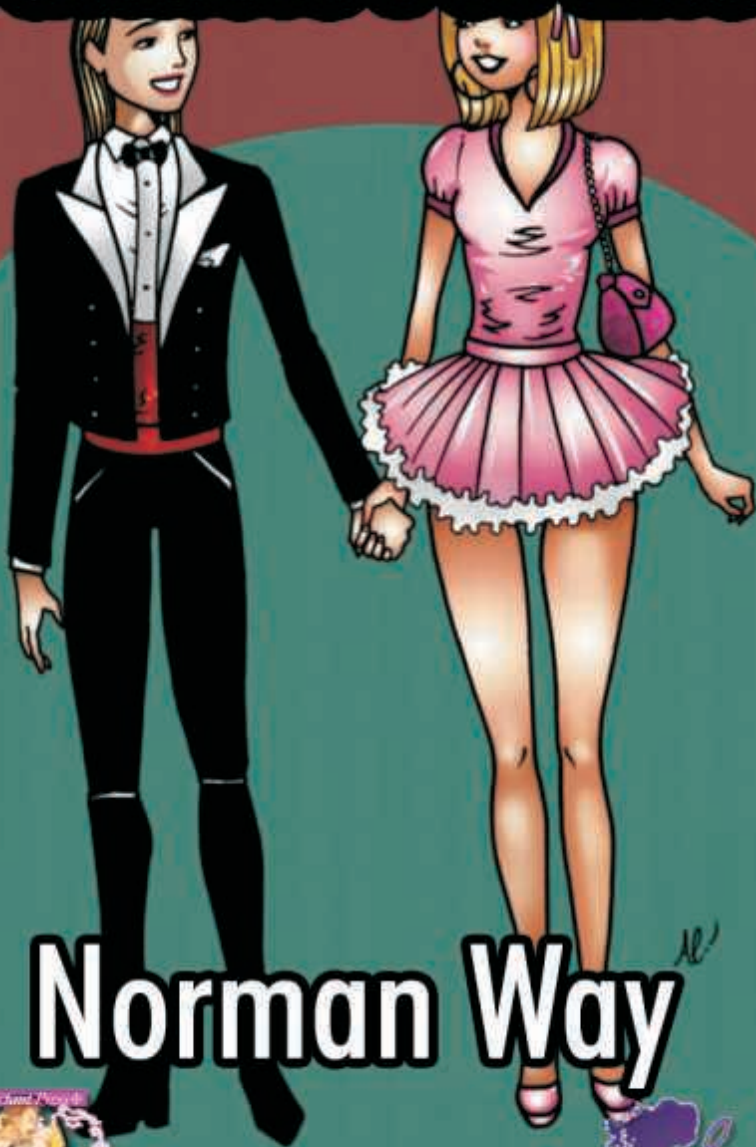


# Partners For Life



# Norman Way



A "New Woman" Novel



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# PARTNERS FOR LIFE

**By Norman Way**

I guess it would be honest to say that I had been leading a hum-drum existence. Nothing out of the ordinary had ever happened to me. Like most people I was going down the path of life with no real purpose or goals.

School was boring the shit out of me. I was no genius by any stretch of the imagination but I didn't have to spend a lot of time "cracking the books" so to speak. The teachers found me to be a "pleasant person and a good, though seemingly unmotivated student."

My parents had split when I was very young and I had only vague memories of my dad. Mom had quite a struggle at first but finished her nurses' training. She was now working for a large clinic and earning a good living.

I started working as soon as I turned sixteen. After a year in a burger joint I got a job at a private club. Working weekends part-time and full time summers I made more in tips in my first six months than I had made at the burger joint in nearly a year. I hustled my ass off and it paid big dividends.

With a down payment from mom for a decent used car I was making all my expenses with enough left over for a social life. I wasn't an athlete but was reasonably good looking though shy around girls. Being the quiet type I didn't have any close friends but I enjoyed the few dates I had between work and school.

Two weeks after losing my virginity following the Senior Prom my date was killed by a drunk driver. It was my first confrontation with death. I went to the funeral home for the short service. It was a closed casket service as there had been a fire after the collision she was in. I was sort of lost as I didn't know anybody there except her parents so after paying my respects following the service I left.

I had registered for college in January and signed up for a few general courses to get into the swing of things at the college level. I continued to work full time at the club during the summer and then cut back to part time once classes started.

After a month of classes I was invited to a freshman mixer at one of the sorority houses. It was there that I met Martha DeWalt, the woman who would change my life. She was taller than I was and had an athletic build.

From the moment she introduced herself she seemed to take charge of me. She gave me a drink and ushered me over to a table. Sitting next to me we made polite conversation but she seemed to lead our chat by asking ques-

tions about me while not giving out a lot of information about her self.

It sounds odd I guess but I felt very comfortable with her, almost secure you might say despite her being the assertive one. I almost got the feeling that if we were dancing to some romantic music she would be leading as opposed to my leading my prom date around the dance floor.

We made a date for pizza and soft drinks two weeks from that night. I left the mixer feeling good and flattered about being able to date someone like her especially in view of the fact that she was three years older than I was.

I found college level courses to be more demanding but I handled them with ease. Following our first date I continued to see Martha now and then. I had a few dates with other girls in my classes but I always looked forward to seeing Martha.

I seemed to feel more comfortable around her than the other girls. She wasn't "catty" or "chatty" and our conversations had more to do with business courses and the current state of economic affairs or the environment. Neither one of us cared much for TV or the movies so our dates were more along the lines of dinner and some good conversation.

As her graduation date approached we had more of our dates at sidewalk cafes or near the park. The milder weather was preferable to the chilly winters Minnesota is known for. When I asked about her plans following graduation she shrugged and said she was hoping to get into the financial business but didn't seem interested in giving any details.

May was a hectic month with everybody cramming for finals. Of course we both passed our exams with flying colors. I registered for the following fall while she be-

gan sending out resumes for a job. I had no doubt she would be employed in no time at all. She was not only beautiful but smart and her assertiveness would be a definite asset in pursuing a career in the dog eat dog financial world.

There were numerous parties the week after finals. Some were celebrating graduation while others like my self were celebrating a three month break from classes. Others of course merely got together to consume alcohol, pizza, and get laid.

Martha invited me to her apartment to celebrate her graduation the Sunday after finals. I wouldn't have to work at the club until the next weekend so I accepted. I thought about a graduation gift but I knew she was from an affluent family and with my limited budget I wasn't sure what I should get her so I bought a bottle of expensive wine instead.

When I arrived at her apartment she was dressed casually in a sleeveless blouse and denim mini skirt. She had always worn slacks or a pantsuit on our dates so this was a bit of a surprise. I handed her the bottle of wine and she took it over to the bar.

After opening it she poured two glasses half full and walked over to where I was sitting on the couch. She sat down next to me as she handed me my glass. She seemed to be looking me over in a rather odd way, like she was sizing me up or something.

We talked for awhile as we drank our wine. "Drink up," she said as she got up and brought the bottle back to refill our glasses. I took several gulps before she returned to fill the glass back to half full again.

I had never cared much for alcohol but this was a social occasion and I didn't see any harm in drinking just two half glasses of the sweet tasting wine. We continued

to talk and shortly I felt very warm. She seemed to sense it and leaned in to kiss me hard.

When we broke she took the glass from my hand and then led me to her bedroom. We were out of our clothes in no time. Standing in front of her she seemed to tower over me. She wrapped her arms around me and kissed me hard. I felt myself getting erect. She stopped and took a condom from the vanity and slipped it over my erect penis.

Later as we lay panting together on her bed I thought about how we had reversed the normal male-female roles. She had seduced me and been the aggressor in our love-making. It may have been unmanly but I had to admit I had enjoyed being in what was by all accounts the "feminine position."

She propped her head up with her left arm and with her right finger ran it over my chest

"You have very smooth skin. I like men who keep themselves smooth. You don't have much body hair either but it would be nice if you got rid of it. You also have kept yourself in good shape," she said.

"Mom is an R.N. and we have always been health conscious. We eat healthy and make use of both a treadmill and a stationary bike when we can't go outdoors to jog, bike or walk," I replied.

"I am not surprised, you have great buns. Now get up I want to try something."

We got out of bed. She walked to the vanity and came back with a battery operated clippers in one hand and several sheets of newspaper in the other. After she put the papers on the floor she turned the clippers on and grinned at me.

“Step on the papers please,” Without really knowing why I did as she asked me to.

A few minutes later she shut the clippers off and returned them to the vanity drawer. I looked down at the small amount of my body hair from my arms, underarms, chest and legs that lay in a pile on the newspapers.

“Step off please,” she asked.

I did so and she gathered up the newspapers, crumpled them into a ball and tossed it in the wastebasket.

“Follow me,” she said with a big grin.

In the bathroom she turned on the shower and adjusted the water temperature. From the small cupboard she put on a pink shower cap and then placed one on my head too. She removed my condom and flushed it down the toilet. We stepped in the shower and she soaped us up.

From the soap tray she held up a lady’s razor and shaved my arms, underarms, chest and legs. She replaced the razor in the tray. Holding me tightly to her body she kissed me hard and then ran her hands over my smooth shaven body. I became erect and we coupled again in the shower.

Almost simultaneously we both let out a gasp and I slipped out of her. We stood together for awhile as the warm water cascaded over us. I was completely spent. She held my face in her hands and smiled. After shutting off the water we removed our pink caps, hung them over the faucets and stepped out of the shower.

Wordlessly we dried ourselves off with two large pink, fluffy towels. She took my hand and led me to the full length mirror on her closet door.



“See. You look so smooth and sexy without all that ugly, dirt catching hair. Now come over here to the vanity.”

I followed her to the vanity where she picked up a large jar and removed the lid. She dug a handful of white cream out of it and then handed it to me.

“Grab a handful and smear it on your right leg,” she instructed.

I did so as she did the same with my left leg. Using both hands we rubbed the cream in my legs. Next we did my arms, underarms, and chest. It was then I noticed the cream had a light feminine scent.

“This is to prevent razor burn. Don’t worry about the girly scent it won’t last long,” she said with a grin.

We got into bed and soon both of us were fast asleep.

When I woke up the next morning she wasn’t in bed. I got dressed and found her in the kitchen. She placed a plate of scrambled eggs and two pieces of wheat toast in front of me. I ate ravenously and washed it down with a glass of chilled orange juice.

“Satisfied?” she asked as I wiped my mouth on a napkin.

“100%,” I replied with a grin.

“Good, now help me with the dishes.”

I stood up as she handed me a pink ruffled apron and a pair of pink rubber gloves.

“You wash and I’ll dry,” she said with a smile.

I felt a little silly as I slipped the frilly apron over my head and tied it in the back. After putting on the pink rubber gloves I ran the water in the sink and added the soap.

When we finished she walked me to the door.

“I’d like to do this again some time, would you?”

Of course,” I replied with a grin.

“Good. Then you wouldn’t mind keeping yourself smooth for me?”

Momentarily I thought about her request and though I thought it was a bit odd decided what the hell. After a night like last night what harm could come from keeping my self smooth shaven all over?

“Sure, no problem at all,” I answered.

“Okay, then I will call you later.”

I left her apartment and drove home. That night I looked myself over in the mirror. I didn’t really understand just what she saw in smooth shaven men or me in particular for that matter but I wanted to continue this relationship and if this is what it took to keep her happy then so be it.

Several days later I got home from an afternoon shift at the club to find a package had come for me in the mail. Mom was working nights and hadn’t left a note. When I opened the package I found a ladies multi blade razor, blades, pink shaving gel, and a large jar of cold cream. Inside was a note from Martha:

“You are so sexy when you are smooth and hair free. Keep yourself that way for me please. TTYL, Martha.”

I tossed the wrapper and put the box under my bed. I didn’t want mom to find it and have to explain to her what I was doing with a ladies razor and a jar of face cream.

I got busier at the club over the summer. Martha invited me over for a Fourth of July dinner. It was a Monday and I was off at the club. I showered, shaved myself all over and then after drying off rubbed in the cold cream. I was looking forward to seeing her again.

I bought another bottle of expensive wine and drove to her apartment. She was dressed casually in jeans and a

tee shirt. She took the bottle of wine from me and opened it. After handing me my glass she sat down next to me. With her other hand she ran her finger down my arm and then smiled at me.

"I am so glad you are doing what I asked you too," she grinned. "A lot of men would be upset or even angry."

"Why would they be angry?" I asked.

"Some men think a real man is supposed to be hairy, like a gorilla and with a beard and all."

I shrugged. "I didn't know that but I guess I never thought about something like that, one way or the other."

"I am glad you feel that way," she smiled again. "Drink up and come with me."

I drank the last of the wine in my glass and set it on the end table. She grabbed my hand and led me to her bedroom. After undressing we stood facing each other. She examined my hair free body.

"This really turns me on you know," she smiled as her hands caressed my buttocks.

She wrapped her arms around my waist and pulled me tight against her. We kissed and shortly we were on the bed. Once again she had taken a very aggressive role in our love making. She was essentially in charge and I was following her lead.

"I should have used a condom," I said.

"It's okay. I have already taken precautions as I wanted YOU inside of me not a just a latex covered you. It is far more pleasurable for me and for you too I am sure. However there are a couple of things you could do for me."

"What's that?" I enquired.

"Well first of all had you thought about having kids?"

"Not really. I guess I wanted a life of my own."

"Good, then you wouldn't mind getting a vasectomy?"

"No, I guess not. What's the other thing?"

"You are in good shape but I think you would look better, that is sexier, if you could lose a little weight. Like maybe five pounds or so?"

I thought I had maintained a good weight for my 5'6" height but I saw no harm in taking off a few more pounds to please her.

"Sure, no problem," I replied.

She grinned as she pushed me back into the mattress.

"I'm so glad you agree," she said and then kissed me hard.

Later after we had showered and dressed she handed me a small plastic bottle of pills and a business card with a doctor's name on it.

"Take one with ten ounces of cold water one hour before supper every other day. It's an appetite suppressant and you won't feel hungry. Call Dr. Stratton right away and get your vasectomy"

I took the bottle and card from her and put them in my pocket.

"Okay," I answered as we headed for the kitchen.

We finished the wine with dinner and I went home.

Upstairs I took out the bottle and examined one of the capsules. There was no label on the bottle and no markings on the capsules either. I put the bottle in the box under the bed and the card in my wallet.

Before showering that night I looked at myself in the mirror and then stepped on the bathroom scale. I weighed 145 which meant that my BMI was about 23, well below the 25 considered to be overweight.

I decided it wouldn't hurt to do as she asked.

I made an appointment to see Dr. Louise Stratton right away and the next week I was at the clinic for my vasectomy. My medical history was taken and then I went down the hall to one of the exam rooms where I was strapped to the table.

The procedure took only a few minutes

"You can get dressed now. You will have some discomfort for about 24-48 hours. Don't do anything strenuous. Applying an icepack to both sides of your scrotum will reduce the swelling."

I nodded as the doctor and nurse left the room. After I got dressed I drove home. The local anesthetic was wearing off by the time I had undressed in the bathroom.

I examined the small line of stitches on either side of my scrotum. There was some swelling so I applied some ice cubes in a damp washcloth to each side on and off over the next several hours.

The "slight discomfort" I was supposed to feel had been much more than that. Another day passed and I was feeling much better. That night in the shower I noticed that my testes felt funny. They seemed to be firmer than they were before, almost as if they weren't flesh at all.

It was a little over a month until I saw Martha again. I had healed up quickly and felt fine. We had dinner at a very upscale restaurant. She had landed a job with Amundson & Donaldson, a major Twin Cities brokerage firm. I was happy for her even though it meant I might be seeing her less and less often.

After the dinner she drove me back to her apartment. In the bedroom she placed a scale on the floor and she smiled as she saw the numbers: 140lbs right on the nose. I stepped off of the scale. She examined my scrotum and then she measured my chest, waist and hips.

“Do you think you are ready to have sex again?” she asked me.

I was a little apprehensive. I had waited about two weeks after the surgery before masturbating a couple of times. Everything seemed to be okay though I still wondered about the odd feel of my testes.

“Let’s find out,” I answered with a grin.

Once again she initiated our lovemaking and it was as good as it ever was. We got dressed and then at the door she looked at me with that look again.

“I see you got a haircut since we last saw each other?”

“Yes I like to keep it short,” I replied.

“Actually I would like to see you with longer hair. Would you mind letting it grow out for me?”

“Sure, I guess I can.”

She smiled again. “Great, I will call you later.”

I left and went home. I was very curious as to why she had taken my measurements.

School started and I was back in the schedule of classes and less work at the club. I was saving most of my money except for the cost of my pills and vasectomy of course. Martha was busy at work and it wasn’t until the weekend of Halloween that we were both free to see each other.

There was a costume party she wanted me to accompany her to. I asked what kind of costume I should get and she giggled over the phone saying she had something

picked out. It was a little out of the ordinary but she knew I would be up for wearing it to her friends' party.

I wondered just what she was talking about. I guess I would just have to trust her. I had no ill effects from the vasectomy and we were getting along famously in bed so I put it out of my mind. What ever it was it couldn't be that bad just for one night.

Before leaving for her apartment I shaved myself smooth again. I wanted to continue to please her.

When I arrived at Martha's apartment I saw she was dressed in a tuxedo and highly polished black boots. She wasn't wearing any makeup. She grabbed my hand and led me to the bedroom.

"I sure you have heard of a turnabout party haven't you?"

"A what?" I asked.

"A turnabout party. You know where girls go as guys and the guys dress like girls. It's a lot of crazy fun and I just knew you would be up for it."

I didn't know what to say as she held up a pink bra and panties.

"Get undressed and put the lingerie on."

I took off my clothes and stepped into the pink panties. Then Martha slipped two ping pong balls in the bra cups and helped me into it then closed the hooks in the back. The garter belt was next and then the pink seamed hose. I was astounded at how good the stockings and panties felt on my smooth skin.

"Sit at my vanity," she said.

I did so and she applied pink blusher to my cheeks and pink lipstick to my mouth. A shoulder length blonde wig was next topped with a large pink satin bow. After

clipping on a pair of long earrings she applied a set of pink press on nails. It was hard to believe the reflection of the pretty girl in the mirror.

“Okay now for the rest of your costume.”

I got up and she handed me a short pink petticoat. I stepped into it and brought it up to my waist. She unzipped a pink satin short sleeve mini dress and held it up by the hem. I put my arms thru the sleeves and she slipped it over my head and adjusted the hem around the petticoat.

After zipping up the back and engaging the hook at the top she walked to the closet. She brought back a pair of pink patent leather high heel shoes. I wasn't sure about wearing them as they appeared to have four inch stiletto heels and I had never walked in high heels before.

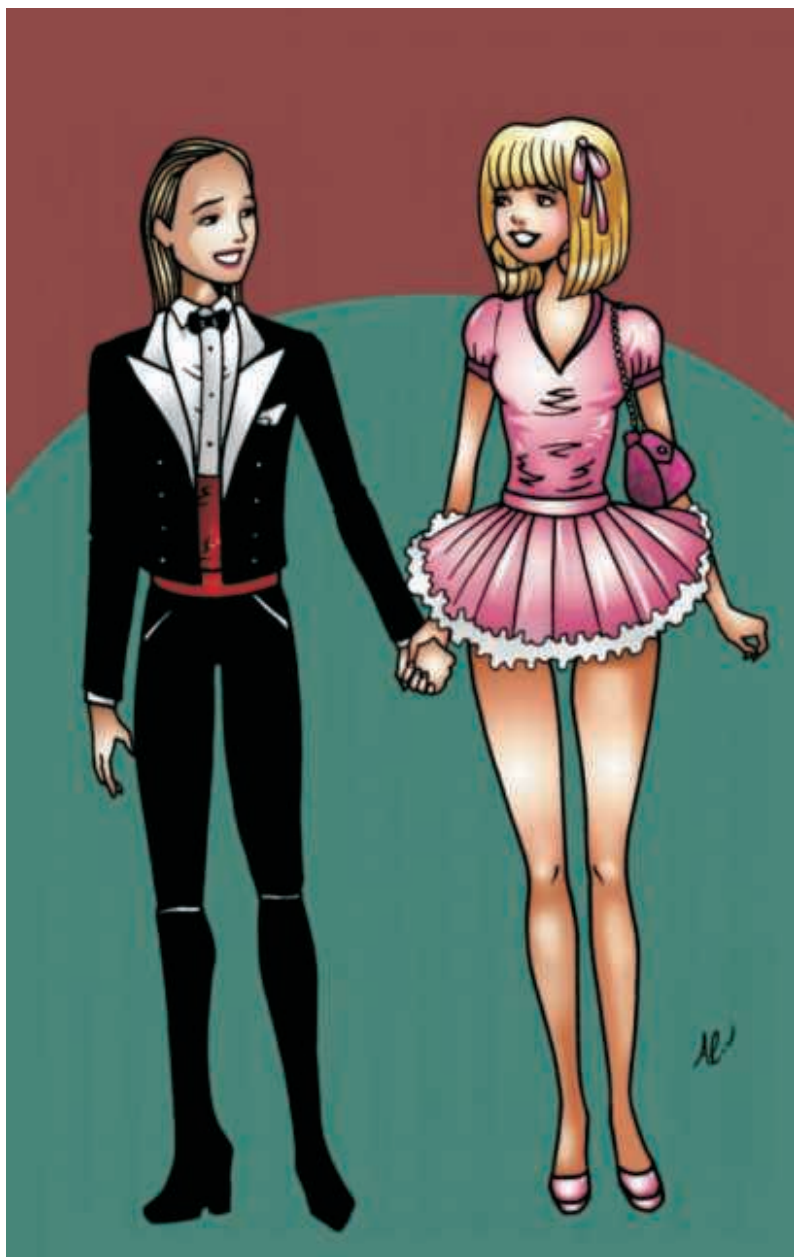
When I stepped into the shoes they fit me perfectly. It was a bit eerie standing up at an angle but I felt very girly and feminine. I wondered about walking even a short distance in them. Martha put the makeup items in a small pink purse and then slipped the gold chain over my left shoulder.

“Walk over to the mirror and look at yourself. If you aren't just the sweetest thing!

I walked gingerly over to the mirror and was quite surprised to see a very pretty in pink girl staring back at me. Standing behind me Martha held up a small bottle and gave me a squirt of perfume behind each ear and on each wrist. When the scent of the perfume reached my nostrils it had a very sweet, feminine odor. She slipped a pink mask over my eyes and then a black mask over hers.

While I certainly hadn't expected anything like this neither had I expected to feel so wonderfully, delightfully and deliciously feminine. I grabbed the hem of the mini

dress and swished the skirts back and forth a little then did an impromptu curtsy.



“Oh my, you are behaving just like a girl! You look absolutely gorgeous. Now lets’ go out to the living room so I can see you walk in heels before we show up at the party. Remember to take smaller steps and keep one foot in front of the other. I want you to be very ladylike so we can win first prize.”

I did my best as we made our way to the living room. I followed her instructions as I walked around the room several times. I also practiced smoothing my skirts as I sat down and girlishly crossed my legs, then adjusting the hem over the petticoats as I got up again.

“Take out the compact and lipstick and touch up your face just like a girl would,” she instructed.

I opened the pink purse and brushed some of the pink powder on my cheeks, then applied more of the pink lipstick to my mouth. As I replaced the makeup items in my purse I couldn’t help but notice the big grin on her face.

“Okay sissy boy lets get to the party,” she laughed.

I stood up. I then began to walk in a girly and effeminate manner ahead of her. It was hard to admit it but I felt so wonderful in my lingerie and pink satin mini dress. I had never done anything like this before but the tremendous erotic kick I was getting from this reversal of roles was nothing short of amazing.

As we walked to her car the erotic click of my high heel shoes was not lost on me either. She opened the car door for me. I sat down and then swung my legs in like I had seen girls do.

She was an aggressive driver, too fast for my taste. The last thing I needed to have happen was to be in an accident and brought to the hospital ER in this very feminine costume.

Martha stopped at a gated community and the guard checked with our host. We proceeded to the visitor parking area and got out of the car. I took Martha's arm and we walked to the entrance. A few minutes later Martha rang the bell and we were buzzed in the building.

Martha introduced me to her friends as "Jackie", the feminine derivative of my given name of Jack. I gave everyone's hand a soft, limp squeeze that would be expected from a very girly girl.

There was soft background music and I danced with all of the tuxedo clad women. The other men who had accompanied them were also dressed in very poofy, girly, outfits like mine. The conversation and the wine were very good and I wasn't sure if I was enjoying the company or the feelings of my new found femininity.

At midnight we posed for pictures. They included one shot of the women holding up the hem of their dates' dresses to reveal their panties. We unmasked and finished off the wine. A good time was had by all especially me despite my very feminine apparel.

Back at Martha's apartment we went back to the bedroom. She had me stand still in front of her as she looked me over and over.

"I just can't believe how great you look. Did you enjoy yourself tonight sissy boy?"

It was the second time she had addressed me by "sissy boy."

"Yes of course I did. I guess I just couldn't help but feel very girly the way you have me dressed and made up."

"I hate to see you take it all off but the party is over and Cinderella has to go back to being Prince Charming again."

She giggled as she unzipped me and pulled the dress over my head. I kicked off the stiletto pumps, slid the petticoat down, and stepped out of it.

“Leave the lingerie on,” said Martha as she began undressing.

When she was naked she pulled me close to her and kissed me hard. Spinning me around she unhooked my bra and let it fall to the floor. With both hands she yanked my panties, garter belt and stockings down to the floor then spun me around again.

“God I just can’t believe how delightfully feminine you are,” she exclaimed as she kissed me hard again.

I barely had time to get out of the stockings before we were on the bed. Time stood still. I never in my short life thought I would ever experience this kind of sexual ecstasy. It was almost as if this was a dream. A dream I hoped would never end.

Much later Martha replaced the wig and sissy bow with a pink shower cap and I joined her in the warmth of the shower.

After drying off she helped me remove the pink press on nails. I put the earrings on her vanity table and then I got dressed. It seemed a real shame to leave “Jackie” behind but Jack had to go home.

I stopped at a box store to buy a small sample bottle of after shave and in the car splashed some on my face. I didn’t want to go home smelling like that very sweet perfume Martha had sprayed on me though it certainly had made me feel all the more girly and feminine.

Two weeks after the party I received two 8X10 pictures in the mail along with a fifty dollar bill, half of the hundred dollar first prize. It was a pleasant surprise though the pictures gave me a bit of an apprehensive feel-

ing as I wondered outside of the guests how many people knew who I was wearing that very feminine costume.

There was one picture of me and Martha standing together and the other of me and Martha standing together without our masks and her holding up the skirt of my pink satin mini dress to show off my pink satin panties. I put both of them in the shredder as I didn't want any evidence of my cross dressing to be found even if it was for a Halloween party.

Work and school continued. Martha was very busy too with her new career. My weight had stabilized though mom felt I should weigh more. In addition I was keeping myself smooth and hair free. I didn't feel any different though it sure had made a difference when I had cross dressed for the Halloween party. I had overheard one of the women remark "killer legs."

I passed my semester exams and was looking forward to seeing Martha after the Christmas Holidays.

The two months since Halloween seemed like an eternity. I would often dream about being with her and strangely enough I was always cross dressed in some very feminine finery.

The day after Christmas mom was coming home from work and swerved to avoid an on coming car in the other lane. Witnesses said she did her best to avoid a collision but the car flipped over and down an embankment landing upside down in a snow filled drainage ditch. She was DOA.

It was several weeks before I actually felt like a human being again. The funeral and settling the estate was emotionally and physically draining but everything was finally settled. I was now alone in the world, except for Martha of course. She had been at the funeral home but we had not talked for some time. I had no doubt she knew

I needed some space to get things settled and deal with my grief.

I called her to ask her if she had plans for New Years. Instead of taking her out to eat she invited me to her apartment for a private New Years Eve celebration. It was good news as I needed some relief from the stress I had been under.

Upon my arrival she took the bottle from my hands, opened it and poured us each a glass. She had that bemused look on her face and I wondered what she had in mind for our celebration. We sat down on her couch with her sitting next to me almost pinning me to the armrest. With her free hand she fingered my longer hair and smiled.

"I like you with the longer hair and appreciate you doing this for me. Longer hair is harder to care for but it does make you look great."

"Thank you," I replied as I sipped my wine.

"I know with your mom's death and semester exams you have had a lot on your mind so I wanted you to come over and have some quiet time," she grinned as she sipped her wine.

"Yes it has been very trying but enjoying the pleasure of your company has helped a great deal."

"Have you declared a major at school yet?"

"No, I am currently taking some business courses and have been thinking about leaning that way."

"I was hoping you would say that. Something has come up and I wanted to get your thoughts on it."

"Like what?"

"Well there is a good living to be made as a mortgage broker. Not a lot of training is involved to get licensed.

There is a lot of money being invested in these mortgage bundles and somebody has to write all of them. Lots of money is available to get mortgages to people who might otherwise be unable to afford them. One of my firm's employees left a clerical position and now is making more in three months than she made in six with our company."

"It sounds almost too good to be true. I am quite busy with school and my part-time job. Maybe I could take the training over the summer."

"Sounds like a plan but actually you might want to consider signing up now for the night course. It isn't really demanding and would not interfere with your school work or your part time job. Why not do that and then come summer you can decide whether or not you want to continue waiting on tables or go full time doing this?"

"I guess that would be okay. How do I sign up?"

"I have everything you need in that brown envelope on the bar. Take it with you when you go. Now then we have some celebrating to do so drink up and come with me."

I finished my wine and she took me by the hand to her bedroom. I could feel myself getting hard just in anticipating what lie ahead. After we undressed she picked up a white box with a big red ribbon off of the bed and handed it to me.

"I bought you something special just for this occasion. I hoped you don't mind but I can't get that image of you in your little pink dress out of my mind. It was just such a turn on for me. Hurry up and put this on as I can't wait to see you in it."

I slipped the ribbon off and set it on the chair. Opening the box I found a bright red pair of satin panties and filmy light red chiffon top. Without hesitation I stepped into the

panties and slipped the top over my head. She stood grinning in front of me with a red lipstick in her right hand.

“Open wide please,” she asked.

I opened my mouth. She pressed the tube of lipstick hard on my lips and then once on each cheek, smoothing the latter around in circles with her index finger.

“Press your lips together like a good sissy boy Jackie,”

I followed her instructions as she capped the lipstick and put it on her vanity table. She returned with a large red bow that she pinned to my hair and then squirted me behind each ear with some sweet cherry scented perfume.

Standing in front of me she looked me over like she was some kind of wild animal who was about to eat me for lunch. I guess if I was going to be devoured by a wild animal Martha was certainly going to be my first choice.

I was feeling ecstatic. My rock hard penis was already poking out the red satin panties yet the deep rooted feelings of my femininity were at the forefront as well. I had not been the aggressor for so long I had forgotten what it was like so I just stood there and waited to “be taken” and she certainly did that.

She had been looking me over with that grin on her face as if she were soaking up the feminine image she saw in front of her. Suddenly she just stepped close to me, wrapped her arms around me tightly and kissed me as hard as I had ever been kissed before. As the two of us became fused together I wrapped my arms around her neck and hung on for dear life.

I am not sure how long that embrace lasted but time was of no consequence here. She picked me up in her strong arms and carried me to the bed. I couldn't help but giggle girlishly as I bounced on the mattress and she pounced on top of me.

What followed is best left to your imagination. There is no description for this kind thing. It is something you either experience or spend the rest of your life wishing you had. Most people will never have what I had and was continuing to have: The greatest erotic experience a man could.

Much later as I lay curled up in her arms I thought about what someone had once written about an exciting time in their lives that they felt "I wanted to live forever." Well now I know exactly what that person was writing about.

"Would you mind trying something a little different?" she asked as we lay still on the bed.

"Like what? I mean this has been the greatest thing ever."

"Get off the bed and kneel on the floor. I will show you," she replied.

When I had done so she stood over my spread eagle.

"Come closer sissy boy and put your face in my crotch."

I wasn't sure about what she had just asked me and hesitated a little.

"Come on Jackie, I know you want to continue to please me don't you?"

I nodded and crept closer. She locked her fingers behind my head and brought my face into her sex.

"Push your tongue inside of me and use it like a penis."

She continued to guide me on how to please her until there was a flood of juices and she pulled my head back. Looking down at me she was grinning.

“That was pretty good sissy boy, now lick me clean please.”

I did as she asked me too. When I finished she smiled down at me.

“Okay Jackie lets’ hit the showers.”

With both hands I slid my panties down to my ankles in typical girlie fashion, stepped out of them and then tossed them on the bed along with my chiffon top. In the bathroom we put on our pink shower caps and stepped into the steamy spray of the shower.

As we soaped each other up I remembered that she had called me “Jackie” again as well as “sissy boy” Perhaps her language in addressing me that way was part of the turn on for her. I guess it didn’t matter as long as the sex we shared was so good. I wondered how long this would last.

We dried off and returned to the bedroom.

“Touch up your lipstick girly boy,” she giggled.

I stood in front of the vanity. She stood behind me grinning as I applied a thick layer of the creamy red lipstick. Nodding her approval she smacked my naked butt with her right hand.

“Get your panties back on sissy boy and come out to the kitchen. I have some snacks and more wine.”

She slipped on a robe and left the room. I put on the red panties and top again. I walked out to the kitchen. We ate some of the snacks and finished the wine just at the stroke of midnight. She grabbed my hand and led me back to the bedroom.

It was nearly nine am when I opened my eyes. I had slept so soundly that once again I hadn’t heard her get up. I sat at the vanity and using her cold cream removed my

makeup. I left the baby doll nightgown on the bed and dressed in my male clothing.

She was sitting at the kitchen table reading a newspaper when I walked in. She poured some milk on my cereal and filled a glass with pineapple juice. I sat down to eat and she continued reading. After a night like we just shared there wasn't a whole lot of conversation in either of us.

I finished eating and put the dishes in the sink next to hers. She giggled as she slipped the pink apron over my head and I put on the pink latex gloves. We did up the dishes and then went into the living room. She picked up the envelope on the bar and handed it to me at the door.

"Look this over carefully and please get started. I think you will find this much more lucrative than what you are doing now."

Handing me the envelope with her left hand she caressed my butt with her right.

"Talk to you later."

I left her apartment and walked to my car. Putting the envelope on the seat next to me I checked my face in the rear view mirror to be sure there was no trace of the red lipstick on my mouth or cheeks. There was none so I reached under my seat for the sample bottle of aftershave I had recently purchased. I applied some to my face and neck to mask the lingering scent of the cherry perfume.

That night I opened the envelope. I looked over the forms and read the information sheets. I filled everything out and wrote a check for the tuition. The next day I mailed it on the way to work at the club.

School would be resuming soon and I was hoping this was not going to be too much of an additional burden. This semester I had one class less than I did the previous

semester so I didn't think there was going to be a problem.

Within five days I received my acceptance in the mail. My night classes would start the following week. Three hours a night Monday, Wednesday, and Friday followed by licensing exams. I arranged my work schedule accordingly.

School began again. I found I was able to handle both night school and my day classes without any problems. Unfortunately there was little time for anything else. Martha was busy too and though I wanted to see her again we could only keep in touch with e-mails at least until Spring break.

I was finally able to see her briefly on St. Patrick's Day. It was a Wednesday night and she greeted me at the door with a glass of green tinted wine. We talked briefly about work, school, and then it was in to the bedroom.

After we undressed she walked around me, examining me as she slid her hands over my butt and smooth hair free body. Satisfied she made up my face again and I put on the red baby doll. A few squirts of cherry scented perfume and we returned to erotic never-never land.

It wasn't until Easter that I was able to see her again. I had finished my night school course and was waiting on the May date for my licensing exam. The course had been intensified covering about a semester's worth of material in only about ten weeks.

Saturday night before Easter Sunday I arrived at Martha's with a bottle of her favorite wine. She poured each of us a glass and we sat down on her couch. She fingered my hair, which was now approaching shoulder length.

"Longer hair looks good on you, I am glad you are doing this for me."

I took a sip of the wine but didn't answer. This was the greatest relationship a man could have and I wasn't about to screw it up by getting on the wrong side of her or starting a disagreement.

"Finish your drink. I have something for you in the bedroom."

I gulped down the rest of the wine and set my glass on the end table. In the bedroom she handed me a white box containing a bottle of shampoo and conditioner.

"It's much better than that run of the mill stuff you buy at a box store. I know you want to keep your longer hair looking nice. I also have something else here."

I took the white box from her and set it on the chair. She walked to the bed and took the lid off of a pink box. Holding up a pink satin chemise with a frothy band of lace across the top and the hem she grinned.

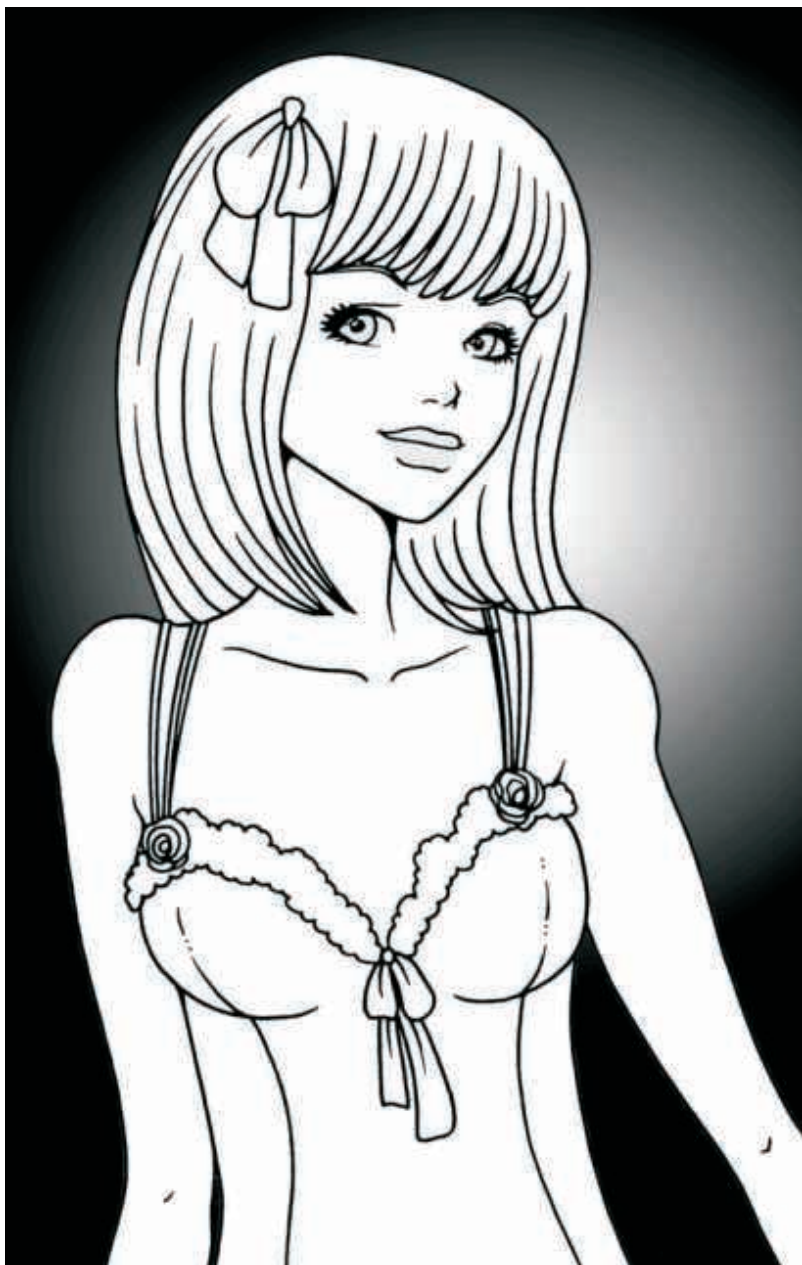
"Get naked and into this right away Jackie, I want to be sure I have the correct size."

I am sure I broke the world's record for undressing. After I slipped on the chemise she applied pink lipstick to my mouth and cheeks. The blonde wig and pink satin bow from my Halloween party was next. Finally from the pink box she held out a pair of fuzzy toed four inch heel slippers. I put them on and twirled around in front of her feeling very feminine.

"Walk across the room and back for me please," she asked.

With one hand on my hip I began sash-shaying around the room with a little extra added girlish wiggle. She giggled as I stopped in front of her and waited for her to say something.

The satin chemise felt so good on my hairless body. In addition I was walking effortlessly in the high heeled slippers to the point where I felt was more female than male.



“Like what you see?” I enquired.

She didn't say a word as she advanced towards me and we embraced. She held me tightly for the longest time and then swept me off of my feet and carried me over to the bed. When she was finished with me I was surprised not to see the vanity mirror and windows steamed up.

“I wish I could keep you this way all the time. I just love how you look. Are you enjoying your femininity as much as I am Jackie?”

“Yes,” I answered. She was calling me Jackie more and more frequently. I guess it was justified since I was becoming more Jackie than I was Jack.

“A subsidiary of the brokerage firm I work for is hiring. I put in a word for you at Ryan Financial. As soon as you get your license go down there.”

“I will,” I answered as she grabbed me and kissed me hard again.

At home I shampooed and conditioned my longer hair. She had been right. The products she had given me to use were of salon quality and they made a real difference in how my hair looked.

I passed my licensing exam and applied at Ryan Financial. The day after I received my school exam scores I got a call to report for work. I was surprised at how quickly I had been hired but my boss, Dorothy Leighton explained that things were moving rapidly in the mortgage end of the financial market and she wanted me on board right away.

The only remaining thing was the company physical. They were a very health conscious firm. No smokers, heavy drinkers or druggies here. I saw Dr. Stratton for my employment physical. Afterwards she gave me a vitamin

shot from a massive needle and then a prescription for multivitamins.

When I asked why I couldn't just take an ordinary multi-vitamin available anyway she just grinned and said that the company had these specially formulated for all the employees. They were of a much higher quality than those found on the retail shelves.

That night I looked at the prescription label on the plastic bottle. There was only a prescription number and my name on the front. After eating supper I took one of the large purple pills. "1000mg" was on each pill.

By the end of the first two months I quit my job at the club and began working full time for Dorothy. The money was coming in fast and furious. I had no bills and I was adding a good share to the money left from my mother's estate.

In addition to working mortgages I was given greater information about various investments. Some paid higher dividends than others because they were a greater risk. I decided not to put my savings into anything until I could be more knowledgeable about how these things worked.

Martha and I were both very busy during those two months and we didn't see each other. I kept having dreams about being with her. In my dreams I was always cross dressed in some feminine finery.

It wasn't too difficult for me to come to grips with the fact that I thoroughly enjoyed being girlish and effeminate with her yet still live as a man outside of our relationship. I had no doubt other men would have scoffed at such a relationship.

Men aren't supposed to be submissive. It simply wasn't manly. In addition to allow a woman to put you in makeup, lingerie, dresses and heels for role play and then

role reversed sexual activities was unconscionable. Never the less I found myself enjoying it more and more.

I saw Martha for a dinner date in the middle of August. Over some fabulous seafood and wine I mentioned that I was contemplating not returning to school in September.

“The way things are accelerating in the mortgage business I think you would be wise to continue at Ryan Financial. After all, that college has been there for over a hundred years and will be there for another hundred. You can always go back to school and get your degree. How often do you have the opportunity to make the kind of money you are making right now?”

It didn't take a rocket scientist to see she was right. You have to “make hay while the sun shines” as someone once said. So I guess my decision was made right then and there. I knew of many people who had let a great opportunity to slip thru their fingers and I was going to be damned if I was going to let that happen to me.

“How much rent to do pay and when is your apartment lease up?” she asked.

The question surprised me.

“I just pay \$600.00 month to month but I am thinking about getting a smaller place. It was fine for mom and me but now it's too much space just for me.”

“Well with prices going ever higher I thought it would be a good time to buy a condo. The one I am looking at is larger than I really need. It is a three bedroom, three bath unit. You could move into the smaller bedroom. The rent would be only \$400.00 a month. All utilities would be included as well as garbage removal. Of course you would have to help keep the place clean.”

I was a bit surprised at her invitation. As much as I was enjoying this relationship I wasn't sure about moving in with her. Someone once said "familiarity breeds contempt." I decided to turn down her invitation for the time being.

"That's very generous of you Martha. I do kind of like my own space. I would like to think about it for awhile."

"Sure, that's okay," she answered.

We finished our meal. She had a late meeting at the brokerage firm so we weren't going to be able to be together that night. I hoped she hadn't been offended by my refusal to move in.

After my shower that night I noticed something peculiar. My skin tone and texture had changed. It was more noticeable in my face than the rest of my body. My face had a softer look.

The flesh of my chest was somewhat enlarged around the nipples and it was a little sensitive. Over all my body flesh had also become softer and my legs in particular had a rather feminine "sheen" or shine to them.

I had been shaving my body a little less often but I hadn't felt any different. I thought about the shot I had been given and those pills I had been taking. Dr. Stratton hadn't mentioned anything about side effects. Maybe I should call her office and ask her.

My work continued. When I informed Dorothy that I had cancelled my school registration she immediately brought me on board full time but sent me back to Dr. Stratton for a follow up drug test.

When Dr. Stratton finished she gave me another shot with that big needle and renewed my prescription for the vitamin supplements. I asked about the physical changes to my body she just shrugged and said they affected peo-

ple in different ways and if there was a problem to contact her right away.

My rent went up considerably the next month. Between what I was earning at Ryan and the money from my mother's estate I wasn't in financial trouble by any means but I decided to take up Martha on her offer. The additional money that I would be saving could be put into some of the investments I had been looking at.

I left a message on her voicemail. When she called back she stated she had just closed on the condo and was in the process of moving in herself. I could move in at the end of the next month. I gave my landlord notice with the next months rent.

Martha took me to her new place a week later and gave me the grand tour. It was really something. I was pleasantly surprised to find the smallest of the three bedrooms still had a full bath. It was all done in pink and white with a well lighted pink vanity to boot.

"Just perfect for a sissy like you Jackie," she giggled.

Taking my hand she led me to her master bedroom and then to what she called a "guest" room which was a bedroom and full bath just a little smaller than hers. The furniture was all new and included a 60" big screen LED HDTV and DVD player.

We went out to eat and then she gave me a set of keys and took me home. That night I thought about what my life was going to be like sharing a home with Martha. Both of us were quite busy with our jobs so I doubted if we would be getting on each other's nerves.

It seemed to be a good deal all the way around. I had a cheap place to live, a helluva roommate and she got a rent check to help pare down her mortgage. What's wrong with this picture I thought to myself as I drifted off to sleep. We were still partners, at least in a sense.

Over the next two weeks I got rid of most of my stuff. I didn't have a lot of clothes to move. What I couldn't sell at my "moving sale" I donated to a thrift store. I cleaned the place good and had the landlord look it over before handing him the keys. I left my forwarding address at the post office and then picked up a sticker for my car at the condominium complex's office.

Martha worked late the first night in my new place. It was quite a thrill to put on my pink satin chemise, pull back the pink chiffon bedspread and slide between those lovely pink satin sheets. I don't think I ever slept better in my life.

Work continued. I was making money faster than I ever thought I would. So was Martha. I decided to move most of my money into a couple of higher risk but also highly profitable ventures. I guess I figured you only live once though Dorothy did caution me before the checks went out.

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With both of us being so busy we had less time for each other. The money was coming in fast and I was only too happy to start car shopping. Martha cautioned against buying just yet which I found a little strange.

The next weekend we were both free of our responsibilities I was looking forward to our usual robust evening following a great Saturday night dinner out. Unfortunately I found myself unable to maintain my erection for very long.

"It's ok, I understand. You have been under a lot of stress since your mom died and the demands of your job like mine can be a bit strenuous."

She held me close and I feel asleep in her strong arms.

The next morning I examined myself before getting dressed. The breast area of my chest seemed more flabby or "fleshy." My skin continued to develop a soft, almost feminine glow. I went into the kitchen and made some toast.

When she returned from buying a Sunday paper I thought about bringing it up but then decided not too. Maybe she and the doctor were right. It was just stress and my reaction to taking high strength custom made vitamin pills.

Another month passed and I was now unable to even obtain an erection. Despite being en femme I was no longer able to penetrate her. She insisted I continue to service her with my tongue which of course I did. She was always pleased at my ability to gratify her in this way. Afterwards she would just smile as she fingered my long hair.

"Things will work themselves out eventually. They always do."

I wondered about that. The next month when I showered it appeared that very soon either I would have to start wearing a bra or tape my chest. As much as I loved the way I looked en femme, wearing a bra under my shirt to work would be noticeable.

We had been together just about six months when there were stories on the internet and in the financial section of the papers about some serious problems underlying those mortgages that had been written over the previous several years. When I asked both Dorothy and Martha about them they both just shrugged it off as if these stories were about some isolated cases in various states.

The bottom fell out of Ryan Financial less than one month later. When I reported for work I found FBI agents

packing up boxes of stuff and hauling it away. Dorothy sent me home and said not to hold my breath for my last check.

It was stunning news. Over the next week our whole financial system was coming close to toppling over a precipice. A few large banks received a government bailout. Others didn't. Foreclosures began mounting and so was unemployment.

My own investments had been outside of Ryan Financial. They too went under. Except for some savings and my unemployment I was nearly broke. After dinner over a glass of wine I talked to Martha about the financial disaster that was spreading across the country.

"I hope you don't think I am going to let you live here gratis," she said with a cold, hard stare.

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This took me completely by surprise. I swallowed hard and then gulped down half the wine in my glass to calm my shaking nerves.

"Well, no of course not. I mean I have some savings and I will be drawing unemployment for a while. I'm sure things will turn around soon."

She left it at that. My pulse returned to normal and later that evening I was back in the pink satin chemise. My tongue and lipsticked mouth continued to please her. When I returned to my own room her remark about my not being able to live her gratis was completely forgotten.

Over the next several months' things continued to get worse and worse. I saw Dr. Stratton again for another shot and renewed my prescription. She made no com-

ment and didn't even bother examining my chest or my genitals.

Martha was busy at the brokerage firm. Their investments had always been very conservative. They were not going to be adversely affected by the financial calamity going on around them.

I had been doing all the cleaning and most of the cooking as well as the laundry. When we were at home she had begun ordering me around. She was treating me more like her servant than her partner in life.

I felt resentful at first but then remembered just how long my little savings and unemployment might last if she asked me to leave and I had to get a place of my own. That coupled with the death of my high mileage car made things a little tighter.

"I will take you where you need to go until you get back on your feet," she had said.

Just before Christmas she breezed thru the door with a grin on her face and a black box in her right hand.

"I have just earned a promotion," she announced. "I am having some associates coming over for a little celebration. I want you to serve me and my guests. They will be arriving this Saturday about eight pm. Your serving costume is in here. Go into the bedroom and put it on so I can see if it fits you properly."

I took the box from her and went into my room. When I opened it I found a black satin French Maid costume, black lingerie, fishnet stockings, petticoats and a pair of five inch black leather stiletto pumps.

Putting on the black satin bra with a pink bow between the cups I was amazed at how much more comfortable I felt. The black satin panties had pink leg and waist elastic as well as four rows of pink ruffles along the back.

The garter belt had a pink bow in the middle and small bows on all four of the garter straps. The fishnet stockings felt very good too as I rolled them over my smooth, hair free legs.

After stepping into the short petticoats I slipped on the black satin mini dress and then the white tricot apron. In front of the vanity mirror I adjusted the maid's cap and then put on the ruffled choker and wristlets. Stepping into the black leather five inch heel stiletto pumps I walked out to the living room.

Martha's face brightened when she saw me. I stopped in front of her. I turned around so she could zip up the dress and adjust the hem around the petticoats. I was feeling quite girly as she looked me over.

"Walk around the room and when you stop in front of me again I want you to perform a curtsy."

I did as she asked. The five inch heel pumps fit perfectly and I found them to be very comfortable as I walked back to where she was seated and performed a curtsy.

"That's perfect. You make a terrific sissy maid. I am sure that the girls will enjoy having you serve them. Remember to keep your hands dangling at the wrist. I want you to be as effeminate and coquettish as you can be."

I picked up the hem of the dress and petticoats and curtsied again.

"Of course Madame," I said as I took a step back and twirled around.

"I want you to let your nails grow out. You will have a manicure and pedicure tomorrow night. Because you're not currently working no one is going to be seeing you anyway so I want you to keep them long and polished. Since you are already in costume why don't you clean the

place from top to bottom while I watch and then when you are finished bring me a glass of wine.”

I nodded and walked to the closet. The stiletto heels made the short skirt bounce and I heard her giggling as I took the vacuum cleaner out of the closet. I dusted and cleaned each room of the condo. Next she handed me a pair of pink rubber gloves and I scrubbed the three bathrooms.

As I worked I wondered about our relationship. We had been in the same business and were partners of sorts in our personal life. She was becoming bossier and more controlling than I liked but with my precarious financial situation I was not in a position to say much.

When I finished the cleaning I washed my hands. I brought her a glass of wine. I turned around and she unzipped me. I hung the costume up in my closet, then returned the lingerie and shoes to the box. After I got dressed I helped myself to a glass of wine and sat down next to her to watch the movie.

The next night she dressed me in a pink bra, pink panties, a pink sleeveless blouse, a pink miniskirt and a pair of four inch wedgies. The light women’s coat I wore barely kept the December chill off me.

We arrived at the beauty salon just as they were closing. I was ushered in the back room. An hour or so later I left with pink finger and toenails, curled eyelashes, plucked eyebrows and two gold plugs in my pierced ear lobes. I carried a large pink cosmetic case with all the things I would need to keep my nails looking great as well as several more lipsticks and matching bottles of nail polish.

Back at home Martha helped me arrange the items on my vanity. She instructed me on the use of the rollers, styling gun and to be sure to read the make up guide that

had been included. Sliding her hand over my buttocks she began nuzzling my neck and shortly we were on the bed.

Later as I picked my lingerie and clothes off the floor she stood in front of me and smiled.

“Put them back on. I think you should stay cross dressed all the time now. It is such a hassle to keep going back and forth don’t you think?”

I was at a loss for words but considering my precarious position here I decided to agree with her at least for the time being. I put on my feminine apparel and wedgies.

“Don’t forget to apply fresh lipstick and blusher. I want you to wear makeup all the time too.”

She left the room as I sat at the vanity to refresh my makeup. I brushed my long hair the obligatory one hundred strokes. When I finished I took a close look at my shocking pink fingernails. The nail polish along with the softer skin of my small hands made them look quite feminine.

It seemed as if she was bound and determined to have me leave my masculine life behind to live a totally feminine lifestyle at least until I could go back to work or maybe was she planning on making this change permanent?

Saturday night after I did the dishes in my pink latex gloves and frilly pink apron I helped Martha arrange some plates of snacks. I placed the wine glasses in the freezer compartment of the fridge while several bottles of wine were cooling in the lower compartment.

“Time for you to get ready,” she announced.

I drew a hot bath and Martha added some bubble bath crystals. As the foam rose up in the tub the sweet scent of strawberries reached my nostrils.

“When you are finished use the dusting powder on the toilet tank,” she instructed.

I sat in the pink foam and picked up the bar of perfumed soap. I scrubbed myself thoroughly and after rinsing and drying myself off dusted myself liberally with the scented body powder. It made me feel so girlishly wonderful.

Martha grinned as she watched me put on the black lingerie and fishnet stockings. Standing behind me as I sat at the vanity she explained how to apply eye shadow, eyeliner and mascara to my recently curled eyelashes. She removed the plugs from my earlobes and attached long earrings to them. I finished up with pink blusher and a thick coating of pink lipstick.

Before getting up she squirted me behind each ear, around my neckline and on each wrist with the same scent perfume. I positively reeked but I loved the very sweet feminine scent that surrounded me.

I stepped into the petticoats and she helped me with the dress. She adjusted the maid’s cap while I put on the frilly wristlets and choker. Slipping on the pair of five inch heel stiletto heel pumps I twirled around for her approval. She was all smiles.

“You are a perfect sissy maid if I ever saw one. Let’s go out to the living room and await my guests.”

She followed me as I went out to the living room walking perfectly balanced in those high heels. The jarring effect of those very high heels made the petticoats bounce the skirt of the mini dress as they hit the carpeted floor which prompted a giggle from Martha.

Until her guests arrived Martha had me practice walking and curtsying some more. I kept my arms across my body and let my hands dangle effeminately at the wrists.

The big smile on her face was her approval as I minced coquettishly about the room.

Soon her guests began arriving and I ushered each one to the living room. When the last guest arrived she introduced me to them as "Sissy Maid Jackie". I began serving the wine and snacks. When I finished I waited in the kitchen for her to ring a small bell at which time I would come out to refill the glasses and replenish the trays.

Throughout the evening there was plenty of feminine frivolity amidst the conversation. I wondered how much of it had to do with me. Had she told them that "Sissy Maid Jackie" was in fact a male?

After two refills the conversation dwindled and the women left. Martha came into the kitchen with that big grin on her face. I knew she was pleased with my service and I had really enjoyed this experience myself as well.

In my bedroom she helped me out of the maid's dress and petticoats. At the vanity she instructed me on removing the makeup. Still in my lingerie and heels she picked me up and carried me back to her master bedroom.

We necked up a storm but again I was unable to have an erection so I was relegated to perform only oral sex on her. As I kneeled between her legs she placed her hands behind my head and interlocked her fingers. She tilted my head up and smiled down on me.

"You were perfect tonight Sissy Maid Jackie. I hope you will continue. From now on I want you to stay en femme. Never leave you room without makeup, nail polish, or perfume. I will take you shopping the day after Christmas so you will have a proper wardrobe."

When I finished she unlocked her fingers. I got up and returned to my room. The satin sheets never felt so good. I was looking forward to having a closet of beautiful femi-

nine apparel. For some strange reason I hadn't even given a thought to returning to my former life as a man.

After Christmas we went to several of the thrift stores where Martha picked out a casual wardrobe for me to wear around the condo. There was no reason to buy good clothes as I didn't anticipate going out en femme very much.

The next day's mail brought more bad news as if the economy and my unemployment weren't enough. My last investment, buying some risky stocks on margin had gone under wiping out the last of my savings. Now I was very nearly broke.

That and now the last of my inheritance were all gone. I wasn't sure how I was going to tell Martha that I was now paying the rent out of my unemployment check which was going to run out in a couple of weeks. I shuddered to think of what her reaction was going to be.

She got home late that night. Seeing the look on my face she sensed something was wrong. I went to the bar and poured her a glass of wine and then refilled my own. She eyed the empty bottle sitting on the bar and then sat down next to me. Taking a sip of her drink she looked me over coolly.

"Trouble?" she asked.

I told her everything. Almost on the verge of tears I took another gulp of my drink.

"Well that is too bad. There may be something for you at Amundson but it wouldn't be until the first week in February or so."

"Like what?" I asked pensively.

"One of the girls in my section is leaving. With the high rate of unemployment we could expect a ton of applications to sort thru. I could put in a good word for you.

Of course it wouldn't pay what you were making at Ryan. Naturally you would have to work en femme."

I took another drink. They say anything is NOT better than nothing but in the case I was clearly without options. I looked her right in the eye and said the only thing a man in my position could say.

"What would you like me to do?"

She smiled down at me as she ran her fingers thru my long hair.

"Leave everything to me. Now lets' get you out of that mini skirt and panties."

The month that followed I spent most of my time in the back room of a beauty salon sitting in the electrolysis chair. Despite my softer skin she wanted me to be completely hair free above the neck. I was in no position to argue so I agreed. In addition rather than continuing to pluck my eyebrows the techs simply thinned out my eyebrows and tapered them off after rising to a slight arch.

I kept myself made up, sweetly scented and wearing casual dresses or skirts, with my high heel pumps. I continued to be the maid. She did not have anyone over but seemed to enjoy watching me clean in my French Maid dress, fishnets and five inch stiletto heels. After which of course I would serve her wine and /or snacks in the evening.

The last Wednesday of the month she took me to an upscale women's department store. I was outfitted with foundation garments, hose, slippers, half slippers and camisoles along with several more pairs of stiletto heel pumps. There was quite an assortment of ruffled, frilly, very feminine blouses in pastel colors and several slim skirts in matching but darker colors.

Back home she packed up my male clothing from the closet and dresser. After helping me arrange my very feminine wardrobe in the dresser drawers and closet she took the box down to the basement storage area. When I had inquired about the cost of all of this she just smiled and said I could pay her back in monthly installments.

That night as I slipped into a beautiful new pink peignoir and slid between those slippery pink satin sheets I thought about what lie ahead. I would now be working for AND living with Martha. She would be controlling every aspect of my life making me much less of a partner than I thought I should be.

I saw Dr. Stratton early Friday morning. She gave me another cursory exam but did spend some time examining my shrunken genitals and momentarily squeezed each of my breasts with both hands. Wordlessly she jabbed me with that large needle again and renewed the prescription for my purple pills.

That afternoon at one pm I had my interview at Amundson with Martha's boss Regina Hatfield. It was what Martha called "just a formality" as I already had the job.

I was dressed in my foundation garments, sheer hose, a pink blouse with a huge spray of ruffles down the front, a navy skirt and four inch stiletto heel navy pumps. I spoke softly when I answered Regina's questions. She concluded the interview after only a few minutes telling me to report to Martha's department for work on Monday at eight am.

As I was leaving I noticed there seemed to be very few males in this department or on this particular floor as well. Walking past the large glass windows I couldn't help but notice the reflection of the pretty young woman looking back at me.

I cancelled my unemployment by computer when I got home. Standing in front of the full length mirror on the back of the closet door I was truly amazed at the very pretty and feminine person I had become.

Martha laid out the schedule that night when she got home. I would ride to work with her each day and if she had to stay late I would ride the bus home. The bus stop was only four blocks from the condo. Of course I would also assume all the cleaning duties.

I would start paying her back for all the expenses she had incurred while I was being "transformed" as she put it on the first of next month and every month thereafter on top of my monthly rent of course.

With my small salary at Amundson I wondered if I was going to be able to make it. That night it also struck me that I was now almost totally dependent on Martha for everything. She controlled everything I did at work, at home and of course I was financially in her debt as well.

The first week at work was understandably hectic. I learned fast and soon was doing my job in a professional manner. It was a secretarial-clerical job. I enjoyed the people contact and I was kept pretty busy throughout the day.

Most of the women on the floor at one time or another needed to see Martha. As they walked in and out of her office they seemed to be eyeing me carefully. Even in the ladies room I noticed a couple of them observing me as I touched up my makeup. Apparently I was being watched very carefully.

A month went by. I was settled into a routine of working and of course serving Martha at home as well as keeping the place clean. She bought me several more satin mini dresses, one in bright red and another in royal blue both with matching five inch stiletto heel pumps.

I continued my exercise routine and even managed to lose a couple of more pounds. My breasts had increased to where the bras were now fitting a bit snug. I had a very nice jiggle as I minced about the condo doing my cleaning chores.

In addition to serving Martha her wine I began giving her a massage after her shower or bath. The expensive body lotion we were both using also had a very nice feminine scent.

I wasn't sure what Martha enjoyed more, having control over me or watching me perform my serving and maid duties in my mini dress, fishnets, and stiletto heels.

Similarly at work I couldn't help but be aware of how the other women were noticing my appearance and mannerisms as I performed the duties of a secretary-receptionist for Martha. It seemed that I was "on display" all of the time for their approval or perhaps amusement.

There was no sense wondering about it I guess. I was just happy to be able to make my rent and payments to Martha for the clothes and other expenses she had incurred. I wasn't making a lot of headway with the bills outside my rent but as long as Martha was happy that was all that mattered.

Strange as it may seem I hadn't given much thought to this feminine lifestyle coming to an end. Maybe it was the shots or the pills I had been taking. I had become quite content living and working in a female role. My feminization had sapped me of any male desires or will to change myself back to a male.

If I was ever going to go back to living as a male I would have to change physically again and then look for a job as a male. With the economy in the toilet that seemed too far in the future and would take some time even if the job market improved.

Going back to school was probably not a good option, mainly for financial reasons. Even with student loans it would be another two years of classes and then a bachelors degree was still no guarantee of a job when I graduated.

My electrolysis continued and I found myself enjoying being pampered with a manicure and pedicure too. Martha insisted on my going blonde and though I wasn't crazy about getting my hair dyed I went along with it to please her.

At home we no longer had conversations like we used too. She spoke to me more infrequently and then it was only to ask me to get something for her, perform some cleaning task, or for oral sex. I had been reduced to being more of her servant, maid and live in lesbian lover than a partner.

The cold weather left us and the warmth of spring brought renewed hope for a lot of people. For many however it was still a rough go. Repossessions were still at an all time high and I wasn't sure if I could believe the numbers of people in financial distress that were still out there.

I received a raise and I was taken off probation. Martha celebrated with a late dinner out at a fine restaurant. I had made some progress paying off what I owed her in addition to my monthly rent. I felt a little more relaxed but she was still my boss at work as well as at home.

That night as I stood before her in my lingerie she took my hands in hers. After examining my pretty pink nails she dropped them. With one finger she ran it across one cheek and then the other. She motioned me to turn around and when I did she undid my bra hooks and let it fall to the floor.

When I turned around again she smiled as she cupped my breasts in her hands. She squeezed them gently and then began French kissing them. I tilted my head back as I began to feel warm and gooey all over. She stopped and then looked me squarely in the eye.

“I love you this way. I am so glad you have agreed to do all the things I have asked of you. You have become so delightfully feminine. Your skin is flawless and you have kept yourself perfectly made up all the time. I like you so much better as a blonde too. You have made me very happy.”

She held me close and kissed me hard. When we came up for air I took off the rest of my lingerie and slipped on the pink chemise and fuzzy slippers she liked so much. After a little squirt of perfume behind each ear she picked me up in her arms. As I giggled she carried me to her master bedroom where I kicked my legs girlishly sending the slippers flying as she tossed me on the bed.

Time flies when you are having fun. We maintained both a professional working and very hot & juicy personal relationship. She was still the boss on both counts however. I had accepted my subservient role to please her.

By the end summer my electrolysis was completed. I was now free of my beard and of course I had always kept my body, as she put it, “sissy smooth” and “hair free” all over. What’s more I had never felt better in my whole life.

Despite my biology I had become quite a “girly girl” as Martha would say. She continued to address me as Jackie at work. At home of course I was “Sissy Maid Jackie”, “sissy boy” or sometimes just “girly”.

It didn’t matter to me as long as she was happy which in turn made me happy. In addition when we were at home she insisted that from now on I should address her

as “Mistress Martha” or “Madame” when she had people over.

My visits to Dr. Stratton were short. Another shot and some more purple pills. When I first started taking the pills I thought they were specially made vitamins. By now of course it didn’t take someone with a PHD to figure out I had been taking female hormones.

It also had become clear that at the vasectomy my real testes had been replaced with soft, plastic ones. Without the natural production of the male hormone testosterone the effect of the large shots of estrogen and my taking the pill form had accelerated the results. I was now completely and totally feminized and sissified. Except for my shrunken genitals there was not a bit of masculinity in me.

Martha was ecstatic when she took me back to the department store to be fitted for some new lingerie. In addition to new foundation garments I also got new bra-panty-and garter belt sets due to my having lost a few more pounds.

The stores manager was equally impressed when I took off my bra. She was grinning and her fingers had shook a little bit as she wrapped the measuring tape around me.

Back at home I had to model each set for Martha’s approval before laundering them. The older sets were packed in a box to be dropped off at the thrift store. It came as no surprise to me that on the Saturday we delivered them my box of male clothing was also included.

“You won’t be needing these anymore sissy boy,” she said with a loud giggle.

Just before one pm a large box arrived by UPS. Glee-fully Martha held up my new maid uniforms. One was a black short sleeved A line dress with a white petti-slip

and a longer white petticoat. There were two long sleeve satin mini dresses in bright red and royal blue to match the short sleeve ones I already had. The last dress was a pink satin mini dress, two pink petticoats and a pair of pink five inch stiletto heel pumps.

Before hanging them up in my closet I had to model them for Martha's approval as well as amusement.

The satin fabric felt so good on my hair free, feminized skin. As I paraded around in front of her in an exaggerated, mincing, effeminate manner I was overcome with a joyous feeling of ultimate femininity.

The Fourth of July Weekend found me serving Martha and some of her friends in my red satin French Maid mini dress. With my red nails, bright red lipstick and red five inch stiletto heels it was a great weekend culminating in being curled up in Martha's arms after her guests left.

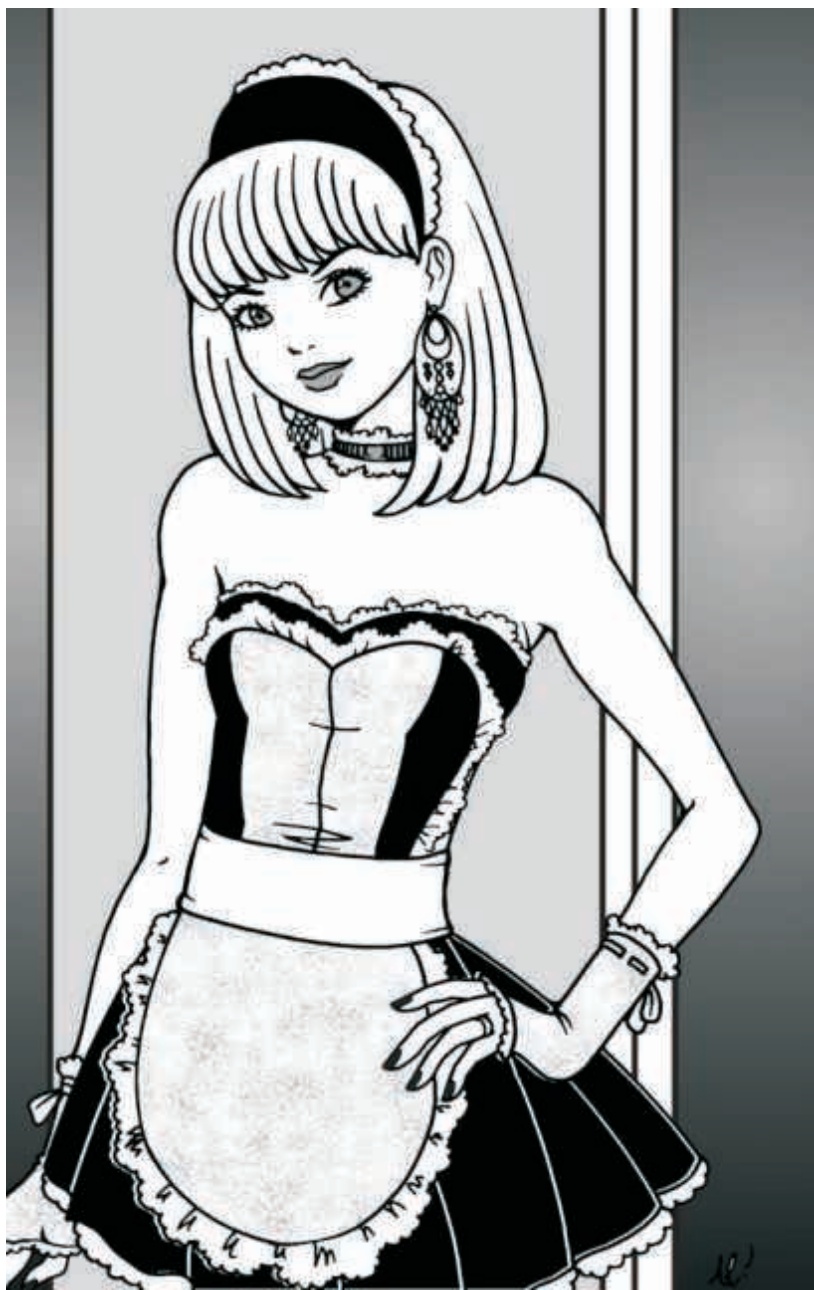
My next trip to the beauty salon included having my hair dyed a light brown color. Martha explained she thought the new look was good for me. I guess it didn't matter but I would have thought she might have asked me first. Naturally all the women at work had to stop by my desk to see my "new look."

As the Labor Day Weekend approached I thought about my classmates at college. The economy was still not good but they had another year to go before beginning a job search. I wondered what they were going to do if there wasn't much improvement by then.

I didn't have any regrets about doing what I did. Had things continued for a few more years I would have been a fairly well off young man except for those stupid investments I made trying to get rich a little too quick.

The good news I guess was that I had a roof over my head. Despite becoming a secretary/receptionist at work and a sissy maid at home I was enjoying my relationship

with Martha and had accepted my new role as a submissive, feminized, sissified male.



By this time I had conceded any remote possibility that I would ever be able to return to living and working as a male. I had become quite enamored of my feminine lifestyle. I loved being pampered at the beauty shop. I was also careful to keep myself perfectly made up, sweetly scented and of course properly dressed in feminine apparel at all times.

I knew Martha was pleased even though she seldom made any comments about the way I looked. That smile on her face or those sidelong glances while I cleaned the place in my maid's uniform and spike heels. The occasional glances in my direction at work when I walked about the office floor with a feminine grace in my slim skirt, high heel pumps and of course my limp wristed effeminate mannerisms.

All in all I guess you could say I had found a place for myself in this life. I must admit however never in my wildest dreams as a child or a young man did I ever think I would wind up spending my life cross dressed as a dominant women's secretary at work and her sissy maid at home.

I had become totally and completely feminized from my long hair and shaped eyebrows to my hairless body and pink toenails. I wondered what mom or my friends might think if they could see me now.

It had been about a year since the near collapse of our whole financial system. Things were not a much better. The layoffs continued and the number of repossessed homes was still climbing. There was a lot of anger out there especially after Bush bailed out Wall Street while people in Sacramento were living in tents in the city park.

Amundson & Donaldson had not gone totally unscathed thru this financial turmoil. Primarily their investments were not in sub prime mortgages but mainly in oil

and gas as well as environmental companies. Like all brokerage firms some of their capital had been drained off by people cashing in their portfolios and holding back from re-investing their profits until the economy had strengthened.

There had been a shake up at the New York office. Those executives that had cost the company money were fired while several others that had done a good job were rewarded financially as well as with promotions. One of those promotions was Martha's new boss Virginia Talbot.

Martha informed me that Virginia would be staying in her guest room for a week or so until she could find a place of her own. When she left for the airport to pick up Virginia she reminded me once again that I was to address her as "Madame" and Virginia with "yes" or "no" ma'm. She left and I went into my bedroom to change into my blue satin French Maid mini dress.

The royal blue satin bra and panties never felt so good. Next was the blue garter belt and white fishnet stockings. At the vanity I touched up my makeup carefully but made sure to apply a thick layer of the bright pink lipstick. I attached the long earrings and squirted myself with the very sweet perfume Martha liked. The white maid's cap, apron, ruffled choker and wristlets were last.

After stepping into the petticoat I slipped the mini dress over my head and zipped myself up using a shoestring tied to a large safety pin which I put thru the loop of the zipper's head. The blue five inch heel stiletto pumps completed my uniform. Standing in front of the mirror I was very pleased at the feminine image I saw.

Walking easily out to the living room in my stiletto heel pumps to await Martha's return I felt absolutely and delightfully feminine. Smoothing my dress and petticoats

under me as I sat down on the large davenport I picked up the remote and turned on the big screen TV.

I watched a situation comedy and then a police drama. I heard Martha's key in the lock and shut off the TV. I got up and smoothed my dress over the petticoats. At the front door Martha introduced me to Virginia as "my Sissy Maid Jackie."

Under Virginia's stern gaze I picked up the hem of my mini dress and petticoats to perform a perfect curtsey. I then extended my right arm with my hand dangling at the wrist and placed it in hers. I gave her a soft squeeze as I said "I am pleased to meet you Miss Talbot."

Virginia looked at my perfectly manicured pink nails and then dropped my hand. Looking me over from head to foot she didn't smile just acknowledged me by saying: "I am pleased to meet you too Jackie."

"Jackie, please take Virginias' suitcase into the guest room and then bring us a glass of wine."

"Of course Madame," I answered.

I took the handle of Virginia's suitcase on wheels and towed it into the guest room. I left it at the foot of the bed and went into the kitchen. I took two wine glasses from the freezer compartment and placed them on a tray. After opening a bottle of the chilled wine in the fridge I poured each glass half full and then returned the bottle to the fridge.

Taking a deep breath I picked up the tray and walked back to the living room. I set the tray down on the coffee table in front of them and handed Virginia her glass and then Martha hers.

"Thank you Jackie, that will be all for now. I will ring you when we need a refill."

"Yes Madame," I said as I performed another perfect curtsey and walked back to the kitchen.

Shortly there was an outburst of laughter. I wondered if it was at my expense as a sissified, feminized male maid or something else. I couldn't hear the conversation but in about thirty minutes I heard the sound of the small bell Martha kept on the coffee table in front of the davenport.

I retrieved the bottle of wine from the refrigerator and removed the cork. Walking ever so primly I returned to the living room and poured each glass half full. Both women were watching me very closely.

"Will there be anything else?" I inquired.

"Not now thank you Jackie, you may go."

Once again just as I reached the kitchen there was a smattering of giggles. I deposited the empty wine bottle in the recycling bin and awaited the sound of the bell again.

Another half hour passed before I heard the tinkling of that little bell.

I walked back to where they were standing in the living room.

"Take the glasses back to the kitchen and then draw Virginia her bath. She would also like a massage before turning in."

"Yes Madame," I answered as I picked up the tray.

I rinsed out the wine glasses and placed them in the dishwasher. I walked to the guest room and knocked politely at the half closed door.

"Come in Jackie," said the voice inside.

I walked in to see Virginia placing her pantsuit on a hangar. She was totally naked and had an athletic build like Martha. I averted her eyes and walked quickly to the

bathroom. I adjusted the water temperature and then closed the drain.

Returning to the bedroom I saw she was lying on the bed.

"Would you like me to add some bubble bath to the water Ms. Talbot?" I asked.

"No thank you Jackie. When the tub is full come back and give me a rubdown."

"Yes Ma'm," I answered and returned to monitor the filling tub.

I turned up the hot water figuring it would cool down some as I gave her a massage. I shut off the water when it had reached mid level and went back to the queen size bed.

She was lying face down with her head at the foot of the bed. I began by rubbing her shoulders and then her back. I moved down and began rubbing her legs. I finished up by massaging her feet.

During my massage she had made no comment other than a few "oohs" and "aahs". I made no attempt at conversation like a proper sissy maid should. When I finished she rolled over and sat up. As she began eyeing me carefully from my perfectly made up face to my high heel pumps I wondered why I was undergoing such close scrutiny.

She stood up and pulled up the hem of my mini dress and petticoat. Her face was expressionless as she looked at my lingerie. Abruptly she placed the flat of one hand against my groin. When she pulled it back she slid it up and down my left leg before dropping my dress and petticoat hem with the other.

"Wait here until I have finished my bath," she ordered.

“Yes ma’am,” I replied and stepped aside.

I waited patiently while she bathed. She had taken me by surprise when she had raised my skirts to fondle my groin and leg. This was the first time I had performed such intimate duties for someone besides Martha. I was nervous and a little scared. After all she was Martha’s new boss. I certainly wanted to do a good job for her and Martha so I decided not to mention her touching me to Martha.

I heard the water begin to drain from the tub so I got up from the chair and smoothed my skirts. I turned down the covers on the bed and stood by the foot of the bed to await her return. Wearing only a towel she sat at the vanity and took a hairbrush from her case.

“Brush my hair will you please Sissy Maid Jackie?” she asked.

I stepped forward and took the brush from her hand. I brushed the short but well maintained hair with one hundred firm strokes before setting the brush in the vanity if front of her.

“Please get my night gown from the closet Sissy Maid Jackie,” she asked.

I walked over to the closet and brought back a lovely pale blue peignoir. She dropped the towel as she stood up and I helped her slip it the peignoir on.

“Thank you Sissy Maid Jackie, you may go now.”

“Yes ma’am I replied as I picked the towel up off the floor.

I walked to the bathroom and put the towel on the rack. As I left the room I saw she was carefully watching me walk in my blue stiletto heel pumps. I closed the door as I left and returned to my own room.

As I lay in bed I thought about Virginia. She was a beautiful woman yet in the presence of her complete nakedness I had no masculine feelings for her at all. I had completed my maid duties just as if I were a female maid. I hoped she would give Martha a good report in the morning.

The next morning I was up early and dressed quickly. At the vanity I made certain my makeup was perfect before going into the kitchen to make the breakfast coffee. I could hear some giggling in the hallway before both women came into the kitchen and sat at the table.

While they drank their juice I made them some wheat toast then filled the two cereal bowls with wheat cereal and milk. I placed the toast and cereal in front of them.

“Please make up our beds while we eat,” asked Martha.

“Yes Madame,” I replied and left the kitchen.

Once again as I walked to the bedrooms there was the sound of muffled giggles.

In the guest room I made up Virginia’s bed first. There was nothing to be straightened up or cleaned so I then went to Martha’s room and did the same thing. When I finished the women were just leaving.

“We will be very late so don’t have supper ready as we will be eating out,” said Martha

“Yes ma’m I replied.

For the next ten hours I would have the house to myself. I returned to the kitchen, put on the pink ruffled apron and latex gloves, to wash and dry the breakfast dishes. I drank half a cup of coffee though I seldom drank any caffeinated beverages.

I felt a little stressed though I wasn’t sure exactly why. Maybe it was because there was a guest in the house. Go-

ing over everything I had done in their presence in the last 24 hours I was certain I hadn't made any errors. I had become very adept at being a mincing, coquettish, and effeminate French Maid.

Despite still being a male I was quite content in this very feminine role. I know Martha was pleased with my work as her secretary as well as the way I performed my maid chores here at home. I just hoped that everything I was doing for Virginia would please her too.

I dusted and vacuumed the place to fill the time while they were away. Sundays were kind of long days anyway. After my supper consisting of a tuna fish sandwich and a glass of wine I touched up my lipstick & blusher. For good measure of course I squirted myself with more sissy sweet perfume.

They came home about nine thirty. Both seemed to be in a very good mood.

"Bring us a glass of wine please Sissy Maid Jackie," asked Martha.

I went to the kitchen and poured each of the two chilled glasses about half full. Returning to the living room I handed each one of them a glass.

"Thank you Sissy Maid Jackie," said Virginia.

"Leave us now please sissy maid Jackie, I will ring you if I need you," added Martha.

"Yes Madame," I replied as I curtsyed politely before leaving the room.

Martha came into my room about thirty minutes later.

"Virginia will be house hunting again tomorrow. The realtor will pick her up at nine while we are at work. Please draw her bath and then draw mine."

"Yes Madame," I answered.

When both chores were finished I returned to my room and took my own sweet perfumed bubble bath. I was hoping Virginia would find her own place right away. I still had the feeling of “being watched” as I waited on them or performed my other maid duties. I guess I felt more relaxed when it was just Martha and myself in the condo.

Before the week was out Virginia had her own place. She was going to rent a place in the same complex as Martha and I lived but with an option to buy within one year. I changed the bedding and towels in the guest room. After I finished scrubbing the bathroom Martha came in to inspect my work.

Shortly we were entwined on her bed. As I lay close to her she caressed my breasts and kissed them.

“I am glad we have privacy once again,” she cooed.

I was glad too. I guess I wasn’t real happy with Martha’s new boss being in such close proximity but it was better than having her here “underfoot” so to speak.

“Now I have an additional request. Dr. Stratton informs me that you have reached your limit as far as how large your breasts will get with your hormone therapy. I think it would be SO NICE and of course it would make me VERY happy if you would agree to have them enhanced just a little more. Don’t you agree?”

I wasn’t sure about having my breasts surgically enhanced but I wanted to please Martha and I saw no harm in having it done.

“I guess so,” I answered a little unsure of myself.

“Splendid. I will call Dr. Stratton for an appointment in the morning.”

Dr. Stratton was non-committal at my appointment. She massaged my blossoming breasts again and for a mo-

ment I thought she might smile. Ignoring my groin she finished up making some notes on her clipboard and then wrote out an extension of my prescription before giving me another shot. I made an appointment for my surgery and refilled my prescription at the pharmacy.

That night at home I couldn't help but admire myself in the mirror. I was as good looking a woman as you would see anywhere. The only difference of course was the now shriveled remnants that had once been my male genitals. I wondered idly if Martha had plans to remove that too.

It wasn't that I would care. I was no longer able to perform sexually as a male. Like a woman I also had been sitting down to pee. I had been feminized and sissified to the point where I was always behaving in an effeminate manner. I couldn't remember when I had last acted or even thought like a male.

At work I continued to be Martha's mincing and effeminate secretary/receptionist. I would see Virginia only occasionally and she would always be looking me over carefully as if she were trying to find some flaw in my feminine apparel or makeup.

I pretended not to notice of course since neither Martha nor Virginia had ever said anything to me regarding my appearance or my work for that matter. I felt it was a complement to be looked upon and treated like I was "just one of the girls."

Just before the date of my surgery Martha announced that she was leaving on a trip to the west coast for ten days. She would drop me off at the clinic and leave that night. I felt a little relieved.

Since moving in with her I had no real privacy. Between working as her secretary and being her sissy maid at home I had relatively little free time for myself. Virginia

would be checking on me periodically at work so I would be pretty much on my own there too.

After my surgery I would spend the day at the clinic and then recuperate at home. Martha left on a Monday morning and would return when her business there was finished.

My surgery went well though I was a bit scared. Dr. Stratton was very reassuring when I woke up. The next day I went home. The first couple of days were painful but I managed. Martha had arranged for a temp to work for me while I was gone.

The place seemed almost empty in her absence. I stayed in my nightgowns and fuzzy toed slippers most of the time. There was no need to wear the maid costumes to clean the place either. I did maintain my very feminine appearance with make up and nail color.

A few nights later as I sat in my perfumed bubble bath caressing my new breasts I started thinking about becoming a true woman. I wasn't certain if that was the right thing to do or not. Had this been Martha's plan all along? Would I be just as happy with her as a woman? Or should I stay as a feminized sissy male maid?

Dr. Stratton had never brought up the subject of SRS and at this juncture I didn't feel the need to ask about it either. If I were to go thru with it I had no doubts about my ability to function as a complete woman.

Essentially I had already spent over a year doing so as a feminized, sissified male maid and secretary. I asked myself the obvious question: What would change if I did have the surgery?

My working and personal relationship with Martha were closely intertwined. I doubted if anything would be different there, so my biology would essentially be the only thing.

Later after I dried myself off and dusted my hairless, feminine body with the perfumed powder I stood in front of the full length mirror on the bedroom door. I tucked my shrunken, flaccid penis between my legs and cupped my hands under my larger, surgically enhanced breasts.

The image before me was that of a woman. There was no doubt in my mind that following the surgery I would have no trouble whatsoever being seen as a female. Whether or not I was dressed in the outside world or at home naked with Martha it wouldn't make any difference.

After putting on my red satin panties and light red chiffon top I got into bed. I loved the way my feminine body was being caressed by the pink satin sheets. I fell asleep right away.

I dreamed of being dressed in gorgeous gowns and high heels. As I minced about and twirled around in front of Martha and her coworkers I wanted to sing "I enjoy being a girl". I changed gowns and shoes many times. The women in front of me smiled their collective approval as I modeled each one.

By the time Martha had returned the pain and swelling had subsided. She took me back to the women's department store and outfitted me with new bras and foundation garments as I had also lost some more weight which also pleased her.

I was very proud of my new breasts and my feminine body. The implants had given me an additional "jiggle" when I walked in my spike heel pumps. In addition to my already "girly" walk in tight skirts I managed to turn more than one male head in the building.

At my follow up with Dr. Stratton she gave me a clean bill of health. There had been no complications and she

advised me that it was okay to “resume normal relations” as she put it.

I almost giggled out loud. It had been several weeks since Martha and I had been in bed together. I was looking forward to resuming those relations as much as she was especially since she had not seen the “new me” yet.

Our first night together following the ok from Dr. Stratton began with Martha examining my larger breasts with her hands first and then of course with her tongue. She seemed genuinely pleased at the result as I was.

“I am so glad you had this done for me,” she said with a smile.

Later in the shower she played with them almost like a child with a new toy or should I say a pair of new toys. I could only giggle with delight as we got soapy and then held each other close. Even in bed she held me closer and tighter than she had before as our nipples rubbed together.

At work things had picked up a little. The economy was slow to recover. I doubted if anyone really knew just how close to a real economic disaster we had come. People were still getting laid off and foreclosures were still on the increase.

I was making my payments to Martha on schedule but it seemed that just as I was getting close to paying off what I owed her in addition to the rent something else would come up like my breast enhancement for example. Of course my new wardrobe now that I was “bustier” and also had lost some weight was another thing.

Naturally our bedroom activities were as good as they ever were. As much as we were partners in bed I was still a maid at home and an employee at work the rest of the time. I had come to accept my submissive role in both areas.

I had no real complaints about that except it seemed I never had any “me” time. We were together at work and at home too. It may seem like a small thing but sometimes I just wished I could either be alone for a while or go somewhere and do whatever I wanted to do.

That was a pretty minor complaint I guess compared to what I did have, A job, a roof over my head, a fulfilling relationship with Martha and of course a delightful life-style of being enveloped in everything that was feminine.

It struck me that for all I did have freedom wasn't one of those things. Maybe I was like the caged bird who despite not having its' freedom still sings. Perhaps I should be happy with what I had instead of trying to find one or two things that would make my life perfect in all respects.

Life continued. Almost a year to the day of my breast surgery that the next biggest change in my life occurred when I returned home on a Saturday afternoon to find Martha sitting on the davenport sipping her wine.

She got up and motioned with her finger for me to twirl around. I did so and then she walked over to me. After inspecting my pink nails and my new blonde hair she grinned at me.

“I liked you better as a blonde. Good news. I have been promoted and will be assisting Virginia Talbot in setting up the new office in San Francisco. I have contacted a real estate agent who will be here Monday to look the place over. I want you to stay home and show her around as well as answer any more questions she might have. Be sure to wear you're black a-line maid dress.”

This news had come as a complete surprise to me. I was more than a little stunned. I hadn't thought about the prospect of moving. I wasn't like I had a family here or any life outside my job and maid duties but I guess I had just gotten so comfortable in my Twin City surroundings.

“What would you like me to do?” I asked since I was really at a loss for words.

“Your job at work will continue until we leave. Your duties here of course will also be the same. Virginia and I will be gone for about two weeks initially. We will return for about a week and then be gone for another two weeks. Depending on how quickly we can get things up and running will depend on when we will leave.”

I nodded as she finished the wine in her glass and held it up for me to refill. I walked to the bar and brought back the bottle to refill her glass.

“Help yourself too Sissy Maid Jackie. You are going to love California,”

At the bar I poured the rest of the wine into a chilled glass and took a big gulp before walking back to the sofa. I smoothed the skirt of my shirtdress under me as I sat down next to her. She had kind of a dreamy look in her eye as she faced me. With her free hand she fingered my newly blonde tresses.

She glanced down at my pink toenails. Then her gaze shifted as it followed my freshly waxed legs up to the hemline of my shirtdress. It stopped briefly at my surgically enhanced bust line and then she was looking me straight in the eyes.

“I love the way you have turned out Sissy Maid Jackie. You have become totally, almost perfectly feminine in every way. I appreciate you keeping yourself that way for me.”

She paused to take another sip of her wine.

“How will this move take place?” I asked simply out of a loss for words.

“Once things are organized in San Francisco we will pack up all non-essential items and ship them first. I will

make arrangements at a local hotel where we will stay for about a week. When the furniture and the bulk of our clothes have arrived in 'Frisco we will then fly out there, unpack and get settled in. California is a beautiful place and so is the weather. I just know you are going to love it there."

"I am sure I will," was the only answer I could think of saying as I drank up the last of my wine.

She finished her wine and then took me by the hand. Once in her bedroom my shirtdress and lingerie soon joined my sandals on the floor. I lost track of the time. In fact it was always that way when I was with her.

It was almost like time had stood still as we entered our erotic never-never land. Later as I got dressed I thought about the trip that lay ahead. She hadn't said anything about the possibility of this. Perhaps she didn't feel the need since we weren't business partners or married partners.

In fact I was beginning to feel as if we were no longer partners at all. She was the dominant master and I was the submissive sissy servant and lover. I was to be seen not heard and do what I was told. That and my very feminine appearance and mannerisms were all that seemed to matter to her.

I did not have a say in anything really. She had picked the salon that was keeping my nails and hair done according to her specifications of course as well as the fact she also picked out my entire wardrobe and make up items too.

Everything was according to her wishes as if she assumed that even without consulting me they would be my wishes too.

Martha left early Monday morning. Monday night after work I put on my black a-line maid's dress over black

foundation garments, seamed stockings and black stiletto heel pumps. My frilly white apron and maid's cap were in place when the realtor rang the bell.

I opened the door, curtsied politely and invited her in. She looked at me carefully up and down before she came in. I showed her around the place and answered some additional questions. She jotted some notes on her clipboard before thanking me and then left.

The two weeks Martha was gone gave me time alone for me to think about my situation as well as our move to the west coast. Once again it wasn't as if I was going to say no, I am not interested in going with you. If I refused what was I going to do here?

I had become an effeminate sissified male. I was still paying off the money I owed her for clothes and of course my recent breast enhancement surgery. If I stayed behind it would take me at least a year without taking hormones to return to some semblance of a male appearance, the surgery to remove my implants notwithstanding of course.

Then what? When I applied for a job how do I explain working as a secretary by day and a male sissy maid by night so that I had a roof over my head? The job market was tough enough without that in my past to say nothing of the fact that I had no degree and no work experience except my brief stint as a mortgage broker.

In truth I saw myself with literally no choices at all. I was going to be totally and completely dependent on Martha for the rest of my life. Once again it was as if I were no longer a partner but a subservient companion of sorts at her beckoning call for whatever she wanted and of course for the amusement of her friends and co-workers.

When Martha returned she was very upbeat. Things had gone smoothly in San Francisco. In fact they were even a little ahead of schedule though our move might still be several months away. After some wine things went even more smoothly that night as you might well imagine.

With her return I was now back “on display” again. I had lounged around for the two weeks she was away though I was always care full to check my appearance before going to work. It had been a very relaxing time as well. I took in a couple of movies and took myself out to eat several nights a week.

The next week she was gone again and I began packing up the non essential items she had on her list. It was good to be busy but my I couldn't help but think about the move ahead. I wasn't scared of it, after all like I had mentioned before I had nothing to stay here for.

Martha returned and we addressed the boxes to our new home or perhaps it would be more accurate to say “her” home. She said it was similar to what we had here only much more expensive of course. Even with real estate prices falling homes in San Francisco were still much higher than the ones here.

Finally we moved into a downtown hotel for our brief stay before flying to the coast. The furniture had been shipped. She had professional cleaners come in and do the whole place despite the fact that I had always kept the place spotless when we lived there. Like she said I was the perfect sissy maid.

The day before we left she dropped her car off at a consignment lot. The realtor called and had several appointments for a showing. It was good news as things were still not good in the real estate market here or anywhere else for that matter but upscale places like Martha's

were an easier sale since the buyers were a much more affluent crowd than members of the general public who were just looking for a house.

The flight was uneventful. For traveling purposes Martha allowed me to wear a bright pink pantsuit, a sleeveless pink satin blouse and pink patent leather flats. We stayed overnight in a hotel and arrived at her new house at nine am the next day.

It was a gorgeous place to be sure. The manager had let the movers in to deliver our furniture. Everything seemed to be in place except for the boxes of clothing and other items on the floor. We took off an hour for lunch then spent the rest of the day getting things unpacked and put in their proper places. I felt relieved when we were all finished.

The last box was opened by Martha. She held up a little black dress.

“Hit the showers sissy boy and then I will take you out to eat.”

I undressed and put the pink pantsuit back in the closet. When I finished showering and returned to the bedroom it was gone. On the bed was the little black velvet dress, a black bra, panty, and garter belt set, seamed stockings with Cuban heels and on the floor my black five inch heel stiletto pumps.

After putting on the lingerie I sat at my vanity and applied makeup along with a generous spray of perfume. I put my make up in the matching clutch purse and walked down the hall to the living room.

Martha was watching the big screen TV. When I entered her face brightened at the sight of me. She stood up and I took her arm. In the parking lot was her newly leased Mercedes. She opened the door for me. I sat down and swung my legs in. She closed the door and as I buck-

led my seat belt the scent of the very expensive leather hit my nostrils.

Our dinner was fabulous, though not nearly as fabulous as the sex afterwards. We were both very tired from the trip and the chore of unpacking everything. It came as no surprise to see her nightstand clock reading nine thirty when I woke up.

Following breakfast at the nearby mall Martha bought groceries and a case of wine. By the time we had finished lunch it seemed almost like the home we had left. The move hadn't been as bad as I had thought. I was certain as time went by whatever qualms I might have had about the move would disappear entirely.

The first week at work was hectic of course. There was a new phone and computer system to learn, new people's names to learn and a zillion other things. I managed to get thru it all without a glitch. The only thing that seemed to be the same here as our former workplace was the way the women here watched me or glanced at me as I went about performing my secretarial/receptionist duties.

I guess I was also going to be "on display" here too so I made sure to maintain a very feminine appearance and my effeminate mannerisms especially when other women were around or if I thought they may be watching me.

All in all by the end of the month we were both "settled in" to not only a new home but a new job as well. I took one afternoon off to see a Dr. Thelma Williams. She had been referred to me by Dr. Stratton in the Twin Cities. She gave me a good exam, especially my breasts, before giving me another shot and a new prescription for my hormone pills.

The medical building was close to our condo complex so I rode the bus there and back. I hadn't had a car of my own since my old one had died. It would give me some

degree of independence instead of depending on Martha to ride back and forth to work or the doctor's office.

In that regard she was more than a bit adamant.

"I will take you where you need to go and the doctor's office is on the bus line. You don't need a car and right now with what you owe me you can't afford to buy, insure and maintain one anyway."

She had turned away from me then, figuring that the subject was closed. I didn't think I should bring up the subject again. I was a little hurt since we were partners, well sort of, anyway. Why wouldn't she want me to have a little independence?

Maybe she wanted to have complete control over me, not that she didn't already. Between my feminization and being in debt to her it wasn't like I could go anywhere. I would have no money, no job and hard pressed to find employment with no degree. A company physical would reveal the truth about what I really was and that was certainly out of the question.

To cheer myself up I made an appointment at a beauty salon in a large shopping mall not far from Dr. William's office. It was one of the few things I had that always made me feel good. I had grown accustomed to being pampered. When I left the salon I always felt like a "new woman."

That night a hot soak in my perfumed bubble bath made me feel even better. Looking at myself in the full length mirror afterwards I was in awe of the beautiful feminine creature looking back at me. It was hard to believe how far I had come. Doing "the tuck" made me realize I was about as close to becoming a real woman as you could get without undergoing surgery.

Martha had never mentioned it. I wondered again if she was planning to ask me to undergo what might be

considered to be a “final step” in what had now been several years of transformation and training.

It was a threshold I wasn't sure I wanted to cross, but if I did what about our life would change? If I refused would she continue to let me live with her as her sissified secretary, maid and lesbian lover? At some point would there be a younger male who would begin training and then become my replacement?

There was no written agreement between the two of us. I guess either one of us could break off this relationship at any time. It was really a consensual relationship not really a partnership so neither one of us was technically “bound” by anything.

Of course if that did happen it would be much more to her advantage than mine. I would have no where to go, no money or means of support so I guess I was almost more of a prisoner than a partner. I was trapped in a sense, yet because I was surrounded by all this femininity, and loving it, I really felt no desire or need to escape to try to look for something else.

As I snuggled between my pink satin sheets I tried not to think about the future. Someone once said you should never worry about what you can't control. I had to agree. For the time being I figured I would just keep the status quo and “enjoy being a girl”.

Work continued and we were getting busier. Martha mentioned the possibility of expanding her office. I would be in line for more of an administrative assistant position than my current secretarial one. The economy was shaking itself out of the horrible slump it had been in.

The country and the financial world were still not out of the woods yet however. There were problems in Europe primarily with Greece and Italy. The Euro was in a state of flux and strong countries like Germany were

fighting loaning money to other countries to get their financial houses in order because they saw it as throwing money down the drain.

We became settled in so to speak. Once again I became ensconced in a "routine." I was genuinely happy. After the stress of the move and getting settled everything seemed to be getting back to normal. Unlike some I didn't have the mood swings that some men did when they began their hormone regime.

Martha asked me to let my hair grow out a little longer and become a lighter blonde. I didn't mind so I just smiled and had it done. I was enjoying being a girl and loved my femininity. I didn't think there was a possibility of my becoming "more" feminine than I was now.

With the new office running smoothly Martha wanted to take me out to celebrate. She took me to a specialty shop and outfitted me with a very hot pink "sissy" dress. It had lots of light pink bows adorning the puff sleeves and hem.

The dress was complemented by a huge pink satin sissy bow for my hair and matching pink chiffon purse. She took me to a private night club for couples like us to show me off. I was teetering on the six inch stiletto pumps prompting lots of giggles all around.

Back at home I hardly had time to remove the bow before she had unzipped me. My pretty new dress soon joined the skyscraper heels and petticoats on the floor. We entered that land of erotic dreams and stayed there for the longest time.

In fact once we hit the sheets there was no way of even keeping track of the time. I couldn't recall ever being happier in my life than I was during those times. She loved my new breasts and I loved being against hers. I guess I was experiencing something men only wonder about.

My promotion came a month later. I was now going to be more of an administrative assistant. I would have no phone or other receptionist duties to speak of.

My frilly, girly blouses and slim skirts were now replaced with sharply tailored jacket and skirt business suits or a sheath dress. Of course I was still in stiletto heels.

Other women in the company wore pantsuits and low heel shoes or flats. When I asked her why, since I was now working in more of an executive position, I couldn't wear them too she frowned and told me she liked things the way they were. Then she turned and walked away. I didn't think it would be in my best interest to pursue the matter so I never brought it up again.

My foundation garments and the hormones gave me a very curvy feminine look. I had come to love the feel of the nylon tricot camisoles, half slips and slips under my business clothes. I guess I felt more womanly than I had ever felt in the past.

Martha's old condo had sold quickly and in another month her old car did too. I had just about paid off what I owed Martha but my new business wardrobe would set me back a little.

The raise I received was generous. It was still less than what I thought it should be making and after assisting with payroll one afternoon I found it was a little less than other women at my same level. I didn't want to risk Martha's ire asking for more so I just kept quiet.

It did not come as a great shock when I met the new secretary Donna, who replaced me and found "her" to be a very feminine young man like myself. Donna, formerly Donald, was wearing a soft pink blouse, black slim skirt and black stiletto heel pumps. When we were introduced

he placed his soft hand in mine and gave me a polite squeeze.

He was from the area and after watching his girly walk and effeminate mannerisms I knew he was going to fit right in with the women in this department. He was soft spoken and took great care in his feminine appearance with pink blusher, lipstick and nail polish.

Like me, he always exuded the slight, delicate scent of perfume as well. I felt almost as if I was looking at a copy of myself two years ago. I wondered which of the women here had brought him along to becoming the very attractive and feminine girly boy he was.

What had begun as a gag at a turnabout party had turned into a full fledged lifestyle of femininity for me and I had no doubt Donna was following suit. There really could be no turning back for either one of us. I had no doubt that he had nothing to go back to either.

There were times that I wondered what I would have become if I hadn't met Martha at that mixer. I guess I probably would have gotten an entry level job in banking or finance and become a go-to-work-everyday Joe until I either dropped dead of a heart attack or retired on a pension that would be too small to live on like so many people I had read about in the news.

It didn't matter of course. What's in the past is over and done with. I was happy here and safe here as opposed to many other people who had lost or were losing their homes and or pensions. Despite a lack of certain freedoms I loved the way things were and the feminine person I had become.

The holidays were just around the corner again and everything was festive. Despite the lack of snow here in California all the businesses were nicely decorated. It was hard to find a place where Christmas wasn't so commer-

cialized. Even harder was seeing a Santa Claus that spoke Spanish to the Mexican kids at the mall.

I had picked up my new duties and responsibilities easily. I sat in on more meetings and had become more knowledgeable about the world of investment finance. Wishing I had known then what I know now would have saved me a world of grief and a lot of money but hindsight is 20-20 as they say.

Following the company Christmas dinner at a fine hotel we adjourned upstairs to a small suite. Martha had purchased a gorgeous mint green peignoir set. After putting it on and twirling a couple of times for her we were entwined on the bed.

Later as she caressed my enlarged breasts with a single finger she looked deep into my eyes. It was one of those long looks like she was peering into the depths of my soul. We stared at each other for some time and then she spoke softly.

“Do you like things the way they are?” she asked.

“Yes,” I answered unsure of where this was going.

“I would like you to do one last thing for me,” she paused as if she were trying to put together the right words.

“What do you want me to do?” I asked without hesitation.

“Dr. Williams said you have reached a point where you are about as feminine as you are ever going to be without actually becoming a woman. I would like you to do that for me.”

I wasn't really surprised by her request. In fact it had probably been coming for some time. Maybe she had been waiting for the right moment. The thought had crossed my mind more than once too but I guess I was either un-

sure if it was the right thing to do or afraid of how our relationship might change if I brought it up so I had kept quiet.

“Is that what you want?” I asked.

“Yes it is Jackie,” she replied.

Usually she would always call me girlie or sissy boy when we were home alone. Sissy Maid Jackie was reserved for when I would serve her and her guests. At work I was always addressed as Jackie and so did the other women there.

My heartbeat had accelerated. I felt like I was straddling an ever widening crevice in the earth unsure of which way I should jump. I closed my eyes and thought about the things I had rolled over in my mind several times before. My decision was the same one. I knew I could never go back to the male world that I had once known. I opened my eyes and smiled at her.

“Alright, I will do this for you,” I said.

She smiled as she brushed my bangs from my forehead and kissed me.

“I’m glad you think so. Call Dr. Williams Monday for a referral. You will be starting the new year with a resolution like no other!”

That week I applied for and was granted an open date medical leave for surgery. I was surprised that there had been very few questions about why.

Four days later at two pm I reported to the office of Dr. Sonja Osbourne. In the exam room the nurse helped me undress. I put on the hospital gown and lay down on the exam table. She left the room.

While I was waiting my thoughts went back to the night I had first met Martha. It seemed like a lifetime ago. So much had transpired since then. My male genitals had

shrunken to the point of being just a barely visible bulge in my panties. My enhanced breasts pushed the hospital gown out nicely. Glancing down at my bright pink toenails and then examining my elegant pink fingernails I knew I was making the right choice.

Dr. Osbourne came into the room. My thoughts cleared as she stood over me.

“Good afternoon Jackie, how are you feeling today?” she asked.

I looked up at this very tiny bit of a woman. She appeared to be about thirty something. Her brown hair was very short.

“Fine, I guess,” I answered.

She pulled back the hospital gown and examined my genitals and then my breasts. She continued making notes as the exam continued.

“Your Adam’s apple is not really prominent but it should be reduced a little. You have a pretty face but a slight enhancement of your cheekbones and thicker lips would really make a difference in your feminine appearance don’t you think?”

I hadn’t thought about those two things but decided that the doctor knew best so I nodded my agreement. As long as I was going to be on the table I figured what the hell I might as well go for it. At this point all or nothing sounded like the right thing to do.

When she finished I signed a lot of consent forms and was given a date for surgery. There would be my facial surgery first and then following that the sex change operation. As I left the building to go home I felt a mixture of relief and apprehension too.

I recovered quickly from the facial surgery. I was amazed at how much prettier and more feminine I was

with thicker lips and enhanced cheekbones. The trachea shave didn't seem to make a difference in my overall appearance but my neck was a little flatter in that area.

As the date of my second operation approached I became a little more apprehensive. There is an element of risk in any surgery. By pass, burst appendix or SRS anything can happen. There are no guarantees.

Because that area of the body where the surgery was being done contains 90% of the bodies' bacteria there was always the risk of infection despite all the precautions the hospital and the OR staff would be taking.

No one at work had said a word to me when I returned from my initial surgery. It was business as usual with my daily work interspaced with meetings. We were getting busier as the economy was slowly gathering steam. It was a long way from a complete recovery but it looked like the end of the crisis was at least in sight.

Martha took me to the hospital to help me thru the check in procedure. When she left and I was alone in the room I tried to watch some TV but couldn't get interested in what was on. The eight o'clock movie was Jaws which I had seen so I shut the TV off and tried to get to sleep. My mind was on my future with Martha and what lie ahead.

I began thinking again about how far I had come and the life that was in front of me. It was my hope that nothing would change that much. We would still be partners, at least in a certain sense, though she obviously was the dominant half of that partnership but at this point I was completely ok with being Martha's submissive half.

To the outside world, men in particular, what I had become and what I was about to do was almost incomprehensible. Some would even say revolting or horrendous. To me it was more like a finishing touch, the icing on the

cake so to speak. I felt certain that Martha felt the same way too.

It was after midnight when I finally dozed off. It was a hard sleep. The nurse woke me up at seven. I used the bathroom and then was prepped for my surgery. As they wheeled me down the hall I couldn't help but feel a little frightened. Few men had done this. Some of them had been very unhappy and there had been several deaths. I tried not to think of that.

I was placed on the operating table. Dr. Osbourne stood over me with a smile.

"I must ask you one more time Jackie, do you want to do this?"

I smiled up at her as I gave her my answer.

"Yes," I answered.

Everything went black. There was no sensation. I couldn't see or hear anything. I seemed to be completely motionless. For a minute I thought maybe I was dead. Maybe I was never going to wake up. Was I going to spend the rest of eternity in this black expanse of nothingness?

There was a burst of white light so I closed my eyes. When I opened them again I found my self in the recovery room. A nurse came in and checked me over. I tried to speak. She placed the straw of the drinking glass in my mouth. I sucked in a mouth full of cold water and swallowed.

"Rest now, the doctor will be in to see you later," she said.

I closed my eyes and went back to sleep. It was later that afternoon before Dr. Osbourne came in to see me. She stood by my bedside and smiled.

“You are doing just fine. Relax and you will be back on your feet in no time,”

With that she left the room and once again I was alone with my thoughts. I glanced down at the area between my legs. I wanted very badly to take off the bandages and see my new womanhood but I knew it would be some time before I could.

I closed my eyes and slept again. I dreamed I was modeling wedding gowns of every style imaginable as well as bridesmaid dresses in a wide variety of styles in every color of the rainbow with their matching tiaras and high heel dye able shoes.

My recovery was slow but sure. Martha came to see me when she could. There were lots of flowers in my room. A nurse assisted me with my first bath. It was quite an experience to examine my surgically created vagina for the first time. I had to admire the skill of Dr. Osbourne. With my surgery she had now finished what Martha had started. I was now “complete”.

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The postoperative regime was really something. I mended slowly and had no problems. When I was finally able to go home Martha had affixed a huge pink ribbon on my bedroom door. It was so good to be home. That was a good share of the healing process being in the secure environment of “home”.

In time I was back on my feet and getting stronger every day. My “new” vagina had to be irrigated on a regular basis to keep it from healing shut. Martha and I had a few giggles over the battery operated dildo that would keep me “open”.

She couldn't get over the skill of the surgeon as I let her examine me for the first time. We had yet to share her bed but I promised it would not be too long. The first time we were together since my surgery it was as good as it ever was. I had some apprehensions but they were quickly erased. I could still please her in every way.

Several months went by and I returned to work. Donna was the only one who said anything about my absence. He was wearing a lovely pale blue ruffled blouse and navy skirt with his stiletto heel navy pumps. He simply asked:

"Is everything ok?"

He appeared to look at my crotch briefly before asking his question. I smiled at him when I replied in the affirmative. As I walked past the reception desk I was certain he might have more questions and they would be based on what may be in store for him at some point down the road.

I had no doubt whatsoever that he would transition easily. He had become so ultra feminine in every way. Like the other women I enjoyed watching his effeminate mannerisms and walk as well as listening to his well modulated, soft, girly voice.

Perhaps the best description of him and my self for that matter was one I had overheard in the ladies room. "He should never have been a male in the first place," followed of course by lots of giggling.

I worked half days at first and then came back on board full time. I had transitioned well and at my follow up exams Dr. Osbourne had always been happy with the positive results. Essentially she had given me a clean bill of health in all respects.

For me the New Year hadn't started with a bang so much as with a lot of pain. But I had healed nicely and

was fully recovered in less time than most. I was very grateful for the fact that I had no complications and I was back in a normal routine.

St. Patrick's Day was very special. We celebrated with a night out at a fine restaurant. I was back in my little black dress and black leather stiletto heel pumps. At home I put on my mint green peignoir set. After some more fine wine we adjourned once more to her bedroom.

"I have a special surprise for you," she said with a grin.

She produced a strap on dildo from her dresser drawer and proceeded to apply lubricant. I was a bit surprised as I took off my peignoir.

"Time for your irrigation!" she said with a giggle.

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I laughed too as she came at me like she was Roman soldier brandishing his sword. I reclined on her bed and spread my legs. I had no fear of intercourse only concerns that I would "perform" well enough to please her

I nearly gasped out loud as she pushed inside of me. We began our intercourse. To my surprise I did reach a climax. She pulled out of me and we lay together quietly for a while. It had hurt somewhat as she had been quite vigorous for my first time but I didn't want to say anything.

I couldn't believe I had achieved an orgasm. The doctor had warned me not to expect it. It had been the only thing she had been wrong about. Martha nuzzled me and then kissed me hard. A few minutes later she was inside of me again. Once more I was pleased to reach orgasm.

Sleep came and we both slept soundly. The weekend was way too short as most weekends are. Sunday afternoon I was back in my maid's dress and black heels cleaning up the place. I did some laundry and ironing too. Things were back to normal in every sense of the word.

Living in California made it simple to change my birth certificate and social security records. Not once at any of the government agencies we went too did anyone even so much as blink when I had my records changed to reflect my sex change.

Martha even allowed me to get a California drivers license since my old one was about due to expire. I still didn't have a car but it would serve as an ID. I was proud of the picture as much as the "F" in the box for sex. In California at least I would always be considered a female.

Life goes on as they say and so did mine or should I say "ours". Life was beautiful and I was happy beyond words. I had never dreamed that anything like this was even possible.

At my six month follow up Dr. Osbourne said she wouldn't need to see me for a year. My transition was complete. I was for all intents and purposes a full-fledged woman now. Well at least as far as medical science in this day in age could take me.

What had begun as a casual acquaintance, with Martha more or less being in charge, had blossomed into a full fledged dominant/submissive relationship culminating in my becoming her secretary, administrative assistant, maid and lesbian lover. I guess there was only one thing left and it was something that Martha had never mentioned or even inferred.

I had often dreamed of wedding dresses. Would Martha pop the question and make all this legal? We were liv-

ing in California so that was a distinct possibility. It was something that for the time being I could only hope for.

Whatever the outcome Martha and I would always be partners, but with a license, rings and ceremony only then would we be truly partners for life.

THE END.