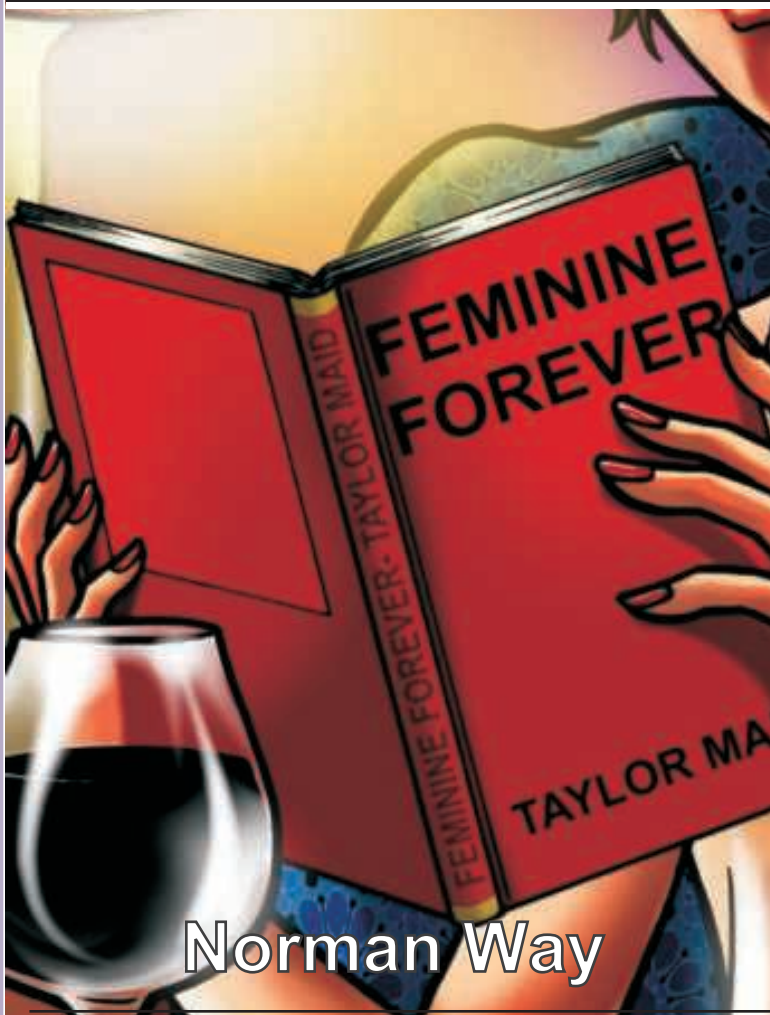




*Reluctant Press presents:*

## **Fugitive For Life**



**Norman Way**

A 'New Woman' E-BOOK

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# FUGITIVE FOR LIFE

**By Norman Way**

The two black males ran out of the convenience store and split up, one running up the street and one running around the corner. The second black man was halfway down the block when he heard sirens and decided to run into an alley.

At the dumpster he tossed a bag into it and continued running to the end of the alley only to see a squad car turning into it and come towards him. He stopped dead in his tracks and turned around to see another squad car coming at him from the other end.

Shortly cops from the first car had him spread eagle on the hood of the squad car and began to frisk him.

“Where’s the bag?” one of the cops asked.

“Bag, what bag, man?” asked the black man.

The cop shook his head as he cuffed the suspect. A female officer climbed into the dumpster and shortly held up a bag and a gun. She handed it to her partner and then as she started climbing back out she heard the cry of a baby.

She turned and pushed away a bag of garbage to find an infant, wrapped in a small blue blanket inside of a cardboard box. She keyed her mike. Shortly an ambulance pulled into the alley behind the squad car.

Later that evening the off duty female officer stood at the desk of the pediatrics ward of the local hospital. The nurse at the desk hung up the phone and looked up at her.

“My partner and I were chasing a robbery suspect this afternoon. In addition to finding the proceeds of the robbery and one of the guns used I found an abandoned baby in the dumpster too. How is the baby?”

“So-so. He was pretty dehydrated and is still in ICU. We will keep him for awhile yet and then social services will take him.”

The cop nodded and left the counter. *Poor little tyke*, she thought to herself as she rode down the elevator. That night at home the female officer sipped a glass of wine and tried to focus on a television program but could only see the face of the shriveled infant in front of her. *Who would do such a thing and why?*

The next day as her patrol car passed the same alley her partner turned to her.

"How's the little one doing?" he asked.

"Not good, last night when I checked he was still in ICU."

The cop behind the wheel nodded and they continued their patrol.

I never knew my real parents. When I was five years old my stepparents told me that I had been abandoned as an infant and then shuttled from foster home to foster home until they adopted me. Why they had told me that at such a young age I don't know. I guess I never got over the feeling of not being "wanted."

I had two older sisters, Lisa who was thirteen, and Lois who was ten. I always felt like I didn't belong in this family. Adopted as a baby neither of them was the center of attention any more so I guess they resented me.

I wasn't real happy being their unwanted little brother either but at the age of five I was just beginning school and was hardly in a position to do anything about it. For the most part I kept pretty much to myself.

In school I was the smallest kid in class. Recess became a nightmare time, as I was awkward and un-coordinated. I was laughed at and teased by the other kids. When I spoke to my step parents about it my step dad took me out in the back yard and had me practice with a soccer ball and also a baseball, glove and bat.

I got better but I was still short and small framed. The summer after I completed the first grade I was enrolled in a martial arts course. The instructor was patient with me and soon I began to develop some self confidence as my coordination improved.

That same summer my stepmother's sister died and she was gone for three days to an out of town funeral. My dad's sales job would keep him away from home until Sunday afternoon so Lisa was in charge until he or my mom got back. We were all admonished to be on our good behavior.

Saturday morning after breakfast I went into the living room to watch some TV while the girls did up the dishes.

"I think it would be fun to have a maid to do all our chores while mom and dad are gone like the one in the movie we saw last night don't you Lois?"

"Yes but we have no money to hire anybody," answered Lois.

"Lyman is pretty enough. He would probably fit into some of our old dresses."

"Yes but how do we get him to do it?"

"Let's tell him we are going to play a game and he gets to play the part of the housekeeper."

"Do you think he will go along with it?"

"He'd better. Remember Dad said I was in charge when he was gone."

I had just shut off the TV when my two stepsisters came into the living room and suggested we play a game. I wanted to stay on their good side so I agreed to go along with it.

An hour later after they had sorted thru some of their older clothes I stood in front of them in a pair of pink panties and a pink petti slip. I tried on several of the girls' older dresses. They settled on a pink sundress, pink socks and a pair of black shoes Lois called "Mary Janes."

I sat at my stepmother's vanity while Lisa applied pink powder to my cheeks, pink lipstick to my mouth and after combing my hair down over my forehead she fastened a pink bow in my hair.



I couldn't believe the reflection I saw in the mirror. I was just as pretty as either of my two stepsisters. What was even stranger was the wonderful feeling I had. The pink nylon tricot panties felt so good on my skin.

"Now get up, put one hand on your hip, and walk around the room like a girl," said Lisa.

When I did both stepsisters were grinning as I made my way back and forth in front of them.

"Sit in the chair but smooth the skirt of your dress before you sit down and then get up again," said Lisa.

I followed her instructions feeling ecstatic as I performed my feminine routine.

"Very good, lets' go downstairs."

In the kitchen Lisa tied a ruffled apron around me and secured it with a bow in the back. I put on a pair of pink latex gloves then I proceeded to wash and dry the breakfast dishes. Next I did the vacuuming and dusting. Acting like a girl had come almost naturally to me, in fact it was almost as if I wasn't acting at all, just being my normal self.

We went upstairs to change the bed linen and towels. After vacuuming and dusting the upstairs I scrubbed the bathroom tub, sink and toilet then the downstairs bathroom as well. Lisa showed me how to operate the washer-dryer. I washed and dried the bed linen and the towels.

"You did a good job Lyman, lets' watch the afternoon movie."

Halfway thru the movie I served the girls pop and snacks on a tray and then picked up after them when the movie was over. Later after the girls had fixed sup-

per I served it to them at the dining room table and did the dishes afterwards.

That night Lisa removed my makeup and put the girl things back in her closet. When I got into bed that night I thought about how good it felt to be a girl for a day. The next morning when I put on my cotton briefs they felt foreign, almost rough. I wished I could have worn those pink panties.

My step dad came home early that afternoon and my step mom returned later that night. They were both pleased that the house was in good order. When my step mom remarked how clean everything was, my stepsisters could hardly contain their giggles.

The summer passed and school began again. I had no trouble earning good grades and my stepparents were pleased. I was still too short to be any good at baseball, basketball or football. I liked soccer but even there I got knocked around quite a bit though I always got back up again. I did excel at martial arts and soon I was the top student in my class.

I was not growing taller as fast as the other kids. Once one of the older kids jostled me in the men's room and a quick chop to the throat and kick to the groin let him know I wasn't going to be pushed around. It was the last time any of the older kids tried to bully or pick on me and when they tried that on a classmate I came to his defense and let them know they should pick on somebody their own size.

Periodically I would think about wearing girl's clothing. I noticed the way the girls at school were dressed as well as how they walked, sat down, and fixed their hair. I loved the commercials on TV for make up, hair products, and women's clothing.

Magazine ads were my favorite as I could look at them up close. I wondered if I would ever be able to look as good as they did. I also thought about why I, as a male, would think that way. Was I supposed to be a girl?

Over the next several years there were only a few occasions when both my parents were gone. I was back in panties, dresses and makeup again. I did my house-keeping chores without complaint. My stepsisters enjoyed their little game and I never let on that I was enjoying it more than they were.

At sixteen Lisa was asked to the Junior Prom. When no one was around I looked at the magazines she had bought. There were hundreds of beautiful dresses and I wanted to see myself in all of them. I couldn't wait to try on a pair of high heel shoes to see what that was like.

All the girls in the photos had perfect hair, nails and makeup. When I looked at them I thought about my own reflection in my step mom's vanity mirror when Lisa had finished making up my face. I thought I could very easily be one of them.

Two weeks after Lisa's prom both mom and dad would be gone for a Saturday. When I finished my cleaning chores Lisa took me back upstairs. After taking off the sundress she slipped her prom dress over my head. It was too big of course. I slipped on the high heel pumps Lisa had worn and they too were a bit big.

After stuffing a tissue in the toes of the pumps and pinning the back of the dress so it wouldn't hang on me I was amazed to see how good I looked in a dress and high heels. The pink taffeta felt good on my skin just like the pink tricot panties.

“Let’s go down stairs and show Lois. When you get to the stairs pick up the slack in the dress with one hand and grab the banister with the other.”

I followed her instructions and discovered walking in high heels was easy once you learned how to balance yourself. When I walked into the living room Lois’s mouth dropped open in surprise when she saw me.

“Oh my God!” she exclaimed as I paraded around in front of her trying to act like the models I had seen on TV.

“He looks as good as any girl at the prom did,” said Lisa.

I had become very confident as I walked around the living room while Lois watched me. I smoothed the skirt of the dress as I sat down next to her on the davenport and crossed my legs.

“Pretty cool, huh?” I asked Lois.

“Cool nothing, you are absolutely gorgeous,” she replied.

I got up and Lisa followed me back upstairs. I kicked off the pink high heel pumps and Lisa unzipped me. After pulling the dress over my head she put it on a hanger and returned it to her closet. She helped me take off my make up and I got dressed again in my male clothing.

That night when I got into bed I dreamed I was wearing not only her dress but all the dresses shown in the magazines Lisa had bought. It was a one-woman show and I loved being the center of attention.

I saw myself coming down a runway, turning around, and then returning backstage to try on another

dress and another pair of high heel shoes to model for the very appreciative crowd whose applause was still ringing in my ears when I woke up the next morning.

Another year went by and by now my housekeeping role had gotten a bit tiresome. As much as I loved being cross-dressed I didn't care to be relegated to being a maid for my stepsisters. I couldn't see spending the time when my parents were away as their servant.

In a sense I was sort of trapped. I liked the way I looked and felt when I was in feminine apparel but resented being reduced to the level of a servant when my parents were gone. It was a conundrum of sorts which for the present time I could not find a way out of.

Lisa graduated high school and left for college. There were still weekends when my parents were gone so Lois kept me en femme doing the household chores. Once she had me model Lisa's senior prom dress, a very "adult" looking black taffeta dress with black four inch heel stiletto pumps. She had me wear bright red lipstick and blusher too.

I never let on how much I enjoyed my brief forays into femininity but the housework was getting to be drudgery. Lois became more and more picky about how she wanted things done. For some reason she continued to bitch at me about miniscule things. I knew I had to put an end to this but how was the question.

My first brush with the law came following Lois's high school graduation party. Several classmates and I took some beer from the house where the party was held. At the park the cops found us and two of the older boys were arrested while another juvenile and my self were released to our parents.

I received a lecture from my stepparents and that was the end of it. My stepsisters came home for the summers. About once a month I was back en femme for their amusement. Lois was enrolled in a beauty college about fifty miles away and thought I would be perfect to practice on.

When my parents were away she gave me a manicure and pedicure in addition to painting my finger and toenails whatever color suited her. That along with plucked eyebrows and makeup gave me an even more feminine appearance when I cross-dressed and did the housework.

Lisa had found a black long sleeve, a-line style maids' uniform, apron and cap at a thrift store and with the help from a friend had it altered to fit me. A pair of three-inch heel black leather pumps from a garage sale completed my new maid's ensemble.

She also purchased a palette of blusher and a cheap red lipstick and taught me how to apply my own makeup. Looking at myself in the mirror you would not have recognized me as I had the outward appearance of the perfect domestic servant.

Relegated once again to performing the household chores I didn't complain. I hated having to take orders and be treated like I belonged to them but the joy I felt when wearing lingerie, make up, a dress and heels overrode my desire to stop letting them take advantage of me so I continued to obey them.

At school, except for being mentioned in the school paper as part of the soccer and martial arts team, I was essentially a non-person. The other boys in my classes had grown much taller while I was still shorter than most of the girls.

I began to feel like an outcast at school as well as just a servant at home and essentially a maidservant at that. I wondered what place I was going to have in this life here or anywhere else for that matter.

Two years later when we attended Lois's graduation from the beauty college several of her classmates seemed to be looking me over carefully. I wasn't sure what deserved this scrutiny unless of course she had told then about using me to practice on before I began my household duties en femme.

With Lisa working in fashion design for a company a hundred miles away and Lois working full time in a beauty salon thirty miles away I now had the house pretty much to myself. I was happy now that for the most part I did my household chores for my stepparents and not my two bossy stepsisters, though I did miss wearing the lingerie, make up, dresses and heels.

My second brush with the law came after I just received my drivers' license at sixteen. I was at a party after a football game and once again the police showed up. This time they found not only alcohol but marijuana as well.

I had never smoked anything but just being there was trouble enough. Once again I was let off with a warning from the judge, though at home I was grounded for the balance of the semester.

Following the Christmas break I began working part time at a pizza joint and started saving a few bucks. The work was mindless of course but it was my first paycheck and I needed the money. My parents gave me a ride to and from work until I could save enough money for a down payment on my own car.

Just before my sophomore year ended Lois called and asked if I wanted another part time job over the summer to supplement the few hours I was putting in making pizzas. The receptionist had quit without notice and they needed someone to start right away so I agreed.

I picked up on everything quickly and shortly required no supervision, which impressed the manager. I was busy greeting customers and making appointments over the phone. I liked this job better than working at the pizza place.

Between the two jobs I had little time for myself but managed to put a down payment on a used hatchback car with my parents' co-signature. I was glad to have the freedom it offered me.

The salon was broken into over the Fourth of July weekend. The only thing missing were some expensive wigs and the plastic heads they were sitting on. A new shipment of human hair wigs arrived the next day but they had to be styled before putting them on display.

I was pressed into service on my day off to wear the wig as it was styled and then sit under the dryer. After it was combed out Lois applied some blusher and lipstick in addition to plucking my eyebrows and curling my eyelashes so I could be photographed for the advertising displays. I wasn't sure about this but when I saw the photos I knew there was no way anyone would recognize me.

Following my modeling stint I continued to work as their receptionist and at the pizza parlor. It seemed as if I was always coming or going to work with little time for anything else but I was meeting my car payments and that was the main thing I was concerned with.

My junior year started and I was replaced at the salon with a full time girl. I continued to make pizzas but only on the weekends. It was a relief to have some time for myself but a good share of that free time was taken up with my studies.

It had been awhile since I had thought about cross-dressing. While sitting under the dryer I had felt very relaxed. I guess I could understand why women liked being pampered. After my comb out when Lisa was applying my make up in preparation to be photographed I overheard one of the beauticians remark how pretty I was and that "he probably should have been a girl"

I tried to Google information about cross-dressing and transvestism but parental controls blocked my attempts. I knew that there would be no library access either.

A classmate gave me some instructions on how to circumvent parental controls in exchange for fifty bucks and some free pizzas. I thought it was a small price to pay for getting some information that I wanted to know.

The next weekend when my parents went out to eat I circumvented the parental controls and found a whole world I didn't know existed. I wasn't interested in the porn sites but found lots of places where men could buy feminine apparel, shoes and make up as well as clinics that counseled people who felt the same way I did.

I re-set the parental controls on the computer and thought about what I had just discovered. It was as if I suddenly had something in common with millions of people from all walks of life and all over the world too.

I knew I had to continue my research to better understand myself.

After taking my finals I was looking forward to putting in more hours at work. My car was nearly paid for. I was disappointed at not being able to get a date to the Junior Prom. I was certain it was because of my height or maybe word of my temporary stint as a wig model had leaked out among the girls in my class or others in the student body.

I had stopped at the mall on a Saturday the previous February to find a fashion show in progress. I sat down on a bench for a few minutes as the girls paraded around a makeshift stage modeling the latest prom dresses. I closed my eyes briefly and imagined myself wearing them along with high heel shoes.

The summer seemed to drag on forever. I continued to do research on the Internet. I hadn't the foggiest idea what I was going to be doing after graduation. A lot of people with degrees from college or tech schools were looking for work and I had no particular field of interest. My grades were good enough to get me in just about anywhere though money would be the main problem even with student loans.

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They say everybody's life has a turning point. I guess mine was shortly after school resumed following the Christmas & New Years break. I was walking out of the back door to my car after work when I heard a "pop-pop-pop". The driver of a car glanced briefly at me and then tore out of the parking lot. The car next to mine still had its' motor running and the driver was slumped over the wheel.

When I opened the passenger side door I could see blood dripping down the steering column and on the floor was an attaché case half open displaying money inside. For whatever reason, I am still not sure exactly why, I closed the case and put it in the trunk of my car. I went inside and called 911.

The police arrived shortly. I told them I had just exited the restaurant and saw a car speeding out of the parking lot. I found the driver of the car next to mine slumped over the wheel. They wrote down my description of the driver and the speeding car, asked a few more questions, and then let me go home.

My stepparents had already gone to bed. I went upstairs and placed the case on my bed. I opened it up carefully. There was a 9mm pistol sitting on top of bundles of cash. I went to the bathroom and put on a pair of disposable gloves.

Returning to my room I picked up the gun and sniffed the barrel. I had not been fired so I set it aside to examine the money. There were eight bundles of cash plus some loose bills on top. I counted out the loose bills to find the total came to six hundred and fifty dollars.

I secured the money with a rubber band from my dresser. I counted one of the remaining bundles to find a total of one thousand dollars. About half of the money was in hundreds and fifties. The balance was in twenty and ten dollar bills. This made a grand total of \$8,650.00

Sitting there looking at more money than I had ever seen in my life it kind of took my breath away. I wasn't exactly sure of what I was going to do with it either. Suddenly a thought occurred to me. I had given a description of the driver of the speeding car to the cops.

That same driver had also gotten a look at me and knew that I worked there. How long would it take to find out no money had been recovered at the scene by the police and then to track me down to ask me about it?

I felt a pang of fear. These people were obviously not the kind you wanted looking for you. I closed the case and put it in the bottom drawer of my dresser. I took off the gloves and showered. The hot steamy water helped ease my concern but it was still a while before I could go to sleep.

The story played up big in the newspapers the next day as a drive by shooting. The victim was an unemployed teacher from out of town. There were no further details except that police were continuing their investigation.

Over the next few months I began putting the small bills in the cash drawer at work whenever a large bill was used in payment. In addition I exchanged some of the money at the bank for hundred dollar bills. I wasn't sure how I should dispose of the gun or the case.

With high school graduation just around the corner I finally had converted all the stolen money into sixty hundreds, fifty fifties, and the rest in small bills. I kept the stack of bills in my dresser. I thought I had been pretty careful. No one had asked me anything at work or at the bank.

One night when I was off I drove to the mall and just before closing I tossed the case into the anchor store's dumpster. I stopped at a wayside along the river and after wiping the gun with a rag I tossed it far out into the river. I was still nervous when I got home but I went to sleep right away.

It was just a month before graduation ceremonies when I was leaving work at five that I noticed two black males in a white sedan drive into the parking lot as I was leaving. There was a third man in the back seat. I wondered if it could have been the driver of the car that night. I decided to take a different route home though the white car never appeared in my rear view mirror.

Now I was more than a little concerned. I didn't want to feel paranoid but I began to be more aware of the cars parked at work as well as who was behind me when I drove to and from work. I began to take different routes each time just to be on the safe side.

A week after graduation the same white car with two black males pulled in the parking lot as I was walking in to work. They both came in and placed their order. I glanced at them occasionally as I worked in the back but they didn't seem to be looking around for anyone. After they left I breathed a little easier but I knew that I was going to have to do something soon.

Quitting my job to work elsewhere in the same city wouldn't help me any. I had to re-locate and fast. I tried to think of where I could go and get work quickly with only a high school diploma and some restaurant experience. Vegas seemed to be the only option available to me. The sticking point was that I had to disappear from here and fast. I sat up that night after work and began to sketch out a plan

I thought about contacting my classmate that had helped me circumvent the controls on the computer at home. He once told me he had friends that could help me out with just about anything, for a price of course. If ever I needed that kind of help it was now.

After an hour meeting with a friend of his and five hundred dollars lighter I had a new DL and birth certificate. It would only be a few more weeks before everything would be set. Seeing that white car again just before I was ready to put my plan in to action only made things worse.

Without telling my stepparents I quit my job. My last night at work my car was stolen and found wrecked exactly according to plan. The insurance settlement paid off what I owed with a few grand left over. I told my parents I planned to rent a car for a week until I could find another one.

I purchased a large backpack at a thrift store and a thick volume of poetry at a used bookstore. I cut the center of the book out and except for five hundred dollars placed all my cash inside of it. I placed it in the duffle bag along with an envelope containing my new birth certificate.

For another week I pretended to drive back and forth to work. On Friday I closed out my bank account and put the cash in the poetry book. On Saturday afternoon I turned in the rental car and paid my bill. A co-worker gave me a ride home.

I didn't go to bed that night. At two am I put some changes of underwear and socks, a couple of shirts, an extra pair of jeans in the backpack along with my rain jacket. I crept down stairs and in the dining room I ran my old DL and birth certificate thru the shredder. When the noise of the shredding stopped I paused to hear if my step parents woke up to the noise but they didn't.

I removed the plastic liner from the shredder box and stuffed it in my backpack. After taking two water bottles out of the fridge and putting them in my back-

pack I walked out the back door. This was going to be it, I was on my way.

It was a warm foggy evening as I walked down the entrance road to the county highway. I turned back once to look at the house. I wasn't really leaving anything behind and there was certainly nothing much ahead of me either, especially if those men in the white car found me.

At a brisk pace I began walking down the country road. I had calculated it would take me about two hours to get to the main highway. Across the highway were railroad tracks. I knew there was a weekly freight train that headed west to the Twin Cities.

There had been no traffic on the road at this early hour, not even a cop. As I approached the main highway I could hear an occasional truck going by the intersection. I stopped close to the stop sign to catch my breath. When the road was clear I ran across the main highway and up the embankment.

Standing in the middle of the tracks I looked to the left and saw the oscillating headlight of the approaching diesel engine. I had timed it perfectly so I continued down the other side of the embankment and hid in some high brush. I heard the diesel horn at the cross road a mile or so away. I slipped off the backpack and urinated in the brush despite having done so just before I left the house.

The headlight of the diesel lit up the area in front of me. I slipped on the backpack and crouched down until the diesel passed. I ran up the embankment and along the train. We lived just outside of town. The train had to slow down as it moved thru town and across several cross streets. I grabbed the ladder of a short gondola car and climbed up the side and then dropped

inside. I walked to the corner of the car and sat on the floor with my back against the rear of the car.

I was elated that I had made it this far without a hitch. My job resignation, falsified claim for my car to the insurance company, new DL and birth certificate, and my late night run to meet the outgoing freight train within just a few minutes. I had made in essence a clean getaway. Lyman Anderson no longer existed. Lynn Anders was on his way west. Go west young man, someone had once said, so I did.

I could feel the train picking up speed. I got up to my knees and peered over the edge of the gondola car. It was still too dark to see much of anything but as the train went into a curve I could see the lights of the city far behind me.

I removed the plastic bag from my backpack and let the shredded pieces of my old DL and birth certificate flutter away into the slipstream. I sat back down. I felt sleepy but I knew I had to stay awake. In a couple of hours we would be going thru the Twin Cities and I wanted to be alert for any switching of cars or direction of travel. The car began to rock back and forth more as we moved faster and faster.

The eastern sky began to get pink. I peeked over the edge of the car and saw us approaching a bridge up ahead. I sat back down again. Shortly we crossed the river and now I was in Minnesota. The train began slowing down. It was about seven am when the train came to a complete stop.

I waited a few minutes before looking over the edge of the car. I could see the rail yard ahead of me. We lurched forward again and I sat back down. The train moved slowly again for about twenty minutes and then came to a stop.

When I peeked over the edge of the car again I saw several lines of boxcars to my left and a wooded hillside to my right. It was now nearly daylight and I could see a building on the other side of the line of cars to my left. I decide to hop out and hide in the hillside until it was dark again.

I clambered over the side of the low gondola car and ran for the woods. I picked my way carefully so that I would be closer to the building. I found a place where I could stay out of sight and yet have a fairly clear view of the rail yard. The train I was in suddenly lurched forward. A few minutes later I saw it had turned north. I sat back down and took a drink from one of the water bottles.

For the rest of the day I stayed hidden and watched the activity in the rail yard. As soon as it got dark I made my way towards the building. Fog rolled in and visibility was reduced to about twenty feet or so. I crept towards the side of the building and stopped to listen under an open window.

There was some conversation about women, work, pickup trucks and then one of the men said: "West-bound is late, should come thru about one am." I sat still for a minute and then worked my way back to where I had been hiding.

I had second thoughts about staying there so I walked back and climbed into a boxcar that was closer to what appeared to be one of several main lines that went thru the yard. I drank half a bottle of water while I waited. It would be several hours before that west-bound was due thru the yards.

There was nothing to do except wait so I sat down again and closed my eyes. I saw myself in those prom dresses parading around in front of an audience. The

blare of a diesel horn interrupted my dream. I had fallen asleep.

I got up and looked out of the boxcar door. It was dark and the fog was thicker than before. Thru the thick fog I could see an oscillating light in the distance to my left. Checking my watch it was one ten am so that had to be the west bound freight. I hopped out of the boxcar and made my way across several tracks and then between one more line of cars.

With the thick fog I doubted if anyone could see me but I squatted down anyway. The ground vibrated under my feet as the train got closer and closer. There were four diesels pulling the train. I waited until a dozen or so cars also passed in front of me and then ran to the train. It was slowing down so I waited for an open boxcar.

Running with the slower moving train I pulled myself up and walked to the rear of the boxcar. A few minutes later the train stopped. In another fifteen minutes we began moving again. I stood just back of the open door. You could not see much with the fog but as we picked up speed it wasn't long before we were out of the rail yard and heading west.

I drank the last of the water and tossed the bottle out the door. Walking back to the end of the boxcar I suddenly felt very tired. I sat down and immediately fell asleep. I didn't dream about anything. When I woke up it was broad daylight.

I got up and walked to the other end of the boxcar and urinated. I didn't want to stand in the open doorway for fear of being seen even though we were traveling thru the rural countryside. It was two in the afternoon. I had slept soundly for about eight hours.

With no idea exactly where the train was headed I only knew that we were about eight hours west of Minneapolis and at about fifty miles an hour I was now over four hundred miles from the main yard and about six hundred miles from home. That left about sixteen hundred miles to go to the west coast, if in fact that was where we were headed.

I sat back down just to one side of the open door of the boxcar and watched the scenic countryside go by as the train headed west. It was after midnight before I felt sleepy enough to return to the back of the car and lie down. The sudden braking of the train shook me awake.

I got up and walked to the open door. The train slowed some more. I could hear the warning bells of the crossing alarms as we entered the edge of a city. In the early dawn light I barely made out the license plate of a car at one of the crossings and found it to be a Nebraska plate. The train slowed again and soon I could see a large rail yard ahead. I could only presume we were entering Omaha.

The train slowed and then came to a stop. I sat in the back of the car and waited. About thirty minutes later we began moving again. The train crept ahead slowly and once again we crossed several roads with traffic waiting at the flashing crossing guards. We picked up speed and soon it was moving fast again. I went to the front of the boxcar to urinate again before returning to sit down next to the open door.

I was hungry. In my haste to pack and get out of the house I should have made a couple of sandwiches I guess but I couldn't afford to miss the night freight when it came thru. It was a good thing because I had been there within just a few minutes of its' passing.

It was nearly dark when the train slowed and now at the crossing guards the cars had Missouri plates. We had been stopped for almost forty minutes when I heard two men talking by the long train on the adjacent track.

“Wish I were going to Vegas,” He lamented.

“Me too,” the other one chimed in.

The adjacent train began moving. I saw the two men walking away from me. I went to the back of the car and slipped on my backpack. I checked to see the two men about fifty yards down the track so I jumped down and ran for the slow moving train. I climbed in another boxcar and walked to the back.

The cars began jostling more as the train picked up speed. I glanced briefly behind me to see two men coming from the diesel engine of the train I had been on wave to two men passing them. A change of crews had prompted us to stop. Fifteen minutes later as the train I was on went up a grade I saw the train I had been on begin moving slowly northwards out of the yard.

Once again I had lucked out by keeping my eyes and ears open. I drank the last of the water in the second bottle and tossed it out the door. Vegas here I come I thought as I sat down against the rear of the car and tried to go to sleep.

When I woke up it was cold. I hadn't given it a thought that part of my journey west would be thru the mountains. I got the rain jacket out of my backpack and slipped it on. It helped until it got dark. That night as we passed thru the mountains I kept pacing back and forth. I didn't want to go to sleep and catch a chill so I kept moving.

By the next morning it seemed a little warmer. I was glad to see the sun as I didn't want another cold night like the last one. It stayed pretty cool the rest of the day. The mountain scenery was beautiful. Towards evening I could feel it getting somewhat warmer so I sat down and slept a little.

The next morning it was noticeably warmer. We were on the other side of the mountains continuing to head west. I slept some more that afternoon. It was dark when I noticed a bright light in the western sky. As I got closer I could see the brilliant lights of the city of Las Vegas. I slipped my backpack on and prepared to leave the train as it began to slow down.

Standing just to one side of the open door I watched for the right time as we slowed again, this time crossing several roads. The lights of the city were much brighter now. I looked to my right out the other door and could see traffic on an interstate highway. The train slowed again and I got ready to jump off. I didn't want to bail out in the yard but I didn't want to be too far in the outskirts of the city either.

I watched the outskirts of the city for a few more minutes. As the train curved I could see the rail yard in the distance. Just past the next road crossing I jumped out of the boxcar and hit the ground running. I didn't fall and slowly walked back to the crossing. I began walking into the city.

After several blocks things got brighter. I knew I was somewhere on the north end of Vegas but just where I wasn't real sure. The side streets had homes and soon I found myself at an intersection of a double lane highway. I stopped to get my bearings.

I saw a motel sign several blocks ahead. I crossed the intersection and walked the remaining blocks.

There were only a few cars parked along one side as I approached the entrance. I ran my comb thru my tousled hair and walked inside to the front desk.

"I don't have a reservation but I would like a room for the night please," I told the tired looking old man behind the counter.

"Fifty bucks," he said and pushed a card and pen at me.

As I began to fill out the card I almost wrote "Lyman" instead of Lynn. I forked over the money and the card. He barely glanced at the card or me and after stuffing the money in the drawer handed me a key.

"1148, it's just around the corner,"

"Thank you," I said as I went back outside.

I walked quickly to my room, slipped off my backpack and jacket, then sat on the edge of the bed. It felt good to sit on something soft after several days of sitting on the hard floor of the boxcars. I went into the bathroom. I looked at my reflection in the mirror over the sink as I washed my hands to see that I looked a bit haggard. When I finished I went back outside and walked to a burger joint on the corner.

The burger and fries tasted different than the ones back in the Midwest did. Maybe the meat here was different. I gobbled everything down and went back to my room. I turned on the TV and watched the news. My eyelids got heavy so I took a hot shower, put on clean underwear and went to bed.

When I opened my eyes again it was seven thirty. I had slept soundly. After getting dressed I stuffed my jacket in my backpack. Looking in the phone book I found a place a dozen blocks away that rented by the

month. As I checked out I asked the man behind the counter to be sure of the directions.

"I get off at eight and can drop you off near there as it is on my way home,"

"Thank you, I appreciate that," I said.

I waited until the clerk's relief arrived and then followed him out to the parking lot. He dropped me off and I handed him a ten-dollar bill.

Inside I paid cash in advance for a month. Upstairs I put my backpack under the bed and went back outside. The large building sat on the corner of a major intersection. A huge mall took up most of the rest of the block.

I went to the nearest restaurant and ordered breakfast. Once again it tasted different than the food in the Midwest but never the less it filled my stomach. I was not a coffee drinker but the hot black stuff felt good going down and I was sure the caffeine would keep me going thru out the rest of the day.

Walking around the mall for the next hour or so I talked briefly with clerks in a couple of stores about jobs in the area and found things were pretty tight here. After stopping at a cell phone store to buy a pay as you go cell phone I picked up a newspaper from a corner vending machine.

Back in my room I charged up the phone and activated my number. I read the paper and found the unemployment rate was hovering between twelve and thirteen percent. It was less in the Midwest and I felt a little uneasy at having not picked the best time to be out of work and without any marketable skills or a degree.

The want ads were primarily service sector type jobs as that was the nature of the whole city. It was

hard to believe a girl could make two thousand dollars a week dancing with a pole. I closed my eyes and saw myself in one of those sexy outfits and high heels swinging around a pole, prancing around in front of the customers and of course picking those hundred dollar bills out of my elastic garters on both legs. Nice work if you can get it I thought to myself.

I familiarized myself with the bus system and took a few rides to other parts of the local area. I didn't have enough money to buy much of a car just yet and I wanted to put off that purchase until I could afford a halfway decent one. In a city of this size it shouldn't be hard to find an employer that was on the bus line anyway.

Continuing my job hunt thru the want ads I found the pickings were pretty slim; it seemed nobody was hiring anybody for anything. This surprised me because I had figured that even with a recession this was a city that was always jumping and because of it's size would have more to offer than many small or medium sized cities.

By the end of the month I still had no job prospects. I dipped into my stash again for another months rent. I did some laundry and took in a movie. Afterwards I read the evening paper and then watched some TV.

I had just over ten grand left from the sale of my car and the money I had taken from the dead man's car at the restaurant. That would be enough to last me for a while yet but I couldn't help but feel anxious. Once that ran out I would be on the street and that was not a place I wanted to be in any city let alone a big city like Vegas.

It was the second Sunday of the month that I spotted a small help wanted ad. It was a tiny, barely notice-

able ad. "Retail & computer order sales + customer service. Apply in person VVF" I wrote down the address. I couldn't find "VVF" in the phone book. I had no computer access here either. The address was a fair distance away but I could get there with two transfers.

The next morning I put on a pair of slacks, sport shirt and my black casual shoes. I wanted to travel light so I hadn't packed many clothes or a decent suit. I guess I could have bought one and then gone there but I figured for this type of job they weren't going to look for an executive look.

I got off the bus just after nine am and walked to the address. There was a small sign out front that read: Valerie's Vintage Fashions." In the window on the left was a nineteenth century dress on a mannequin. Next to it was another mannequin displaying a corset and dark stockings. To my right were two more mannequins. The first displayed a pink bra and brief style panties from the fifties, the second a lacy camisole and half-slip from the same time period.

I pulled open the door and walked inside. There was a middle-aged woman at the back counter. She had the most beautiful, perfectly styled gray hair with elegant nails and makeup as well. Her face brightened when she saw me approach.

"Can I help you," she asked with a smile.

"Yes, I would like to apply for the position you advertised in the paper," I replied.

She seemed to hesitate and then reached under the counter for an application. After handing it and a pen to me I began filling it out. I couldn't mention having worked at a pizza place because it had been under a different name so I left the employment history part

blank and filled out the rest. When I finished I handed it to back to her.

“I left a bad family situation in the Midwest. I am a hard worker and think I would like to work in sales and customer service,”

She took the application from me and then went thru a door. She closed it but it swung open slightly. I moved along the counter to be closer in hopes of hearing the conversation that was taking place.

“He is the first decent looking thing to walk in here since we placed the ad. I’m not sure he would fit in with an all female staff or be comfortable selling lingerie, women’s clothing and high heel shoes.”

“What if he sues for sex discrimination like the man who was turned down by that lingerie shop at the mall last year. We don’t need the legal expense of something like that in good times let alone now when the economy is this bad.”

“What should I do?”

There was a minute of silence.

“Tell him to be considered for the job he must work in feminine apparel and makeup. If he refuses we are home free, if he agrees outfit him in women’s apparel and make him wear makeup, perfume and high heel shoes.”

“All right I will,”

I stepped aside back to where I had originally been standing.

The gray haired lady came back out to face me.

“We sell only women’s vintage fashions here. Some of your work would be filling Internet orders, some

phone orders and of course waiting on those who walk in here. You would have to wear feminine apparel from various periods in the past so when you greet the customers you would be modeling the clothes as well. The owner would select your wardrobe and makeup. You would reimburse the store for your initial outlay and from then on your outfits would be purchased at cost plus five percent.”

It wasn't like I had a choice in the matter. With little or no job prospects in over a month I had to take it. Working en femme was the least of my problems right now. I looked the gray haired lady right in the eye with a smile.

“I understand and I accept your terms of employment. What is the pay?”

“If you are hired you would begin training next Monday. Come casual, like you are today, since all training will be in the back room. You will receive seven fifty an hour for one week, then eight fifty an hour for three months. After that you will receive nine dollars an hour. We have no fringe benefits here. Do you have any questions?”

“No, I think you have covered everything. When would I know if I have the job?”

“We are interviewing today and tomorrow. I will call you before 5pm this Wednesday if you are hired.”

“Thank you very much,” I said as I left.

As I rode the bus back to my apartment I thought about having to spend all day working en femme and then having to change back to male clothing once I got home. I had very little male clothing with me so it seemed more logical to live and work totally en femme.

My cell phone rang at noon on Tuesday.

“This is Valerie Stockton at VVF. Please report for training on Monday at nine am. I am sending you a letter of hire, your work schedule and some additional instructions that you must follow. Understood?”

“Yes I understand,” I answered.

“Good, see you on Monday at nine am.”

With that she hung up. I thought for a minute about those additional instructions she had mentioned. Just what they would be was a little mysterious but never the less I was certain it wasn't anything I couldn't handle. At least now I was gainfully employed. I went out and ate a steak dinner.

The next day a large brown envelope arrived. Inside was my letter of hire, the work schedule for the next three months and a list of things I was to do before reporting for work. At the top of the list was the address of a doctor's office with an appointment time for a physical. Next was a list of food and drinks to avoid while working there as well as an admonishment to keep exercising on a regular basis to main the proper BMI and of course no smoking or drinking on the job.

The rest of the page was a list of apartments closer to where the store was. Valerie had added a handwritten note. “Saturday morning is your last day of training. When you will leave here you will be en femme so look for your apartment then. Use my name for an employment reference.”

I walked to a car rental office at the end of the block. While holding a wad of cash in one hand I gave the clerk a story about my car being in the shop and needing a car for about two weeks. I signed the forms and paid cash.

Reporting for my physical I received a brief exam and then left. The next few days seemed to drag on forever. I drove back and forth to the store several times getting to know the route. I drove around to the various apartment complexes on Valerie's list and noted two that were small buildings, one of which was on the bus line to the store. In the evenings I saw a couple of movies. Finally it was Sunday night.

I was apprehensive in a sense but at least now I would be getting a paycheck. I thought back to those occasions when my bossy stepsisters had dressed me as their maid. Being cross dressed was the only enjoyable part of it and now I would be both living and working en femme so it would be more pleasure than work for me provided of course the workplace was more pleasant than working for my step sisters.

Drinking half a bottle of wine before going to bed helped me get to sleep. I woke up early and got dressed. I ate breakfast and then drove to work. I parked in the rear of the store and knocked on the back door promptly at eight forty five am.

The gray haired lady opened the door and let me in. She introduced herself as Laura Wright. We walked down a hallway to the main office and she introduced me to Valerie Stockton, the owner. Valerie was a tall broad shouldered woman who towered over me when she stood up to shake my hand. I filled out the payroll forms and then Laura took me back to the computer room where my training was to begin.

The week passed quickly as I learned how to process the shopping cart orders, answer questions, fill phone and fax orders, monitor inventory, as well as keep the retail store neat and orderly. Both Laura and Valerie stressed the importance of confidentiality of the

customer list. It came as no surprise that ninety percent of the customers ordering lingerie and eighty five percent of those ordering clothing and high heel shoes were men, not women.

I checked out of my month-to-month place Saturday morning before reporting for work. I finished my training at noon and was told to report to Lydia's Salon at one pm. It was near one of the apartment complexes I had visited during the week.

At one pm the owner of the salon, Lydia Benson, took me in the back and handed me a small pink box.

"Put this on and come back out here,"

I stepped inside the restroom and undressed. Inside the box was a g-string. The pink satin flap barely covered my small genitals. I went back outside to find two women in pink smocks waiting for me. With clippers and wax they removed what little body hair I had.

After getting dressed except for socks and shoes I took a seat in one of the chairs. An hour later I left the shop sporting bright red finger and toenails to match my lipstick and rouge. In addition I had pierced ears, plucked eyebrows, and curled eyelashes.

I carried a cosmetic case with more makeup, manicure items, an instruction book and a bath set containing bubble bath crystals, dusting powder, perfumed soap and a purse size container of perfume.

My blonde wig and makeup scheme gave me a retro fifties look similar to Marilyn Monroe, a famous actress in the fifties, whose picture I had seen in the store. When I got back into my car it was hard to believe the image I saw looking back at me from the rear view mirror.



When I got back to the store I saw a couple of the girls who had come in to work the phones and computer do a double take as I walked to Valerie's office. She smiled brightly as I walked in.

"Go into my rest room and undress. I will measure you and we will get you outfitted."

I went inside her private restroom and closed the door. Once again I was struck by my reflection in the full-length mirror on the back of the door. I was a pretty blonde girl wearing men's clothing. It would probably be the last time I was going to see myself in male clothing I thought as I began undressing.

Several hours later I left the store with my feminine working wardrobe. It felt a little strange at first as I began walking carefully in my four inch stiletto high heels with a purse dangling from my left elbow. Laura helped me carry the rest of my wardrobe to the car. I drove to the apartment complex and rented a small-furnished apartment. The manager looked at my male drivers' license and then at me en femme.

"I am an entertainer," I said with a smile.

He never blinked as he handed me the keys to my apartment along with a list of rules. Two blocks away when I opened a checking account the reaction from the bank employee was the same. Only in Vegas can anybody come here and no matter what they look like or do your cash answers all questions. Anything that might raise an eyebrow anywhere else doesn't get a first, let alone a second look in this city. I guess that's why so many people come here.

I bought several nightgowns at an upscale women's store close to my apartment complex and then some bedding, towels and household items at the anchor box store. A trip to a couple of thrift stores for some casual skirts and blouses finished the day. I laundered my bed linen and towels, then made up the bed.

That night I took off my frilly, sissy blouse, slim skirt and heels. I stepped out of the lacey nylon tricot half-slip and pulled matching camisole over my head. Standing in front of the full-length mirror in my long

line bra with weighted inserts, a girdle and stockings you could almost think I was Marilyn.

Sitting in my perfumed bubble bath and looking at the ten red toenails peeking up thru the foam I felt very relaxed and I guess it would be honest to say “deliciously feminine”. At least now I had a home. Later I dusted myself with the perfumed body powder and slipped into one of the pink nightgowns. I read the instruction book for makeup and nail care I had received at the beauty shop.

Suddenly I got very sleepy so I went to bed. I was out like a light. I had forgotten to buy an alarm clock so when I opened my eyes again it was seven forty five. I put on my lingerie and make up. I planned to eat out so I didn't buy any kitchen stuff. I got dressed and drove to work.

My first day en femme went fast. I was kept busy and despite hearing a little giggling when I left the room or in passing the back room to fill some shopping cart orders there were no problems. I also spent some time in the front of the store greeting customers and ringing up a few sales.

I adjusted quickly to walking in the proper feminine manner. The high heels posed no problem nor did the tight slim skirt. I was curious to know why the manager, the owner and the girls working the phones and the computer in the back were not dressed like me but felt it was best not to ask.

By the end of the month I was comfortable in all aspects of my job. In the evening I went back to the car rental place and paid cash for another month. There was a different clerk on duty and she never looked at me twice either as I handed her the cash.

Everything seemed to be moving along much better than I had anticipated. Never the less I was still keeping my fingers crossed because I was still essentially "on the run."

Valerie decided that for my second month I would be in soft pink make up and pink nails. I made a trip to Lydia's salon for waxing, a change of make up and nail color, then a slight change of wardrobe.

For the current month I would wear sissy blouses tucked into poodle skirts flared out by several petticoats over my pink bra, garter belt and brief style panties just like the set I had seen in the front window. I had gotten used to the "jiggle" of the weighed inserts in my bra and they made me feel quite "girly" as I walked.

I became completely submerged in my feminine lifestyle, which by now had become a perfectly natural way for me to be. I was enjoying myself and delighted in how feminine I had become. Except for the occasionally giggles behind my back I had a good working relationship with everyone at the store.

Both Laura and Valerie had been impressed at how quickly and easily I had adapted myself to wearing make up, feminine apparel and mincing about in my four-inch stiletto high heel shoes. I became adept at plucking my eyebrows, curling my eyelashes and applying my makeup as well as touching up my bright pink nails and of course remembering to always keep myself sweetly scented as well.

I completed my second month without a hitch. I paid cash for another month's car rental. After paying the store what I owed for my working wardrobe and makeovers I counted out what I had left hidden away and found I still had a little over eight thousand dol-

lars. Not much but enough of a safety net to have in case of emergencies.

About half of my time was now being spent on the retail floor. I met several of the local drag performers who were always a lot of fun to wait on. When I confided in one of them that I wasn't really a girl he slipped me a business card from the club he worked at called "Turnabout".

That night after work I looked up the address of the club on my city map. It was several blocks off the strip and according to the yellow page ad had been in business for many years.

On my next night off I went there and thoroughly enjoyed the performances. The man who had been in the store to buy petticoats, a poodle skirt and sissy blouse like the ones I was wearing spotted me in the audience. After the show he invited me backstage to meet his boss, a drag king named Chas Barnes.

Chas looked me over carefully as we were introduced.

"Have you ever done any singing, dancing or performing? He asked me.

"No," I answered truthfully.

"Well your sales experience at VVF would be enough to get you a job here as part of the wait staff but there wouldn't be anything else. Right now I have all the people I need but give me your name and phone number if something comes up I will let you know."

"Thank you, I appreciate that," I said as we got up and shook hands.

Leaving the office I heard Chas remark: "He is quite a looker, I am glad you found him."

I left the club and went home. The wait staff at the club was composed of very feminine men. They were all wearing pink satin sleeveless blouses with a huge bow under their chins, a pink satin mini skirt, pink seamed hose and ankle high spike heel boots. They all had pink wigs topped with pink sissy bows, pink nails, and pink makeup.

As they worked they had all minced and pranced coquettishly about the club with over exaggerated feminine mannerisms. I was certain they were enjoying themselves as much as the customers as they watched them.

I felt flattered that someone was interested in me working for them because of my feminine persona. It was the first time I had felt wanted by anybody. I didn't expect to hear from Chas anytime soon. For the present at least I was working full time and expected the much needed raise in about another thirty days.

For last month of my ninety-day probation period I was going to be kept in pink nails and makeup. The sissy blouses and poodle skirts changed colors but the black stiletto pumps stayed. I couldn't say for sure but I think the all the women were secretly enjoying seeing and working with me en femme.

I was pleased at the way I had picked up on things and my reputation with the customers both in the store as well as on the phone was first rate. In addition I was enjoying both working and living en femme. I was very relaxed and self-assured whether at home, at work, or out in the public eye.

Two weeks before my probation period was up Valerie called me into her office just before I was leaving for the day. It was too early for my evaluation. I wondered if someone had complained about me or if

there had been a mistake with an order. When I walked into her office she was on the phone but motioned me to sit down. She finished her call and then turned to me.

“I need a small favor of you. I know you are off this Saturday. I am having some vendor reps over for coffee and cake at three pm. would you be able to assist me in by serving my guests?”

Her request took me by surprise. Usually the people you work for don't ask you to work for them outside the confines of your employment. With two weeks before my evaluation I was afraid to turn her down so I said “yes”.

“Thank you so much. Please be at my home about one thirty to help me set things up. Here is my address.”

She handed me a slip of paper and I drove home. I looked up the address on my city map and found it was in a gated community several miles from the store. Thinking back to the times I had to obey the orders of my two step sisters while dressed as a maid I saw myself similarly dressed for Valerie and her guests though I had a feeling I wouldn't be wearing a plain black a-line dress and white apron.

Arriving at the address Valerie had given me at the appointed time I stopped to check with the security guard at the gate. After checking with her he waved me thru and I parked in front of the condo address she had given me.

Once inside Valerie took me to a back bedroom.

“The uniform I want you to wear is on the bed and shoes are on the floor. Use the makeup on the vanity

please and come out to the living room when you are ready.”

She left the room and I walked over to the bed. My hunch had been right.

On the bed was a black bra, panty and garter belt set with a pair of fishnet stockings. There were two short white petticoats, a black satin puff sleeve French Maid mini dress, a frilly tricot apron, headpiece, choker and wristlets. Sitting on the floor was a pair of black leather pumps with what looked like either five or six inch stiletto heels.

On the vanity was a red lipstick, a cake of red blusher, a tube of mascara, a palette of eye shadow, some eyeliner, a pair of long earrings and a bottle of perfume.

I took a deep breath and undressed placing my clothes on the adjacent stuffed chair. After putting on the lingerie I sat at the vanity and carefully applied the makeup. I had not been wearing eye makeup at work or at home but I remembered the instructions on how to put it on from the book.

When I finished I took the top off the perfume bottle. It had a very sweet, feminine and no doubt expensive scent to it. I squirted myself liberally behind the ears, along my neckline and on my wrists.

After clipping on the long earrings I stepped into the two petticoats and brought them up to my waist. I slipped the mini dress over my head and then pinned the maids cap to the top of my blonde wig. The apron, choker and wristlets were last.

Stepping into the skyscraper heels I found myself elevated to a height I wasn't used to though the shoes did fit me perfectly. I walked around the room several

times before walking back out to the living room where Valerie was sitting on the davenport.

She had a big smile on her face as I walked up to her. I curtsayed politely and turned around so she could zip me up. After she did so she stood very close to me as she tightened the apron bow, adjusted the hem of the mini dress slightly over the petticoats and then slid her hand over my butt before smoothing out the dress and petticoats.

“You look fabulous and that French perfume smells good on you,”

“Thank you,” I replied unsure of what her “hands on” approach was going to lead to.

“It’s early yet so please vacuum and dust for me, you’ll find everything you will need in the hall closet you passed on your way in here.”

I walked back to the hallway closet and removed the vacuum cleaner and dusting rag. She sat on the davenport and watched me as I cleaned the condo’s rooms. I wondered what she enjoyed more, having someone clean her house or the fact that the maid who was doing the cleaning was actually a male in a very feminine costume, make up, perfume and a pair of very high heel pumps.

When I finished I returned the cleaning items to the closet. Valerie showed me how to set the table and how she wanted me to serve her guests. We sat down on the davenport to wait for them to arrive. I noticed her hold back a giggle when I sat down. The skirt of the mini dress was flared out quite a bit by the two petticoats and it rode up revealing my garters as I sat next to her.

As her guests arrived I curtsayed politely and then escorted each one to the living room. When they were

all seated Valerie served them wine while I went into the kitchen to cut the cake and pour the fresh coffee into the serving pot.

Later as her guests gathered around the dining room table she brought empty wine bottles into the kitchen and I wheeled a small cart out to the dining room. I placed a piece of cake in front of each guest and poured each one a cup of coffee and then returned to the kitchen.

After her guests left I helped Valerie do the dishes. I returned the bedroom and took off my make up and costume. I felt sad in a way to put on my casual blouse and skirt. I had enjoyed myself mincing about effeminately in the French Maid costume. The jarring effect of the stiletto heels made the flared skirt of the mini dress bounce much to the amusement of all the women present.

Thank you so much for your help this afternoon Lynn," said Valerie with a big smile. "See you at work tomorrow."

The next day I overheard one of the girls remark "I wished I had a maid." I wondered who else knew about my afternoon as a cleaning and serving maid. I had hoped that information would remain in house along with all the other information that was supposed to remain "confidential".

The last week of my probationary period was up and I was summoned to Valerie's office. I took my seat next to her desk. She had my employment file spread out in front of her.

"I am very pleased with your work as well as your willingness to conform to the rules we have here for all employees. I have received several compliments from

customers in the store as well. In addition you have kept yourself in good shape and have always presented a very feminine appearance.”

“I do think you should consider electrolysis as on occasion even a light, sparse beard like yours will sometimes peek thru the face powder before an eight hour shift is up. It would also mean no more plucking or waxing your eyebrows too.”

“Your raise begins with this pay period and of course the deductions for your wardrobe and beauty shop appointments will continue as scheduled. We are pleased to have you here. Welcome aboard. Here is your schedule for the next month with wardrobe and make up requirements.”

“Please note that in two weeks I want you to be at the convention center. We have a small booth there and you will be wearing some vintage fashions that I have recently purchased from one of the vendor reps you served at my home recently.”

I signed my evaluation form and left her office. On the way home I stopped at an electrolysis shop at the nearby mall and made appointments. At home I looked at my face closely in the mirror and saw Valerie had been right. There was just barely a hint of a few light whiskers and though it was hardly noticeable I knew it would be in my best interests to get rid of the beard.

The next two weeks I sandwiched my electrolysis appointments between work hours. She did my eyebrows at the first appointment and then began working on my light beard. I was surprised at how good I looked with my perfectly shaped feminine eyebrows.

Thursday night before the three-day event at the convention center I was at Lydia’s salon for “the

works” while Valerie had a crew set up our booth. I wanted to be as presentable for the convention goers as I did for the customers who came into the store.

I got up early Friday morning. Valerie wanted me at the booth at eight am to be dressed and made up when the convention center opened at nine am. She hadn’t said anything about what I was going to be wearing so I was a little curious as I arrived at the exhibitors’ entrance and found the back door to Valerie’s booth.

I was wearing a strapless body briefier and sheer panty hose under my casual blouse and skirt. When I walked in Valerie introduced me to Kevin the make up artist who was just finishing one of the other girls with whom I worked in the computer and phone room.

He was very fast and I was done in no time. Once again I was amazed at the reflection in the mirror. It was hard to believe I had gone from being Lyman Anderson, to Lynn Anders to “Miss Lynn” in such a short time.

Valerie was standing by a rack of fifties era prom dresses. She picked out several that she wanted me to wear. I stepped behind an opaque screen and took off my casual clothes. I put on a floor length petticoat and then a petti-slip. I stepped out and Valerie took the first dress off the hangar.

It was a pink floor length spaghetti strap gown. She helped me into it and then adjusted the broad skirt over the petticoats. I put on a pair of white over the elbow gloves and then stepped into a pair of pink four-inch stiletto heel sandals. After attaching a pair of long earrings to my earlobes Valerie led me and my co-worker out to the front of the booth.

Each of us stood on a small circular stage on either side of the front of the booth. All we had to do was smile at the people as they walked by. We would stand for an hour and then change dresses. This would continue until noon when we would get our lunch break. Two of the other girls would take our place for the afternoon and then the first girl and I would be back for four more hours until close.

As more and more people filled the convention center I found myself enjoying being the center of attention. I loved the way I looked. The fifties era prom gowns were all very feminine dresses as opposed to some of the modern day fashions that looked like something a thirty year old divorcee would wear to a cocktail party.

At noon I was relieved to be able to sit down. I had a salad and diet soft drink for lunch. I relieved Laura at the counter while she and Valerie had their lunch. I was surprised that there was such a great deal of interest in vintage things.

The whole convention center was filled with everything vintage including clothing, toys, dishes, jewelry, cars and even one fire truck. Until you attend a convention like this you would never dream that something like this even existed.

That evening I was wearing a powder blue chiffon dress and my long white gloves again. I recognized one of the women I had helped serve at Valerie's house. She stood in front of me for several minutes to look me over before walking over to the counter to talk to Valerie and Laura.

The crowd began thinning out around eight thirty so Valerie had us both come down. I was glad the day was over since standing still all day seemed to be more

tiring than working at the store where I moved around more and spent at least some of the time sitting down.

I changed back into my casual skirt and blouse to go home. I picked up a sub sandwich on the way and a bottle of wine. Valerie hadn't mentioned what clothing was on the agenda for the next day but I certainly had enjoyed myself.

Languishing in my perfumed bubble bath that night I thought about how good it felt to be wearing those beautiful dresses. I couldn't help but notice that there had been a lot of admiring glances from men too. For the very first time people had found me desirable. I was looked up to and admired. It was a good feeling to have.

The next day Kevin made us up again. In the morning I wore several different business suits that women had worn in the forties. In the afternoon it was casual clothes and in the evening it was cocktail dresses with accessories and of course very high heel shoes.

I liked those best of all. I guess I just felt so much more feminine in those pretty dresses and high heel pumps. None of the other girls seemed to have any feelings for the clothes at all. I guess to them it was just part of the job.

Sunday I could sleep in an hour early, as the center didn't open until ten. We modeled bridesmaid and wedding dresses. We switched off so there was always one wedding gown and one bridesmaid dress on display all the time.

I loved the bridesmaid dresses almost more than the glamorous wedding gowns. Some of them had oversize puffy shoulders and of course most had a huge bow at the base of the zipper. This brought out a

lot of giggles among the girls but I liked the feminine touch it gave the dresses.

The satin sheath bridesmaid and bridal gowns were my personal favorite. The sensuous feeling I got from the satin fabric on my hair free skin gave me goose bumps. These were the dresses I hated to take off the most.

Chas and several boys from the club stopped by to see me. As they stood before me I immediately hiked up the skirt and petticoats of the bridal gown and showed off the garter I was wearing. They and the crowd broke into applause at my impromptu stunt.

Sunday night at close Valerie thanked all of us after the clothing was packed up to be taken back to the warehouse. The crew was dismantling the booth as I left the building. I drove home but still had all those pretty dresses on my mind.

That night as I put on my pink nightgown I ran my hands down my freshly waxed legs. I thought maybe I should have been a girl. After getting into bed I closed my eyes and saw myself in those beautiful gowns. I wanted to wear them all the time but I knew I couldn't.

Work progressed and I began making more sales. I turned in my rental car and leased a compact, then got some insurance. Both salesmen seemed more interested in my false cleavage than in making a sale. My electrolysis treatments were continuing so my light beard was quickly vanishing.

I had maintained my workout routine as well as spending a few hours a month at the local martial arts club. I found it amusing to be in the women's section and be able to listen in on conversations that few men had the opportunity to hear.

I stopped by the club the weekend after the convention closed to see the show and have a soft drink. One of the boys who had seen me at the show asked me if I was on hormones and seemed genuinely surprised that I wasn't.

"You should think about it," he said with a smile. "It will help you look even more feminine than you are now. If you decide here is a friend of mine."

He handed me a business card and I placed it in my purse. I wasn't sure if that road was one I wanted to go down or not.

Standing in front of the mirror that evening after a shower I looked at my slim, hair free body. I took the weighted breast inserts out of my bra and held them up to my chest. I thought I would look better with natural breasts but I wasn't certain about the other effects. I put the inserts back in my bra and took the card out of my purse.

The next morning before leaving for work I called the doctor's office. They had an early morning cancellation so I got in right away at eight am the next day. I thought it wouldn't hurt to find out more about the hormones and their effects.

The medical complex was a short distance from the mall so it didn't take me very long to get there even with the heavy traffic. I checked in at the desk and filled out the medical questionnaire. A stout man with a black mustache came out of the back and introduced himself as Dr. Gonzales.

I followed him back to his office. I told him I had been referred to him by one of the boys at the club. He smiled as we discussed the pros and cons of the hormones effects. Then he asked me to go into the adjoin-

ing room for an exam. After wards he gave me a shot. I got dressed and after paying my bill at the counter I filled my prescription at the pharmacy in the basement.

Within thirty days I began to notice a tight ness in my chest. I continued my electrolysis and after getting my second shot I still could see no difference but the doctor assured me it was going to take some time. Rome wasn't built in a day and apparently neither would be sprouting a nice pair of breasts.

Despite the economy sales were still pretty good. I enjoyed my work but I missed having a social life. My rejection in high school because of my small stature stuck with me. Dating girls is hard enough when you are a short man but when you are living and working en femme it is next to impossible or so I thought.

I went to Turnabout one Saturday night to see a show and by chance one of the boys introduced me to a woman named Christine Walker. I recognized her as one of Valerie's guests I had served at her home.

"Call me Christy, she said with a smile as we were introduced.

I gave her a limp dishrag handshake, which she seemed to enjoy as she looked me over. She handed me a business card that listed her as the owner of an adult business called New Lady Productions.

Her company published two kinds of stories. The first type of story is about men who live and work en femme either by choice or because they were forced to do so by dominant controlling women who take great pleasure in feminizing men so they may become sissy maids, servants or subservient employees.

The second type of story is about men who transition and become women either by choice or by force of

a controlling and dominating woman. In addition she maintained a library of adult films starring cross-dressed men, she-males as well as postoperative transsexuals.

“Do you work here at the club?” she asked.

“No I work at VVF. We sell a variety of vintage women’s fashions,” I answered

“I see. I am familiar with the company. Your product line sometimes plays a part in my authors’ stories and my production company has made purchases to use in our adult film line. Have you ever thought about making films?”

“No. Pornography is not my thing. I love the sensuality of feminine apparel and enjoy working and living en femme very much.”

“I see. You are very much like the characters in many of my stories. Have you given any thought to writing about your experiences living and working en femme or maybe a fictional story of someone who does what you do?”

“No I guess I hadn’t thought about that either.”

“Tell you what. Give me a call and I will give you a time to come by my office. We will talk about some story ideas. I’ve got to run.”

She left the club and I put her card in my purse.

On my lunch hour that Monday I called her office and Christy gave me an evening appointment the next night after work. I wasn’t sure why I agreed to see her. Maybe she was right about me having a story to tell or perhaps even more than one.

That night after a soothing perfumed bubble bath I put on my pink nightgown and sat at the kitchen table

with a note pad and pen. I tried sketching an outline for the type of story she published. On second thought maybe I should base the story on my own life, excluding and changing a few details of course.

I didn't sleep well that night thinking more about the possibilities of writing a story for Christy. The next day seemed to drag on too as we weren't usually too busy on Monday or Tuesday. I finished work and went home.

After eating supper I got out my city map to look up the address on her business card. Her office was located several miles south of where I lived. I left the apartment at seven for my eight o'clock appointment so I would have plenty of time to find it.

The address was a building just off the freeway exit. It seemed to be in the older part of town. The buildings in the complex were not run down or seedy looking and the area appeared to be well kept up. I went inside and found the suite number on the directory.

The door was locked so I pushed the button. Shortly Christy came to the door and let me in.

"I am glad you could come," she said as she closed the door behind me.

As she walked around her desk she watched me closely as I smoothed my skirt before sitting down and crossing my legs. She had looked me over pretty good at the club too. I guess she was intrigued at how feminine I or any of the boys at the club could be.

"I have a small business which, though I may never get rich, has provided me with a very good living. My business depends on authors who write good stories and I am particularly interested in new stories that

have different approaches as to how and why men cross dress or become changed into women.”

“The porn division DVDs are all purchased from outside vendors and as you know have no real story just a basic set up to the sex scenes and then more sex scenes.”

“Now the reason I asked you about writing as simple this. We, that is, all of us in the human race, have a story to tell. As you know my product line is about men who love femininity. They find cross dressing to be a tremendous erotic turn on.”

“In our society it is considered unmanly to be submissive or to be dominated by a woman. The men in my stories are quite happy to be cross dressed and subservient in or out of bed by dominant women.”

“Obviously very few men when cross dressed can present a perfect feminine image. Putting lipstick on a pig doesn’t make the pig look feminine. The average man in a wig, dress, make up and high heels doesn’t look feminine or lady like either, he just looks weird.”

“That’s the reality that ninety percent of the cross dressers face and why most of them, if they are smart do so only at home for their own amusement. What they can do, fortunately for me, is buy my books and fantasize about their dreams becoming a reality. That is about as much release as any of them is ever going to get.”

“The male to female transsexual stories are quite different of course. Here the main character “doesn’t feel right”. He may experiment with cross-dressing and makeup. He may see a therapist and try hormones eventually undergoing SRS or discontinuing them and returning to his life as a man.”

“For the most part they have little or no recourse. When they are young whom do they talk to about being in the wrong body? As they approach middle age this confusion and frustration may lead to suicide. Some may have married and have a family to think about. A lot of them just suffer in silence. Of course in my stories they all become women and live happily ever after. I like happy endings.”

“Now then, I asked you here because I want to let you know that your story or one you concoct would be most welcome. I am always on the lookout for new authors and in particular “life” stories. You can do this one of two ways, fabricate everything except a few details, or make it autobiographical. Of course you would write under a pseudonym. You would be paid on publication based on the number of pages in the book. What do you think?”

I was flattered that she thought I had a story to tell which of course I did. Yet I was a little concerned because I didn’t care to reveal too much about myself, especially in view of the fact that I wasn’t really who I said I was. The other fact of course was that I was on the run, not from any wrongdoing, but from some dead criminal’s friends who wanted me dead because I had absconded with their drug money.

“I have never done any writing but I find your idea interesting. I think it would be best if I crafted a story around my real life, as I would like to keep much of those details to myself. How do you want this done?”

“Most any word program will do. I or one of my staff will read your story. If we decide to use it we will edit it and then pay you when it is published. There are no deadlines here as we have authors submitting sto-

ries all the time. If we like your story it will probably be published three to six months after we get it."

"I understand, so I could just pick away at it in my free time and submit it when it's finished."

"That's right. Remember too that all our authors are by men like you. Our customers are aware that all our authors are like them so it is a real selling point. It isn't like some writer interviewing a group of men like you and then creating characters based on those interviews. That type of writing is essentially from the outside looking in as opposed to our authors who are exactly like the characters they write about."

"Well I guess I could give it a try,"

"Good. Here is a free sample. Read it when you get home. It will give you an idea of what our stories are like."

She handed me a paperbound book as she stood up.

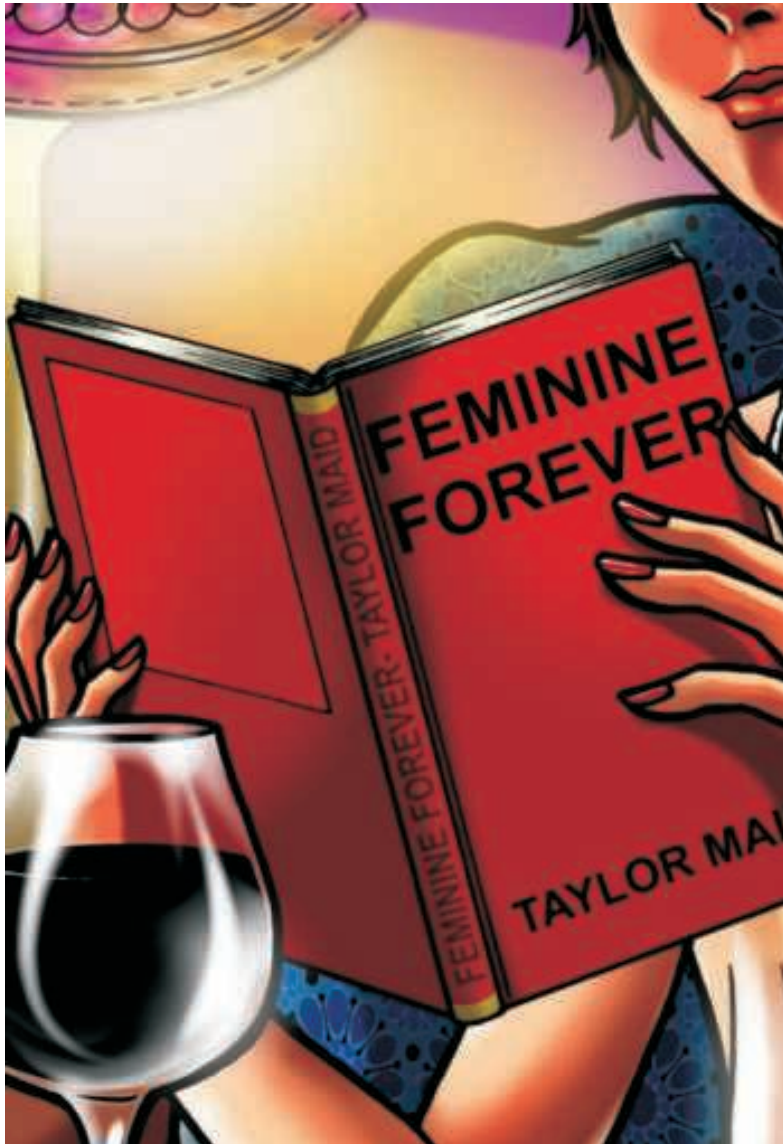
"Thank you I will do that," I said as I left her office.

I drove home and tossed the book on the couch. After a perfumed bubble bath I put on my nightgown and curled up on the couch to read "Feminine Forever" by Taylor Maid.

As I read the story it had parts that were remarkably similar to my own life. Christy had mentioned the customer base and the writers all had the same thing in common. To be honest it wasn't all that great of a narrative and I was certain even with no formal schooling in creative writing I could write as good a story if not better.

I finished the book and the wine. I thought about the character in the story and the parallels of his life with my own. With a note pad and pen in hand I began

to sketch an outline based on my own life. I wasn't sure just how much fact and fiction I could enter twine. The plot of *Feminine Forever* was not complex and I didn't think it would take much to write just a hundred pages or so.



While I worked the next week I would be thinking about characters in my story based on the customers I had met at the store and the drag club. I made a few notes on my lunch hour. It didn't seem too hard to dream up a composite character based on the people around me.

I purchased a laptop computer, printer and some CDRs. After getting Internet service and registering the software I emailed Christy to let her know I was online and working on a story. At home I began to expand the outline until I felt I had enough to begin writing.

By the third shot of hormones I not only saw the beginnings of my breast development but there was a definite change in my skin tone. My electrolysis treatments were nearly finished and the tech remarked about the difference in my facial skin tone.

I felt different too. I seemed to be more calm and relaxed. When I had to deal with the rare unhappy customer I didn't get angry as I usually did. While I had never been a moody person I wondered if my co-workers had noticed a change in me.

Each day off and sometimes in the evening I would work on my story. I printed out each page as I wrote it. When I had six pages or so finished I would re read the printed pages, as they were easier to edit than the print on the small screen of the laptop.

Another month, another shot and a prescription refill. I stopped at the club and both Chas and several of the boys noticed the change. One of boys who preferred to be called Leslie remarked with a grin:

"I see Dr. Gonzales stuff agrees with you!"

For some inexplicable reason I giggled as I blurted out "Yes it sure does!"

I finished up my story on a weekend and did one more read thru of the printed pages. Satisfied I e-mailed the synopsis with the story as an attachment. She acknowledged it several hours later. I knew it would be some time before it might be published so I put it out of my mind.

In a way I felt good about what I had written. I found it to be a good outlet to have characters expressing feelings I was hesitant to talk about myself. Of course my story had a happy ending even though my own life was still somewhat in limbo.

It was after getting my fourth shot that I noticed some real development in my chest. I spoke to Valerie privately. I explained I was going to try hormone therapy for a while and she exchanged my weighted breast inserts for smaller ones. The fit was much better I liked the way they felt.

I had no idea just how much larger I would be getting but I felt good about the prospect of having real breasts instead of the inserts I had been using. You could definitely see a change now in my face and skin tone. I was very pleased with my new "look".

At my monthly appointment at Lydia's salon the girls noticed the difference in my appearance. The girls at work did too though they didn't ask me about it. Maybe Valerie had told them I was beginning hormone treatment but told them not to ask me about it.

I have to admit I was looking more and more feminine. I was even more feminine looking than the girls I worked with. I felt much better too; more "girly" I guess you could say. I laughed easily, well giggled more, is probably a better description and I enjoyed the frivolity of being just "one of the girls."

The stress of my escape had pretty much dissipated. I was feeling more and more confident every day, as time had passed. If those two men or some associate of theirs were to trace me here to Vegas I doubted if they would even think about looking for a young man in feminine clothing.

I was by all outward appearances an attractive and totally feminine woman. My walk and mannerisms as well as my recent bust development along with the change in my skin tone had resulted in my having a totally different appearance from the one I had as a young man. I was no longer masculine in any sense of the word and I was quite happy about that too as I felt safe and secure in my feminine world.

I was nearing completion of a story for Christy. I was writing slowly and carefully since I wasn't a writer by trade. I guess you could say that about most all of Christy's authors too.

I had kicked myself numerous times for not paying more attention in English class when we had composition. Despite the word program I kept a small dictionary and thesaurus handy. I felt the better job I did of writing and "self editing" the less work it would mean for Christy or a member of her staff.

The Holidays were coming up fast. I wasn't going to miss the cold Midwest winters by any means but some how the decorations seemed strangely out of place in the glitz of this desert community especially without the white stuff.

Our sales picked up during the holiday season like most other businesses. It was good to be busier. I finished my story about two weeks before Christmas and e-mailed it to Christy. I also dropped a separate con-

tract form in the mail. There was nothing left to do but wait to see if she liked it.

That Friday I received a box in the mail. It was from Christy. Inside I found an absolutely gorgeous bright red taffeta short sleeved cocktail dress. The black sash ended in a bow at the base of the zipper. There was a set of red lingerie, pair of sheer stockings, red stiletto pumps, and a matching red clutch purse.

She had included a note that read: "I want to discuss your story at a holiday get together at my place, this Saturday, 8pm, Christy."

If this was a holiday "get together" I wondered who else would be there. Smiling to myself as I held the dress up to my body I thought about just what kind of discussion she and I were going to have with me dressed to the nines. I was figuring on getting a "yes" or "no" answer to my submission.

The next day I did my nails in bright red. At four pm I shaved my legs sitting in a sweet cherry scented bubble bath. Following a liberal dusting of cherry scented body powder I put on the red lingerie and dress.

Everything fit me perfectly as you might expect. Red blusher, a generous coat of cherry red lipstick and my eye makeup made a devastating combination. I stepped into the five-inch heel pumps and with purse in hand walked to my car.

Arriving at the address Christy had given me I found her condo, like Valerie's place, was a gated community though a bit smaller. There were fewer buildings and they were only two stories high. The guard checked me in and I drove to her building.

I checked myself in the rear view mirror and touched up my lipstick, not so much because I needed to but just because I could. I enjoyed this feminine gesture, more so when I did it in public or at work in front of the other girls.

Christy buzzed me in and I went up the stairs to her second story condo. She opened the door and stepped back. She was wearing a tailored black pantsuit, plain white blouse, and black flat shoes. She took my free hand as I walked by her and twirled me around once.

“Merry Christmas Lynn,” she said with a smile.

“Thank you Christy and the same to you,” I replied.

She led me over to the black leather davenport. There were Christmas carols playing softly in the background.

“Have a seat. I’ll get us a drink.”

As I turned around I smoothed the taffeta dress with one hand and then sat down. I crossed my legs and noticed she was watching me as she poured the wine. The satin lingerie and sheer hose felt so good against my hair free girly skin as well as the soft, slippery fabric of the taffeta dress.

Walking over to where I sat she was looking at me closely as she handed me a glass of red wine. It was almost as if she were looking thru the red taffeta dress at the red satin, bra, panties and garter belt I was wearing underneath. She sat down right next to me, her right arm lying across the top of the davenport near my shoulders.

“Now then, about your story,” she began as she took her first sip of wine.

I was almost expecting a “not bad, but not for me” type of remark, followed by a “try harder” or maybe a “re-write this” followed by some lengthy criticism. I took a sip of my wine as she continued.

“Your writing is quite good for an amateur. I found very few grammatical errors, which has made editing a lot easier. Frankly there isn’t a whole lot I will be changing. Your story line is good and in keeping with the genre we publish. I would like to publish it in about three months.”

Her remarks took me by surprise. I figured since it was my first writing of any kind I would surely be rejected politely and told to try harder next time.

“Well thank you. That is good news. I had expected to be rejected altogether.”

“Not at all, I think you have not only put some thought but some personal things into this story that makes it all the more real. That is precisely what our clientele is looking for and why I am glad to publish you.”

“Have you given any thought to the pseudonym you want to use?” she asked.

“No, I am not sure about that,” I answered.

She looked at me slyly and then ran a single finger over the skirt of my dress.

“How about “Taffeta Lyning”?” she suggested.

I thought for a minute and then smiled back at her.

“I think that would be just fine.”

We both took another drink of our wine and then set our glasses on the coffee table in front of us. She looked deep into my eyes as her arm dropped from the

back of the davenport to my shoulders. Pulling me close she leaned in and kissed me on the mouth. I felt girlishly helpless as she increased the pressure and then forced my mouth open.

I felt myself getting warm all over. This solitary “get together” to discuss my story seemed to be much more like a solitary Hollywood casting call on the director’s couch. She continued to explore my mouth as our tongues intertwined. When we finally came up for air I felt very flush.

“Oh my, Lynn what a delightful blush,” said Christy.

I wasn’t sure if it was her aggressive kiss, the wine or those hormones I had been taking but I was feeling quite girly and feminine. I closed my eyes as she leaned in and kissed me again.

I went limp in her arms as we broke again. She scooped me up and carried me down the hall to the bedroom. Standing me upright she began kissing my neck as she unzipped my dress then pulled it over my head.

I turned around as she tossed it on the floor. Putting her hands under my bra cups she smiled again.

“Those are very nice, A few more months and you will have to get new bras”

She wrapped her arms around my waist and pulled me close. We kissed again as her hands slid my panties and garter belt down. She picked me up in her arms. I giggled as she tossed me playfully on her queen size bed. I wasn’t sure what I should do next so I just let her guide me along.

Later she had me down on my knees. I placed my tongue inside of her and she taught me how to perform

cunnilingus. I was unsure of myself but afterwards she stroked my hair and said softly: "You were fine and you will get better". She laughed and we kissed again before getting back on her bed.

In the morning after I showered and dressed I walked into the kitchen. She looked up from her paper and smiled.

"Good morning Lynn, I trust you slept well?"

"Never slept better thank you very much, I replied"

After rolls and juice I drove home.

As I hung up the red taffeta dress I thought about what I had experienced. It certainly had been enjoyable. As much as I loved my femininity I had never thought of myself as a lesbian. As a male of course it had been the farthest thing from my mind.

Now that I was living a totally feminine lifestyle I found myself liking not only how feminine I had become but my attraction to and relationships with women had become so much better despite forfeiting the ability to perform as a male.

Just what was in store for me down the road was something I continued to think about. The boy who had left the Midwest, not under the most pleasant of circumstances, was now living as and working with, women. I doubted if those who may be still searching for me would even think of looking at me twice if they did see me.

I walked over to the full-length mirror to stare at the pretty girl in her red lingerie and heels. In addition to my red blusher and lipstick I thought about a red satin sissy bow pinned atop my hair. A real girl wouldn't think of wearing such a thing but I was certain that

the women around me, especially Christy, or the boys and customers at the club would find it delightful.

After I had changed into a peasant blouse, mini skirt and sandals I sat at the kitchen table. With a pad and pencil I began creating an outline for my next story. I paused for lunch and in another hour set the pad aside.

The good thing about writing for Christy was that there were no deadlines to meet. There was no pressure so I could work at leisurely pace and submit it to her whenever I finished it. It was probably the best part time job I or anyone else for that matter could have.

That week I was busy at the store. I saw one of the boys from the club. There was going to be a new show Valentines Day weekend He complemented me on the way I looked, especially my skin tone. Then he winked and said I should come. I told him I would be there.

On Friday Valerie asked me to come by her place Saturday afternoon at one pm. She had received some "50's" style business suits and blouses. I was told to wear foundation garments, sheer hose and black heels as well as red nails, lipstick and blusher.

A seamstress would be there to take measurements for the adjustments that would have to be made before I could wear them to work as well as to model them for the internet website. I was a bit puzzled as we usually did this in the back room of the store but never the less I was getting paid for it so I didn't ask any questions and never had any reason to give it a second thought.

I arrived at her home promptly just before one pm the next day. Valerie introduced me to the seamstress, a Ms. Rhee, who had arrived just ahead of me. She was a tiny Korean woman who had a measuring tape

around her neck and a small container of pins in one hand.

We walked back to the bedroom. There was a clothing rack on wheels next to the bed. The suits took up about three quarters of the rack. The blouses and a couple of skirts took up the rest.

“Touch up your makeup. We will do the suits first. You will find two camisoles and two half slips on the bed. Wear the white under the pastels and the black under the dark suits.”

She left the room and I undressed. At the vanity I applied more red lipstick though I didn't think I needed to. I added some red blusher too. I wanted to keep Valerie happy after all she was the boss.

I put on the lacey camisole and half-slip. The nylon tricot felt good against my smooth skin. The first suit was pale pink. Both the jacket and skirt were lined with taffeta. How appropriate I thought as I put them on. I slipped on the matching gloves then walked out to where Valerie and the seamstress were waiting for me.

Ms. Rhee took several measurements and wrote them on her clipboard. The jacket and skirt sort of hung on me so she also pinned up the slack and then made some more notes. I went back to the bedroom and put on another suit.

When we finished with the last suit I put on the first of the very frilly and feminine blouses with a black slim skirt. Another half an hour went by and we were finished with those as well.

“Come back here after Valentines weekend and we will do this again for the web pictures,” said Valerie.

I got dressed and went home. As I ate supper I couldn't help but think how good I looked and felt

while I was wearing the suits but more so the blouses and slim skirts. I guess you could say I had become a very “girly” girl despite the fact that I was still a biological male.

The week passed and on Friday night I sat with Christy at the club. The show opened with three of the boys dressed as the McGuire sisters. In a sense it was hard to watch those male performers dressed in gowns and heels of the fifties singing so beautifully and yet knowing they were not girls at all. They were very good and the resounding applause brought them back for an encore.

A comedienne named “Sassy Samantha” was introduced next. He sashayed effeminately out to the mike with an exaggerated, limp wristed manner in his pink five-inch stiletto heels. He wore a very flirty pink, puff sleeve chiffon mini dress flared out with several petticoats. He was greeted by hoots and catcalls as he pulled up his skirts to show off his pink panties while doing a polite curtsy.

“Oh thank you so much,” he began. “You are such an adorable bunch of horny losers!”

The audience roared their approval of the put down.

“But seriously it is good to be here. Let’s face it a guy like me doesn’t get many meaningful gigs, especially the way I like to dress.”

There were more hoots and catcalls.

“Oh stop it, you are too kind! Anyhow as you might expect a man like me has had a horrific life. Just trying to find the proper dress and good fitting shoes can be so difficult.”

More laughter and catcalls.

“Luckily I spent very little time in the military, which as you might gather is a pretty straight organization, wink, wink,”

“My three years in the Navy were pretty undistinguished. Several months out of boot camp I dinged up the bow of an aircraft carrier and my career pretty much went south after that. It was fixable you know I didn’t total it but it was an accident and I said I was sorry. You know the Navy has all this screwball terminology like “port”, “starboard” and “amidships”. Like why can’t you just say “left” and “right” like a normal person?”

More hoots and laughter.

“We got everybody off the destroyer before it sank, I didn’t kill anybody. Of course you might know the Navy had to make a federal case out of everything, geeze!”

Louder laughter with applause followed.

I found myself enjoying the show. I hadn’t really had much to laugh about since leaving the Midwest. I think the whole audience was more than a little amused at the prospect of Sassy Samantha at the helm of an aircraft carrier.

“After the board of inquiry I had to go to reclassification. Obviously they weren’t going to let me steer the boat any more, but for some reason behind my back they continued to refer to me as “Sea Pussy”.

More laughter followed as I pushed Christy’s hand off my knees while she smiled at me.

“So anyway the Navy decided that they didn’t want me around guns, ammunition, explosives, incendiaries, aircraft, rockets, and oh yeah that big nuclear thingy in the basement that drives the ship.”

Once again the room was rocked with laughter.

“As you might imagine this limited my career prospects quite a bit. I spent the remaining two and a half years keeping inventory records in the paint locker. Boy! The fumes in that place, and you wonder why I am a little off? Anyway the Navy decided we should part company so I returned to civilian life. But of course I always felt I became a better man for my service, and I use the term “man” loosely!”

The crowd roared as he swished his skirts again. I turned to Valerie who had that look in her eye. We finished our drinks but waited until Sassy Samantha had completed his act with a story of being caught in his mothers’ bra, panties and slip before we left. He was truly a funny guy.

We went back to Valerie’s place. It wasn’t long before my red taffeta dress and lingerie were back on the floor. I snuggled up next to her and fell asleep. I dreamed of more dresses, high heel shoes and nights like the one I had just experienced.

It was a slow week at work following the Valentines Day weekend. This was a slow time of year anyway so I took a day off with out pay and just lounged around the apartment. I saw Dr. Gonzales briefly and got another shot. He said I was getting along just fine.

I had begun reading women’s magazines and made some notes about their tips on makeup and fashion. That was something I hadn’t done before. I wondered if it was the hormones. Maybe I was becoming not only more feminine in appearance but more womanly altogether with my thoughts and emotions.

That Saturday at six pm I returned to Valerie’s place. Ms. Rhee wasn’t there. I went into the bedroom

and undressed. Over my snug fitting long line bra and long girdle I put on the lacey camisole and half-slip.

Once again I reveled in the feel of the soft garments on my sheer stockings that covered my freshly waxed legs. I felt so deliciously feminine as I put on the taffeta lined skirt and jacket of the first suit.

Standing in front of the full-length mirror I saw the suit was superbly tailored for me.

I slipped on the matching gloves and walked out to where Valerie was behind her camera. She smiled as I paraded around in front of her with one hand on my hip. I stopped to pose for some pictures and then returned to the bedroom to change. When we finished I really hated to take off the frilly sissy blouse I was wearing. It and the slim skirt looked so good on me.

“Lets have a glass of wine before you change to go home,” said Valerie.

I took the glass from her hand. After smoothing my skirt I sat down next to her and crossed my legs in perfect ladylike fashion, then took a sip of my wine.

She was looking at me coolly as she sipped from her glass and then put it down.

“I am glad to be done with this so we can get the pictures uploaded to our website. You look great in everything. I trust you won't mind wearing some of the suits to work?”

“Of course not,” I answered quickly. I think it gives me a real professional look despite the fact that we have a casual work atmosphere.”

“I am glad you think so but I must say those frilly sissy blouses look good on you too.”

“Actually I do like them better than the suits. I guess I’d rather wear something that makes me feel more feminine than the authoritarian look the suits present.”

“I agree and I’m sure the other girls will feel the same way so suppose we have you wear suits for a week followed by a week of sissy blouses and skirts?”

“Sounds like a plan to me,” I answered as she set her wine glass down and edged closer to me.

Leaning in she kissed me gently and then more firmly. Like Christy her kiss became harder and more aggressive, almost manly in a sense. Valerie was taller than Christy. She had broader shoulders and strong arms as she pushed me back against the couch. We came up for air and she smiled at me.

“Did Christy tell you?” she asked.

“Tell me what?” I replied.

My pulse was already racing and this odd question made it skip a few beats. She sat back and with her right hand ran her fingers thru my hair.

“Well let’s just say that Christy and I are more than friends. I started my business about the same time she started hers. You probably noticed my ad appears on the back page of all her books. When our orders are filled we always place one of her flyers in with it. It is sort of a mutual help business relationship as well as the fact that we have a discreet personal one and of course a common interest.”

“A common interest?”, I asked

“Yes. We both love effeminate, sissified men. We really enjoy the shows at the club. Like you, we and Dr. Gonzales of course, have helped many of them down

the road to complete and total femininity. Actually you have made the transition quite easily and in less time than most.”

“You as well as the others at the club also make good employees. All of you work hard and are loyal because you can work as well as live in a totally feminine environment. With respect to you personally you are not only a good salesperson for me but an excellent model and of course a perfect sissy serving or cleaning maid.”

I wasn’t sure what to say exactly. I guess we were all being complemented on our skills as well as our feminine appearance. I picked up my glass and took a big gulp of wine.

“So you see we all have this delightful living and working arrangement where every body is happy because everybody gets what they really want. No problems, no complaints. Oh, and there is one other thing.”

“What’s that?” I asked wondering what surprise might yet be in store for me.

She stood up and then grabbed both my wrists. I uncrossed my legs and stood up as she pulled my arms up and around her neck. She dropped her hands around my waist and pulled me close.

“We share EVERYTHING!”

She kissed me hard. I was feeling all warm and gooey again as she scooped me up in her arms and carried me to the back bedroom. We undressed and faced each other. She placed her hands on my breasts and smiled.

“You are definitely coming along beautifully!” she remarked.

Pulling me close she kissed me hard again. Despite the vice grip I was in I felt excited and aroused as the nipples of our breasts rubbed together. When we broke she put her hands on my shoulders as she spread her legs apart. I knelt down and closed my eyes.

It was much later as we lay in bed together than I began to wonder if I was ever going to return the male existence I had left behind almost a year ago. To be honest I would occasionally think about my past but since taking the hormones I hadn't thought about it at all. It was almost as if I didn't have a past.

The next morning after donning a pink ruffled apron and pink latex gloves I did the dishes. In true assertive fashion she had me vacuum and dust wearing just the camisole, half-slip and heels.

She watched me closely with a bemused look on her face while sitting on the couch sipping her morning cup of coffee. When I finished she helped me get dressed and I went home.

I thoroughly enjoyed the next two weeks. The severely tailored suits accentuated my feminine form. I received many compliments from the girls as well as the boys from the club. One of the boys mentioned Amateur Night was going to be the weekend of St. Patrick's' day. I said I would think about it though I had some reservations about putting on a provocative costume and "shaking my booty" in front of a nightclub audience.

At the end of my week in sissy blouses and tight slim skirts the girls asked me if I was going to the club for amateur night. I wasn't sure if they were just kidding or serious. I really hadn't thought about it I guess

but on a whim I called Chas and asked him about it. He said to drop by after work some evening and he would fill me in.

Business had picked up a little as February turned into March. I was seeing both Valerie and Christy periodically. Beside sex I was providing them both with maid service. Both women kept several different maid uniforms at home for me to wear while they watched me clean.

I guess I liked the satin mini dresses the best, especially the pink one that Christy made me wear. Both women enjoyed watching me mince coquettishly about in my stiletto heels as I vacuumed and dusted their homes. I have to admit I enjoyed it as much as they did.

The week before St. Patrick's weekend I stopped in to see Chas. In his office he had me watch a DVD of several dance routines along with techniques of dancing with a pole. I had always kept myself in good physical shape and everything looked like a piece of cake.

I stopped at a costume shop and purchased a pink outfit. It had a satin top and a very short chiffon skirt. In addition I bought a short pink petticoat, ruffled pink panties, pink garter belt, pink seamed hose and a pair of six inch stiletto heels

After close that night Chas let me go thru the routines for practice. I did several different routines and then threw in some moves of my own. I was enjoying it and really put some physical efforts into my moves.

Chas had me repeat my routines over and over. When I questioned why so many times when the contestants were only going to be onstage for one routine at a time he just laughed and said he had seen enough.

Apparently he was enjoying himself as much as I hoped the customers would. Several of the boys sitting behind Chas agreed judging by the grins on their faces. I went backstage, changed clothes and went home.

The week went fast and as you might expect the club had a packed house. Valerie, the office girls, and Christy were sitting down front with several boys who performed regularly at the club. Chas let me know I would be the seventh performer of the night.

At my entrance I got a smattering of applause and then launched into a routine. I jiggled and bounced, pranced and sashayed with as much enthusiasm as I could muster. When I finished the applause blew me away.

There were two of us who survived the voting of the first eight contestants. We were pitted up against two from the other eight. I thought each of the four of us deserved to win. My second routine was as physical as the first but I threw in a few more bumps and grinds.

Much to my surprise I was declared the winner. My name would go on the plate on the front of a trophy that had a high heel pump sitting on the top. Chas presented me with first prize to the delight of the audience.

It was a purple lacey bra and ruffled panty set with matching garter belt, sheer seamed hose and a pair of black leather pumps with six inch stiletto heels.

Accepting my prize I curtsied girlishly. Then I took the panties out of the box Chas was holding and held them up in front of me as if to check for fit. The audience roared their approval.

Before walking offstage Chas extracted a promise that I would return and perform again. I agreed and the audience erupted with loud and long applause. Later that night I thought about the girly way I had performed. I had thoroughly enjoyed myself. It was almost as if there wasn't a masculine bone left in my body.

I saw Dr. Gonzales again. He grinned broadly as he fondled my breasts. Looking at the red marks on my shoulders he said two words: "new bras" and then gave me another shot.

That afternoon I purchased all new lingerie and foundation garments at the store to replace my old ones. The doctor had been right. I did need new bras. I had also noticed some enlargement in my hips so the new girdles me fit much better too.

Work continued, as did my relationships with both Valerie and Christy. My first story was published. Initial sales were good so I began working on the second one. This one was much easier than the first now that I had the experience of putting a story together, having it edited, and published.

I was doing some clerical work for Christy, working at the store full time for Valerie as well as being their part time maid and lover, writing erotic stories for Christy and now might have the prospect of dancing on the side for Chas at the club too. I was fast becoming one busy girl. While I wondered how I was going to juggle all of that I found that there wasn't much time to think of anything else, like my past.

To be honest I didn't think that at this juncture there could be any reason to worry about the fact that I had been a witness to a drive by shooting and absconded

with the cash from a deal gone bad. Why should I be worried about what I couldn't control?

It was nearly a year ago and I was now making a living en femme. Surely there was no way that anyone could find there way here to catch up with me and besides they would be looking for a young man not a young woman. Looking for me in drag would be the farthest thing from their minds.

On my first year anniversary at the store I got a raise. Sales had been good and the boys at the club of course were my best customers.

We had a sales trainer come in and give us tips on getting our call in customers to order more items, no sales pressure tactics mind you, just subtle ways of padding the orders. Those ideas worked well as the next month's gross was above the yearly average.

Valerie decided to keep me in tailored suits for another month interspaced with days in frilly, very feminine blouses and skirts. By now I couldn't have cared less what Valerie, Christy or the girls at the store picked out for me. I was just very happy to be en femme.

I and everyone else were quite pleased with the results of the hormone shots from Dr. Gonzales. I enjoyed the feel of the weight in my bra cups. Inserts had always felt so "artificial" so to speak. I was now bouncing and jiggling just like a real girl. That, combined with my broader hips, gave me the ability to present a very womanly appearance.

When either Valerie or Christy took me to the club I always put a little extra sway and jiggle in my walk. I know the boys and Chas liked what they saw because I

was periodically asked when I was coming back to dance again.

The customers of course took more notice of me too. In fact one night near closing time Valerie was in the restroom and I was sitting alone at the bar. A well dressed, suave looking man came over to me and said with a smile:

“My health club instructor told me if you came back to my place and had sex with me it would burn up 1500 calories. Care to help me out?”

I looked at him and with out changing my dead pan facial expression replied:

“My karate instructor told me if I kicked the shit out of a wise guy I would burn up 3,000 calories. Care to help me out?”

“That’s a very snappy comeback to a line you probably hear much too often. But seriously, please reconsider. I’m middle aged and I’m not getting any younger.”

“Leave me alone or you won’t be getting any older EITHER,” I shot back.

He walked away as Valerie returned from the restroom.

“Who was that?” she asked as the lights dimmed indicating the club was closing.

“Nobody,” I replied. “Just some guy looking for a one night stand.”

As we walked to the door I related the conversation to her. She laughed as she smoothed her hand over my butt and we walked out of the club to the car.

Out night together was wonderful as usual. Snuggled up next to her I was still confounded by the fact that for all the pleasure I had experienced with both women and the joy I felt living and working en femme I was still living a lie. Well two lies actually. One was being a fugitive. The other was the fact that between my legs was the shriveled and shrunken remains of the real me.

I had begun to question just where did I belong? In a sense I had crossed a line. A line I wasn't sure I even wanted to go back over. I was happy enveloped in femininity. I couldn't remember the last time I even felt like a man.

To be honest I wasn't acting out a role of a man in a dress either. I wasn't acting at all. I was being my feminine self. My mannerisms, the way I walked or sat down and crossed my legs, all my movements were graceful and feminine.

When I ate, drank or touched up my blusher and lipstick I did so without thinking about it. For all intensive purposes my masculinity had almost disappeared entirely. I was a woman, a female in most every sense of the word, except of course for the one small detail I mentioned earlier that was now just a slight crease in my panties.

I was not naïve. SRS is a very serious undertaking. Dr. Gonzales hadn't said anything to me since he knew I was taking the hormones for ascetic purposes only. I wasn't sure just how far I should go with my hormone treatment. If there was a point of no return where I would have to decide to have surgery or stop the treatment the doctor hadn't said anything.

For the time being maybe the best course of action for me was to simply stay the course I was on. "Que' Se

Rah Se Rah." What ever will be will be. Another thought came to mind "Don't mess with a good thing." That was probably just as good as anything.

It was late August when Valerie asked me to come by her place on a Saturday afternoon. Another shipment of new stuff had come in and she wanted me to model them for her. I said I would be there knowing full well the pleasure that would be in store for me after we were finished.

I arrived just after one to find Christy already there. Both women had opened all the boxes that were scattered around the living room floor.

"What vintage stuff did you get in?" I asked.

"Some odds and ends but mostly these," she replied with a smile while holding up a beautiful dark blue corset. "Both Christy and I thought it was about time you discovered the joys of corsetry."

I went into the bedroom with Christy and undressed. I put on the matching dark blue panty and got in the snug fitting garment. Standing behind me Christy laced it up. After taking up the slack of the laces she held a string in each hand and placed her knee in the small of my back.

"Take a deep breath and then exhale," she said.

When I exhaled she said, "More, blow harder and suck you stomach in."

I did so and she yanked the laces tight. I could scarcely breathe.

"You mean to tell me women actually wore these?" I asked.

"Yes. And most sissies like you too," she added with a grin.

I slipped into a pair of black leather stiletto heels and sat at the vanity. I applied black mascara, dark blue eye shadow, black eyeliner plus bright red lipstick and blusher. When I finished we walked out to where Valerie was waiting in the living room. Her eyes widened when she saw me.

“Wow,” she said with a grin.

I put one had on my hip and paraded around in front of them. Valerie set up her camera and took some pictures. There were several more in dark colors and different styles. Next I modeled some bra-girdle and bra-panty girdle all in ones. These were either black or white and they also fit me very snugly.

The last four items weren't corsets at all but Playboy bunny costumes. The satin felt good on my skin despite the snug fit. The last one was bright pink and I giggled as I struggled into it. I wondered if the girls who were bunnies at the real Playboy Club felt as girly and feminine as I did inside those satin cocoons.

Valerie insisted I leave on the pink bunny costume as we packed up the other garments in their respective boxes. Finally all the boxes were stacked by the door except the one for the bunny costumes. Christy returned from the kitchen with a bottle of wine in one hand and three glasses in the other.

“I'll bet the boys at the club would love to have one of those bunny costumes,” said Christy as she set the glasses on the coffee table. “Gee Valerie maybe Lynn could go to the club dressed in pink and show it off for them. What do you think?”

Both women giggled as Christy handed out the glasses of wine. Momentarily I saw myself in the pink costume and ears mincing coquettishly around the ta-

bles serving drinks while wiggling the little cottontail affixed to the rear of the costume.

I sat between the two women as we sipped our wine and talked about sales at the store as well as the surprising sales of my first book. When the conversation waned Valerie set her glass down and ran her hand up my smooth leg.

At the same time Christy began nuzzling the left side of my neck and both women slid closer. I felt like I had become the center of an Oreo cookie. Valerie began kissing the right side of my neck. I giggled and set my wine glass down.

“All right girls if we are going to take this to the next level please release me so I can get out of this thing,”

Both women stopped and I stood up. Christy led the way to the bedroom while Valerie unzipped the bunny costume as she followed behind me. In a short time we were all naked and I was once again sandwiched between the two women.

As excited as I was I wasn't sure how this was going to work. I had been intimate with both women separately but not together. I was kissing Valerie hard in her strong embrace while being kissed from behind by Christy. This was a heady experience as my budding breasts rubbed against Valerie's in the front and Christy's nipples were pushing into my back from behind.

Both women suddenly stopped and Valerie placed her hands on my shoulders. She pushed me to my knees as she spread her legs and Christy stepped back. When I finished with Valerie I turned around and serviced Christy. I had managed to bring both women to a

climax. Then Valerie locked lips with Christy and they both lay on the bed. As they stroked and kissed each other I became even more excited

When they finished Christy got up and went to the vanity. Valerie held me in a tight embrace and kissed me hard. Shortly I felt pressure on my rectum as Christy began penetrating me with a dildo. Valerie grabbed both legs and lifted me up while spreading my buttocks to make it easier for Christy to push the dildo further inside of me.

As we rocked back and forth the pain of being penetrated was lost in the heat of our embrace. Once inside of me I could feel Christy's breasts on my back as she moved back and forth. I let out a gasp as a climax rippled thru me.

Later the three of us lay on the queen size bed. I was in the middle trying to make sense of what I had just experienced. I felt completely fulfilled yet not the least bit manly. I had just satisfied two women with my tongue and then had rectal intercourse to the point of climax with one of them yet I was not a woman or for that matter a man either. It was enough to drive a person crazy if it had not been so deliciously, erotically, sexually, horrendously enjoyable. I now knew the meaning of the expression "makes you want to live forever."

We all showered together. There was no conversation as we dressed. After an experience like that there wasn't a whole lot that any of us had to say. "Lost Weekend" doesn't even begin to describe it.

I went home. I was still somewhat confounded by the days' events. I looked at myself in the mirror. I saw a smiling and happy person. I was happier than I had

ever been in my life. I was a totally uninhibited as well as a nearly fully feminized male.

I took a hot, steamy, perfumed bubble bath before going to bed. My rectum was still a little sore. There was only a small spot of blood in my panties but I thought it best to lubricate myself with a little ointment anyway.

After getting into bed I began to think about what lay ahead. Perhaps it was time for me to take that final and irrevocable step. The boys at the club who had transitioned seemed to be very well adjusted. If they were happy why couldn't I do the same?

My next appointment with Dr. Gonzales was still a couple of weeks away. I didn't want to think about this any longer. I closed my eyes and went to sleep.

I worked on my second story for Christy. I was about a third of the way thru it. We were busier at the store too. I loved the way I looked in the website ads. Several of the boys at the club did purchase bunny costumes. I couldn't wait to see them at the club later in the week.

The day before my appointment with Dr. Gonzales I asked Valerie for a few minutes of her time before I left work. I explained that I was considering SRS. She just smiled and nodded her head.

"Take all the time you need," she said as I got up and left.

The next day as I lay naked on the exam table waiting for Dr. Gonzales to come into the room I thought about the last year and a half of my life. I doubted if many men could understand what I had been through or what I was about to endure if I decided to go ahead with surgery.

The door opened and in walked Dr. Gonzales. He gave me a thorough exam and another shot. He paid particular attention to my breast development as well as my shrunken genitals.

“You are about as ready as you are ever going to be Lynn,” he said matter of factly. Do you want to set a date for surgery?”

I thought for a minute. Essentially I was standing on the banks of the Rubicon of my life. Once I crossed over there would be no turning back. The other prospect of returning to a male existence at some point was repugnant. I was feminized to the point where I knew I could never go back to what I had been and try to build a life as a man.

“Yes I would,” I replied with a dry mouth.

“I will give you a referral for a surgeon. The surgeon will want to see you first as well as examine you. You can go from there. You can get dressed now.”

He left the room. I put on my clothes and shoes. At the desk he handed me a prescription sheet and I paid my bill. Sitting in my car I called the office of Dr. Gloria Hanes on my cell phone to make an appointment to see her. Immediately after hanging up I had a pang of regret. I almost called back to cancel the appointment but then decided not to.

The next two weeks seemed to go by slowly despite being busy at the store and completing about half my story for Christy. My exam day finally arrived so I drove to the medical complex where Dr. Hanes office was located.

I arrived early and sat in my car a few minutes. My heart was pounding. Once again I thought about calling

in to cancel the appointment. Finally I got out of the car and walked inside the building.

I never had trouble making a decision before and even though this would be a life changing event for me I knew the longer I thought about it the worse it would be.

I found her name on the directory and walked to her suite. After I filled out the medical questionnaire at the counter I sat down to wait. I tried not to think about why I was there. I had been living enveloped in femininity for over a year now and I loved every minute of it. I had to stop thinking about the past and all the "what ifs" that may be in my future. I needed to focus on the present and completing my transition.

"Lynn Anders?" said a voice that broke my train of thought.

I looked up to see a short, red haired young woman smiling at me.

"Yes I am Lynn Anders," I said as I stood up and we shook hands.

"Come with me please," she said.

I followed her down a short hallway into an exam room.

"Please undress and put on the gown. I will be back in a few minutes."

She left and I began undressing. I put on the gown and got on the exam table. More doubtful thoughts came into my head but I shook them out. I could no longer entertain "options". I wanted to pursue just one course of action.

Dr. Hanes returned shortly and after looking over my chart began examining me. She took her time and

was very thorough. After making some notes on her chart she looked at me.

“Get dressed and come into my office.”

She left the exam room so I put on my clothes and shoes. I walked thru the adjoining door and took a seat in front of her desk. She finished making some notes. Her face was impassive as she looked up at me.

“You do understand what you are in for don’t you?” she asked.

“Yes,” I answered.

“Ok but before we go any further I want you to watch this DVD.”

She inserted the DVD into the player and hit the start button.

For the next thirty minutes in living color I watched as a man underwent transsexual surgery. It was quite graphic and for a short time I did feel a little uncomfortable. When the DVD ended Dr. Hanes removed the DVD and looked over at me.

“So Lynn what do you think?”

My thoughts were a blank as I am sure my facial expression was too. It was a horrendous piece of film. It was enough to discourage most men who had reservations about undergoing this procedure. I snapped out of it and looked the doctor in the eye.

“I am fully aware of the procedure I am about to undertake. Never the less I am adamant about pursuing this line of treatment. I feel I am a woman in every sense of the word. I just don’t have the right biology.”

“Good. I am glad to hear you say that. We, that is BOTH you and I, must be in agreement that this is not

only the thing you want but is the best thing for you. I am going to ask you one more time. Do you want me to schedule you for sex reassignment surgery?"

I took a deep breath. Briefly I saw myself in the yard of the farmhouse back in the Midwest. I was never going back to the life that I had left behind. Nor could I ever go back to the life I had known as a man.

"Yes," was my answer. "I want you to schedule me for sex reassignment surgery."

She smiled at me..

"Very well, I will have my office contact you for the next available date. You will get an instruction sheet in the mail that will detail everything prior to your surgery. Following the operation you will be given post-operative care and instructions by the clinic."

"Insurance doesn't cover this kind of surgery. I have to ask how you intend to pay for this."

"I have some savings but the rest I will simply have to pay off by the month."

"I understand. That will be all for today."

I left her office. Back at home I began to think about the surgical and hospital costs. My stash could cover a lot of that but I would have to make sizable payments out of my wages and income from my book sale. It was going to be a tight squeeze for sure.

It was a week before I received a letter from the clinic listing the pre-operative instructions as well as the date and time for my surgery. I read them over carefully. I would be able to pay for half the expense up front and the rest in monthly installments. I applied to several Internet foundations for financial assistance

but it would be some time before I would hear from them.

Business at the store picked up. I finished my second story and e-mailed it to Christy. I decided to work another night at the club in a bump and grind routine. It was well received so I went back the next night. The tips in my elastic garters made the two nights worthwhile. Two of the boys at the club looked absolutely gorgeous in their bunny costumes.

Valerie and Christy were in the audience too so they could enthusiastically applaud me as well as ravish me later at home. I still had trouble believing I was living such an erotic existence. In my wildest dreams I never imagined that my life would be this good.

The date for my surgery approached so I cut back on my diet a little. I had always maintained my exercise and martial arts routine so I managed to drop a little weight. Valerie took me to the hospital to check me in the night before the day of my surgery.

That night I tried to get interested in some television but I finally shut it off. The bed next to me was empty and I felt so terribly alone. The pangs of fear came back but I had to push them out of my mind. I was here now and had to concentrate on the life I was going to have ahead of me not the life I was going to leave behind. I lay awake until after two before I was sleepy enough to close my eyes.

I was awakened and prepped for surgery. I remember being wheeled into the operating room but not much else. Dr. Hanes asked me one more time if this was what I wanted. In a hoarse voice I whispered "yes" and the lights went out.

The ocean I was swimming in was bright pink. It didn't feel like salt water, more like liquid satin and it had a very sweet perfumed odor. It gave me a sensuous, girly feeling as I splashed thru it. I rolled over on my back and looked up at the bright sun. I felt so warm and wonderful as I backstroked and scissor kicked my way thru the slippery stuff.



Without warning a pink shark opened its' massive jaws as I spread my legs for the next scissor kick. He took a huge bite out of my groin and ripped the flesh apart. I watched in horror as blood gushed from my body. The pink ocean was now getting stained with red. I closed my eyes and waited to die as another pink fin circled around me.

When I opened my eyes again I was in bed. The walls were a pale green and the pink ocean had disappeared. I looked around to find I was alone again. Shortly a nurse came in. She checked my incision and said the surgeon would be in to see me later. I closed my eyes again.

The next thing I knew someone grabbed my wrist. I opened my eyes and saw it was Dr. Hanes. She was smiling at me.

"You are going to be just fine," she said.

After she looked at my incision she spoke briefly with the nurse and then left. Once again I closed my eyes and went to sleep.

The next time I woke up the nurse had me sit up. I drank some water and ate a little fruit. It made me feel a little better but I was still a little groggy. Flowers arrived from Valerie and the girls at the store. Christy sent a bouquet too. Chas and the boys at the club sent a single, beautiful, pink rose. I almost cried.

I mended quickly. A famous football coach once remarked, "Pain is in the mind." I wondered what he would say if someone ripped him nearly in half and then sewed him back together again leaving a cavity that had to be left forced open while it healed. As the nurse helped me with my first bath I couldn't help but

giggle as she helped me examine the “new” me. The days passed and I was ready to leave the hospital.

The postoperative instructions were followed to a “T”. I got stronger and stronger. Everybody called to see how I was doing. At my follow up I was given a clean bill of health. It would still be sometime before I would be able to return to work.

I finished my story and sent it in to Christy. I started another one right away as it helped to pass the time. When I finally returned to work it was only for half days. By noon I was really tired and glad to get home. Eventually I began working eight-hour days every other day and then finally I was back to a forty-hour week.

Once I was back to what at least had been a “normal” routine for me Christy and Valerie took me to the club. For the occasion they had bought me a pink satin mini-sissy dress and a huge pink satin sissy bow for my hair. With pink hose, six inch pink stiletto heels, pink makeup and nails I was about as girly and feminine as you could get. Chas and the boys even bought a bottle of pink champagne for the three of us. Needless to say it didn’t take very long for it to be consumed.

I saw Dr. Gonzales for another shot and he smiled at what he called Dr. Hanes “handiwork”. When I saw Dr. Hanes at follow up she was pleased at my healing progress. I was more than pleased of course. I no longer felt like an imposter. I was now the real me. I was a real woman, at least as close to being a real woman as a former male could be and very happy about it too.

About three months following my surgery Valerie asked me to come to her place. Some samples had come in and she wanted to see me in them. Christy was there too. Of course before trying on anything I had to

stand naked before them so they could examine the “new me”.

When the giggling and frivolity stopped I put on some fifties style suits and Valerie photographed me. Following that I modeled some waltz gowns and other sleepwear finishing up with a gorgeous pink peignoir. After being photographed Christy smiled and said”

“Leave that on for a bit.”

From the vanity drawer she produced the dildo. Valerie was giggling as she put away her camera and began taking her clothes off.

“If you feel you are not ready just say so,”

I slipped off the chiffon top and walked towards her on my pink five-inch heel fuzzy toed slippers.

“I guess I am as ready as I will ever be,” I answered.

I wrapped my arms around her neck and kissed her hard. I stepped back as she undressed and then lubricated the dildo. Behind me Valerie wrapped her arms around my waist and began kissing my neck. I closed my eyes in anticipation of entering erotic land once more.

Once again I was totally and completely fulfilled. The intercourse had been a bit painful but never the less pleasurable. I lay between them on the queen size bed in a dream like state. Never in my wildest dreams could I ever have imagined anything like this.

The weeks and months that followed were the best that I could have ever hoped for. I finished another story and was now a weekend regular at the club. The money was good and I was repaying my medical expenses ahead of schedule.

For all the good things that had happened in the past two years it had become harder and harder to remember anything about the past. I guess I had just put it out of my mind. I was fully engulfed in a wonderful life that filled me with both personal and professional satisfaction.

Thru out everything I had survived and that was the main thing. Despite all my rewards and my personal happiness I guess there was only one thing from my past that still remained. I was still and would probably always be a fugitive for life.

THE END