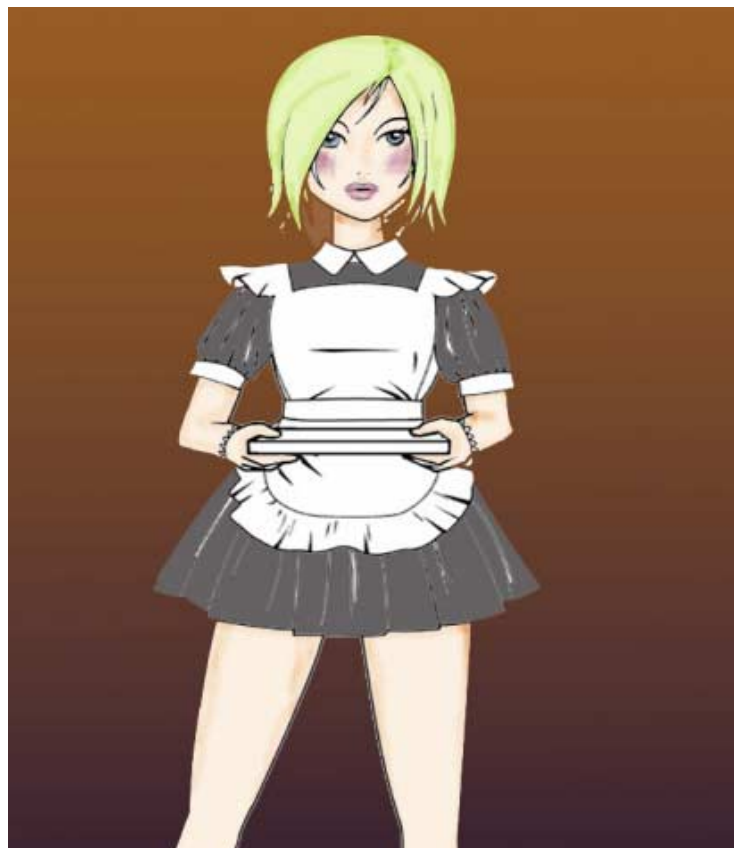




*Reluctant Press* presents:

# Maid For Life

Norman Way



ILLUSTRATIONS BY MISTY MALVEAUX

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A 'HER TV' E-BOOK

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# MAID FOR LIFE

**By NORMAN WAY**

I.T. was the big thing when I was in high school. Computers and information technology were the keys to the future. There was big money and good benefits to anyone who could graduate. I wasn't particularly interested in computers but at that age, I wasn't particularly interested in anything. Like most kids, my parents pushed me to get good grades because neither of them had gone past high school and were struggling to make ends meet. Mom was working in a bank and Dad sold cars at a local dealership. We lived in a small town about thirty miles from Minneapolis, MN. I had no trouble with my studies and was able to maintain a B+ average as well as letter in tennis. I kept pretty much to myself but got along well with everyone.

After high school graduation, I enrolled in a two-year intensified program for my I.T. training. I also began working part-time nights and weekends at a shoe store in a nearby mall doing stock work and cleaning. My dad got me a good used car, if there ever was such a thing, to drive back and forth to school and work.

The summer after my first year, my father dropped dead at work. He was always fond of the nickname "Big Bill" and big is what killed him. Dad liked his beer, pizza and cheeseburgers and fries. I kept trim by eating healthier and playing tennis. The insurance would take care of us for a while but we had to trim back our budget by cutting out some non-essentials like satellite TV, cell phones and eating out. I hoped to get through school so Mom could sell the house and get a small apartment after I graduated and moved out.

Two weeks after graduation, I came home late from work and found her sitting in the car in the garage with the motor running. The next couple of weeks kind of ran together what with the funeral and getting the house ready for sale, as well as trying to get to a couple of interviews.

I was notified of a job with a small software company near San Jose, California. I sold everything I could and gave the rest to the local charity. I closed out my bank accounts and

bought a newer car for the trip west. I had to leave right away so I told the realtor I'd be in touch. I packed what I had left in a small U-Haul and headed west.

I had an uneventful trip and had just gotten settled when the house sold. I got the papers by overnight mail, signed everything, and sent them back. It wasn't long before the check arrived; I was free of frigid Minnesota at last. Work was progressing smoothly and though I knew very little about the company or the business itself, I was solidly entrenched in my work and was able to fit right in. The company maintained a relaxed atmosphere and by my 22<sup>nd</sup> birthday, I was secure in my position as well as financially.

The company had contracted with a cleaning service to come in evenings and clean the offices, restrooms and break areas. I met the owner of the company, Janet Owens, one night while I was working late.

She was a tall, athletic woman who played tennis. She was older than I was but we seemed to hit it off; I asked her out several times for Saturday afternoon tennis-lunch dates. She was an excellent player and beat me handily. She had suggested we play at her condo's courts so we wouldn't have to make reservations in advance and I had agreed. The complex was fairly new and I figured she must be doing well to afford to live there.

The bottom fell out after Thanksgiving. We got the news on a Friday and were given our severance pay. I was too stunned to do much for a couple of days. I filled out all the paperwork for unemployment, and Job Service and began to make a list of perspective employers as well as getting my resume updated and printed. I had enough money for about two years and my car was in good shape. Unlike some of the others who had families and bills to pay, I was fairly well off. I had always been careful with money and was never interested in owning a lot of material things that would clutter a place up. I tried to stay upbeat and optimistic. The area was full of computer and software firms and I was certain I would be able to find something in no time at all. With the Christmas holiday coming up, there probably wouldn't be any hiring until after the first of the year. I decided not to send out resumes until then.

I had sent Janet a Christmas card and was surprised to have her invite me over for dinner on Christmas Eve. I purchased a small bottle of perfume and a rose on my way to her place. I rang her doorbell promptly at six. When she opened the door, I was stunned by her appearance. Her jet-black hair was piled on top of her head. She was wearing a red satin cocktail dress and spike heel shoes. A single strand of pearls graced her neck and wrist matching the pearl earrings. She smiled and extended her hand with immaculately manicured red nails matching her bright red lipstick.

"Come on in and make yourself comfortable," she said.

I followed her inside and caught a whiff of some very expensive perfume. I set the gift on the coffee table in front of the sofa while she took the rose over to the bar. The two-bedroom condo was tastefully furnished in brown and gold. I had expected a more feminine décor.

"Have a seat and I'll get you a drink."

She walked behind the bar and filled a small vase with water. She placed the rose in it and set it on top of the bar. I sat on the dark brown leather sofa. A moment later, she handed me a brandy Old Fashioned.

"Sweet, right?" she asked.

"Yes," I answered.

She sat down next to me. Once again, I caught the odor of her perfume; she crossed those beautiful legs and smiled at me as she sipped her wine. I had been hoping to take our relationship to the next level, as they say, and tonight looked like it would be the night.

"My business keeps me pretty busy and I don't have much time for socializing. I'm glad you could come over and have dinner."

"I'm glad to be here. I have no family and would have probably eaten out alone. It's good to have company." A timer went off in the kitchen and she got up.

"Dinner's ready. Take a seat at the table and I'll be back in a minute."

I got up and took my place at the table. The dinner she served was superb. I ate more than I usually would and had no regrets about doing so. I finished dessert and raised my water glass to her.

"My compliments, everything was great. You are a fabulous cook and hostess."

She drank the last of her wine. "I have something important to talk to you about. Make yourself comfortable while I pick up the dishes."

I stood up and walked back to the living room. About twenty minutes later, she joined me.

"I know there is a difference in our ages but I enjoy your company very much. You are a very unassuming guy, not like most of the men I meet. They either want to control me or are just interested in sack time." She smiled again.

"Well, I can't say that sack time hadn't crossed my mind but I never was interested in controlling anybody, or being controlled for that matter. As far as age difference, it doesn't matter to me."

"Good. You sound like a man I would like to get to know better. Would you describe yourself as open-minded?"

"Yes, I guess so."

"What about uninhibited?"

"Well, sure. I mean I am comfortable with myself. I'm not sure exactly how to answer that one."

She smiled again. "I'm interested in us becoming more than friends but I have certain requirements before we become intimate. Would that upset you?"

"What requirements would there be?" I began to get a little nervous.

"You are an excellent tennis player and you keep yourself in good shape. I like men who are interested in good health and hygiene. My first request is that you remove your body hair and keep yourself hair free. I love smooth men! I find it very sensual as well as sexy. I find hairy men to be gross and I think body hair is unsanitary. Would you promise to keep yourself that way for me?"

This took me completely by surprise. "I'm not a very hairy guy to begin with. How would I go about doing that?"

"Easy. I'll set up the appointments and we'll split the cost fifty-fifty. Fair enough?"

"Sure. What's next?"

"I am a business woman. I don't want a marriage particularly, but if I married, I would have no children. How do you feel about having kids?"

"Truthfully, as much as I love kids, I just don't want to have any. I'm not crazy about marriage either but if the right person came along, I guess it would be okay."

"I'm glad to hear you say that. You wouldn't mind having a vasectomy then?" Her request was more of a shock than a surprise.

"I don't know about that. Condoms are pretty safe."

"Yes I know, but I don't want a rubber-coated man inside of me, I want flesh and blood. I'm not able to take the pill, so, since you don't want children anyway, what's the harm?"

She leaned closer and kissed me

"Well okay." I had some misgivings about vasectomy, but between the perfume and the way she was looking at me, I guess it wouldn't really matter.

"Great! Since you're not working yet, we can get started right away. I'll make some phone calls tomorrow and let you know."

She leaned over and kissed me again, harder this time, then she began probing my mouth with her tongue. We continued necking for a while, then she broke it off.

"That's enough for now. I have an early appointment in the morning."

"Let me help with the dishes," I suggested.

"Oh, that's okay. I have a maid to take care of that. Thanks again for the rose and gift. I'll call you soon with your appointments."

I left and on the way home, I began wondering about this relationship. I wanted sex with her bad; her requirements were not out of this world so I felt safe in going along with them. I couldn't see what harm there would be in agreeing to her wishes if they would result in our mutual pleasure.

The next day while I was at the post office, she left a message on my machine. There was an address and the name of a woman to contact. When I called the number, a woman named Judy answered at a business called J&D Clinic. I was informed of a two PM appointment that day. I would be there.

I went to the address Judy had given me. J&D Clinic was in a small white office building off a main street. I parked behind the building and found the suite number on the directory. The clinic was in the basement so I walked down the stairs and found the correct suite about halfway down the hallway. I walked in and waited at the counter until the receptionist got off the phone.

"Hi, I'm Chris Knoll. I have a two o'clock appointment."

The receptionist smiled and checked her appointment book.

“Yes, of course. Welcome to J&D, Chris. Have a seat. Darlene will be right with you.”

I sat down and picked up a magazine. A few minutes later, a tall blonde woman came out of the back and introduced herself.

“I’m Darlene. My partner Judy is off today so I will be giving you your first treatment. Please come back with me.”

I followed her into a back hallway and we entered a small room similar to an examination room in a doctors’ office. She handed me a hospital gown.

“Change into this and get on the exam table. I will be back in a few minutes.”

I undressed and put my clothes on a chair. After putting on the gown, I lay down on the table and waited for her to return. Shortly there was a knock on the door and Darlene entered. She put on gloves and a surgical mask.

“Just relax. If you feel discomfort at any time, just let me know.”

I nodded as she turned on some electronic equipment and made some adjustments. She held a wand-like instrument in one hand and proceeded to move it slowly over my legs.

“Just lie still. Your body hair is very light and sparse, so we won’t be too long.”

The machine made a clicking noise as she moved it over my legs. Except for a prickly sensation, I was not in any pain. After about thirty minutes, she stopped.

“Okay, roll over.”

I did so and she continued for about another half-hour.

“That’s enough for today. You can get dressed now. Give your credit card to the receptionist when you are ready. She will give you an appointment card. I have another client next door. See you next time.”

She left the room and I got dressed. At the counter, I signed the credit card slip and the receptionist handed me an appointment list. Two hundred dollars seemed like a lot but with Janet picking up half, it didn’t seem so bad. My appointments were at two PM every-day that week.

That night in the shower, I was surprised at the smoothness of my skin. The laser technology was very good. Darlene had worked up as far as my groin and there were just a few hairs left here and there.

That week Judy, a short brunette, and Darlene worked on my chest, arms and neck. By Friday night, I was nearly hair-free except for a few tufts around my genitals. My appointment card for the next week had me down for two-a-day. The first appointment was at nine AM and the second one at three PM. In addition, I was given instructions not to shave Sunday night.

Janet called me Sunday night to see how things were going. She got rather sensuous on the phone as she described how sexy I was going to be with satin smooth hair-free skin. I felt myself getting hard as she described the cinnamon oil she had bought for our first get-together and how she was looking forward to the completion of the first of her requirements.

The second week, I was in a different room at the clinic. I found electrolysis to be somewhat painful. Both girls worked on me during the week, alternating the day and afternoon appointments. I had a very light beard but with two months of two-a-day appointments, I was nearly beard free. I would have to come back twice a week for follow-up work. The cost was higher than for the laser work but with Janet picking up half again, I figured it was worth it. I was going to have lunch with Janet later in the week and we would discuss the next step in completing her requirements.

My job search had been uneventful. I was not alarmed but “concerned” would be a good description. At lunch, Janet was sympathetic.

“You’ll get something soon, I’m sure. You are very bright and certainly well-qualified.”

“I glad you think so. I hadn’t anticipated waiting this long.”

We finished lunch and she gave me a kiss on the cheek as we parted.

“I like your smooth look. I can’t wait for the rest of the work to be done. It’s one more month, right?”

“Yes. Two days a week for about another month and I should be finished. I have several follow-up laser appointments too.”

“That’s great!” I’ll call you and we’ll have lunch again.”

I watched her walk that sexy walk as she left the restaurant. I was crazy about her and wanted this hair removal thing to be over with so we could get on with our relationship.

Another month passed and my body was now about as hair free as it was ever going to be. Janet took me out to dinner at a fine restaurant to celebrate. Over drinks, she handed me another appointment card. This one was for a female doctor.

“Dr Evans is an excellent surgeon and will do your vasectomy on Friday afternoon.”

“That’s fine with me. I haven’t got any interviews yet and it would give me the week-end free to recuperate.”

“Excellent! Lets order and we’ll celebrate after your surgery with a special weekend at my place!”

I raised my glass and clinked hers as we drank to our future.

I reported to Dr. Evans’ clinic at one PM the following Friday. I signed the consent forms, changed into a hospital gown and got up on a table. There were two female assistants with her. A large belt was pulled tight over my stomach and I was shaved for the surgery. I was given a local anesthetic and after a few minutes, my scrotum was numb. Dr. Evans spoke in a soft, melodic voice.

“I’m going to make two small incisions, one on each side of you scrotum. Then I will cut the vas deferens of each testicle and singe the ends. After stitching the incisions, I will be finished. Now, just relax and this will all be over before you know it.”

A few minutes after she began, she spoke in a more ominous tone. “I don’t like the looks of this.”

“What do you mean?” I asked, trying to conceal the fear in my voice.

“Well, there are some small lumps that shouldn’t be here. I’m going to cut a section and have it looked at.”

I waited for what seemed like hours before Dr. Evans returned.

“I’m sorry to tell you this but there is a malignancy here. I’m going to have to remove your testicles altogether. Fortunately, we caught this in time, as the lumps were very small. I will give you a prescription for male hormones. I will need to see you in another six months for a follow-up to be sure that the cancer hasn’t spread.”

I was relieved to say the least. Thank God I had agreed to the vasectomy or this could have spread throughout my body, maybe killed me, before something could have been done about it.

Before I got dressed, Dr. Evans held up a large hypodermic needle and gave me a shot of the male hormone testosterone. Then she wrote me a prescription for male hormones in pill form that I would be taking for the rest of my life. I stopped at the pharmacy on the way out to have it filled.

The pharmacist smiled as she handed me the bottle.

“Take two a day, one in the morning and one in the evening, preferable after meals.”

I paid for the prescription and left the clinic. When I got home, I placed some ice on either side of my scrotum to ease the swelling. I had several brandies to help me sleep.

I continued my follow-up visits for electrolysis. A month went by and I felt pretty good. Dr. Evans seemed satisfied that I was able to resume a normal routine. She gave me another shot of male hormones before I left. I called Janet for a dinner date but she could only see me for lunch.

“How is your job search going?” she asked as we sat down.

“Nothing yet. I haven’t sent out a resume since the surgery because I didn’t know how much healing time I would need. I’ll have to the end of the year before money gets tight. I sure hope to get back on track before then.”

We ordered lunch.

“I was hoping to see you sooner and not for lunch. I feel I am ready to pick up where we left off and so does the doctor.”

“Down boy!” Janet exclaimed. “Let’s give your self plenty of time to heal up and let your medication take effect. That must have been an awful scare you got.”

“Yeah, but I am curious about those pills.”

“What do you mean?”

“Well they are pink and have the letters “EST” on them.”

“The letters probably stand for Extra Strength Testosterone. As far as the color, who knows why the pharmaceutical companies use a certain color?”

“You’re probably right.”

Our order arrived and we ate our lunch. Afterwards, I got up and kissed her goodbye.

“Give me a call next week and maybe we can get together again. In the meantime, take care of yourself and stay positive about your job search.”

“I will.” I walked back to the car thinking about the day when we could finally get together for real.

That night as I showered, I noticed how silky smooth my skin was. There seemed to be a funny feeling in my chest. I’m not sure how to describe it. I stood naked in front of the full-length mirror on my closet door. I couldn’t see anything unusual but there was a little tightness under my nipples. I examined my face in the mirror; I liked the smooth look I saw. Another month or so and I could toss my razors and shaving cream in the trash.

I continued to send out a few resumes and made a dozen or so follow up calls to employers that I had contacted more than thirty days earlier. My situation was still not serious but I *was* getting concerned.

My unemployment had about another month to go. After that, I would have to start digging into my savings account that had been depleted by my outpatient surgery and hair removal costs. I didn’t want to apply for the numerous part-time or temporary jobs available since I would lose part of my unemployment check.

I played a little tennis at one of the public courts to keep in shape between my now once-a-week electrolysis appointments. I also continued to take testosterone in pill form.

At the end of June, I saw Dr. Evans for the last time; after another booster shot, she said I was done for about a year and to check back with her then.

I had my last electrolysis appointment and cashed my last unemployment check on the 30<sup>th</sup> of June.

When I got home, there was a package from Janet as well as several rejection letters from the last group of resumes I had sent out. I tossed the letters in the wastebasket and opened the package to find a pair of black satin pajamas. The note inside said “See you soon.” That evening, after a shower, I tried the pajamas on. Not only did they fit me but I was amazed at how sensuous they felt against my smooth hair free skin. I felt myself getting hard even without thinking about Janet.

Janet called me after the Fourth of July weekend.

“I’m in a bit of a jam. One of my girls quit without notice and I need someone to fill in for her. It’s one of my bigger clients and I can’t afford to lose the account. Since you’re not working, could you help me out?”

“Sure. What do you want me to do?” I answered.

“Just be in front of the Radford building, 44 East 31<sup>st</sup> Street at 6 PM sharp and I’ll put you to work.”

“Okay. See you at six.”

I jotted down the address. I ate an early supper, then drove to the address she had given me. I arrived about fifteen minutes early and walked in the front door. Janet was talking on the phone in the receptionist’s office so I took a seat in the small front lobby. Shortly, Janet came out.

“Thanks for helping me out on such short notice. I really appreciate it.”

“No problem. It’s not like I had a lot of plans or anything” I replied.

“Let’s get started then. Follow me.” She walked down the corridor to the back of the building.

“There are several cleaning carts in the van. Please bring them inside.”

I walked outside, unloaded the two carts and brought them in the building. While I was doing that, another woman arrived. Janet introduced me to Myrna Wells and we shook hands.

“Myrna will start at one end of the building and you will start at the other. I will show you what to do and then I have to go. If you have any questions, just ask her.”

Myrna wheeled her cart down the hall and I followed Janet into the first office.

“Wipe down the tops of the filing cabinets and desks. Clean the lower windows, then empty the trash baskets and replace the plastic liners. After all the offices are done, do the restrooms. Refill the soap and hand towel dispensers and replace the toilet paper rolls where needed. Those supplies are in the storage closet adjacent to the back door.”

“Any questions before you get started?” I shook my head.

“Okay. Go to it. I’ll be back with the van around midnight.”

She left and I got started. I worked quickly and around 9 PM, Myrna stopped by.

“Break time. We get fifteen minutes.”

I followed her to the lunchroom in the basement and got a can of pop out of the machine. We chatted briefly, then it was time to get back to work. We finished the second floor, then parked the carts near the back door around ten to midnight and waited for Janet to get back with the van. Janet arrived just after midnight.

“So how did it go?”

“Fine,” I replied.

Janet walked through a couple of the offices, then came to where we were waiting at the rear door.

“Everything looks good. Myrna, you can go.” Myrna walked out to her car as I loaded the carts back into the van.

“I could use you for the next couple of weeks. Would you mind helping me out until I can get somebody new hired and trained?”

“No. I can do that for a while at least. I haven’t exactly been overwhelmed with job offers.”

“Great! I will call you with a schedule tomorrow.”

I drove back home, wondering just how long this would last. I had hoped to be working by now and being a cleaning lady had never been in my plans.

I worked at several of Janet’s clients over the next several weeks while continuing to send out resumes. I still worked out periodically and I continued to take the pills I had been prescribed. Janet came over on a Sunday night with my first check as well as a bottle of champagne.

"I'm paying you a straight eight bucks an hour with no withholding since you're not an employee."

"Fine with me," I answered. "Just spell my name right on the check."

I got two glasses from the cupboard and opened the bottle of champagne.

"I'd like to see you in those new P.J.'s I sent you. Do you mind?"

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I gulped the last of my champagne. "Of course not, I'll be back in a jiff."

I headed for the bedroom to change as she sipped her drink. When I returned, she had taken off her raincoat to reveal a purple satin nightgown. She put her glass down and we kissed.

"Wow! You look great in purple!" She laughed and twirled around. "This way," I said as I took her hand and led her into the bedroom.

A short time later, I sat up in bed and shook my head.

"I'm sorry, I don't know what is wrong. I've never had this trouble before!"

"You have been under a lot of stress lately. Try to relax. A lot of men go through this."

"Maybe so but I doubt if any of them are as young as I am."

"It can happen at any age. Don't let this bother you. We can make up for it later when you feel better." She got up and put her shoes and coat on. "I'll call you later."

After she left, I took a hot shower and tried to masturbate myself to an erection but failed to do so. I dried myself off and stood in front of the full-length mirror on the closet door. Everything seemed to look OK. I examined my empty scrotum and found that the stitches had healed with minimal scarring. There seemed to be some swelling in my chest. I felt my nipples; they were somewhat tender. I found to my amazement that my breasts appeared to be a bit larger than they had been before. I thought maybe it was my imagination or maybe too much champagne. My hair free body had softened considerably since my surgery and had taken on an almost feminine sheen. I would have to talk to Dr. Evans about this at my follow-up appointment several months down the road. I put the pajamas back on and, after finishing the champagne, I went to bed.

The phone woke me up at eight-thirty the next morning. My head was still a little fuzzy from the champagne but I recognized Janet's panicky voice.

"I have another job for you but it is a little different and I need you to wear a uniform that you won't like. It's for an important client and I really need your help more now than ever."

"Well, I don't know. What do you mean by a 'uniform I won't like'?"

"The job is an all-day job, about sixteen hours and has to be done this Saturday."

"Doing what?"

"It's an all-girl school and no men are allowed. They just had their mid-summer dance and we have to clean up the hall and re-set tables and chairs up for Sunday's registration. It's a big job but you'll be working with three other girls. The uniform is the standard

cleaning uniform I require for all employees. Since I only hire women, you'd have to pass your self off as a woman for the day. I'll get you a wig and a pink pantsuit as well as pink sneakers. I'll pay you double what I've been paying you and it will only be for the one day. Will you PLEASE help me out?"

Her voice really sounded desperate.

"Well, OK, I guess."

"Oh, thank you so much! Give me your shoe, pants and shirt size and I'll pick you up Saturday at seven. I will help get you ready, then I will take you there and pick you up when you are done."

I gave her the sizes she asked for.

"Thanks again, see you at seven Saturday!"

She hung up quickly before I had a chance to ask any further questions. The week passed slowly with still no response to my resumes and my bank account continuing to shrink. The small amount I was getting from helping out Janet wasn't going to amount to a hill of beans if I didn't find something soon.

I got up early Saturday morning and Janet rang my doorbell promptly at six forty-five.

"Good morning!" She greeted as she breezed past me when I opened the door. She was carrying two boxes.

"Take off your robe and stand still."

It was more of a command than a request, but I did as she said. She held up a bra.

"Slip your arms through the straps and I will adjust them."

She hooked up the back, then added some foam inserts in the cups before tightening the straps.

"Put this on and then the hose," she said as she handed me a padded panty girdle.

I stepped into the panty girdle and pulled it up to my waist. The pair of pantyhose was next; I was amazed at how sensuous they felt on my smooth, hair free legs. The pink cotton pantsuit was last. I fumbled with the buttons because they were on the wrong side but it fit. The sneakers were a little tight but would do for one day.

"Turn around and face me now."

She opened the smaller box and removed a brown wig.

"I should have had you measure your skull but I just figured you'd take a large size."

She placed a nylon cap over my hair, then put the wig on and adjusted it.

"One last thing now. Hold still."

She removed a lipstick from the box, dabbed a spot on each cheek and rubbed it in circles.

"Open your mouth a little." I did so and she applied the makeup to my lips.

"Press your lips together to smooth out the lipstick."

I did and saw her face break into a bright smile.

“Wow. Wait ‘til you see yourself.”

I walked over to the mirror and couldn’t believe what I saw.

“Not bad for a guy!” She laughed. “OK, let’s go. For today, you will be Christine. Here take this”

The last item from the box was a small black purse. She placed a compact and lipstick in it.

“Put your wallet and handkerchief in here as well. Now let’s go.”

I followed her out to her car and she drove me to the job site. Along the way, she lectured me on feminine mannerisms: how to walk, sit and in general act like a girl. As a man, I had never really paid much attention to those things but I wanted to do a good job for her, so I listened intently. We got to the school and parked in front of the main building.

“Don’t forget your purse!” she screamed as I got out. “And for God’s sake, don’t use the men’s room!”

I followed her inside where I was introduced as Christine to the other women and we got our instructions on what to do.

Janet left and we began working. We started by picking up all the trash and emptying it in the dumpster outside. We moved all the tables and chairs to one end of the hall. Then, after cleaning the floor, we moved the furniture back and did the other half. As I worked, I tried to remember that I was a woman for the day. The name Christine was in black letters on my blouse but the real truth, of course, was under the lingerie.

I took smaller steps as I walked and kept thinking about all the things Janet explained to me in the car. I kept busy trying not to think too much about the strange way I felt. I had never



worn women's clothes before, much less tried to impersonate one for a day. I still couldn't get over what an erotic kick there was in the feel of the nylon hose against my skin.

Around twelve-thirty, we broke for lunch. I had a diet soft drink and salad out of the machine, as did the other girls. I didn't say much as the girls chatted about husbands, boy-friends, movie and movie stars. Janet had told me to modulate my voice when I talked, though my voice was never very deep and masculine to begin with.

I went into the ladies room and had to sit down to relieve myself. Afterwards, I washed my hands and applied fresh lipstick as Janet had suggested I do. The reflection in the mirror was hard for me to believe. I walked out of the ladies room, put my purse back on the shelf and resumed work. We finished setting up just after seven as Janet came in to inspect our work.

"Good job, girls. Thank you."

As the other girls walked to their cars, I followed Janet back to hers. I got in and fastened my seatbelt.

"Thanks again for your help."

"You're welcome."

"I don't suppose you want to stop for a drink on the way home."

"Dressed like this?"

"Don't worry about that. It's a different bar. There are no men there and you would be able to relax."

"You mean a lesbian bar?" I asked.

"Not exactly. It's a woman's club, very discreet."

"Well, I suppose it wouldn't hurt. But I don't want to stay long."

"We'll just have a drink and then I'll take you back, okay?"

"Sure."

I couldn't seem the harm in stopping for one drink. It was about a twenty-minute drive to a club called The Oasis. The sign out front was in pink neon; underneath in pink letters were the words "Members Only."

Janet held up an ID card at the door and we entered the club. I followed Janet to a booth and we sat down.

A waitress came over and inquired, "What would you ladies care to drink this evening?"

"I'll have a glass of sherry and my friend Christine will have a brandy Old Fashioned, sweet please."

The waitress left to get our drinks. I had never been in a place that catered to only women. It wasn't in the least bit feminine but looked pretty much like any other bar.

"You look just like one of my girls. I'm not surprised that you blended in so well."

"I think there is a compliment in there somewhere but I'm not sure." I replied. She laughed as the waitress brought our drinks.

“Actually, you pass quite easily which is why I wanted to discuss this with you here.”

“What’s that?” I asked as I sipped my drink.

“I’m entertaining two prospective clients in my home next week. Their business would mean a lot to me. It does involve wearing a costume but we can discuss that later. Again, I will pay you double what I usually do. Would you be interested?”

“Well I guess so. I can sure use the money.”

“Great! I’ll call you later with the details. Drink up and I’ll take you home.”

Once back in my apartment, Janet removed a sample packet of face cream from her purse and helped me remove the makeup. She put the wig cap and wig back in the small box and after I changed my clothes, she put the uniform, shoes and lingerie back in the larger box.

“Why don’t I just leave this here in case I need you at the school again?” she asked.

I shrugged. “Okay.” I put the boxes and purse in the bedroom closet.

“Thanks again, see you later.”

After she left, I remembered that I had forgotten to ask her about the costume for next Saturday night.

The week did not result in any job interviews. I did get my bank statement in the mail. I was getting close to needing some help. I sent out a few more resumes and changed the oil and filter on my car. Janet finally called me on Thursday night.

“I need you to come over for a fitting, then I’ll go over the details for Saturday night.”

“Be right over,” I answered. On the way to her place, I began to have second thoughts about exactly what would be involved here.

I parked in the visitors’ lot and took the elevator to the second floor condo. I knocked and Janet let me in.

“Excuse the mess, the maid quit and I haven’t had time to clean the place up.”

I followed her to the smaller of the two bedrooms.

“Undress and put on the stuff on the bed, then come out to the living room.”

I undressed and put my clothes on a small chair in front of a large vanity. On the bed were a black lacy bra, black satin panties with pink elastic trim, a black garter belt and a pair of fishnet stockings. I knew I should have asked first but now it was too late. I put on the panties and garter belt, then rolled the stockings down, put them on and attached them at the top to the garters. I slipped the bra on but could only manage to get one of the back hooks closed. I walked out to the living room.

“I couldn’t get all the hooks.”

I turned around and Janet fastened them, slipped two gelatinous forms in the cups and adjusted the straps.

“There. That should be just about right.”

“If I told you I felt silly before, imagine how I feel now,” I said.

She laughed. "Don't worry. You look great." She picked up a petticoat from the couch and handed it to me.

"Put this on." I stepped into the petticoat and brought it up to my waist.

"Slip this over your head now."

She was holding a black satin French maid mini-dress. After putting my arms through the puff sleeves, she grabbed the hem and pulled it down around the petticoat. After zipping me up, she hooked it at the top.

"I guessed pretty close to being right."

She measured across my bust, waist, then from my waist down to the hem of the dress, which was about an inch over the petticoat.

"Okay. Now try these on." 14

She produced a pair of black stiletto heel pumps.

"I don't know about this, Janet, I've never worn anything like this and those shoes look impossible to walk in."

"Nonsense! They're actually quite comfortable once you get used to them."

Gingerly, I placed one foot in and found it to be too narrow. Janet opened a second box and my foot slid in easily.

"Now try the other one."

I put the other shoe on. It was a very strange feeling and I felt somewhat tipsy, standing at an angle.

"Walk like this," she instructed.

I watched her walk across the room and back. I tried imitating her but wobbled as I walked.

"It takes awhile, so keep trying."

I made several trips back and forth.

"Remember to keep your elbows in and your hands folded across your body."

I continued my back and forth trek.

"You are doing fine. Now come over here and sit down. Before sitting, slide your hand behind you to smooth the skirt as you sit."

I followed her instructions and sat down beside her.

"I will have things ready for you when you arrive. My guests will be here at six so you should be here about four. I'll go over some more things then. Now let's get you undressed."

I slipped off the shoes and she unhooked and unzipped the dress and placed it on a hanger. I slid the petticoat down and stepped out of it. Then I went in the bedroom, took off the lingerie and got dressed. When I came out, she handed me a paper bag.

"There is a book on serving techniques that I want you to read. I believe you still have your treadmill?"

“Yes.”

“Good. Between now and Saturday, practice your walk about thirty minutes at a time. I don’t want you to trip and fall or make any serving mistakes. These are important people and I don’t want to lose their business.”

I sighed. “Well, I’ll do my best. I haven’t done anything like this before and I’m not so sure I’d be good at it but I need the money so I’ll see you at four on Saturday”

Janet smiled that warm, wonderful smile of hers and handed me the bag. “Okay, see you then.”

I walked out to my car, wondering if I should have agreed to this but I was haunted by the wonderful sensation I felt when I pulled those stockings on and the rustle of the petticoats under my dress as I walked effeminately across her living room floor.

That evening after I showered, I sat down and opened the book she had given me. The title was “A Maid’s Guide to Serving Techniques.” The book was divided into four sections. The first dealt with the various types of uniforms, how they were worn and cared for. The second section was about a maid’s demeanor and proper conduct: the way a maid walks as well as how to execute a proper curtsy, to speak only when spoken to and to answer the maid’s bell promptly. The third section was about setting the table for various occasions from casual to formal. The last section was about the appropriate way to serve food and beverage for both male and female guests.

When I finished, I put on the pumps and spent about thirty minutes practicing my mincing, effeminate walk on the treadmill. After that, I walked from the door to the couch and did a curtsy according to the diagram in the book. I did several more, then took off the pumps, watched the news, and went to bed.

I continued practicing on Friday as well as Saturday morning. I felt I was as ready as I was ever going to be. I re-read several sections of the book, then put the pumps in a bag. I ate a light lunch over the Saturday morning paper and watched a movie. About three-thirty, I grabbed the shoe bag and walked out to the car. I arrived at Janet’s complex a little before four and went to her condo.

“Great! You’re right on time.” She smiled as she let me in. “Come back to the bedroom and I’ll help you get dressed.”

I followed her to the small bedroom.

“Undress and put on the lingerie. I’ll be back in a minute.”

I removed my clothes and put on the panties, garter belt and stockings. I had just slipped my arms through the bra straps when she returned.

“Let me help you with that.”

She hooked me up. Then, as before, she placed the gelatinous forms in the cups and adjusted the straps. She stepped back and looked me over.

“Okay, now sit at the vanity.”

I sat down and she stood behind me.

"First, outline your lips with this pencil, then fill in the outline with a lipstick brush and use this tube of lipstick."

I took the pencil from the tray and followed her instructions. Next, I opened the lipstick tube she indicated and with the brush I filled in the outline with fire engine red lipstick.

"Now press your lips together and smooth the makeup evenly."

"Now use that larger brush and daub it in the dark red palette. Then, starting in the center of your left cheek, brush the powder on in increasingly larger and larger circles. Then do the other cheek."

I did so and was amazed at the reflection in the mirror.

"Face me now so I can do your eyes. Eye makeup is a little trickier."

I swung around and in short order she applied eye shadow and eyeliner. After curling my eyelashes, she applied mascara. Finally, she picked up a tweezers and plucked a few stray hairs from my eyebrows.

"There. Now look at yourself."

I turned back to face the mirror and was astonished at the girl looking back at me. Janet placed the wig cap and black wig on me and now I was looking at a very pretty girl. She opened a package of bright red press-on nails and put one on each finger. Next, she clipped a pair of three-inch earrings on my earlobes, then attached a maid's choker around my neck. Finally, atop my black wig she pinned a maid's cap.

"Stand up and finish dressing."

I got up and stepped into the petticoat, then pulled the black satin mini dress over my head. Janet quickly zipped it up the back and hooked it at the top. I stepped into the high heel pumps, walked a few steps away from her and turned around and curtsied.

"Very good, Maid Christine! You are one lovely lady! Now I have one last finishing touch. Step over here, tilt your head back slightly and close your eyes."

I did so and my nostrils caught the scent of a very sweet and no doubt very expensive perfume as she gave me a healthy squirt behind each ear.

"You didn't have to do that!" I protested.

"Oh, stop whining. After tonight, you can douse yourself with aftershave and nobody will notice! Now let's go into the living room and practice a bit, shall we, Maid Christine?"

I nodded.

"Don't you mean, 'Yes Madame'?"

"Yes Madame," I said quickly.

"That's better. Now curtsy and follow me."

I followed her into the living room.

"The vacuum cleaner is in the hallway closet. Please get it and vacuum the living and dining room carpet."

“Yes, Madame,” I said as I curtsied and walked to the closet. I hooked up the machine and vacuumed both carpets. After putting the machine back in the closet, I walked over to where she was seated. I curtsied again and said, “What is next, Madame?”

“You catch on fast, Maid Christine. Come over to the table and I will show you how I want things to be set up.”

I followed her at a respectful distance.

“Do you remember the place setting in the book labeled casual dinner #2?”

“Yes, Madame”

“Good. Please set up the table accordingly. Everything you need is in the china closet here.”

“Yes, Madame.” I curtsied and turned from her to the cabinet and began to remove the dishes I would need for that particular setting. When I finished setting the table to the correct configuration, I walked back into the kitchen where Janet was preparing the meal.

“I finished setting the table, Madame,” I said as I curtsied.

“Very good, Maid Christine. I see it is close to five-thirty. Please set the gravy bowl and this dish of potatoes on the table while I bring the roast.”

“Yes, Madame,” I answered and took the food into the dining room and set the items on the table in the appropriate place.

“I turned the oven down and placed the pie inside to warm up for our desert. Be sure you cut it in equal pieces before serving it.”

At that moment, the doorbell rang.

“The wine is in the fridge and the glasses are being chilled in the freezer. Now answer the door and seat them in the living room. HURRY!”

I minced quickly to the front door and opened it. There were two women at the door. Both of them were exquisitely dressed in sharply tailored business suits.

“Good evening, Ladies,” I began. “I am Maid Christine. Please come in and sit down.”

The women followed me into the living room.

“Can I get you a glass of wine?”

Both women nodded but only the taller of the two; an older white haired woman spoke. “Thank you, we’ll have a glass of red wine if you please.”

I curtsied and went into the kitchen and poured each woman a half a glass of wine. I placed the two glasses and the bottle on a silver serving tray, carried it into the living room and set it on the coffee table in front of the two women.

After handing each woman a glass, I said, “Miss Owens will be with you shortly. If you need anything else, please ring for me.” I curtsied and went back to the kitchen.

Janet walked in from her bedroom where she had changed into a black pantsuit and flat shoes. “Wait here until I ring for you.”

“Yes, Madame,” I answered.

She poured herself a little wine, then walked into the dining room and looked the table over before going into the living room to chat with her guests. I stayed behind and waited for the ring of the maid's bell. They chatted about twenty minutes before I heard the maid's bell ring. I walked quickly into the dining room to find the guests being seated at the table.

Janet turned to me and said, "Please bring another bottle of wine and the basket of dinner rolls on the cupboard"

I curtsied and said, "Yes, Madame."

I turned and walked quickly to the kitchen and opened another bottle of wine. I set the basket of rolls down on the table, then refilled their glasses as they began putting food on their plates.

"Will there be anything else, Madame?"

"Not at the moment. I'll ring you when we are ready for dessert."

"Yes, Madame." I curtsied and walked back to the kitchen. I set out the dessert plates and a knife to cut the pie, and then waited patiently for the sound of the maid's bell.

They took their time eating. The conversation centered on the food and the efficiency of my service rather than the business I thought they would be discussing.

I poured myself a cup of coffee and hoped my little performance was helping Janet. I had caught my reflection in the hall mirror when I went to answer the door and again in the small mirror above the sink as well as seeing my reflection in the glass of the china closet as I was setting out the dishes. I was surprised at my very feminine look. I rather enjoyed it, to be honest.

Despite having little practice, I was quite adept at developing a mincing, effeminate walk in those stiletto heels. The feel of the panties and stockings against my satin smooth skin as well as the sound of the petticoat rustling under my dress as I walked was quite erotic to say the least. It was terrifying to admit that I was beginning to enjoy being a girl! The tinkling of the maid's bell suddenly interrupted my thoughts. I got up quickly and, after smoothing my dress over my petticoat, walked into the dining room.

"Yes, Madame?" I inquired.

"We would like our dessert now with coffee, please."

"Yes, Madame," I answered. I curtsied and went back to the kitchen.

After removing the pie from the oven, I cut it into six pieces and then placed three of the pieces on small plates and set them on the top of a small cart on wheels. I emptied the hot water from a silver coffee pot, then unplugged the electric coffee pot and poured its contents into the silver one and placed it next to the plates on the cart.

I pushed the cart back to the dining room where I placed a piece of pie in front of each guest and Janet. Next, I picked up the silver coffee pot and poured each guest a full cup of coffee. After setting the pot down on the cart, I stepped back and inquired, "Will there be anything else, Madame?"

"Not for now, Maid Christine but I will call you if I need you."

"Yes, Madame." I curtsied and went back to the kitchen to wait for the next ring of the maid's bell.

I set out the dish soap, towels and dishcloth in preparation for washing the dishes after they left. Hopefully this charade would soon be over and I would be done with this once and for all.

Over coffee, the conversation varied between business and men. Finally, they seemed to be talked out. The maid's bell rang and I walked back to the dining room.

"Yes, Madame?"

"Please clear the table while I see our guests to the door," said Janet.

"Yes, Madame," I answered as I curtsied.

The women walked towards the door. I began picking up the dishes as Janet saw them out. She returned shortly and helped me finish.

"You did a good job. I am really proud of you. The women were very impressed with your service."

"Gee thanks, I'll remember to add that to my resume," I said.

We stacked the dishes on the kitchen table. Janet handed me a pair of pink latex gloves.

"You have to protect your hands to keep them girly soft!" she laughed.

I put on the gloves, then filled the sink with hot soapy water. After washing the dishes, Janet dried them and put them back in the china closet. When the last dish was dried and put away, she removed her apron.

"C'mon back to the bedroom and I will help you get changed."

I followed her down the hall to her master bedroom. I turned around and she unhooked and unzipped the maids' dress and pulled it over my head.

"I almost hate to do this, you look so pretty!"

I said nothing as I slid the petticoat down, stepped out of it and handed it to her. I took off the pumps, unhooked the stockings, and rolled them down. Janet unhooked the bra and slipped it over my arms. I slid my panties down and put on my white men's briefs and cotton socks. Carefully, she removed the choker, maid's cap, wig and wig cap. I pulled off the false fingernails as she opened a jar of cold cream. After smearing some on my face, she wiped the makeup off. I had become Christopher again. I put on the rest of my male clothes and she walked me to the door.

"I really appreciate what you did for me tonight. Those contracts should be in the mail by tomorrow. When I get them, we will celebrate, fair enough?"

"Sure," I answered as she kissed me on the cheek.

When I got home, I showered and splashed on some after-shave to mask the smell of the French perfume. I stood in front of the mirror and saw my body was continuing to change. I was becoming quite feminine. I couldn't understand why, if I was taking male hormones, did I appear to be growing breasts?

My skin texture had softened considerably since my surgery. My body and facial hair was now completely gone. I cupped my hands under my breasts and could feel a strange sensation as if they were trying to push out further. I brushed over the nipples, which had become somewhat sensitive. I was going to call the doctor first thing Monday morning.

I left a message for the doctor to call me and she returned my call around 4 PM.

"Relax, Christopher. You're going to be fine. With the temporary loss of your testes, the female hormones in your body become the dominant ones. Until the shots and the pills catch up and override their effect, you will notice some enlargement in the breast area. It isn't uncommon for you to lose sexual function for a short time. I am scheduled to see you in two months, so just relax and don't worry. I am sure everything will be fine."

"Well okay, if you say so. See you in two months."

I hung up the phone and went through the mail. I ate supper, then went out to a movie. It would be my last for a while since I was getting low on funds; by the time I saw the doctor, I would be dangerously close to being homeless.

I phoned Janet and left a message on her machine. She returned my call later in the week. She suggested we meet for dinner that Friday night. I joined her at six that evening. She handed me a check for the evening I had spent as a maid.

"I'm glad to get this. I'm just about broke. I can pay the rent and utilities through December but after that, I don't know what I'm going to do."

The waiter took our order and we sipped our drinks in the glow of the candlelight.

"I have an idea." Janet had a wry smile on her face. I wasn't sure what to expect when she had that look.

"My maid quit some time ago. I haven't had the time to interview another one. Why don't you move in to the other bedroom? You wouldn't have to pay me any rent. Just keep the place cleaned up and attend to a few minor chores while I'm away on business. I would still hire you occasionally and you can keep your job search up without the fear of becoming homeless."

Her offer took me by surprise. I didn't have a lot of options at that point. At least I would have a roof over my head and a few dollars to spend for the things I needed.

The waiter brought our food and another bottle of wine.

"Okay, if you're sure it's alright."

"Oh, it's perfectly fine with me, Chris. I'm sure we will get along just fine, now enjoy your steak."

I dug in but was a bit puzzled by that wicked smile she had on her face.

That week, I gave the landlord my notice and notified the phone and electric utility as well. I sent change of address cards to two credit card companies, the bank and the DMV. I continued to work for Janet on a part-time basis, usually at night, cleaning office buildings. The time was going by too slowly to suit me. I was still puzzled about my inability to get an interview, let alone a job.

The last week of the month, I packed up most of my clothes and took them over to Janet's place. I didn't have much to fill the sizeable closet or the larger dresser along one wall. Rather than haul the vanity down to the basement storage area, I had told Janet to leave it right where it was. I had no need for a vanity but it wouldn't be in my way either.

Since I had been there last, Janet had the bedroom repainted. The walls were a soft pink and the ceiling and trim were white. The bedroom window had pink curtains and the queen-size four-poster bed had a pink chiffon bedspread covering pink satin sheets and pillowcases as well as pink chiffon trimmings. Both the vanity and large dresser were white and the drawers had gold handles. The carpeting was the same shade of pink. The full bath had pink wall tiles that matched the pink floor tiles. Even the shower curtain was pink. I was going to be enveloped in femininity.

The last day in the old apartment, I cleaned the bathroom, floors, windows, and vacuumed the carpet.

My neighbor had his son contact some college buddies. Five of them showed up with cash and relieved me of my furniture. After the landlord inspected the place, I turned in my keys, put my cleaning stuff in the trunk of my car, then drove to the condo.

About halfway there, I heard sirens. I stopped at a red light and saw a fast moving car coming from the left with a squad car right on his bumper. The driver tried to turn right but couldn't quite make the corner. He skidded into my car, hitting it on the driver's side rear fender. The collision spun my car around and jostled me pretty good. I sat there for a few minutes as the driver exited the vehicle and ran off. I unhooked my seatbelt and opened the car door. I grabbed my attaché case with all my personal papers in it and stepped out of the car.

One of the cops came over. "You okay?"

I nodded. "Just a little shook up, I guess."

I caught the smell of gasoline and took a couple of steps back. The next thing I knew there was an orange flash and I was knocked backwards. The cop radioed for the fire department. Needless to say, when they arrived, both cars were a burnt mess. I gave my statement to one of the cops, then stopped in the nearest store and called a cab. I let myself in the condo and headed straight for the fridge. Janet didn't have any beer so I opened some of her wine; after drinking a couple of glasses I felt a little better.

When Janet got home, she was quite sympathetic.

"I saw the fire on the news at one of buildings I clean. I'm so glad you're OK. I'll be gone in the morning. After you contact your insurance company, let me know and I'll take you to fill out the necessary paperwork."

"Thanks, I won't be able to do much until tomorrow."

She took out a couple of frozen dinners and put them in the oven. We drank the last of the wine while they baked. Now I was not only unemployed but without transportation and had very little cash to boot. I doubted I would get much from the insurance company. The car was almost seven years old and had 85,000 miles on it.

I had a hard time getting to sleep that night though I found the satin sheets extremely comfortable. I finally dozed off and slept hard. I didn't hear Janet leave in the morning but found a note on the kitchen table when I got up around nine-thirty.

"Good luck with your claim. Talk to you later. Janet."

I phoned my insurance agent and got the paperwork started. I read over the ads in the paper for used cars to see what was available that I could afford. There wasn't a whole lot. I watched some television, then I ran a few miles on my treadmill which I had sandwiched between the vanity and the dresser in my bedroom.

After lunch, I used Janet's computer to check out some job listings on the Internet. I had never purchased my own computer; working with them ten to twelve hours a day was enough for me. I prepared a beef roast with brown potatoes for our supper, and then checked the mail. There was nothing but junk mail but I put it on the table for Janet to look at.

My insurance agent phoned back at four and said I could drop by his office to pick up my check anytime after one on Wednesday.

Janet was late getting home. I had already eaten, so while she changed clothes, I dished up supper for her. While she ate, I watched the news and read the paper.

"Be a dear and clean up the dishes for me, will you? I have to check on a new client's building."

"Sure," I replied. "No problem."

She left and I picked up the dishes and carried them into the kitchen. After washing and drying them, I placed them in the cupboard, then went into the living room to watch TV.

Janet got back later than I expected. "My insurance man called. Can you drive me to his office Wednesday afternoon so I can get my check?"

"Let me check my schedule." Janet flipped open a small notebook. "I can take you there around three."

"That sounds good. We can go by the bank on the way back and deposit the check. I need a haircut too. I'm getting pretty shaggy. If I do get an interview, I want to look good."

"I think you look fine. In fact, I wish you'd let it grow. I've always liked men with long locks."

"Also, I want to do some car shopping."

"Can we put that off for a while? I have a couple of busy days ahead."

"Well, I guess so. I just hate to be without a set of wheels."

"I understand that but I have to put my business interests first. I'm going to take a hot soak. Give me a few minutes, then come in and join me. Nothing relaxes me more than a steamy soak."

She headed towards her bedroom as I envisioned us together in the tub.

Fifteen minutes later, I went into my bedroom and undressed. I wrapped a large pink bath towel around my waist, walked to her bedroom and entered her full bath. She was

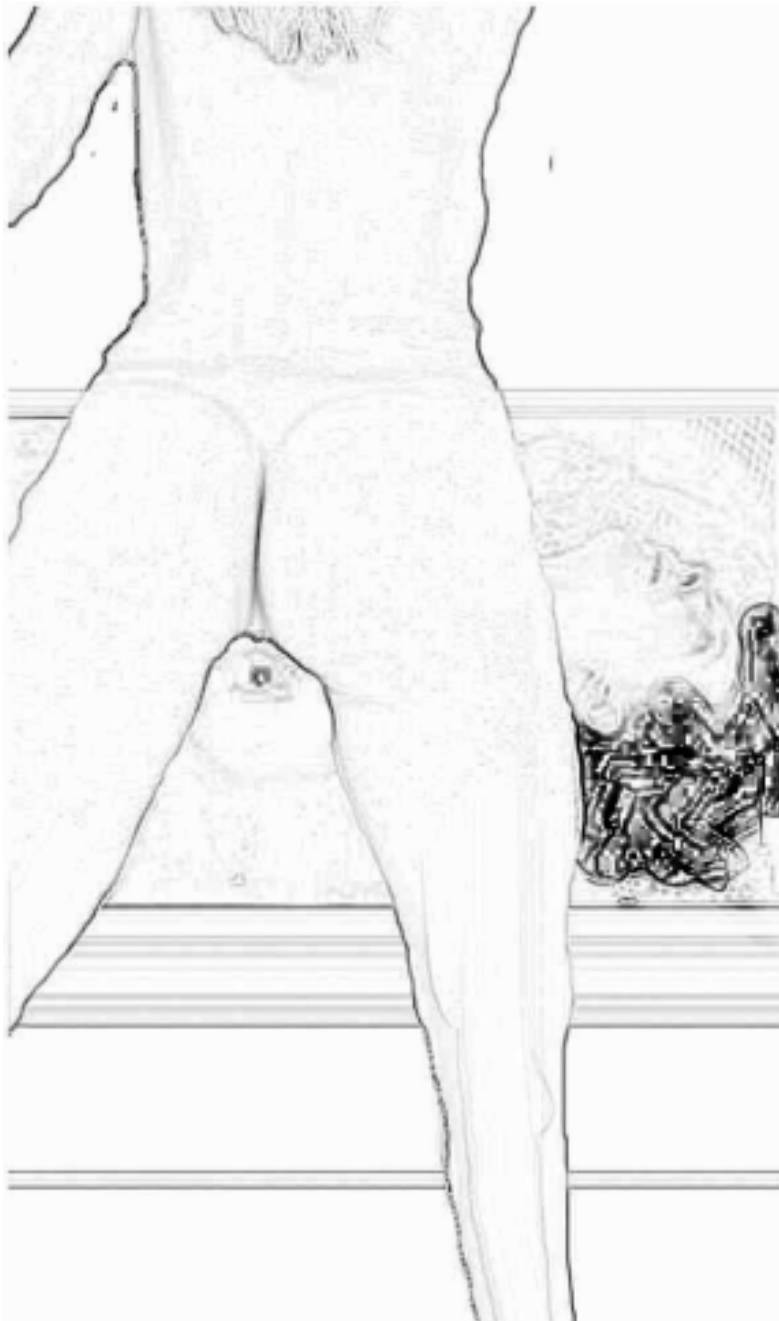
sitting in a sea of pink foam, wearing a pink shower cap. She was soaping herself up. She looked up and smiled at me.

“Come on in and join me.”

I dropped the towel and stepped into the tub. She handed me a pink shower cap.

“It keeps your hair from getting wet.”

I put it on and slipped into the tub. She had used a perfumed bubble bath and the oily stuff made my skin slippery; the scent was very sweet. We soaped each other up with her favorite perfumed soap. I leaned forward to kiss her and she slid underneath me. Again, I failed.



“It’s okay. You’re under a lot of strain. Let’s wait a bit longer. Get your insurance straightened out and we’ll do this again real soon. Now, turn around.”

She massaged my back and neck muscles, then cupped her hands under my slightly budding chest. I looked down; it appeared it would not be long before I would need a bra.

“The doctor said I shouldn’t worry about it. Everything should be back to normal real soon.”

“Oh, I’m sure it will be. Now, let’s get these suds rinsed off.”

We both stood up and showered off the foamy residue. After toweling ourselves dry, she let me powder her body with some perfumed dusting powder. Then I picked out her nightgown.

“You’d make a perfect lady in waiting if you weren’t a man.”

I frowned at her remark but didn’t answer.

“I have to get to bed. I want to be well rested in the morning. I want to get everything taken care of as soon as possible.”

“Sure. Sleep well.”

I left her bedroom and put on my satin pajamas and went to bed. The scent of the bath was still with me and I would have to go heavy on the aftershave tomorrow. As I climbed into bed, the feel of my soft skin against the pajamas as well as the comfort of the satin sheets was indescribably erotic. I felt absolutely wonderful. I had trouble reconciling the fact that a man shouldn't like this sort of thing. Nevertheless, I was enjoying this very much.

The next morning, I got up about eight and showered, using some of my masculine scented soap. Though I no longer needed to shave, I splashed a little of the aftershave lotion I had left on my face. I had a cup of coffee and some toast. I went on the Internet and checked out some used car prices, then looked at several days' newspapers and compared the car ads with Internet prices. Janet came by to pick me up and drove me to the insurance office. The check was pretty small but I couldn't sue the criminal for inconveniencing me so, after I signed all the forms, I got my check, Janet drove me to the bank and I deposited it.

"I'm down to less than six grand and my two charge account statements haven't come in yet. I have the last payments on my hair removal to make and that will not leave much for a car."

She smiled again.

"I have some more work for you but the date isn't certain."

"That's fine but I still need a full time job in computers, not a part time job cleaning of-fices."

She pulled into the condo complex and dropped me off. I checked the mail and found a couple of rejection letters and my credit card statements. After writing the checks, I was now down to two thousand dollars. I would see the doctor next month for my follow-up. With no insurance, I would be paying for that too. I made several follow-up calls to employers I had contacted the month before but nobody was hiring. I opened a bottle of wine and poured myself half a glass. I sat down in front of the TV but nothing interested me so I finally shut it off and refilled my wine glass.

Things were approaching critical. I was almost entirely dependent on Janet for everything. I felt more like I was her prisoner than her friend. I had never realized how much I loved my independence or how the lack of it could render a man so powerless.

After supper that night, I did the dishes while Janet did work on her computer. I read the paper and watched TV until she was finished.

"I have some work for you this Friday night," she began. "Also, we've been invited to a Halloween party at the club Saturday night."

Without thinking about it, I said yes to both.

"I'm going to be extremely busy tomorrow and Thursday. Would you mind doing the laundry and cleaning the place up again?"

"Not at all. I'll take care of it," I replied. I had nothing better to do with my days. She smiled that sweet little smile of hers as she walked away towards her bedroom.

I spent the next morning dutifully engaged in my household cleaning chores, as well as getting the laundry done. She had a very sharp eye so I made sure the windows were spotless as well as dusting and vacuuming according to her specifications. I replaced the vacuum cleaner bag, then took out the garbage. After I finished the laundry, I folded the clothes, put mine in my dresser, then placed hers on her bed. I loved the feel of her lingerie as I put her things away. The drawer was full of her sweetly scented things. I felt myself getting excited about seeing her in those sexy bra and panty sets.

My doctor's appointment was still about a month away. Hopefully, I would be able to be a man again.

Friday night, Janet helped me get dressed in my pink uniform. I made up my face with blusher and lipstick, then put the wig cap and wig on. I walked in front of her towards the door.

"Not so fast! Take smaller steps and walk like a lady, not like a man in a hurry."

The stern tone of her voice surprised me. I slowed down a bit and we walked to the elevator and then to the car. Forty minutes later, she pulled into a small shopping mall just off the expressway. We parked about a third of the way down the mall.

"LAURA'S FORMAL APPAREL" was the sign of the back door. Janet rapped on the back door. A few minutes later, a short gray-haired lady opened it.

"Hi ladies, I'm Delores the manager. Please come in."

We followed her inside and, after making our way around piles of boxes, we were seated in her office. Myrna, whom I had met earlier, was already there.

"Thank you for coming on such short notice. We weren't scheduled to open for several weeks yet. Most of the stock is out but there are a few boxes that have yet to be unpacked. After that's been done, I want you to cut up the cardboard and put it in the green recycling dumpster just across the parking lot. Then vacuum the carpeting and wash the windows. Empty the garbage containers in the brown dumpster and then clean the restroom. The vacuum cleaner, cleaning supplies and replacement liners are in the janitorial closet in the hallway. Do you have any questions?"

We both shook our heads.

"Good. I have some paperwork to do. Let me know if you need anything."

Janet left and we got started with the cleanup. After about two hours, Delores came up front to see how we were doing.

"Everything looks good so far, take a fifteen minute break. Browse if you want to and if you see something you like, let me know. I am authorized to give you a discount on one item, tonight only."

I nodded. Just what I needed, a discount on a cocktail dress!

I sipped a soda in the employee break room as I paged through one of the formal apparel trade publications on the table. Myrna had a wedding to go to next month, so she picked out a dress, shoes and bag for herself.

"Didn't you see anything you liked?" inquired Delores as I was leaving the break room.

"They're all beautiful but I really don't need anything right now."

"Oh, don't be silly, a pretty girl like you can always use another party dress. Come over here."

I followed her over to a rack of dresses that were still in their plastic covers. She removed a tape from around her neck and measured my waist, bust and hips.

"I always measure to be sure."

She began selecting dresses from the rack and held them up for my approval. To get this over with so I could get back to work, I agreed to purchase a dress with a black velvet top and gold satin skirt bottom. She replaced the plastic cover, took me over to the shoe rack for a matching pair of pumps, then to the accessories case where she found a matching handbag. She laid out all the items on the counter.

"You can pay for these after you finish. Janet will return about one AM."

I went back to work helping Myrna do the windows. We finished the restroom and Myrna left with her purchase. I got my purse from the office and hoped she wouldn't notice the name on the credit card was Chris and not Christine. Delores wrote up the sale and ran it through the register. Seconds later, the credit slip came out and I signed my name hurriedly. She never blinked as she handed me my receipt and thanked me.

Janet's knock interrupted whatever else she was about to say. I picked up my purchases as Delores walked to the back to let her in. The two women chatted for a few minutes as I walked out to the car and put my purchases in the back seat. Janet soon returned and drove us back to the condo.

As soon as we got back, I removed my makeup. Before I could get changed, Janet was examining my purchase.

"Wow! This is a beautiful dress. Please put it on for me."

"I just bought it to shut her up. I'm not really interested in it."

"OH PLEASE! I just want to see you in this!"

"Well, alright."

I took off my pink uniform while Janet removed the plastic cover from the dress. She unzipped the gown and handed it to me. I stepped inside the dress; she quickly zipped me up and hooked it at the top. Next she placed the four-inch heel pumps at my feet and I slipped them on. After putting on the black elbow-length gloves, she handed me the matching purse.

"Walk for me a little, like you're modeling the dress."

I walked away from her and turned. I placed one hand on my hip and tried to imitate the way I had seen professional models walk on the runway. Janet was all smiles.

"You look great in that dress! You have chosen well. Black and gold looks good on you."

"Maybe so but I doubt if I will ever have an occasion to wear it. Now please unzip me. I'm tired and I want to take a shower and get to bed."

I turned around and she unhooked and unzipped the dress. I kicked off the pumps and stepped out of the gown and put it back on the hangar. I replaced the plastic cover and put the shoes back into the box.

After removing my gloves, I picked up my ensemble, took it into my bedroom and placed it in the closet.

I removed my lingerie, showered and put on my pajamas. I opened an envelope that had been taped to the plastic cover to find a thank you note from Delores and a gift certificate for the beauty parlor several doors down marked "50% off: EP,MC,PC,WX,STY&CT." I had no idea what all that stuff meant so I asked Janet.

She smiled again. "Oh that's just girl talk for some things we all do. You can use it Saturday morning before the costume party."

I shrugged and put it on the dresser. After watching some TV, we both went to bed.

She had no work for me the next week. Time passes slowly when you have little to do. I had forgotten about the Halloween party that Saturday night until Janet mentioned it at supper.

"The club has parties throughout the year," she explained. "It's always been a lot of fun and I know you are going to enjoy yourself."

"You forgot to mention the costume you picked out for me. I hope it is nothing outrageous."

She broke into that mischievous grin of hers.

"Actually, the costume was delivered to my office today. I'll bring it home tomorrow night for you to wear to the party."

"Just exactly what is it? I mean, can't you tell me what I'll be wearing?"

She smirked again.

"I'm saving it as a surprise."

I left it at that. No telling what was up to now but I would have to please her, that's for sure.

Saturday morning, I filled in again at the girls' school to clean up after their Friday night Halloween party. We finished up around twelve-thirty and, after grabbing a quick lunch, Janet drove me to the beauty shop at the mall and dropped me off. I showed the certificate to the girl at the counter and she took me in right away.

"Janet called and set up your appointment, Christine. Sit over here please."

I wasn't sure what to expect so I followed her and took a seat where she indicated. After removing my shoes and socks, she shoved spacers between my toes. She gave me a pedicure, then applied two coats of pink nail polish.

"Janet said you loved pink," she said.

Shortly she shaped my fingernails and gave them two coats as well. I usually kept my nails short but I had been neglecting to cut them recently. I kept silent, as there was nothing I could do to stop this once the beautician started. While the polish on my fingers was drying, she pierced both my earlobes. I winced at the discomfort but she said nothing. Af-

ter plucking a few stray hairs from my eyebrows, she removed my wig and wig cap and proceeded to snip away at my hair until she had it styled in a more girlish cut. Finally, she was done.

“Step over here, please and take off your pants.”

I gulped. Now what? I thought. I slid the elasticized waist pants down and stepped out of them.

“Oh, you have very little hair. That’s good.”

The waxing didn’t take very long. I put my pants, socks and shoes back on.

“You should leave your wig off. You shouldn’t be hiding that beautiful hair under one of these anyway.”

I carried the wig and wig cap to the front and opened my purse. I gave her the certificate and signed the charge slip for the balance just as Janet walked in the shop.

“You look terrific! Let’s go eat, then get you ready for the party tonight”

I nodded as I followed her meekly out the door. I had come to learn what the initials on the certificate meant: ear piercing, manicure, pedicure, waxing, style & cut. My knowledge had come a little late.

On the way home, we stopped at a drive-through and picked up a couple of salads and soft drinks. I rode in silence. I was angry that she had this done to me without asking me first. We ate a light supper, then watched some TV until seven. She left the room for a few minutes; when she got back, she announced, “Your bath is ready and your stuff is laid out on your bed. I’m going to get ready too.”

She walked to her room and I walked to mine. I went straight into the bathroom, undressed and placed my clothes in the hamper. When I got in the tub, I found she had used some scented oil; I lathered myself with some of her perfumed soap. I had had just about enough and hoped this Halloween party would be the last of this silliness.

After bathing, I toweled myself dry. Then I walked into my bedroom and turned on the lights. Laid out on the bed was my costume. On top of a pair of pink panties with white ruffles was a container of body powder. I knew better than to raise a fuss at this juncture so I patted some of the sweet smelling stuff over my body and under my arms.

I put on the pink bra, which at this point fit quite well without any inserts. Next I put on the pink nylon tricot panties with several rows of white ruffles across the back, the garter belt and finally the pink hose. Having my legs waxed only added to the feminine sheen they had already developed. I had just stepped into the pink petticoat when Janet stopped in the doorway.

“Oh my, what a lovely sissy maid you are, Christine!”

I turned around to give her some static but her appearance took my breath away. She was wearing a black leather pantsuit, a white leather shirt black leather bow tie and black leather spike heel boots. Her hair was pulled back and she had no makeup on.

“Let me help you with the dress.”

She walked over to the bed, unzipped the pink satin sissy maid dress and held it up by the hem. I put my arms through the puff sleeves. She pulled it down over my petticoat, zipped me up, then fastened the hook at the top.

I stepped into the four-inch heel pink patent leather pumps.

"Twirl around for me, please."

I did so.

"Stand still a minute."

While I waited, she applied some pink blusher to my cheeks and a thick coat of creamy pink lipstick. After removing the plugs from my earlobes, she attached four-inch long earrings. The choker was next. Finally, she fastened a large pink sissy bow at the top of my head and stepped back to admire her handiwork.

"You look absolutely perfect!" she squealed. "Let's get going!"

I put the cosmetics in my pink purse and slipped the gold chain over my shoulder. As I passed the hallway mirror, I stopped to look at the reflection and saw a very pretty, very feminine young woman. In addition, at the bottom of each earring, was a small letter "s." At the car, she opened the door for me. I sat down and swung my legs in.

We arrived at the club a few minutes later. Again she was checked at the door and the smartly uniformed woman smiled at me as I walked past. Once inside, the hostess took us to our table. A waitress showed up and Janet ordered.

"Pink champagne for my sissy maid and I'll have a glass of wine."

While we waited for our drinks to arrive, I looked around the club and saw all the women were dressed like Janet. About a third of them had brought pink clad dates like me. I couldn't get a close look at any of the "dates," but they appeared to be a little unhappy to be here, just like me.

When the waitress came back with our drinks, I took a second look and I began to wonder. Despite her pretty made-up face, what was under that black miniskirt, the frilly white blouse and pink bow tie she was wearing? I noticed the tiny pink bow in her hair; her nails were pink and perfectly manicured as well. I had the sinking feeling I was in for more than a party here. We sipped our drinks as soft music played through the speakers.

"I'm really very tired of this, Janet."

"Oh, I really don't believe you are," she cooed softly. "I saw the way you checked yourself in the mirror before we left. You liked what you saw, didn't you?"

I was losing my will to resist this excursion into femininity.

"Well, I just seem to be getting into the habit of checking my appearance more. I guess I do make a pretty girl. But..."

"But what? I saw the way you walked ahead of me. The graceful way you sit and hold your glass. When you see a woman now, instead of thinking about having sex with her, you are thinking of the way she styles her hair, fixes her makeup and nails and the clothes she is wearing. Am I right?"

"I guess so."

“Go ahead, tell me you don’t enjoy relaxing in a bubble bath as well as the feel of the feminine fabrics on your soft, smooth hair free skin.”

I took a big gulp of my drink. She was right. Ever since I had the surgery and began taking those pills and getting those shots, I seemed to be drawn more and more to becoming feminine. I was more relaxed and comfortable with my femininity. My will to resist the things Janet had asked me to do had slowly evaporated with my masculinity. It was like this had been a plan of hers all along. Over a period of time I had been reduced to performing menial tasks. I wasn’t so much a roommate as I was a live-in servant, cleaning lady and maid. I felt defeated. It had been almost a year since I had been laid off. My hopes of returning to a computer career lessened with each passing day. My thoughts were interrupted by a series of chimes coming from the speakers. I hadn’t noticed that the music had stopped.

A tall woman walked to a small makeshift stage that had been set up at one end of the club.

“Good evening, ladies. Please send your sissies up here to be photographed.”

I turned to Janet who had a serious look on her face.

“Get up there and be quick about it!” she hissed.

I stood up and minced to the stage along with the other similarly dressed sissies. Each sissy took his place on the stage. Three pictures were taken. The first was from the front. The second was from the front but with the sissy holding up the hem of his dress and petticoat to reveal his panties. The third photo was without a wig to insure everyone knew who he really was. After the three pictures were taken, each sissy curtsied and was then allowed to go back to his table and rejoin his sponsor.

“You did very well, Christine. Have another drink”

I emptied my glass and the waitress came over and gave us both a refill. The champagne made me feel good. The soft music started up again.

“Come with me,” said Janet as she got up and led me out on the floor.

“I don’t know about this, Janet.”

“Just relax and follow my lead.”

I took the feminine position; she led me slowly around the floor, then back to our table.

“That wasn’t so hard, was it?”

“No. I guess not.”

“You seem to adapt to the feminine position in dancing very well, but you still are a little stiff and tense. You have to relax more.”

I looked down at my pretty pink nails holding the champagne glass and tried to tell myself there was a way out of this. I took another swallow, then looked over at Janet.

“That’s because I’m not used to being the girl. I’m a man and always have been. Some things just can’t be changed by a night or two of role reversal. I am going to see the doctor just before Thanksgiving. Then I will be able to get out of this situation and back to normal.”

Janet drained her glass and set it down in front of her.

“Why of course, Christine. Finish your champagne and I’ll take you home.”

I drank the last of the bubbly and we left the club.

I was feeling a little giddy by the time we got home and I took her arm as we walked to the elevator.

Once inside, she followed me into the bedroom and helped me undress.

“Slip into this. You will sleep better.”

From a box on the dresser she removed a pink baby doll set. After taking off my lingerie, I stepped into the dark pink satin panty bottom. Then Janet slipped the light pink chiffon top over my head.

“There. Sweet dreams, my sissy maid.”

She went back to her room as I pulled back the pink chiffon bedspread and satin sheet. I crawled in and pulled the bedding up to my chin. The feel of the satin bedding and the satin panty on my smooth skin made me feel so good. I felt safe and secure in my pink cocoon. I closed my eyes and almost immediately fell asleep.

I slept soundly and woke up Sunday morning feeling very refreshed. I pushed the covers back and swung my legs over to the floor. I ran my hands down both legs and marveled at how smooth and feminine the waxing had made them look and feel. I slipped my feet into a pair of four-inch heel fuzzy slippers Janet had left and walked into the bathroom. I slid my panties down as I sat down to pee. It was automatic, like I had done this all my life. When I finished, I washed my hands and walked into the kitchen to find Janet sipping coffee at the table. She looked up at me and smiled at me.

“Enjoy your beauty sleep, Christine?”

“Very much so,” I replied.

“I just *love* you in pink. Those heels really make your legs look great. I should make you wear miniskirts when you clean but the other girls might get jealous.”

I made some toast and after I finished eating, I went into my bedroom to change. I made a shocking discovery. The closet was empty except for the black and pink maid uniform and my pink work uniform. My dresser drawers were empty except for the pink bra, pink panty and pink cotton socks I wore with my work uniform. The small attaché case with all my personal papers was also missing. I walked back to the kitchen to confront Janet. She was trying to feign interest in the paper as she sipped her coffee. She looked up as I entered.

“Something wrong?” she asked.

“Wrong? Yeah, I’d say there’s something wrong. Where the hell are my clothes?”

“Settle down, Christine! You’re not being very courteous and you should always speak to me in a respectful tone. A maid should know her proper place.”

“A maid? My proper place? I’m not your servant here. You invited me here to help me out. I just went along with the physical changes to please you in the hopes it would enhance our lovemaking. I wore the work uniform to help you out of a couple of jams when

you were short of help. I had no intention of this becoming anything other than a short-term thing. Once I got my career back on track, I wouldn't need the part-time cleaning work you gave me."

She smirked as she sipped the last of her coffee.

"I wouldn't worry about having a career in computers any more. Come with me."

I followed her into the living room. "Sit on the couch. I have some things I want you to see."

I sat down as she walked over to the wall and pushed a picture aside, revealing a small safe. She spun the dials and removed a brown envelope and a VCR tape. After putting the tape in the machine, she sat next to me.

I watched myself for about twenty minutes. I was sitting in a pink bubble bath, putting on lingerie, clothes and makeup as well as prancing about in that black and gold gown I had purchased recently. When the tape went black, she rewound it and took it out of the machine.

After opening the envelope, she handed me some sharp and clear 8x10 photos of me in various stages of dressing and undressing in my feminine apparel. The last three were taken the previous night at the club. I did recall the uniformed person at the door handing her an envelope before we left but I guess the champagne had made me forget about it.

"Enjoying what you see, my dear sweet sissy maid, Christine? In case you don't, you might be interested to know these and a few more are on a password-protected file on my computer. I'm sure you wouldn't want them e-mailed to any of the prospective employers you have sent resumes to. Worse yet, maybe I'll just put them on a website and the whole world will be aware of your fondness for feminine apparel, servitude and becoming a proper 'lady'."

I was stunned to say the least. I handed her the photos back and looked down.

"I guess this means you aren't going anywhere?" I nodded.

"What about my papers?"

"I will be making some changes to them and then you will get them back in short order. Now get dressed in your work uniform, and put on some blusher and lipstick."

"Am I going out on another job?" "No. Not today. Today we are going shopping! We are going to get you a wardrobe befitting a proper sissy maid. Aren't you excited, Christine?"

I said nothing as I walked to the bedroom to get dressed. Her laughter was still ringing in my ears as I dressed, then sat in front of the vanity and applied my makeup.

We arrived at the mall just before nine and Janet parked at the rear of a major women's department store. The mall stores didn't open until ten but after Janet rang the buzzer at the rear door, it was unlocked by one of the employees. We walked straight to the lingerie section.

"Take off your uniform, Christine, so you can be measured."

I did so and the saleslady measured my bust, waist and hips. After taking my measurements, I was outfitted with a basic selection of foundation garments as well as several dozen panties in white as well as pastel colors. Next, Janet picked out a variety of slips, camisoles, half-slips and of course several dozen packages of pantyhose and stockings. In the shoe department, I removed my sneakers and cotton socks and was measured to find my correct shoe size. I tried several pairs on before getting the right size. Janet picked out three styles of pumps and one style of sandals. There were both three- and four-inch heels in a variety of colors.

Janet decided on one of each and we headed for the clothing department while the clerk put the shoes and lingerie on a cart. Except for one pair of hot pink stirrup pants and one pair of hot pink jeans, the rest of the clothing consisted of dresses, skirts and blouses. A raincoat and a dozen purses rounded out the wardrobe. After a stop at the jewelry counter where she picked out numerous pairs of pierced and clip-on earrings, a couple of bracelets and two matching single strand necklaces.

The final stop was the cosmetic counter where Janet picked out a dozen lipsticks, bottles of matching nail color, palettes of blusher, brushes, skin care products, several packages of press on nails, containers of bubble bath, body powder, ladies' deodorant as well as several small bottles of perfume. A curling iron, nail dryer, blow dryer, a box of curlers and several hairnets rounded out the purchase.

The clerks were all smiles as they rang up my purchases. Janet handed me a pen and I signed my name to my charge cards. One of them was maxed out and the other was within thirty dollars of the max. The girls helped us carry everything out to the van. I sat in silence as we went back to the condo.

After unloading everything and putting the boxes in my bedroom, we ate a light lunch and got started on putting things away. She showed me how the vanity should be stocked first, how I was to use the various products as well as the nail care implements, eyelash curler and tweezers.

"Where is the polish remover?" I innocently inquired.

"I'll keep that with me. I'll let you know when I want you to use a different shade."

The clothing came next. After the tags were removed, each item was placed on a pink plastic hanger, then hung in the closet. The shoes were unboxed and placed on racks on the closet floor. The lingerie was last. Each item was unwrapped and placed in a dresser drawer. Panties, garter belts and hosiery went in the first drawer. Slips, half-slips and camisoles were put in the second drawer. Foundation garments went in the third and nightgowns and baby doll sets were placed in the fourth. A bar of perfumed soap was also put in each drawer. Finally, we were done.

"Now, let's go into the living room and have a little chat."

I followed her out to the living room.

"Sit on the couch."

She was barking instructions more like a drill sergeant than a woman. I sat down and she stood over me.

“You are mine! I own you. If you don’t think so, just remember the tape and photos you saw this morning. From now on, you are my sissy maid Christine and you will follow my instructions precisely. You will speak only when spoken to and you will always be respectful by curtsying when entering and leaving my presence as well as always addressing me as Mistress Janet. Do I make myself clear?”

I was taken aback by her suddenly aggressive and sharp tone of voice but was compelled to give only one answer.

“Yes, Mistress Janet.”

“Good. I will leave instructions for you each morning as to what you are to do. Also, your work schedule will be made out a month in advance. You will keep this apartment immaculate. You will dust, vacuum, clean the windows, mirrors, scrub and wax floors according to the cleaning schedule I will give you. You will prepare and serve meals at the time I dictate. When I am finished, you will clear the table, and then you may eat in the kitchen. When you are finished, clean up everything afterwards. Study your serving manual so when I entertain guests, you will not make any serving blunders to embarrass me. You will launder and iron my clothes plus your own the way I tell you. I will check your appearance before taking you out to the job site as well as periodically throughout the day when working or here at home.

“You will always wear makeup and be sweetly scented because you will never know when I may come back to check on you. Stick to the chores I have outlined for you and maintain the exact appearance standards I set forth, if you know what’s good for you. I will determine what hairstyle or wig you will wear, what makeup scheme to use, what perfume to wear and what clothes you will wear on any given day, whether you are working on my job site or here at home. You will continue to take your pills and report to Dr. Evans as she sees fit. You will also stick to an exercise regime to keep yourself trim and within the height-weight standards I taped to the console of your treadmill. I will NOT tolerate insubordination or improper conduct by you at any time, whether here at home or at one of the job sites. Is everything I have just explained to you VERY clear, maid Christine?”

I felt as if all of the masculine will I ever possessed had been drained from my body. I looked up at her. Her usual soft smiling face had been replaced by the harsh look of a dominant woman in charge. Her eyes had narrowed to mere slits as she delivered the speech, which sounded like it came from a woman possessed. Her words came spitting from her mouth like venom from a poisonous reptile.

“Yes, Mistress Janet. Everything is very clear.” The words had barely squeaked out of my mouth.

“Good. I’m glad you understand. Always remember your place. Now stand up and close your eyes.”

I did so and seconds later, she slapped me across the face, first with the left hand and then the right. I felt like my eyeballs were rattling around inside my head. I put my hands to my face and she slapped them away.

“Keep your hands at your side, maid Christine. That was a warning. It could have been worse. Now, go to your room, get undressed, shower, brush your teeth, powder yourself,

put on a nightgown and go to bed. Set your alarm for six AM. Get plenty of rest. You are going to need your strength everyday from now on. The life of a sissy maid is a very demanding one. I can't afford to have you fail to perform to my expectations, now can I?"

"No, Mistress Janet," I answered.

I turned away from her bedroom. I sense that fear-given me still back.

I undressed pink shower justing the wa- I stepped in dle spray me. I picked up lathered my-smell of the drifted up with hot water. I calm after her physical out-soap back in and let the off. I shut off moved my put it on the stepped out of with a large dried off.

I walked room and the full-length back of the let the towel at my reflec- in the mirror pretty, very cept for one lit-

course, "little" tive word. My empty scrotum had shrunk quite a bit and my penis was hardly visible. I pushed them both under my legs and with my fully developed breasts, I was now looking at a complete woman. I wondered how far down the road actually being one would be. I turned away, walked over to the vanity and powdered my self down with perfumed dust-



and walked towards my could almost ful look she had staring at my

and put on my cap. After ad- ter temperature, and let the nee- bounce off of the soap and self. The sweet perfumed soap the steam of the was strangely verbal and burst. I put the the receptacle spray rinse me the water, re- shower cap and showerhead. I the shower and pink bath towel,

into the bed- stood in front of mirror on the bedroom door. I drop and stared tion. The image was that of a feminine girl ex- tle detail of being the opera-

ing powder. Then I selected a blue baby doll set from my dresser and put it on. I picked the towel up from the floor and placed it on the rack to dry. After brushing my teeth, I set my alarm for six, then crawled between my pink satin sheets and went to sleep.

I slept soundly, like a baby as they say. When the alarm went off, I got up, put on my high heel slippers, and walked into the kitchen. I passed two large boxes on the living room floor. She must have been keeping them in her room or in the basement storage.

On the kitchen table was a list of things for me to do. I was to wake her at seven and serve rolls and coffee at seven-thirty. I was to wear my pink work uniform and the apron she had laid out on the kitchen table. I walked back to the bedroom and got dressed. I applied pink lipstick, blusher; after a squirt of perfume behind each ear, I returned to the kitchen and donned the pink apron with white ruffles. The black letters across the front of the apron read "Sissy Maid Christine."

I plugged the coffee pot in, placed the rolls on a plate in the microwave and set a single place setting on the kitchen table. I was hungry myself but I knew I could not eat until she



was finished.

While the coffee perked, I walked back into the living room and examined the two boxes. The instructions she had left said I couldn't open them until she had left for work but there was no harm in looking them over. The boxes had a return address for a company I had never heard of. The larger of the two was about 48" long by 36" wide and maybe 24" deep. The smaller of the two was about half as big. I was curious what was inside but wouldn't dare open it until she had left for work.

Janet got up at seven and, after getting dressed, she came into the kitchen.

"Good morning, Mistress Janet." I curtsied even though I was wearing my pink pantsuit.

"Good morning, maid Christine. You needn't curtsy when you are wearing pants, only when you are in your serving or cleaning dresses."

"Yes, Mistress Janet," I replied. I poured her a glass of orange juice and set it in front of her. I set the mi-

crowave for sixty seconds to heat the rolls, then I set the plate in front of her and stood back. When she finished eating, I poured her a cup of coffee and stepped back to wait further instructions. Shortly she stood up.

“Here is your list for the day.” She handed me a single sheet of paper and then turned around and walked out the door.

The first item on the list was to clean up the kitchen. I made myself some toast and had a cup of coffee. I did the dishes and swept the floors.

Number two was to open the boxes in the living room.

I took a box cutter out of the utility drawer and went into the living room. I opened the large box first.

There were three satin puff sleeve French maid costumes similar to the black and pink ones already in my closet. They were in red, royal blue, and jade green. I left the plastic covers on them, took them into the bedroom and hung them in my closet. The next three dresses were black. The first was a short sleeve sheath with a knee-length hemline. The second was a short sleeve A-line dress with the same length hemline and the last was a long sleeve, floor-length dress.

I hung all three along side the five mini-dresses. At the bottom of the box were three white aprons with ruffles along the sides.

The first was a slender one to be worn with the sheath dress, the second had a broader bottom to be worn with the A-line and the last was a floor-length apron. In addition, I found a large white maid’s cap and three smaller ones in colors to match the mini-dresses. I put the aprons on hangers next to the dresses and placed the caps on the shelf above them.

I cut the large box up and set it aside.

I slit open the remaining box and found one pair of black knee-high block heel boots and four pair of five-inch stiletto leather pumps in colors to match the mini-dresses and the one maxi-dress. There were three bra/panty/garter belt sets in the same colors as well.

I tried the shoes and boots on and they all fit but I had my doubts about the five-inch heels versus the four-inch heels I had worn before. The invoice had my charge card number. I began to wonder how I was going to make the minimum payments with the sporadic work at eight dollars an hour I had been getting. I put the shoes in the floor rack under the maid uniforms. I cut up the small box, then put both of them near the recycling basket in the laundry room.

The third item on the list instructed me to put on the five-inch heel black leather pumps and walk for thirty minutes on the treadmill. I removed my pink sneakers and pink cotton socks, put on a pair of knee-high nylon stockings, and then slipped on the stilettos. It’s hard to describe how a single inch can make that much of a difference but it took some getting used to. I had barely mastered the four-inch heels that night at the club but this would take a lot more practice. I kept the speed low and spent forty minutes instead of thirty, making sure I could stay balanced as I practiced my mincing, effeminate walk. When I was through, I changed back into my cotton socks and sneakers.

Number four on the list was to eat a light lunch at noon and be ready for work at twelve-thirty. I fixed myself a sandwich and opened a can of diet soda. When I finished, I applied some additional blusher and lipstick and sat down to watch TV until Janet came by to pick me up.

Promptly at twelve-thirty, Janet came in and I shut the TV off. I stood still in front of her, as she looked me over.

“Did you like what was in the boxes, Maid Christine?”

“Oh yes, of course. I found the contents to be delightful.”

“Good. I’m glad you did. You’re going to be spending a lot of time in them. This evening, after you’re through working, I’ll have you wear each one for me so I can see how well they fit you. Now we have things to do, so let’s go.”

I followed her out to the car. We arrived at a state office building a few minutes later and went inside. After filling out the required forms, I was photographed and presented with a new driver’s license. I looked at the young girl smiling at me from the card and couldn’t believe it was really me in the picture. What was even more difficult was the “F” in the box for sex.

Shortly, she dropped me off at an office building where I met Myrna again and we began cleaning. It was close to midnight when we finished and Janet drove me back to the condo.

Once inside, she began going through the mail while I took a quick shower.

When I finished, I wrapped a towel around me and walked into the bedroom where she was putting several wigs on their stands. She set them on the shelf in the closet.

“I picked these up while you were working. Put the black one on along with your green lingerie with the green maid dress and green pumps.”

She walked back to the living room and I began dressing. A few minutes later, I walked into the living room and paraded back and forth in front of her with one hand on my hip.

“Stop in front of me,” she commanded.

I did so and curtsied.

“Very good, Maid Christine. Please twirl for me.”

I did so and she smiled broadly.

“The tailor did a great job.” She grabbed the hem of the dress and petticoat, then yanked it up to examine my lingerie. “The lingerie fits you well also. Now go into the bedroom and change into the blue one.”

I curtsied and returned to my room. I changed quickly and returned to parade and curtsy once again. After she nodded her approval, I changed into the red one and repeated the routine.

“Excellent! Now change into a black body briefer and model the three black dresses for me, please.”

A few minutes later, I returned wearing the black sheath, then the black A-line with black pumps and finally the black cleaning dress with the black boots. She was all smiles as I curtsied for the last time.

“Pay attention. Here’s a little trick to help you so I won’t have to zip and unzip you all the time.”

She held up a large safety pin. Through the eye at the top, she tied a long shoelace.

“Before you put your dress on, hook the pin through the eye of the zipper and close the pin. After you put the dress on, reach around behind you, grab the shoelace and bring it over your shoulder. Hold the base of the zipper, pull on the shoelace and the zipper will come right up. Then unhook the safety pin. Reverse the procedure when you take the dress off.

“Got it?”

I nodded and took the pin from her.

“There is a box of small candles in the left drawer of your vanity. Once a month, take a candle and rub it along the teeth of the zipper on both sides of all your dresses. This will serve as a lubricant since petroleum spray lubes are harder to control and may stain the garment.”

“Yes, Mistress Janet.”

“Put on your blue baby doll and go to bed. I’ll have another list for you tomorrow.”

“Yes, Mistress Janet.” I curtsied and left the room.

I slept soundly. I had become accustomed to the softness of the nightgowns and the satin sheets. I really felt like I was in a feminine cocoon; each day I would get up and a pretty girl would emerge.

I was awake before the alarm went off, so I got up and pushed the button in. I stepped into my four-inch heel fuzzy slippers and put on my pink chiffon robe. I checked my appearance in the vanity mirror in case Janet was already up.

I walked into the kitchen and read her note. After plugging in the coffee pot, I returned to my room and dressed in my pink cotton work uniform. Back in the kitchen, I donned my pink ruffled apron and set the table.

I heard her alarm go off as the toast popped up. She took her seat at the table as I poured her orange juice and set the toast in front of her. When she was finished, I cleared the table and put the dishes in the sink.

“Dr. Evans wants to see you at eleven-thirty this morning. I will pick you up at eleven. Using the delicate cycle, wash ALL your lingerie. Anything new is dirty. Use the light dry cycle on the dryer and check it every five minutes or so. Lingerie is delicate, so be careful. When you are finished, do mine. See you at eleven.”

She walked out and, after washing and drying the breakfast dishes, I started on the lingerie. I kept the loads small and was finished with putting everything away just a few minutes before Janet returned at eleven.

She checked the mail, then we left. I walked behind her as we entered the clinic. At the desk, Janet checked us in and we sat down in the reception area. A nurse came back shortly.

“Christine Knoll?”

She smiled broadly as I walked past her, leaving Janet to her magazine. I followed the nurse back to one of the exam rooms. Once inside, she handed me a hospital gown.

“Put this on and get up on the exam table. The doctor will be in shortly.”

I undressed and put my clothes on a chair. The room seemed cool as I slipped the gown on and sat on the exam table. I was more than a little apprehensive, thinking about what was going to happen today when my thoughts were interrupted by a knock on the door and Dr. Evans walked in.

She smiled as she set my chart down on the desk.

“Good morning!” How are you today, Christine? You certainly are looking good!”

She laughed as I was about to speak.

She pulled on a pair of latex gloves, then raised my gown up to examine my breasts.

“Very nice! The last time you were here, you were just beginning to bud, as they say. Now look at you! You’re a near perfect 38C! Very nice development, if I say so myself!”

I felt betrayed. The one person I thought I could trust was a member of the medical profession and she had let me down.

“Dr. Evans, this wasn’t supposed to happen! My name is Chris and I’m not a woman. I am a man! Can’t you see that I...”

She cut me off with a wave of her hand.

“Don’t be ridiculous! I can see very little of you being a man down there.”

She laughed out loud.

“You have shriveled up quite nicely. That will make the next step so much easier!”

“What do you mean by ‘the next step’?”

She pulled the gown back down and gave me that big smile again.

“Don’t worry about a thing. Janet and her friends have been working with us here at the clinic for many years and we haven’t had any problems with her selections, nor have there been any complaints once her subjects have transitioned. Now roll over on your side.”

I did so and, after the cool swab of alcohol on my buttocks started to fade, I felt the sting of the needle.

“Just a booster to keep you girlie soft and smooth”

I rolled back over and saw her put the large needle down.

“Take off you gown and stand up.”

I followed her instructions. She removed her gloves and made some notes on the chart.

“Keep taking your meds and continue with your exercise routines. By the way, you have a great butt! Now get dressed while I talk to Janet. Come out front when you are ready. See you in six months!”

She left the exam room and I put my clothes back on. I walked out to the reception area where Janet was talking to the nurse at the counter.

“The doctor is very pleased with your progress and so am I. Let’s have lunch, then I’ll take you to work.”

I followed her out to the car without saying anything. There was nothing I could say at this point that would make any difference. My fate was sealed.

The next two months went by very quickly. I was now working full-time as a cleaning lady in her business and there wasn’t much left of my check after making my two charge account payments. I worked evenings so my days were free to clean the condo and do the laundry. Occasionally, I served Janet and her friends when they came over for coffee in the afternoon. Some evenings, they would come over for wine and girl talk.

It became the natural thing for me to get up in the morning, dress in lingerie, apply my makeup, then dress in whatever feminine apparel I was required to wear that day. I had become used to walking in those stilettos as well as to the motions and mannerisms that all sissies are required to learn in their department training.

I was keeping my elbows in, letting my hands dangle at the wrist, smoothing my skirt or dress before sitting down, crossing my legs in just the right manner, speaking in a softer, more melodious voice as well as wearing my hair in the style she chose or a wig. Of course, I also wore the proper makeup scheme for each day.

Janet was quite pleased that I had taken to all this in such a short period of time, unlike some of her previous “subjects,” as she called them.

I found myself unable to even think of how I was going to get out of this. I simply had to accept the fact that I was going to have a life of servitude ahead of me, *feminine* servitude at that. I became quite content in my femininity and continued to provide the services that Janet required. My reward, if you can call it that, was to be able to make the minimum payments on my charge cards.

I was also being given trips to the beauty shop where the staff was always glad to see me. I enjoyed being pampered at the shop and at home where each day I powdered, perfumed and made myself up before going to work or being uniformed to serve at home. I had lost the desire to do anything manly or even think about what had been a normal masculine way of life. The medication had taken its toll, both psychologically and physically.

Janet entertained several of her clients at home just before the holidays. I was dressed in the red satin mini-dress and heels. She replaced the maid’s cap with a larger red satin sissy bow and required me to use bright red rouge, lipstick and nail color. The women had a very festive afternoon.

Christmas day I had off and Janet presented me with a dozen or so newer bras to replace the ones I started with since I had begun to “blossom” more than she or Dr. Evans had anticipated. I spent the day washing my new lingerie and modeling the bra and panty sets for her enjoyment.

I had a funny feeling about what the next year would bring, but it was just that, a feeling. Maybe you could call it feminine intuition, even though I wasn't a woman. I happened to see a notation on a notepad at her computer station when I was cleaning.

I booted up and checked out the website. "Sissymaids4you" was the title but access was with password only. I tried a couple of guesses, only to be denied. Then I recalled hearing her on the phone talking to a girlhood friend. The nickname she had in high school was "Pickles" apparently because of her affection for dill pickles. I typed in "pickles" and was granted access.

I was shocked at what I found. There was a gallery of pictures of men who had been transformed into sissy maids. There was a before and after photo showing each man's remarkable transformation. Under each photo were the maid's name and an availability date. Some had the word "Sold" in place of the date. SOLD! I couldn't believe it. There was a brief description of the process by which men were selected, feminized, sissified and trained to be maids. "Satisfaction guaranteed!" was at the bottom of the home page. I was stunned.

I turned page after page and was amazed at what I saw. I felt a pang of fear when I approached the letter "K" but, sure enough, there I was. The "before" picture was a headshot of me at one of our first luncheon dates and the "after" picture was one taken at the club of me on stage in my pink uniform with my dress up, showing off my pink lingerie. My availability date was January 1st, next year, only a week away! I exited the website and continued the rest of my cleaning.

I found it hard to concentrate. It was bad enough to be seduced, feminized and trained into servitude; to be sold like some commodity was unthinkable in this day and age but the website was absolute proof of what was going on.

The phone rang, interrupting my thoughts.

"Owens residence, Maid Christine speaking."

"This is Janet. Have you finished cleaning?"

"Yes, Mistress Janet."

"Good. Bring up all those folded-up boxes from the storage area. I will be home shortly."

"Yes, I will".

I hung up the phone and went to the basement storage area where I loaded up the folded cartons on a dolly, then brought them up to the condo. I stacked them in the middle of the living room floor. I had a knot in the pit of my stomach. I wasn't sure what was going to happen but I had a feeling I would find out soon enough and I wouldn't like the outcome.

Shortly, the door opened and in came Janet, followed by another woman. She was middle-aged and wore a brown pantsuit and brown boots. Her hair was cut short and she wore no makeup.

"Maid Christine, this is Mistress Ellen from San Diego."

I held out my hand, dangling at the wrist and gave her my best effeminate dead fish handshake as she stepped forward.

"I'm pleased to meet you, Mistress Ellen," I said.

She dropped my handshake, stood close, examined my face, then walked behind me.

"Drop your pants, sissy maid!" she commanded.

I was a bit flustered but slid my pants down. She ran her hands over my hair free smooth legs, patted my buttocks and then ordered:

"Open your blouse, then raise your arms, sissy maid!"

I did so right away, afraid of not obeying her. She placed her hands under my bra cups and gave them a slight squeeze. She slid one finger up and down my face and neck, then under my arms.

"Not a feather on him anywhere. Excellent!"

She put the palm of her hand against my groin and pushed in slightly.

"Hardly anything there at all, no wonder you were so highly recommended! Pull up your pants and button up, sissy maid. I'm through."

The woman turned from me and walked with Janet to the dining room.

"I'll take her," she said.

Janet smiled as she handed the woman several forms and my attaché case.

"Just sign here and here on the forms, give me a check and we're all set!"

The woman signed the forms, then made out a check and handed it to Janet.

"A pleasure doing business with you," smiled Janet as she accepted the check. "I'll have her ready for pickup at your convenience."

The woman glanced back at me and smiled.

"I want her to start for me as soon as possible. I'll have a truck here in the morning to pick up her things and I will pick her up about two."

"That will be fine. I'll see to it that she is ready."

The two shook hands and Janet saw the woman to the door.

I had just witnessed my own sale into servitude. I stood there, unable to say anything, totally surprised at what had just happened. Janet came back and waved the check in the air. I didn't know the amount of course, but it was clear *this* was why she was living so well, not her successful cleaning business.

She booted up her computer; without looking at what she was doing, I knew that "Sold" was now under my picture on her website. When she finished, she came over and stood in front of me with that big grin on her face.

"You no longer belong to me. You are now the property of Mistress Ellen of San Diego. As you heard, she will pick you up at two tomorrow afternoon. There is a roll of two-inch tape in the utility drawer. Go get it. While I start putting the boxes together, pack all your clothes and uniforms in them. Leave your pink uniform in the closet and don't pack the

nightgown you will wear to bed tonight. Leave out your pink bra, panties, cotton socks, sneakers and that pink pair of stirrup pants, as well as one pink blouse to wear tomorrow afternoon for your trip to San Diego. Now get busy!”

Janet taped together several boxes. I began putting my lingerie in one, shoes in another, uniforms, dresses, skirts, blouses in two others and my cosmetics and wigs in the last one. When I finished, I watched as Janet taped the boxes shut.

“Now take a shower and get into your nightgown.”

I walked to the bedroom, removed my clothing and put my pink uniform in the closet. I placed my lingerie on top of the dresser. I put on my pink shower cap, turned on the water and adjusted the temperature. I stepped inside and watched the rivulets of water cascade over my breasts and down my soft and silky feminized body. I thought about crying but it would not make me feel any better. I soaped myself down with perfumed soap. When I finished, I rinsed and dried myself off. I powdered myself with perfumed body powder, then stood in front of the full-length mirror on the bathroom door and examined myself.

Removing my pink shower cap, I tossed my head and let my now shoulder-length hair cascade down. In the mirror was no longer a man or a woman but a carefully crafted sissy maid. I turned away and put on my nightgown and four-inch heel fuzzy slippers.

Janet came into the bedroom holding a glass of wine in each hand. She handed me one.

“This will help you sleep better. You have a long day tomorrow. Here’s to you, Sissy Maid Christine!”

I drank the glass down quickly and got into bed. In my pink cocoon, I quickly drifted off to sleep.

The next day after breakfast, I watched two men load the boxes of clothing into a van and drive off. I prepared lunch for Janet and myself, then I watched some TV while Janet left for an appointment.

About two, Mistress Ellen arrived and I followed her out to her car. She pulled out of the parking lot, and on to the main street.

As we passed the tennis courts, I saw Janet out there with a young man. I knew I should probably have jumped out and tried to warn him but I didn’t.

A few minutes later, we were on the freeway and headed south to San Diego. The sun was shining brightly on this first day of my new life. It would be as a maid for life.

THE END