Laura turned to us. She was waving the two checks back and forth in front of her face. She was grinning from ear to ear.

“Forty grand less the cost of your feminization and training has left Wentworth Enterprises a very nice profit. Thank you girls for all of your hard work here and of course for always being so delightfully feminine in everything you do. I am sure you are going to enjoy doing the same for your new owners.”

Neither one of us looked at each other. I think the other sissy maid was just as surprised as I was at what had just occurred. I was willing to bet we both had the same sinking feeling in our gut. Neither one of us knew where we were going. We only

knew that our lives as sissified, feminized male maids were going to continue in a different location with a different owner.

I had difficulty using the term owner but in fact it was true. We were not employees. We had just been purchased like a stove or a sofa. We had become property to be used and I presume disposed of at any time by our new owners.

“Okay girls back to your rooms. There will be someone who will come to your room later and help you pack up your things.”

We both curtseyed simultaneously and walked out of her office. Neither one of us spoke on the way back to our rooms. We hadn't talked in the entire time we had been here for fear of being in violation of the strict rules and at this point, both of us having been sold, there was no point in saying anything now either.

I closed the door to my room. I looked at the reflection in the full length mirror. I had been transformed into a very pretty in pink, or pretty in just about anything else for that matter, sissified, feminized male maid. Now I was going to serve a new owner or perhaps master would be a better term.

That night the hot steamy bubble bath did little to calm my nerves. I could have used a drink. It had been over a year since I had any alcohol. As a male I had not drunk much of the stuff but now it probably would have helped me go to sleep. When I finally dozed off it was a restless sleep at best.

The time for my departure passed quickly. All sissy maids had a schedule that kept them occupied as Mistress Olga had once remarked “Idle hands are

the devils' workshop." The two of us had one last trip into the city for another shot of hormones plus a touch up at the laser and electrolysis clinic along with our manicure and pedicure.

When we got back and exited the limo I knew it would be the last time I would see the other sissy maid again. I placed my hand over my heart and then extended it outward. She did the same as she walked back to her room.

The morning of my departure I was wearing only my pink satin g-string, pink coveralls, pink socks, and my pink sneakers. Everything else had been boxed up except my pink shower cap, tooth brush and toothpaste. My pink makeup case held those essentials and a few others.

At quarter of ten there was a knock on the door and the grey haired lady came in.

"Your ride is here Sissy Maid Louise, get moving."

I walked behind her downstairs to the front door. A white van was parked in front of the house and the last of the boxes was being loaded. The sliding door was closed and the two women walked back in the house. No "Good bys" or "Thank you" or "Good luck" from those two.

I got in the passenger seat and fastened my seat belt. The woman behind the wheel had said nothing to me and had not even glanced in my direction. After putting the van in gear she pulled out and headed down the driveway.

It was about an hour or so before we were getting close to London. The driver took several exits and then went down a long avenue. It was a condominium complex and not just your everyday one either.

These looked to be pretty high end, but then what else what you expect a supermodel to purchase?

After turning down a side street we pulled into a parking space behind the complex. Two women came out of the double doors and opened the van's sliding doors. One of them looked at me with a stern face.

“Come with me.”

I followed her as two more women came out with hand trucks. At the end of the corridor we took an elevator to the third floor. The woman unlocked the front door and propped it open. I followed her to a queen size bedroom in the back. She stood to one side.

“Stay here and unpack your things as we bring them in.”

She handed me a box cutter and left.

It didn't take them long to unload my stuff. None of these women spoke to me as they deposited the boxes on the bedroom floor. After all the boxes were cut open and I had emptied them I gave the box cutter to one of them. They cut up and folded the boxes then left me alone to put my things away. I stood there for a moment and surveyed my surroundings.

This bedroom was larger than the one Laura had kept me in but it was furnished in the same way and as you might expect all in pink. The four poster bed was larger with pink filmy drapes. The bathroom was also more spacious.

Over the next several hours I arranged my uniforms, petticoats and shoes in the massive closet. The wigs were on the top shelf and my lingerie was in the larger dresser. I stocked the lighted vanity. Af-

ter placing the perfumed bath sets in the cupboard in the bathroom I hung my pink shower cap on the shower head and set my pink toothbrush and toothpaste on the sink.

I guess you could say I was all moved in. I walked out of the bathroom and stood in the open bedroom door. This queen sized bedroom was adjacent to the kitchen. I walked down the short hallway. It was a very large kitchen. Behind the kitchen was a utility room with a washer, dryer and exercise equipment. I opened the refrigerator to find it fully stocked as were the cupboards.

On the other side of the kitchen was the master bedroom. It was much larger than mine, king size you might say. The dining and living room were massive as well. The condo was superbly furnished just as Laura's palatial estate was.

There was nothing out of place. Every piece of furniture, lamps, and paintings looked exactly like it belonged there. It was the closet thing to one of those pictorials you often see in magazines that I could imagine.

The front door opened and Joann Mackenzie walked in with a briefcase in one hand. She smiled and walked over to where I was standing.

"Welcome to my home away from home Sissy Maid Louise," she said.

"Thank you ma'm," I said as I curtsyed. "I wasn't able to be properly dressed as I didn't know what you wanted and...."

She waved me off with her hand.

“No need to apologize Sissy Maid Louise. Let’s go into your bedroom and I will pick something out.”



We walked back to my room. She seemed to be a very pleasant person. Not at all harsh or cruel like the way some divas treat their employees or servants.

In my bedroom she put her briefcase on my bed and then stood in front of the large closet. She grinned as she looked thru all the various styles of sissy dresses and maid uniforms.

“I am having a couple of friends over tonight for wine and snacks to talk about my last shoot in Australia so I think I will have you in the traditional black satin mini dress, fishnet stockings and the five inch stiletto heel pumps. Let’s go into the kitchen.”

In the kitchen she turned to face me. She was smiling once again.

“When I am here with or with out friends please stay in your room unless you hear the bell. I will leave you with a schedule to be followed to the letter. When I am gone you have the run of the house. You may eat or drink anything you like but remember if we get low on any item put it on the list and I will buy some more. Now let me fix you lunch.”

With that she began to make sandwiches and tea. I was a little bit uneasy, jumpy, I guess you could say. This was more freedom than I had expected. We sat across from each other at the counter. I ate slowly, taking small bites and sipping my tea daintily in a feminine manner. She was watching me closely as I ate but said nothing. When we finished we put our dishes in the sink.

“I have some additional errands to run. After you do the dishes get yourself dressed and made up. I will go over a few more things.”

“Yes ma’m,” I replied as I curtsyed and turned around so she could unzip the jumpsuit.

As she unzipped me she ran her hand over my buttocks. I tensed up a bit at what I perceived to be a pass but said nothing. She walked to the front door and I returned to my room I thought to myself maybe this wasn't going too be half bad.

I took off my jumpsuit and g-string. The black lingerie felt good as I put it on. I was no longer using the small weighted inserts in my bra as my hormonally enhanced breasts now filled the cups without any help. I stepped into the black garter belt and put on my fishnet stockings. I smoothed them out enjoying the way they felt against my hair free girly legs.

At the vanity as I applied my eye makeup followed by blusher and lipstick I wondered how the other sissy maid was doing at her new residence. After a generous spray of perfume I clipped on a pair of long earrings.

Even without the wig I knew I looked gorgeous. I walked over to the closet and took out the black satin French Maid mini dress along with two short white petticoats. After putting them on I stepped into my black leather pumps.

I took the black wig down from the top shelf and put it on then pinned the white maids cap to the top and slipped on the ruffled choker and wristlets. In front of the full length mirror on the back of the bedroom door I looked myself over. I was indeed a perfect picture of a very feminine French Maid.

Satisfied with my appearance I sat in the large pink stuffed chair and picked up the remote. I watched the news on the beautiful forty inch LED

TV screen and then some recycled American programs. I walked out to the living room and practiced mincing coquettishly in my high heels.

Like anyone's first day on the job I wanted everything to be perfect. This would be different of course because I would be serving my new owner and her friends. I still had a little trouble coming to terms with the idea that I was not an employee but a piece of property. I didn't have a boss but an owner. It was something I was going to have to accept or go crazy trying to find some way to fight it.

When Joann returned I shut off the TV and walked out to meet her. I stopped in front of her and curtseyed politely. She smiled brightly and motioned for me to turn around. I did so and she lifted my skirt and petticoat hem to see the four rows of pink ruffles along the back of my black satin panties. I heard her giggle and then as I turned back around she shook her head.

"Those are just so delightful. I still can't believe how feminine you are. Come into the kitchen and I will fix us supper."

I followed her thinking about how nice she had been to me on the first day. She set her briefcase on the counter and began to fix us a salad, and then a turkey sandwich. When we finished I did up the dishes while she went into her office just off the living room.

Later that evening the women Joann had invited over eyed me closely as I performed my serving duties. When they left I began picking up the wine-glasses and snack trays. Joann returned from the front door giving me a thumbs' up.

“My friends thought you were just marvelous,” she cooed.

“Thank you,” I replied.

I washed and dried the wine glasses and placed them in the refrigerator. As I headed to my room Joann handed me a DVD.

“Stay in uniform. Watch this and then come to my bedroom.”

I took the DVD from her and went to my room. After inserting the disk I sat down to watch it. It was a short training film. There was a naked woman performing oral sex on another woman. My pulse accelerated rapidly as the scene continued. There was no music but a soft female voice was giving instruction on how this oral sex was to be performed. When the tape ended I walked to Joann’s bedroom. The door was open and I saw her seated at her vanity. I knocked on the door jamb.

“Come in Sissy Maid Louise. Please draw my bath.”

I went straight to the bathroom. I dropped several capsules that were on the edge of the tub and the warm water soon foamed up. I returned to the bedroom to find Joann standing naked in the middle of the room. There was a pillow at her feet and she was holding a compact in one hand and a red lipstick in the other. She had an ear to ear grin as I approached.

“I will be out of the country the last week of the month so I will need to have you perform your gratitude routine now please.”

I walked to her and dropped to my knees. I had thought this act would only be required if the maid

had done something to displease the owner but apparently this was going to be a monthly thing.

“Open wide please,” she said.

I opened my mouth wide and she pressed the tube of red lipstick hard against my mouth.

“Press your lips together please,” she asked

After I did so she handed me the red lipstick and the compact. She turned around and bent over.

I began kissing her buttocks with great passion. When the blots got faint I reapplied fresh lipstick and continued until her entire buttock area was covered.

“I am finished ma’m.” I said.

She walked over to the vanity and picked up a hand mirror. Standing in front of the full length mirror on the back of the bedroom door she looked at her lipsticked buttocks. Satisfied she came over to me and took the compact and lipstick from me.

“You may rise and leave me now Sissy Maid Louise. Be sure and study the DVD so when I return I can teach you the finer arts of pleasing me with your tongue.”

I got up and walked to my room. I could only imagine her scrubbing my lipstick blots off her buttocks. I had no doubt this act of submission had given her a great deal of pleasure. I wasn't so sure about my ability to perform oral sex on her but that was two weeks hence. I knew I would have to study the DVD to be sure I would be able to properly please her.

As I sat in my perfumed bubble bath I replayed that DVD in my mind. It was one thing to turn me and the others into feminized sissy maids but to ex-

pect them to perform sexual services on their owners seemed to be quite out of the ordinary. I did not sleep well that night.

Joann was gone for about ten days. I was dreading her return. I had followed her schedule and kept the place clean and tidy as well as doing some of her laundry.

When she did return she was in an upbeat mood. In the short time I had been her sissy maid I had not seen her otherwise. I was still a bit uneasy as I am sure some owners or masters may harbor a cruel streak. Others like Laura were very demanding and meted out punishment for the least little infraction.

Joann didn't fall into either of those categories and that was a great relief to me. At least she had been kind to me so far. I wasn't so sure about my upcoming "lesson" in oral sex. I can't say I was overly worried but it was something that I hadn't expected.

I guess there was a part of me that was still male. Though I had no sexual feelings for her as she had stood naked before me at my gratitude session I didn't think I should fear pleasing her with my tongue. In my mind was that image on Laura's DVD of the sissy maid dressed as a hooker and forced to prostitute himself in the "wrong end" of London as punishment was still fresh in my mind so keeping Joann happy was definitely in my best interests.

While she was gone I viewed the DVD several times. In addition I kept the place clean and fixed my meals from her ample supply of groceries that stocked the cupboards. I was no wine connoisseur

but I did enjoy sampling the selection she had left in the fridge as well as in her small wine rack.

I hadn't envisioned this much freedom as Joann's sissy maid after having been under Laura's heel for almost a year. It was a refreshing change to be sure. I had become more relaxed and certainly more self assured.

It was late at night when she got back. I was just getting ready for bed. I hadn't expected her until the following afternoon. She looked beat when she came into my bedroom.

"Got thru early, please draw my bath," she said in a tired voice.

I curtseyed and picked up the skirt of my floor length waltz gown as I walked behind her to the master bedroom. I filled the tub with bubble bath. When I finished I set the big fluffy towel on the toilet seat. When I turned around she was standing in the bathroom doorway completely nude. I curtseyed politely and stood to one side.

"Your bath is ready ma'm," I said.

"Thank you Sissy Maid Louise you may go back to your room. I won't need you anymore tonight," she said with a grin.

As she brushed past me her naked nipples pushed gently against my bust line. Walking back to my room I had an inkling that I was going to be more than just her sissy maid.

The next morning she took me in her limo to London for my doctor's appointment. In the doctor's office I took off the jumpsuit and my g-string. The doctor usually gave me a cursory exam before my shot. This time she spent more time examining my

breasts. She used both hands to massage each one. It gave me a sensual, glowing warmth all over. The doctor was smiling as she stopped and reached for the big needle. She gave me a shot and then smiled again at me.

“You have come along quite nicely. You are in excellent health and about as fully developed as hormones can take you. Keep up your diet and exercise routine.”

She made some notes on my chart as I put on my jumpsuit. She zipped me up and we walked out to where Joann was waiting.

“She is as big as can be expected with hormone treatment. If you want any more development it will mean surgery,” said the doctor.

Joann nodded her head and then looked at me.

“Well then let’s just wait awhile and see,” said Joann as she grinned at me.

We went straight home. As we entered the condo Joann smoothed her hand over my buttocks again.

“The place looks decent. I have some paperwork to catch up on and a few calls to make. Go back to your room. We’ll have lunch and then I will be gone until later this evening. Fix whatever you want for your supper.”

“Yes ma’m, I said as I curtsyed politely and then turned around so she could unzip my jumpsuit.

Back in my room I played the DVD again. While I still had misgivings about this it was inevitable so I would just have to accept it. Joann made us egg salad sandwiches for lunch and then left. I did the dishes and went back to my room.

It was a long afternoon. I wasn't very hungry at supper time but I ate a small bowl of chicken soup and some wheat crackers. At seven I took a bubble bath and put on my pink baby doll. When I heard her come home I shut off the TV. She knocked once and came into my bedroom.

"Draw my bath please Sissy Maid Louise,"

"Yes ma'm," I answered as I curtsayed.

I slipped on my pink fuzzy toed slippers and followed her back to her bedroom. When I had drawn her bath I saw that she was naked and sitting at the vanity brushing her hair.

"Your bath is ready m'am," I said.

She got up and walked over to me. She had a breath taking body. Stopping in front of me she pulled the baby doll top over my head.

"I want to see those gorgeous beauties of yours," she laughed with a grin.

Taking a breast in each hand she squeezed them slowly and then bent down and French kissed my nipples. I was getting very warm. The room started to sway a little. She stopped and stood close to me. Wrapping her arms around my waist she pulled me close and kissed me, softly at first, then harder probing the inside of my mouth with her tongue. I put my arms around her neck and we melted together.

When we came up for air she pulled my panties down and I stepped out of them. Effortlessly she scooped me up in her arms and as I kicked off my high heel slippers she carried me into the bathroom. She set me down in the pink foam and got on top of me.

As the slippery strawberry scented suds enveloped us she kissed me again. Our breasts rubbed together and I suddenly was experiencing an erotic high like I had never had before. She massaged my breasts for a while and then kissed me again. I closed my eyes as our two soft, smooth, hair free bodies became one.

I lost track of time. It was almost as if I had died and went to girly heaven. It didn't want this to end.

Finally she leaned back and grabbed my wrists. She pulled me up and then reached for the bar of perfumed soap. We giggled like two school girls as she soaped us up. She massaged me all over and even fondled my shriveled penis momentarily.

"Maybe at some point we should dispense with that too," she said with a giggle.

She turned on the shower spray. When we were both free of suds she took me by the hand and we stepped out of the tub. After drying ourselves off we walked back in the bedroom. She tossed a pillow on the floor and stood spread eagle over it.

"Kneel for me Sissy Maid Louise," she ordered.

I immediately dropped to my knees. She stood close to my face with her legs spread further. I knew the time had come to perform oral sex on her. I re-played the DVD in my mind as she locked her fingers behind my head and pulled my face into her sex. I did exactly as she instructed me to. I took my time and she responded by encouraging me to continue. I heard her sigh and there was a flood of juice over my face. She giggled out loud.

"Very good Sissy Maid Louise. Now you may lick me clean."

She stepped back a little and like a puppy dog I began licking her. Looking down on me she smiled again.

“That’s a good sissy maid,” she cooed almost as if she were talking to a dog that was licking her.

When I finished she placed her hands under my chin and lifted my face up.

“That will be all for tonight Sissy Maid Louise. You have learned your lessons well and followed instructions perfectly. Go back to your room. I will call you if I need you again.”

I got up off my knees and curtsied. After picking up my baby doll nightgown I slipped on my slippers and walked back to my room. I went straight into the bathroom and gargled with some mouthwash. There was still an unpleasant taste in my mouth. At least she was satisfied. I had complied with her request and not disobeyed her. It was sometime before I fell asleep.

A month passed, then another. I became completely involved with Joann’s schedule. There wasn’t anytime to consider doing anything else but my assigned duties. Sometimes at night I wondered about what lie ahead down the road.

I had become a sissy maid and a lesbian lover. Going back to my previous life was not even a remote possibility at this point. Were Joann and the doctor planning on changing my sex and enlarging my breasts as well?

As a sissy maid I obviously would have no say in the matter. Strangely enough at this point I didn’t care. Maybe it was the effect of the hormones but I had come to the point of really enjoying being a girl and reveling in all things that were feminine.

When my dad had died the lives of my mother and me were put temporarily on a siding. Never the less we had gotten back on track. Both of us in a sense had returned to the main line in the firm belief that life goes on. It did and we were trying to make the best of it.

Unfortunately for me, I was inexorably yanked from the mainline of life. I had been completely and totally derailed from my previous existence. I was now back “on track” all right but in a way that I never would have thought possible.

Like the railroad does with a real train wreck, I had been salvaged by Laura Wentworth. Similarly like a freight car or diesel that was beyond repair the male part of me had been junked. What was left had been feminized, sissified, and trained to become a male maid by Mistress Olga. I was then, like a refurbished piece of railroad equipment sold to a new owner.

Someone once said that “Life is what happens when you’ve made other plans. I had a very good life in front of me. It was one that in a million years I would never would have dreamed of as a kid or young adult. But I was very happy living a totally feminine lifestyle as a sissified male maid and lesbian lover for Joann. I hoped with all my heart that in this life I would never be derailed again.

THE END