

Feminized For Life



Norman Way



A "New Woman" Novel



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FEMINIZED FOR LIFE

By Norman Way

I have no recollection of my father at all. When I first became aware of my surroundings it was just mom and I. We lived in a small duplex on the edge of town. I was alone most of the time but didn't miss having other kids my age to play with in the neighborhood. I came to enjoy solitude.

Mom was a phys-ed teacher by day and cleaned homes for retired or disabled people at night. I was always with her as a helper. I had been doing the housework since I could walk as my part of what she called "pitching in" as well as some cooking and of course helping with the dishes afterwards.

There was one exception to her client list. Vera Jackson ran a chain of pharmacies begun by her late father in law Walter Jackson. His son, William, had died young of a heart attack. Rumors had swirled around town that she wore the pants in the marriage and with her business degree kept pushing him to expand from the single store started by his dad. It may have been too much for the mild mannered William and that is why he died so young.

Occasionally when we would clean her house I thought she looked at me in kind of a funny way. Almost if she was imagining me to be someone else or maybe she was contemplating something she wanted to do with me but couldn't tell me about.

Mom and I managed quite well. She had a waiting list of people who wanted her to clean for them but mom kept a short list of people she knew and had worked for them for a long time. It's not uncommon for some people to feel when you work for them they own you. Mom's customers were not that way. She knew some of the people who were and she never would consider working for them at any time.

I did well in school and kept pretty much to myself. I stayed out of any extra curricular activities because it would cut into the time I needed to spend with mom and her cleaning business. As a result I had little interaction with the other kids my age.

Sports didn't interest me much. Because of my work with mom and some needed study time I didn't participate in any of the school's programs. I found those boys who did seemed to be more popular than the other boys like me. There wasn't much I could do about it so I just continued to be myself and enjoy the company of the few friends I did have.

Shortly after finishing school in May I turned sixteen. It was the Sunday night of the week before Memorial Day Weekend that mom told me to call Vera Walker. When I asked what it was about she said it had to do with a summer job for me. I was pleasantly surprised to hear this as even part time work had gotten scarce and I was sure I could work around mom's cleaning schedule.

When I called her back she asked me to come to the Walker Pharmacy office that was about ten blocks from where we lived. My appointment was for nine am the next day. I thanked her and hung up.

After breakfast the next morning I put on a white shirt, black tie, black slacks and my dress shoes. I left the house on my bike about eight thirty and arrived at the pharmacy at ten minutes to nine. I went inside and walked immediately to the back of the store to find Vera talking with one of the employees outside of her office. She smiled as I approached.

"I'm glad you're here on time," she said with a smile. "Punctuality is very important. Let's go into my office."

I followed her inside and sat down across from her as she sat behind her desk.

"I need someone to do cleaning and stock work most of which will be after hours. In addition there maybe some work in sales but that will be later. I know you are a hard worker which is why I have asked you to come here. It pays only the minimum wage to start with. You will be needed on weekends and some nights. The weekends will be eight hour shifts and the weeknights will only be about three or four hours. Would you be able to start next Saturday at eight am?"

Without even thinking about it I said yes.

"Splendid! My manager Sarah Wayne will be here to get you started. Thank you for coming in."

She stood up and we shook hands. As I walked to the front door I noticed the female employee Vera had been talking to looking at me in a funny way as she chatted with the girl at the cosmetics counter. I heard them giggling as I went out the door

As I biked back home I couldn't believe my good fortune. Mom was happy of me too. My work with mom was always unpaid though I did receive a small allowance. Now I would be getting over a hundred bucks a week just for my self.

That night I had a hard time getting to sleep thinking about all the things I was going to buy with my first paycheck. For just a moment I thought about the two girls at the cosmetic counter who after glancing in my direction turned away and began giggling. Girls will be girls I guess.

Saturday morning at seven forty five I walked in the store and went straight back to the office. I met Sarah Wayne.

"I am glad to see you are on time. We have lots of work to do. Before we get started please fill out these payroll forms."

She gave me the payroll forms to fill out. When I finished she took me to the back room which was piled high with boxes.

"Start with those six boxes near the door. Open one box at a time and place the merchandise on the table. After you apply the security and price tags return them to the box. They will be put out later. Continue with the other boxes. Your fifteen minute break is at ten thirty and your lunch is at twelve thirty followed by an afternoon break at three pm. Do you have any questions?"

I shook my head no. She left the loading area and I began my work. The day went fast and so did Sunday. Sa-

rah was happy with my ability to pick things up quickly. By five pm Sunday most of the merchandise had been placed out on the shelves and I had also finished my cleaning duties.



During the week I worked four hour shifts on Tuesday and Thursday. Vera Walker stopped by the store at close on Thursday night. She was very pleased with my work and following a brief conversation with Sarah left the store.

As the summer progressed I needed less and less supervision. I enjoyed the job and time seemed to just fly by. I did find it a bit odd that I was the only male employee in the store but since both Sarah and Vera were happy I guess that was all that mattered.

Just before the back to school sale Sarah called me into her office. She seemed to be a bit pensive. Almost as if she was going to ask me something she knew I wouldn't be too happy to do. It turned out I was right

"You are an excellent employee and I am glad you are here," she began. We're in a bit of a spot. The two girls that share duties at the cosmetic counter were in a car accident. I am pulling people from other stores to cover the time but only for one week. The girls will be out for months. I know you are a little familiar with the products from your stock work. Could you work behind the cosmetic counter for about a month until one of the less seriously injured girls will be back to work?"

I hesitated. When Vera mentioned some sales work I thought she meant walking the floor to help customers find the items they were looking for or perhaps at the photo-duplicating counter. I guess I felt a little foolish selling makeup but I thought it would be a good idea to help them out since they had been willing to hire me in the first place and things had been going so well since I had started.

"Yes I will be glad to help you out," I answered.

Sarah's face brightened in a smile.

“Thank you so much! Here is a notebook that I want you to take home and study this week. I will test you on these things before you start.”

She handed me the notebook and I left the office.

That night after supper I went to my room and sat on the bed. I opened the note book to find it was divided into sections: skin care, hair care, nail care, cosmetics, perfume and bath sets. I read each section carefully and jotted down some questions.

The week went by quickly. Sarah was pleased that I had questions. After close on Friday I went behind the cosmetic counter and pretended to wait on Sarah, and two other female employees. I found everything they asked for and answered dozens of questions about the products without a single mistake. Sarah was more than pleased. I was happy too though I did feel a bit out of place.

On my first day I was pretty nervous. It must have been obvious because Sarah and one of the girls stopped by the counter before we opened. They both said not to be concerned about anything, as I could always ask one of them for help.

I was not surprised the day went by so quickly. Some of the middle aged women seemed a bit uncomfortable talking to a male cosmetic salesman but for the most part the other female customers, young and old never seemed to give it a thought.

Once school started again I figured I would go back to doing my stock and cleaning work. Sarah showed me a sales sheet. It seemed not only was I a good salesman I was too good. Another girl was hired for the stock work.

She and I would split the cleaning chores but I was now going to be working behind the cosmetic counter all the time. My minimum wage against a five percent com-

mission on my sales was tuning into a bigger pay check too. I read some books on salesmanship. I also continued to read all of the literature about the products I sold as soon as soon as it came in the store.

Vera and Sarah were very impressed.

It was two weeks before Halloween when Sarah stopped by the cosmetics counter just as we were closing. She had the pensive look again. I couldn't imagine what might be up this time.

"Vera wants to see you at her house tomorrow at six pm."

"Okay, I will be there," I answered.

I went home wondering what this was all about. If she wanted to talk to me she could just as easily stopped by the store.

It was a long day at school. I kept wondering why she wanted me to come to her house for anything. Mom and I had just been there to clean. I couldn't imagine that it had anything to do with that or mom would have gotten the call.

After supper I told mom where I was going. She too seemed a bit puzzled by Vera's request. I walked several blocks to the bus stop and caught the cross town express.

Vera lived in a complex north west of the store in a very expensive condominium. When I arrived at the address I walked in the lobby and pushed the button for her condo. When she answered I identified myself and she buzzed me in.

The entry way was quiet and the elevator ride to the third floor was very smooth. I walked to her numbered door and knocked. When she opened the door I was sur-

prised to see her in jeans and a sweatshirt. I had seen her only in business attire before hand.

“Please come in Larry,” she said with a grin.

I followed her into the living room. There was a short, Asian woman sitting on the davenport holding a clipboard. A measuring tape was around her neck. She looked up at me and smiled.

“Larry this is Mrs. Wang.”

I nodded in her direction as Vera turned to me.

“Now I know you are wondering just what this is about. After my husband died I formed the pharmacies into a limited corporation. I never used banks for financing. I prefer to form limited partnerships with people and use their money to expand. They get more interest on their money and I don’t have to deal with a lot of crap from the banks.”

“I am having a meeting here with several prospective investors this weekend. It’s Halloween weekend so in the spirit of that holiday I want to have several people serve my guests as well as model some of our cosmetic products. As you know both of the injured girls are out of the hospital but neither of them is able to be up and around for a modeling gig.”

“Your work has been flawless at the store and I don’t want you to feel you are under any obligation to do this. Please don’t take this the wrong way but you do have a small frame and a pretty face. I would like you to wear a feminine costume and make up at the meeting. You will also help serve my guests coffee and cake after our business meeting. After they leave you will help me clean up afterwards. I will pay you one hundred dollars cash for the evening. Would you be interested in helping me out?”

I was a bit stunned at her request but I guess seeing that hundred dollars in cash obscured whatever objection I might have to wearing some feminine costume and makeup for just one night.



“Okay, I guess,” was my stammered response.

Her face brightened into a broad smile.

“I glad to hear you say that. Now go into the next room with Mrs. Wang so she can get your measurements.”

I followed Mrs. Wang down a corridor into a small bedroom.

“Take off shoes, socks, pants and shirt,” she said in a sharp voice.

I complied with her request. She measured my height, the circumference of my skull, neck, and wrists. Next she measured my chest, waist and hips. The width of my palms and length of my feet were last. She wrote everything down on her clipboard. From the bed she opened a package of knee high nylon stockings.

As I put on the nylon stockings she walked over to the closet and came back with two shoe boxes. She opened the first box and set a pair of black leather high heel pumps at my feet.

“Try them on,” she ordered

I slipped my feet into them and found them to be too small. I stepped out of them and into the next pair which fit perfectly.

“Walk around the room for me,” she ordered again.

I began walking carefully. I had never worn high heels before so I was moving slowly.

“More like this,” said Mrs. Wang.

I watched her walk across the room and back. I corrected myself and this time she was pleased at the way I was walking.

“You must walk like a lady in heels not like a man imitating a lady,” Mrs. Wang admonished. “Take the shoes

and nylons with you so you can practice at home this week. Remember to walk like a lady walks, with small girly steps, heel-toe like I showed you. Now get dressed. Vera has some additional instructions for you."

I got dressed and carried the box out to the living room. Vera was at the bar drinking from a wine glass. She walked over to me with a smile and handed me a small brown sack.

"Saturday afternoon about 2pm soak in a hot tub for about ten minutes. Use this ladies razor and shaving gel to shave your legs, arms and chest. After you dry off shave your face last and apply the packet of cold cream to your face and neck. My limo driver will pick you up at 4pm. I will help you get into costume and give you some additional instructions before my guests arrive at six."

"Practice walking several hours this week. I want you to be back here Wednesday night about six for a final fitting. I want to you walk and practice serving."

"I'll be here," I said.

She walked me to the door. Just before she closed it I heard a burst of giggles.

Well it was too late to back out now I thought to myself as I rode the elevator back to the lobby. If this was her idea of a practical joke she had me for sure.

When I got home I opened the door quietly. I heard the TV on so I went quickly to my room. I slipped the box and the sack under the bed. Later that night as I tried to go to sleep I wondered just what I had got myself into. Then I pushed those thoughts out of my mind. It was just for one night for God's sake. What could be the harm in that?

I practiced for several hours in my stockings and three inch heel pumps while mom was cleaning for several cli-

ents where she didn't need my help. It didn't take me long to master a proper walk even though I had never worn heels before.

Wednesday I took the box to Vera's for my fitting. When I arrived Mrs. Wang was already there waiting for me. Her face had no expression just as it was before. I wondered idly if she ever smiled about anything. Maybe she was just one of those humorless people you read about.

"Go in the bedroom with Mrs. Wang," said Vera.

I followed Mrs. Wang into the small bedroom. We walked over to find black lingerie on the bed.

"Take off your clothes and put on the lingerie," she ordered in her usual sharp, authoritative voice. "Come out to the hall when you are done."

She left the room. I set the box on the floor and sat on the vanity chair to remove my sneakers and socks. I undressed and put my clothes on the bed next to the lingerie. I put the black bra on first and slipped the weighted inserts in the cups. Next I stepped into the black satin brief style panties with pink leg and waist elastic as well as four rows of pink ruffles along the back.

I was amazed at how good they felt against my skin. The black garter belt with little pink bows at the end of the garters was followed by a pair of fishnet stockings. Once again I was surprised how good the stockings felt against my clean shaven legs. I walked over to the bedroom door and opened it to find Mrs. Wang waiting for me with an impatient look on her face.

She brushed past me and walked quickly over to the closet. After adjusting the bra straps for a better fit she handed me two short white petticoats. She removed a black satin puff sleeve mini dress from the hanger. I stepped into the petticoats and brought them up to my

waist. Holding the dress by the hem I slipped it on. After closing the zipper she adjusted the hem over the two petticoats.

“Put on you pumps, place one hand on you hip, and walk around the room for me.”

I did as I was told. She watched me carefully as I took small steps in an effeminate manner around the room. She did not frown or smile as I paraded around in front of her.

“Okay, that’s enough,” she said as she held up one hand in front of me.

From the top shelf of the closet she took a black wig from the foam head and walked over to me. The wig was a perfect fit. I caught my reflection in the full length mirror on the back of the bedroom door.

It was hard to believe that it was really me. Without a doubt I had been transformed into a very pretty French Maid. I wondered what mom would think if she could see me now.

“Follow me,” she ordered.

I followed her out to the living room. The minute Vera saw me her face brightened.

“Walk around the living room for Mrs. Walker,” ordered Mrs. Wang.

Again I put one hand on my hip and proceeded to walk around the living room. Vera was sipping from her wineglass as she watched me. Both women said nothing as I showed off my feminine walk. Finally Vera put her wineglass on the bar and pointed to the tray next to it with two water filled wineglasses.

“Come over here, pick up the tray, walk around the room several times, and then stop here.” said Vera.

I followed her instructions and then stood in front of her. She looked me over carefully and then with both hands grabbed the hem of the petticoats and dress. Pulling them up a broad smile creased her face at the sight of my black satin panties with pink trim. She took the tray from me and set it on the bar.

“Everything fits you perfectly Larry. Mrs. Wang you have done a superb job as usual. You may get dressed now Larry and I will see you Saturday.”

I walked back to the bedroom with Mrs. Wang. She took the wig off and placed it back on its' foam head. After unzipping me she pulled the dress over my head and put it back on the hangar. From the shoe rack she removed a pair of four inch stiletto heel pumps and replaced the pair of three inch heel pumps I had brought with me.

“Practice some more at home with these higher heels. Leave your lingerie on the bed and get dressed. I suggest you bath and shave yourself again before coming on Saturday.”

She left the room. I took off the lingerie and put the items on the bed. I got dressed to find my cotton briefs didn't feel very good at all. I picked up the shoebox and walked out to the living room. Vera and Mrs. Wang were sipping wine.

“See you Saturday,” said Vera.

Just before closing the front door I once again heard a burst of giggles. On the way home I tried to think of why some women found a cross dressed male so amusing. I had seen pictures of drag queens and impersonators before. Some of them presented a very feminine image while others were easily “read” as they say and could never really pass themselves off as women. Just what the

attraction was for some women remained a mystery to me.

At home mom was still at a clients' house. I was relieved and went straight to my bedroom to put on the higher heel shoes. You wouldn't think another inch would make much of a difference but it did. I practiced walking around the living room and kitchen. I was at a higher angle and it did take me a while to get used to it but I managed. I honestly felt that by Saturday afternoon I would be able to walk with confidence in the higher heel.

Saturday noon mom was at another clients' house. I soaked in the tub and then shaved my body again. I shaved my face and neck too. The limo arrived at quarter of two. Mom was still not home. With shoe box in hand I walked outside and got in.

The female driver said nothing to me when I got in so I made no attempt at conversation. It was a very comfortable, speedy ride to Vera's.

When I arrived at Vera's complex she buzzed me in. When she opened the door I noticed a very pretty blonde girl was already there.

Vera introduced me to Phyllis, the girl who would be assisting me, as "Laura". Phyllis wore a pink satin puff sleeve mini dress flared out with pink petticoats, pink seamed stockings and pink high heels. In addition she had a pink maids' cap, pink ruffled wristlets and matching choker. She wore pink blusher, lipstick and pink nail polish. I caught the scent of some very sweet perfume as I stepped closer to take her limp handshake in mine.

"Come with me Laura and I will help get your ready."

I followed Vera into the small bedroom.

“After you put on your lingerie come back out and I will assist you further.”

She left the room and I undressed. Once again I felt so good wearing the panties and stockings. I still had no idea why this feminine apparel would make me feel this way. Had something deep inside me suddenly been unlocked? When I opened the bedroom door to let Vera she was smiling broadly.

“Take a seat at the vanity,” she said.

I sat down in front of the lighted mirror. She examined my face first to see if I had overlooked any whiskers. Satisfied she opened a jar of face cream and with a single finger spread the cream over my face and neck. I noticed it had a slight feminine scent.

Next she used her finger to smooth liquid makeup over my face followed by a drop of red liquid rouge on each cheek. In the mirror I saw my face being transformed into a girls’ face a little at time.

“Open your mouth wide please,” she asked as she took the top off a tube of bright red lipstick.

After turning up the base she pressed it hard against my lower lip. She moved it around to my upper lip back and forth several times. She stopped and smiled at me.

“Okay, now press your lips together,” she said.

I did as she asked. Looking in the mirror I found it hard to believe the face with the roughed cheeks and red mouth was really me. I made a very attractive girl. After matching a set of red press on nails to my fingers she clipped a pair of dangling earrings to my earlobes. Picking up a bottle of perfume she squirted me behind each ear, around my neckline and on each wrist.

Despite the fact the sweet scent made me feel deliciously feminine I wasn’t happy about her doing this as

now I didn't know how I was going to go back home and explain to mom why I smelled like a girl.

"Okay now let's get you dressed," she said as she grinned broadly at me.

I put on my petticoats and black satin puff sleeve maid's dress. She pinned a white ruffled maid's cap to the top of the black wig. After adding the ruffled choker and wristlets I stepped in the four inch stiletto heel pumps.

It was hard for me as a male to believe the reflection I saw in the full length mirror on the back of the bedroom door. Vera opened the door and I walked ahead of her out to the living room. The jarring effect of the higher heel made the petticoats and skirt of the mini dress bounce a little prompting a giggle from Vera.

I found myself managing easily in the higher heel shoes. The old saying that practice makes perfect came to mind. It was hard for me to admit it but I had become a nearly perfect girl. To look at the feminine image I presented you would never know my real biology.

"Okay girls," began Vera with a smile. "You will each take turns at the door. When the prospective investors arrive you will curtsy and then escort them to the dining room table. As you can see there will be six in all. When the last investor is at the table go into the kitchen. Cut the cake and place them on seven plates. Make the coffee and then wait for me to finish my presentation. You will then place one plate in front of each investor and then fill each one's cup with coffee. Return to the kitchen until I call you. Are there any questions?"

There were none.

"Good. Take your places at the front door."

Phyllis and I walked to the front door. Shortly the bell rang. Phyllis answered it and when the investor arrived at

the door he escorted her to the table. I took the next one and shortly every one was seated in their places. Phyllis and I went into the kitchen to wait for Vera's call.

All of the women at the table were impeccably dressed. They wore pantsuits and flat shoes. None of them wore jewelry or makeup and all of them had very short hair styles. It seemed they were almost "mannish" in appearance.

Both Phyllis and I sat at the kitchen table sipping our diet soft drinks. Vera's presentation took about a half an hour. When she was finished she came into the kitchen.

"Please serve us the cake and coffee now," said Vera with a smile.

Phyllis went ahead of me pushing a cart with the plates on it. After she placed a plate in front of each guest I poured coffee in their cups. We then went back to the kitchen. About twenty minutes went by and Vera came back.

"Laura the ladies would like a refill if you please."

I picked up the pot and returned to the dining room to refill all of their cups.

Another fifteen minutes went by and Vera came back.

"Girls, please come into the living room. My guests wanted to thank both of you personally."

We followed her to where all six women were standing near the door. Vera stood between us with her hands on our shoulders.

"Ladies this is Phyllis and this is Laura who have graciously consented to help me serve you. Or should I say Phillip and Larry?"

With that she grabbed out wigs and yanked them both off. It took the both of us totally and completely by surprise. The women immediately burst into laughter. Dropping the wigs Vera reached in front of us to grab the hem of our dress and petticoats. She pulled them up revealing to the women our panties and garter belts. Once again the women squealed with delight at seeing our pretty lingerie.

“I think they did a splendid job don’t you?” Vera asked with a grin.

The women continued laughing as they applauded in unison.

“In the spirit of Halloween I thought this little bit of humor would break up a rather dry financial presentation. Thank you all for coming ladies. I will look forward to hearing from you.”

The women left as Vera picked up our wigs from the floor. We went back to the bedroom. At the vanity Vera helped us remove our nails and makeup. She took a bottle of after shave lotion from one of the vanity’s drawers and splashed us generously to kill the odor of perfume.

Vera went back to the living room while Phillip and I got dressed leaving our feminine apparel on the bed. When we returned to the living room she was at the bar sipping a glass of wine. She grinned as she came over to us and handed each of us a one hundred dollar bill.

“Thank you boys so much for your excellent service skills and for being a good sport so I could give my investors a little Halloween surprise.”

We both replied “You’re welcome Mrs. Walker” almost in unison.

Phillip and I had no conversation as we rode the elevator down to the lobby. During the limo ride home nothing was said either. Apparently Phillip was working at another pharmacy and had been recruited for this job for the same reason I did. We were both short boys with small frames and though neither one of us had what might be called a "feminine" face we did have very clear skin and a light beard. With makeup of course we made a very attractive pair of girls.

When I arrived home mom was gone. I was glad as she might ask why I was wearing some strong aftershave. I checked my face in the mirror over the bathroom sink before showering and there was no trace of makeup.

Mom came home late but by then I was in bed asleep. That night I dreamed I was Vera's maid 24/7. It seemed really odd that a boy would have such dreams of femininity. I still could not get over how good I felt with my smooth hair free body encased in very feminine lingerie, wearing makeup, petticoats, a French Maid mini dress while mincing effeminately about in stiletto heel pumps.

Was there really such a thing as a "feminine side" to me? Had this experience unlocked something in me that had been dormant since I was born? Could it be that I was supposed to have been born a girl but wound up being born with a male body and female feelings? It certainly seemed to be a conundrum to say the least.

Work and school continued. I was kept pretty busy between the two and of course working with mom at night. Sometimes in the evenings after my bath or shower I would look at my body and think back to when I was en femme. I had made a very pretty girl. It was hard to admit but I missed the feeling of the lingerie and stockings against my hair free skin as well as the enjoyment of mincing effeminately about in my dress and high heel pumps.

Vera would stop by the store occasionally but neither she nor Sarah said anything to me about my brief stint as a pretty French Maid. I wondered if that was all there was going to be to it, that is, just a one time thing. Strange as it may sound there was a part of me though that secretly hoped I would be pressed into service again.

Once and a while an older customer would stop at the counter and look me over carefully. Sometimes a couple of young girls would buy some makeup items and then as they walked away they would break into giggles. It made me wonder just how many people knew about what I and Phyllis had done. I guess there was no use worrying about something I couldn't control.

At Christmas time I received a nice check from Vera. She noted in her card that all of her prospective investors had put up their money and starting the first of the year expansion plans would be in full swing. There would be several grand openings planned for the spring and summer of next year. I thought her telling me that might be a subtle hint that I could be asked to be a part of those openings but then dismissed it as being just a little paranoia on my part.

In late January I had just finished stocking the spring line of nail polish and lipsticks when the magazine vendor began putting out the February magazines. The magazine rack was directly across from the cosmetic counter so I couldn't help but notice the bridal and prom guides displayed prominently in the front row of the rack.

For some inexplicable reason I had the sudden urge to imagine myself in one of those beautiful dresses. I closed my eyes seeing myself with perfect hair and makeup walking confidently in high heel shoes as I paraded around in satin and chiffon prom gowns in a variety of pastel colors with matching gloves, purses, and pretty

jewelry. In my mind I also knew that I would be sweetly scented.

“Earth to Larry, earth to Larry,” said Sarah in a loud voice.

I opened my eyes to see Sarah standing in front of me.

“Penny for your thoughts?” she said.

“Uh, well I guess I was just thinking about spring,” I replied. “I am tired of the cold and snow even though it may be a while before it all goes away.”

“That’s for sure. I just wanted to stop by to see if you had everything in our new spring line out on the shelves and I see that you have. Keep up the good work.”

She turned around and left. I breathed a sigh of relief. If she could have read my mind I was sure she would have told Vera and between the two of them I wasn’t certain what the end result would be.

It was mid April before all the snow was gone and the warmer weather was here to stay. Business picked up towards the end of the month. Most of the upswing in sales came from women who brought their daughters in who had been invited to next month’s prom and were buying make up for the big event.

Once again I had strong feelings about wearing lingerie, makeup, dresses and high heel shoes. Though still a virgin I had no desire to be with men yet I found this strong attraction to feminine apparel as well as acting in a feminine manner to be very puzzling.

Finals were over and I was looking forward to a pleasant summer splitting time between working at the pharmacy and for mom in the evenings. Vera stopped by a week before Memorial Day Weekend. She had that look on her face. I wondered if this just might be another sojourn into femininity.

"Larry I need your help again," she began. "One of our vendors, Martin Cosmetics, which is as you know is our top line, has a booth at the exposition center on Saturday. Two of the girls that were to staff the booth can't make the trip from the West Coast. Lois Martin, the retired model who started her own line of cosmetics, has asked me to fill in with two of my sales people. I have already talked with Phillip and he has agreed to help. Can I count on you also?"

I didn't think about it. When your boss or the owner needs a favor you just do it. In my own mind I guess it wasn't even something I should have to think about.

"Yes I will be glad to help you out," I answered.

"Oh thank you so much. Come to my house at six Tuesday night and then at seven am Saturday morning."

She turned and walked away. Whatever lie ahead I had no qualms about what had to be done, what I would be wearing or why I should continue to please her. It was simply a done deal.

Tuesday night at five forty five I entered the lobby of her condo complex and rang her number. She buzzed me in and I rode the elevator up to her floor. At the bell she let me in right away.

"Go to the back room with Mrs. Wang please and she will get you fitted."

Mrs. Wang got up from the couch and I followed her to the back bedroom. I had no way of knowing what I was going to be wearing but I was quite positive it would be something very feminine.

"Put on the lingerie and then come back out," ordered Mrs. Wang.

She left and I walked over to the bed. I undressed and put my clothes on the bed. I put on a purple satin bra with

weighted inserts and closed the front hooks. The purple satin panties were next. The waist and leg elastic was black as were the four rows of ruffle along the back below the purple satin bow. After the purple satin garter belt I put on the black stockings and then walked to the door.

Mrs. Wang came back in, looked me over, then adjusted my bra straps for a better fit. From the closet she handed me two small black petticoats. I stepped into them and brought them up to my waist. She unzipped a purple taffeta puff sleeve mini dress from the hangar and held it up by the hem.

I slipped into it feeling more and more feminine. After zipping me up she adjusted the very short hem around the black petticoats, then stood in front of me and looked me over. Satisfied she returned to the closet and placed a pair of purple five inch stiletto heel pumps at my feet. I stepped into them and she buckled the ankle strap.

“Let’s go out so Mrs. Walker can see you.”

I followed her out to the living room where Mrs. Walker was pouring herself a glass of wine. Her face brightened when she saw me coming.

“Twirl around for me please,” she asked.

I twirled feeling very girlish as I did so. I had been walking effortlessly in the stiletto heel pumps and had a wonderful euphoric feeling of femininity as I followed her instructions. If she had asked me to walk a mile or ten miles I probably would have done so without complaint.

Vera walked over to me and tugged gently at the puff sleeves of the mini dress. She looked me over carefully and then walked behind me. She ran both hands over the back of the dress and then I felt her lift the hem of the dress and petticoats. I heard a brief giggle as she looked at the four rows of black ruffles along the back of my panties below the purple satin bow.

“You have done a beautiful job Mrs. Wang,” she exclaimed. “It is a perfect fit. “Okay Larry you can get dressed. Remember the limo driver will pick you up at about six thirty to get you here by seven am Saturday morning.”

I walked back to the bedroom. As soon as I was out of sight the giggling began again. I guess you could say it was a small price to pay for some extra cash. Besides I was certain that except for Phillip no one knew I was doing this. Even mom didn't know.

In the bedroom I closed the door and looked at myself in the full length mirror. Without the wig and make up I still looked very pretty. I did an impromptu curtsy and then twirled around. There was no doubt in my mind I could fool just about anybody. If anyone I knew saw me at the mall there would be no way they would recognize me.

I put everything on the bed except the pumps and got dressed. When I walked out to the living room both women were sipping wine. They smiled at me as I walked to the door.

“See you Saturday morning,” said Vera.

I nodded and left the room. On the way down in the elevator I closed my eyes and saw myself in the purple taffeta mini dress but with a wig and makeup. It was hard to admit but I just couldn't wait for Saturday morning!

Friday night after a cleaning job mom asked me to go to the park with her. We often would walk thru the park in addition to making use of the treadmill and stationary bike in the basement. Of course I declined explaining I had to do a special job for Mrs. Walker. She didn't question it, just smiled and nodded.

That night after a hot soak in the tub I shaved my body. My alarm shocked me into wakefulness. I got up

right away and ate a light breakfast. I carefully shaved my face and neck. Mom was still asleep when I walked out the front door to wait by the curb for the limo.

It arrived right on time. Whatever Vera was involved with it ran smoothly just like clockwork. She was a well organized business woman and everybody who worked for her towed the line.

When I walked into Vera's apartment Phillip was already there. As Phyllis his wig was a shoulder length blonde one with a large purple satin sissy boy pinned just above his bangs. He wore a long sleeve purple satin dress with a hem just above the knee and flared out with white petticoats along with black stiletto heel pumps. His nails were pink to match his blusher and lipstick.

In the bedroom I undressed and put on my purple bra, panties, garter belt and black stockings. Vera came in and I took my seat at the vanity. She applied pink blusher and purple lipstick to match the purple press on nails she applied to each finger. Next she applied purple eye shadow, black eyeliner and mascara.

After putting the black wig on my head she pinned a purple satin sissy bow to the top just like the one Phyllis was wearing. Long clip on earrings were last followed by a healthy spray of lilac scented perfume behind my ears, along my neckline, and on each wrist.

She stepped back away from the vanity to admire her handiwork. I loved the reflection in the mirror and once again it was hard to believe it was really me.

"Okay now for your dress. Come over to the closet please."

I stepped into the two short black petticoats again and then slipped the purple taffeta mini dress over my head. The hemline of this dress was more than a foot above the knee and I knew when I walked in the purple five inch

stiletto heel pumps the skirt of the dress would bounce considerably. Vera zipped me up and once again adjusted the hem over the petticoats. After I closed the ankle straps on the stiletto heel pumps Vera handed me a purple clutch purse.

"You are all set. The limo will take you and Phyllis to the expo center and I will join you later. Our booth is on the right hand side, aisle three, about halfway down. I should be there about ten. Gina Rollins, Lois Martins' district manager will be there to fill you in."

Phyllis and I walked out together. To look at us you would never guess we were two males. We both entered the limo in lady like fashion by smoothing our skirts as we turned to sit, then swinging our legs in. We sat up straight with our purses on our laps as we rode to the expo center.

Arriving at the expo center the limo driver stopped at the main entrance. She turned to us with a big smile on her face. I wondered what she found so amusing.

"Ok ladies, now before going inside please touch up your blusher and lipstick for me."

This took both of us by surprise as we had just been made up and Vera's place. Her smile turned to a frown so both of us opened our purses. We removed our make up and under her watchful eye applied some blusher and additional lipstick. When we finished she grinned again.

"Thank you so much LADIES!" She cooed with a laugh. "See you this evening when you are thru work."

Both of us exited the limo in lady like fashion, then stood up and smoothed our skirts. We checked each other over. Once inside we walked to our booth with purses in one hand and our other arm across our bodies with the hand dangling effeminately at the wrist just as Vera had instructed us.

I was feeling quite girlish. I glanced over at Phyllis and was certain he was feeling the same way too. As we made our way to the booth we couldn't help but notice that we were getting a lot of attention from the males in the building prompting Phyllis to make the remark:

"We had better be careful."

I couldn't have agreed more.

At the booth we met Gina Rollins. She looked both of us over very carefully almost as if it were a military inspection. She had us put our purses in the desk at the rear of the booth. We spent the next hour or so setting up the displays, stacks of literature, and some complimentary samples of skin cream.

Promptly at nine o'clock people began streaming into the expo center. Within an hour the place was packed with people. Both Phyllis and I were busy answering questions about the products we had on display. When we weren't talking to customers or handing out samples or brochures we stood with our arms across our bodies and hands dangling at the wrist in true feminine fashion.

There was no time for a morning break but the crowds did thin out around noon so Gina both gave us a thirty minute lunch break.

There were several food vendors at both ends of the mall. A sub shop was near the entrance where we had come in so we headed there. The rest rooms were there too so we stopped there first. Phyllis grabbed my elbow as I was about to reach for the handle on the men's room door and steered me over to the ladies room.

It was a unique experience to close the divider door behind me, set my purse down, then hike up my skirt and petticoats so I could slide my purple panties and garter

belt down to my knees so that I could pee sitting down. As I sat there I almost burst out laughing.

When I finished I joined Phyllis at the sink. We washed our hands and walked out to the line in front of the sub shop. Once again we noticed the attention we were getting from the males in the area.

We got our orders and sat at one of the tables adjacent to the shop. Taking our time we ate our sandwiches with small dainty bites and drank our sodas with small girlish sips just the way Vera had admonished us to do so. When we finished we walked back to our booth.

"Girls, before you start work again I want you to freshen your blusher and lipstick at the front table. It is good for the customers to see how feminine you look wearing our products as well as how important it is to always look your feminine best," said Gina.

Standing at the front table both of us removed the makeup items from our purses. We applied fresh lipstick and blusher. After putting our purses back in the desk's locked drawer we returned to the front table while Gina went on break. She was grinning when she left.

A few minutes later I spotted two girls from school walking towards us. I was scared to death they might recognize me. As they got closer I turned away from them and pretended to arrange some more literature. They stopped to talk to Phyllis. I kept my back to them and after they left breathed a healthy sigh of relief.

"Friends of yours?" inquired Phyllis.

"Yes. I was deathly afraid they might recognize me and tell everybody."

"I wouldn't worry about that. You look great and unless they stood real close to your face I don't think there would be a chance they would know who you really are."

“Thanks I appreciate that,” I replied, though I wasn’t sure it was a true complement when a cross dressed male can look good enough to fool a real female.

Two hours later to my absolute horror I saw my mother and a friend walking some distance away. Once again I turned away and walked back to the desk.

“Is something wrong?” asked Gina.

“My mom and her friend are walking towards us. She doesn’t know I am working like this,” I replied.

“Relax and just be the girl everybody is seeing. If she comes over here I will wait on her.”

As luck would have it my mother and her friend glanced over at us only once and then kept on walking. My mom never wore any makeup except for special occasions. I was quite relieved when they were out of sight.

I guess if there was an acid test for a male dressed like a female I had just passed it with flying colors. If your own mother doesn’t recognize you or sees you as a female it must mean I presented a pretty convincing image.

The rest of the afternoon went quickly. We took another break for a sandwich at six. The crowds thinned out around eight. At eight thirty Gina said she would stay until nine and we could take the limo home. We wouldn’t be needed on Sunday as Vera had two additional girls to come in for the last day.

As Phyllis and I rode back to Vera’s condo with two hundred dollar bills in each of our purses I wondered why these two girls couldn’t be available to work today too. But then mine was not to reason why mine was just to do my job in an effeminate and girly manner.

At Vera’s place the makeup, fake nails jewelry, wigs, lingerie, petticoats, dresses and high heel pumps came off.

A splash of after shave and once again Phyllis and Laura became Phillip and Larry. Two males who had spent the day being two females had now returned to being their real selves. At least their real biological selves though by this time I had my doubts not only about Phillip but myself as well.

It a sense I felt sad to become Larry again. I mean that is who I am just as Phyllis is really Phillip. Why had I so much enjoyed being Laura? Did Phillip feel the same way about becoming Phyllis? What was responsible for the exquisite joy I felt when cross dressed and made up? Was I really a woman in a man's body? Television and the internet treated these people like they were freaks and I certainly didn't think I was a freak or one of them either.

Arriving home mom had already gone to bed. I showered and checked myself in the mirror for any lingering trace of makeup but there was none. I wasn't paranoid but the last thing I needed was for my mom to stand in front of me and ask why there was a trace of lipstick on my lips or blusher on my cheeks. It would be a difficult explanation to say the least.

I laid awake for quite awhile thinking about my situation as well as the fact that I seemed to be drawn more and more to the feminine side of things despite being a male. I wondered if Phillip was having similar thoughts. Was there ever going to be a satisfactory end to this? I tossed fitfully for awhile and then finally fell asleep.

When I opened my eyes I was standing in front of a full length mirror. I was completely naked. I had no body hair whatsoever. My male genitals were missing but there was no vagina either though I did have two beautiful breasts. My fingernails were long and like my toenails they were bright pink.

A door opened and Vera walked in carrying a riding crop. She was dressed in a black leather pant suit, black leather flat soled boots and smelled of after shave.

“Why aren’t you dressed yet SISSY BOY?” she shrieked at me.

I was speechless as she raised the riding crop. I backed away from the mirror to the bed.

“Put those things on right now GIRLY BOY or we are going to be late. That will make me very angry you PANTYWAIST and you don’t want to see me angry do you?”

I shrank back to the edge of the bed while shaking my head.

“No Vera I wouldn’t want that,” I answered in a quivering voice.

“I’ll be back again in ten minutes. You had better be dressed and made up!” she screamed.

She stormed out of the room slamming the door in the process.

I turned my attention to the lingerie on the bed. As quickly as I could I put on the pink satin bra, pink satin panties with white ruffles on the back, a pink garter belt and a pair of pink seamed stockings. At the vanity I applied pink blusher and lipstick. The pink wig with a large pink satin sissy bow at the top was next followed by long earrings and a liberal squirting of some sissy sweet perfume.

At the closet I put on several short pink petticoats and then a pink satin puff sleeve mini dress before stepping into a pair of pink five inch heel stiletto heel pumps. Back at the vanity I put my makeup in a dainty pink purse and slipped the gold chain over my shoulder.

Just then Vera burst thru the door. She was scowling but the sight of me dressed all in pink softened her expression. She reached out and grabbed my hand.

“Good you’re ready. Let’s go. The girls at the club can’t wait to see my latest sissy creation.”

We walked outside to where the limo was waiting. She opened the door for me. I used both hands to smooth the skirts of my dress to sit down and swing my legs in before she sat down next to me. The limo pulled out and began speeding up.

When the limo stopped Vera got out and held the door open with one hand and took my hand with the other. I got out, smoothed my skirts in typical feminine fashion, and took her arm as she walked to the front door. The limo pulled away and we went inside.

At the front counter Vera gave her name to the host, also in black leather. The host walked around to stop in front of me. She grabbed the hem of my dress and petticoats. Yanking them up her face broke into a wide grin at the sight of my pink panties and garter belt.

“Perfectly delightful!” she exclaimed with a grin. “I see you have found another one Vera. I don’t know how you do it. Follow me please and I will take you to your table.”

I took Vera’s arm and we followed the host to a table. I looked around the semi-dark room to see other couples at their tables. Just like us, there was a woman wearing either black or brown leather, sitting with a very femininely dressed male.

The waitress, a very thin boy dressed all in pink with a pink wig and sissy bow, set a pink lady in front of me and a glass of wine in front of Vera along with the menus.

“Enjoying the sissy lifestyle are we Laura?” Vera said with a grin.

I was about to answer her when there was the loud ringing of an alarm bell. It sounded like a fire alarm but Vera’s face displayed no emotion. No one else in the club seemed to be paying any attention to it either. Everything went black.

When I blinked again I was sitting up in bed. I got out of bed and shut off my alarm clock. Obviously I was no longer wearing a sissy dress and heels. I checked my face in the bathroom mirror and saw there was no trace of makeup on my face.

I shook my head to clear the images that had been so clear in my dream. When my pulse had returned to normal I got dressed and went into the kitchen for breakfast.

Mom looked at me and asked me if there was anything wrong.

“Bad night’s sleep,” was all that I could come up with and she let it go at that.

I continued to stay busy at the pharmacy and with school. I earned good grades despite my hectic schedule though it left little time to socialize.

My paychecks continue to build small savings account that I would need for school. To be honest, I didn’t have the faintest idea what I was going to do with my life.

Counselors are all too quick to point out the importance of getting an education. I wondered about that because of all the highly skilled people that were unemployed and some of them living in tent cities or under a bridge.

I was just grateful to have a roof over my head and some income for the things I needed. Just rushing into a

school, even to just take some general courses, didn't seem to be the right thing to do for me.

There was also this discovery of my love for femininity. I certainly didn't think I was a freak of nature or anything. When I was en femme I felt not only quite feminine but very relaxed as well. It was almost as if I had become my true self.

By the end of the school year I was no longer having dreams of femininity. Once after an exhausting night of studying for finals I dozed off on the couch and awoke to find Vera standing in my living room in full dominatrix regalia. She raised the whip in her right hand and opened her mouth to scream at me when she suddenly turned into my mother.

"Go to bed, you really look exhausted."

I got up off the couch, cleaned up and immediately fell asleep as soon as my head hit the pillow.

With final exams over the summer was a welcome break. Neither Vera nor Sarah had said anything more to me about my one day stint in purple taffeta and heels at the expo center. I half expected to be asked to do it again but the time did not come.

Both women were pleased with my increase in sales. I had become quite knowledgeable about cosmetics and enjoyed my job helping women look their best. I had a feeling my part time income was more than above average.

Just after turning eighteen in May I found my mother lying dead next to the washing machine. I called 911 but she had felt cold to the touch and at the hospital the doctor said that there was nothing they could do. I signed for the autopsy and went back home.

The next two weeks were a maze of funeral and burial arrangements, estate settlements and work too. If there

was any silver lining it was that the aneurism that killed her did so in the summer when I didn't have a class schedule to.

I had no sooner settled mom's estate, got her things cleared out of the duplex, and became settled back into a routine when the landlord notified me that he had sold the duplex and was moving to Florida. I had thirty days to find another place as the new owner's relative was going to move in here.

I spoke with Sarah the next day to get some extra days off if I needed them for my move. That afternoon Vera stopped in and told me to come by the office after my shift was over.

That afternoon I finished up at the counter and walked back to her office. Sarah was there and she left as soon as I walked in.

"Sit down Larry I may have some good news for you."

I took my seat opposite her wondering what this was about.

"Have you made any career plans now that you are thru with high school?" she asked.

I shook my head no.

"I am not sure what I really want to do. There are so many unemployed people in just about every area I'm afraid to start something and then find myself unemployed. I would like to continue working for a little while yet until I find something that I think would be really solid."

She smiled at me. "I understand how you feel. Is everything settled with your mom's estate?"

"Yes," I answered. I wondered why she wanted to know that.

“So if you found something you would be free to go anywhere for a career move?”

“Yes I would,”

“Okay. Let me put my cards on the table. The Robbins Institute offers very good programs which lead to a career as a beautician, nail technician, make up artist, as well as fashion design. With your skills, abilities, and your positive attitude I think you would be a natural. Lois Martin, whose line of cosmetics you sell is opening a chain of makeup and skin care studios. By the time you graduate you could slide right in to a full time job.”

“Well I don’t know,” I replied honestly. “I think Robbins is a private school and they tend to be really expensive.”

“Private Schools like Robbins are expensive but with your savings and a student loan the tuition and fees shouldn’t be any problem.”

I thought for a moment. I didn’t want to tell her how much money I had from the estate but it would be more than enough to cover my school expenses and live for about two years before things would be getting a little tight financially.

“I guess you are right there.” “I have to move quickly as they are closing on the 29th of the month which is a Friday. I would like to be out of there so the new owners’ relative can move in that weekend.”

“I understand Larry and that brings me to another point. I have a friend. She is a very sweet old lady who has a small upstairs partly furnished apartment for rent. The rent would be less than the duplex you are currently living in and it is only a few blocks from the school. There is a catch however.”

I sucked in my breath. I was just feeling good about getting some help and now it looks like there would be strings attached to it. I loved the interaction with people who wanted me to help them look good so it wasn't too much of a stretch for me to becoming a full time makeup artist.

"She only rents to single women. You have never said anything when we asked you to be en femme for me or at the expo. You pass very easily as a girl. It would be necessary for you to live, go to school and work here en femme."

"Both Sarah and I are willing to help you transition quickly. In addition the company as well as Ms. Martin's employees must follow a strict health regime. I know you aren't a smoker or use drugs and have kept yourself in good physical shape. You will need to take a physical also. Would you be interested in doing this?"

I thought about all the things she had said. I would have a cheap place to live near a school. The only thing that concerned me was the fact that I would be living as a female 24/7. It's one thing to "dress up" for one day, it was quite another to try to pass myself off as a female all the time.

I had to be honest. I did enjoy passing myself off as a girl but in this instance I would not be "acting" like a girl in that sense, I would be actually "living" and going to school as a girl. The more I thought about it the more I knew what the right answer would be.

"Yes I would. How do we go about this?"

Vera smiled and sat back in her chair.

"First get rid of everything in the duplex that you don't absolutely need. The less you have the less hassle moving will be. Sarah and I will assist you with a modest wardrobe and a supply of Martin cosmetics to get you

started. Here is the address of a clinic. After work tomorrow you will see Dr. Samuels for a physical. Let your hair and nails grow. We will discuss the rest later.”

I took the card from her and left the office. Back home I wondered what I had just got myself into. After supper I made up a list of what I was going to keep and what I was going to get rid of. I didn't have much time so I wanted to be well organized before moving.

After work I went to the clinic and saw Dr. Samuels. She gave me a quick physical and then a shot from a very large needle. After writing on a prescription pad she directed me to the pharmacy in the basement. I hadn't expected this but the doctor said the vitamin pills were extra strength requiring a prescription.

At home I ate supper and swallowed one of the huge pink pills. I finished sorting thru my stuff. Rather than try to sell the stuff at a garage sale I called a thrift store and had them pick up the boxes. The duplex seemed to be getting emptier and emptier.

I was off on Saturday but Vera and Sarah showed up at nine am with several large boxes. They had been to several thrift stores and bought me a basic wardrobe. I tried on several blouse and skirt combinations without wearing any lingerie. There were also several purses and a dozen pairs of shoes. A brown wig on a foam head and a pink makeup case were the last two items. Vera handed me another card before they left.

“You have evening appointments for the next few months,” said Vera.

After they left I looked at the address. It was a hair removal clinic in the same building as Dr. Samuels. That night I had my first laser treatments on my legs and began electrolysis treatments on my face.

I didn't think that this was necessary but I was already committed to being en femme for at least the next year so I thought it best not to say anything.

Neither Vera nor Sarah had mentioned anything about paying for the clothes or the services I was getting so I thought I should ask them my next day at work.

I talked with Sarah when she came in at one. She stated that I would be billed once a month and walked away from me. I thought nothing of it and went back to work.

That night I found a package inside the door. Inside were several bra and panty sets along with a pair of weighted inserts and a pretty pink baby doll night gown. Before going to bed that night I tried them on to find they were a perfect fit. I hand washed them and went to bed.

Thursday Vera called and said she would be coming over at one pm Friday to take me to the new apartment. I was to close out my bank accounts with a money order made out to Laura Wynn and keep out two thousand dollars in cash. I should be en femme when she arrived.

I followed her instructions the next morning. After lunch I put on my lingerie, a denim mini skirt, a white sleeveless blouse and black flats. My brown wig and some pink blusher to match the creamy pink lipstick were last. I put my makeup, money order and cash in a navy purse and sat down to wait for Vera's arrival.

A pang of fear hit me as I wondered if one of the neighbors might see me. If they did I guess they would just assume I had a girlfriend over. Most everybody here minded their own business and most of them were probably at work anyway so I guess it didn't matter.

Vera arrived on time. We drove about six miles to a modest two story house. Vera introduced me to a Mrs. Bronson, a short grey haired lady with bifocals.

"I am pleased to meet you Laura," she said in a soft voice as she gave me a firm handshake. Her house smelled like fresh baked goods and she was wearing a large white apron. She looked me up and down for a moment and then we walked upstairs.

The apartment was small but very clean. I looked around thinking that it was just right for me. After all I would only be here for the duration of the school.

"It's perfect for me," I said.

We went back downstairs. I counted out the money for the first month's rent and a security deposit. She wrote out a receipt, handed me one key for the apartment, one for the garage and a smaller one for the mailbox as well as a sheet listing the rules. I looked them over briefly and we left.

We parked at a bank satellite office. I signed the money order Larry Wynn and then again Laura Wynn. Inside a woman at one of the desks saw Vera and motioned us over. I opened my checking account. I was surprised she hadn't asked me for an ID. As we left she had winked and smiled at Vera. I wondered if there was something else going on here that I didn't know about.

At the school Vera introduced me to the administrator and we went into her office. I filled out some forms and then used one of the temporary checks to pay for the first three months. It was pretty steep, \$2,400.00 plus another hundred dollars for the registration fee.

On the way out we stopped at the bookstore where I picked up the textbooks and other needed supplies for the first three months. As we left she thanked me and said "It's good to see you again Vera."

The rest of the week I worked and lived totally en femme. It was a different experience being in girls clothes all the time. Despite all that had happened in the last

month and the fact that the next nine months I would be living, working, and going to school as a female I felt pretty relaxed.

Friday morning two men and a truck showed up on time. They moved my furniture and a few remaining boxes of stuff to my new apartment. Sarah stopped by later to see if everything had gone ok. She handed me a pink box.

Inside was a bath set with bubble bath crystals, soap, body powder and a purse size bottle of perfume. They all carried the same sweet, girly scent.

“Both Vera and I want you to not only look feminine but to carry this delightful feminine scent as well.”

“Thank you,” I replied with a smile.

These women had certainly left nothing to chance. With my smooth, nearly hair free body, a basic feminine wardrobe, wig, make up and now sweetly scented I was about as female as a male could be.

School began. It was an intensified course. I thought I knew a few things about makeup but the course was really an in depth one, not only about the products but how to best use them for all types of women. Like always I applied myself and earned high marks.

My work and class schedule didn't allow much time for socializing. The conversation at lunch time seemed to revolve around boyfriends and men in general which I found quite amusing. There were some males enrolled but none were in my class.

My sales continued to be good and Sarah received many compliments on my work. I was quite happy and had made the adjustment to en femme living with no problems. My electrolysis continued as well as periodic

touch up work on my chest and legs with the laser treatments.

Since my mother's death I had continued my usual workouts on the stationary bike and treadmill. I wasn't hungry as much as I used to be and soon found myself eating less. As a result I had begun to lose weight. I had to pull the belt back further on my belted skirts.

The monthly shots continued as well as my intake of those large pink pills I had been given. I wondered if they had anything to do with my lack of appetite. In addition I noticed a change in my skin tone, particularly in my face. There was also some fleshiness in the area around my nipples. I made a mental note to ask Dr. Samuels about it at my next appointment.

I passed my three month exams with flying colors. My nails had grown out enough to get a free manicure and pedicure from the girls undergoing beautician training. As I sat there looking down at my pink toenails I wondered what the girl doing my fingernails would think if she knew what was under the skirt and panties I was wearing.

Thanksgiving came and went. I had dinner at a local restaurant. I was the only one there who was alone. There was only one family and a few couples besides me. For a moment I felt sad not being able to sit down with mom as we usually did.

I noticed when I was out that I was getting attention from men. Because I was living and working en femme I was always very conscious of my appearance as well as my deportment. I guess you could say that this attention was a direct result of that as well as a compliment to my feminine appearance.

By the end of the next three month segment I was showing real promise not only as an artist but in nail and

skin care. I also became skilled in wig styling. I found that I was enjoying myself not only from the standpoint of a student but as a female too.

The class size had been diminished by almost half either by students who weren't capable of handling the course material, those who did not have good study habits or the necessary skill level to proceed and the usual few who simply found the course not to their liking.

Instructors liked this drop out rate because it meant fewer people to deal with as well as the fact that those of us who were left were the students who were not only serious about school but serious about entering this profession.

All of us enjoyed the free monthly manicures and pedicures from our fellow students. By now I noticed a more significant change in my body. When I had questioned Dr. Samuels about this she just shrugged and with a grin replied:

"Different people have different side effects, none of them serious so, don't be concerned. Now get dressed we are done here."

She made some notes on her clipboard and left the room. That night after a sweet scented bubble bath I dried off and stood in front on the mirror over the sink. My face had definitely changed. Apparently it was only noticeable to me as no one at school had said anything to me, but then they hadn't known me before I began my health regime either.

I placed my hands under my nipples and gently pushed up. I was definitely getting fleshier. There was also some slight sensitivity there. Dr. Samuels had said not to worry so the only thing I could do was to ignore it.

My weight had stabilized some but I did replace all of my skirts with ones that had a smaller waist. Using the

same web site I replaced my bra and panty sets as well. The bras seem to fit better too. Maybe I was getting bigger breasts after all.

At last finals were only a week away. Like most of my fellow students I was tired of school and was anxious to get out into the working world and start making some money. Vera called me into her office after my shift on Monday night.

"Lois Martin's first studio will be ready in about a month," she began. "I have arranged for you to be interviewed here Tuesday night here after close. I know your wardrobe is limited to casual clothes so I took the liberty of getting you something for the interview."

She handed me a box. I thanked her and went home. After my shower that night I opened the box to find a long line bra, long open bottom girdle, a pair of sheer, seamed stockings, a lacy camisole and half slip, a pink long sleeve silk blouse with a huge spray of ruffles down the front, a black pencil skirt and a pair of black leather five inch stiletto heel pumps.

After putting everything on I stood in front of the mirror and admired the very attractive young woman who was looking back at me. I put one hand on my hip and twirled around. I almost wanted to reach out and touch the image before me just to confirm that it was really and truly me.

I walked confidently around the apartment in my high heel pumps. I sat down on the couch, smoothing my skirt as I did so. Then I got up again and walked some more. I felt very relaxed and confident in my lady like walk and my feminine deportment.

I took everything off and placed the items back in the box. After dusting myself liberally with the perfumed dusting powder I slipped into my pink baby doll night-

gown. I wished I had pink satin sheets on the bed but for now cotton would have to do.

As I lay awake in bed thinking about the upcoming interview I wondered what Lois was going to ask me and how I would respond. Would she find my feminine appearance to her liking? I had a lot of money and almost a year of my life invested so far and I didn't want it all to go to waste now.

Three months ago I had paid the last of the tuition and was sending Vera reimbursement checks each month for all the work I was having done as well as my wardrobe and cosmetic supplies. I still had several thousand dollars left but that was my savings. My inheritance from mom was all gone. Her old car was still holding up but it wasn't going to last forever either.

Finally I drifted off to sleep. The next morning I ate a light breakfast and hurried off to school. I finished my early classes and rushed home. I was too nervous to eat lunch. At three I got dressed and drove to work for my four to nine shift.

I walked in the door and punched in. Time just wouldn't go fast enough. At my six thirty break I could only manage to consume a diet soda. Tuesday's weren't particularly busy anyway but today really seemed to drag on forever.

At eight forty five I saw Vera come in with Lois Martin. I thought perhaps she would come to the counter first to see her products on display but instead they went directly to Sarah's office. At nine we closed up and Sarah left too. I applied some blusher and fresh lipstick before walking back to the office.

I knocked politely on the open office door. Lois Martin was behind the desk and Vera was sitting to my right in

front of her. Vera's face brightened into a smile as she stood up.

"Lois this is Laura Wynn. Laura this is Lois Martin."

I stepped forward and gave Ms. Martin a soft, limp handshake.

"Please have a seat Laura and we will get started," said Ms. Martin in a husky voice.

I stepped to her right and smoothed my skirt as I sat down. I sat upright with my purse on my lap and waited for her to begin.

"I leave you two alone," said Vera. She smiled at me as she got up and left.

"Both Vera and Sarah have spoken highly of you. Your instructors at the Robbins Institute have done the same. I don't hire resumes I hire people. Your outstanding salesmanship here at work and your excellent record at school has prompted me to talk to you here."

"As Vera probably mentioned I am opening my first make up studio in a couple of weeks. We will also be selling my own line of wigs. The fixtures are just about in place. The stock will be shipped at a later date. In addition to helping me set up the displays and stock the shelves I will need you to act as my secretary-receptionist for about the first week or so. Is that agreeable to you?"

"Yes Ms. Martin it is,"

"Excellent. Do you have any questions about your duties and responsibilities as I have outlined them for you?"

"No but I would like a sufficient amount of time to move closer to work. Your studio is in a mall about fifteen miles from where I am currently living. My landlady only rents to students at the school so I would have to be moving shortly."

"I understand completely. Here is a list of rental units close by. Use my name when you find a place that suits you."

When I took the sheet from her she glanced down briefly at my well manicured bright pink fingernails.

"Thank you I appreciate that," I replied.

"Now then it goes without saying you should always present yourself like you are today. Your image and that of the other employees must always reflect picture perfect femininity. There is no excuse for being unkempt or unladylike. Is that clear?"

"Yes Ms. Martin it is."

"Good. Now most of your compensation will be commission of course. You will be on an hourly salary while in training and as my personal secretary/receptionist. Today is the fifth so I will expect you to be at work on the Monday the twenty fifth. Can you make that?"

"Yes of course I can."

"Very well, that will be all. Please call me at the number on the sheet I gave you when you are moved in and settled. I will give you more specific details then."

I got up and we shook hands. Once again I gave her a limp dishrag handshake and left the office. I was breathing easier by the time I got home. I got the invoice out of the box Vera had given me. I called the company and ordered more skirts, blouses, lingerie and pumps like the ones I was wearing. I had them shipped three day express so I would have time to try them on before moving out.

The next day I gave my landlady notice that I was moving to take a full time job s short distance away.

"Let me know the last day so I can inspect the apartment so you will get your security deposit back."

“Of course, I replied.

It was a busy two weeks between packing up again and looking at apartments. I found a one bedroom close to work and when I mentioned Lois Martin’s name the lady rental agent grinned at me as she handed me the lease.

My license test results came back from the state. I had passed with flying colors which was no surprise to me. I had applied myself and worked very hard. Hopefully now with my new career and a very feminine career at that I would be able to start making some good money.

I bought some additional bath sets. I had come to love the sweet scented bubble baths and dusting powder just like any girl would. I continued to see Dr. Samuels and re-filled my prescription for those large pink pills.

I loved what the shots and pills had done to my body. I was now almost totally hair free and my skin was as soft and supple as any girls. It was hard to believe just how feminine I had become. Looking in the mirror as I applied my makeup each day gave me a great deal of pleasure.

The morning I was to start work at the salon I had quite a collection of butterflies in my stomach. I felt confident about my ability to work there as well as in my new femininity.

I reported to the salon’s rear door at eight am. Lois opened the door.

“Good morning, come on in,” she said with a smile.

She looked me over briefly and then we went inside. I was surprised to see her in jeans and a pink polo shirt. I guess because she was a former model I half expected her to be wearing something else. She wore little makeup but as you might expect she was still gorgeous. I was envious of the way she looked which sounded like a strange

thought coming from someone who was still biologically a male.

We walked thru the back area to the front of the salon. The fixtures were all in place. There was a counter at the front entrance for the receptionist and several chairs on each side for the customers to wait to be called for their appointment. The floor and ceiling were white but of course the walls were pink. The outside sign facing the mall was pink and in black letters it said simply "Lois's."

Behind the counter there were three stations, separated by dividers and a curtain on each side. Behind each curtain there was a large pink leather reclining chair facing a well lighted mirror flanked by shelving units and drawers below it. At the back were several shelving units for the wig displays. In the back there was a lunch room, restroom, and storage area that was now piled high with boxes.

"Let's get the wigs out first," she said handing me a box cutter.

We each took a box off the pile and brought them to the back shelving units. We placed them on their foam heads and then set them on the shelves. When we finished we flattened the boxes and took them out to the recycling bin. The wig care products were next and they were placed on the shelf below the wigs. The price tags were fixed to the shelf below the products.

"Have a seat for a minute Laura," said Lois.

I sat in the nearest pink leather chair and swiveled it around to face her.

"Take off your wig I want to see how some of these look on you," she said.

I removed my wig and held it in my lap. While at school the girls in the beautician course had given me a

free trim keeping my hair in a short, but girly, style with bangs. It made my brown shoulder length wig fit better but when I removed it I still had a feminine look.

From the shelf she removed one wig at a time and placed it on my head. To my surprise she took my picture with a small camera. After she had taken my picture in a dozen of the wigs she smiled at me.



"You look good no matter what the style or color. Please keep your hair short like you have now. I will have you wear a different wig each day so the customers can see how they look on a real person not just from the pictures in the window and on the wall."

"I agree," I replied. "That's a good way to display the wigs to the customer."

We began stocking each station with makeup supplies working our way from front to back. At ten o'clock we stopped for a diet soda and then continued until about twelve thirty. We walked down to the mall's café court for lunch.

That afternoon we continued to stock the remaining stations. We finished up just before 6pm. Before I left she asked me to come in at nine the next day. The phone and computer people would be coming in to install our equipment. She wanted me there to be trained as soon as everything was hooked up.

After supper I was more tired than I thought. I showered and went to bed early. I slept soundly until the alarm clock shocked me awake.

I pushed the buzzer at eight forty five and Lois let me in. The phone system was being installed and as soon as it was up and working I sat behind the counter to familiarize myself with it. An hour later the computer techs arrived to install our system. By lunch time everything was working properly and we headed to the café court for our lunch break.

Lois was pleased with how everything was being accomplished on schedule. The new manager would be coming in tomorrow and the new employees a few days later. It was just like clockwork. There had been no glitches or bumps in the road, at least so far, knock on wood.

I left the salon early to see Dr. Samuels again. Another short exam with more attention paid to my breasts and shrunken genitals this time followed by another shot. The doctor seemed very pleased with the way I looked.

Sitting in my perfumed bubble bath that night I tried to think back to a time when I knew what it felt like to be a man. My genitals had been reduced to about half the size they had once been. My bust line had increased to the point where I would need new bras in a couple of months.

I dried off and dusted myself with the perfumed body talc. Looking in the mirror I saw a very feminine face. I was nearly finished with electrolysis. At the last appointment the tech had done my eyebrows to save me from the chore of constant plucking. My laser treatments were only for touch ups every six months. As I ran my hands up and down my smooth girly legs I almost giggled out loud.

The strangest thing was I had never thought about the male life I had left behind. I was enjoying my femininity too much to think about it I guess. I was very busy at work and soon it would be getting busier with customers coming into the salon.

It was too late to protest the results of the pills and shots Dr. Samuels had given me. In addition to the physical changes to my body I seemed to have become a more passive person, not that I had ever been an aggressive or argumentative male to begin with.

I was quite content to be the feminized, sissified male I had become. I was very relaxed and looked forward to going to work everyday in a very feminine environment. There was absolutely no desire in me to return to my previous male life. I wondered why I had been born a male to begin with. Perhaps I had just been destined for this all along.

When I came to work the next day Lois introduced me to Marie Edgerton, the new salon manager. She was a little taller than Lois and was wearing a grey pantsuit. Her make up was sparse and she didn't ask many questions as Lois showed her the salon while I manned the phones.

When the two of them came back from lunch they were accompanied by two new employees. I wasn't surprised to find one of them was Phyllis. He looked as gorgeous as ever in his white frilly blouse, slim skirt and stiletto pumps.

The other girl was Sheila O'Brien. She wore a pale blue blouse, navy skirt and navy heels. After I trained both of them on the phone and computer system we took a lunch break while Marie sat at the front counter.

While we ate our lunch I took notice of both Phyllis and Shelia. Like me, both of them took dainty bites of their food, chewed slowly, and sipped small amounts of their drink in very lady like fashion. When we finished all of us touched up our blusher and lipstick before heading back to the salon.

I knew Phyllis had been Phillip from our previous work together. It was not difficult to notice he had become as feminine as I was. Sitting at the table with Shelia no one passing by would ever think they were looking at anything but three young girls having lunch.

Shelia was a real female, or at least as much as I could tell. I wondered if she knew both of us were still males. I guess it didn't really matter since she was such a nice person to chat with. I was looking forward to working with her too.

Marie sat at the counter while Lois instructed Phyllis, Shelia and me in the procedures she expected all of us to follow in dealing with the customers. She placed pink

placard with our first names in black over our stations. Holding up a pink smock she smiled at us.

“After you punch in you will don a pink smock over your blouse and place your name tag over your left breast. Should it become soiled during the day you will put on a clean one from the rack in the break room before you meet the next customer. Place the soiled one in the pink plastic container at the end of the rack. A service picks them up and leaves clean ones once a week.”

“Once again I want to stress the importance of always being presentable. Our customers have high expectations when they come here. This is a professional salon. I want all of you to conduct yourself in a professional way.”

“More importantly you must always have not only a professional appearance but a very feminine appearance as well. There is no excuse for a chipped nail, or sloppy makeup. Most days you will be modeling one of our wigs but on those days that you are not be sure your hair is neat and clean.”

“We are closed tomorrow, that’s Thursday. Our grand opening begins Friday and goes thru the weekend. The newspaper, radio, and TV ads start tonight. Be ready for a very busy weekend. Now that’s all for today so enjoy the rest of your time off.”

We filled out our payroll form and left the salon. I couldn’t wait to get started. I wanted to not only put my skills to good use but start earning some money. I was down to very little savings having paid off my wardrobe purchases and hair removal costs. Fortunately mom’s old car was still running but just how much longer it would last was anybody’s guess.

Our three day opening weekend was more than a little hectic. The three of us girls, well that is me, Phyllis, and Shelia took turns at the counter. Most of our customers

had come in for facials. We sold a few wigs and their accompanying care products as well as a few makeup items.

There was little time for anything else and the weekend went very fast. Things slowed up the next week but we continued to keep the appointment schedule nearly full. Our first paychecks were small because they included just our minimum wage training salary but I knew that if things kept going the way they had been all of us were going to be making some very good money.

Business was good. It grew gradually as our reputation for the quality of our work, the quality of our products and the professionalism of the staff became more and more widespread. We now had a full time receptionist so the three of us could spend all of our time with customers.

As our customer base grew so did our income. I doubted in anyone in the area had any inkling of what we were making. I managed to get caught up on most of my bills and had started once again to build a modest savings account.

I began to add to my modest wardrobe. It would not surprise you that I didn't own pair of pants and I doubted if Phyllis did either. Shelia might but at work of course we were always in our feminine best with very girly, frilly blouses and slim skirts under our pink smocks and of course high heel pumps.

Even on my days off I wore heels or four inch wedgies with my shirtdresses or casual skirt and blouse combinations. I began each day, working or not with blusher, lipstick and a very sweet feminine scent. I was enjoying being the very girly girl I had become.

After my last visit to Dr. Samuels for my monthly shot and a refill of my prescription vitamins I bought all new bras. Looking at myself that night after a perfumed bub-

ble bath I wondered just how far my expansion was going to go. I didn't have too long to wait.

We had an employee meeting each month to discuss any problems or complaints and new product information. At the three month meeting Marie took me aside and told me to report to the clinic to see Dr. Samuels after my day shift Friday. I was off the weekend and had just received my monthly shot so I was a bit taken aback by this.

In the exam room Dr. Samuels asked me sign a form, then undress and lay down on the exam table. I started to read the form when the nurse barked "NOW PLEASE!" I signed it quickly without reading it. I guess I had trusted these people this long so it didn't matter. I handed the form back to the nurse.

Dr. Samuels brought a wide belt was over my mid section and the nurse on the other side of the table tightened it. My arms were pinned at my sides. My pulse began to elevate as I couldn't figure out what they planned on doing. My legs were spread and secured at the ankles. I felt a pick on both sides of my shrunken scrotum. A few moments later I felt the cool mist of the antiseptic spray. Dr. Samuels handed the nurse something and she left the room.

"Just relax Laura. I will be back in a few minutes," said the doctor.

She left the room and I was alone with my thoughts. I raised my head a little but could not see anything. When Dr. Samuels returned she undid the wide belt and handed me a small vial of four pills.

"Get dressed and go home. You will experience some discomfort when the anesthetic wears off. Take two of these when get home. Place some ice cubes in a damp washcloth and hold it against alternate sides of you scrotum to reduce the swelling. Take the other two before you

go to bed. After you take the last of your prescription don't bother refilling it as you won't need testosterone blockers any more."



She turned away and left the room. I sat up and looked at my scrotum. There were two lines of stitches about an inch long on either side of my scrotum which was now empty. Evidently I had been castrated. Strange as it may seem I wasn't angry at the loss of my testes.

I mean I wasn't ever going to need them anyway. Without the testes the hormone blockers were unnecessary and I guessed now those shots would have an even greater effect on my already nicely feminized body.

When I got home I could feel the anesthetic was wearing off so I took two of the pills and had something to eat. I alternated the ice pack as Dr. Samuels had instructed me to and within an hour the swelling had gone down some. By bed time I felt a little better but I took the two other pills anyway.

Saturday night I examined myself more closely in the shower. The two lines of stitches were not as red as they had been initially and there was very little discomfort so I stayed in the apartment most of the weekend. By Sunday night I was back to normal.

I touched up my finger and toe nails with bright pink polish before going to bed. I had come to enjoy all the girly things that I previously hadn't even given a thought too as I watched other girls apply make up and check their nail polish.

Summer left us and the coolness of fall blew its' way in. I bought a pair of lined boots, a winter coat and a pair of pink mittens. The salon was doing superbly and we were busy enough to hire two more girls. I loved my job and the people I worked with.

In the time since my castration I had noticed that my skin tone had changed again. My cheeks had developed a rosy glow, similar to a woman when she is pregnant and her estrogen level is elevated. The rest of my body too had

developed a more feminine sheen. I couldn't help but notice the change in Phyllis as well. I wondered if he had been castrated too.

Both of us not only looked much more feminine but had continued to behave in a much more effeminate way. We had developed a very feminine gait when we walked in heels as well as letting our hands dangle at the wrist whenever we reached out with the other hand to get something.

If we were standing it was always like we were posing. One hand was placed on our hip and the other hand dangling at the wrist with that arm across our body. We had become not only quite feminine but I would say more like "ultra" feminine, which is a description you seldom heard about women let alone men who had become feminized.

This had not gone unnoticed by Marie or Lois when she stopped in. Compliments on our appearance were not given out as we all were required to have a certain look as part of the job. We knew that we were, in a sense, "always on". No matter whether we were in the salon, going to and from lunch or out and about on our days off we were one of Lois's girls.

That year Halloween fell on a Saturday. It was a busy day for us but Marie insisted we could be in costume for our shift. The girls were in black cat costumes while Marie was the wicked witch. Somehow Phyllis and I had been relegated to wear pink satin puff sleeve mini dresses and a large pink satin sissy bows pinned to the top of our wigs.

Underneath this very feminine costume of course we wore pink satin bra and panty sets with our pink garter belts holding up pink seamed stockings under several short pink petticoats. Pink stiletto high heel pumps

rounded out our ensemble. It wasn't surprising to hear us being addressed as "Sissy number one and Sissy number two."

Everyone had fun that day. Without a doubt neither Phyllis nor I had any reason to refuse to wear such a girly and very feminine ensemble. I doubt if anyone had a clue to just how much we were enjoying wearing such clothing or for that matter being addressed as "Sissy" for the whole day.

With the holidays approaching I couldn't help but feel a little sad. Most everyone had families to be around. Never the less I was enjoying my feminine lifestyle too much to let my lack of family ties get me down.

For Christmas we all received a very nice bonus check. We also got some free cosmetics, bath sets, and discount coupons for clothing and lingerie at Mindy's, a very upscale women's department store which was one of the mall's anchor stores.

My bath set had a delightful lilac scent. It went well with my new purple nail polish and lipstick. Marie insisted we change our nail color and make up scheme each month. Believe me Phyllis and I were only too happy to do so. Getting a make over and doing our nails just made us feel more and more feminine.

Looking back I couldn't remember being this happy as a male. I was always completely en femme and loving every minute of it. I loved the softness of my hair free feminized skin as well as the way my nylon stockings and other tricot or satin lingerie felt when I put them on.

Despite what you might think I also like the way the form fitting foundation garments made my figure look. No matter what happened I was certain I was never going back to my previous male lifestyle that was for sure.

With the holidays behind us the weather turned much colder and we got some more snow. We had a dusting of the white stuff just before Christmas but this time we really got dumped on. Business slowed for about ten days but then picked up towards the end of the month.

There were numerous bridal and formal apparel shows throughout the area. There was going to be one at the mall the salon was in the last weekend in January. Both Phyllis and I were tapped to be the makeup artists for the show.

We were both looking forward to the show to say nothing of the fact that we had been asked by the show's promoters to wear prom dresses or bridesmaids' dresses for the entire three days we were going to be working the show. Needless to say Phyllis and I were ecstatic at the prospect of wearing some of those gorgeous gowns for the entire three day event.

During the two weeks prior to the show Phyllis and I paged thru several fashion magazines and catalogs on the break table that previewed the upcoming designs that would be highlighted at the show. To say that we were giddy with anticipation would be an understatement. Neither one of us could hardly wait.

Thursday night after work Phyllis and I walked to the other end of the mall to where an empty storefront had been converted into a dressing room for the models. The runway and stage were already set up. Two men were arranging the folding chairs for the press and other invited guests.

A stout woman with a clipboard came up to us as we entered the empty storefront.

"You must be Phyllis and Laura," she said with a smile.

"Yes we are," I replied.

"My name is Gretchen Daniels. I am the show's coordinator. Please come with me."

She turned away and we followed her to the back. Dividers had been put up for the dressing area. There were dozens of racks with a variety of dresses on each one being wheeled in and around the dividers. Shoe boxes were piled next to them. At the very back were the tables with lighted mirrors where Phyllis and I would be making up the models.

I looked at Phyllis with a grin as we looked over the racks of gorgeous gowns. We couldn't wait to get in them and begin making up the models.

"Step behind here and I will take your measurements," instructed Ms. Daniels.

Both of us undressed and were measured for gowns.

"Pick out three dresses, one for each day, along with a matching pair of shoes."

We were like two kids in a candy store. We narrowed down our choices to six dresses each. Then we tried on each one for fit. We walked around wearing the matching pumps so Mrs. Daniels could see how we looked. She was pleased at our choices.

"Actually you two girls could look stunning in just about anything," remarked Mrs. Daniels.

As we set the dresses and shoes aside we grinned at each other at being called "you two girls" wondering what she would think if she knew what was under our form fitting girdles.

"In this event we have one show at four pm and eight pm Friday, three and seven pm Saturday, and one and six pm Sunday. I want you both here two hours before the first show to dress and makeup your selves. You will be

gin making up the models one our before show time. You will also assist them in getting dressed, changing gowns and shoes. Do you girls have any questions?"

We had none.

"Good, see you tomorrow at two."

She left us. We got dressed and went home.

That night I dreamed I was one of the models. Parading around in front of all those people in the most feminine wedding, bridesmaid and prom dresses you could imagine. It was every girls dream day and that could be said for every sissified feminized male like Phyllis and me. Even in my sleep it gave me goose bumps.

Phyllis and I both worked until one on Friday. We had a leisurely lunch at the café court and then headed up the mall.

A makeshift stage had been set up in the front of an empty store front. There were two short runways to the left and right of the stage. They had been nicely decorated and the folding chairs were all in place

Phyllis and I walked to the back of the empty store-front promptly at two pm. Every thing was in its' place and neatly arranged. We looked over the two lighted makeup stations. They were fully stocked and ready for us to go to work.

I undressed. After donning a white petti-slip Mrs. Daniels helped me into a powder blue tea length taffeta prom dress and zipped me up. The light blue four inch heel pumps completed my ensemble.

I walked to the make up stations to find Phyllis already there. He was wearing a bright yellow chiffon dress, flared out with a single petticoat, and yellow four inch heel sandals. He was gorgeous as usual. In fact we

were both gorgeous, which is why I guess we had been hired for the job.

I familiarized myself with all the makeup at hand and sat down to wait for the arrival of the models. Judging by the look on Phyllis's face I knew he, like me, would much rather be going out front and twirling around for the audience. Once again I wondered what the audience would think if they found out what was under all this feminine finery.

Soon the girls began coming in and we got to work. Both Phyllis and I took great pride in our work. We found great joy in making beautiful women even more beautiful. In no time at all the first group of models was made up, dressed and lining up to walk the runway.

The prom gowns were first followed by bridesmaid dresses and then bridal gowns. Back stage we helped the girls take off their dresses and shoes, then put on the next style in quick orderly fashion. Everything went smoothly. Mrs. Daniels and the vendors couldn't have been more pleased.

The first show had just short of two hours. We all sat backstage and watched the evening news on the forty inch TV that had been set up for us while we enjoyed the pizza and diet sodas that had been delivered. After we ate Mrs. Daniels went over a few things for the evening show.

The evening show was just like the afternoon show. No glitches, a delighted audience, and very happy vendors. After we changed clothes Phyllis and I helped Mrs. Daniels replenish the make up stations. We also cleaned up the backstage area before we left for home.

The next day Phyllis wore a royal blue satin sheath bridesmaid dress with a large bow at the base of the zipper along with a blue tiara. I wore a similar sheath but in jade green along with its' matching tiara.

Both Saturday shows were packed. Aside from people in the formal apparel business who had reserved seats the chairs for the general public were completely filled. It was good to see such a turnout. I hoped that the sales forecasts the vendors had anticipated would be met.

Sunday both Phyllis and I wore prom dresses again. His was a long sleeve red satin mini dress flared out with two petticoats and red heels. I wore a silver metallic sleeveless sheath and matching silver heels. We both joked about how short the hemlines were.

The afternoon show was packed again but the evening show had a lot fewer people though the vendors' chairs continued to be full. Afterwards Phyllis and I had changed clothes we helped Mrs. Daniels clean up. She gave each one of us a long white envelope.

"This is from the vendors for your excellent work. Before you leave don't forget to help yourself from the freebies table," she admonished.

Phyllis and I each loaded up a small box with samples of make up, body powder, perfume, body talc and hand cream as well as discount coupons on clothes, shoes and accessories. It had certainly been well worth our time to have been able to participate in the show.

At home I had a leisurely bubble bath and then went thru my box. The envelope contained two one hundred dollar bills. I placed the samples and the discount coupons in one of my vanity drawers. I watched a late movie and then went to bed.

Before going to sleep I once again imagined myself in all those beautiful gowns. Both Phyllis and I wanted to try on one or more of those wedding gowns but time didn't permit it. It would have been sheer heaven to be encased in a white satin sheath or a wide skirted gown flared out

with a petti slip and petticoats. As it was that's only what dreams are made of.

Business picked up with the warmer weather. Spring makeovers were prominently covered by the morning talk shows as well as the evening commercials for cosmetic products. In addition we switched over to silk rather than the heavier satin blouses to wear for work.

I was surprised at losing some additional weight. I had kept my vigorous work out routine as well as proper eating habits. I bought new foundation garments and had my skirts taken in a little. Phyllis noticed a thinner me and she appeared to have lost some weight as well.

Phyllis and I not only worked well together and with the other girls but we enjoyed each other's company away from the job too. We enjoyed walks in the park as well as shopping together. Both of us had made substantial purchases with our major discount coupons we received after working the formal apparel show.

It would be an understatement to say we were enjoying our femininity. We were as close to ecstatic to be en femme as you could get. We would often talk about how girly and effeminate we had become.

Our true feminine feelings were expressed from the love of lingerie, makeup, dresses and heels to the sweet scented bubble baths that were so relaxing after a long day working in the salon. The simple pleasures of just being two giggling girls out for a walk in the park or a shopping trip for new lingerie, clothes or shoes was not lost on us either.

As a male I had never been this happy in my wildest dreams. I looked forward to each day beginning with taking off my pretty nightgowns, then putting on my lingerie and applying my makeup followed by the most feminine

of blouses tucked into a slim skirt and then stepping into my high heel pumps.

On the first of July I saw Dr. Samuels for my shot and another brief exam. This time she had examined my breasts more closely as well as my shrunken penis and scrotum. She seemed satisfied. After making some notes on her clipboard she told me to get dressed and go home. As I left I couldn't help but hear an inordinate amount of giggling coming from the back room.

When I reported for work Marie asked me to stop by after my shift. She didn't say why and I didn't ask. Phyllis came in at one and he too was told to stay after his shift. The both of us wondered what was up. Perhaps we were being asked to perform some extra chores or work at another show.

At the end of my shift I went to Marie's office and knocked politely on the open door. She was on the phone but motioned me in. I took a seat opposite her and waited for her to finish the call. After she hung up she smiled at me as if what she was about to say was going to be amusing.

"Lois Martin is hosting a Fourth of July get together at her condo. She is having some business associates over and would like you to help serve her guests. Would you be available or do you have plans for the weekend?" she asked.

When your CEO asks if you have plans for the weekend believe me you don't unless there has been a death in the family, your house has burned down or nuclear war has broken out.

"I have no plans," I replied with a smile.

"That's wonderful. I know Ms. Martin will be pleased. Here is the address. Be there about three pm on the fourth as her guests will be arriving about four."

"I'll be there," I replied.

On the way home I began thinking about the duties I had assumed that were unpaid. Obviously no employee wants to get on the wrong side of their boss or their owner. It wasn't that any of the things I had done for them were an inconvenience but I didn't want any of them to feel they could just ask me and I should be ready at their beck and call either. I wasn't sure exactly what I should do so for the time being I guess the best thing to do was nothing at all.

It didn't surprise me to see Phyllis already at Lois's condo when Lois let me in. He was just coming out of the back bedroom. When he twirled around for me his red satin mini dress flared out with red petticoats revealed his red panties and garter belt complementing the large red satin sissy bow in his blonde wig.

Beginning July first all of us changed our makeup scheme to red blusher, nails and lipstick. I grinned as I walked past Phyllis to the bedroom. On the bed were my red lingerie, red petticoats, red satin mini dress and matching sissy bow.

I was feeling quite giddy as I undressed. I put everything on. After I slipped into the five inch heel red patent leather pumps I closed the ankle straps. At the vanity I applied some more red lipstick and sprayed myself with the sweet cherry scented perfume. After fastening the sissy bow at the top of my black wig I walked out to the living room.

Lois and Phyllis looked up at me. In front of them I twirled around and did an impromptu curtsy. They were both grinning with approval.

"You both look so ravishing and delightfully feminine," exclaimed Lois.

After explaining who would be seated where she went over the serving techniques for the drinks, food, and then coffee or tea afterwards. In the kitchen she helped both of us into a white tricot, ruffled apron and tied it in the back in a large bow.

I had no doubt she could see both Phyllis and I were enjoying ourselves in our party outfits. We loved being en femme at work too so the transition from there to here wasn't very much. Here of course we could be more co-quettish in our mannerisms and mincing walk in our stiletto heel red pumps.

The guests began arriving. Vera was there along with Sarah and Gina. A number of other women from Lois's business interests were also in attendance. They seemed to eye Phyllis and me more closely as we served them drinks.

Following the meal Lois made a brief speech about the success of the companies she was running and then Phyllis and I served them all coffee or tea and cake. Once again the business acquaintances of Lois's seemed to be paying more attention to Phyllis and myself than the women who already knew us.

When the last guest left Phyllis and I cleared the table. We brought all the glasses, dishes and silverware into the kitchen. I washed while Phyllis and Lois dried. Next we placed them back in her china closet. Lois had expensive taste. Her things were absolutely gorgeous and I had no doubt that they were quite pricey too.

"That does it girls," said Lois with a grin. "You may change your clothes now. There are two plastic garment bags in the closet. Please take everything with you. I may need you again."

We both returned to the back bedroom and changed out clothes. Lois was waiting for us at the front door

when we came back out. She handed each of us a small white envelope as she thanked us and we left.

Back home I hung up the red outfit in my closet. In addition to my very feminine wardrobe I also had several "serving costumes" as well. The only two things the closet didn't have was a pair of pants or a pair of flat heeled shoes.

Despite the fact that the afternoon had been more of a social event than a working one both Phyllis and I enjoyed doing it as we had reached a point where we had come to love our femininity and didn't mind in the least showing it off for Lois, her friends, and business associates. Frankly I doubted whether either Phyllis or I had even once given a thought to going back to our male lifestyle.

The rest of the summer business was slow. It was a beastly summer with record hot temperatures on several days until the end of August. Fortunately despite the higher electric bills we all managed to survive it. As Labor Day Weekend approached the temperatures dropped considerably and business picked up which was a relief to all of us.

I saw Dr. Samuels again. After my shot she made some notes on her clipboard and then looked up at me.

"Sign this form and be back here Friday at eight am," she said sternly.

I was about to question her but thought better of it. After I signed the form I left. At work it was slow. As Phyllis and I were leaving the salon Marie had come out front.

"See you in ten days," she grinned.

Phyllis and I looked at each other with puzzled faces as we walked to our cars.

"Are you headed for the clinic too," I asked.

Phyllis nodded. "Ten am Friday." He said.

Now I had something to think about. Just what was being planned for us that we didn't know about? I thought about those consent forms. I had trouble getting to sleep as I am sure Phyllis did too. Never the less I was at the clinic on time.

Dr. Samuels had me undress and get on a gurney.

"What is going on" I was about to say when the lights went out.

When I woke up I was in a small green room. My face felt like I had collided with a brick wall and my chest felt different. I half sat up and reached for the water glass on the table next to the bed. A nurse came in and helped me get a drink. A glass of cold water never tasted so good.

"What happened," I mumbled thru swollen lips as the nurse put the glass back on the table and refilled it from the pitcher.

"Your breast enhancement went splendidly as did your facial touch ups. You will be up and around tomorrow and then you can go home the next day. Just lay back now and rest."

I went back to sleep. When I awoke Phyllis was in the next bed. He was asleep. I wanted a mirror to find out what she meant by "facial touchups". I could see my breasts had been enlarged by implants.

I had never asked for either of these things and was angry for a minute but then remembered that I had signed consent forms in a hurry without reading them, just trusting the doctor.

The next morning I ate a piece of toast for breakfast and drank a glass of juice. The nurse came in and got me out of bed. My first steps were a little shaky.

After steadying myself I went into the bathroom and sat down to pee. When I finished I looked in the mirror to see my swollen face. I was hardly recognizable. What was done was done and at this point there was nothing to do about it.

The nurse helped me back in bed. Phyllis had finished his breakfast. His face was fine but his lips were puffed up. He managed a weak smile as he sucked the last of the orange juice from his glass.

Later that evening when the nurse had left we managed a bit of conversation. We both had breast enhancements but different facial work. In addition to both of us getting larger lips he had cheekbone enhancement and I had my lower chin filled in for a more feminine look.

It was another day before both of us were up and around. We both received prescription medication for pain and then we were discharged that afternoon.

At home I examined my new breasts. I hadn't been unhappy with my hormone enhanced chest nor had Phyllis but I must say that these were beautiful and I am sure Phyllis felt the same way about his.

Seven days later we both had follow up appointments with Dr. Samuels. We were both feeling fine and were looking forward to going back to work.

In the mirror I saw a face that was even more feminine than before. My lips and chin were a bit numb as I applied my lipstick but I loved the thicker lips. My breasts were still sore and I was still taking the pain medication when I went back to work.

I felt exhausted after my first full day. I went to bed early, around eight and slept straight thru until the alarm went off at seven. My bras felt a little tight but it would be manageable until I had healed completely, then I would be getting a bigger cup size.

The other girls at work were glad to see us and lauded us with compliments on how good the two of us looked. Once we got busy things seemed to go much better. Time heals all wounds as they say.

At my follow up Dr. Samuels gave me another shot and pronounced me fit as the proverbial fiddle. I felt very good too and resumed my exercise routine.

That night in the shower I examined my breasts more closely. The doctor had done a wonderful job. I liked the way they felt nestled in my new bras as well as the way they jiggled when I walked. Both Phyllis and I had garnered some attention from men when we had lunch at the café court or were out for a day of shopping.

Now it seemed to be more so with our additional “bounce” for them to gaze at. We both thought it was hilarious particularly in view of the fact that those men were completely unaware of the little “secret” we both had inside our panties.

By October we were both feeling back to normal. Things at the salon had slowed down a little. There would be some additional business the last weekend of the month as customers came in to be made up for their Halloween parties.

Halloween weekend found both Phyllis and I in black satin puff sleeve French Maid mini dresses complete with fishnet stockings, high heel pumps, bright red lipstick, blusher and of course sweetly scented with French perfume.

Marie surprised us all wearing full dominatrix regalia. Many people walking thru the mall did a double take as they passed the salon. Like all of our customers that weekend most of them took it all in stride and with good humor.

November came in with a chill. Snuggled between my pink satin sheets and under a pink down comforter I began thinking about my life and the recent surgeries. In a way it was almost as if this had been planned for both Phyllis and I well in advance.

Not to be paranoid or anything but Phyllis and I were two of a kind. Neither of us had families. Both of us were young, single, and of slight build. As a result of the hormones, surgery and adhering to our strict diet and exercise routine we also had the prettiest of faces as well as a sharply defined feminine figure. Was this all part of someone's diabolical plot to turn males like us into females?

What was next? I pulled the covers back and sat on the edge of the bed. Standing up I pulled up the sheer pink waltz gown with one hand and slid my pink panties down with the other. I cupped my tiny shriveled tiny genitals in both hands. Was this last vestige of my manhood going to be the next to be under the surgeons' knife?

I felt my pulse quicken as I pulled up my panties and let the sheer nightgown fall. After getting back under the covers I laid wide-awake for some time. I had seen, heard and read things about sex reassignment surgery.

Was this what the women we had worked so diligently for had in store for us? Had there been others in the past? Was there some kind of recruitment operation going on here to find males like us? Then after they became feminized and sissified they would be placed in feminine jobs and roles for the amusement of all concerned?

I tossed and turned for some time tossing all these things around in my mind. Finally I went to sleep. In my dreams I saw a long line of males like Phillip and I walking into the back door of a large pink building. Coming

out the front of the pink building was a long line of beautiful, perfectly made up women in frilly blouses, slim skirts and high heel pumps.

My alarm clock broke the dream. I sat up and shut it off. I was wringing wet. In the shower once again I fondled my small male genitals. They seemed so out of place on my hairless, ample breasted body. Maybe they should never have been there in the first place. I lathered myself up, showered it off and stepped out of the shower.

Drying off I had mixed feelings about removing this small appendage. I had never in my previous life even thought about something like that. Now as I dusted myself with perfumed body talc and slipped into my long girdle I wondered if maybe I should do it since I had left my previous male life behind a long time ago.

I put on my sheer stockings and long line bra. At the vanity I expertly applied my makeup. The lovely face in the mirror betrayed the flesh that was between my legs. After stepping into the half slip I put on the lacey camisole followed by my sheer blouse and slim skirt. Walking to the door in my stiletto heel pumps I had the feeling that if such surgery was in my future there was not going to be any objection on my part.

November's make up scheme was light orange lipstick and nail polish. The hunters would be out in force the last week of the month so of course our business picked up. Our customers wanted to look their best for all the "girls' night out" male stripper shows that would be in town while the men were in the woods.

Marie even had a pair of strippers stop by the salon just before close to serenade us. As they went thru their bump and grind routine I found that despite my feminization I was not attracted in the least to either one of them.

Considering all my physical, emotional, and recent surgical changes I found that a little hard to believe. The fact remained however that I was still a heterosexual male. As much as I enjoyed my new found femininity I had no real desire to return to my previous male existence.

I enjoyed Phyllis's company but still found a number of the salon's female clientele attractive. I reasoned that was because both of us were still essentially straight males and our feminization had nothing to do with changing our sexual preferences.

This would make our ability to socialize with females a bit difficult. Any woman would see us as a female and therefore not be interested in beginning a relationship with us. Lesbians wouldn't be interested in us either as they would see us, despite our femininity, as still being a male.

Of course we had never discussed this amongst ourselves. As comfortable as I was being a submissive feminized male I had doubts about finding a more dominant female for a partner. The internet is full of women who say they seeking someone like us but they are almost always prostitutes who are only interested in getting paid a fee to participate in role-reversal or other fem-dom games.

Both of us had a clean bill of health from Dr. Samuels at our follow up along with another shot of course. With our surgeries completely healed we were now enjoying the extra bounce it gave us as we walked in our stiletto heel pumps. In addition massaging them gently in the shower was a very pleasurable experience, one which I did not want to give up.

Phyllis and I split the check for our Thanksgiving dinner at a local restaurant. He was a very good conversa-

tionalist and all in all a very pleasant person to be around. We shared some similarities in our backgrounds but most importantly of all I guess we also had come to love our femininity as well.

I hadn't thought about my mom or my previous male life in some time. We both loved our feminine lifestyle and our jobs. It seemed the more feminine we became the less and less we thought about the life we had left behind.

I can only assume that this was due largely in part to the effects of the hormones not our castration or feminine enhanced facial and breast surgeries. Our separate lives had become intertwined thru our work and our joint feminization. We were almost like two peas in separate pods.

The last night of November I was laying awake thinking about the two of us. For the past two years Phyllis and I had been brought along slowly and inexorably down the path of feminization by authoritative, aggressive, dominant women.

They were not cruel or bitchy just firmly and matter-of-factly in control of our lives. The two of us were loving every minute of it and we didn't want this to end. I wondered if there had been others like Phyllis and me.

December came with blustery cold weather. We were back in a red makeup scheme though I kidded the other girls saying it probably should have been blue because of the temperatures.

As you might expect business had slowed after Thanksgiving and would probably not pick up again until a week or so leading up to Christmas. The mall had been brightly decorated and the shoppers were in a very festive mood. "Tis the season" I thought to myself.

Several new style wigs had come in so Phyllis and I wore a different one each day. We had been keeping our

hair in a short girly style so the wigs would fit better. Sales were about average and of course wearing the product while showing various styles always helped the customer make a decision.

By now my deportment and feminine mannerisms had become second nature to me. I had adapted to a 24/7 feminine lifestyle as had Phyllis. We were about as girlishly feminine as any two males could get without going thru the very last step and removing what little remained of our manhood.

Dr. Samuels gave me a quick once over at our next meeting and then another shot of "girl juice." I had healed completely from my recent surgery and was quite proud of my new, more feminine face as well as my bountiful breasts.

"See you next month," she said with a grin as she signed off her notes on the clipboard.

I got dressed and went home. That night as I brushed my hair I found it hard to believe that the pretty girl staring back from the mirror was actually me. The old saying "if my friends could see me now" rang in my head. I couldn't help but let out a girlish giggle.

After applying some cold cream to my face I stood up and pulled up my mint green chiffon waltz gown. Placing one foot on the vanity chair I ran both hands up and down my smooth, hair free girly leg. "Great gams" I thought to myself and giggled again.

I went to bed and slept soundly. In fact I had been sleeping better than I ever had as a male except for several nights post surgery of course. I believed that Phyllis felt the same way. I doubt if you could find any two people who were as happy and contented as we were.

My life was so full and much more fun. I had an enjoyable job, great co workers, and a healthy lifestyle. What

girl could ask for anything more? Whoops! I was still a male but then at this point I didn't care.

Phyllis and I were about as much in love with our own femininity as we were with the way we were living our lives. Our lifestyles were about as close to being perfect as you might get and then some.

Both Phyllis and I were pressed into service for the holiday parties at Lois Martins' condo as well as Vera's house. It was not only a joyous season but we also felt joyously happy to be asked to serve at these occasions.

The two of us were like giggling schoolgirls as we put on our black lingerie and fishnet stockings. We took turns at the vanity applying our makeup and scenting ourselves liberally with some expensive French perfume before putting on our petticoats, black satin French Maid mini dresses and black leather stiletto heel pumps.

Serving the women while mincing coquettishly in our high heels as well as behaving in an overly effeminate manner was just as enjoyable to us as it was to our host and her guests. It was hardly what either Phyllis or I would call "work."

Following each party both of us helped with the cleanup and while we were at it cleaned the women's homes from top to bottom too. Housework is not viewed by women as a pleasant chore but for Phyllis and me it was far more enjoyable simply because of the way we were dressed.

In addition to the fact that to the outside world we would be seen as "acting" like women when the truth of the matter is we were no longer acting at all. Being effeminate and coquettish in everything we did, not just serving or cleaning, had become a "natural" way for us to be.

In fact it would be more appropriate to say that we were just being ourselves. We had become transformed

into two mincing, effeminate, limp wristed, giggling, silly, sissy maids who were enjoying themselves being exactly who we were while they were serving others.

That was about as simple an explanation as you could get. Occasionally I would wonder how many other men there was who harbored secret desires to live the way Phyllis and I did. God only knows how many of them would give just about anything to be in our shoes, even if they were five inch stiletto heel pumps.

By now of course there was no difference in wearing three or six inch heels as we had mastered walking in heels long ago. We were as comfortable and confident walking with feminine grace and pride in shoes no matter what their heel height. In addition our deportment, the way we sat down, stood up, or moved about was with the same elegant grace that you might expect from two women.

Each day was one we both looked forward to. It began with putting on lingerie, our make up scheme for the month, sweet scented perfume, feminine apparel and of course those delightful high heel pumps. Before work both of us twirled around for Marie and then stood still so she could look us over.

I had no way of knowing how many of our customers knew we were men. Sometimes when one of our customers would pay for her service there would be a wink at Marie and they would share a giggle. I guess it really didn't matter if they knew or not. There was nothing they could do about it plus we had never been the object of any complaints so apparently all was well.

The holidays passed. It had been some time since I had thought of my previous life where I might have been spending time with a family of my own. "You can't miss

what you never had", I thought to myself and I was sure Phyllis thought the same way.

Phyllis and I kept our red nails and makeup scheme thru January 2. We both served at Lois' New Year's Eve bash in red satin mini dresses flared out with red petticoats over our red satin lingerie, red seamed stockings and of course our red patent leather pumps as well as being generously scented with sweet cherry scented perfume. A good time was had by all as the New Year was rung in with a chorus of "Auld Lang Sine."

Starting in January both Phyllis and I attended some more classes to update our knowledge of makeup, wigs and their care. These classes were important to us as were reading the manufacture's literature and of course the monthly trade publications that came to the salon.

Business slowed as you might expect for the time of year. Phyllis and I took some time off to take advantage of the after holiday sales as well as another short appointment with the doctor for another shot and a brief check up.

It was good to have some time away from the salon. Phyllis and I enjoyed each other's company. Our shopping trips, lunches and an occasional movie matinee were lots of fun.

Even more fun was when a crowd of teenage boys would be looking us over from a distance while we were walking down the mall or sitting at the café court having a sandwich. You couldn't miss the glances from men either as they walked with their wives or were sitting alone near us.

We both giggled at them wondering what they might think if they were to find out what was beneath our panties or long line girdles. There hadn't been a time when we

had been approached by any of these males and I wondered what we could say to discourage them.

There was no doubt that Phyllis and I had found a perfect lifestyle. Neither one of us had ever in our wildest dreams thought we would end up like this but we were never going back to the life that we had previously that was for sure.

We changed our makeup scheme for January to peach colored nails and lipstick. The sweet scented bubble bath, body powder and perfume were peach scented as well. It was hard to believe just how totally feminine and girly we not only looked and acted but felt as well.

There is a saying that all good things come to an end. That was not the case with both Phyllis and I. We were bound and determined to try to live like this forever and a day if that was ever going to be possible. From our standpoint the only possible thing to put an end to our wonderful life would be death itself.

How two feminized, sissified males could be this happy and content was beyond the scope of understanding to the majority of the general public except for a very few of course who were seeing us as "wishful thinking" or perhaps waiting to undergo the same transformation by the dominant women in their lives.

The first week in February Phyllis and I were called into Marie's office at the end of our shift. We were both curious as to what was up. Marie was on the phone so we waited patiently for her to finish her call.

Something like this was usually about scheduling, customer complaints, or other business related items. Marie hung up the phone, smiled at the two of us, and then motioned for us to come in and sit down.

"I have good news girls. You're both going to Las Vegas for the trade fair at the end of the month. All expenses

paid of course plus a daily meal allowance. I have cleared your schedules for that last week. It coincides with the week we have two new girls starting. Here are your tickets, flight information, the trade fair itinerary, and a cash advance for meals and incidentals."

She handed both of us a brown envelope. Phyllis and I looked at each other with surprised grins on our faces as we took our respective envelopes from Marie. We were both ecstatic to say the least. Neither of us had ever been to sin city and we were really looking forward to the trip.

"The two pink garment bags in the corner contain your traveling and working wardrobes for the fair. I suggest you press them out a little before leaving. A limo will pick you up at your home and take you to the airport. Upon your arrival in Las Vegas another limo will take you to your hotel."

You will have some off duty time too. There are many shows to see and other things to do. Please be careful, I don't want any calls from the local authorities. When you return I will expect a full report of what you learned about the new equipment, cosmetic products and the informational seminars so I can inform the rest of the staff. Do either of you have any questions?"

Both of us shook our heads no.

"Good. Take the garment bags in the corner with you. We will talk again when you get back."

Each of us grabbed a pink garment bag and left her office. Neither of us could believe our good fortune. As we walked to the parking lot we were giggling like two school girls.

At home I opened the garment bag to find two pink pantsuits, two short sleeve pink satin blouses and a pair

of pink flat heel shoes. I tried on everything and they all fit me perfectly. Obviously pantsuits and flat heel shoes were far more practical for travel as well as for working the trade show.

The night before we were scheduled to leave I added some pink lingerie and my pink makeup case to the pink garment bag. I was excited about this trip. I had never been outside the Twin Cities before nor had I ever flown before so this was going to be quite an experience for me and for Phyllis too.

The limo arrived right on time. I put my bag in the trunk and got in the back next to Phyllis. The driver got us to the airport in no time.

We passed thru security and a short time later boarded the plane. The flight was an uneventful one though the in flight meal left something to be desired. Phyllis joked about hers tasting like "Runway Kill Au Juice."

The limo driver was waiting for us when we de-planed in Las Vegas. After getting our bags we were taken to our hotel. Once inside our check in was swift. The two bedroom suite was beautiful. After we left our bags in the suited we adjourned to the bar for a complimentary cocktail.

That night after a leisurely soak in a sweetly scented bubble bath I got into bed. I could hardly wait for tomorrow to come so we could get started. I was fast asleep as soon as my head hit the pillow.

The next day was a busy one for the two of us. It was quite a change to be wearing pants and flat heeled shoes. We had lots of help with the set up from other women in the organization so Phyllis and I had time to walk around and see the other exhibits.

Despite what you might think a trade fair is not all fun and games. Management kept us pretty busy. It wasn't long before the convention center was jammed with people. There wasn't any time to see a show or even loose some money in the poker machines or at the black jack table, which is just as well I guess.

Phyllis and I found that Vegas can be an expensive place to visit. The company was picking up most of the tab but the price of meals and drinks were quite pricey. You have to remember that regardless of what brings you to sin city they only have so much time to get your money and get it they will.

All in all it was quite an experience. We came home tired but loaded up with lots of sample products and literature. It was a good thing we both had a day to unwind before returning to work.

Of course when we did the other girls had a myriad of questions about our trip. I almost felt like we should have taken an hour so both of us could have given a speech in front of everyone. Phyllis and I spend an hour with Marie discussing the new products and equipment we had seen.

I left some literature on the break room table so the staff could see what was new in the way of brushes, instruments, etc as well as the new shades of blushers, lipsticks, and nail colors. Our wig and cosmetic sales picked up when the print, TV, and internet ads were released.

Things got busier than ever. Phyllis and I had become deeply immersed in the make up and wig business. We were also very good at what we did which was evidenced by the number of repeat customers we both had as well as our fat paychecks.

Both Marie and Lois couldn't have been more pleased when our salon won the "Shining Star" award from an industry trade publication. It was a real feather in our caps.

Our business and our lives couldn't have been better. To think that only a short time ago Phyllis and I were just two young men with part time jobs and no future or any idea what we were going to do.

Now as two sissified and feminized males we had exciting and glamorous careers as make up artists in a well know salon. In addition we had the delightful experience of serving our bosses as serving maids whenever they needed us.

I don't think there was a way that our lives could be any better. Our futures were brighter than we ever thought they could be. Most importantly of all I guess, despite the good money, was that we were happy and content doing something that we both loved.

That was something you couldn't put a price on. They say we all pay a price for our success in life. Phyllis and I did too. Of course it was one which the both of us had paid gladly.

What was in the future was anybody's guess. Come what may we were going to face it the same way we did when we started down the road to feminization. One day at a time. There was no other way. They say everyone has a calling and this was ours though we had come upon it in a round about way.

We were both happy with our station in life and ultimately thrilled to be feminized for life.

THE END