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DREAMS

By **JERI ELLEN**

It seemed like I had just closed my eyes when the dream began. I was surrounded by fog. The air was warm and moist. I could not see, hear or smell anything. I took several steps. I was standing on something soft and covered with long, black grass. A breeze came up and the fog swirled around me. I brushed my shoulder length brown hair back and looked down at my body.

I was wearing a pink satin bra, pink satin panties and pink high heel sandals. I put my hands under the bra cups and squeezed my breasts. I pulled out the waistband of the pink panties and saw a patch of brown fuzz where my penis and scrotum used to be. Looking down at my feet I saw ten pink toenails looking up at me thru the open toe high heel sandals I was wearing.

The fog around me parted and I found myself staring at a huge erect penis in front of me. I walked to the base. I

was standing on a scrotum covered with black hair. There was still no sound. I seemed to be in a complete void.

I jumped up and wrapped my arms and legs around the massive penis. I began pulling myself upward a little at a time. As I did so the penis became harder. When I neared the top a clear fluid spilled out of the lips of the penis making the shaft slippery. I continued to try to climb to the top but the harder I tried the slipperier it got.



Suddenly the penis shook and a mass of milky fluid spurted upward and then cascaded down on me. The penis was too slippery now for me to maintain my place and I slid back down to the base of the scrotum. The penis had become limp and then it collapsed on top of me as I fell backwards. I pushed it aside but not before the remaining cum splashed over me soaking me completely with white fluid.

I was soaking wet all over. I got up and looked at the massive organ at my feet that resembled a deflated dirigible. With both hands I wiped as much of the sticky substance off of my arms and legs as I could.. After wiping my hands on the black hair of the scrotum I looked around again.

I still could not see anything as the fog closed around me. I closed my eyes and when I opened them I was awake in my bed. I lay still for a few minutes and then sat up. My pulse was racing and it was several minutes before it was back to normal.

Pulling the covers back I got out of bed and walked to the bathroom. I closed the door and turned on the light. My body was wet with sweat. I was wearing a pair of white men's briefs. I pulled the waistband out and looked at my male genitals. My breasts and vagina had disappeared.

After urinating I filled the sink with warm water and washed myself. I dried off and returned to the bedroom. I pulled the wet sheets off of the bed and replaced them with dry ones. I draped one wet sheet over a chair and the other over the open closet door.

The clock on the nightstand registered 2:23 am. I lay awake for awhile. It was not the first time I had that dream. I had many dreams like that since I was a child. Of course I never said anything to my parents, mostly out of

fear of what they might think. No parent wants a son who dreams of being a girl or perhaps just likes to dress up like one.

That would make me a “freak of nature” or one of “those people” as my dad had once said of a neighbors’ son who had hung himself from the basement rafters dressed in his sisters clothing.

Suffering in silence was the appropriate expression. I knew even at a young age I was never going to be able to talk to anyone about this. I was going to have to find a way to resolve this entirely on my own. That resolution would be far into the future since I first had that dream at the age of five.

Growing up I kept pretty much to myself. Both of my parents were teachers. I learned a lot at home before I was even old enough for school. While that gave me an advantage academically I was no match for the other kids athletically. As much as I enjoyed soccer I was not growing as fast as the other kids and by the time I was of high school age I was not socializing much with the other kids except at school functions.

My short stature made me unpopular with girls even though I was more comfortable around them than boys. I took several shop classes though I hated them. I liked the solitude of the library and the parks. I avoided the noise on the radio most of the kids listened too and preferred the gentle sounds of classical music on the FM stations.

The teachers described me as “introspective” and a “quiet student.” My parents were pleased, particularly with my academic prowess. I was first string on the soccer team but the other athletes who played the major sports were always popular with the girls.

I resigned myself to being a “loner” though that wasn’t always a complementary term. Besides soccer I also

enjoyed hiking and/or jogging the park trails. That combined with the treadmill and stationary bike in the basement kept me in excellent health as well as good physical condition.

As I progressed thru grade school the dreams came more frequently. One night after watching the movie *Gone With The Wind* I dreamed of being dressed like the heroine. I wore a tight corset and petti-pants under several floor length petticoats that flared out the broad skirt of my floor length dress.

After puberty I found myself masturbating frequently while imagining my self dressed in very feminine attire. We were at the mall in early February and there was a formal apparel show going on. How I envied the girls who walked effortlessly in their high heel shoes as they walked around in front of the crowd modeling the latest bridal, bridesmaid, and prom fashions.

That night I dreamed of being a runway model wearing fabulous prom and bridal fashions for the crowds' enjoyment. My hair was perfectly done as was my makeup. I imagined how sensuously the nylon stockings would feel on my shiny, hair free girly legs as well as the touch of the soft fabrics of satin and taffeta on my upper body and arms.

These dreams would come and go over time. I was always mystified since I had no explanation as to why they occurred. Some times I wondered if other boys had these dreams too or was it just me? Of course there was no way I could ever ask any of the guys about them.

I had liked computers since I first began learning. I was a fast study and soon was helping other kids with their studies and/or computer problems. It was easy to pick up more money in a weekend than the older kids were making at burger or pizza joints in several weeks.

The internet also opened my eyes to the feminine world that I had been seeking. It wasn't that hard to circumvent the parental controls on the home computer so I could explore the sources of my feelings and dreams.

There were plenty of websites about cross dressing and sex changes on the internet as well as commercial sites that sold women's apparel, shoes, wigs, cosmetics, etc to men. Unfortunately these legitimate sites as well as the informational and resource sites were interspaced with plenty of porn sites which I avoided like the plague.

By the time I was ready to graduate high school I had amassed quite a file of websites. I also had a substantial amount of money saved up from tutoring and computer software fixes that I had been doing.

I also had thought about getting trained in a more "feminine" occupation. Make up artist, skin care or nail tech were among those that I considered but I was more afraid of what my parents and others might think. Besides I liked what I was doing and the money it was bringing me.

I registered with a local IT school and would start the first week in October. It was pricey school but their program was well worth it. I had purchased a used subcompact and would be able to live at home while attending school. It was easy to squeeze in my tutoring and fixit jobs around my class schedule.

The week after graduation I got a call from a woman who identified herself as Mrs. Dandridge. She was having trouble with her computer and asked me to come over. I agreed and wrote down the directions to her house. She was adamant about my being punctual insisting she had several appointments that evening and needed me to be on time.

I arrived at her condo promptly at 6:45pm for my 7 o'clock appointment. When she opened the door she looked me over carefully. I almost felt she was examining me, like maybe she had some ulterior motive for inviting me here. She was a striking middle aged woman with perfect hair, nails and demeanor.

She took me over to her desk which sat in a small alcove near the front door. I examined the wiring first and then booted up the computer. I checked out a few things, then made some small changes in her setup, cleaned and defragged the hard drive.

In going thru some files and internet searches I couldn't help but notice she had been looking at the same websites I looked at. In addition she had been viewing a number of "sissy men" sites or those that sold very frilly, very feminine dresses, petticoats and panties for men.

I said nothing of course. I re-booted the compute and found that everything was working fine. She seemed pleased as she wrote out a check for my services.

As I drove back home I wondered why a woman like Mrs. Dandridge would be interested in feminine men, or perhaps in feminizing and sissifying them. She looked pretty normal to me. I didn't see a wedding ring on her left hand so I guess I had just assumed she was widowed or divorced.

That night I lay awake and thought about some of the websites I had found where the dominatrix puts men in lingerie, make up, a wig and then dresses them in very girly costumes. Sometimes they were wearing a French Maid uniform, petticoats, and high heel shoes. They obediently cleaned her home and served her and her friends tea or drinks.

I found myself getting an erection as I fantasized about being wearing a shoulder length wig, makeup and being

cross dressed in one of those uniforms with stiletto heels. As I minced coquettishly about the room in front of the dominatrix and her friends I found myself enjoying it as much as they did.

In the bathroom I masturbated myself to a climax. After cleaning myself off I returned to my bedroom and slept like a log. I had no dreams but when I woke up the next morning I knew another piece of my life's puzzle had fallen into place.

A month passed. In addition to my work in the evenings I continued to do my research on the internet. I found numerous clinics nearby that helped what they called "transgendered" men or transvestite men, those who just wanted to dress up in women's clothing and act feminine.

Because I was still living at home I was too afraid to make an appointment to see one of the counselors. I had gleaned enough information from the many resource websites to know that I : 1. was not crazy.

2. was not gay 3. most importantly I guess, I was not alone.

I found many stories of men who had struggled all of their lives to deal with their mixed emotions and feelings of femininity. The big question of course was just exactly what the hell was I going to do about mine? Outside of a professional there wasn't anyone I felt I could share my "secret" with and seeing a professional now while I was living at home was out of the question.

The Fourth of July weekend was approaching. My parents and I would usually stay out of the parks preferring the quiet solitude of a backyard barbeque as opposed to the mob that would vacate the city for the parks for a three day weekend. We weren't parade watchers either

preferring to watch the highlights of any parade on the six o'clock news.

Mrs. Dandridge called me at supper time Friday night. She asked me to come to her office to diagnose a problem with her business computer. I wrote down the address and then finished my supper. I printed out a map before leaving the house.

I had some concerns about the address she gave me. It was just north of the industrial section of the city. It wasn't exactly a "run down" area but there was not a whole lot there except for a few factories and several warehouse complexes. I found the place without any difficulty. It was a gray building just off the main highway at the end of a side street.

I entered the front door to find a pawn shop on one side of the hallway next to a car title loan company. There was some vacant space on the opposite side and then another storefront with the sign "TV SHOP" out front. It was one of the websites I saw on the internet. My heart was pounding as I entered the store.

There was no one in the store. To my left was a rack of high heel shoes along the wall. To my right were racks of petticoats and puff sleeve dresses including some French Maid uniforms. Sitting on a short counter were headless mannequins wearing bras, panties, and garter belts. The counter in front of me contained cosmetic products and on the shelf behind the counter were a dozen wigs sitting on their foam heads. I felt myself getting an erection as I imagined being outfitted here.

The curtain behind the main counter suddenly drew back and Mrs. Dandridge appeared. She smiled at me as she came around the counter.

"I'll just be a moment," she said as she walked to the front door.

She pulled the chain and the “open” sign went out. After she locked the front door she came back to where I was standing.

“Come with me please,” she said.

I followed her behind the counter and into the back where the computer system was located in a separate room. I was still excited from looking at the feminine apparel in the store as I sat down.

“There is something wrong with the shopping cart. Sometimes the orders go thru and sometimes they don’t. It just started yesterday. One of my regulars e-mailed me that his order wasn’t going thru so I shut down the cart until you could come and look at it.”

I nodded and began to check some things out. The problem proved to be more difficult than I thought. It was nearly an hour later when I found and corrected the problem. I used my laptop to place a fake order and it went thru with no problem.

Mrs. Dandridge had been standing behind me the whole time that I worked. She smiled at me as I got up from the desk.

“Let’s go into my office and I will give you a check.”

I followed her to another room and sat down in front of her desk. She took her seat behind the desk and opened the right hand drawer. Taking out the checkbook she opened it and then took the pen from it’s holder in front of her. Before she began to write she looked up at me with a smile.

“Would you like to make a purchase instead of a check?” she said with a grin.

I was taken by surprise. It was almost as if she had “read” me. I mean I certainly didn’t have “cross-dresser” tattooed on my forehead.

“It’s okay, I understand but I know what you like. I stood behind you when you worked on my home computer. I saw the look on your face when you discovered the websites we both like to look at. There’s nothing to be ashamed of. Everything is confidential. I know how to keep a secret. My business depends on it.”

I thought for a moment. If she could read me like book then there was no point in denying it. She seemed to be an honest and forthright woman.

“I appreciate your honesty Mrs. Dandridge but I have no place to keep things at home. I still live with my parents, perhaps another time.”

She wrote out the check, tore it out of the book and handed it to me with a smile.

“All right. I have no more customers for the rest of the evening. Would you like to at least try on a wig or a pair of shoes?”

I bit my lip and decided what the hell. Go for it. I took the check from her and stood up.

“Yes, I believe I would.”

She smiled again and I followed her out of her office to the shoe rack. I put the check in my pocket and set my laptop on the chair next to me in front of the shoe rack. After removing my shoes and socks I slipped on a pair of nylon footies.

She placed a pair of black leather pumps at my feet and I put them on. I stood up. It was an eerie feeling. Exhilarating would be a better description.

“When you walk, walk like this,” she said.

I watched her walk across the room and back.

I felt quite girly as I walked carefully across the room and back retracing her steps.

“That’s quite good. Remember to take shorter steps and take your time. Balance is everything. There is an old saying you know that men walk like they’re trampling the earth and women walk like they’re walking on eggshells. Remember that as you walk. Go back and forth a couple of more times so you become more confident. You want to walk naturally, like you have always worn heels.”

I made several more trips down the length of the store and back. Each time I felt better. She was right about balance and feeling self confident.

“Step over to the counter for a minute.”

I walked over to the main counter. She walked behind it and removed a shoulder length brown wig from its’ foam head on the shelf above. After placing it on my head she had me look at myself in the large mirror on the counter.

It was no surprise to me that I looked just like a girl. I closed my eyes briefly and imagined myself wearing make up too. I knew right then that I could pass easily for a female. Maybe I should have been a female I thought to myself. I reached up, took the wig off and handed it to her.

“Thank you Mrs. Dandridge. I must be going.”

She took the wig from me and replaced it on the foam head. I walked back to the shoe rack and sat down again. My heart was still racing and I saw that feminine image as I removed the pumps and footies. I put my shoes back on and stood up.

At the door she handed me a business card that listed her store address, hours, website, phone and fax numbers.

On the back she had written the shoe and wig size I had tried on.

“Remember its’ okay. Just let me know what you need.”

“Thank you Mrs. Dandridge I will.”

She unlocked the door and I left the store.

It was dark and I was in a hurry to get home. That night all I could think about was how I looked with that wig on and how I felt walking in the high heel pumps. It had been pure ecstasy. Something had been unlocked in me and I knew I wasn’t going to be happy unless I could do that again. It took me awhile to finally fall asleep.

I opened my eyes and found myself standing in front of Mrs. Dandridge. She handed me a pink box and motioned me to a small dressing room. Inside I undressed and put on the contents of the box. I walked out of the dressing room and stood in front of her wearing a pink satin bra, pink satin panties, a pink garter belt and a pair of pink seamed stockings.

She placed two small rubber balls in the bra cups and adjusted the straps. At the counter she applied pink blusher to my cheeks and then a thick layer of creamy pink lipstick to my mouth. From the shelf she selected a short pink wig and after placing it on my head she pinned a large pink satin sissy bow to the top. With a grin she turned the counter mirror so I could see myself.

I was stunned at the pretty girl staring back at me. I wanted to reach out and touch her to see if it was really me. I couldn’t believe I could ever have looked to perfectly feminine.

Next she led me over to the clothing rack where she handed me two short pink petticoats. I stepped into them

and brought them up to my waist. Holding the pink satin puff sleeve mini dress by the hem she slipped it over my head and then closed the back zipper.

We walked over to the shoe rack where I stepped into a pair of pink four inch stiletto heel pumps. When I stood up I felt absolutely delicious. I was in seventh heaven, ecstatic beyond words.

“Okay sissy boy now walk around the store for me. Let’s see how you do in four inch stiletto heels instead of three.”

She had called me “sissy boy”. I proceeded to walk back and forth under her watchful eye. She was smiling all the while. The jarring effect of the stiletto heels on the hard floor made the short skirt of the dress bounce a little.

“Very good girly boy, you didn’t wobble even once. Now I want you to sit in this chair, smoothing your dress before you sit down and cross your legs, just like a girl.”

I followed her instructions. The short skirt of the dress rode up when I sat down and crossed my legs revealing the tiny pink bows at the top of the garters. Mrs. Dandridge giggled again.

“Oh my, oh my how delightfully feminine you are sissy boy!” she exclaimed.

I was feeling so girlishly feminine too. I didn’t want this dream to ever end but of course it did.

When I woke up I was in my own bed. I pulled the covers back and went into the bathroom. I saw my reflection in the mirror. There was no pink wig topped with the pink satin sissy bow. No blusher or lipstick either.

My shorts were damp so I used toilet paper to soak up the cum stains. When I finished I masturbated into the toilet while thinking of myself in that pink outfit. I flushed

the toilet and washed my penis off. After putting on dry briefs I got dressed and went downstairs to eat breakfast.

I stayed pretty busy throughout the summer. Mrs. Dandridge didn't call me again. I couldn't stop thinking about her. Especially since she had been very quick and perceptive in recognizing what I liked. Initially I guess it had been a little intimidating. Never the less I knew my little secret was safe with her since her business depended on confidentiality.

August first I got a call from a woman named Elvira Hollingsford. She said she had been referred to me by Mrs. Dandridge. She asked if I could come and hook up her computer system. I said I would and wrote down her address.

When I arrived at the address I found it was a condominium complex within a gated community. I signed in at the gate and parked in the visitors' area at the condo. I pushed the button for her condo in the lobby and after identifying myself she buzzed me in.

As I walked up to her second floor condo I wondered if my computer skills were the only thing Mrs. Dandridge had told her about. This "desire" of mine that had come unearthed was hardly the kind of thing I needed to be common knowledge among my customers or anyone else for that matter.

I rang the bell and the door opened immediately. She was a tall, lithe woman who introduced herself as "Ms." Hollingsford in a very sharp voice. I followed her to an alcove in the dining room. There were several boxes on the floor.

"Open the boxes and connect everything for me. The cable guy is supposed to be here later today to get me hooked up to the internet."

"Yes m'am," I answered politely.

She took a seat at the dining room table and picked up a beautiful china cup while I began un-boxing everything. I placed all the packing and straps off to one side. She had purchased a top of the line computer as well as an all in one machine for printing, copying, scanning and faxing.

I took my time setting everything up as she sipped her tea. I got everything connected and turned it on. I ran a few checks and then hooked up the all in one. I checked all the functions except the fax. Everything was working properly. I finished in just under an hour.

“You are all set,” I said. “You have some very good equipment here.”

“It better be, considering what it cost me,” she remarked curtly.

I nodded without speaking as she stood up and put her cup down.

“Would you mind doing a few household chores while you are here? I will pay you for an extra hour.

It sounded more like a command than a request.

“Yes I can do that. What do you need me to do?” I asked.

“We’ll start in the kitchen. Come with me.”

I followed her into the kitchen. At the sink she gave me a pair of pink latex gloves and a pink ruffled apron.

“Slip these on first. You wash and I will dry. BE VERY CAREFUL! These cups and saucers are expensive china.”

“Yes ma’m I replied again as I slipped the pink apron over my head and tied it in the back.

I put on the pink gloves and filled the sink with hot soapy water. After carefully washing each cup, saucer and small plate I rinsed off the soap and handed it to her.

When I was finished I took off the gloves and apron. I helped her carry the dishes back to the dining room where she placed them in her china closet.

“Now then in the hallway closet you will find a vacuum cleaner, a spray can of furniture polish and a dust rag. Bring the items to the living room.”

I walked to the hallway closet and brought the items she had requested. She always spoke with an authoritative tone of voice and had yet to say please or thank you to me. I felt I was being treated more like her servant than as a technician.

It was just short of another hour when I completed the dusting and vacuuming chores according to her instructions. She had watched me carefully the whole time to see if I was doing everything according to her initial instructions. After returning the cleaning items to the closet I walked back to the living room to find her standing by the front door. I picked up my laptop from the alcove desk and walked to her.

“Here is your check,” she said without smiling as she handed it to me.

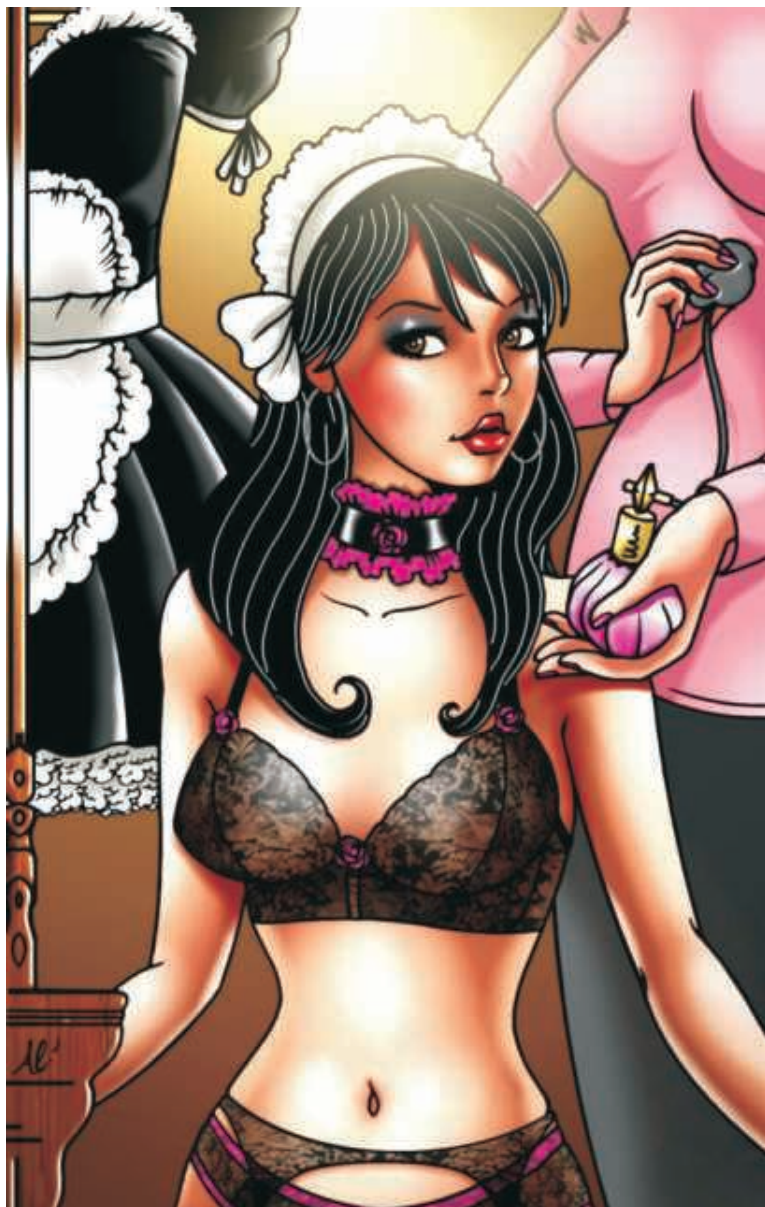
I checked it for the correct amount and placed it in my shirt pocket.

“Thank you very much Ms. Hollingsford,” I said as she opened the door.

“I will call you again if I need anything further,” she said as she closed the door behind me.

As I made my way back to the car I thought about the work I had just done. Even when I left she still hadn't said “thank you”. It seemed to be a bit odd. She had been a very demanding woman yet when I did everything she had asked me to do there had been no comment from her at all.

But then I had no doubt that this woman, obviously of means, expected that when she paid for something she expected to get exactly what she paid for so in that respect, at least today, she did.



Driving home I thought once again about how she got my name from Mrs. Dandridge. Besides setting up her computer she had me do some domestic chores in a pink ruffled apron and pink latex gloves. It was almost like I was her maid.

I thought back to my visit to Mrs. Dandridge's shop and the maid uniforms on the rack. Momentarily I envisioned doing those chores in the black satin mini dress, fishnet stockings and black stiletto heel pumps. I felt myself getting hard as I pulled up in front of my house.

That night after I showered I lay awake thinking about the way I had been ordered around by Ms. Hollingsford. In a way I guess I enjoyed being her servant. I closed my eyes and went immediately to sleep.

Opening my eyes I saw myself sitting at a vanity. I was wearing black satin panties with pink waist and leg elastic. Along the back of the panty were four rows of pink ruffles. A black garter belt was holding up my fishnet stockings. The black bra cups held my breasts. Someone was standing behind me.

"Lets get you made up Sissy Maid Marilyn," said the stern voice of Ms. Hollingsford.

She was standing directly behind me. Under her watchful eye I followed her instructions on how to apply eye shadow, eyeliner and mascara. Next I put red blusher on my cheeks. After outlining my lips with a lip pencil I filled them in with a thick layer of bright red lipstick. A set of red press on nails were the last thing.

After adjusting the maid's cap on top of my shoulder length black wig she gave me a generous spritz of some very sweet perfume behind each ear and on my wrists. I attached a pair of long earrings. Next I fastened the ruffled choker around my neck and slipped on the matching elastic wristlets.

“Very good, now let’s get you properly dressed. My guests will be here soon.”

I got up from the vanity and walked over to the closet. She handed me two short white petticoats. I put them on and brought them up to my waist.

She removed a black satin puff sleeve French Maid’s mini dress from the hangar and held it up by the hem. I slipped it over my head. She adjusted the hem of the dress over the petticoats, zipped me up and secured it at the top with a small gold padlock thru two small gold loops that had been sewn into the top of the dress.

From the shoe rack she selected a pair of black leather five inch stiletto heel pumps. I stepped into them. She closed the ankle straps and then secured them with two small padlocks.

“I know the padlocks are redundant for a sissy maid like you Marilyn but some of my guests like to fantasize about you being forcibly kept in both the shoes and the dress,” she said with a smirk.

She had called me sissy maid “Marilyn”. My given name was Mark and I guess that was the closest fem name to it that she liked except for maybe Margo.

“Let’s go out to the living room. I want to see you walk some more and practice your curtsy. Remember to walk with your arms across your body and your hands dangling at the wrist.”

I walked out of the bedroom ahead of her. I took small mincing steps. The jarring effect of the five inch heels on the hard hallway floor made the skirt of the mini dress bounce a little. I had to admit I felt quite feminine. In fact I had never felt so good in my entire life.

For the next half hour I walked back and forth from the living room to the dining room. I stopped only to curt-

sey in front of her. Her face remained expressionless as she watched me. Once she lifted my skirts and placed her hand flat against my groin. It was the first and only time I saw her smile.

I had been concentrating on doing things exactly the way she had instructed me to. I wondered if she was aware of how much I was enjoying myself. My thoughts were interrupted by the ringing of a bell.

“Please answer the door Sissy Maid Marilyn, and escort my guests in here.”

I turned and minced to the front door. It wouldn't open and the bell kept ringing louder and louder.

Suddenly I was awake. I sat up in bed and looked at the alarm clock on the nightstand. I reached over and shut it off. I sat still for a few minutes. My erection subsided. At least this time I hadn't cummed in my shorts.

I got up and went into the bathroom. After peeing I looked at my reflection in the mirror over the sink. There was no black wig, maid's cap or makeup. I was not wearing a black satin French Maid mini dress and heels. It had all been a dream but quite a dream.

I wondered for how long I was going to continue to have them. It wasn't that I didn't enjoy them but I was very curious as to why they kept recurring. Dreams are just that, dreams. They aren't real though they seemed very real to me. It was like I was able to live a fantasy for a short while and then come back to reality. To be honest my reality wasn't a very pleasant one either.

Mrs. Dandridge was apparently making a good living from providing men with the things to enjoy their fantasies. Of course they were all short lived fantasies. Like Cinderella, there's a time when the make up and costume comes off and the men have to return to being themselves.

In essence they are returning to reality. A reality we must all face. Too bad there wasn't a way to leave that reality behind and escape to someplace where you could live the fantasies of your dreams forever.

I was kept busy for the next month with new laptops being bought for school. It was still another month before I would start classes. My parents were both attending meetings before their classes would begin after Labor Day.

Mrs. Dandridge phoned me about noon on Tuesday after the Labor Day week end. She asked me to stop by the store. She would only say it was something new and she thought I might like to try a free sample.

I hung up and drove over right away. The store was empty when I walked in. She motioned me to come to the counter. She reached under the counter and put a pink box on the top.

"It's something new on the market. It is especially formulated for men like you. I want you to try it tonight after you shower. Let me know what you think."

She took the top off of the box to reveal two small pink cans, one two ounce and a one ounce can.

"After your shower use the large can on your legs, chest and arms. Then use the small can for your face and neck. I am sure you will be pleased with the results."

She replaced the lid and put the box in a white plastic bag. Handing me the bag with a grin she said:

"Be sure and let me know,"

I nodded and took the bag from her. Back in the car I took the box out of the bag and examined the two cans inside. "FEM-FOAM" was the label on both cans.

The product was designed to remove hair. It was supposed to provide smooth hair free skin for up to two

weeks with regular use. I replaced the items in the box and put it back in the bag.

Driving home I honestly couldn't wait to use it. I had very little body hair and had only started shaving my face since graduation. Previously I had been using a small section of sandpaper to brush away the peach fuzz. I decided to wait a couple of days until the fuzz on my face had grown out more.

That Friday night I read the directions on each can. After my shower I sprayed my legs and torso with the contents of the large can. The pink foam had a delicate feminine scent to it. I slathered it all over my body. I used the small can to cover my neck and face. In about five minutes my skin began to itch and burn slightly. At ten minutes it was getting uncomfortable. Finally at fifteen minutes I showered it off.

I dried myself and found my body was beet red. There was not a trace of hair anywhere. I smoothed some of mom's hand lotion all over my body, face and neck. Within a few minutes the burning had subsided and I felt much better. There was still the lingering odor of the sweet feminine scent so I used some of my dad's body talc and after shave.

In the bedroom I stood in front of the full length mirror on my closet door. I was smooth and hair free all over. I did the tuck and with both hands pushed up my chest skin under my nipples. I had a body just like a girls. Briefly I saw myself in lingerie. I was angry that I didn't have any to put on but I knew I would look good, especially now without any body or facial hair.

I dressed and told my folks I was going out on a call. They never looked up from the TV. I didn't want to sit there and have one of them ask me why I was all "smelled" up to stay home and watch TV.

Later that night when both of them were in bed I stood naked in front of the mirror again. I couldn't help but look at myself. The smooth, hair free, girly body and face that I saw in the mirror looked almost too good to be true. Actually it was too feminine to be me but it was me, and I couldn't have been happier.

I got into bed and began to think about what I should do next. I would be starting school soon and when I finished that I would probably be working somewhere. With a place of my own I could start buying a wardrobe but that seemed like only a temporary solution to the bigger problem.

It was one thing to play "dress up" for a short while and then return to my male self. It was another to think of a life changing course of action that would lead to me actually becoming a woman. I wasn't sure I wanted to be a woman.

I liked girls, though I was still a virgin I had never been attracted to men. If I did change then I would then be living and working entirely as a female. This was indeed a conundrum.

I had a very restless sleep that night. I got up the next day and made several service calls that took my mind off of what kind of future I might have. I also made note of several clinics in the area where I could see a professional who would be able to help people like me.

A week later when I returned from a service call I took a shower before turning in. I was very surprised to find that my body continued to be hair free and that I had no outgrowth of peach fuzz on my face. I re-read the labels on the cans. "Results may vary" was the only disclaimer on the labels.

As pleased as I was with the results I was wondering how I would feel completely cross-dressed. I was certain

the nylon stockings or panty hose would feel great on my smooth girly legs. If I could put on makeup I was positive I would have a very feminine appearance. I got into bed and closed my eyes, imagining myself fully cross dressed and went to sleep.

When I opened my eyes I found myself standing in front of Ms. Hollingsford. We were in a small office. I was wearing a white long line bra and a long white open gir-dle. The sheer stockings that were secured to the long gir-dle's garters felt so good against my hair free legs. She reached out and adjusted each bra strap slightly. My firm breasts felt very comfortable in the cups of the long line bra.

"The foundation garments fit you very well. Sit at the vanity and put on your wig and makeup."

I turned around and sat down in front of the large, well lighted mirror. I applied pink blusher and lipstick. Ms. Hollingsford placed the blonde wig on my head. After I put on a pair of tear drop earrings she gave me a healthy squirt of some very sweet perfume behind each ear.

"You are all set Marilyn. Now let's go out and meet the girls."

I followed her out of the office and down the hall. We were in a department store but all the lights were out except a few that lit the path to the women's section. There were several women seated in two rows of chairs. They all grinned as we approached.

"Ladies this is my sissy maid, Marilyn. She will be assisting the manager and me by modeling the dresses you have asked to see."

A stout woman came over and handed me a satin slip with a wide band of lace across the top and hem.

“Put this on before we begin,” she instructed.

The slip flowed over me like a satin tsunami. I shivered with delight.

“Now these,” she said as she handed me a pair of black four inch stiletto heel pumps.

Over the next hour or so I modeled a variety of dresses for the assembled women. I walked in my best girlish fashion with one hand on my hip and the other arm at my side just like I had seen the professional models do.

I was enjoying myself as I walked in front of the four women on one side of the aisle, turned, and then walked back in front of the other four women on the opposite side of the aisle. I couldn't help but throw in a girlish wiggle or two.

I stopped in front of a long clothing rack where Ms. Hollingsford would unzip and help me out of one dress and then help me in the next dress that the manager had ready and then zip me up again.

The women had been watching me closely as they sipped wine from their glasses. Apparently they were all enjoying watching a sissy male maid model dresses for them.

As I was taking off the last dress I heard one of the women's cell phone go off. I wondered why she wasn't answering it as I walked with Ms. Hollingsford back to the small office we had come in from. It was then that I woke up. I sat up and shook my head. After shutting off the alarm clock I got out of bed.

I was wearing my male briefs. There was no long line bra holding my firm breasts or long girdle holding up my sheer hose. In the bathroom the mirror over the sink revealed a face without makeup. As I stood over the commode to pee my pulse returned to normal.

I was back to reality again. It had been a wonderful dream. I wondered again about what it would be like to spend a life en femme. The ability to stay cross dressed, at work or at home, in the most feminine of clothing and to be able to wear makeup, nail polish and of course some very sweet perfume for the rest of my life without fear of embarrassment or ridicule.

It sounded like a dream alright. A dream I knew many men had and a dream that for me at least, would probably never come true. I got dressed and went down stairs to eat breakfast. Try as I might it was getting harder and harder to put those dreams and my feelings of femininity out of my mind.

School began and I dove into my studies. This was a private school and they didn't waste any time getting into the "meat" of IT. There were no Mickey Mouse courses here, it was all the good stuff. Everything you needed to know about a getting a real career not just a job.

Despite the demands of the course work I was picking it up easily as well as sandwiching in my service calls around my class schedule. I had less time for myself as you might expect but I was handling everything without any stress.

By the end of October I had used up all of the complementary supply of FEM-FOAM. I loved the way it kept my skin hair free and girly soft. I stopped by the store to see Mrs. Dandridge to buy some more. She came out from behind the curtain and smiled when she saw me.

"What can I get you Mark?" she asked.

"I would like to buy some more of that FEM-FOAM. How much is it?"

She took a pink box out from under the counter.

“\$99.99 plus tax,” she answered matter of factly.
“These cans are larger than the sample ones I gave you before. There is an eight ounce can and a four ounce can. They should last you between 3-6 months.”

It was a lot of money. I hadn't figured on it being that expensive. Never the less I loved what the product did for me so I took five twenties and a ten out of my wallet.

She smiled as she handed me my change.

“Is there anything else you would like to look at while you are here? I just got in some new styles of sissy dresses.”

“No thank you Ms. Dandridge. I don't have a place of my own yet so just the foam will be fine for today.”

“Alright, I am glad you like it. My other customers do too. Thanks for your business and let me know if there is anything else you need.”

“I will,” I said and left the store.

Friday night I had beer and pizza with some of my classmates. Usually I didn't eat or drink anything after supper but I wanted to socialize with my friends after a week of fast paced classes. I got home late and went right to bed. The pizza and beer rolled around in my gut for awhile before I finally dozed off.

The blackness of sleep was replaced by dim light of Mrs. Dandridge's store. She was standing in front of me holding a pink satin puff sleeve mini sissy dress up by the hem. She slipped it over my head, helped me adjust the hem around my pink petticoats and then when I turned around she zipped me up.

Underneath the dress I was wearing pink satin lingerie and pink seamed stockings. I was feeling about as girly and feminine as any male could possibly feel.

“Now let's go over to the shoe rack,” she said

I followed her and sat down on the small bench, smoothing my skirt as I did so. She was smiling as she selected a pair of pink five inch stiletto heel patent leather pumps. I put them on and stood up

“Wig and makeup are next,” she said as she turned and walked to the counter.

I followed her and stood in front of the counter while she walked behind it. From the shelf she selected a pink wig. She placed it on my head and then fastened a large pink satin sissy bow to the top. She turned the mirror on the counter so I could see myself. Handing me a pink lipstick and a palette of pink blusher she grinned broadly.

“Ok sissy boy, now apply your makeup.”

As I brushed the pink powder across my cheeks I noticed my fingernails were bright pink too. Next I filled in my lips with a generous coat of creamy pink lipstick. When I finished I heard the door behind me open. I turned to see Ms. Hollingsford enter the store and walk over to where I was standing.

She was dressed in a black leather pantsuit and black flat heel boots. She grabbed the hem of my sissy dress and petticoats. She pulled them up and glanced at my pink lingerie.

“Oh my those pink panties are just delightful!” she said with a grin. “I just love sissy boys in pink don’t you Mrs. Dandridge?”

“Yes I certainly do. Now for the finishing touch every sissy must have.”

She handed Ms. Hollingsford a small bottle of perfume. She removed the cap and squirted me generously behind each ear and on each wrist.

“You can’t just look and act feminine sissy boy, you should always smell like one too!”

Both women laughed out loud. Mrs. Dandridge placed the make up items in a dainty pink clutch purse and handed it to me.

“Your sissy date for the evening is all set Master Hollingsford!”

“Thank you for your assistance Barbara. Let’s go sissy boy, the evening is still young.”

She grabbed my arm and we walked out the door. For the first time I felt a pang of anxiety. I had no idea where she was taking me. What’s more I had never been out in public cross dressed before.

Outside the store she opened the door to her black Cadillac and I got in. She drove fast and soon she was parking the car in the lot of a night club. The streets were dimly lit here and I was a bit concerned about what kind of a neighborhood we were in.

There was no name over the front door. Just a leather gloved fist squeezing a penis and scrotum tightly.

Inside the sissy hostess took us to a table. I smoothed my skirts and sat down. There were couples like us at other tables, the females in black or brown leather and the males in sissy dresses. The hostess brought us menus. She handed me a pink lady and Ms. Hollingsford a brandy old fashioned.

She was grinning at me as she sipped her drink. In the background the music stopped and a bell was ringing loudly. The nightclub disappeared. I sat up in bed. I shut off the alarm clock and walked into the bathroom.

I had cummed in my briefs again. I soaked up the residue with toilet paper and then masturbated in the toilet while thinking about being dressed in that pink sissy dress and heels. I washed and dried myself, then put on dry briefs.

I spend the rest of the day doing some chores around the house. In a way I was sad that the dream had to end. I thought again about the prospect of finding a way to live this erotic lifestyle 24/7. Maybe I should contact a therapist at one of the clinics and try to find out why they occurred.

There had to be a reason behind these dreams. I had never had other dreams. They were always the same. I was feminized, cross dressed and made up. They were always erotic, stimulating and left me feeling empty and lost when they ended.

School continued but those dreams and my feminine feelings were never far from my thoughts. I knew somewhere down the road I was going to have to find a way to resolve my situation before it might effect my life in a negative way or my employment once I finished school.

When I opened the new box of FEM-FOAM there was a business card on top. The name on the card was Dr. Regina Thomas. There was the address of a clinic along with a phone number. At the bottom of the card were the words: "Specializing in the treatment of transgendered people."

I put the card back in the box. Before going to sleep that night I thought I shouldn't put off seeing a therapist anymore. It was better to take the bull by the horns and try to find a resolution to my feelings once and for all. When I finished school and started work there might not be a lot of time to seek professional help.

The next day on my lunch hour I called the number on the card and made an appointment to see Dr. Thomas. After I hung up I felt a strange sense of relief and the rest of the day went fast.

The next ten days seemed to drag on forever. There were fewer service calls and I was up to par with all my

studies. As my appointment time drew nearer I began to feel more apprehensive. I had never talked to anyone about this and I was still a bit unsure if this was the right thing for me to be doing.

On the day of my appointment my last class ended at three thirty. The clinic where Dr. Thomas's office was located was only a short distance from the school. I arrived there at ten to four and filled out the medical questionnaire.

A little after four Dr. Thomas came out to the counter and looked over my medical form. After removing it from the clipboard she walked over to where I was sitting, extended her hand and introduced her self.

She was a tiny woman. One could say she was just a slip of a girl. I followed her back to her office and took a seat in front of her desk.

For the next hour we discussed my dreams as well as my home and school life. Afterwards we went into an exam room next door where she gave me a brief physical. When she finished I got dressed and we returned to her office.

"How did you hear about me?" she inquired.

There didn't seem to be any harm in mentioning Mrs. Dandridge so I did.

"I see. Well I want to see you again for another session in about two weeks."

I got up and went back to the counter to make the appointment. I paid by check so I wouldn't be getting a bill at the house. I didn't want my parents to see a letter in the mail addressed to me from the clinic.

Driving home I felt a sense of relief. It had been good to talk to someone about this. I was afraid if I kept things bottled up inside of me the emotional strain of my feel-

ings and dreams combined with a full slate of computer classes as well as my service calls would be too much for me to handle.

At the next session we explored my dreams and feelings further. My lack of sexual experience didn't seem to faze her at all. At the end of the session she stood up and smiled at me.

"I think we should start you on a hormone regime. It will help you to be more relaxed. You won't notice any physical changes for some time yet but let me know if you have any side effects."

We went into the other room where I rolled up my sleeve and she gave me a shot.

At the counter I made another appointment and paid for the day's consultation and shot.

That night after my shower and FEM-FOAM treatment I stood naked in front of the mirror again. I put my hands under my nipples and pushed up, imagining what I would look like with breasts.

I liked what I saw and felt good about being able to discuss my feelings with the doctor. Briefly I wondered about the possibility of side effects she had mentioned. I shrugged it off and went to bed. I fell asleep right away.

The blackness of sleep turned grey and I found myself surrounded my fog again. As the mist swirled around me I saw I was wearing pink lingerie and high heel sandals again. The fog cleared in front of me and I saw myself standing at the base of an erect penis.

Without hesitating I jumped on it and began my ascent. As I climbed up the penis it stiffened. The clear fluid began oozing out. It cascaded down to where I had my arms and legs wrapped around the shaft. It was now getting slippery and climbing up became more difficult.

Despite the slippery shaft I made it to the top only to see Dr. Thomas's head rise out of the lips of the penis. She was grinning at me. Her head retracted and suddenly a white glob of cum shot out and hit me in the face. I was knocked backwards landing on the hairy scrotum completely soaked in seminal fluid and sperm.

I sat up in bed and found myself covered in sweat again. Looking at my alarm clock I saw it was just past three am. I got out of bed and pulled the covers back. After washing myself in the bathroom I changed the sheets. It was another hour before I managed to fall asleep again.

School continued. Sometimes I had a hard time concentrating on the instructor's words. Once I saw every male in the class dressed in women's clothes and makeup. I shook my head to clear it. This had to stop. I almost felt like I was slowly going crazy.

The first three months of classes ended just before Christmas. I passed my exams but the class of twenty four was now down to twenty. Following the exams I met my classmates for beer and pizza. Afterwards I hooked up with one of the girls and we went back to her place.

Sharon Hanson was a muscular girl with a short, almost masculine haircut. She loved biking, hiking and playing tennis. We sat on the couch and sipped another beer. Shortly she set her glass down and leaned over to kiss me.

It was a strong, forceful kiss. I wrapped my arms around her neck and we stayed lip locked for the longest time. When we finally broke she took me by the hand and led me into her bedroom.

We undressed quickly and before I knew it she had picked me up and tossed me on the bed. She was on top of me right away and kissed me hard again. After we had sex she held me close and began caressing my body.

"I like smooth men," she began. "Your body is almost completely hair free. Your skin is smooth and soft, just like a girl's and I mean no offense."

"None taken," I managed to say.

I had just lost my virginity but I didn't really feel like a man. She had undressed me and pushed me down on the bed. She had sort of "taken me", in her aggressive manner as opposed to me taking her in the traditional male-female coupling.

Later at home when I was soaping my body up in the shower I remembered Sharon's words: "Smooth and soft, just like a girl's". If I was supposed to be a woman, was I a lesbian?

I saw Dr. Thomas again. We discussed my dreams and she smiled when I mentioned that I had just lost my virginity to an assertive girl in what I described as role reversal lovemaking.

"Did you enjoy the experience?" she asked.

"Yes I did, I replied honestly. "I felt very relaxed and comfortable with her taking charge of me as opposed to the traditional male on female type of intercourse."

"I see. Mark suppose there was a way that you could leave your traditional life behind and live the feminine dreams you have been having. Would you want to do that?"

"I don't know. It sure sounds like an ideal situation for someone like me though I doubt if that would be possible. I would be sort of a "dreamy" existence but I would not be dreaming."

"Exactly, you would be living life totally and completely in femininity."

"What about becoming a woman? Right now I don't think that is the right thing for me. The hormones may

change my attitude about that but for now I don't think differently about myself and I have yet to see any real physical changes in my body either."

"You won't for a while yet that's why I am recommending that you be castrated. Without your testes producing the male hormone the female hormones will take effect quicker. You should also remember that while female hormones change your body and to some degree the way you think and act they are not a "cure all" for what is wrong with you. I wasn't thinking about you changing your sex necessarily, at least not for the present time."

"You said there might be a way to live my life in femininity. Just what would that involve?"

"Quite a bit. Obviously you would have to leave your present life behind. That is your male life of course. This change involves a number of things. There are legal, employment, and of course family issues to consider but all in all as your doctor I must say that I think it would be in your best interest to do so."

"How would I go about this?"

"First let's get you castrated. After another month or two when the hormones have begun taking their full effect we can talk more about that, now that's all for today. When you pay your bill at the counter have the nurse make an appointment for your castration."

I got up and left the office. The appointment was for next Friday evening. School started again the next Monday so I would have several days to recuperate if I needed it. Leaving her office I felt relieved as my castration would be another step in helping me toward the fulfilling life I really wanted to lead.

That Friday I made two service calls in the afternoon. I ate a light supper and then drove to the clinic for my seven o'clock appointment. I was a bit nervous but I knew

deep down inside that I was doing the right thing. Afterwards there would be no more male hormones being produced so the effect of the female hormone shots would no doubt be accelerated.

I reported to the clinic at the appointed time. I was led to an exam room where I disrobed and put on a hospital gown. A nurse shaved my scrotum and then Dr. Thomas inserted a needle on both sides of my scrotum.

When I was numb she made two small incisions, removed my testes and then stitched up both incisions. She sprayed both incisions with an antiseptic spray, gave me another shot of hormones and I was done.

“You can go home now,” she said with a smile. “Put some ice in a damp wash cloth and hold it to each side of your scrotum. That will cut down on the swelling. This will help you sleep.”

She handed me a single white pill.

“Thank you doctor,” I replied and she left the room.

I got dressed and paid the bill at the counter. I was looking forward to the changes that would be forthcoming. The only glitch would be if either of my parents noticed the changes and asked me about them. I decided not to think about that. It was a bridge I would have to cross when I came to it.

At home I put some ice in a glass and then poured some of my dad’s brandy over it. Upstairs I dampened a washcloth and went into my bedroom. I undressed and looked at my scrotum. The anesthetic was wearing off and there was more than “minor discomfort”.

Over the next hour or so the ice did help some but I was glad for the pill. I dumped the brandy down the sink and filled the glass with water. After taking the pill I went

to bed. In several minutes I was fast asleep. I didn't dream at all and I felt good when I got up.

I was still a little sore but the swelling had gone down. I was able to walk into the bathroom to pee with no difficulty. At breakfast my mother remarked that I looked "like death warmed over" but I just shrugged it off with the comment "rough night" and let it go at that.

Sunday I felt much better and went on several service calls. By that night I was feeling no pain at all. In the shower I examined the two lines of stitches on either side of my empty scrotum. I had come thru with no ill effects and to date the hormone therapy had not induced any side effects either.

School started up again. When I saw Sharon she was in the hallway talking with another girl. They looked at me in a funny way, giggled, and then walked away. I wondered what that was all about as I took my seat in class.

I saw Dr. Thomas just before New Years. She examined my stitches briefly to see that I had healed up nicely and then we continued our discussion. I wanted to know more about the "way out" we had discussed but she wanted to wait another month to see how I progressed with my hormone therapy.

I received another shot. I was now experiencing a little tightness in my chest and my nipples seemed to be a bit more sensitive. Dr. Thomas said this was normal and that I shouldn't be concerned about it. I left her office feeling very good about myself and what lie ahead.

The second break in my school schedule came and after exams we were now down to eighteen students. I was third in my class standings. My folks were pleased. I was now six months from graduation. I was thinking more

and more about what direction my life was going to be taking than what job I might get or where that might be.

I couldn't help wonder what I might look like in six months now that I was castrated. I was now getting the full effect of the female hormones. My absence of body hair was already apparent. Would my breasts suddenly develop and force me to begin wearing a bra?

If that happened I would have a lot of explaining to do at home. With breasts I might just as well go ahead and buy a complete feminine wardrobe too. The problems and controversy that would cause at home and at school were too much for me to think about now.

I was progressing well in school. Sharon did say much to me but occasionally she and a girlfriend would look at me funny and then turn away giggling. It really didn't both me but I was curious to know what they found so amusing.

At my next appointment Dr. Thomas took me into the exam room first. I disrobed and put on the hospital gown. She came in and pulled up my gown. She examined my scrotum first and then placed her hands on my breasts and squeezed them gently.

"Your development is progressing just as it should. I'll give you another shot and then you can get dressed and we will continue our discussion."

The needle went in and out of my arm quickly. She left the room and I got dressed. Returning to her office I saw she was on the phone so I went back into the exam room for a few more minutes but not before hearing the name "Elvira." I knew she was probably talking to Ms. Hollingsford.

When I returned she looked up at me and gestured with her pen to take my seat in front of her. She finished

making notes and closed the file. She tapped her left hand with the pen in her right.

“I want to discuss a non surgical solution to your conundrum,” she began. “I touched on it briefly two months ago but I wanted to wait until now to see how you responded to the full effects of the hormone shots without your testes. Since you have had no side effects to the hormone therapy I want to discuss this other option with you. It is radical, in a sense, but it is designed with people like you in mind.”

The word “radical” was bouncing around in my mind along with her words about putting me where I would be living “completely and totally in femininity as well as her expression “people like you in mind.” I took a deep breath and let it all out.

“Dr. I am really tired of all the uncertainty in my life. The “what ifs” and the “what happens if” scenarios are getting to be a bit much. I guess the best thing for me to tell you is that I want out, out of everything. I am willing to do whatever it takes to live the kind of life I really want, that is a life in femininity.”

“Whether or not it involves computers or something else I don’t really care. I mean I am not suicidal or anything, I am just tired of facing the unknown of what my life is probably going to be as opposed to the life I would really like to have.”

Dr. Thomas looked at me and smiled broadly. She put down her pen and leaned forward to look straight into my eyes.

“I am so glad to hear you say that. I had a feeling about you. What you have just said confirmed the diagnosis I was about to make. I think you would be an ideal candidate for the program that I have in mind.”

"This program is quite rigorous. It will require a 100% commitment from you to the program and to the organization that runs it. Once we start you cannot back out. It is all or nothing. There is no half way and then stop or drop out with this program."

"Now look me in the eye and tell me honestly if you think you have the kind of dedication it takes to stick with this program to the end and then leave everything you have ever known behind to spend the rest of your life totally and completely enveloped in femininity."

I swallowed hard. It was now or never. This was a turning point that would forever bind me to a life of femininity or consign me to the miserable existence that I have been living to date and probably would be living for the rest of my life. It wasn't like I really had a choice so I simply looked her straight in the eyes and nodded.

"Okay, I'm in." were the words that best seemed to fit.

She sat back in her chair and made a short note in my file.

"I am glad to have you join us. That will be all for today. I will give you more exact details at our next meeting in a month."

I got up and left her office. I paid at the desk and walked out to my car. I sat there for a few minutes. She had said she was "glad to have me join them." For a minute I had a pang of apprehension. Join "whom" or "what"? Finally I shook all the negative thoughts from my head. I started the car and drove home. That night despite a hot steamy shower it was a while before I finally went to sleep.

The next month seemed to just drag by. There were a few service calls. The course was getting harder and I was spending more and more time on my school work thought my heart wasn't always in it. I kept thinking back

to my last appointment and the commitment I had just made.

The expression “life changing moment” kept recurring in my thoughts. This was going to be mine

Despite not knowing just exactly what lie ahead I knew my life would forever change and from where I sat it was going to be for the better. There was no way I was even going to consider going back to a life torn between the masculine and feminine or for that matter live a masculine existence.

A week before my next appointment with Dr. Thomas Sharon called and said she was having trouble with her laptop. I agreed to come to her apartment Saturday night at eight pm. After the last time I saw her I wondered if there really was a problem with her computer or this was just an excuse to dominate me in bed again.

I arrived promptly at seven forty five and knocked on her door. She opened the door and led me over to the table where her laptop sat. She had kind of a smirk on her face and left the room as I began to check things out. I couldn't find anything wrong.

I shut it off and turned around to tell her so to find her standing naked behind me. I stood up and she took me by the hand. In the bedroom she couldn't get me undressed fast enough. She looked at my chest and squealed:

“Geeze you're getting tits! Wow! Now wait a sec.”

She walked over to the desk and came back brandishing a red lipstick.

“Don't worry I won't tell a soul. Now open wide please,”

I opened my mouth wide and she applied a thick coat of the cherry red lipstick and then pushed the tube once in

each cheek then smoothed the makeup around in circles for a blushed look.

She put the lipstick on the dresser and then opened the top drawer. She came back to me with a big grin on her face holding a pair of red satin panties in one hand and a light red chiffon top in the other.

“Put these on and we’ll get this party started!” she said as she stood over me.

I stood up and put the red panties on. They felt so good on my smooth skin. I slipped the light red chiffon top over my head and she adjusted the big bow under my chin.

She stood close and kissed me hard on the lips. I felt myself getting warm all over. Effortlessly she picked me up and tossed me on the bed. She jumped on top of me and kissed me hard again. The nipples of her breasts felt good rubbing against mine thru the flimsy chiffon top.

Stopping momentarily she pulled up the top and with both hands pushed up under my nipples.

“It won’t be long and yours will be as nice as mine!” she squealed and then resumed kissing me.

We necked up a storm but my penis wasn’t getting hard. She slid the panties down and fingered the limp organ that had refused to become erect.

“So you are taking hormones. That’s why you are not up for the occasion.”

She laughed out loud.

“That’s just super. I have something to teach you. Sit up straight.”

As I sat up she stood over me and spread the lips of her vagina.



“Lick me all over and then insert your tongue,” she commanded.

I did what she asked and then she proceeded to instruct me on how to satisfy her orally. It was all new to

me of course but I felt very comfortable in learning how to please her this way.

When I finished she knelt down and kissed me full on the lips and then lay by my side. She was looking at me dreamily.

“God you look great in lipstick girly boy. It really turns me on the way you have become so feminine.”

I said nothing as her fingers traced around my budding breasts. It was strange but as a male I hadn't missed penetrating her or achieving an orgasm. I was completely fulfilled satisfying her as I was. A few minutes later she nudged me and we began again.

Later she removed my lipstick and blusher with some cold cream. In the shower she examined me all over but paid more attention to my budding breasts. She kept grinning and shaking her head unbelievably. After we dried off I got dressed and went home.

I checked myself in the rear view mirror to be sure all traces of the makeup were gone. In the house I went straight to the bathroom. To be on the safe side I splashed myself with some my dad's after shave lotion after checking my face again in the mirror over the sink.

I went to bed and thought about how enjoyable my relationship with Sharon was. I would be giving it up along with everything else of course if I went into Dr. Thomas's program. I tossed and turned for a while, then finally fell asleep.

At school the course work had entered a much tougher phase. We were all spending more time with our class work. I was certain we might lose a few more students when we reached the third break.

Sharon and I had no conversation just an occasional glance across the room. On one occasion as I passed the

ladies rest room I heard part of a remark by one of the girls inside: "love to see him in a dress and heels" followed by Sharon coming out the door.

Dr. Thomas had been right. Now that I was castrated the female hormones were un-abated as they coursed thru my body. I was already pushing my tee shirt out a bit and my nipples had become more sensitive. In addition my skin was much softer and smoother. My face especially had taken on a more feminine appearance. I wondered what I was going to say if either of my parents asked me about the change in my looks.

When I reported for my next appointment Dr. Thomas ushered me into the exam room first. After I undressed she examined my entire body. She seemed a bit amused as she looked at my shriveled genitals.

Lifting my small penis she examined the lines of stitches on either side of my scrotum. Next with both hands she squeezed my budding breasts. Finally she placed both hands on my cheeks and neck area. I received another shot. I got dressed and re-joined her in her office.

"You are proceeding remarkably well. Your stitches have healed completely and there have been no side effects from your hormone therapy. Your skin tone is excellent, comparable to a woman of your age. Your proper diet and exercise routine has kept you in perfect physical health."

"Now I want to go over with you in more detail what you will be facing as part of our program. First and foremost, and I must really stress this, once you start, there is no backing out. Second, you will not be alone. There are five other candidates that will be starting the program with you."

"When you finish the primary phase each one of you will be given an assignment. From the time you arrive

there you will have no past. Everything that is behind you is gone and to be forgotten. You will only focus on the present. Your future in femininity is guaranteed. That means: a job, food, lodging, medical, dental, retirement and of course all the things a sissy like you needs to maintain a feminine appearance without any cost to you."

"Remember too that you must be willing to leave everything behind. In terms of the world and the life you will leave behind you no longer exist. It's like you are going to be born again only this time you will be living your life in femininity, totally and completely with out a care or worry in the world."

She handed me a small slip of paper.

"Be at this address at the time indicated. Bring only your birth certificate and your driver's license. If you miss this date you may not get another for about a year so be on time. Remember to do exactly as you are told or the whole group will suffer the consequences of your actions. Now I am required to ask you one more time: Do you want to do this?"

I took the paper from her and smiled.

It sounded like a dream come true. I hadn't had any dreams for some time. This was going to be a dream life style and it would be 24/7. It was almost too good to be true. With that thought there was that pang of apprehension again. The old saying had come to mind that if something is too good to be true then it isn't and there was also "let the buyer beware".

Then again I thought this would be much different. This was no pie in the sky hare brained scheme being explained to me by some third rate hustler in a bar or one of those multi level marketing rival-like meetings.

"Yes I want to do this," I answered.

“That’s wonderful. Welcome aboard.”

She stood up and shook my hand.

I left her office with a feeling of great relief. It was like a weight had been lifted off of my shoulders. In the car I looked at the address she had given me. It was a beauty salon at a mall just off a main thoroughfare. The date was a Sunday just two weeks away and I had to be there at five pm.

Once I had heard a plastic surgeon on a talk show make the observation that when people want something very badly they may be blinded to the downside of achieving what they want. In the case of plastic surgery there was the pain, the recuperative period and the cold hard fact that the results may not be what the patient had expected to say nothing about the prospect that something might go wrong.

This was not the case with me however as I was very certain that this was the right thing for me to do. There would be no more stress in my life, no complications, no worries, nothing but a life wrapped totally and completely in the bonds of femininity.

This was a once in a lifetime opportunity. A chance for me to live not only what I knew would be a perfect life but a dream life at that. It was one that I could not afford to let slip by. There is a line from a popular song: “It’s my life and I’ll do what I want”, well I planned to do just that.

The next two weeks were the longest of my life. I found it hard to concentrate on anything. I made arrangements with a used car dealer to buy my car on Saturday the day before I would be going. I put the money in my dresser drawer and told my parents my car was in the shop until Monday.

After lunch on Sunday a friend from school picked me up and took me to the mall. I never said a word to my

parents, though I did feel some sadness about leaving them the way I was. Never the less I was heading for a much brighter future then they or I could have given myself if I stayed.

I took in a movie at the cinema plex. I left before the end of the movie and walked around the mall before I took a seat on a bench opposite the beauty shop. At fifteen minutes of five I walked in and showed the woman behind the counter the slip Dr. Thomas had given me. She motioned me to have a seat. There were five other young men like me sitting there. Promptly at five the woman pulled on the chain to shut off the "open" sign and motioned us to follow her in the back room.

In short order we had our earlobes pierced and our eyebrows were plucked and shaped. Following that we all got a manicure and pedicure with two coats of bright pink nail polish for our finger and toe nails. As soon as the polish was dry we walked out the back door where a large van was waiting. Three of us got in one row of seats and three of us in the back row. Elvira Hollingsford was at the wheel.

There was no conversation as she drove the van out of the parking lot. I had no idea where we were headed except I knew it would be towards a better life. We were on the interstate for less than a half hour and then we exited to a state highway for a little more than an hour.

It was just getting dark as Elvira turned off on a county road. I looked to the right as we drove thru the wooded hill country. The huge orange ball of the setting sun winked at me intermittently like a political candidate that thought they had just said something clever.

Twenty minutes later we were on a dirt road. She pulled into a driveway and parked the van in the rear of a very large Victorian style house.

We got out of the van and followed her from the pitch blackness of the night to a brightly lit kitchen area. Descending some stairs we entered the basement.

“Give me your birth certificates and your driver’s licenses please. Then take off all your clothes and put them in the large box at the end of the table. From the racks select one support, one long sleeve rubber shirt and one pair of rubber pants. After you put them on select five pairs of socks and put one pair on. Find a pair of running shoes that fit you and then stand near the stairs.”

As we began to follow her instructions I watched her feed the DL’s and birth certificates into a shredder. I noticed three stationary bikes and three treadmills on the other side of the room as we got dressed. The rubber garments, socks and shoes were all bright pink in color. When we were all dressed and standing at the stairway she came over to us.

“Follow me upstairs,” she ordered.

When we reached the first floor she continued on to the second.

“Each one of you has your own room. No talking amongst your selves. You will stay in your room at all times that you are not in training. The loudspeaker will get you up each morning. You will have an exercise period, then classes, lunch, classes, another exercise period and then study time. Each night turn your rubber uniform inside out so it will be dry the next day. On the night table is a single white tablet. Take it along with one of the yellow tablets before you turn in. From then on take only one yellow tablet at night. Now take a shower and sleep only in your support.”

With that she left and we all went into our assigned rooms. I went over to the bed and took off my pink running shoes and socks. The heavy pink rubber shirt, pants and pink satin jock strap were next.

Inside the small bathroom I took the pink shower cap from the shower head and put it on. After scrubbing myself with the pink perfumed soap I grabbed a large pink fluffy towel and dried myself off.

Returning to the main room I put the pink support back on.

Out of curiosity I walked over to the door and tried the handle. It was locked. I returned to the night table and examined the small bottle of yellow pills. I removed one from the container and along with the white pill I popped them into my mouth.

In the bathroom I filled the glass with water and took a mouthful to wash down the pills. I had just gotten in bed and was enjoying the feel of the pink satin sheets when the lights went out except for a single night light in the bathroom. A short time later I fell asleep. There were no dreams this time just the long, black nothingness of sleep.

A sudden, violet cramp in my stomach woke me up. I barely made it to the bathroom before I defecated like I had never defecated before. I thought for sure I had crapped out all my insides. If there was anything left in my rectum it sure as hell wasn't much.

I had no watch, none of us did, and there was no clock on the wall so I got back into bed. A short time later a voice boomed from the speaker over the door.

"Basement exercise in five minutes."

I got up and put on the rubber suit, socks and shoes. When I grabbed the door handle the door came open. I

joined the others as we headed downstairs to the basement. For the next hour we switched on and off from the stationary bike to running on the treadmills under Elvira's watchful eye.

It was a vicious, exhausting routine. I had never really pushed myself that hard before and I doubted if the other young men with me did either. In fact I didn't really think I was going to be able to finish the routine but I did.

"Times up," said Ms. Hollingsford, "Breakfast in the dining room."

We followed her up the stairs. At the dining room table we were served two slices of wheat toast and a glass of fruit juice by an older Hispanic woman. When we finished she reappeared and cleared the table as we went into the living room. We each got a pink notebook and a pink pen.

The six of us were seated on two large davenports. We watched a DVD on feminine deportment and then one on the use of makeup. Elvira interspaced the training with comments of her own. We were given one bathroom break and then continued our instruction until noon. The lunch was equally small, a glob of tuna fish and celery, along with two pear halves then another bathroom break

The afternoon started with more instruction until three thirty when after a bathroom break we returned to the basement for another exercise period. A Spartan supper of a chicken salad and more fruit was followed by two of us on each treadmill, walking one behind the other in an effeminate manner wearing three inch heel pink leather pumps. Finally the day ended with Elvira admonishing everybody to study their notes.

By the end of the week we all had lost at least ten pounds. The yellow pills were apparently a diuretic as we were all peeing like crazy. Saturday night we all took an-

other white pill and early Sunday morning another belly cramp. I didn't think I had anything left to crap but I did though it was much less than the first time.

The next week was much the same as the first except that we were now walking in four inch heel pumps. All of us were walking, sitting, talking and behaving in a very effeminate manner. Elvira seemed pleased at our progress.

I became so engrossed in the routine that I hadn't once thought about the life I had left behind or my parents. I was sure by now they had called the police. They were never going to find me of course because the young man they were looking for was fast becoming a young woman.

For all intensive purposes the outside world that I or the others had once been a part of no longer existed. We were in our own world. A world that was completely and totally devoted to femininity. One that none of us were ever going to leave except of course by death.

The third and fourth weeks went by quickly. We were now walking effortlessly in six inch heels. We had been thoroughly schooled in all the feminine arts as well as the cleaning, cooking, general housekeeping and serving skills that a proper sissy maid should be familiar with.

Saturday of the fourth week we all received a manicure and pedicure. This time we paired off and applied a coat of pink nail polish to each others finger and toe nails. Dr. Thomas was there. She examined each one of us briefly and then gave everybody a booster shot from some very large needles.

When she finished two women, one with a clipboard and one with a tape measure entered the basement. We all had our bust, waist, hips, skull, neck, wrist, sleeve length, feet and palm width measured and recorded. These mea-

surements would be forwarded to our new “assignment” as Elvira called it.

“I congratulate all of you on successfully completing this part of your training. Tonight you will be taken to your destination where you will begin your new life. Good luck to all of you.”

After supper that evening we all had a glass of wine. At eight pm we went outside and got into the maxi van. Elvira put the van in gear. Instead of driving out the access road she turned left and drove past the old barn in the rear of the house.

She was following a dirt road that was leading us to a patch of woods in the back end of the property. I thought this was a bit odd but as a proper sissy maid I kept my mouth shut and didn’t ask any questions.

I began to feel drowsy. I looked at the other young men and they seemed to be feeling the same way. It was almost as if we were in a dream like state. I wondered if something hadn’t been put in the wine we had drunk after supper.

Shortly the van slowed up and then came to a stop. Elvira looked back at us with a smile.

“Let’s go girls! Transport is here.”

We began to exit the van. I felt woozy, almost dizzy as I and the others got out of the vehicle. We were at the edge of a clearing. In the middle of the clearing was a large silver disk. It was supported by four struts. In the middle a stairway had been lowered. There were several figures in silver outfits coming towards us.

Now I was positive that something had been put in the wine. This had to be another one of those dreams. There was no way I and the others was about to board a flying

saucer and take off into outer space. My heart was in my throat yet at the same time my pulse was still relaxed.

Strangely I felt very calm as the figures came up to meet us. There were six of them. They were all women with shoulder length hair. The shiny silver outfits they were wearing fit their bodies closely like leotards and their silver knee high boots were flat heeled.

Each one of them took one of us by the hand and led us back to the stairway. As we ascended the stairs I turned to look back to see Elvira go back in the van, turn it around and head back to the house the way we had come. The woman with me pulled my arm. I turned and continued to ascend into the disk.

Once inside we were led down a well lit corridor. There was no sound inside the craft and none of our escorts had yet to say a word to us. I was beginning to feel sleepier and I was barely able to take a step as we continued around the circular corridor.

On the left doors slid open silently and each of us was led inside a small room. My escort pushed a button on the far wall revealing the bathroom and then led me back to a small bed. I opened my mouth to ask a question and her passive face turned to a frown as she raised a single finger to her lips to shush me and then shook her head.

By now I didn't have the strength to stand up. My escort helped me on the pink bed and left the room. I closed my eyes hoping that when I woke up this weird dream would be over and I would be on my way to a life in femininity just as Dr. Thomas had promised me. My sleep was deep and restful.

When I opened my eyes I was still in this small pink room. I was still wearing my pink rubber outfit, pink socks and pink running shoes that I had received when I

first arrived at the house. I went into the bathroom and sat down to pee. My finger and toenails were still pink.

After I finished I held my hands under the soap dispenser and a small amount of perfumed soap was ejected. I put my hands under the single Fawcett and warm water spurted out. I dried my hands on a pink towel next to the sink and then returned to my bed.

I sat down on the edge of the bed and looked around my little pink room. If this was one of those crazy dreams I had been having why hadn't I woken up yet? Had I really been kidnapped by UFO aliens? Was I now on my way to some distant planet to be used by them for purposes unknown? Was I going to be part of their scientific experiments, medical research or something unimaginable? My heart was pounding with all the horrific possibilities.

My watch had been taken from me at the house so I had no idea what time it was. There was no clock in the room nor was there a calendar on the wall. There was no sensation of movement and there was no noise from any source.

The door slid open and a silver clad figure entered the room and set a tray down on my lap. Once again I opened my mouth but a single finger was pressed against my lips. The woman left the room. On the tray was a bowl of what looked like oatmeal, a glass that appeared to contain fruit juice and a spoon on a pink cloth napkin.

I picked up the spoon, and took a mouthful of the stuff. It had no real taste but I was hungry so I continued to eat it. The stuff in the glass had a fruity taste but it wasn't like anything I had tasted before. When I finished I set the tray aside and waited for the silver clad figure to return.

When she did she picked up the tray and left without a word. I lay back down on the bed and wondered just exactly what the hell I had gotten myself into. Had I somehow been frozen in a dream, never to be able to wake up again? If not and this was really some kind of a spaceship where were they taking me?

Dr. Thomas certainly hadn't said anything about leaving planet earth for this 24/7 feminine lifestyle. As much as I understood I would be leaving my masculine life behind for a life totally enveloped in femininity I had never envisioned anything like this.

It seemed pretty outrageous to me to even consider the possibility that Mrs. Dandridge, Ms. Hollingsford and Dr. Thomas had all conspired to get me and the other young men to become feminized, trained as maids and then transported quite literally "out of this world". As much as I tried to deny it all the pieces seemed to fit together only to well.

It had begun with a service call to Mrs. Dandridge followed by another one to Ms. Hollingsford and then my doing some domestic chores for her.

There was the mutual discovery that Mrs. Dandridge and I liked the same websites but for different reasons, hers from a business standpoint and mine for pleasure. Mrs. Dandridge's gift of a sample quantity of FEM-FOAM had been followed by my purchasing a supply of the product to keep my body hair free and softly feminine.

Inside the box had been a business card from Dr. Thomas. A consultation with her had led to my starting a hormone regime producing some very desirable results in feminizing my body.

My seduction at the hands of Sharon, which may or may not have been related, contributed to my enjoyment of the feminine person I was becoming.

Two plus two was rapidly coming out to be the predicted four. Things were becoming a little too clear and while I didn't feel there was any reason for me to be afraid I was certainly more than a little concerned as to just exactly what lie ahead.

I was visited twice more by these silver clad women. The food and beverages didn't taste like anything I had ever eaten or drunk before. When my tray was removed the third time I pointed to my wrist where I would normally have my watch only to have the woman place a single finger against her lips before she left the room.

Later another woman entered my room and gave me a white pill and a cup of water. I took the pill from her and placed it in my mouth. I swallowed half of the cup of water. She took the cup with her and left the room.

Within a few minutes I felt sleepy and lay back on the bed. I closed my eyes. Maybe when I woke up this time I would be back at the house awaiting my real assignment. This whole charade with silver clad women and flying saucers would all be just a memory of a bad dream.

I awoke to the feel of someone touching my arm. I had slept pretty soundly but I was still in this little pink room with a silver uniformed woman standing over me. I suddenly doubled over and she helped me to the bathroom. I voided myself completely again and when I returned to the room she was waiting for me at the door. She motioned me to walk ahead of her.

Out in the main corridor I saw the other five young men walking back the way we had come in. I joined them and shortly we were walking down the same ladder we had ascended when we entered the disk.

The sun was shining brightly and we were all shading our eyes as we descended the ladder. At the base of the ladder there was a sleek van type vehicle. We all got in-

side. The windows were tinted so you could not see outside. There was another woman in silver at the wheel. As we started moving I couldn't hear any sound. I could only deduce that this was some sort of electric vehicle.

There was hardly any feeling of moving. The ride was as comfortable as it was quiet. I judged we had been riding for only about thirty minutes when the right hand door slid back. I got out and saw we were in some sort of alcove next to a very large building.

Surrounding us were several women in white uniforms and surgical masks. We were led inside the building. In the hallway each one of us was put on a wheeled cart like a gurney. No one had spoken to us as we were wheeled to a bank of elevators.

When the doors opened I was wheeled down the pink hallway to a room with many overhead lights. There were many surgically garbed people there. My shoe laces were untied. Both my shoes and socks were pulled off. As one woman was pulling down my elastic waist pink rubber pants another was pulling up my long sleeve rubber shirt.

At this point I felt I had to say something as it appeared I was about to undergo a surgical procedure. I opened my mouth to speak one of the women placed her finger against my lips to shush me. I turned my head away and looked right at one of them defiantly.

"Now just a minute, I demand to know what you are going to do to me," I said with a dry, raspy voice.

A loud smack reverberated throughout the room. The larger women to my left had slapped me across the face. It stung and before I could do anything more I received a shot in my left arm. Everything went black and once again I was floating thru dreamland.

This time when I woke up I found my face had bandages over my nose and cheekbones. My lips felt swollen

too. There was also a large bandage across my chest, just below my breasts. I placed my hands over my groin. My penis and empty scrotum were still there.

I had mentioned to Dr. Thomas that I wasn't sure that I wanted to become a woman as I had never been attracted to men. Despite my feminization I still felt that way so I was glad that the last vestige of my masculinity was still there.

My mind was a bit fuzzy. I could tell the room was pink but not much else. I closed my eyes and slept some more. I felt someone touching my arm. There was a woman in white holding a glass with a drinking straw in it. I raised my head up and sucked the glass dry.

Without a word she refilled the glass, set it on the stand next to the bed and left the room. Once again I was alone with my thoughts. I wondered if the other young men were undergoing surgery too. There was no way to determine what they had done to my face or why they had cut open my chest. I was just going to have to wait and see.

I stayed in that room for what I judged to be two more days. On the morning of the third day two women, both in white uniforms came in the room.

"Sit up please," said the one on my left.

I sat up as straight as I could. She began slowly removing the bandages that covered the lower portion of my face. When the last of it came off she held up a mirror to my face.

"I am Dr. Kane. How do you like the new you Sissy Maid Marilyn?" she asked.

I was shocked to discover that I now barely resembled the old Mark Whitney. My nose was a little smaller, my cheekbones had been enhanced, my lips were thicker and

the space between my lover lip and chin had been filled in. I now had a perfectly feminine face. In spite of the fact that I wasn't really me any more I was quite pleased with the results. I looked up at her and smiled as best I could.

"I like it, I am beautiful," I stammered with a dry mouth voice.

"I thought you would be pleased, just like the others that came here with you."

I looked down at the bandage on my chest.

"What was done here?" I asked.

"Advantages in technology have allowed us to implant a single large ovary in your chest. It will produce more than the amount of estrogen that is normally produced from two in a woman. You will no longer need shots. In a very short time you develop a very rosy, feminine glow. It is similar to what you probably have seen on pregnant women whose pregnancy has caused them to produce an elevated level of estrogen in their bodies."

"You may also develop a heightened feeling of, shall we say "girliness", but we have eliminated the potential for mood swings. We are going to keep you here for a couple of more days and then you will be taken to your assignment. Good day and good luck to you."

With that she left the room with her assistant who was carrying the bandages. I sat there for a few minutes and ran my fingers over my new face. I reached over and drank half the glass of water. There was no mirror in the bathroom so I couldn't go in there and examine myself more closely.

I couldn't wait to see myself with make up. My hair was getting long. It hadn't been cut since a month before I had arrived at the house. I wanted to shampoo it too. I was wondering if they were going to let it grow longer so

I could put it in rollers or if they were going to keep it short so I could be fitted for wigs.

That afternoon I was allowed to walk down the hall and back with a woman in white walking beside me. I saw no other people nor did I see any of the other five men I had come here with. Back in my room I did push-ups, sit ups and some running in place. The woman in white took my pulse and blood pressure when I finished and then left the room.

Two days later I felt my strength returning. I wanted badly to get out of this rubber suit and into lingerie, a dress and heels. I longed to wear makeup too. At last I would be ready for my life in femininity.

On the afternoon of the third day I was taken by a woman in white to a small room at the end of the long hallway. Inside I was told to undress and stand spread eagle in what looked like a shower stall. She handed me two plugs and instructed me to place them in my ears. After I did so she placed a small mask over my nose and mouth.

I wondered what this procedure was going to do for me as she stepped out of the enclosure and shut the door. Shortly a pink fluid began filling the stall. I began to panic as it reached my waist, then my chest and finally stopped just below my eyes. Next I felt something akin to an electric current. My whole body seemed to tingle.

After about ten minutes it stopped. The pink fluid drained out and I was sprayed with warm water. When the spray stopped the woman in white opened the door. She took off the mask and I gave her the earplugs. I stepped out of the stall and was handed a fluffy pink towel to dry myself off.

“The tingling you felt was an electrolyte. Combined with the FEM-FOAM it gets down into the base of the hair

follicle and kills the root. From now on you should have no body or facial hair whatsoever.”

I got dressed and followed her back to my room. After another day the doctor came in and examined me again. She pronounced me fit and ready for my assignment. After lunch a woman in a black uniform came into the room.

“Come with me Sissy Maid Marilyn and I will take you to your assignment.”

I followed her out of the building to the same alcove that I had entered the building from several days before. She opened the rear door of a similar vehicle that had met us at the airport. I got in and she walked around to the drivers’ side.

There was another young man in pink rubber already sitting there. I knew there was to be no talking among sissy maids so I did not acknowledge him. I wondered if we were both going to the same place or if we were going to have different assignments.

The driver made no attempt at conversation and I didn’t initiate any either. I was glad to be out of there and on my way to what ever my assignment was. It least when I got there I would be home, if “home” was the right word.

I wished I had a watch to know the time or could at least look at a calendar to see what month or day it was. I had lost all track of time. There had been no radio or TV. I hadn’t been able to see or hear a news broadcast or a weather forecast.

This vehicle, like the one that had picked us up when the disk landed, also had shaded windows so I wasn’t able to even see a billboard or road sign. The ride was motionless as well as soundless except for some soft music playing from the dash radio. The driver brought the vehicle to a stop and turned around to face the two of us.

“Okay girls, you are home now.”

She got out and walked around to the other side of the vehicle and slid open the door. We both stepped out into the bright sunshine. It was a blinding sunshine. Somehow it seemed brighter than any sun shiny day I could ever remember.

The vehicle had stopped near the entrance of what looked like a car port. A woman was standing there and began walking towards us. She handed both of us a pair of pink large oval sunglasses.

“Come inside quickly girls, that sun is beastly and can do irreparable harm to your delicate feminine skin. I trust you had a pleasant trip and that everything else went all right?”

“Yes m’am,” the two of us answered together as we entered the house.

She turned to face us.

“I am Phyllis Birkeshire. You will address me as Madame Birkeshire and this is Birkeshire Estates.”

“Which one of you is Sissy Maid Marilyn?”

“I am, Madame Birkeshire,” I responded quickly.

“Then you must be Sissy Maid Toni,” she said with a smile.

“Follow me and I will get the both of you settled in.”

We fell in step behind her and walked thru an expansive kitchen area. Turning right we walked down a hallway and then exited the building thru a side door.

The glasses sure helped as the blinding sun hit us again. We followed a wide sidewalk to a small building next to the main one. It was about the size of four motel rooms side by side. We entered the first unit and Madame Birkeshire turned around.

“This is your room Sissy Maid Marilyn and the one next door is yours Sissy Maid Toni. Sissy Maids Patti and Denise have the other two. All the rooms are the same. As you can see there are spacious and lovely. Your clothing has arrived and been placed in your dressers and closets. The vanity is stocked and your schedules will be posted on the back of the front door monthly. You have today off. Come to the kitchen for your meals.”

“There is a full staffed beauty parlor in the basement for your maintenance days as well as exercise equipment for off duty use, laundry machines and supplies. Be sure you are always the picture of perfect femininity. Let me know if you need anything. Remember too that punctuality is very important here. Never be late for anything.”

She handed each of us a ladies watch with a pink leather band.

“I am sure you want to freshen up a bit and get acquainted with your surroundings. Remember to always check your appearance before reporting for work. You may only be outside in the evening. That sun is murder on a sissy’s delicate skin.”

She turned and left the room followed by Sissy Toni who was headed to his own room. I stood in the middle of the floor for a minute. Well this is it I thought to myself. Now, if I just knew where the hell I was. I took off my sunglasses.

The large room had pink carpeting and drapes which had been drawn to keep out the bright sun. The walls were pink with white trim and the ceiling was white. There was a pink sofa and two pink occasional chairs opposite a big screen mounted in the wall. There were two end tables on either side between the sofa and the stuffer chairs.

I walked into the adjacent room to find the bedroom and the full bathroom decorated the same way. The stuffed chair, dresser, vanity, and the frame of the four poster bed were white. The four poster bed had pink chiffon drapes, a pink chiffon spread covering pink satin sheets and pink pillow cases. I guess you could say it was sissy heaven. As I sat at the vanity the lights along the mirror came on automatically.

The reflection in the vanity mirror was that of an attractive young woman. I put my hands up to my face and felt my skin. It was soft and smooth just like a woman's. My hair felt dried out and stringy but then it hadn't been washed for some time. On the top and in the drawers was an ample supply of make up, hair and skin care items.

I got up and went into the bathroom. Same pink décor and a pink shower cap hanging from the shower head. Large pink fluffy bath and hand towels along with pink wash clothes were on the racks. In the cupboard were more of the same. There were several bath sets consisting of perfumed soap, bubble bath, body powder, and perfume bottles.

Back in the bedroom I found the four drawer dresser contained lingerie and sleepwear. The huge closet along the opposite wall contained a variety of maid uniforms, aprons, and accessories, petticoats and high heeled shoes. There were also some skirts, frilly blouses and a couple of shirtdresses. The top shelf contained a dozen wigs in various styles and colors. They had thought of everything that was for sure.

I went back to the main room and looked at the schedule on the back of the door. At the very top of the schedule was the words "Upstairs maid". The lines below indicating what I should wear and where to report were numbered one to thirty. There were also several lines that were blank with a single word "off" and one that said

“maintenance”. At the bottom was the word “Meals” followed by three numbers 6, 11 and 5. I presumed these to be “o’clock” or am, am and pm.

Below the schedule was a picture of Berkshire estates. Underneath were sheets of numbers. At the top of the first sheet was a large number “5”. There were five rows. The first was 1 thru 6 with the “1” circled in red, the next 7 thru 12, then 13-18, 19-24 and finally 25-30. There was no name at the top like January or March. There were twelve sheets with thirty numbers on each sheet.

If this was a calendar it certainly was a strange one. I felt a pang of uncertainty again.

The warm bubble bath and a vigorous shampooing of my hair made me feel much better. After drying off I dusted myself with some of the body talc. I not only felt better but of course much more girly too.

For the next several hours I tried on the lingerie, clothes and shoes. Everything, even the wigs fit me like a glove. I hoped they would never loose the phone number of the tailor. When I finished I put on a pink shirtdress over my pink bra and panties. The lingerie felt good against my hair free skin and I was happy to be wearing a dress. The matching pink open toed sandals were last. I looked at my watch and saw it was a quarter of five. I put on the sunglasses and walked outside to the main house for supper.

Sissy Maid Toni was just ahead of me. As I got even with him I smiled at him. Momentarily he looked frightened then smiled back at me as we reached the back door. We went inside and down the hallway to the kitchen.

In the kitchen there were four places set on a small table. A woman pointed at the table and we sat down. Shortly she set the meal down in front of us. There was

nothing in front of me that I recognized but I was hungry so I began to eat.

Two other sissy maids joined us. We all ate in silence. I didn't recognize anything in front of me. None of the food that was placed in front of me tasted like anything I had ever eaten before but it did taste good, maybe because I was hungry.

Afterwards we all walked back to our quarters. The sun wasn't quite so bright when I returned but it was still very warm. Once inside my room I felt much better.

I sat on the couch and picked up the remote from the end table. A menu appeared on the screen. I picked one that said "movies" and then selected "comedy" from the sub menu. The movie began. I didn't recognize the title nor did I know the names of any of the cast. Half way thru the movie I went back to the menu and selected "mystery". Once again I failed to recognize the title or identify any of the actors listed in the cast. From the sports menu I first selected "football" and then "soccer". The teams were ones I had never heard of and the announcers were none that I recognized either. I shut the screen off and sat there for a few minutes with my heart pounding.

There were many questions that I wanted answered. The primary one of course was where had I been taken. I thought about asking Madame Birkshire when I saw her again. There couldn't be any harm in that could there? I figured I was entitled to some answers. I was felt like I was being "kept" in this place. Not really against my will as I had willingly given up my previous life for a totally feminine one, but kept in the sense that I could not come and go as I pleased.

I began to feel sleepy so I went back to the bedroom and took off my clothes. I put on a pale blue silk teddy

and slipped on the four inch heel fuzzy toed slippers. In the bathroom I brushed my teeth with a pink toothbrush. I stopped in front of the full length mirror on the back of the bedroom door and smiled at the very pretty feminine persona I saw standing there.

Back in the main room I turned the screen on again and selected "news". A handsome you man appeared and related stories about government plans, corporate expansions and other things but never mentioned names that I was familiar with. I clicked on weather and a pretty young blonde woman appeared. She explained the heat season had begun and would last until mid nine when the turnaround was expected to start. Rain was scheduled for the evenings of six, eleven, seventeen and twenty five.

It suddenly hit me that she didn't say "rain was forecast" she said "scheduled". The heat would last until mid "9" but not "September" which had once been the ninth month for me. The word "turnaround" was used. Was this a change of season?

I was getting sleepier so I shut the screen off and walked into the bedroom. As I did so the lights in the main room dimmed and then went out. I set my alarm clock and then pulled back the covers of the pink four poster bed. I felt deliciously feminine as I slid between the pink satin sheets.

As I lay awake thinking about where I was the bedroom lights dimmed and then went out except for a small night light in the bathroom. I wasn't really afraid. I had just begun a life that would keep me totally and completely enveloped in femininity. Yet to be truthful this was, despite many similarities, a far different place than the one I had left.

I thought about a science fiction movie I had once seen about a planet directly opposite the earth, orbiting the sun

at about the same time, inhabited by people just like the ones on earth. Was this it? I asked myself. My eyelids got heavy so I closed them and sleep came.

The next morning as prescribed on the clipboard I dressed in black foundation garments, a black taffeta slip, and seamed stockings. I felt very girlish as I sat at the vanity and applied my makeup. After adjusting the black wig I slipped into a black short sleeve sheath dress.

Next I put on my four inch stiletto heel black leather pumps. Back at the vanity I put the white maid's cap on top of my wig, slipped the frilly white apron over my head, and tied it in the back with a large bow. I checked myself in the full length mirror before leaving my room.

After we finished breakfast the other sissy maids and I waited a few minutes before Ms. Birkshire arrived. I stood up when she entered the kitchen and without prompting curtsayed politely.

"Good morning Madame Birkshire," I said

"Good morning Sissy Maid Marilyn," she replied.

She looked all four of us over very carefully like we were standing inspection.

"You three wait here while I get Sissy Maid Marilyn started upstairs."

I followed her down the hall and then up a carpeted staircase. The home was beautifully decorated in every respect and was also spotlessly clean. At the top of the stairs she stopped and opened a door to the right. It was a utility closet.

"You will find everything you need in here. Always wear the latex gloves on the top shelf. Dust and vacuum each room and the hallway. Clean the windows and the mirrors. Scrub the bathrooms and polish the furniture. I have no guests so the bed linen and bath towels need not

be changed. I will be back in several hours to check on you."

She left me alone to begin my duties. I put on a pair of the gloves and then reached in for the vacuum cleaner, dust cloths, and furniture spray. Well my new life was off to a good start I thought to myself. I had decided not to ask Madame Birkshire where I was or any other questions just yet, maybe after we had gotten to know each other.

I entered the first bedroom and began my duties. They too were elegantly furnished. Madame Birkshire and whoever else lived here were certainly affluent to say the least. I concentrated on my work making very sure everything was spotless and that the mirrors and the bright work shone. I double checked everything before I left the room. I wasn't going to leave anything to chance. I didn't need a reprimand the first day on the job.

Looking out of the windows after I cleaned them I couldn't help but notice that the grass, bushes, and trees were very well taken care of too. It was as if the whole place was manicured and trimmed just like you would expect to find on a wealthy persons estate.

Madame Birkshire arrived just as I was finishing the second of the four bedrooms. I curtseyed politely and stood to one side so she could enter the room. She carefully inspected each one that I had finished while I vacuumed the hall carpeting.

"Everything looks ok, finish the other two bedrooms and take your lunch."

"Yes Madame Birkshire," I said as curtseyed again.

I began cleaning the remaining two rooms feeling good about the fact that she had not found anything to complain about. I took my time and was meticulous in my work. When I finished I returned all the cleaning items to

the hall closet and went downstairs to the kitchen to join Sissy Maid Toni for lunch.

None of us spoke as we ate. Again I was unable to figure out what the food was but it certainly tasted good. Sissy Maid Toni had no trouble eating it either.

Following our lunch Madame Birkshire took us to the living and dining area that had just been cleaned by Sissy Maid Toni.

“Set the table for six. I am having some friends over for my evening meal. When you’re finished you may return to your rooms. The other two maids will be serving this evenings’ meal.”

We both began setting the dishes and silverware on a beautiful white table cloth. In the center there was a gorgeous floral piece. The aroma of the flowers was very nice but I couldn’t recognize the type of flowers they were.

When we finished Madame Birkshire looked the table over.

“It’s perfect. You girls have done a fine job. You are excused for the balance of the day.”

“Yes ma’m,” we both answered in unison. We curtseyed and left the room.

Outside as we walked to our rooms I felt I had to say something to Sissy Maid Toni.

“I know we were forbidden to talk to one another in training but have you had a chance to talk to the other sissy maids?” I asked.

Sissy Maid Toni looked up at me a little fearfully.

“I haven’t talked to either of them yet as they worked at different times and places in the house. I was afraid to say anything in front of the kitchen staff too. Do you have any idea where we are?”

“Not a clue,” I replied. “Everything here is so unusual, not strange really, just remarkably different.”

“I know. I have been trying to figure things out since looking over my duty roster, the numbered sheets which I think is a calendar and all the stuff I can get on that wall screen that I don’t recognize.”

“Yes I know. Let’s keep exploring that screen for more clues as to where we are.”

We went into our separate rooms. After I closed the door I looked at the numbered sheets again. Five rows of six on a sheet and there would normally be twelve sheets. That was three hundred and sixty days altogether in what you might call their year.

I walked over to the couch, smoothed the skirt of my dress and sat down. I decided to leave my uniform on in case either or both of us might be called back to the house.

Despite the boredom of the mundane cleaning chores I loved wearing the lingerie, my maid’s dress and of course the high heel pumps. That morning I had felt girlishly happy as I applied my makeup and got dressed. I felt very relaxed in my feminine apparel, mincing effeminately in heels with my arms across my body, hands dangling at the wrist as well as performing a perfect curtsy in front of my boss.

I picked up the remote and turned on the screen. Scanning all the options I wasn’t sure where I might find out more about where I was. I chose one that said “education.”

The sub menu appeared to be a list of courses that were available. I chose “geography” first. Next I had to choose between, eastern, western, northern and southern regions. I chose the first. On a black screen there appeared a globe with blue and brown areas. The brown areas had some green sections as well as several blue lines running

thru them. I wondered if the brown areas were the land masses and if the blue were oceans or lakes with the blue lines being rivers.

I continued to watch as the narrator enumerated the blue areas as “seas” and the blue lines as “channels”. There had not been a name for the land area. I pushed the back button and then one at a time watched the other three regions being described. I watched only part of the first two but saw the southern region thru to the end.

The narrator had described it as the hottest of the four regions. There were four large dots and six smaller ones which were described as “populated zones.” I took that to mean cities. I switched back to “Climate” and learned that “turnaround” was the term for the switch from a very hot period of time to a similar length of time that was much cooler. It seemed to indicate there were two seasons here of 6 months each.

After going back to the main menu I clicked on “history.” The opening showed volcanoes erupting and shifting land masses breaking apart to form new ones. It seemed to be very close to the way planet earth had been formed.

I was fascinated by these parallels with Earth. I shut the screen off as it was getting close the time for my evening meal. I sat there thinking for a while about what I had just seen. There had always been that theory of two very similar inhabited places in the universe.

In the bedroom I touched up my lipstick and then walked to the kitchen where Sissy Maid Toni joined me. After our meal we walked back to our quarters discussing what we both had viewed on the wall screen. I went into her room and I sat down next to her.

“I have no explanation for where we are,” she began. “But it sure looks like this place is a duplicate of Earth. I

mean the land masses are all different as are the ocean like blue areas. The people here seem to be just like us. They are the same as the human beings on Earth."

"I agree, that is if these people are really people. If they are some other life form I don't know why we would be brought here. I have been afraid to ask any questions just yet. Maybe we will get a chance to leave the estate and see some of the rest of this place."

"Have you had chance to talk with Sissy Maid Patti or Denise?"

"Not much, just in passing as we were going to and from the main house."

"I think we should get all get together and soon."

"You're absolutely right. Check your schedule and see if there is a time when we can all meet together."

"I will."

I left Sissy Maid Toni's room and returned to my own.

After a luxurious steamy bubble bath and a generous dusting of the perfumed body powder I slipped into a pink satin chemise. I returned to the main room and looked at my schedule again. I saw two numbers where I had the afternoon off as well as the next day.

There had to be a time when we could all get together without it interfering with our work or maintenance schedules. Hopefully it would be without Madame Birkshire's knowledge. Of course I had no idea how closely we might be monitored away from our duties at the main house.

Several more days passed. We all became entrenched in our routines. On the first number on the second line, which I attributed to be the first day of the next "week" I walked back to our quarters with Sissy Maid Patti.

“Sissy Maid Toni and I want to get together with you and Sissy Maid Denise for a chat.”

“Yes I know. Sissy Maid Denise told me she had talked with Sissy Maid Toni earlier in the day. I will let you know when it will be best for me.”

“Ok, great. If anyone at the main house should question us about it I think it would be safe to say we were all together for a “girlie chat.”

“Sounds like a plan to me,” Sissy Maid Patti said with a giggle.

I was now hopeful of the fact that with all of us in one room we could learn a little about each other since we were all working together as well as discuss where in the world or the universe for that matter, we had found ourselves.

My idea was easier said than done. The four of us finally found a number near the end of the fifth line.

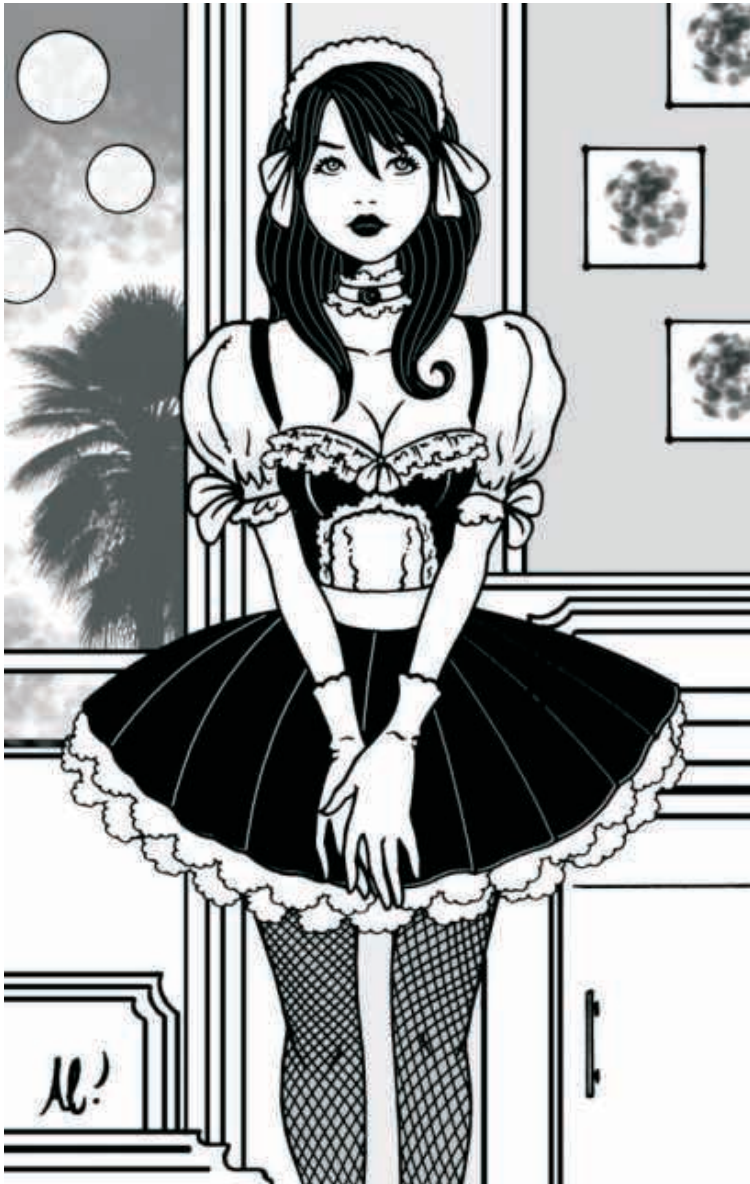
I had the day off and Patti had the evening off. Denise and Toni had the afternoon off. We agreed to meet in my room right after our evening meal.

All of us had completed about three of the so called “weeks” when Madame Birkshire asked me to assist Sissy Maid Toni serving an early evening gathering on the patio. Of course I agreed.

“Be in the kitchen about sevenish. Wear your black taffeta mini dress and black lingerie, fish net stockings, five inch stiletto pumps along with red lipstick and blusher please,” she asked.

“Yes ma’m,” I answered right way without thinking.

It wasn’t like I was ever going to refuse to do anything she asked me to do.



I arrived at the kitchen at quarter of seven. As much as I enjoyed being in any dress I liked the mini dresses the most. The slippery taffeta fabric combined with the rustle

of petticoats and the click of my stiletto heel pumps as I walked gave me an exquisitely girlish feeling.

Madame Birkshire looked me over carefully after I curtsied and then turned her attention to Sissy Maid Toni who had just arrived wearing a blue satin mini dress, sheer stockings and blue stiletto heel pumps. Satisfied with our appearance she outlined our service duties.

“My guests will be arriving shortly. I will take them to a table and then the two of you will alternately serve drinks and snacks. Once they are all here I will be conducting a short business meeting so you will station yourselves at the kitchen door. When I am finished you will fill the glasses and replenish the snack trays as needed. After my guests leave you will bring all glasses and trays to the kitchen and then wipe the tables clean. Any questions?”

We had none so we sat at the small table where we took our meals. It was only a few minutes until the first guests began arriving and we began our serving duties.

Both Sissy Maid Toni and I enjoyed mincing effeminately around the tables as we served the drinks and snacks to the assembled guests. The brightly lit colored lanterns surrounding the patio area and the soft music coming from well hidden speakers gave a festive ambience to the place.

Everyone at the tables had a “normal” look you might say. If we were on another planet these inhabitants were dead ringers for the people of Earth. Neither of us stayed too long at the tables so we were unable to catch more than a few bits of conversation, though there were plenty of “please and thank you s” to go around.

At the conclusion of the evening Sissy Maid Toni and I began clearing the tables. We had just finished wiping clean the last of the tables when I got the shock of my life. I was walking just ahead of Sissy Maid Toni when the

lights dimmed and for whatever reason I looked up at the sky.

What I saw was like a punch in the gut. I stopped dead in my tracks. Behind me Sissy Maid Toni almost bumped into me. I turned to her and nodded my head skyward. She looked up too and her mouth fell open.

In the middle of the starry night sky there were three moons shining brightly. The large one was about the size of the moon orbiting the earth. There were two smaller ones orbiting the large one. I turned to look at Sissy Maid Toni who was still starrng up at the sky.

“We better get back inside,” I said.

Returning to the kitchen we both donned pink latex gloves. After washing the glasses and plates we dried them. Madame Birkshire had been watching us closely as we replaced them in the dining room china closet.

“Girls you both did a superb job this evening, you may go now, thanks again.”

We both curtseyed and walked back to our rooms. Halfway there we both stopped and looked up at the sky again. The three moons were still there. I put a single finger up to my lips and then said to her.

“We’ll talk later.”

Sissy Maid Toni turned and headed for her room as I walked to mine.

My feelings were quite mixed. The bubble bath did not quell the little gremlins chewing at the inside of my stomach. I still didn’t know where I was but I knew for sure where I wasn’t.

This place was definitely not planet earth. Though I was living my dream feminine lifestyle and to be honest quite happy about that, this was not a dream. This was reality. I wasn’t going to wake up at some point and find

myself at home in my own bed. It was a long time before I dozed off to sleep.

I and the other maids continued to follow our work schedule. What I saw that night was still in the back of my mind though it did not affect my work at all.

It was still a while yet before we would all get together at my place. I decided to get brave and ask Madame Birkshire a few questions after work. It was the second day of the last line on the number 5 sheet, three numbers or days until we were all going to meet in my room. I finished my downstairs work and ate my supper. I approached her as she was at the stair case.

"Madame Birkshire may I have a minute," I asked as I curtsayed.

"Of course Sissy Maid Marilyn, what is it?"

"I was wondering. I, that is we, have been working about a full sheet and we wondered about leaving the grounds to, well see the sights, do some shopping."

She gave me a puzzled look and then her face broke into a grin.

"Good heavens, it must have slipped my mind completely when you first came here. I am so sorry. You and the other girls will receive your monthly stipend card of 1,000 units tomorrow as well as the transport schedule. You have to have completed the schedule for 5 before being allowed off the estate. Please let the others know. Again I sincerely apologize for not letting you all know."

"Thank you Madame Birkshire," I replied. I curtsayed and then left the house.

I stopped at each girl's room and let them know what she had said, then reminded them of our meeting at the end of the line or should I say week, if in fact that's what it was.

When all the girls were assembled in my room I stood up and faced them.

“Girls by now you know that we are getting 1,000 units shortly. Apparently this is our compensation to spend as we wish. What we can spend it on is something I am not sure of just yet. The transport schedule that we are getting apparently will take us to a populated area, a city I guess, but whatever else we may find there is not known at this time, any thoughts?”

“I’m glad you asked,” said Sissy Maid Toni. “As much as I love what I do and the conditions under which I am employed my room was getting a little small. In the coolness of the early evening I did walk around the grounds some but I would like to get out of here for just a while to see the rest of where we are. Like you I did some surfing on the screen but so far I haven’t been able to get a lot of information.”

“I agree,” chimed in Sissy Maid Denise. “I love my feminized lifestyle and being a sissy maid but these quarters, as delightfully feminine and comfortable as they are, can be a bit cramped. I am looking forward to stretching my legs and seeing some of the rest of this place.”

“Ok then. Let’s wait until we get paid and then have a chance to ride this transport to wherever it takes us before we talk with Madame Birkshire.”

With that my fellow maids got up and left my room.

That night I channel surfed a little more but failed to come up with much more information. It was hard to get interested in a movie where none of the actors was recognizable. In the back of my mind I kept seeing those three moons. It was hard to shake that image even as I slid comfortably between those pink satin sheets and drifted off to sleep.

After our shift on day number 30 we were all given a white plastic card as well as the transport schedule. There was an image of Birkshire Estates on one side and a black strip across the back. A magnetic strip perhaps, I asked myself.

In my room I noticed that a new work schedule had been posted on the back of the door and sheet number 5 had been torn off. I looked for my days off and found a corresponding date on the transport schedule.

According to the instructions on the top of the transport schedule I turned on the wall screen. Under "Transport" I entered Birkshire Estates and found an arrival and departure schedule. The destination was a place called "Centre" and from there were connection times for "Spaceport", "Seaport", "Commerce" and finally "Government". I placed a check mark in box number 4 for a nine am pick up and a one pm return. This was my first day off of the new week. I noticed there was another checkmark already there.

The next day Sissy Maid Toni told me that she would be going then too. I was glad she and I would be going together. I felt much better at having a companion in the event something should go wrong since neither one of us had any idea where we were headed or what we were going to find once we got there.

At the end of my shift the day before I was to go to Centre Madame Birkshire came up to me.

"Wear your pink shirtdress and pink heels. Use your pink purse too. Remember whether you are here or away from here you represent me and Birkshire Estates. You must always have a perfect feminine appearance."

"Yes ma'm," I replied. I curtsayed and left the main house.

I hardly slept a wink that night and Sissy Maid Toni said she hadn't slept much either. We boarded a vehicle similar to the one that had brought us to Birkshire Estates and we were off. It was larger and soon there were about twenty people on board.

When we arrived at Centre Sissy Maid Toni and I got out of the transport but let others walk ahead of us into what apparently was a large terminal. I turned around to see a number 18 over our entrance. Below that was a schedule for the return trip. Birkshire Estates was listed at one pm.

"Ok Toni it is nine thirty. We have three hours to look around before making our way back here. Where should we go from here?"

"Straight ahead to those entrances I think," she said.

Walking ahead we found an escalator that went to the left with an overhead sign that read "eastern transport" and one that went to the right with an overhead sign that read "western transport". The one straight ahead of us had an overhead sign that said "Shoppe"

We looked at each other, giggled in unison, and walked straight ahead under the "Shoppe" sign.

It was a smooth escalator ride up one story. The escalator was adjacent to another one that continued upward. I thought it would be best to explore this floor first and Sissy Maid Toni agreed.

As we began walking I could see this was a lengthy concourse. There were storefronts on either side of us. We took out time and windowed shopped as we walked. It felt good to stretch our legs and of course by now we were all adept at walking with feminine grace in high heel shoes.

The first store was a men's clothing store with jackets, slacks and ties being displayed in the window. There was no sign above the door that would indicate the name of the store. There were small tags with numbers on each garment. The jacket had "150", the slacks "75" and the tie rack had "25". There weren't any dollar signs or decimals to indicate cents nor was there any indication of a brand name.

The next store sold sweat suits, shorts, t shirts, socks and sneakers. Once again there was no company name or logo above the entrance. Items displayed in the storefront window had tags with numbers on them just like the men's shop did. Both stores had employees and a few customers in them. Those people of course looked just like the people I had known before coming here.

We continued on our way and soon found ourselves at the entrance to a very large store with women's clothing displayed on the window mannequins. We went inside and began to browse. The fashions were similar to what would be found at any store back home.

The fabrics of the garments had a similar feel but there were no labels inside to indicate the nature of the cloth or who made them or where they were made just a single number which I presumed to be a size. An attractive middle aged woman soon approached the two of us.

"May I be of help to you ladies," she inquired.

"No, thank you we are just looking," replied Sissy Maid Toni.

The woman left us and we continued on to the shoe and then the lingerie department. Everything we looked at was well made. I guess we could have been anywhere in the US except for the lack of store names and labels.

At the cosmetic counter a tall, athletic girl with red hair smiled at me as we browsed. I locked eyes with her

momentarily and something clicked. It was almost like the first time I had been with Sharon. I hadn't thought about her since I had left.

"I'll bet you two are from the outside," she said as she handed me a card. "Let me know if I can help you with anything."

We both smiled and left the counter. As we left the store another woman approached and asked us to stop again soon. My heart was still beating rapidly as we continued our walk along the concourse.

At the end of this concourse there was a collection of tables and chairs. It appeared to be like a food court. Along either side was a series of small fronts offering food and beverages. There weren't many people there but it was early yet. We stood to one side and looked over the menus above each front.

We watched one man leave with what looked like a sub sandwich and a soft drink. We stepped up to the counter. There were numbers next to the lines of items for sale. I ordered a "6" Veggie @ "6" and a "12" drink @ "2" giving me a total of "8" T.

The young person behind the counter took my compensation card. He passed it thru a slot and a piece of paper shot up from the machine and he handed it to me. At the bottom of my order total was "992".

Sissy Maid Toni ordered the same thing as I did.

In a few minutes we got our orders and took them over to one of the tables. We both unwrapped what appeared to be a six inch sub type of sandwich and a twelve ounce soft drink. Both of us took the lids off of the sandwich and looked at its' contents. We replaced the lids and began eating.

The sandwich tasted good and the drink was ice cold and refreshing. Both of us agreed that this was not as intimidating as it might have been. We finished our meal and disposed of the wrappers and drink containers.

The walk back took longer as we stopped in several more stores and window shopped numerous other ones. Neither one of us bought anything but we felt a little more comfortable in this huge mall. The upper floor or floors would have to wait for another day.

When we arrived back at gate#18 it was twelve thirty. The gate was closed so we took a seat in the lounge area.

"What do you think?" I asked Toni.

"I don't really know," she answered. "It may take me awhile to get accustomed to this."

"I feel the same way, but it's not like we have a choice."

Sissy Maid Toni smiled and nodded her head. We watched the people come and go until about twelve forty five when the doors at gate#18 opened. After the people exited Sissy Maid Toni and I along with several others got in the vehicle.

Promptly at one pm the gate and then the vehicle doors closed. There were two stops on the way. When the doors opened the third time we were back at Birkshire Estates. I felt relieved in a way as we walked to our rooms.

That evening at supper I briefed Sissy Maid Patti. She told me Sissy Maid Toni had already talked with Sissy Maid Denise. I said I wanted another meeting when it was convenient for all of us. We finished our meal in silence.

Back in my room I turned on the screen and found more access to "Centre" as well as the other destinations. There were also sub menus for the "Shoppe" listing stores that were available. I also found the medical center where

we apparently had been brought first on our way here. Under "Family" I found two theme parks, one near "Seaport" and one in the "eastern" zone.

I suddenly remembered the card I had been given by the girl at the cosmetic counter. I retrieved it from my purse. On the back of the card she had written: Contact "Gloria@45114-033." I remembered there was a contact section on the main menu so I entered that area.

As soon as I did a message pad format came up. A small keyboard slid out from under the screen. I entered the address she had given me in the line below "SMMARILYN@BSET/3 and then typed: "Nice meeting you. Lunch sometime?" I hit enter on the keyboard and the message disappeared. "Do you wish to send another message?" appeared on the screen and I checked "No." The screen returned to the main menu.

So that's how they communicate, a keyboard under the screen, I thought to myself.

I felt tired so I took a hot soak in my perfumed bubble bath. As I languished I looked down at the stitch line between my breasts. My skin, especially my face, had obtained a rosy glow. I was quite proud of how feminine I looked and I wondered if I was going to undergo the surgery that would make me a "complete woman." I finished my bath and brushed my teeth.

I turned the screen on again and just to the right of "contacts" there was a red dot that had not been there before. I opened contacts and the message format came up. At the top it said "1 of 1". The message read "Sure. Let me know" followed by a series of numbers. I looked at my sheet and found a corresponding day off and send a message back to meet her on the "22".

I left the screen on for several minutes and a message came back that said "confirm" I shut off the screen and went to bed.

My work continued. The four of us were rotated around so each of us became familiar with everything in this beautiful house known as Birkshire Estates. I was completely enamored of how feminine I had become and loved every minute of what I was doing.

In addition to the friendships I had developed with my fellow sissy maids I was also eagerly looking forward to seeing Gloria on "22". Outside of work she was the first person here I would have a chance to talk to and get to know outside of the other sissy maids.

We took our days off, sometimes in pairs, and sometimes alone. The shopping trips became more enjoyable and with the help of the wall screen we became more familiar with the products and especially the food court menus.

At the next meeting the four of us shared information we had gleaned from the screen as well as our experiences using the transport to various locations. As we became more knowledgeable about the area it seemed less and less intimidating. Besides my meeting with Gloria Sissy Maid Patti said she had a "social engagement with someone she had met at the Shoppe as well.

On "22" I was a bit apprehensive. I met Gloria at the store and we walked to the food court. I ordered the same thing she did and we found ourselves a table. I felt at ease with her just as I had with Sharon.

"I figured you two were from the outside when I saw your somewhat pensive faces," she began. "You both should relax and enjoy your surroundings. I have been here for three of what compares to your years and loved every minute of it."

"Where are you from?" I asked.

"I'm a big city girl from the eastern sector. There is a social club you would enjoy on the second level. Of course there is a dress code. Look on the screen under "entertainment". Check out "ALT" and scroll down the list to find shops that cater to the clientele that go to these clubs as well as the informational sites about the clubs themselves."

"Thanks I'll do that," I replied as I took another bite of my sandwich.

The balance of the conversation revolved around her job in cosmetology and mine as a sissy maid for Berkshire estates. She didn't ask any personal questions and I didn't either since this was just a get acquainted luncheon.

After we finished our lunch I walked with Gloria back to her store. We parted and I headed for the transport gate. It had been an enjoyable lunch. I felt comfortable with her just like I had with Sharon.

On the way back I thought about the way Gloria's eyes and mine had locked. I was sure I wanted to see her again. Back in my room I turned on the screen. I found the social clubs she had mentioned. One of them had a banner that was half black and half pink. At one end of the black half was a white bow tie and at the opposite end of the pink half was a black high heel pump. I had no doubt this club was for dominant women and submissive men.

The retail shop had a large pink banner over the entrance. It sold very girly, poofy party dresses, lingerie and high heels. In my closet I had only uniforms, shirtdresses, frilly blouses and skirts. The numbers on the dresses were between "200" and "400" units while the shoes were all "100" units. A complete outfit would take almost half of my monthly allotment of units.

I found myself not caring. I couldn't wait to get into one of those very feminine dresses. I loved my very feminine lingerie and especially the French Maid mini dresses. Never the less I had a very strong desire to be "dressed to the nines" in such very feminine clothing and then being taken out to "party".

I met Gloria again the following week after she was thru work. We went to the store and she picked out several dresses for me to "model" for her. We both liked a pink satin mini dress with tiered puff sleeves and a flared tiered skirt. I bought the matching sky high stiletto heels and clutch purse too along with a large pink satin bow for my hair.

We exchanged messages for another two lines and then I agreed to a date. She said a special transport would be dispatched to pick me up. I guess this was their version of a limousine. I was excited about going out on what essentially was a "first date" with a local or native I guess you could say.

My day shift was finished about three thirty. I donned my rubber suit and sneakers for a workout in the basement and then following my evening meal I got myself all perfumed, powdered and lipsticked up. I felt so delightfully girlish in my pink party dress, sissy bow and heels.

The private transport arrived exactly at seven. Gloria stepped out of the transport wearing a black suit and black bow tie similar to what might be called a tux. I stepped inside and took my seat. She closed the door and took the seat next to me. I caught the slight hint of something similar to after shave lotion as the transport pulled out.

With no stops in between the ride was short. As we walked thru the gate I turned to see the word "private" above the entrance. We took the escalators to the second

level and walked to where the “social club” was located. I was feeling quite girly as I walked effortless in my six inch skyscraper heels and pink satin party dress.

Inside the club it took a minute for my eyes to adjust to the semi darkness. There were pastel lights along the walls and soft music was coming from the speakers. Several couples were dancing in the middle of the floor while others were sipping drinks at the tables along the perimeter.

A very pretty hostess in a pink uniform took us to a table. I looked into her eyes only briefly but it was easy to tell this very feminine creature with pink hair and a pink bow at the top was also male like me. I wondered where he was from.

It was a very pleasant evening all in all. I enjoyed dancing with Gloria and the intimacy of the surroundings. Our conversation was pleasant and the cool bubbly drinks tasted good to me too.

The private transport took me back home. When I stepped out Gloria wrapped her arms around my waist and kissed me, softly at first, and then harder. When we broke she was grinning.

“Down girl, easy does it for a first date,” I said and then couldn’t help giggling. “Thank you for a nice time.”

“You are most welcome Marilyn,” replied Gloria.

She got back into the transport and I walked back to my room. I looked myself over in front of the full length mirror. I was about as feminine as any female could ever be and I was as close to being female as a man could get without the surgical change of my biology. I was very pleased at the feminine image that was reflected in the mirror from my shoulder length hair to my pink toenails.

After I undressed I put on a pink baby doll and went to bed. This time I dreamed of being in Gloria's arms. I slept soundly with my alarm clock interrupting a dream that had the two of us lip locked.

The next few months flew by. We all had another follow up at the medical center. All of us were in excellent health. We took great pride in our appearance and our work. In addition we had all become much more relaxed as we adjusted to our new surroundings.

Madame Birkshire continued to compliment us on our professionalism as well as our outstanding deportment and our course our very feminine appearance.

All of us were dating now. We had met people at the centre and other areas as we began to explore our new surroundings. Gloria and I were seeing each other more frequently even though both of our work schedules conflicted quite a bit.

It was on our third date that I said to her "You do know I am a feminized male don't you?"

She almost laughed out loud.

"Of course I do. Most of the outsiders are. I felt confident about reading you when you and your friend came into the store. I was sure you liked assertive women and of course I loved feminized, sissified, submissive males."

It was a safe bet that this was going to be a wonderful relationship. I liked her assertiveness and she enjoyed my submissiveness. We were the perfect "butch" and "sissy" couple.

Turnaround came and the day time temperatures dropped nearly fifty degrees. Eighty to ninety degrees would not ordinarily seem cold but when temperatures were between one hundred thirty and one hundred forty you'd be surprised at how cool that can be.

Nights as you might expect were correspondingly cold as well. Instead of eighty five to ninety five degrees they dropped to sixty to seventy degrees. It became cool enough to wear a pink sweater when I worked the late afternoon or evening shift.

My life was full. The three moons didn't give me cause for concern anymore. I couldn't remember the last time I thought about my parents or the life I might have had if I had declined the doctor's offer.

I was here now and there was nothing ahead of me except to live the life I had dreamed of. That was something few people ever do. I had managed to achieve my dream in a remarkable way. I was no longer living one life and dreaming of another. My life WAS a dream and I couldn't be happier.

THE END