

GONE



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By Jeri Ellen

I never knew my father. He took off shortly after I was born. He did provide child support to my mother but he never came back to see us again.

She had finished nursing school after they had been first married and was working the night shift at a local hospital. We managed and were not in desperate straights by any means but mom kept us on a strict budget.

Mom never talked about him except to say that he didn't want to be with us anymore and that I should consider him dead. She never mentioned him again and I didn't bring him up.

My childhood was about as normal as you might expect. I didn't have a lot of "things" that other kids had but there was a roof over my head, a clean bed to sleep in and three healthy meals a day.

We had a computer, printer and internet access which my mother deemed more important than a big screen TV, video games, etc.

Our TV had a 21 inch screen and our cell phones were the plain, ordinary ones not the expensive "smart" ones that some of the kids had.

In the basement of our duplex were a stationary bike and a treadmill. We made good use of both when we were not able to bike or hike outdoors in the many parks that were close by.

We ate a healthy diet and I was not allowed junk food, soft drinks or energy drinks. Except for an occasional glass of wine that my mother enjoyed there was no alcohol in our house either.

At school I earned good grades and I played soccer. I wasn't particularly crazy about sports but I did it because it pleased mom.

Mom seldom dated and most of our free time was spent outdoors. I enjoyed the peace and tranquility of the lakes and parks close to home as opposed to the noise and congestion of the city not far from the small suburb where we lived.

After my junior year mom sat me down and asked me what I wanted to do in life. I really didn't have the slightest idea. With just a year left of school it was the right time to be thinking about a career. I just didn't have an interest in any particular area.

I loved our computer and the access the internet offered but staring at the screen eight to ten hours a day didn't appeal to me much. Digging a fifty grand hole for a college degree with unknown job prospects didn't sound like much fun either.

Her advice was to think about several things and stay abreast of the job market for those things. Sign up just before graduation and if the course isn't what you thought it was going to be change to your second or third choice.

Once you graduate you will probably be in that field for the rest of your life so choose carefully.

Sometimes at night I would hear her words in my mind. I really was stuck for a career choice. Perhaps I could combine my love of the quiet of the outdoors with an employment choice.

I wasn't a total introvert. I had many friends at school but did enjoy being off by myself. Not many jobs offered solitude as one of the side benefits. I guess I just had to keep looking and weighing the various career options that might be available to me in a year.

My part time job doing stock work in a department store at a nearby mall helped me build up some savings. This was in addition to mowing lawns and shoveling snow for several of the seniors who lived nearby.

I stayed away from the sales floor as I had heard numerous employees talk about the assholes they sometimes run into that would ruin their day at the very beginning or spoil a good day by coming in just as they were about to finish their shift.

This knowledge gave me an extra incentive to find something I could do pretty much by myself thereby avoiding dealing with the sometimes not so friendly general public.

Working for myself sounded like the best option as my neighbors always paid me well but to do it full time and get enough business to support myself was

doubtful. I resigned myself to the fact that I was going to have to work for someone else in some field before striking out on my own.

My senior year went by quickly. I disappointed my counselor and mom by not signing up for a school. I decided that I would work for a year or two and then see where the job markets were the strongest before picking a career.

A week before graduation mom keeled over at work and couldn't be revived. Her death left me alone in the world. From now on I was going to have to face everything by myself.

I notified my dad but now that I was eighteen those child support checks had stopped several months ago. I never did hear from him. Now mom was gone too.

It was several months before the estate was settled. I kept the car and got rid of her things. The duplex seemed very empty without her.

Financially all the funeral expenses were paid and so were the other bills. There was enough cash left over for me to live on for about a year but then I would have to get by on what I was making.

The part time job I had wasn't going to cut it so I intensified my job search for something full time. There was not a lot to pick from and most of those jobs, especially at the temp agencies didn't pay very well plus the fact that the majority of those jobs were industrial and I wasn't crazy about working in that kind of environment.

One of the women I worked with gave me a tip on an opening for a night janitor at a small women's college just west of the Twin Cities.

I checked out the ad for Woodland College on the internet and found they were an all women's liberal arts college. It had been founded almost a hundred years ago by Dorothy Woodland, the wife of a wealthy businessman.

I sent them an email indicating my interest in the janitorial position.

They replied back right away and invited me to come out and fill out their formal application.

I was very happy to hear from them so quickly.

The next day I put on a suit and tie and drove to the campus. I parked in the visitor lot in front of the admin building.

The campus was beautiful. The lawn, shrubs and trees were well manicured. The buildings were well maintained. It was a picture perfect campus. I walked up the steps and went inside.

The woman at the reception desk handed me an application and a pen. I filled it out and handed it back to her.

"They will call you if they want to interview you," she said with a smile.

I left and went home.

My cell phone rang at four pm just as I was leaving for work. The woman on the phone stated

that I had a nine am interview on Friday with a Ms. Sandra Trowbridge. I thanked her and she hung up.

I wasn't scheduled for work that Friday. The night before my interview I didn't sleep well. I guess I was a bit apprehensive. I was financially secure for awhile but I really needed this job to keep me going.

Arriving on time Friday morning I was directed to an office down the hall from the reception desk. When I entered the office a woman got up and smiled at me.

"Hi, I am Bobby Dunn. I have a nine am appointment with Ms. Trowbridge,"

"Please sit down Bobby she will be with you shortly,"

I took a seat and waited.

In a few minutes a well dressed woman came out of the inner office. Like the receptionist her hair and make up was perfect. She stood before me and held out her hand.

"I am Ms. Sandra Trowbridge. Please come with me,"

I stood up, shook her hand, and followed her back to her office.

Inside I took a seat opposite her as she sat down at her desk.

"The position you are applying for is on our night cleaning staff. You will be responsible for the overall cleanliness of the interior of all of the buildings on campus. Your shift is ten pm to six am Monday through Friday,"

"Each night the trash will be emptied, liners replaced, the windows cleaned, the floors swept, the

restrooms and locker rooms will also be cleaned. In addition there may be other duties as assigned by your supervisor,”

“You will be required to wear a uniform and shoes which we will provide. In addition our founder firmly believed that cleanliness is next to Godliness. You will always have a clean, presentable appearance,”

“All of our employees must maintain a strict health regime. Failure to do so will result in your discharge. Do you understand all of our requirements and if you are hired do you agree to follow all of them Mr. Dunn?”

“Yes I do,” I answered.

“Good. Now other than your self employment doing lawn care and snow removal the only job you have had is at the department store correct?”

“Yes Ma’m that is correct,”

“Very well, that will be all. We will contact you if we decide to hire you. You will then receive information about wages and benefits as well as further pre employment instructions. Thank you for coming in,”

She stood up and extended her hand. I took it in mine and she gave me a firm handshake.

“Thank you for the interview Ms. Trowbridge,” I said and left the building.

A week went by. I wondered if I was going to hear from them. I had not pursued any other job possibilities. This college seemed like a decent place to work.

The night shift would leave my days free to do as I pleased. There would be little traffic going to work at night as well as leaving work early in the morning as most people wouldn't be on the road yet.

I received a phone call from Ms. Trowbridge on a Monday morning notifying me that I was hired. She stated I would receive a confirming letter of my hiring with wage and benefit information as well as more pre employment instructions.

I thanked her and hung up. Okay well now I had a full time job making my financial situation a little easier. My future was still a bit uncertain but I felt that I was young and able enough to carve something out for myself even if it was at a later date.

That afternoon I received her letter confirming my hire and starting wages of eleven fifty per hour and a fifty cent increase in ninety days upon completion of my probationary period. I was to wear an athletic support under my clothes when I reported to the clinic for a pre employment physical in two days. Following that I would begin work on the first of the month and report to a Louise Mendoza at the physical plant behind the admin building.

I turned in my two weeks notice to my supervisor at the department store when I reported for work that day. It felt good to be out of there though it hadn't been a bad place to work. At least now I would be making more money and would have my days free to sort out my future and what I was going to do.

When I reported to the clinic a nurse took me down the hall to an exam room. I undressed to my athletic support. A female doctor came in and gave me my physical. There was no conversation as she proceeded to do her job.

As part of the exam she drew blood and collected a urine specimen. When I turned my head to the left and coughed she uttered “hmm” but said nothing. Usually when a doctor says something like that there might be a problem but she had made no comment so I didn’t ask any questions.

Next the nurse took measurements of the circumference of my head, neck, chest, waist, hips, wrist, hand and upper thighs, and finally my sleeve length as well as noting my shoe size.

I presumed this had something to do with my uniform but didn’t ask. I was prepared to give them whatever they needed to get the job. Finishing up the doctor gave me a shot in my buttocks from a very large needle and handed me a prescription.

“It’s part of your health regime,” she explained. “The pharmacy is in the basement,”

Next I was told to get dressed and report to another room in the basement. When I arrived at the suite it turned out to be a hair removal clinic. I was a bit taken aback as that was something more for women but I went inside anyway and checked in at the desk.

The woman smiled at me and escorted me to another room.

“Undress and lay on the table. Someone will be with you shortly,”

She left the room. I undressed and got on the table.

This seemed to be a bit odd but I was in no position to question the procedures I was going to have to undergo whatever they wanted me to in order to get the job so there was no point in wasting time asking a lot of questions.

Shortly two women in white came in the room. They stood on either side of the table.

“Just relax Bobby. This won’t take long. Hair is dirty and so long as you work at Woodland you must keep yourself smooth and hair free,”

The girls turned on some equipment. With one on each side of the table I was lying on they moved a wand over my arms, legs and chest. After rolling me over they did my back side and then my underarms.

It was a pleasant experience. I felt none the worst for wear and tear as the girls finished and turned off their equipment.

“Stand up spread eagle please,” said one of them.

I did so. Both women donned latex gloves and began smoothing my whole body with a white cream. I noticed that my skin had a tingling sensation and a slight reddish color almost like sunburn. The cream they applied felt good and the tingling sensation abated but I noted that I now had a slight feminine scent.

“You have a standing appointment once a month for touch ups. Please be on time and let us know if you can’t make it. The pharmacy is down the hall. Use this once a week on your body, face and neck,”

She handed me what looked like a pink purse with a top zipper and a loop on one end. I took it from her by the loop and both women left the room.

I got dressed, walked out of the suite and across the hall to the pharmacy. Behind me I thought I could hear giggling.

I entered the pharmacy and handed the prescription to the woman behind the counter.

The woman took my prescription. After filling the container she handed it to me with a grin.

“Take one a day with a meal. See you in three months,” she said.

Back home I opened the pill container to find it was filled with 90 large pink pills. “1000mg” was in black on the pills. I could only presume that these were vitamin pills and part of the health regime.

Opening the pink bag I found a ladies pink razor, a pack of five blades, and a pink container of women’s shaving gel.

Now I was beginning to wonder about this. I understood that this was a woman’s college. I understood the health regime was a part of the employment requirements, even if it meant keeping my body hair free.

I just couldn’t help but think about the possibility that there was something else going on here but just what it was I didn’t know what it might be. Besides,

there was no point in worrying about something like that now.

I was a bit apprehensive about my new job and I wasn't real hungry so I ate a light supper the night I was to begin work. I showered and then applied the shaving gel to my body. I carefully shaved my legs, buttocks, chest, arms and underarms.

When I finished I found that the gel had left me with a delicate feminine scent. I showered myself off and cleaned the razor. After drying myself I stood in front of the mirror on the medicine cabinet above the bathroom sink. I applied the gel to my neck and face. The feminine scent was more noticeable now as I carefully shaved the light beard on my face and neck.

I got dressed and then watched some TV. At nine pm I drove to work. Traffic was light and it took me only fifteen minutes to get to the campus.

I had been instructed to arrive a half hour early on my first night for my uniform fitting. It was nine thirty when I walked thru the door of the physical plant.

A short, chunky Hispanic woman was standing there waiting for me.

"Bobby Dunn?" she asked as I approached her.

"Yes," I replied.

"I am Louise Mendoza your supervisor. Please come with me," she ordered.

I followed her down steps to the basement. At the bottom of the stairs she turned to me.

"The women's locker room, rest and exercise rooms are to the left, the men's to the right."



She pushed open the door to the men's side and I followed her inside.

"Your locker number is 7. You won't need a lock as theft has never been a problem here. Undress and put on your uniform and shoes. Come out when you are ready for work,"

She left the room.

I undressed quickly. I put my clothes and lunch in the locker next to a set of pink sweats. I took out the uniform on the hangar. It too was pink.

The bright pink top had puff sleeves with white lace trim on the edges matching the white lace around the edge of the top's collar. I fumbled with the buttons as they were on the wrong side for a man. Obviously this was a woman's top but I couldn't say anything at this point.

The bright pink pants had an elastic waist and no pockets. I tucked the top in the waist band of the pants and sat down in front of the locker.

The cotton socks were pink as were the pink sneakers. Everything fit perfectly as if they had been tailor made for me, even the pink latex gloves. I thought back to the measurements the woman had taken at my physical.

I felt a little sheepish at my feminine ensemble and of course having a slight feminine scent from the pink shaving gel. I closed the locker door and walked out to where Ms. Mendoza was waiting for me.

She looked me over and then pinned a pink rectangular name tag on the left side of my top. In black letters it read "BOBBI".

"Punch in and then follow me and I will get you started," she said.

Bobbi with an "I" is the feminine spelling of the boys name Bobby. I was going to ask her about this but decided not to. I took my time card from the rack on the wall and punched in.

Throughout the evening she directed me to perform a variety of cleaning chores. We started with the cafeteria in the basement of the admin building followed by the offices on the first floor and the massive computerized library on the second.

I was genuinely surprised at how clean everything was before we even got started. There wasn't going to be as much work for us to do as I had originally thought. Apparently everyone here was taught not to make a mess just because someone had been hired to do the cleaning.

Louise introduced me to the other women I would be working with. They were all very pleasant but looked at me in a rather funny way. I couldn't put my finger on it.

There were no breaks but we took a half an hour for the lunch break about two am. I retrieved my lunch sack, punched out, and joined the others in the cafeteria. Everyone else had brought a sack lunch too but the beverages were free from the cafeteria's machines.

The second half of the shift was spent cleaning the two buildings housing the classrooms on either

side of the admin building. Last was the physical plant where the girls cleaned their locker room and I did the men's.

Past the locker room were two urinals and two commodes to the left and four shower stalls on the right. In the next room were two tread mills on one side and two stationary bikes on the other.

Louise had watched me carefully as I worked. She had no criticisms so far. I was happy about the fact she would be confident in my ability to perform my duties according to here instruction

“Everything looks good. After you punch out put on the sweats and spend some time on one of the treadmills and one of the bikes. They are very health conscious here. When you're finished take a shower and then put the towel, your uniform and socks in the basket near the door,”

“On Fridays put your sweats in the basket too. The clean ones will be in your locker when you come to work the next night. You can get a free breakfast in the cafeteria or go home if you choose. Do you have any questions?”

“No Ma'm I believe I understand everything,”

She smiled and left. I punched out and went back inside the locker room. I changed into the pink sweats and spent about twenty minutes on each machine. In the shower I found the soap in the tray had a delicate feminine scent as well.

I dried off and got dressed. I put the towel, uniform and socks in the basket near the door as Louise had instructed me to do.

In the cafeteria I ate the free breakfast of pancakes and sausages. There were only a few students there but they all wore the same uniform the college required. This school did not seem to care for any individuality. Everyone looked the same.

All the girls wore pink ruffled blouses tucked into a slim pink skirt. Their shoes were pink patent leather pumps with three inch heels. They wore pink blusher, lipstick and nail polish.

On the table were their pink purses. Some had short hair while others had shoulder length hair but all had a small pink bow pinned above their forehead. I could only presume that except for their sheer stockings that they all wore pink lingerie as well

I finished my meal and went home.

It seemed this whole place had femininity at the center. I had no doubt the curriculum was up to standards in order to keep their accreditation.

Another thing that struck me was the fact that I was the only male in this night cleaning crew. I wondered if there were any male employees on the rest of the staff. It didn't seem right that I would be the only male here.

Usually you would think that the people who maintained the physical plant and maintained the grounds would be men but then again maybe not. I guess I just couldn't visualize a woman working on the boilers or maintaining the grounds.

The faculty and administrative staff must have some males to keep within affirmative action guidelines but so far I hadn't seen any, but then working the night shift I probably wouldn't anyway.

A month went by. Louise didn't supervise my work as closely as she did when I first started. I was happy about that as it showed she had confidence in me.

She reminded me about my appointments at the end of the month and I wondered how she would know about them. I guess it didn't really matter at this juncture.

In the doctor's office I received another shot. She checked my groin again but had no comment. I thought back to that "Hmm" she had uttered when I first saw her. There was no additional comment from her about that or anything else either.

When I got home after that first time I felt myself down there but couldn't find any reason for her to say something like that. Maybe it had been something that only doctors knew about. At any rate if she wasn't concerned I shouldn't be either.

At the hair removal clinic I had the same treatments. I wasn't sure as to whether there was any truth to the statement that "hair is dirty" but once a week I continued to shave my body as well as my face and neck each night as I had been instructed. I didn't want to risk losing this job over something this trivial.

Three weeks into my second month I was just leaving the cafeteria after breakfast when a tall athletic woman in a pink sweat suit stopped me near the door.

“I’m Wanda Green the soccer coach and I need a small favor from you,”

I couldn’t imagine what the soccer coach would want with me, particularly in view of the fact that I was a probationary member of the cleaning staff.

“What is it?” I inquired.

“I was informed that you played soccer in high school right,”

“Yes,” I answered.

“Well two of our goalies are down with a bug. The third is a rookie that I do not have a lot of confidence in. Would you be willing to take the place of one of the girls? We will disguise you. No one will know that you are really a guy,”

I thought about this for a minute reminding myself that as a probationary employee I should be a bit careful about saying no to anything.

“Well I guess I could. How do you want to do this?” I asked.

The coach smiled broadly at me.

“Meet me Saturday at noon in the dressing rooms at the soccer field. Wear your athletic support under your clothes and I will get you outfitted,”

She turned and walked away before I could say any more.

That Saturday I didn’t go to bed after breakfast as I usually do. I thought about what I had agreed to. I

was working in a totally feminine environment and now I would be playing soccer in one.

Once again I had thoughts about what was behind all of this but of course it was too late to back out now no matter what I thought. Was all this a precursor to something bigger? Were there ulterior motives behind all of is?

I showed up at the soccer team's dressing room on time.

"Follow me Bobby," ordered the coach.

I followed her inside to her office that was near the door. I could hear the girl's chattering while they were getting dressed for the game as I entered the office.

"Put your clothes in that box on the floor. Put on the pink bra, leave the shirt off and then put on the rest of your uniform and soccer cleats. I will be back in a couple of minutes,"

I undressed and put my clothes in the box. I closed the front hooks of the pink bra and stepped into the pink satin shorts. The pink satin felt good against my hair free skin. Next I put on the knee high pink socks and the pink soccer cleats. Once again everything seemed tailor made to fit me.

Coach Green returned and placed two tennis balls in the bra cups then adjusted the straps. She handed me the pink shirt with the black number seven on the back and the black letters DUNN across the top.

From her filing cabinet she held a shoulder length brown wig in one hand and a lipstick in the other. She placed the wig on my head and adjusted it.

“Tilt your head back and open your mouth wide please,”

I did as she asked.

She pressed the tube of pink lipstick against my mouth and moved it around several times.

“Press your lips together to smooth out the makeup,”

I did so as she stabbed me once in each cheek with the tube of lipstick and then spread the makeup around my cheeks with one finger.

“Perfect. Now let’s go outside and I will introduce you to the girls,”

I followed her outside and she introduced me as “Bobbette Dunn a recent transfer. The girls looked me over and shook hands with me. I am sure they wondered why I wasn’t wearing pink nail polish as well.

Coach Green went over the game plan and we went out to the field.

It was a very good game. All of the girls were excellent players. I made many saves and we won 2-0.

After the game in her office Coach Green took off the wig and then removed make up. She stepped out and I changed back into my male clothes. She thanked me again and I left the area.

I went right to bed and slept hard until the alarm went off at eight thirty. I got dressed, checked my

face in the mirror for any trace of the makeup and then packed a lunch.

The soccer game really wasn't in my thoughts as I figured it was pretty much a one time thing since this game had been their last one of the year.

Woodland College was an independent school and not affiliated with any conference. Their games were essentially other schools non-conference games. Nevertheless Woodland had always been competitive with the other schools.

Tuesday morning after work I was eating breakfast in the cafeteria when I noticed several girls at the next table giggling as they looked at me. They all were members of the soccer team. I wondered if Coach Green had told them about me.

When the girls finished eating they all looked over at me and then applied fresh lipstick. They puckered their freshly made up mouths and made kissing noises at me. They got up and left giggling like hyenas.

Apparently they did know I was the imposter goalie. I finished my breakfast and left the cafeteria. I guess it didn't really matter what they thought I had kept myself in good graces of the school which was more important to me at this point in time.

Near the end of the month I received word to report to the doctors' office early. I was mystified by this change in my schedule but reported at the appointed time.

The doctor asked me to undress. She gave me another shot from that big needle and then examined my groin again. Looking up at me I saw that she had a serious look on her face.

“Get dressed and follow me into the next room,” I did as she asked me.

In the next room she turned to me.

“There is something there. Undress and lay on the exam table please. I will be back in a few minutes,”

Now I was a bit worried. I undressed and fondled my scrotum. There didn't seem to be anything out of the ordinary. Never the less she was the doctor.

Returning to the room the doctor was accompanied by a nurse. They both stood on opposite sides of the table. The nurse brought a strap over my arms and chest. The doctor secured the strap on the other side.

Now I was getting worried. Just what were they planning to do to me here in this little room?

“Just relax Bobby. This will only take a minute,”

At the foot of the table the nurse spread my legs. I felt the pick of a needle on each side of my scrotum. Several minutes later the doctor handed the nurse something and she left the room.

I lay there for what seemed like an eternity. The doctor said nothing as we waited and I didn't offer any conversation. When the nurse returned she had a grim look on her face.

“Malignant,” was the one word answer she said to my or the doctors' unasked question.

“You are lucky we caught this in time. Those cysts could have developed into cancer. Please sign this consent form and the lie still for a few more minutes

My heartbeat accelerated as I signed the form without reading it. I couldn't see what they were doing but I was very grateful that this had been caught early. When they finished the nurse unbuckled the strap and I sat up. She left the room as the doctor pulled off her gloves.

“You will be a little sore for a day or two. When you get home dampen a washcloth and wrap an ice cube in it. Place it on the stitches about every other hour and the swelling will go down. I will notify the school that you will be off Thursday and Friday. You can return to work Monday night. If there are any complications let me know right away,”

She left the room.

I sat up and looked down at the small row of stitches on either side of my scrotum. My scrotum was empty. They had removed my testes. I got up from the table and got dressed.

Driving home I had mixed emotions. Testicular cancer wasn't too common but it usually appeared in men older than I was. I felt like I had a new lease on life in a sense. Still I hadn't been able to feel anything wrong down there. I guess I just had to trust the doctor.

An hour later I was in some pain so I applied the ice off and on for the rest of the day. Friday was better but I was still a little sore. Sunday night I was

back to normal again and did not see any problems going to work the next night.

I continued to work with no problems and was nearing the end of my third month when once again I was asked to report a week early to the clinic.

My laser clinic appointment came first. The tech informed me that I was coming along well and would need a few touch ups periodically so I made another appointment.

In the doctor's clinic she examined my scrotum again and seemed satisfied.

"Sometimes this sort of thing can be found in other parts of the body too," she said as she placed her hands on my breast area and gently squeezed them.

This surprised me but then she was the doctor and she should know where to look and what to look for.

"You're good to go. Refill your prescription before you leave,"

I got dressed and went down to the pharmacy in the basement where I refilled the prescription for those large pink pills I had been taking in addition to my monthly shots.

The next morning after finishing work and my work out on the machines I examined myself in the shower.

I did not see anything out of the ordinary but my skin seemed to feel much softer, perhaps due to the feminine scented soap. This particular brand advertised itself as having cold cream in it so that was probably the reason.

In addition there seemed to be a slight enlargement in my breast area. My nipples were a little sensitive to the touch as well. I made a mental note to ask the doctor about this when I saw her again.

Friday night when I reported for work Louise informed me that my probationary period was going to be extended another thirty days for medical reasons. I was a bit surprised by this but Louise just shrugged and said:

“That’s what they told me to tell you,”

After breakfast in the cafeteria I drove home thinking about the next thirty days. The extension seemed a bit unusual. I had not encountered any problems doing my job and had gotten along well with my supervisor and the other employees.

Maybe they just wanted to be sure that I was cancer free. In view of that fact I guess I just had to go along with their decision if I wanted to keep my job.

When you work nights you get used to sleeping in the day time so in a sense my way of life was in complete opposite to the life everyone else has but I altered my schedule for everything else and there was no problem sleeping from ten am to six pm instead of from ten pm to six am. I had grown accustomed to it and liked it from the start just like my mother had.

The next day at ten am I had just closed my eyes when I thought I could hear drums.

I woke up to find myself lying naked on a narrow bed inside what appeared to be a grass mat. Two tall and very muscular women entered and stood over me. They had shoulder length hair. They were bare breasted and wore a grass skirt and sandals.

“Get up!” One of them screamed at me.

I got up and each woman grabbed me under the arms and ushered me outside.

The sunlight was very bright as I walked and they half dragged me down a dirt path. On each side naked women similarly dressed were standing. They were chanting “One of us, one of us,” over and over again. All their faces were expressionless.

Now I was scared. What the hell was going on here?

The path curved to the right. At the end were stone steps leading to what looked like a stone table at the top. It was almost like the altar from one of those by gone civilizations in some Central American country.

My pulse was beating very fast as they brought me up the steps. There were four tall and muscular women and one shorter woman with some kind of headdress standing behind the table.

The two women on each side of me lifted me up and flung me on the stone table. They went back down the steps as the four women who had been standing the back of the table came forward.

Two of them at the head of the table tied down my outstretched arms with ropes while the two at the

foot of the stone table tied my spread eagle legs down with ropes too.

They returned to their previous position as the shorter woman came forward brandishing a large double edged knife. She stood over my spread eagle groin at the foot of the bed.

Now I was petrified. I was like a sacrificial lamb of sorts. The sounds of the chants “One of us, one of us” from the women surrounding the table got louder and louder.

The short woman gripped the big knife with both hands and raised it above her head and then looked up at the sky. She chanted something intelligible and then looked down at me.

The chants were reaching a very loud crescendo as she looked back down at my groin. With great force she stabbed the knife in my crotch. A huge spray of blood erupted from me and splattered her chest.

I could feel nothing but watched in horror as the blood continued to spurt out and the chants from the surrounding women continued.

Pulling hard against the ropes they suddenly broke and I sat up. I found myself in my own bed soaked in sweat and my heart beating furiously.

I sat there for a few minutes to compose myself. Pulling the covers back I walked into the bathroom and looked at my sweaty body. I urinated and then washed my chest and arms.

Back in the bedroom I changed the sheets but I had a difficult time getting back to sleep. It had been

the worst nightmare I had ever had. Even as a kid nothing I ever dreamed of was that bad or that realistic. I couldn't imagine what might have brought it on as my sleep was usually uninterrupted and peaceful.

Work continued and by now I was thoroughly ingrained in my work and its' schedule. Louise spent much less time with me now that I was familiar with everything. I was fairly confident that at the end of the month I would be hired on permanently.

The fall brought the onset of cooler weather. The leaves began to turn and I wasn't looking forward to driving to work in the snow that was to come.

My car died the first week of October. Somehow the coolant had leaked into the engine and ruined it. It happened on the way home and the cost of fixing up mom's old sedan just wasn't worth it so I sold it for scrap and rented one for a month.

I had a little savings left but the cost of a new one was out of my reach. I began searching the Sunday papers and the internet for a good used one but those are hard to find.

In fact "a good used one" is kind of a misnomer itself but I had thirty days to find something or I could continue to rent for another month but that wasn't going to be a long term solution by any means.

Friday morning just before I headed for the cafeteria Louise stopped me in the hallway.

"Dorothy Bixby, the Dean of Women, wants to see you in her office after you eat breakfast," she said

“What does the Dean of Women want with me?” I asked.

Louise shrugged.

“I don’t have any idea but if I were you I would get my butt up to her office when you finish breakfast,” she said with a serious face.

I took my time eating my scrambled eggs, toast and juice. When I finished I went up to the first floor and found her office. Her secretary was on the phone when I walked in. She smiled at me as she hung up the phone.

“I’m Bobby Dunn. Dean Bixby said she wanted to see me,” I said.

“She will be right with you Bobby,” answered the secretary who looked like she was trying to hide a smirk on her face. “Have a seat,”

I sat down to wait. I tried to think of a reason this woman wanted to talk to me. If Louise had any complaints she would have told me directly. Her boss was the head of the physical plant and that individual wouldn’t have talked to me.

Next I thought about something outside of my work. Had Coach Green something to do with this? Also I was nearing the end of my extended probation.

Maybe this woman was going to notify me of my acceptance or possibly my rejection but that seemed unlikely especially at this juncture. Any how it was hard not to be just a little bit apprehensive as I sat there and waited.

I looked up to see an attractive woman in a sharply tailored jacket, pink blouse, and slim skirt approaching me. Her hair, makeup and nails were perfect, just like all the other students and female staff members that I saw working here. I got up as she stopped in front of me and extended her hand.

“I am Dean Dorothy Bixby Bobby, please come with me,”

I shook her hand and followed her back to her office.

“Have a seat please,” she said as she took hers behind her massive desk.

I sat down as she placed her arms on top of her desk locked her fingers. She looked straight into my eyes as she spoke.

“I spoke with your supervisor Louise and she couldn’t be more pleased with your work so far. In addition Coach Green appreciated your subbing for the two sick girls on the soccer team. They had a very good season this year,”

“You have less than two weeks left of your extended probationary period and I see nothing that would stand in the way of us retaining your services,”

“Now then, I am having a reception with several of my senior faculty members in my condo next Saturday afternoon. I would like your assistance in setting up my presentation and then serving them coffee and cake afterwards.

That is Halloween weekend so I will have a costume for you to wear to surprise the girls. If you

didn't have any plans would you be available to help me out Bobby?"

In the back of my head were the words "Two weeks left of your extended probation" and "pleased with your work SO FAR". Was there a chance that if I said no I would be killing my employment? Was this a "You'd better do it" type of request from the head woman of the college? At this point I didn't think I could take any chances so I knew I had to agree to her request.

"Yes I can do that to help you out," I replied.

She smiled at me and handed me a slip of paper.

"Here is my address. Please be there about eleven. The women will arrive for my presentation about one and afterwards we will have cake and coffee at two. I am looking forward to having you help me out. Thank you for coming in,"

I got up and left her office. As I left the outer office I heard the secretary giggling about something. If this was going to be another scenario like the soccer thing it was too late to back out now. God only knows what the ramifications might be if I did.

Driving home I remembered what she had said about a costume. I had a funny feeling I wasn't going to be a pirate or gorilla or something.

I couldn't figure out why she couldn't possibly find anyone else to do this but there was no point in worrying about it. I was going to have to go along with whatever she wanted simply for the sake of my continued employment if nothing else.

The two weeks before Halloween weekend seemed to go by slowly. I didn't spend much time thinking about what was in store for me at Dean Bixby's meeting.

I looked at more car ads but didn't find anything interesting to look at.

Saturday morning after work I drank a large coffee and watched some morning TV prior to going to Dean Bixby's condo. I wanted to be bright and alert and not look tired after my night shift.

I looked up her address online. The condo complex was a gated community located between the college and the western city limits. It was easy to find. At the gate I pushed the button for her condo and she buzzed me in.

Parking in the visitor lot I could see that this complex was not affordable to most people. Inside the lobby I took the elevator to the second floor. At her door I pushed the button and Dean Bixby let me inside.

"Follow me please," she said.

I walked behind her thru the living room and then left down a hallway. She opened the second door and I followed her inside.

"Undress and set your clothes on the stuffed chair. Put on what you see on the bed and I will be back in a few minutes to help you with the rest,"

As she turned to go I saw that on the bed were a black lingerie set and a pair of fishnet stockings. My heart sank as I knew now my costume was going to be a feminine one.

“Uh Dean Bixby those are....”

“Yes I know what they are Bobbette. Just put them on and be quick about it,”

She left the room and closed the door. Her loud retort had startled me a bit. She had called me “Bobbette” too just like Coach Green had. I hadn’t meant to raise her ire so I began to undress right away.

After setting my clothes on the chair I put my shoes and socks underneath it. I put on the black satin brief style panties. They had bright pink leg and waist elastic as well as four rows of bright pink ruffles on the back. The satin felt very nice against my bare, hair free skin.

Next I put on the black garter belt with a pink bow in the center and pink bows above each garter. I rolled down each fish net stocking, slipped it over my foot and smoothed it up each leg, then fastened them to the garter’s clip. I was amazed at how good they felt against my hair free legs.

It was hard for me to admit it but I began to feel quite girly and feminine. I wondered if that was how all women felt when they put on their lingerie.

I slipped on the bra with a pink bow between the cups just as Dean Bixby entered the room. She closed the back hooks, placed a weighted insert in each cup and then adjusted the straps. Stepping back she looked me over with a grin.

“Everything fits you perfectly Bobbette. Now let’s get you made up,”

I followed her over to the vanity where she turned the chair around.



“Have a seat Bobbette and tilt your head back,” she said with a giggle.

I did as I was told just like I had followed Coach Green’s instructions in her office before joining the girls for their soccer match.

Dean Bixby picked up a lipstick from the vanity, took off the cap and turned up the base. She put her left hand on my forehead and pushed back slightly.

“Open wide please,” she asked

When I opened my mouth she pressed the tube of bright red lipstick hard to my mouth and then she moved it around and back several times.

“Press your lips together please, she asked again.

I did so and then she pressed the tube once on each cheek and with a single finger smoothed the makeup around my cheeks for a blusher look. After putting the lipstick back on the vanity she returned with a scissor like device. She clamped my eyelashes twice, once at the lid and again a little further out.

Following that was an application of black mascara, black eye liner and then gray eye shadow. She clipped a pair of four inch sparkly fake diamond earrings to my earlobes. Next she held up a bottle of perfume and held the nozzle under my nose.

“Isn’t that a delightfully feminine scent Bobbette?” she cooed.

“Yes it is,” was the only answer I could say. At this point in time there was nothing I could object to so I just had to go along with everything she was going to do to me.

Placing the nozzle under each ear she giggled as she squirted me several times and then sprayed my neckline and my bare arms generously. I now almost reeked of the sweet delicate scent.

She put the bottle back on the vanity table and fastened a ruffled choker around my neck and matching ruffled wristlets around my wrists as well as clipping two long sparkly fake diamond earrings to my earlobes.

On top of my head she placed a black shoulder length wig and then pinned a white ruffled maid's cap to the top. After opening a small package she matched up ten bright red press-on nails to my own fingernails.

"Perfect. Now let's get you in your uniform. Come over to the closet please,"

I got up and followed her over to the closet. She removed three short white petticoats from their hangers. After placing them inside each other she handed them to me. I stepped into them and brought them up to my waist as she unzipped a black satin, puff sleeve French Maid mini dress from its' hanger.

She held it up by the hem and I slipped it over my head. After adjusting the hem around the petticoats she zipped me up and closed the small hook at the top. The white ruffled short apron was next.

It was hard for me to come to grips with the fact that I was feeling quite feminine. I seemed to have no masculine feelings at all. This was beginning to be a very pleasure able experience.

From the bottom shelf Dean Bixby placed two pair of black leather five inch stiletto heel pumps at my feet. The first pair fit like a glove so she fastened the ankle strap and put the other pair back.

Standing in front of me she was smiling broadly.

“Wow. Bobbette you are absolutely gorgeous. The girls are going to love you. Walk over to the full length mirror on the back of the bedroom door and look at yourself,”

Gingerly I took a few steps as I had never been at an upward angle that these high heel pumps gave me. The reflection in the mirror surprised even me. Dean Bixby was right. I was absolutely gorgeous.

“Put one hand on your hip and leave the other arm at your side. Walk around the room a little so you will get accustomed to walking in high heels,”

I did so and found myself walking easily in the high heel pumps even though I had never worn shoes like this before. She corrected my movements several times and soon I began walking in the appropriate feminine manner.

Again I seemed to be feeling totally and completely feminine, in fact almost giddy, despite my biology. Maybe those shots and pink pills had something to do with it.

“Stop in front of me now,” she ordered.

I stopped in front of her pleased that I had been able to perform as she asked.

“Grab the side hem of your dress and petticoats with each hand, place your right leg behind you and squat about halfway down to the floor. This is called

a curtsy and you will be performing it when my guests arrive,”

I performed the curtsy several times to her satisfaction.

“Walk in front of me out to the living room please,”

As I walked ahead of her the jarring effect of those five inch heels made the stiff petticoats under my mini dress bounce. Dean Bixby couldn't help but giggle.

In the beautifully furnished living room she sat down in her recliner chair.

“Walk around the living room, then stop in front of me, curtsy, and then walk to the dining room and back then curtsy again,” she ordered.

I followed her instructions exactly feeling quite girlish as I walked easily in my stiletto heel pumps and then stopped in front of her to perform a perfect curtsy.

“That's enough,” she announced. “Now walk over to the couch, turn to face me and with one hand smooth the skirts of your dress, sit down quickly, cross your legs and keep both hands folded in your lap,”

Once again I performed exactly according to her wishes.

“A perfect feminine flounce,” she said with a grin.

“Now I need you to perform some tasks for me before my guests arrive. My place needs to be cleaned up a bit. A serving maid also needs to perform cleaning tasks and doing these things will give you more practice in doing things in not just a

feminine manner but in an effeminate manner. Understood?”

I simply nodded in agreement.

“Good now come with me and you can get started,”

I followed her back in the hallway. She opened a utility closet door.

“Put these on,” she said as she handed me a pair of pink latex gloves.

“You can start by vacuuming the carpets in all three bedrooms followed by doing the ones in the dining and living rooms. I will inspect your work when you are done,”

I put on the gloves and took the vacuum cleaner into the first bedroom to begin my work. When I finished all three of the bedroom carpets I did the dining room. She watched me with a somewhat amused look on her face as I did the living room carpet while she sat on the couch.

When I finished she inspected my work as I took the vacuum cleaner back to the hallway utility closet and then waited for her to return.

“You did a very fine job,” she said with a smile. “Louise said you performed your work with good attention to details,”

“From now on when you stand in front of me or my guests keep your upper arms at your side and your lower arms across your body at an upward angle with your hands dangling at the wrist. It’s a proper effeminate pose for a maid,”

I nodded in agreement.

“Take that basket and clean all three of the bathrooms. I will check your work when you are done,”

In the first bedroom’s bathroom I took the cleaning materials out of the basket. I scrubbed the toilet, the bathtub and its’ fixtures, then the sink and its’ fixtures. I finished up by cleaning the mirror over the sink.

After I was done in the next two bathrooms I stood in front of her in the proper effeminate pose and announced that I was done. She then inspected my work again.

“Everything looks good. You are a hard worker Bobbette,” she said with a grin as she looked at me in my effeminate maid’s pose. “Now finish up with the kitchen sink, fixtures and the mirror over the sink,”

She left me alone and went back to the living room.

I cleaned everything as she had directed just as I did each night for Louise. The work I was doing wasn’t unpleasant by any means though doing it cross dressed in my French Maid’s uniform spread out with petticoats and in high heel pumps was obviously different than in my pink uniform at work.

While I worked it was hard not to be aware of how deliciously feminine I felt especially when I had performed a curtsy or stood before her in my effeminate maid’s pose. I felt just like I thought most girls felt.

When I was done I went into the living room, curtsayed in front of her and announced that my work in the kitchen was ready for her inspection.

It was only a few minutes before she returned.

“Excellent work Bobbette. Put your cleaning materials and gloves back in the hallway closet and then come back here,”

I curtsayed again and returned everything to the hallway closet. Walking easily in my high heel pumps I returned to the living room.

We set up a screen and a table for the power point presentation. On a beautiful white table cloth we placed a cup, saucer, fork, a small plate, and a napkin in front of each of the five chairs.

There were two chairs on each side of the table and one at the head of the table. She seemed pleased as she watched me doing things in a feminine girly manner. I found myself delightfully enjoying this playacting the role of a pretty French Maid.

In the kitchen she plugged in a large coffee pot. From the cupboard she set a cake on the table and cut it into squares.

“When the girls arrive you will open the door, curtsy politely and lead them into the living room. You will wait in the kitchen until my presentation is over. Place the coffee pot and cake pan on the small cart and wheel it in the dining room. Place a piece of cake on each plate and pour the coffee in the cup.

Do all the guests first and then me. Do you understand Bobbette?”

“Yes Dean Bixby I do,” I replied.

“Remember to do it in an effeminate way too,”

“I will,” I said.

“We have some time yet let’s watch some TV,”

I followed her to the living room. I remembered to smooth my short skirt with one hand when I sat down and crossed my legs. Holding my hands in my lap in the proper effeminate manner she had taught me we watched TV.

She smiled at me as I did so seemingly quite pleased with my feminine deportment.

I was quite proud of myself having done everything she had asked me to do and in the appropriate feminine manner too. In fact I had even become accustomed to being addressed by a feminine name “Bobbette”.

Promptly at 12:45 the door bell rang. Dean Bixby shut off the TV. I uncrossed my legs, stood up and smoothed my skirt out in the proper feminine fashion.

I walked confidently to the door and opened it wide. There were two women there. I curtsyed politely.

“Dean Bixby is waiting for you in the living room. Come with me please,”

I walked ahead of the two women until we reached the living room. Dean Bixby stood up.

“Welcome girls. Please sit down. The others will be here shortly,”

I returned to the front door and waited. A few minutes later two more women arrived and I escorted them to the living room and then went into the kitchen.

When I was out of sight there was a burst of laughter and giggles from the living room. When it died down Dean Bixby began speaking with the comment:

“Okay girls, settle down and I will get to business. My presentation will be brief and to the point so sit back and relax,”

While Dean Bixby made her presentation I thought about what I was doing. For a Halloween get together. It didn't surprise me that all the women were dressed casually and I was the only one “dressed up” This no doubt had been her plan all along.

In the mirror above the sink I saw the reflection of a very pretty maid. She had red rouged cheeks and a red lipsticked mouth, red finger nails and of course she was very sweetly scented. There was no way anyone at the school or from my past that would recognize me now.

At the conclusion of Dean Bixby's presentation I heard the girls making their way to the dining room. Dean Bixby came into the kitchen.

“Please serve us now Bobbette,” she asked.

She went back to the dining room and I followed behind her pushing the cart.

Carefully I placed a piece of cake on each plate and then filled their coffee cups serving the guests

first and Dean Bixby last. When I finished I pushed the cart back into the kitchen.

Shortly there seemed to be an explosion of laughter and giggles coming from the dining room. I wondered if Dean Bixby had told them in advance about me but I guess by now it didn't matter.

About twenty minutes later Dean Bixby stood in the kitchen doorway and announced:

"Bobbette we would like a refill, please,"

I returned to the dining room and refilled everyone's cups. It seemed like all of the women, especially Dean Bixby, were watching my every move closely as I performed this task in a feminine manner. I went back to the kitchen thinking about what they had planned next.

When the conversation died down Dean Bixby asked me to come back out. I followed her to where the women were standing near the front door.

"The ladies and I want to thank you for the excellent job you did serving us Bobbette. Oh and girls the surprise I promised you,"

Grinning broadly she reached up and grabbed my wig and maid's cap and pulled it off.

"Actually ladies this is Bobby Dunn of our cleaning staff who graciously consented to help me surprise you. Didn't he do a marvelous job impersonating a French Maid?"

I was totally shocked by what she had done as the women broke into laughter and applause. They left and Dean Bixby placed the wig and maid's cap back on my head.

“Thank you for being such a good sport Bobbette,” she said with a grin. “Now let’s get the dishes washed, dried and put away,”

We cleared the table first and then went into the kitchen.

At the sink I donned a pair of pink latex gloves to do the dishes. She dried and then we both put the dishes back in her china closet. I left the gloves in the kitchen and we made our way to the back bedroom.

As much as I had enjoyed the feminine experience I was glad it was over and was looking forward to returning back to my male self.

In the bedroom she removed the ruffled choker and wristlets, press on nails, makeup, wig, earrings, and maid’s cap. After unzipping me she helped me out of the dress and petticoats. She left the room and I took off the rest of my French Maid ensemble. I put my male clothing back on and checked myself in the vanity mirror. No trace of makeup remained but I could still smell the very sweet perfume.

She returned with a small bottle in her hand.

“Hold out your hands palms up,” she said

When I did she sprinkled some of the fluid on my palms.

“Splash this on your face to mask the scent of the perfume,” she said with a grin.

When I did the fluid had the strong manly scent of after shave.

“We can’t have you going to work tomorrow night smelling like a sweet French Maid now can we?” she asked with a grin.

“No ma’m,” I replied.

“The girls also asked me to give you this tip for being a terrific serving maid,” she said giggling.

She handed me a hundred dollar bill.

“Thank you very much,” I replied.

I left the condo and drove home. Before drifting off to sleep I couldn’t help but think of the past events that involved my “volunteering en femme”.

This was the second time I had been asked to help them out en femme. Was this going to be a regular thing? Were they taking advantage of me while holding my employment in jeopardy? I was almost done with my extended probation. Was this going to happen as long as I worked for this all female institution?

The other thing that hit me was how much I had enjoyed myself acting in an effeminate and coquettish manner serving the Dean and her friends while cross dressed in exquisite lingerie, the maid’s dress, high heels and makeup. I felt genuinely feminine and quite girly.

Was there something wrong with me? Was this the result of those pills and vitamin shots? Were they preparing me for a life en femme?

Monday I renewed my car rental for another month. It was getting more expensive and I really hated car shopping. Everybody had a “deal” so to speak but it seemed the sellers were getting the best end of the so called “deal”.

With Monday's mail came a letter from my landlord. My heart skipped a couple of beats as I tore open the envelope

I had very little contact with him even before my mother died and none since so I was curious what he would be writing to me about except a rent increase.

He had sold the house and was moving to Florida. The new owner was going to live in one half and rent the other out to a relative who was going to school. I had until the end of November to move out.

Now I was in a real bind. Between car shopping and having thirty days to find a new place to live I felt trapped. It was going to be a stressful month that was for sure.

I shaved myself again before going to work Monday night. My body was now pretty much hair free. My skin had also become much softer and had a somewhat feminine sheen to it. Just like a woman's. My beard had regressed as well. I shaved my face less frequently too and there was less and less of a beard to be shaved.

At work I received my evaluation and was given a raise to twelve dollars an hour. I was now an employee of the college. When I mentioned getting some time off to move Louise said she might be able to help me find a place quicker.

I felt a little more relieved as I started to work. More so I guess because I was now an employee and not on probation. I had a little more leverage when it came to my rights as to what I could be ordered to

do and what they couldn't order me to do. I was hoping that this en femme business was done once and for all but in the back of my mind I wasn't so sure.

The first three days I looked at only two apartments. One was very nice but overpriced. The other was much cheaper but was neighboring a high crime area so I dismissed that as well. I wasn't looking forward to packing up and moving.

After our lunch break Thursday night Louise took me aside.

"I have a possibility for you if you might be interested in a small place. It wouldn't cost you much either,"

That got my attention right away.

"What is it?" I inquired.

"The two dormitories had been remodeled last year. Not all the rooms are occupied. I spoke with Dean Bixby and she said you could rent a room for four hundred a month. All your utilities would be included and you wouldn't have to drive to work as you would be living on the grounds,"

"Of course you would have to behave yourself as the rest of the building is occupied by our female students. You would have to vacate it if the enrollment next August needs the room. In the spring when a lot of students here and in the city leave to go home I'm sure it will be easier for you to find a place,"

"I'll take it," I said without hesitation.

“Good I will notify Dean Bixby. Tomorrow bring a check and after work I will show you the place and give you a key,”

I felt quite relieved as I started the nights work.

After work we walked over to the two dormitories. Students were just leaving for their classes.

“Your room is in the first building here,” said Louise

Inside the building we walked upstairs and to the end of the hall. Louise unlocked the door and we went inside.

The room was fairly sizeable, not what I was expecting. It was all done in pink of course, like everything else around here. To my left were a small table and four chairs. Above it on the wall was a 21 inch TV. Next to them along the wall was a large closet. The bed and a small dresser were on the right and in the back was the bathroom.

“The rooms in these dorms are larger than most schools but are a bit small for someone like you who might have a lot of stuff. I suggest you dispose of everything except your clothes,”

“The rooms are cleaned on Mondays while the students are in class. The bedding and towels are replaced then too. I will notify housekeeping to supply you with bedding and towels,”

“Thank you. The room is just fine,” I remarked.

I took the keys from her and we left the building. At home I began to take stock of everything I owned.

The next week I moved most of my clothes in the dorm room.

On the advice of a neighbor I advertised a moving sale on Sunday. He offered to help me watch the people as they looked things over. I managed to get rid of everything. I gave my neighbor a few bucks for helping me out. I moved the last of my clothing to my dorm room.

That night I slept in the dorm. It was surprisingly quiet. You would think a building full of young women might be filled with the usually chatter of gossip or the sound of stereos but it wasn't.

I made arrangements to have the carpets, windows and everything else in the duplex cleaned. I dropped the keys and the invoices from the carpet and house cleaning services off at the landlords' house and went back to the dorm room.

Now I felt totally relieved. I notified all the parties of my change of address. It was good not to have to worry about finding a decent place. This dorm room was safe and secure. I still had to look for a car but at this point that was not a big concern.

Thanksgiving came and went. The holiday meal in the cafeteria was surprising like home cooking. To be honest the meals that I had eaten since I had been there were first rate as well. The cafeteria and kitchen staff really knew their business.

At the end of November I received another shot. When I questioned the doctor about the tenderness and the rise in my chest she just dismissed me with a wave of her hand.

“Different men react differently after the surgery as well as to the shots and pills you are taking. It just takes time so don’t worry about a thing,”

I left her office and had some touch up work done at the laser hair salon in the basement. I refilled my prescription of those big pink pills and went home. If the doctor wasn’t concerned then I guess I shouldn’t be concerned either.

The Christmas holidays were less than three weeks away. It would be my first Christmas without my mom. I felt good about being on my own but it would have been nice to have a tree and some presents to open Christmas morning.

Christmas fell on a Saturday that year. The campus was pretty empty. I finished my Friday night shift and after breakfast walked back to my dorm room.

In front of my door was a package. The tag read “To Bobbette, from Santa,” Inside I removed the Christmas wrapping to find a slim pink box. I opened the box to find a beautiful pink satin chemise.

I tried to think of who knew me as Bobbette. I guess it didn’t matter. By this time it probably would be more appropriate to ask who didn’t know I was Bobbette.

I undressed and put it on. It fit me perfectly just like all the other feminine apparel I had worn. The pink satin felt good against my hair free skin. I felt



like I was a real girl in it. I kept it on and wore it to bed several hours later.

My head had just hit the pillow when I heard the sound of church music. I opened my eyes to find myself wearing a beautiful white satin wedding dress. It had big puffy shoulders, long sleeves, and a scoop neckline. The broad skirt of the dress was spread out by several petticoats underneath it. When I pulled up the hems of the dress and petticoats I saw I was wearing white six inch stiletto heel pumps.

Holding up my hands I found I had long, elegant pink fingernails. I parted my veil and in the mirror on one side of me I saw I was wearing pink blusher and matching pink lipstick.

In front of me were four bridesmaids without faces in pink satin bridesmaid's gowns. I could see their nails were pink too and if their faces weren't blurred I was certain that they were all wearing pink blusher and pink lipstick like me.

The music suddenly got louder as the organist began the wedding march.

"Time to go, follow us," one of them said

They walked out of the room and I followed them.

We entered a hallway and then the aisle of the church. As the wedding march played we began walking down the aisle. On either side of me there were only women in the pews. They were all dressed in pink suits, pink high heel pumps, and pink hats with a dainty veil down to their eye level.

Under the music in barely audible soft voices I could hear them chanting: "One of us, one of us,"

It reminded me of that first dream I had with the jungle women and me being sacrificed on a stone altar. This was like a rerun only with a different scenario. My pulse accelerated as I wondered if this one too was going to have a violent ending like the first one.

At the alter two of the bridesmaids went to my left and two to my right. In front of me was a faceless clergy-person in a white robe. Next to me was a faceless person in a white jacket with a white carnation and black slacks. The black boots this person was wearing were highly polished.

The music stopped and so did the chanting. It was very quiet in this huge church.

The clergy person's mouth moved but I couldn't hear the words. In a few minutes he finished and the person next to me parted my veil and kissed me hard. The kiss felt good. My arm was taken and together we walked back up the aisle as the women in the church got up and faced us.

Outside the church I was ushered into a limousine. A short time later we arrived at a hotel and were taken to the honeymoon suite. My faceless person removed my veil and unzipped my dress. I kicked off my high heels. Next I slid the two petticoats down to my ankles and stepped out of them.

Standing there in a white long line bra, white open bottom girdle and white stockings I watched as

this person removed the white jacket, boots and slacks.

There was a sudden loud ringing of a bell. I sat up in bed. I got up and walked to the dresser to shut off my alarm clock. I went back to the edge of the bed and sat down.

It had been some dream. This was the second time I had such a dream. I was a beautiful woman in this one and there had been no violence. I couldn't figure out what was causing me to dream like that.

For a brief moment I thought maybe someone had put something in the food in the cafeteria but that seemed to be a remote possibility but considering some of the things these women had me do I wouldn't have put it past them.

I took off my chemise, folded it up and placed it in the top drawer of the dresser. Sleeping in it had been very comfortable and I like the way the soft fabric had felt on my hair free soft skin.

During the holidays there was much less activity on campus. Our clean up work took less time so we took an additional break from our work now and then.

There was a week to go before classes resumed when Louise told me that Ms. Trowbridge wanted to see me again. After I finished my breakfast I went upstairs to her office.

There was no one at the reception desk so I tapped on the open door and just stood there waiting. I had a sneaking hunch I was going to be back en femme real soon. For what reason I would soon find out.

Ms. Trowbridge came out of her inner office. She had a serious look on her face.

“My receptionist has the flu. She will be out for at least several days. Our finance committee is meeting in the conference room tomorrow at 2pm. In addition there will be several potential investors there too,”

“Because we are a private school we get most of our funding from alumni, other gifts and grants as well as a small amount from the tuition and fees. These investors not only expect a return on their investment but a larger one because there is more risk with us as a private institution,”

“I would appreciate it if you would give me a hand tomorrow afternoon, as Bobbette, that is. Can you help me out?”

Without hesitation I agreed. I wasn't sure just what might happen if I didn't. Her face brightened with a smile.

“Thank you so much. Take the box on the floor with you. Please be in the conference room about twelve thirty to help me with the set up,”

She turned around and went back into her office.

I picked up the large cardboard box and walked back to my dorm room.

Without opening it I knew it would be a feminine outfit of some kind. I went straight to bed without opening it.

I had a sound sleep. There were no dreams this time. I felt a little better about that as I had no idea what might be causing them. Another confounding

thing was how good I had felt in the white lingerie, white satin wedding dress and heels.

Was I possibly getting subliminal messages from someone or something that would make a male feel giddy and effeminate in feminine apparel?

After eating supper in the cafeteria Saturday night I decided to open the box and see what Ms. Trowbridge wanted me to wear the next day. I pushed the box over to the bed and opened it up.

On top was a shoulder length brown wig, a pair of pink winter boots, a pair of pink mid length gloves and a pink winter coat.

Next was a white long line bra, a white long open bottom girdle, a pair of sheer stockings, a pink lacey camisole and matching half slip, a pink blouse with a huge spray of ruffles down the front, a slim pink taffeta lined skirt, a pair of pink leather pumps with five inch heels, and a clear plastic shoe bag.

Inside the pink purse I found a palette of pink blusher and brush, a tube of pink lipstick, a package of pink press on nails and a spray bottle of perfume.

So much for never having to play dress up again I thought to myself as I replaced the items back in the box in reverse order. No need to try on anything now as I had no doubt everything was going to fit me perfectly just as it had the other times.

I stayed up Saturday night and watched some TV like I usually did on my two nights off. I skipped breakfast Sunday morning and went to bed wearing the pink satin chemise.

My alarm clock went off at eleven am. I got up and to be on the safe side I shaved my face and neck. At this juncture there was very little beard left to shave but I wanted to be perfectly smooth for Ms. Trowbridge. I unpacked everything on the bed again. Like everyone else on campus I would be totally in pink for today.

I put on the wig, foundation garments and hose first. Next I carefully attached the pink press on nails to my own finger nails.

In front of the mirror over the bathroom sink I brushed some pink blusher on my cheeks and then applied a thick layer of the creamy pink lipstick to my mouth. I sprayed some of the perfume that had a sweet strawberry scent behind each ear and on both wrists. When I looked at myself in the mirror I saw a very attractive young girl looking back at me.

I replaced the perfume and cosmetic items in the pink purse. I stepped into the lacey pink half slip and its' matching camisole. I loved the way the soft fabric felt. I was feeling quite girly as I put on the frilly blouse and stepped into the slim skirt. I tucked the blouse in the skirt and closed the side zipper.

Why was I feeling this way? Was I becoming more comfortable en femme than dressed in my normal male clothing?

I put on the winter boots and placed the pink high heel pumps in the shoe bag. Next I put on the pink gloves and pink winter coat. Slipping the shoe bag and purse over my left arm I walked out the door.

As I walked down the hall two doors opened, one behind me and one in front of me. The two girls stepped out and looked at me. The one in the front smiled and said:

“Good morning,”

I said good morning back to her and as I walked down the stairs I could hear giggles behind me. The same thing happened as I got to the bottom of the stairs. There were two more girls standing in front of their doors looking at me. I returned the greetings from one of them. I flipped the hood of my pink coat over my head and pushed open the door with the sound of giggles behind me.

As I walked to the Admin building I had only a single thought. Okay now I guess just about everybody knew that Bobbette was Bobby Dunn. There was nothing I could do about it so I guess I just had to suck it up and live with it.

Inside the building I walked to the conference room to find Ms. Trowbridge already there. There were several boxes on a table to my left as well as two pitchers of ice water and a dozen glasses on a tray. To my right was a long clothes rack.

Her face brightened as she saw me and walked over to where I was standing.

“I’m so glad you could come and help me out Bobbette. Put your coat on the rack and your purse on the top shelf and we will get started,”

I walked over to the rack and hung up my coat. I placed the purse on the top shelf and took off my boots. After slipping on the high heel pumps I put the shoe bag next to my purse.

Ms. Trowbridge was standing by some boxes. She watched me closely as I walked over in my best feminine manner to where she was waiting by the boxes. I found myself walking easily in the five inch heel pumps and was feeling quite feminine in my pink outfit. I guess it showed too.

“I want you to place a yellow legal pad, a pen, a glass and one copy of our financial report in front of each one of the chairs. Fill each glass about three quarters full of water from the pitchers and then set the pitchers, two on each side of the table within easy reach,”

I began working as she did the same. When we finished she looked everything over and seemed satisfied that everything was ready.

“Have a seat at the rear of the room Bobbette. The women should be arriving soon. When they do please stand over by the coat rack, smile and say: “Welcome to Woodland. May I please help you with your coat?”

“After you hang up their coat they will each take a seat at the table. When all eight women have arrived take your seat at the back of the room and sit politely until the meeting is concluded. Help them with their coats and then after they leave the room you can help me get things picked up,”

I nodded and took my place near the coat rack.

As the women arrived I helped them with their coats. Each one looked me over carefully before they took their seats at the table. I wondered what their glances were about.

Sitting at the back of the room with my hands folded in my lap in the proper lady like fashion I listened to Ms. Trowbridge's presentation. She answered all of their questions and then adjourned the meeting.

I got up and walked to the coat rack to help the women put on their coats. Once again they seemed to be interested in my appearance as they thanked me for helping them.

We put the pads and pens back in the boxes. I took the pitchers and glasses down to the cafeteria while she took the box of pads and pens to her office.

Back in her office Ms. Trowbridge handed me a one hundred dollar bill and a small container of makeup remover pads.

"I forgot to put the pads in the box the other day. Thank you for helping me out Bobbette. Please keep your feminine things in your room as Dean Bixby wants to see you about them Tuesday morning. Please be in her office at eight am sharp,"

"Yes, I will. Thank you for the tip,"

Now what? I thought as I made my way back to the conference room. I slipped off the high heels and put them in the shoe bag. I put on my coat, gloves and boots. I picked up my purse in one hand and the shoe bag in the other.

As I walked back to my dorm room I had an inkling that once again I was going to be asked to "help out" but of course I must be en femme. This recurring theme was getting to be worrisome.

I thought I was going to be done with this sort of thing after I completed my probationary period but I guess not. Well time will tell I thought to myself.

Back in my dorm room I undressed and put everything back in the box. The make up removal pads made taking off the makeup easy but I still smelled sweetly like strawberries.

I splashed myself with some men's after shave lotion from a sample bottle I had purchased some time ago just on the off chance there would be an occasion like this.

Once again in the back of my mind was the thought that the women seemed to treat me like an "on call" girl to fill in whatever their needs were as long of course as I was en femme as "Bobbette".

Promptly at seven forty five I was in Dean Bixby's office after finishing my Monday night shift. Her receptionist was back, apparently having a fast recovery from her bout with the flu. She smiled up at me.

"I'll tell Dean Bixby you are here," she said.

She went back to the inner office while I waited wondering what was going to happen to me next.

When she came back out she nodded to the back.

"She wants to see you in her office,"

I walked back with the thought that whatever this was going to be it was probably have something to do with me being en femme again. Big surprise there I said to myself.

Dean Bixby stood up when I entered her office.

“Our receptionist went home to Duluth for the holidays. Some of the girls in the other offices had been filling in for her during the holiday break,”

“There was a bad snowstorm up there the day after Christmas. She suffered a broken left leg and fractured left arm in a car accident. She won’t be back for about a month or so. I need Bobbette to fill in for those few weeks as our receptionist from 7:30 to 4:30,”

“One of the other girls will spell you for breaks and lunch which you will take in the cafeteria as you usually do. Because you are now Bobbette please use the ladies restroom and after your shift use the ladies locker room in the physical plant for your work outs. I will have Louise put your pink sweats, socks, and sneakers in the other locker room for now,”

“When you launder your blouse and lingerie don’t forget to use the delicate cycle. Here is another blouse, foundation garments, camisole and half slip plus an additional pair of stockings,”

She handed me a pink box.

“Oh, and don’t forget to touch up your makeup at the desk when you return from your breaks and lunch,”

“Louise said because the work load is lighter over the holiday break you won’t be needed and if things got busier she would okay some overtime. Are you willing to do this for us?”

What could I say? The consequences of a refusal were unknown to me but rather than take any

chances I did the only thing a man in my position could do. I agreed.

“Wonderful! Thank you so much Bobbette. Come back here tonight after you have supper in the cafeteria and Ms. Trowbridge from Administration will get you acquainted with your new duties,”

I took the box from her, left the office and went back to the dorm. I drank some coffee at lunch to stay awake until I was finished with Ms. Trowbridge. I wanted a good nights’ sleep to start my day shift as a receptionist.

After supper I went up to the front reception desk where Ms. Trowbridge was waiting for me. She patiently explained the phone system and how I was to answer the phone and direct not only calls but people who came in though this time of year there probably wouldn’t be lot of traffic.

It wasn’t difficult and I picked up on everything right away. I was confident on my ability to do this job even if it meant I was going to be spending more time en femme in my totally pink outfit as “Bobbette”.

I was a little nervous that morning as I walked up the steps to the front reception desk after I finished my breakfast in the cafeteria. Ms. Trowbridge was waiting for me and got me started.

She looked me over carefully and then went over some of the things again. I turned the phone system on and she left.

The day went pretty well and so did the rest of the week. There were no problems with me working out

in the ladies locker room or using the ladies restroom.

I was glad about this as the last thing I needed was for someone to make trouble about a man in drag using the women's locker room or restroom.

In fact on only two occasions did a woman enter the rest room as I was leaving and only once did a woman enter the locker room as I was dressing after my workout on the treadmill and stationary bike.

None of them said anything to me. They had totally ignored me as if I was just another woman. I wasn't sure if that was a compliment because I looked feminine enough to be one of them or not.

During the day I noticed that several of the women who took my place when I was on break or at lunch seemed to be amused when I sat down and touched up my blusher and lipstick. Perhaps it was because it wasn't often that a man en femme would be seen doing that sort of thing in public.

This is a typically feminine gesture but I did it naturally almost as a matter of course that surprised even me. As a male I had never done any such thing, nor had I paid any attention to women that I saw doing it. Now it was becoming a part of me.

A week bent by and then another. I was due for another month's payment on my car. Working days en femme had left little time to look for one too.

After work I always removed my make up, wig and false nails. I changed back into my male apparel. This vacillating back and forth was getting to be tiresome but I really didn't have much choice. I

couldn't wait for the regular receptionist to come back so I could return to some semblance of a normal life.

The college was back in full swing. Students had returned for the second semester. I and every one else was busier than ever. I was very comfortable in my job and behaving in a feminine manner for most of the day.

It did seem a bit odd that many of the other female employees found a reason to walk by the reception desk, usually as I was touching up my makeup. They would glance in my direction and then giggle as they walked away.

Once again I felt that there were now very few people at Woodland who didn't know that the receptionist Bobbette was really Bobby Dunn. There was nothing I could do about it so like any male in my position I just endured it and hoped that this would end real soon.

At the end of the month I still hadn't found another car so I paid for another month's rent. I got evening appointments for another shot and touch ups at the hair removal salon.

The doctor didn't seemed overly concerned about the fact that now I had breasts.

"Some men take longer than others to adjust to our health regime. Don't worry about it," was her remark when she finished with me.

I refilled my prescription for some more of those large pink pills. My visits to the hair removal salon for touch ups were brief.

In addition to my daily en femme clothing I was wearing that pink chemise to bed at night. I felt very feminine in it. I seemed to be sleeping better too.

I also noticed that I was more comfortable wearing the long line bra under my frilly pink blouse than when I wore a tee shirt under my flannel shirt. The long line bra cups held my breasts comfortably and were more supportive for them than when I didn't have it on.

Wearing only a tee shirt under my flannel shirt gave them no support at all and I considered wearing that long line bra all the time. I made a mental note to ask the doctor about it the next time I came in for a shot and a prescription refill.

The first Monday in January an attractive young girl walked up to me at the front desk.

"I'd like an application for the receptionist position," she said.

I put the application on a clipboard and handed it to her with a pen.

"When you finished filling this out I will turn it in to the administration office. They will contact you for an interview,"

She nodded and began filling out the form. When she finished she handed it back to me and left the building.

I set the application aside intending to turn it in before my afternoon break. Two more women came in to apply for the position and after three pm I took the applications down to the admin office.

I thought there might be more but it was always hard to tell about these things.

My work continued. I seemed to be feeling more girly and more feminine everyday. Now I really needed to see the doctor as this feminine body I had developed as well as my girly feelings didn't seem to be going away like she said they would.

It was the afternoon of the second Monday in January when I was thoroughly surprised. A young man came in and asked for an application for the night cleaning position.

I placed the app on a clipboard and handed it to him with a pen.

As he stood at the counter filling it out my mind was racing. Had there been another opening on the night shift? I almost felt like calling Ms. Trowbridge to see if they were adding to the staff or were they hiring my replacement. If that was the case what were there plans for me?

After he left I set the app aside but couldn't get it out of my mind. If they terminated me what was I going to do? I would have to move out of the dorm and find another place to live as well as continuing to pay for my rental car.

Now I felt as if I had good reason to worry. Nothing was said to me by anyone on the staff but I half expected the roof to fall in any time soon.

On Wednesday of the next week Ms. Trowbridge stopped by the front counter. She smiled at me.

"On Friday after work meet me in Dean Bixby's office,"

She turned and walked away without further comment or an opportunity for me to ask any questions.

I finished out the week. The unknown is always intimidating. There was an uncertain future ahead of me. As I walked to Dean Bixby's office I felt my pulse elevate considerably.

Dean Bixby's receptionist was gone. Ms. Trowbridge was sitting there and got up when I walked in.

"Come in the back please," she said.

Inside her office Dean Bixby looked up at me and smiled

"Please have a seat Bobbette," she said as Ms. Trowbridge took a seat to my right.

I smoothed my skirt with one hand and sat down in the proper lady like fashion.

"I think we can all agree that this charade has gone on long enough. You are an excellent employee Bobbette. You have taken well to the training and the requests we have made of you,"

"Both Ms. Trowbridge and I agree it is time for you to both live and work in your feminized state. You have responded well to the feminization treatment and present a delightful and beautifully feminine appearance. Now be honest with me, how do you feel about being en femme 24/7?"

I was more than a little surprised at her words. I was still a biological male but I had come to enjoy the time I spent en femme and my feminized body. I guess deep down inside I didn't really want to change back to being a man.

I had never been a real “manly” man to begin with. Emotionally I felt more “womanly” than “manly” I guess. This transition had been quite pleasant despite my initial concerns.

It seems those shots and pills had a two fold effect on me. Not only did they change my body but my inner most feelings as well. I no longer had any male interests and would rather read a fashion magazine than a sports magazine.

I was not an aggressive man either but it seemed that I had become more easygoing and docile as well. I had become very comfortable with my new self, that is, my new feminine self.

I had come to love wearing lingerie, a skirt and blouse, high heel pumps and of course makeup and the sweet scent of perfume. I didn’t really feel trapped so to speak as much as the fact that I much preferred this way of life to the one I had previously. It made giving them my honest answer all that much easier.

“Well I think you are right. It is hard to explain but I truly enjoy this new found femininity and don’t want to go back to the way I was,”

“Splendid! Both Ms. Trowbridge and I are going to see to it that changing back to the way you were isn’t going to happen. We will continue with your feminization and assist you in disposing of your male wardrobe as well as outfitting you with a new and of course a very feminine one,”

“In addition you will be happy to know that we will begin making preparations for your future en

femme which will be far more enjoyable for a sissy like you than one that you would have as a male,”

Her expression “a sissy like you” took me by surprise. I had never thought of myself as an effeminate male, what other boys in school would call a sissy. But now with my transition I could understand why the women here would see me that way.

I could see no reason to voice my objection as I had become thoroughly ensconced in my feminized, and as the women might say, sissified state.

My feminine deportment had become a natural part of me just like putting on my make up in the morning. I enjoyed wearing my most feminine apparel and looked forward to each day as the college’s temporary receptionist but wondered what she had meant by “my future” so I thought I should ask about that.

“You said my future en femme. What would I be doing?” I asked.

Dean Bixby smiled broadly.

“Well of course your position here as a receptionist is only a temporary one. The regular girl will return in about six to eight weeks. There is no need for you to return to your former position with the night cleaning crew,”

“There is always a small turnover in our administrative and other staffs that you could work into as well as opportunities outside of the college which would be most appropriate for some one like you. But we can discuss that later,”

“Now then from now on continue to do what you have been doing. Let your finger nails grow out. Putting on and taking off those press on nails you are using are time consuming. We will get you a manicure and pedicure plus a change in hair style within the month. That will be all,”

I got up and left the office. As I walked back down to the front of the building listening to the click of my high heel pumps echoing in the hallway and feeling very girly and quite feminine I knew that I had made the right decision. Spending the rest of my life en femme was the right life for me.

The next month went smoothly. The young man who had applied for the night cleaning job as my replacement was hired and had started work.

I wondered what he thought about wearing that pink uniform and showering afterward with the sweet scented soap. For a brief moment I saw him in a wig, makeup, and the French Maid uniform I had worn for Dean Bixby. I wondered if these women had the same plans for him as they had for me.

At the end of January I received my shot. At the hair removal salon the two techs spent an hour thinning out my eyebrows using electrolysis. When they finished one of the techs gave me a hand mirror with a smile.

I saw in the reflection that my eyebrows, which hadn't been very bushy to begin with, were a little thicker near the nose, before they rose to a slight arch, and then tapered off to a fine line. The techs had done a masterful job in transforming my facial appearance.

I now had a pair of perfectly shaped feminine eyebrows. This change plus the effect of the female hormones and lack of facial hair gave my face a much more feminine appearance of which I was very proud.

Later at Gwen's salon in the mall I spent another hour getting a manicure, a pedicure, and a coat of bright pink nail polish. In addition my earlobes were pierced and I now had two little pink hearts in them. I bought some nail polish remover and a nail dryer at a box store on my way home.

That night using the complementary sample of bubble bath I found myself enjoying the sweet scented foam and afterwards it seemed easier to shave my body. I loved the way my hair free skin had become silky smooth. Slipping into that pink chemise was even more enjoyable.

I had to admit I was happier than I had ever been. I enjoyed my work and looked forward to each day from dressing in exquisite lingerie and my very feminine apparel to applying my makeup.

Like the song from a famous show I was "enjoying being a girl" except in this instance of course I was enjoying being a "sissy". I doubted if any man and very few women, except those like Dean Bixby and Ms. Trowbridge, could really understand that statement.

I honestly felt my femininity was now the dominant part of me and anything that was even close to masculine, including the way I thought about things was and would remain in the distant

past. I was glad to be a sissy for the rest of my life come what may.

Both Dean Bixby and Ms. Trowbridge came over one evening carrying boxes. They took all my male clothing away and put some additional lingerie in my small dresser. They hung some more blouses and an additional skirt in my closet.

A pink baby doll nightie was also included. On the top closet shelf was a shoulder length blonde wig so I would have a change of look with my usual pink outfit.

“Try on this new bra,” said Ms. Trowbridge.

I took off my blouse and bra. This new bra fit better so after I put my blouse back on she replaced all my other bras with these newer ones with a larger cup size I hadn’t realized how much better they supported my increased bust size.

The women left carrying the last of my male clothing in the boxes. I now had a totally feminine wardrobe. That night I put on the pink baby doll and felt very feminine and girly as I slipped between the pink sheets of my bed.

After the next shot, a touch up at the hair removal salon and getting my prescription refilled I stopped at Gwen’s for a haircut. She gave me what she called a “Pixie” cut. My hair was short in the back and some long hair from the top was combed down over my forehead to form bangs.

“This will make your wigs fit better and but still give you a very feminine appearance without them,” said the beautician who worked on me.

She gave me complimentary bottles of their brand of shampoo and conditioner. That night in the shower I found the products had, not to my surprise, a very delicate feminine scent.

I liked the way I looked. The new haircut gave me more of a “cute” look but the beautician was right about my wigs fitting better. I guess you could say that now my transformation was for the most part at least, “complete”.

I couldn't imagine what life might have in store for me next but I honestly felt I was ready for anything the future might hold for me, here at the college or any where else for that matter.

Diane Clark, the receptionist I had replaced stopped by to see Dean Bixby. She was still limping around but was in good spirits. After seeing Dean Bixby she told me it was going to be only another week or so before she could return to work.

After she left I wondered what the women's plans were going to be for me. Apparently my replacement on the night janitorial staff was working out ok.

I would see him having breakfast after the night shift each morning when I ate mine. He looked a bit uncomfortable in his pink uniform but then so had I when I first started.

Friday morning I had just taken my seat at the reception desk when Dean Bixby stopped by.

“Please be at my condo at one pm tomorrow. Wear only your sweats and sneakers,”

She turned away and quickly walked back to her office before I could say anything. I could only

assume I would be serving her guests as her French Maid again. She hadn't asked me back to clean the place since that first time.

I finished the day's work and after supper in the cafeteria ate my supper. After some TV I donned my pink shower cap and took a hot shower. Just to be on the safe side I shaved my body, face and neck though there was absolutely no visible hair, at least that I could see.

Promptly at twelve forty five I buzzed her condo and the gate opened. Parking in the visitor lot I walked inside and went up to the second floor where I rang her doorbell.

When she opened her door I saw that she was dressed casually.

"Come right in Bobbette and follow me to the back bedroom,"

Inside the back bedroom we walked over to the bed.

"Put on your lingerie and I will be back in a few minutes,"

She left and I took off my sweats, support and sneakers.

On the bed was a pink bra, panty, and garter belt set along with a pair of pink seamed stockings.

It was a gorgeous set. The pink panties had white leg and waist elastic with four rows of white ruffles along the back. I shivered with delight as I put them on followed by the pink garter belt with a pink bow in the middle.

The pink bra fit me perfectly as I expected it would. My larger breasts felt good in the pink cups as I closed the four front hooks.

Next I rolled each stocking down, slipped it over my foot and smoothed it up my leg, then attached it to the pink garters each one having a little pink bow above the clasp. The seamed stockings felt good on my hair free soft girly legs.

Dean Bixby came back in the room. At the vanity she picked up a spray bottle of perfume and gave me a squirt behind each ear and they sprayed my neckline and wrists.

“Your pink makeup will do for today Bobbette. Take off your wig and put on the pink wig on the vanity,”

I took off the blonde wig I had worn to work that day and put the shoulder length pink wig on my head. She was standing by the closet so I walked over to her.

She pinned a large pink satin sissy bow to the top of the wig and then placed three short pink petticoats one inside the other. She handed them to me. I stepped into them and brought them up to my waist.

After unzipping a pink satin mini dress with a pink taffeta bow at the base of the back zipper she took it off of the hangar and held it up by the hem.

I put arms thru the puff sleeves and she adjusted the hem over the three petticoats then zipped me up and closed the small hook at the top. The three



short petticoats spread the skirt of the dress out and I knew it would bounce as I walked in heels.

I was feeling even more girly and feminine than usual in my pink sissy outfit as she placed a pair of pink six inch stiletto heel pumps at my feet. Stepping into them I found that like everything else to date they were a perfect fit.

From the top shelf she handed me a little pink chiffon purse.

“Okay Bobbette slip this over your left arm and let it dangle from your left elbow. Put your right hand on your hip and walk around the room. I want to see how everything fits and looks when you walk,” she said.

Of course they fit me ok just like the rest of the things they had supplied me with, why wouldn't they?

“Perfect,” she said. “Let's got out to the living room and wait for my guest to arrive,”

We did so and I noticed that the dining room table hadn't been set. I wondered just what this meeting was about.

Dean Bixby sat on the couch.

“Please walk around the dining and living room for me again Bobbette,”

I walked away from her. She watched me carefully as I circled the dining room table and returned to the living room where she was sitting

“Please curtsy for me Bobbette,” she asked.

With both hands I grabbed the hems of my dress and petticoats on both sides, pulled them up, placed one leg behind me and squatted down.

She grinned in approval. I hadn't performed a curtsy since serving her and her friends while wearing the French Maid costume several months ago but it came back to me almost naturally, like I had been doing it all my life.

"Sit across from me. My guest will be here shortly,"

I smoothed the flared out skirt and petticoats with one hand and sat down under her watchful eye. I was still uncertain as to why I had been asked to be here and quite honestly didn't know what to expect.

It was only about fifteen minutes or so before her intercom buzzed. Dean Bixby got up and went to the intercom. A woman identified herself as Gloria Dandridge so Dean Bixby buzzed her in.

Years ago there had been a super model with that name. She had quit the modeling business and started her own line of lingerie, cosmetics, skin and hair care. I wondered if that was her. A few minutes later the doorbell rang so Dean Bixby went to let her in.

There was the brief sound of giggles before the two women entered the living room. My pulse elevated a bit as the two women came towards me.

Gloria Dandridge was a middle aged woman. She had an elegant appearance. She was wearing a black pantsuit with a light pink blouse and flat black shoes. Her hair, makeup and nails were perfect as you might expect from some one like her.

I could tell Ms. Dandridge was looking me over critically as she approached. Both women stopped in front of me and I took a deep breath as my pulse began to accelerate.

“Bobbette this is Gloria Dandridge, founder and CEO of Gloria’s. The company markets a line of makeup, hair and skin care products as well as a line of lingerie,”

I uncrossed my legs and stood up. Holding the pink chiffon purse in my left hand I extended my right arm out to her with a smile and let my right hand dangle effeminately at the wrist.

Her face was without expression as she took my hand in hers. I gave her a limp ladylike squeeze.

“I’m pleased to meet you Ms. Dandridge,” I said as she examined my pretty pink nails.

“I am pleased to meet you too Bobbette,” she replied as she dropped my hand.

She reached out and grabbed the hems of both my dress and petticoats. A smile creased her face as she yanked them up so she could see my pink lingerie. This action took me by surprise but of course I said nothing.

Next she placed her right hand on my groin and then retracted it as she dropped the hem of my dress and petticoats with the other. She fussed with both the hem of my dress and petticoats to straighten them out before taking a step back.

I wondered what her next move was going to be.

“Walk to the dining room and back for me please,” she asked.

I placed my right hand on my hip and carrying the pink purse in my left hand I began walking in the proper feminine manner. The jarring effect of my high heels striking the floor was making the flared out skirt of my sissy dress bounce in a delightfully feminine way.

By this time of course I was able to walk with great confidence in high heel pumps due in no small part to the fact that all of my high heel shoes were a perfect fit and I had been walking with confidence in them for some time now.

I returned to the living room to find both women seated on the davenport. I stopped in front of Ms. Dandridge.

“Curtsey for me please Bobbette,” she asked.

I slipped the pink purse over my left elbow and with both hands grabbed the hem of the skirt of my sissy dress and petticoats on both sides. I pulled them up, placed one leg behind me and squatted down in front of her. I knew I had done it perfectly even though her face remained impassive.

“Go back and sit down. Touch up your make up for me please Bobbette,”

I turned and walked back to the chair I had been sitting in when Ms. Dandridge had arrived.

Smoothing my skirt with my right hand I sat down in proper ladylike fashion. I opened my pink purse and took out the compact. I brushed some pink powder over each cheek and then applied a fresh coating of my pink lipstick. I put the cosmetics back in the purse and looked over at the two women.

Dean Bixby was smiling at me but Ms. Dandridge still had an impassive look on her face. I wasn't sure if this was a good sign or not so I just sat still without a word.

Ms. Dandridge got up from the couch.

"Thank you for your time Dean Bixby. I have another meeting this afternoon. I will get back to you before six if I am interested,"

She walked quickly towards the door with Dean Bixby behind her. Before I heard the door close there was another burst of giggles and then Dean Bixby came back into the room.

I got up from my seat. I wanted to ask her just what this "show" had been about but thought better of it. When I had agreed to stay en femme she had said something about "other opportunities" in my future besides here at Woodland College.

In the back bedroom I slipped off my pink high heel pumps. Dean Bixby unzipped me and helped me out of my dress and petticoats. She left the room and I took off my pink lingerie. After replacing the pink wig and bow with the blonde one I had worn coming here I put on my pink sweats and sneakers.

This "show" for a lack of a better word for Gloria Dandridge had to have been arranged for a reason. I was a bit mystified but never the less I guess it was still a better idea to keep my mouth shut and not ask any questions.

The receptionist whose job I had been filling in for would be returning soon, maybe even as early as the

next week so I didn't want to jeopardize whatever plans Dean Bixby and Ms. Trowbridge had for me.

"Thanks again for helping me out," said Dean Bixby as I walked past her to the door.

"No problem," I replied and walked out to my car.

I didn't give the meeting with Ms. Dandridge a thought. The next week ended and just before leaving Ms. Trowbridge stopped by the front desk.

"Dean Bixby and I want to see you in her office, now please,"

I wondered what was up as I grabbed my purse and followed her to Dean Bixby's office.

Inside I took my seat opposite Dean Bixby and Ms. Trowbridge took her seat to my right. I was more than a little curious as Dean Bixby cleared her throat and then looked straight at me.

"The regular receptionist will be back on Monday. Ms. Dandridge is offering you a similar position with her company in Albany, New York. We will assist you in your move. I trust you are going to take it are you not?"

She leaned forward with a serious expression on her face. I knew she meant business but the idea of moving to upstate New York didn't particularly appeal to me. I thought I would be transferred to another position here.

"What would this involve?" I asked thinking that the least I was entitled to was information on the job, living expenses, salary, benefits, etc.

"Essentially the same thing you were doing here. You will work forty hours a week and of course be willing to spend some time as her maid to keep her

country estate neat and clean as well as serving her guests when she entertains, just as you have done for me,”

“You will have no living expenses as you will be living on the grounds of her estate. You will be provided with clothing and uniforms as well as a full compliment of her company’s products. Medical, dental and beauty care are of course provided as well,”

“We will expedite things for Ms. Dandridge by getting you ready for your move. She is going to pick you up Tomorrow morning at nine am. She expects you to be ready,”

“How do we go about this,” I asked still unsure if I really wanted the job in New York.

She turned her computer screen halfway around, slid the keyboard and mouse over to me.

“Log in to your bank account so I can enter your last paycheck now,”

I did so without thinking. As I mentioned I had become more docile and probably have asked more questions but I didn’t. I guess I just trusted her.

When I was logged in she pulled the mouse and keyboard back and adjusted the screen so I couldn’t see her entry.

“There,” she said when she was finished. “Now you are logged out,”

“Ms. Trowbridge will follow you back to the car rental station. She will bring you back here after you drop off your car. I know you are a very frugal

person. Since living on campus you have incurred no other financial obligations correct?”

“Yes. My credit cards all have a zero balance,”

“Good. When Ms. Trowbridge brings you back we will assist you in packing up your things. I trust by now you have no other belongings except what is in your dorm room correct?”

“Yes that is true,”

“Good. Leave now please,”

Ms. Trowbridge and I left her office. She followed me to the car rental place and I turned in the car getting a small refund in cash less the cost of a quarter tank of gas.

On the way back Ms. Trowbridge made no conversation and I didn't offer any. I thought about asking some more questions but decided not to. I had trusted these women so far and this change was no different.

In the back of my mind was the thought that I hadn't actually said I would take the job. I guess the two women just automatically assumed that I would jump at the chance to continually live my life en femme no matter where I was.

Back at the dormitory Ms. Trowbridge opened her trunk and took out some boxes and a pistol grip tape holder. Inside Dean Bixby was waiting.

We boxed up everything in the room except what I was wearing and my purse. My birth certificate was put on top of the items in the last box and then sealed. Labels were affixed and the boxes were stacked by the door.

“Sleep in the nude tonight Bobbette,” said Ms. Trowbridge with a smile.

The two women left and I was alone.

In bed that night I had a hard time going to sleep. New York was a long way away. I wouldn't know anybody there but then I didn't know anybody here outside of work either. Finally I drifted off to sleep.

I awoke early and went to the cafeteria for breakfast. I wasn't very hungry but forced myself to eat. I knew it was going to be a long day.

At the dorm I watched some TV until I heard a knock on the door. When I opened it I saw a man in a black chauffeurs' uniform. In front of him was a hand cart.

“Good morning Bobbette. Please join Ms. Dandridge in the limo and I will load up your things,”

He stepped inside and I walked out to where the limo was parked. Despite having eaten breakfast I still had butterflies in my stomach as I reached for the limo's rear door handle.

Inside Ms. Dandridge smiled at me.

“Come in and get comfortable,” she said as I smoothed my skirt and sat down. I swung my legs inside in the appropriate feminine manner and sat placidly with my hands folded in my lap.

“I'm so glad you decided to join my company. You are going to be a perfect addition to my staff,”

We waited for the chauffeur to load the boxes in the trunk. When he finished he got back in the drivers seat and we left the campus.

It was a short ride to the airport. We by passed the main terminal entrance and stopped at a charter terminal. We got out and went inside while the chauffeur unloaded the boxes.

Ms. Dandridge checked us in at the desk and then we walked out the back to where her private jet was parked. The chauffeur was loading the boxes in the cargo hold as we climbed up the steps at the front of the plane. A uniformed man was at the door. He tipped his hat and stepped aside so we could enter.

“We are all gassed up and ready to go Ms. Dandridge,” he said.

He pulled up the ramp and closed the door. We walked inside as he returned to the cockpit.

I took my seat next to her in one of the plush leather seats. This kind of transportation was just one of the finer things in life that this very successful woman enjoyed.

Shortly the plane began moving away from the charter terminal. It was another half an hour before we took off. Once we were in the air a striking blonde woman came from the front and stopped in front of us.

“Can I get you anything,” she asked in a soft voice.

“Champagne for me,” answered Ms. Dandridge.

“I would like a soft drink please,” I answered.

She returned shortly and gave us our drinks. I sipped mine slowly in the proper ladylike fashion.

There was no further conversation as the plane flew on. Leaning back in my seat I thought about the life that was ahead of me. It was one that was almost too good to be true for a feminized sissy male like myself.

I guess there was no point in worrying about what I couldn't control. I had accepted my feminization and was willing to spend the rest of my life living and working en femme 24/7. There was no point in even considering going back to my former male existence even if there was a way.

When we landed and de planed another limo was waiting for us. My boxes in the cargo hold were transferred to the limo's trunk.

It was about an hour and a half before we turned off the main highway. We turned off a narrow two lane highway and stopped at a large iron gate supported by stone pillars on either side. The driver pushed some buttons on the control panel. The iron gates swung open and the chauffeur drove us thru.

The road turned to the right and then stopped in front of a palatial mansion. It was breathtaking. Even with the remnants of snow I could tell that it was beautifully landscaped as well.

We got out of the limousine. Across the way I saw a two story office building but no road leading to it. I followed her inside while the chauffer began unloading my boxes of clothes.

"Come back to the kitchen and we will have lunch," said Ms. Dandridge.

I followed her to the back and we sat down at the kitchen table.

“What can I get you?” asked a very pretty girl in a black maid’s uniform, white ruffled apron and maids cap, along with three inch heel black leather pumps.

Taking a closer look at “her” I saw that the maid in front of us was a feminized male like me.

“We’ll have the sea food salad and tea please,” ordered Ms. Dandridge.

Shortly we were served. The tea tasted better than anything I had ever drunk before. The sea food salad was out of this world.

“Like the college you will be provide with all your meals here, but there will be no snacking between meals. The only beverages here are one percent milk, decaffeinated green teal and diet soft drinks,”

I nodded in agreement and continued to eat. That was the same health regime I had been following at the college.

Following our meal she took me out back to see the expansive patio. It was where she entertained during the summers. Back inside we went into the basement. To the left of the heating and central air plant were several treadmills and stationary bikes.

“I want you to make full use of them to keep yourself trim,” she added.

To the right were several chairs and other beauty shop equipment as well as some equipment for laser hair removal and electrolysis.

“It is much more convenient to have the beauty shop personnel and hair removal techs to come here by appointment to service you and my other sissies

rather than make arrangements to take you into town for these treatments to keep you looking your feminine best. The doctor will be here at the end of the month for your shots and your prescription from a local pharmacy will be given to you here as well,”

“The large door to the right of the furnace leads to an underground hallway. When your prep has been completed you will walk thru the hallway to the office building across the way to work. This saves you the need to commute,”

I could only nod my head in agreement. Ms. Dandridge had thought of just about everything.

“Let’s go upstairs and I will show you your room,”

I followed her up the wide basement steps to the broad staircase that led to the upstairs of the mansion.

Arriving on the second floor I saw some beautiful paintings decorating the hallway. I had no doubt they were very expensive. The carpeting was lush as you might expect too.

“My bedroom is the big one at the end of the hall to the right. Do not go in there unless I ask you to or you have been assigned to clean it,”

“Your bedroom is down the hallway to the left. There are three bedrooms on each side. I keep six sissies here at all times. The other sissies that work for me live close by in another building,”

We entered the last bedroom on the right. The chauffer was waiting for us. My boxes with the tops cut open were on the floor just to the left of the door. We emptied them on the table between the small sofa and two stuffed chairs. The chauffer took the empty boxes and left us.

The expanse of the room and the color took my breath away. The carpeting was very plush and bright pink. The walls were pink as well with pink trim and a white ceiling. The drapes on the side windows were pink as well.

To the left were a small pink sofa and two matching pink stuffed chairs. Above them on the wall was a forty inch LED TV screen. On the opposite side was a four poster bed.

I walked over and pulled the covers back. The bed had pink chiffon drapes, a pink chiffon bedspread that covered a pink down comforter and pink satin sheets. The two pillows were covered with pink satin pillow cases as well. I couldn't wait to slide in between those pink satin sheets wearing my pink satin chemise.

"This room is absolutely gorgeous," I said with a giggle.

"Of course it is," countered Ms. Dandridge. "I know what my sissies like and intend to keep them happy,"

Next to the bed was a massive pink dresser and next to that a lighted pink vanity fully stocked with her line of cosmetics and hair care products.

“When you unpack you can arrange your things among the rest of the lingerie I have provided for you,”

Along the opposite wall was a massive closet. The top shelf had many wigs in a variety of colors and styles. The first row of the shoe rack on the floor contained fuzzy toed slippers and the next two rows contained leather high heel pumps in eight colors, one row of five inch heel pumps and the other with six inch heel pumps.

I was flabbergasted as I spun the giant carousel clothing rack. It was jam packed with blouses, skirts, dresses, suits, and multiple styles of maid uniforms and their accessories. I truly felt I had died and gone to sissy heaven. I knew this was going to be an enjoyable place to live and work.

The bathroom in the back was last. It too was done in pink floor and wall tiles. The tube, toilet and sink were pink. The shower curtain and cap were pink. Inside the cupboard were fluffy pink bath and hand towels as well as pink wash cloths.

There were several bath sets consisting of scented bubble bath crystals, scented soap, scented body powder and a small bottle of similarly scented perfume.

“My sissies must always carry a sweet, delicate and of course feminine scent,” said Ms. Dandridge with a smile.

“I couldn’t agree more,” I added.

“When you finish putting your things away watch some TV. I will be back about four and after we have supper I will go over some other things,”

“Okay,” I answered as she left the room.

Looking over my gorgeous surroundings I honestly didn't know what to think. I was completely engulfed in pink and more appropriately femininity I guess.

At the dresser I found it jammed with lingerie, foundation garments and sleep wear in a variety of pastels. I integrated my own lingerie with them. I placed my coat and boots in the closet. I added the pink and blonde wig to the collection on the top shelf.

I watched some TV until there was a knock on the door. I got up as Ms. Dandridge entered and handed me a pink princess watch.

“I almost forgot this,” she said with a giggle. “Punctuality is just as important here as anything else,”

I slipped off my man's watch, tossed it in the nearby waste basket and slipped the pink ladies watch on my wrist.

“Let's go down for supper. Afterwards we will come back here and I will get you acquainted with everything else,”

I followed her down to the kitchen where she introduced me as Sissy Bobbette to Sissy Janet, Sissy Samantha, Sissy Alice, and Sissy Charlene. All of them smiled as we were introduced and we exchanged limp effeminate handshakes.

These were not females either but were feminized men like me going by the feminine derivative of their

former masculine names of Jan, Samuel, Allen, and Charles.

We took our seats and the kitchen maid brought us our supper. The chicken and mashed potatoes were terrific. The portions were small in keeping with our strict diet routine. I probably could have eaten twice as much if I had been allowed to.

After supper Ms. Dandridge accompanied me back upstairs to my room. Inside she sat down in one of the pink chairs and I sat on the couch.

“After your prep work is completed you will be given on the last day of each month your next months’ work and maid schedule. You will also get a makeup scheme and what apparel you will wear to work. During the last week of the month you as well as the other sissies will report to the basement for your shot and a refill of your pills. Your beauty shop needs, and hair removal treatments will also be done at that time. Then you will get your next months’ schedule,”

“Do you have any questions?”

I took a deep breath and began.

“What is the prep work you mentioned?”

“That will take place in the morning. It is necessary for you to undergo some minor facial surgery to give you a more feminine look,”

This sort of scared me as I hadn’t figured on needing anything like additionally surgery.

“I see. What about my salary and my bank account?” I asked

Her face got more serious as she leaned forward.

“None of my sissies get paid. Dean Bixby closed out your account and transferred all the money in both checking and savings to the college to reimburse them for the cost of your feminization and wardrobe,”

“I provide sissies like you a carefree, pleasant and safe environment in which to live and work. Everything you needed will be provided by me or a staff member. It is a stress free life to be sure,”

Her answer really stunned me. All this time I had been led to believe I was “helping out” the college by being en femme when their plan all along had been to feminize me and then transfer me out to someone like Ms. Dandridge,

“I understand,” I almost mumbled.

“Good. Tomorrow you will skip breakfast and you will be taken into Albany for your prep,”

She got up and left.

Despite languishing in my sweetly scented bubble bath and the slippery confines of those heavenly satin sheets I was still a bit troubled about my situation.

The next morning the limo took me to a clinic. I was prepped for my surgery. A short woman in white introduced herself as Dr. Baldwin.

“You will be undergoing a trachea shave that reduces your Adam’s apple to give you a smoother and more feminine neck. The small cleft between your lower lip and chin will be filled in as will your

narrow lips to make them look fuller. Your cheekbones will be enhanced as well,”

I was about to say something when the lights went out.

When I woke up the attending nurse gave me a drink of water.

“We will keep you here for a day or two and then the bandages will come off and you will go back. If you have any problems just let us know,”

The nurse left the room.

Two days later the bandages came off and I looked at my reflection in the mirror. There was still some bruising under the eyes but I could tell I now had a much more feminine and attractive face.

I was taken back home and recuperated in my room for another week.

Ms. Dandridge was pleased with the results as was I. Looking into the mirror I loved my enhanced cheek bones and fuller lips. The surgeon had done a masterful job.

For my first day back to work I wore black foundation garments, powder blue lacey camisole and matching half slip under a long sleeve royal blue satin blouse with its straps tied in a big bow under my chin. This was tucked into a slim black skirt. Along with my makeup scheme for the month and those black leather pumps with five inch stiletto heels I felt about as feminine as could be.

The day and the rest of my first week went very well. I picked up on things quickly and was soon working and behaving in a feminine way just the way Ms. Dandridge wanted me and the other sissies to do.

That night as I lay comfortably in my bed surrounded by pink I thought about what had happened since I started working for Woodland College.

My father was gone before I knew him. My mother was gone before I graduated high school. Soon after beginning work at Woodland College my male life was gone. My male body and anything that even resembled masculinity, including my personality and my male way of thinking, was also gone.

Also gone was any fear of the future. I had a job for life and a feminine life it would be. Gone was any need for the outside world too. I was happy living and working in my new feminine lifestyle that was not going to be affected by world events. There was no way to measure that kind of happiness.

What more could anyone ask for? To put it simply Bobby Dunn was gone too. The only thing ahead of me now was the happiness and joy that my new feminine life would bring me.

THE END