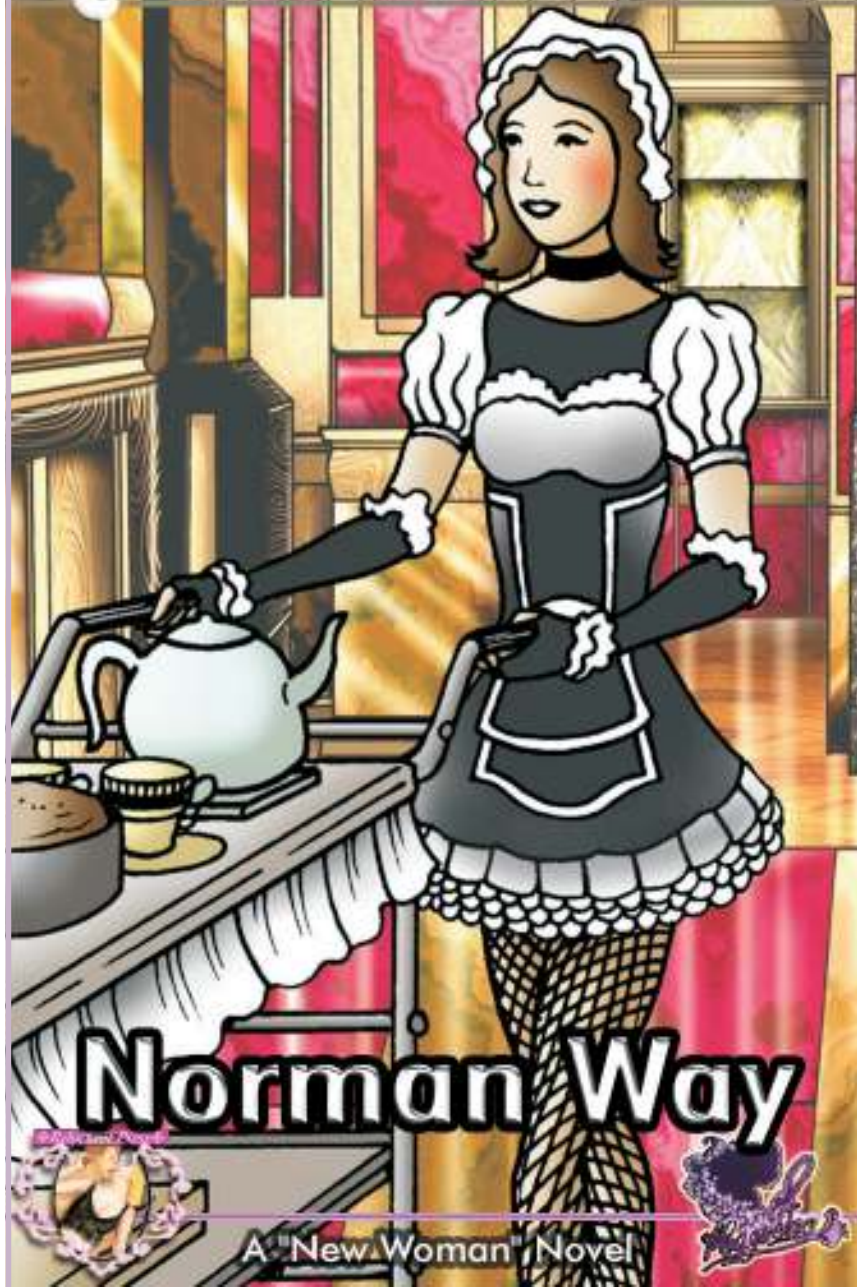


QUARANTINED



Norman Way

A "New Woman" Novel



Reluctant Press TV/TS Publishers

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QUARANTINED

By Norman Way

PRELUDE:

Detective Edward Nyland stood in the doorway and looked at retiring Detective Brian Olson who was sitting at the desk to his left.

He knocked politely on the open door. The man behind the desk looked up from the papers in front of him.

“Come on in and have a seat, Ed.”

“Congratulations on your retirement,” said Detective Nyland as he extended his hand.

“Thanks.” Detective Olson smiled as he took the handshake. “My wife is already in Florida. I am catching a flight after I finish briefing you. I can’t wait to get down to where the sun shines most of the time and there is no snow to shovel.”

“I understand completely. Now what exactly do I have here to begin my journey into cold case investigations?”

“Well, essentially it is a whole lot of nothing for right now. I have spent a month on it and, to be honest, just about everything is a dead end. I hope a fresh set of eyes will be able to see what I am not seeing or maybe find a lead I didn't. As a result I have delved into several other cases but I am drawn back to this one.”

“I see. Just what am I looking at that has intrigued you?”

Detective Olson picked up a file and placed it on top of the others sitting in a box on the left side of his desk.

“This all started with an inquiry into a disappearance of one individual and has since morphed into the disappearance of ten more to date, and that is over about a twenty-year period, I think.”

“That's sounds like quite a bit. It also is quite a lengthy time period. Apparently they are all connected, right?”

“Well, I am not sure about that either but there are two common threads in all of them, or at least it appears that way.

“You may find others as you dig through them but there has been very little for me to find after about a month of trying and I am kind of stymied.”

“I see, go on please.”

“All of these missing individuals are young men 18 or 19 years old. They are all between 5'4" and 5'6"

tall, weight between 140 to 150 pounds, with a slim build. They all have a high school education, no family, close friends or relatives, no formal education, and their last employment was the Mortenson Estate northwest of the Twin Cities.”

“What is the Mortenson Estate?”

“Reginald Mortenson made a fortune in manufacturing and investments. He died many years ago about two years after his first wife. His second wife, Virginia, subsequently sold the businesses that he owned and has made some very wise investments.

“Those investments have provided her and their daughter Crystal with a very comfortable living. Both mother and daughter live at their mansion. They are both active in philanthropy. They have numerous parties and money raising ventures throughout the year for a variety of charities.”

“If that was the last place all of these young men worked, what did they do there?”

“They worked maintaining the grounds and buildings. All of them quit after about two years. They left no forwarding address after picking up their last check and closing out their bank account.”

“So all of them just fell off the earth?”

“That’s as good an expression as any, I guess.”

“No one has ever inquired about the whereabouts of any of these missing young men?”

“Just one about eight years ago but that started the ball rolling. Mortenson Estate seems to be a key. Maybe there is something else going on there but I’ll

be damned if I could find out if there was anything sinister or unusual.”

“Well, I will give it a go. Have a safe flight, Brian.”

The two detectives got up and shook hands.

Outside the building, retired Detective Brian Olson turned up his collar as a gust of wind spun around the leaves in the parking lot. Florida would have no leaves to rake or snow to shovel.

Those chilly Minnesota winters were not going to be missed, he thought to himself as he got into his rental car. That warm Florida sunshine was his future. He put the car in gear and headed for the airport.

Back inside the office, Detective Nyland took the first file off the top of the stack in the box. He flipped it open and placed a yellow notepad and pen next to it. As he began to read the file, he wondered what his predecessor had been missing.

I was a military brat. My parents divorced when I was twelve. Mom tired of military life. Packing up and moving every one or two years finally got to her. The divorce was amicable but I wanted to stay with my dad.

Dad finished thirty years of service just after I graduated high school and turned 18. He gave me a check for ten thousand dollars and said he was headed to Florida for his retirement.

I sold my old compact car and most of what little stuff I had accumulated.

When you are in a military family you don't tend to accumulate a lot of "stuff" or "things," as you have to pack up and move every year or two.

My worldly possessions consisted of my clothes that filled one large suitcase and a garment bag.

I stuck around for a few days until the day I had to leave our quarters. I had booked a flight to the Twin Cities and was looking forward to relocating there.

Arriving back in the Twin Cities where we had lived a decade earlier, I rented a car and paid for a month in advance at a local motel.

I figured thirty days would give me enough time to find some employment and establish myself.

Hot weather states, like Arizona and Texas and humid ones like Florida or South Carolina didn't appeal to me. Minnesota had a change of seasons.

I especially liked the cool springs, warm summers and cool fall. Winter was not the best for me but they usually weren't that long or arduous. I liked it when the temperatures were between about ten and thirty degrees with an occasional light snowfall

I didn't do much for the first week. I just got myself acclimated more or less. I bought a city map and a newspaper on Sunday, as well as checked the internet for employment opportunities.

School didn't appeal to me. I was hoping to get by doing some light labor jobs until I could hook on with a large company and a permanent position.

Temporary agencies were plentiful but the term "temp to perm" was mostly a lie, I knew. If they could get you part time for eight bucks an hour, why would

they hire you for twelve or fifteen so you could actually put a roof over your head?

At least for the time being I had a small financial cushion that would last me for about a year before things got tight and I wouldn't be able to be choosy. I was confident that I would be able to find something in a short period of time.

I paid another month's rent for June. Between the internet and the Sunday paper, I kept trying to sort the wheat from the chaff but I wasn't having much luck. I didn't want to jump at anything just to have a job but then again maybe I would have to.

I spotted an ad on Craigslist for building and grounds maintenance worker at Mortenson Estates. I thought it would be as good a place as any to start.

There was no phone number listed, just "apply in person" to Diamond Temporary Services.

The next morning I put on my sport coat, slacks, white shirt and black tie. The drive to Diamond Temporary didn't take long as it was in a mall complex a short distance away.

I walked in and stopped at the front desk. A young woman looked up from her desk and smiled at me.

"Can I help you?" she inquired.

"Yes. I am David King and I am here to apply for the position at Mortenson Estates," I replied.

She handed me a clipboard and a pen.

"Have a seat and fill this out please."

I took the clipboard and pen from her and sat in one of the chairs across from her.

Other than doing a few odd jobs for my neighbors wherever we had been stationed, I had no other work experience largely due to the fact that I had just turned eighteen.

As a result I had no references either except for a few neighbors I had done odd jobs for. I hoped this wasn't going to be much of a hindrance in my job search.

When I finished, I handed the clipboard and pen back to the receptionist.

"We will call you for an interview by the end of the week," she said.

"Thank you," I replied and left the office.

Without a job record and no work experience other than working for myself, I wasn't sure if I would be called.

To my surprise I got a call at nine am the next morning from the temp agency. I had just returned from a fast food place adjacent to the motel.

"Please be here at ten am for your interview," said the voice on the phone.

"I'll be there," I replied and hung up.

I watched TV for a while and then changed back into my slacks, jacket and tie.

It was 9:45 when I walked into the office of the Diamond Temporary agency.

“Hi I am David King. I have a ten o’clock interview for the position at Mortenson Estates.”

“Have a seat, David. Crystal Mortenson will be with you shortly.”

“Thank you,” I replied and took my seat.

The receptionist picked up the phone.

“Your ten o’clock is here Ms. Mortenson,” she said.

A few minutes later a tall, attractive woman came out of the back office and stood over me, extending her hand.

“Good morning, David. I am Crystal Mortenson.”

I took her hand and stood up as she gave my hand a firm squeeze.

She wore no makeup and was wearing a black pantsuit, black flat shoes and a plain white blouse. She was an imposing and authoritative figure.

“Please come with me,” she said in a firm voice.

I followed her into the back office.

My nervousness must have showed as she closed the door behind us.

“Relax, David, and have a seat. This will be brief.”

As I sat down across from her, I felt my pulse accelerate.

“I see you have just come back here from California and are looking for work in this area?”

“Yes, Ma’am. My dad retired from the Air Force and went to Florida. I came back here because we had once been stationed near here. I liked the area and the change of season.”

“I see. You have noted on here that except for doing odd jobs for friends and neighbors you have never worked for any one else, correct?”

“Yes, that is correct.”

“Have you given any thought to school or training of some kind?”

“Not really. I am not sure what I want to do. I felt I need to get out and work for awhile before deciding on a career path. Education isn’t cheap and I want to be sure about the career path I choose.”

“Smart choice, it is good to work for awhile and consider your options.

“The position we have available is for building and grounds maintenance. Your supervisor will be training you in all aspects of the job. This position does require you to work some week ends with days off during the week and some week days with week ends off.

“You will have about ninety days to complete your probation period before you are eligible for benefits which are medical, dental and eye care.

“In addition you will have a free apartment above the maintenance shop with utilities paid.

“Your car out front is a rental, is that correct?”

“Yes it is. I didn’t want to buy one until I started working full time.”

“Actually we have a company car that if you are hired you may use. Just sign up for it several days in advance.

“You will be provided with three meals a day in the main house kitchen and there are laundry facilities in the basement.”

“Your training salary will be eight dollars an hour and after probation you will get a raise to nine. That’s not much compared to wages in the city but if you look at the fact that you have many benefits, not the least of which is a free furnished apartment and free utilities, it is a very good deal for you.”

“You are right and I couldn’t agree with you more.”

“In addition you will be required to take a physical exam. If hired, you must, without exception, follow a strict health regimen.

“There are exercise machines in the basement that are available to you after eight pm. You must maintain your weight to height proportion, that is BMI, in order to keep your job.

“Do you have any questions, David?”

“No. I believe you have covered everything.”

“Very well then, I will be interviewing several other candidates. I will let you know by the end of the week. Thank you for coming.”

She stood up and extended her hand.

I shook it and left her office.

Back in my motel room, I couldn’t believe my good fortune. It would mean very little money but essen-

tially free room and board. In addition there would be no car payments, insurance or car maintenance either. That was quite a bit of savings right there.

If I was hired, I could bank most of my earnings for school or anything else that I would want or need.

Friday morning at nine am, Diamond Temporary Services called me.

“Crystal Mortenson said you have the job. Please report to the Wendell Clinic at 400 Olson Drive, Suite 108 at 1 pm today for your pre-employment physical.”

“Thank you. I will be there,” I said and hung up.

To be honest, I felt like I had just won the lottery.

I unfolded my map of the Twin Cities and found the location of the clinic. It was several miles away, off the southern expressway.

To kill some time I watched a couple of movies on cable. I showered and shaved for my physical.

I arrived fifteen minutes early at the clinic. It was located in a white office building. There were several other office buildings in the same block.

Inside I walked down the hall to Suite 108.

At the front counter, I was greeted by a woman in white who handed me a clipboard.

“Fill this out, please.”

I took it from her and filled out the medical questionnaire, then signed it at the bottom.

She took it from me, looked it over and smiled.

“Have a seat. They will call you shortly.”

I sat down and picked up a magazine.

Shortly another woman in white came out of a side entrance.

“Come with me please,” she said.

I followed her into the back room.

“Strip to your underwear.”

I did so.

Standing before her, I was a little nervous as she took my pulse and blood pressure. After drawing a blood sample, she handed me a cup.

“Pee in here. I will be right back.”

She went into a back room and closed the door.

When I finished, I knocked on the door and she came out.

Next she took a series of measurements from the circumference of my head and neck to my chest, waist, hips, wrists and ankles. My sleeve length and the length of my feet were last.

After she finished jotting everything down, she picked up a large needle and swabbed my arm with the other hand. She smiled at me.

“This is part of your new health regimen,” she said as she jabbed the huge needle in my arm.

After putting down the needle, she picked up a bottle of large pink pills and handed them to me.

“As are these. Take one of these a day. We are done here. You can get dressed.”

“What are all the measurements for?” I asked.

“You will be supplied with a work uniform and shoes,” she replied with a smile.

I nodded and got dressed as she left the room.

That night I felt good about my future. I couldn't think of anything about this job that would be too difficult for me to master.

So many things being supplied with the job meant I wouldn't have the expenses most people would have, like a car or clothes except for underwear and socks of course. It seemed almost too good to be true.

That term “too good to be true” gave me an anxious moment. My mother once said if it sounds too good to be true, it probably is but at this juncture I tossed it off.

I wasn't in a position to be fussy. I didn't think I had anything to worry about. If things didn't turn out well I could always quit.

I was also certain my blood and urine test would be okay as I never got into the drug scene and having just turned eighteen, I still had no experience with alcohol.

The phone rang Sunday morning. A woman who identified herself as Jeri Boyd said I was hired and asked me which car rental agency I was using. I told

her and she said she would meet me there in an hour.

I was elated that now I had a job, little or no living expenses and as far as I could see, a bright future ahead. I packed up my stuff and put it in the trunk of the rental car.

After I checked out of my motel, I gassed up the car and drove to the car rental agency.

Shortly a blue 4x4 pickup truck pulled in. There was a Mortenson Estates logo on the door. A stocky woman with short blonde hair got out and came inside the agency.

I got up and walked up to greet her.

“Hi, I’m David King,” I said as I extended my hand.

She took my hand in hers and gave me a firm manly handshake.

“Let’s go,” she said and walked away.

I picked up my bags followed her outside. I put my bags in the back and got into the cab of the pickup truck.

Jeri was a rather mannish looking woman. She made no conversation as she drove and I didn’t offer any.

It took us about forty-five minutes after exiting the freeway before we turned off a state highway and on to a county road. Another fifteen minutes passed before we stopped at an iron gate.

Jeri rolled the window down and entered several numbers on the keypad. The gate swung open and she drove in.

The entry road was about a mile long with large trees on both sides. Up ahead I saw a large mansion. Jeri turned right on a service road and we stopped in front of the maintenance shop.

She put the truck in park and turned off the ignition. Turning to me, she smiled.

“You’re home, David. Get your gear and I will take you upstairs.”

I got out of the truck and removed my gear from the back. I followed her up the side stairs. She unlocked the door and pushed it open.

Inside I set my bags down and she handed me a key.

“You have the rest of the day off. Your work and the meal schedule are on the table. See you in the morning.”

With that, she turned around and left me.

The apartment was small. To my left was a two-person couch and coffee table in front of a 40” TV. To my right was a small bed and next to that a small dresser. The bathroom was equally small as was the closet next to it. There was no stove or refrigerator.

After putting my stuff away, I sat on the couch and opened the brown envelope

The first sheets listed the rules and regulations that I was to follow while working there. The next was my work schedule for the month.

Everything was laid out for me. The times for all three meals, work and break times as well as my times off were listed.

I put the list down and tried to think of anything they had left out but couldn't.

At 6 pm I walked to the back of the mansion and entered the kitchen. One of the staff handed me a plate of chicken and rice along with a cup of milk.

The food was excellent. I left and went back to my small apartment.

It was eight pm when I saw Jeri's pickup truck stop out front. She honked the horn once.

I went outside as she dropped the tailgate on the pickup truck.

"Your work uniforms, rain, and winter gear are in the box. Here are your work boots."

I hefted the box and she placed the shoes on top of it.

"Wear a clean coverall each day. On Friday, turn in your dirty coveralls when you come in for breakfast."

I nodded and picked up the box.

Back inside my apartment, I hung up the seven coveralls and the two coats. I put the work boots on the floor beneath them.

I tried on each of the dark blue coveralls and they fit perfectly.

I thought it was a bit odd that the coveralls didn't have any pockets but they did have "Mortenson Estates" in white across the back.

My work boots and both coats fit perfectly as well. I guess you could say that now I was ready to begin my duties in the morning.

It took awhile for me to get to sleep that night. I watched TV until late but I still was a little restless.

The alarm clock shocked me into wakefulness. I shaved and dressed quickly, then went to the kitchen for breakfast.

Jeri was already there. I sat down at the table and one of the kitchen staff placed a glass of juice, a glass of milk, silverware, and a plate with scrambled eggs and a single strip of bacon in front of me

The breakfast was very good. When I finished, Jeri got up and waved to me.

"Let's go, David, time to start work." I got up and followed her out to the truck that was parked in front of the mansion.

We spent most of my first day away from the main house. We trimmed small bushes and edged the sidewalks and entry road. The time flew by.

At breaks there was decaf tea or decaf soft drinks available. Dinner and supper were once again the best food I have ever eaten though, like breakfast, the portions were small.

I figured I was never going to get fat or rich here but everything was going well on my first day and the little contact I had with the other staff members was very pleasant.

So it began. I was busy all day, eating great and sleeping well.

Most of the work was outdoors but we did some plumbing repairs and painting inside the mansion too.

I did not see Crystal or her mother while we worked inside. The other staff members I saw were either several of the maids or the kitchen help.

Our conversations were just to say hello as they and, of course, Jeri and I were too busy to engage in conversations.

I was also surprised that so far I hadn't seen any male employees anywhere inside or out. It seemed odd that apparently I was the only one.

It was not something I thought much about so I just shrugged it off.

At the end of the month, I was told to report to the basement after supper. When I went down there, I was given another shot and a refill of those large pink pills from a woman in white. She said nothing to me and I didn't offer any conversation.

Signing up for the use of the car to get a haircut and open a bank account to deposit my first check and the one from my dad, I was admonished to remember to keep my hair short.



I did so in accordance with the rules I had been given initially. I wanted to be sure to obey all those rules and regulations.

After my haircut, I opened my checking account, deposited my paycheck and the one dad had given me, then I took in a movie. I went back to the mansion, feeling that I had fallen into something really good.

Two more months passed and Jeri informed me that I passed my probationary period. I was happy about that and the raise though money wasn't my immediate concern.

I noticed a funny thing when I showered that evening. My skin seemed to feel a little softer and there was some tenderness around my nipples. I wasn't sure what to think but I decided not to say anything.

My work continued as the weather turned cooler. Keeping the mansion clear of the falling leaves was quite a job. Jeri also started up two snowblowers and hooked up the plow to the pickup truck.

By the end of October, I became more concerned about the tenderness around my nipples and the increasingly soft feel of my skin.

In the mirror, my face appeared to have a softer look and my beard seemed to be lighter. I made a mental note to ask about these subtle changes when I got my next shot.

At the end of the next month, the woman who gave me my shot and a re-supply of pills just smiled at my question.

“Different people have different reactions to this new health regimen. It is nothing for you to worry about.”

I took her at her word. I had been keeping up with my evening exercise routine as well as eating less than I usually did so I had lost some weight but I felt better than I ever had in my life. This health regimen had been really good for me, or at least so I thought.

The weather turned cooler. Soon there would be snow. My stocking cap and lined gloves along with the winter coat I had been previously issued would soon be necessary.

Except for snow removal I wasn't sure what I would be doing all winter long inside. There couldn't be that many projects that could keep both of us busy.

A day before the first snow fall, I was issued lined boots for the outdoor work.

Downstairs, Jeri showed me several sets of cross-country skis in the back of the shop.

“When you are off, feel free to go around the estate on the trails that are clearly marked as you did jogging in the warm months.”

I did just that and enjoyed the exercise as well as the scenery.

After a couple of snowfalls we cleared the trails, then spent several days cutting up some deadfalls. It was good hard physical work and I enjoyed it.

Just after the New Year began there was a news story about something called COVID-19. It was a new

strain of virus. It had started in China but had begun to spread rapidly.

I wondered if there might be a slight chance that it would appear here. I hoped the CDC was keeping a close eye on this thing as it wouldn't take much to spread like wildfire once it got here. At this point all I could do was to hope for the best.

The end of January brought me new concerns about the changes in my body. My skin continued to get softer. The tenderness in my chest had increased and I appeared to be growing breasts.

I became alarmed but said nothing to Jeri. I would have to bring it up again with the woman who was giving me my shots and the refills of those large pink pills at the end of the month.

Once again the lady in white smiled as she told not to worry about the side effects I was seeing in my body.

I had no choice, I guess. as she gave me another shot. I didn't seem to be the worse for wear and tear though my weight had dropped to less than usual. I felt very good and thought maybe my concerns were unwarranted.

February brought more snow. We cleared everything and did some painting in the upstairs guest rooms.

I still found it a bit curious that I hadn't seen any male employees either in the kitchen or in other areas as Jeri and I performed our scheduled work.

I did notice that all the female employees, especially the maids, were not only pretty but quite femi-

nine not only in their appearance but in their mannerisms as they walked about the mansion.

In addition, I never saw any of the guests Virginia and Crystal entertained but then Jeri and I were busy mostly away from the mansion so I wasn't in a position to see who came and went.

The front parking lot had many vehicles on the weekends and there was always a few regardless of the time of day during the week.

Keeping busy is important in life and I was certainly that. I spent more time outdoors and was about as healthy and fit as I had ever been in my life.

I saw Crystal only a couple of times and had yet to meet her mother. I guess that didn't matter as they were both busy running their philanthropic affairs.

Their business affairs were none of my business and I saw no reason to inquire about these visitors.

I just assumed that the two women were entertaining guests as part of their duties so I kept my mouth shut and never said anything about them or asked Jeri about them.

March brought terrible news about COVID-19. It was spreading worldwide and people were beginning to wear masks.

In the Midwest we hadn't been as seriously affected yet but I had a gut feeling it wasn't going to be too long before it began to appear in larger numbers here.

At the end of the month, I asked the lady who gave me my shot and pills what she thought about this as

well as the changes in my body which were becoming more noticeable.

“For now the virus isn’t something you should worry about. You work here and your trips into the city are few, though I would encourage you to wear a mask. There should be some in the glove compartment of the company car.

“Your fitness regimen and healthy lifestyle are keeping you in top shape. Those side effects are probably just temporary. You shouldn’t be concerned.”

I left and went back to my apartment.

That night after showering and drying off, I examined myself in front of the full-length mirror on the back of my apartment door.

I had very little body hair and it was light to begin with, as was my beard. Now there seemed to be less of it and what hair was there was finer, almost like a woman’s.

My nipples had become more tender and sensitive. There was definitely some additional flesh around them.

If it wasn’t for the woman’s comment about not being concerned, I could almost swear that I was growing breasts.

It seemed like I would just have to trust these people. They were medical professionals and perhaps I shouldn’t complain.

The end of March brought news of hotspots and shutdowns of businesses. People now had a reason to be afraid, though there were still those who

thought it was a hoax or just like any other flu-like illness.

In April, with the snow leaving, we began the Spring cleanup around the estate.

I was looking forward to the warmer weather so I could resume my jogging instead of using the treadmills in the basement, though I thoroughly enjoyed cross country skiing around the estate on my days off.

This place was beautiful and I was happy helping to keep it that way year around. It was almost something out of a novel, you know, a “historical mansion set back in the woods” type of thing.

Following my April shot and refill of pills, I was informed that Crystal wanted to see me. I was directed to the main offices upstairs.

I walked into and through the kitchen, then left to the office just off the dining room. The door was open and I saw Crystal sitting at her desk. I knocked politely and she looked up at me from her work.

“Come in, David, and have a seat. I’ll get Mother.”

I took my seat as she walked back to the inner office. Shortly, a grey-haired lady in a brown pantsuit came out.

She was an elegant looking woman. “Regal” was a very apt description of her.

I stood up as she approached me.

“I am Virginia Mortenson, David. Please take your seat.”

I sat back down as she sat next to her daughter. She had a very serious look on her face.

“I am sure you have become aware of the COVID-19 pandemic. Unemployment is continuing to rise as this virus continues to spread. There seems to be no stopping it.”

“Our philanthropic business is beginning to suffer as well. I am sorry to tell you but your position is going to be temporarily cut. However, I do have an additional opening as a member of the service staff.”

My heart jumped into my throat. I thought about the phrase “too good to be true” again.

If I was going to be laid off, I would not have much of an unemployment check, to say nothing of the fact that I wouldn’t have a place to live or a car of my own either.

This service position was going to be my only recourse as my dad’s check wouldn’t last me more than about six months at the most.

“What would this service position involve?” I asked.

“First of all, you will continue your health regime, salary, and your benefits. You will consent to undergo proper training and some minor physical changes for this position.”

“Uniforms for each of your duties will be provided as well as a schedule. In addition, you will move to one of the upstairs rooms here at the mansion.”

“Exactly what will these duties be?” I asked.

“Primarily you will be cleaning the upstairs guest rooms and hallways, as well as the rest of the house as needed.”

“When my and my daughter’s guests arrive here, you will be serving them drinks and food, followed by cleaning up after them.

“In doing so, you will always conduct yourself in the proper manner in which you will be taught. Our service people are to be seen and not heard. You will speak only when spoken to.

“This position like the other service positions is by contract, not regular employment. At the end of one year, you have the option to stay on, or return to your former position or leave.

“Do you have any questions?”

I didn’t think I had any options. It was either this or the street and I was in no way prepared for that. God only knows how long this COVID-19 thing was going to last or just what employment was going to be affected.

“No, I guess not.”

“Good, I am glad to hear you say that,” she said as both she and her daughter grinned.

Just what was ahead of me I wasn’t sure but it had to be better that what I would be facing out on the streets.

“Finish out the month working with Jeri and then move upstairs. You will begin the changes I mentioned as well as your training. Just sign these contracts and you may go.”

She handed me a pen and the forms.

As I began to read, Virginia barked at me in a loud voice.

“Just sign them now, David. You will get a copy that you can read later. I am very busy.”

I was surprised at her outburst so I just signed the documents and handed them and the pen back to Crystal.

Virginia went back to her inner office as a grinning Crystal gathered up the papers I had just signed.

I left the office and walked back to my apartment

That night I had second thoughts about what I had just signed. Other than being obligated for a year, I didn't see any harm in signing them.

Her term “other physical changes” suddenly hit me. Maybe that had something to do with what was happening to my body. What could they possibly be? I thought to myself.

A pang of doubt punctured my thoughts. Perhaps I should have taken the opportunity to ask more questions. Well, what was done was done. At the least I was going to be here for another year, come what may as they say.

What was happening in the outside world was not going to affect me until that year was up at any rate. I couldn't foresee anything bad happening to me until then.

I finished out the end of the month.

After getting another shot, the woman in white handed me a refill of pills.

“Following supper tonight, go home and shower. Wear only your sweats and sneakers. At 6 pm, you will be taken for the beginning of your changes.”

She turned and walked away before I could ask any questions.

Promptly at six the sedan pulled up in front of the maintenance shop. It was driven by the same woman in white that had given me my shot and pills.

I got inside and fastened my seat belt,

“Where are we going?” I asked.

“You’ll soon see,” she said with a kind of smirk.

There was no conversation as she drove.

It was about forty minutes later when we exited a state highway and pulled in to a small complex of office buildings.

Inside, we went downstairs and then down the hallway. My driver opened a glass door for me. On the outside glass was “Shirley’s Salon. Hair removal specialists.”

I walked inside, wondering why I was going to need any hair removal. I was about to ask the woman driver but she held up a single finger of her right hand to her mouth.

“Shut up and do as you are told. Remember your contract!”

A grey-haired lady came out from behind the counter.

“This way, please,” she said with a grin.

My driver took a seat and I followed the grey-haired lady into the back room.

“Strip to your jockstrap and lie down on the table,” she ordered

I removed my shoes, socks, and sweats.

The padded table was quite comfortable. Shortly two masked and gloved women in white came in. They turned on some equipment and began moving wands over my arms and legs.

About twenty minutes later, they stopped.

“Roll over, please,” asked one of them.

When I did ,the women continued doing the same thing.

My skin felt tight and had a tingling sensation as they worked.

I was in no position to say anything so I just lay there quietly.

Soon the hum of the machines stopped.

“Roll back over, please,” said one of them.

When I did so, one of them placed a blue mask filled with ice over my face, except my eyes.

“We will be back in a few minutes,” said one of them.

As I lay there feeling the cold of the face mask, I had lots of questions that I knew I wasn't going to be able to ask. If I did, I probably wasn't going to get an answer, except maybe "remember your contract."

I was just going to have to grin and bear it at least until I got my copies of the contract and looked them over more carefully.

When the two women returned, one of them got on each side of me. The one on the left removed the blue mask, then both of them picked up a wand with a needle on the end.

Neither one of them spoke as they worked on my facial hair and my eyebrows.

A few minutes went by and I winced. They stopped and replaced the mask.

About fifteen minutes later, they returned.

They removed the mask and continued until one of them announced, "Okay, you're done for now. Get up and stand spread eagle."

I did so while the girls opened two jars. Next my body was slathered with a white cream. They finished up with my face and neck.

My skin had a slight reddish tint and still felt rather tight but the cream made it feel much better and the redness disappeared. I noticed that the cream had a delicate feminine scent to it.

"Get dressed," said one of them as they tossed the empty jars and their latex gloves in the waste basket.

They left the room and I put my sweats, socks, and sneakers back on. My eyebrows stung as I walked out to the main office.

Outside in the main office, my driver got up, looked at me, and grinned.

“Okay. Next stop.”

I followed her out to the hallway.

There was no point in asking any questions.

We walked to another suite about three doors down. On the glass door was a sign that read “Carol’s Salon.”

My driver pushed open the glass door and we went inside.

A brunette looked up from the front counter and smiled at me.

“Come right in. Please remove your shoes and socks. Have a seat and the girls will be with you shortly.”

I did as I was told as my driver took a seat and picked up a magazine.

Why am I in a beauty salon? I asked myself as two beauticians approached me. First body hair, beard removal and eyebrow work had been done to me, and now this.

One of the girls knelt at my feet and shoved spacers between my toes while the other used duct tape to fasten my wrists to the chair’s arms.

My pulse accelerated as I didn't like being encumbered but at this point I wasn't in a position to say anything.

Over the next forty minutes or so. I received a manicure and a pedicure. Both finger and toenails were painted bright pink.

While the polish dried, one of the girls used a tweezer-like device to curl my eyelashes. Next she pierced my ear lobes and inserted a pair of little pink hearts with gold trim.

When she finished, the other girl trimmed and shampooed my hair, then dyed it bright pink. Giggling, she held a mirror in front of me.

I found that not only was my short hair now dyed bright pink but the girls had used a needle to reshape my eyebrows and had also removed some facial hair.

My eyebrows were now thicker near my nose, rose to a slight arch, then tapered off to a thin line. They were definitely the eyebrows of a woman.

I was furious to say the least but for now I knew I had to keep my mouth shut.

It was clear that these physical changes Virginia had talked about included turning me into a female or at least a feminized male who looked like a female.

I couldn't wait to get back to the mansion to talk to Crystal.

At the very least I wanted to see my copy of those contracts that I had signed. These people had gone too far, but what was I going to do about now?

My driver was trying to hold back her giggles as we left the beauty salon, then took the elevator to the second floor.

We got out of the elevator and walked down the hall to another set of glass doors.

“Last stop,” she said with a giggle.

There was no lettering on the door except “Suite #4.” I followed her inside.

At the counter, she talked with another woman in white.

“David King,” she said to her.

The woman looked up at me and smiled broadly.

“We are ready for you. Come with me, David,” she said.

I followed her into another room.

“Strip and get on the table, please,” she said

I followed her instructions, wondering what they were going to do to me next.

As I lay on the table, two masked women in white came in. One woman walked to the other side and handed the other one a wide belt.

The second one pulled it over my chest and arms and then she tightened it. I was now immobilized. Once again my pulse accelerated as I was encumbered. I had no idea what was going to happen next.

A third woman came in and stood at the foot of the table.

She spread my legs apart, then held up a needle. I felt a prick on either side of my scrotum. About fifteen minutes later, I felt a cool spray on my scrotum.

“You will be sore for about 24 hours. Apply some ice in a damp cloth to reduce the swelling. You can get dressed now.”

All three women left the room.

When I got up, I saw two one-inch lines of stitches on my shaved scrotum and my scrotum was empty. I had been castrated!

On the chair, my sweats had been replaced with bright pink ones. My support had been replaced by a pink one with rows of white ruffles on the waist band and a pink bow over the pink satin cup. My white cotton socks had been replaced with pink ones and my running shoes had been replaced with pink running shoes.

As I got dressed, it was hard to control my anger. These people had no right to do this to me. What was I going to do about it? I walked out with clenched teeth to where my driver was waiting for me.

“You look so lovely in pink,” she said with a big grin.

I said nothing as we made our way back to the car. Inside I was fuming but had no way to vent my rage, at least until we got back to the mansion

My driver made no conversation on our way back to the mansion. I was going to say something about what had just occurred but the words “remember your contract” were still fresh in my mind so I kept my mouth in check.

Those papers were going to get some close scrutiny when I got my copies and I was definitely going to confront Crystal when I saw her, that was for sure.

Arriving back at the mansion, the driver pulled to the front instead of dropping me off at the maintenance shed.

I turned to look at her.

“Crystal is waiting for you to take you upstairs to your new quarters.” she said.

I got out and went in the front door.

Crystal was sitting in the living room. She got up from the sofa and walked quickly over to me.

“Crystal I want an explanation...” I began in a loud voice.

I never saw the slap coming. The sound of the crack across the face echoed throughout the room.

Staggering back with a shocked look on my face, I was about to say something when she cut me off with a wave of her hand.

She had a severe look on her face which I had not seen before and I was suddenly afraid.

“Shut up!” she screamed.

“Service people are to be seen and not heard, as I explained to you. It is in your contract as well. Now come upstairs with me.”

I followed her up the wide stairs to the second floor. We turned right and walked to the end of the

hall and then down another hallway. She stopped at the door.

“This room is your new quarters. You will be staying here while you undergo training and will remain here throughout your time in the service position. IS THAT CLEAR?”

I could only answer with a weak, “Yes, Crystal.”

“I think you mean, ‘Yes, Mistress Crystal.’ Isn’t that correct?”

“Yes, Mistress Crystal,” I answered with a quavering voice.

I was now quite fearful. My face was still numb from the slap and I wasn’t sure what to expect next.

The events of this evening as well as this abrupt change in Crystal’s manner towards me put a whole new light on what my future was going to be here at Mortenson Estates.

“From now on ,you will always address me in that respectful manner and my mother will be addressed as Mistress Virginia. Is that clear?”

“Yes, Mistress Crystal.” I replied.

“Good. From now on you will be addressed as “Sissy Maid Daphne.” David King no longer exists. Is that clear, Sissy Maid Daphne?”

“Yes, Mistress Crystal,” I said again, in a more clear voice.

“Excellent. Now come inside your new quarters and I will get you acquainted with your training schedule.”

She opened the door and I followed her inside.

Nothing would have prepared me for what I found and would be told.

The large room was all done in pink. Pink carpeting and pink walls with a white ceiling and white trim

To my left were two pink chairs in front of a coffee table.

Mounted on the wall was a large TV set and beneath it a DVD player on a small stand with a computer and a modem.

On the table there was the TV remote along with a stack of DVDs. Next to the DVDs were a pink three-ring notebook and a pink pen.

On my right was a pink dresser. Next to that was a pink lighted vanity and a small bed with pink bedding. Across from the bed was a closet next to the bathroom door.

In the closet were several more pink sets of sweats and on the shelf were a half-dozen pairs of pink socks.

“You will stay in sweats until your training is completed and you are outfitted with a proper service wardrobe.”

We walked in the bathroom which was also done in pink. A pink shower cap was hanging from the shower head. The shower curtain, bath mats, and towels were all pink as well.

“Each night you will shower and rinse out your sissy strap. Each day you will wear clean sweats,

socks, and your sissy strap. On Friday, turn in your socks and sweats for clean ones.”

We walked back out to the front of the room.

“Your schedule is on the table and your training here and online starts tomorrow morning after breakfast. Mistress Margo, the service supervisor, will meet you back here to get you started.”

She turned around and left me standing there.

Well, what am I going to do now? I asked myself.

I walked over to the dresser and found the drawers were empty. The vanity drawers were empty too and there was nothing on the top of it.

The bed had a pink bedspread, a pink blanket, pink satin sheets and a pink pillow case. I wondered if there was anything that could have made this environment more feminine. Maybe the toilet paper should have been pink instead of white.

I looked over the schedule. It consisted of mostly watching the training videos interspaced with exercise periods, and a list of online training courses.

My meal times didn't coincide with the ones Jeri and I had before. I assumed that they didn't want me to be around any of the other employees while I was in training.

So it began.

That morning, just after I returned from breakfast, there was a knock on the door.

I opened it to find a stern-looking woman in a black pantsuit.

“I am Mistress Margo and I am here to train you.”

She brushed past me and walked over to the stack of DVDs. After selecting one, she placed it in the machine.

“This one lasts about an hour. Pay close attention and take notes. You can be quizzed on anything at any time.”

She left before I had a chance to say anything.

I sat down and began to watch the first DVD. It was titled “Proper Feminine Deportment.”

Opening my pink note book, I picked up the pink pen and began to watch.

On the screen was a very attractive blonde woman wearing a pink ruffled blouse, a pink skirt, and a pair of pink stiletto heel pumps. A pink purse dangled from her left arm.

Speaking in a soft and almost melodic voice, she explained the proper way a woman walks, sits down, and gets up again.

She did this several times walking around the room with her right hand on her right hip while keeping her purse dangling from the crook of her left arm until she used her free hand to smooth her skirt as she took her seat in front of the camera and placed her purse on the table in front of her.

The video continued as she showed the proper way a lady holds a cup and saucer in her left hand, then removing the cup with thumb and forefinger of the right hand and extending her little finger.

She took small sips from the cup. After putting the cup down, she picked up a napkin and blotted her mouth.

“Always blot your lips, never wipe them,” she instructed.

Next, she picked up a small plate with a piece of cake on it in her left hand and a fork in her right. She ate the cake, taking small pieces at a time, chewing slowly, then setting the plate and fork back down again. Once again, she blotted her lips with the napkin.

“Following a meal it is important to touch up your makeup in ladylike fashion,” she intoned.

With that, she opened her purse and removed a compact and lipstick. She removed the cover of the lipstick and turned it up, then held it in her right hand.

With her left hand, she flicked open the compact and held it in front of her face. After applying fresh lipstick, she placed the lipstick on the table and brushed the puff over her cheeks.

When she finished, she closed the compact, capped the lipstick, and placed them both back in her purse. She smiled at the camera.

“Remember that as a female you are always ‘on,’ so to speak.

“You must always perform these essential duties in this proper feminine and ladylike manner,” she said.

The DVD continued with her putting on and taking off a coat as well as getting in and out of a car in lady-

like fashion. There were other instructions as the video continued.

The point that was repeatedly stressed was to do things in the proper “feminine and ladylike manner.”

I was more or less mesmerized as I sat there watching this. I had always seen women behaving in this manner and now I was expected to behave that way too.

The DVD ended and I took it out of the machine.

I sat there for a few minutes thinking about what I had just seen. I had not taken any notes as the visual instruction was certainly self-explanatory.

Not only was I going to have to have a very feminine appearance but I was going to be trained to behave in a very feminine and ladylike way 24/7.

My thoughts were interrupted by a knock on the door. When I opened it, Margo was standing there.

“Did you understand everything on that DVD, Sissy Maid Daphne?” she asked.

“Yes I did, Mistress Margo,” I answered politely.

“Good. Now come with me.”

I followed her down to the basement to where the exercise machines were. We stopped next to the treadmill. There were several shoe boxes near by.

“Take off your shoes and socks,” she commanded.

After I did, she handed me a pair of knee-high nylon stockings from one of the boxes.

I put them on as she opened the three shoe boxes next to the treadmill.

“Try each of these pairs of pumps on to find the proper fit.”

The black leather pumps had three-inch heels. The second pair was a perfect fit.

“Okay, get on the treadmill and I will teach you the proper ladylike way you should walk”

I did so.

“When you walk, I want you to hold your arms across your body and let your hands dangle at the wrist. You must ALWAYS walk in a feminine and ladylike way.

“Is that clear, Sissy Maid Daphne?” she said in a loud voice.

“Yes, Mistress Margo,” I replied.

I moved my arms as she directed and she turned on the treadmill. In her right hand she brandished a silver rod with a black handle.

As I began walking in heels for the first time, she corrected me by touching one of my dangling hands with the silver rod. It gave me an electric shock.

I winced at each correction.

It wasn't long before I was walking in the proper feminine manner and continued to do so for about an hour.

Margo turned off the treadmill. My walking lesson for the day was over.

Back upstairs, Margo inserted another DVD.

“Pay very close attention to this one, you need some speech modification,” she said.

After inserting the disc, she sat next to me.

I watched as the same attractive woman spoke directly at the camera, giving instructions on how a male, whose voice was formed at puberty, could be modified to sound much more feminine, just like a girl becoming a woman’s would.

Periodically, Margo stopped the instruction and faced me.

“Talk to me like the instructions you have just been given,” she said.

Each time, I tried to modify my voice and talk to her like another woman would. It didn’t seem to be too difficult if I took my time and tried not to force myself to talk in a feminine manner.

She seemed pleased at my ability to pick up on this technique but did not say so.

When the disc ended, she removed it from the machine and faced me.

“From now on you will speak in the manner in which you have just been taught. Your speech must always be soft, melodic and feminine, just like a woman’s. Is that clear, Sissy Maid Daphne?”

I cleared my throat and, in my best modified voice, answered her.

“Yes, Mistress Margo, it is very clear.”



Satisfied, she left the room.

The next few hours I had to myself and then I took my lunch break.

I was walking in the proper feminine manner as I went to the kitchen.

No one spoke to me and I ate alone.

There were a lot of things running through my mind as I ate. How did I ever get myself into this mess? Was there ever going to be a way to get myself out of this mess?

My training continued with instructions on makeup, hair, and wig care.

The vanity was still empty of any cosmetic products and there were no wigs on the closet shelf.

The uniform DVD was next.

It explained the variety of the maid uniforms that I was going to be outfitted with.

I learned that my “service uniforms” consisted of puff sleeve, scoop neckline, mini dresses flared out with petticoats and complemented with a short, white ruffled apron, a white maids cap, and white ruffled wristlets and a white, ruffled choker.

This outfit, which came in a variety of colors, was worn over a bra, panty, and garter belt set with a variety of stockings and color matched stiletto heel pumps.

The short or long-sleeved sheath type of dress with a hemline just above the knee came in many colors but usually black was worn.

The foundation garments worn under the sheath consisted of a white or black longline bra and a long open bottom girdle with stockings or a white or black longline bra and a panty girdle with panty hose, and a black or white full-length slip.

A longer ruffled white apron and a white ruffled maid's cap rounded out this ensemble along with color matched stiletto heel pumps.

Next was the short or long-sleeved A-line dress with a hemline just below the knee. It also came in many colors but mostly black was required.

This dress was worn over the same foundation garments, stockings or panty hose and instead of a full slip, a pettislip was worn to flare out the skirt of the dress.

The dress was complemented with a longer but wider white ruffled apron, a white ruffled maid's cap, and, again, color matched stiletto heel pumps.

Lastly was the Victorian style maid's dress which was black in either a floor-length sheath or floor-length A-line style.

These two long-sleeved floor-length dresses were worn over black foundation garments, black stockings or pantyhose and floor-length pettislips with black knee-high stiletto heeled boots. They were complemented with a white ruffled maid's cap and a floor-length ruffled apron.

When the DVD ended, I looked over my notes.

Nowhere was there any mention of apparel other than what the maids were required to wear when they were serving or cleaning. It seemed as if the

maids were never going to be going anywhere else. That seemed rather odd.

Margo continued to test me on what I had learned. I always passed with flying colors.

At the end of the week, my pumps were exchanged for ones with a four-inch heel.

I continued to walk about in the prescribed feminine manner, as well as speak in my newly modulated voice.

Mistress Margo seemed pleased with my ability to learn everything quickly, though she never said so.

To be honest, I did sound like a girl when I spoke. My walk and my mannerisms were now quite feminine as well.

Soon I was walking very easily in six-inch stiletto heel pumps, almost as if I had been wearing them all my life.

I continued to run on the treadmill as well. On occasion, I walked on the treadmill wearing Velcro-strapped weights to strengthen my ankles.

My hair removal touchups continued as did my shots, pink pills, and the monthly manicure and pedicure.

This was followed by another visit to the clinic to undergo more surgery.

I underwent a "trachea shave" which was a reduction of my Adam's Apple. The results of this minor surgery were a smoother neckline, more like a woman's.

This was followed by cheekbone enhancement, lip injections, and the area between my lower lip and chin was filled in.

The recovery period was several weeks. When the swelling went down and I looked in the mirror, I found that I now had a very pleasing feminine face. I no longer resembled David King in any way. It was hard to believe how gorgeous I looked.

I lost some additional weight during my recovery period. As long as my BMI was within the guidelines, nothing was said to me. My shots and pills continued as well and gave me a softer and more feminine appearance.

I hadn't used the computer yet and wondered just what additional training I was going to be getting.

Out of curiosity one evening, I looked up my bank account. When I entered the user name and password, I got quite a shock.

In addition to my payroll deposits there were numerous checks that had been made out to the hair removal clinic, the surgical clinic, the pharmacy where I had been castrated, and the beauty salon. There was also a large check made out to a uniform company; presumably it was the one that provided the French Maid outfit, lingerie, wig, and shoes.

There wasn't much left. Once again my thoughts went back to those contracts I had signed without reading them. I was sick.

The women had complete control of my life, from my employment to my finances. It was almost as if I was their prisoner, though I could have left *if* I had the means to do so.

Many people in the outside world had been quarantined due to the COVID-19 Pandemic. I too had been essentially quarantined but in a different way.

My only trips outside of the mansion were to the beauty shop, pharmacy, or hair removal clinic.

Apparently, under Virginia and Crystal's control and Margo's tutelage, I had no need to travel anywhere since they were providing me with everything I needed.

The letters P.O.A. had appeared in the margins next to each check.

P.O.A. stood for "Power of Attorney." I had no doubt that was also part of what I had signed without reading.

I was now essentially a non-person with no money. I signed off and sat there for a while, thinking about what was going to happen next.

Saturday night, Margo showed up shortly after I had eaten supper. When I opened the door, she handed me a large box.

"Tomorrow after noon you will have your first practical test. I will be here at 1 pm to see that you are properly dressed and made-up. You will then go down to the kitchen, push a cart to the dining room, and serve Virginia and Crystal tea and cake."

She left before I could say anything.

It was obvious this was going to be the first real practical test of what I had been taught so far. I was going to be judged on my feminine behavior, as well as my ability to serve these two women correctly.

I put the box on a chair. I had no doubts about what the box contained and when I opened it, I found that I was right.

Inside was the uniform and accessories I would be wearing the next afternoon.

I was going to wait on Virginia and Crystal wearing a serving maid's uniform similar to the one I had seen in the video.

The box contained a black satin puff sleeve scoop neckline French Maid minidress, a black lingerie set consisting of a bra, ruffled panties and garter belt with a pair of fishnet stockings.

In addition there were two white petticoats, the pair of black leather six-inch stiletto heel pumps I had been wearing while walking on the treadmill, a ruffled choker and the matching pair of ruffled wristlets, along with a ruffled maid's cap.

The last items were a black shoulder-length wig, red lipstick, a cake of red blusher, and a spray bottle of perfume.

I set the box aside on the chair. In my mind I saw myself wearing everything that was in the box. I knew I was going to be one gorgeous French Maid.

That night I didn't sleep very well. As much as I had followed all instructions and orders to date, this was going to be my first real test and I was nervous about it.

Margo showed up at 1 pm.

She watched me put on the black satin bra with a pink bow between the cups, a pair of black satin panties with pink leg and waist elastic as well as four

rows of pink ruffles along the back, the black garter belt with a pink bow in the middle and little pink bows at the tip of each garter.

She giggled as I slipped the fishnet stockings over my feet, brought them up, smoothed them over my hair-free girly legs, then fastened them to the garters.

“Take your seat at the vanity, Sissy Maid Daphne, and apply your makeup. We’ll skip the eye makeup for today,” she said with a grin.

I took my seat as instructed.

Carefully, I applied the cherry red lipstick to my mouth, then brushed the red blusher across my cheeks. Lastly, I sprayed myself generously with the sweet sissy-scented perfume.

It was hard to believe the reflection that I saw in the vanity mirror. I really was absolutely gorgeous.

Margo put the shoulder-length black wig on my head and fastened the white ruffled maid’s cap to it while I put on the ruffled choker and ruffled wristlets.

“Very good, Sissy Maid Daphne. Now let’s get you properly dressed for this afternoon’s work.”

She was grinning as I got up.

I took the two short petticoats from her, slipped one inside the other, then put them both on.

She giggled again as she held up the black satin French Maid minidress by the hem and I put my arms through the puff sleeves as she adjusted the hem of the dress over the petticoats.

There was a large safety pin through the eye of the back zipper. I reached behind me to grab the shoe string attached to it. I pulled it over my shoulder to close the zipper, then removed the safety pin and set it on the vanity.

After stepping into the six-inch stiletto-heeled pumps, I stood at attention in front of her, remembering to hold my arms across my body and letting my hands dangle effeminately at the wrist.

Margo was grinning broadly.

“You make an absolutely gorgeous French Maid, Sissy Maid Daphne. I think you are more than ready. Now demonstrate how a sissy maid performs a curtsy.”

Remembering the instructional video on deportment, I grabbed the hems of my dress and petticoats, placed one foot behind the other, and squatted down in the way I had seen on the video

“Excellent, Sissy Maid Daphne but walk around the room, stop in front of me, and curtsy several more times.”

I did as I was instructed.

“Very good, Sissy Maid Daphne. I think you are ready. Come with me to the kitchen.”

I followed her out the door and down the stairs to the kitchen.

I found that I was walking easily in my six-inch stiletto heel pumps in the proper feminine and ladylike manner which I had been taught, almost as if it was second nature to me.

It sounds strange I know but I found myself feeling quite comfortable en femme and in my feminine walk and mannerisms.

In the kitchen, Margo showed me a cart on which was a tea pot and a small cake pan.

“We’ll set the table first, then you will return to the kitchen. When you hear the bell, push the cart in the dining room, curtsy, then say, ‘I am ready to serve you.’”

“Next you will serve the tea and cake as you saw in the video.”

We covered the dining room table with a white table cloth and placed a white napkin and a fork at each end of the table. At the head end was a small bell.

“Virginia and Crystal will be here shortly. When you hear the bell, you will come out and serve them. When they are finished, you will clear the table and wash the dishes.”

I nodded and, with that, she left me standing there.

It was about fifteen minutes before I heard the bell. I took a deep breath and pushed the cart in front of me out to the dining room.

Crystal and her mother were sitting at opposite ends of the table. Crystal looked up as I entered. She smiled at me as I performed a perfect curtsy and spoke.

“I am ready to serve you,” I said in my girlish melodic voice.

“Please serve us now, Sissy Maid Daphne,” said Crystal.

I put pieces of cake on two plates and placed one of them in front of both Virginia and Crystal. Next I poured two cups of tea and placed them in front of the two women as well.

I curtsayed again and left the room.

It was about twenty minutes before I heard the bell again.

When I re-entered the dining room, I curtsayed again as Virginia spoke.

“Please refill our cups.”

I did as she asked and then returned to the kitchen.

Thirty minutes went by before I heard the bell again.

Entering the dining room, I saw Virginia was gone.

Crystal walked over to me, grinning from ear to ear.

I knew immediately that she and her mother must have been happy with the way that I had conducted myself.

“You have performed your duties quite well, Sissy Maid Daphne. When you have finished cleaning up, Margo will come to your room.”

She turned around and left.

I put the plates, forks, cups and saucers back on the tray and returned to the kitchen.

After donning a pair of pink latex gloves, I washed and dried the dishes before putting them away.

I returned to my room where I found Margo was waiting there for me.

“You did an excellent job this afternoon demonstrating how well you have learned your lessons. Leave your serving uniform on. After your supper, go down to the basement at 8 pm and assist Virginia with the evening’s appointments.”

She turned around and left.

I had no clue what those “evenings appointments” were or what exactly I was going to be doing to assist her. I tried to relax by watching the TV but I couldn’t get interested in anything.

Sitting in front of the vanity, I was very surprised at just how delightfully feminine I looked. Nobody who ever knew me before would recognize me.

I applied fresh lipstick and blusher. Walking down to the basement in my effeminate, mincing and coquettish manner, I still had no idea what I was going to be assisting Virginia with.

It came as quite a surprise to see Virginia waiting past the exercise machines, wearing a full dominatrix outfit. She towered over me in her twelve-inch stiletto heel boots.

“Come with me,” she barked.

I followed her meekly to the very end of the basement. At the wall, she turned into a small alcove. She

entered a series of numbers on the keypad and a door slid open.

Following her inside, I found myself walking down a narrow hallway with small lights on either side shaped like flames.

There were numbered doors on either side.

We stopped at one and she slid a small panel aside, revealing a viewing port. Stepping aside, she motioned me to look.

My heartbeat accelerated as I looked inside and saw what was going on.

There was a man dressed in diapers and a baby bonnet sitting in a crib with a pacifier in his mouth and waving a small rattle in one hand. Crystal approached him and removed the pacifier, then shoved a baby bottle in his mouth.

He sucked on it for a while, then began to sob.

“What’s wrong my little munchkin?” asked Crystal. “Did you poop yourself again?”

The man put the bottle down, nodded, and began crying.

“You have been a very naughty boy. Now come over here.”

He left the crib and walked over to a table. Leaning over it, Crystal walked up behind him and pulled his diapers down to reveal he had soiled them.

“What a naughty boy you are!” she screamed at him as she brandished a paddle in one hand.

As she proceeded to paddle his soiled bottom, Virginia closed the window. She turned and I followed down the hall.

I thought I was going to be sick but I held my supper down.

At the next window I saw a naked man tied to a rack facing away from the dominatrix who was whipping him unmercifully.

“I am so sorry, Mommy, please forgive me!” he screamed.

She continued to not only whip him but berate him unmercifully.

Next she untied him, grabbed him by the hair, and pulled him down to the floor. After walking over him with her high heel boots, she grabbed him by the hair again and dragged him over to a toilet stool.

“Kneel, you piece of shit!” she screamed at him.

He knelt in front of her with his back to the toilet bowl.

I had a hunch what was going to happen next.

The dominatrix was wearing a black eye mask, a black stud collar, black leather gloves and a black leather torsolette, but no panties.

With her over-the-knee twelve-inch spike heel boots like the ones Virginia wore, she towered over him as she stood close to his face and he quivered beneath her intimidating gaze.

“Take your medicine!” she screamed at him.

He tilted his head back and opened his mouth.

The stream of urine she expelled shot forward, hitting him in the forehead. He leaned back further and the stream went into his mouth. He swallowed, then opened his mouth again as the urine splashed over his face.

When she finished, she stepped back and screamed at him again.

“Clean up this mess and yourself. I am finished with you.”

He used the roll of toilet paper behind him to wipe his face and chest, then what had splashed onto the floor.

When he finished, he walked over to where his clothes had been left on a chair.

This time it was all I could do to prevent myself from vomiting.

Virginia closed the window and we moved on to another door on the opposite side of the wall. This time she opened the door and we went inside.

Kneeling in the middle of the floor was a semi-balding, middle-aged man wearing a pink dress, pink wig and pink high-heeled shoes. He was trembling as we approached.

“I am so sorry, Mistress. I didn’t mean to disobey you.”

“Look at me, you worthless piece of scum,” screamed Virginia

When the man looked up, she slapped him across the face several times with her leather-gloved hand. It brought tears to his eyes.

“Disobeying me has its consequences. Do you want to wind up like him?”

She stepped aside as he looked up at me.

“No Mistress, I don’t.”

Virginia grabbed the hem of my dress and petticoats. She quickly yanked them up so the man could see my black satin panties.

“This pathetic excuse for a man was just like you. He was insolent, stupid and has a tiny useless penis like yours. That’s why I transformed him into a sissy maid. He is now kept forever in panties, petticoats, dresses, heels and makeup.

“He has no beard, no body hair, and no balls. Female hormones have suppressed the last vestiges of masculinity in his body.”

“His life has been turned over to me to live as my mincing, effeminate sissy maid to spend the rest of his life obeying my every wish and command.

“Do you want to follow him in my service?”

“No Mistress, I don’t.”

“Very well then, you had better mend your ways as well as continue your generosity. Is that clear?”

“Yes, Mistress. It is very clear.”

“Good, now get up.”

She dropped the hem of my dress and petticoats.

“Sissy Maid Daphne, would you please help this worthless piece of scum back into his street clothes?”

Virginia left the room.

He wouldn't even look at me as I helped him out of his dress. He kicked off his pink heels, then took off his pink wig, panties and bra. When he finished dressing, he still refused look at me as he left the room.

When I went outside, Virginia was waiting for me.

“I'll need you periodically for some of these sessions. That will be all for tonight. Continue with your training, Sissy Maid Daphne.”

I left her and walked back down the hallway and up the stairs to the door leading to the basement. I was still having trouble keeping my supper down as I made my way back upstairs to my room.

Inside, I felt quite shaken by what I had witnessed. I had managed not to get sick; I had no idea something like this was going on here and apparently had been continuing for some time.

It was hard to believe that something like this even existed. I had no doubt if anyone local found out about this, it would come as quite a shock to the whole area.

I could only assume that much of the money that this foundation raised and went to philanthropic causes was coming from the people who came here for “treatment” and was given to Mortenson Estates as a token of their “gratitude.”

A hot shower still did not relax me enough to get a good night's sleep.

The next day didn't erase the images from the night before.

Waking up from a nightmare doesn't make the memory of it go away very quickly and maybe not entirely at all ever.

I continued to view my training tapes. The next ones involved proper cleaning methods, and doing laundry, ironing, and sewing.

My touchups continued at the hair removal clinic, as did my hormone shots and pills. At the beauty parlor, I received the usual manicure and pedicure with pink nail polish.

"Your nails are longer now so be careful when you reach for things," instructed the beautician.

Margo tested me on the housekeeping DVDs I mentioned previously and, as usual, I passed them easily.

The next night she brought another box.

"You will put your cleaning skills to good use tomorrow after breakfast at 8 am. I will be here to guide you."

She turned around and left.

Inside the box was a black short-sleeved sheath dress, black foundation garments, sheer stockings, a full-length black slip, a white ruffled maid's cap and matching white ruffled apron.

I ate breakfast in my sweats and when I returned to my room, Margo was waiting for me.

Inside, she watched me put on a black long line bra, black long open bottom girdle, sheer stockings and a full-length black slip.

At the vanity, I put on the black wig and my makeup. After applying a generous splash of that sissy sweet perfume, I got up.

I attached the safety pin to the zipper and put on the black sheath dress. I reached over my shoulder and grabbed the shoe string, then pulled the long back zipper up. I closed the small hook at the top of the dress and removed the safety pin. The white ruffled apron and maid's cap were last.

I stepped into the six-inch stiletto heel pumps and faced Margo.

Margo looked me over very carefully before speaking.

“You look fabulous, Sissy Maid Daphne. Now let's get to work.”

We walked outside my room and to the end of the hallway.

Margo opened the door of a utility closet and stood to one side.

“Take the vacuum cleaner and do the hallways. I will be back in about an hour.”

She left me. I removed the vacuum cleaner and a long extension cord. I plugged the cleaner in and began vacuuming the hallway.

When Margo returned, she looked over every square inch of the carpeting. Satisfied, she stood in front of me.

“Everything looks good, Sissy Maid Daphne. Now I want you to vacuum and dust your room and the two rooms on each side of this short hallway.”

“Yes, Mistress Margo,” I replied.

She left again and I completed the task I was assigned.

The guest rooms were much larger than my room. They were tastefully furnished but the beds were unmade. I assumed that was the next thing on the agenda.

Returning as I completed this job, I was then instructed to change the bed linen and bathroom towels.

Margo watched carefully as I made up the beds and hung the bathroom towels exactly according to her instructions.

After putting the old bed linen and towels in the laundry chute, she told me to go to lunch.

That afternoon, I donned pink latex gloves and cleaned my bathroom and the two guest bathrooms.

Margo inspected the bathrooms closely as I stood by.

“Very good, Sissy Maid Daphne. You have learned your lessons well. Your skills are excellent. Go to your room. After you work on your online studies, re-view your DVDs again.”

She left and I returned to my room.

I finished up my online studies dealing with secretarial and receptionist duties. I wasn't sure how they were going to fit in with my service duties but I wasn't about to ask either.

Before signing off, I checked my bank account again and found more deductions for my sheath uniform, recent touchups, and my monthly shot.

The changes in my body were now much more readily apparent. My skin was smooth, hair free, and soft as any woman's

I had developed a nice set of breasts and they felt very comfortable in my bra cups.

Standing naked in front of the full-length mirror on the back of my room door, I saw the body of an attractive young woman, except of course for the shriveled remnants of my penis.

Strange as it may seem, I had no masculine feelings at all. I was quite happy with the feminized body that I saw.

The hormones must have had some effect on my emotions as well as my body. I had become quite comfortable in my new femininity, even though it was created and not natural. I was happy about feeling very feminine and girly.

My life as a feminized, sissified maid continued. I was complimented not only on my very feminine appearance and proper feminine deportment but on my excellent serving and housekeeping skills as well.

I was feeling very confident in my service position even if I had been transformed into a very feminine state to do it. At least I felt safe here.

People in the outside world were not so lucky. Covid-19 was rampant everywhere. Only about half the population seemed to think social distancing and masks were important.

Hospitals were being overwhelmed. No one here or even in the small towns nearby was yet to be affected. I wondered just how long that would last.

What if this lasted more than a year when my contract was up? I still had not been given a copy of the papers that I had signed. I wondered just what would my options be then?

Following the next month's manicure, pedicure, hair removal touchups and another massive shot of female hormones, I was fitted for new bras.

I had kept my weight down to just within my correct BMI number. My bras were getting snug so I was supplied with replacement pairs with a larger cup size.

My breasts were more comfortable in these new bras. I was proud of the way I had "blossomed" out as Crystal said with a giggle.

She seemed to enjoy helping me try on the new bras, briefly fondling my breasts as she adjusted the bra straps for a perfect fit, then stepping back to admire them.

Briefly, I thought she might be overstepping her bounds as my boss.

Then again if she was, how would I, a feminized, sissified male maid like me, file a sexual harassment lawsuit against her? I dismissed the thought.

The next Sunday night after my workout, Virginia was waiting for me as I came up the stairs from the basement.

“Crystal will be gone this week. I will need you in the outer office to answer phones and make appointments. You may wear your sweats.”

“Yes, Mistress Virginia,” I answered.

She walked away and I went back to my room.

Monday morning after breakfast, I went to her office.

She instructed me on the phone and reservation system. It was similar to the one I had seen on the internet training session that trained secretaries and receptionists.

I took my seat and she went back to her office.

In the morning there were few phone calls. The afternoon was busier.

It became obvious that the male callers requesting appointments to see Virginia were the men who came here for “treatment” in the basement’s dungeon.

I gave them a date, time and a room number. Their credit card numbers were on file and their card authorized a three-hundred dollar charge for their “sessions” with Virginia, Crystal, and two other women.

Once again I wondered just how long this had been going on here. It was right under the noses of law enforcement.

Technically, I guess, Virginia and Crystal weren't breaking any laws since no sex was involved in these "consulting" sessions.

The local people in the area had no idea what was going on behind those securely locked gates.

I had no doubt they would be totally shocked if they ever found out the real truth behind the money coming into Mortenson Estates, some of which would eventually wound up in the hands of various charities and medical research foundations.

I returned from lunch on Friday to find the door to Virginia's office was partially open.

Normally I would have just taken my seat at Crystal's desk and booted up the system again. Instead I just stood by and listened as she was talking on the phone.

"Thank you for getting back to me so quickly, Gwen. Did you enjoy the information I sent you?"

"That's good to hear. I know you will be pleased with Daphne."

"He has completed nearly two years of feminization and sissification. His deportment and mannerisms are perfectly feminine in his mincing, coquettish, and effeminate walk, to his modified speech. He has also responded well to the new super strength female hormones."

"In addition to his smooth and very soft feminine skin, his body is now hair-free below the eyes. He has

no beard, no body hair, perfect feminine eyebrows, and, of course, no balls.

“His shrunken, non-functional penis and empty scrotum are a barely visible crease in his panties.”

“The hormones have also changed his personality and made him very docile and obedient. He only speaks when spoken to and is never angry or argumentative. He has readily accepted his position as a live-in sissified, feminized male maid.

“He is quite competent in both his serving as well as cleaning skills. I know you will be very happy having him in your household as a live-in sissy maid and at your business as a sissy secretary.”

“Would you like to meet him in person for a brief demonstration of his skills and abilities?”

“Tomorrow at 10 am will be perfect. I will have him serve us tea and cake.”

I took my seat at Crystal’s desk as the conversation ended.

Keeping busy with taking appointments, I couldn’t help but think back to that conversation.

Was I being sold to this other woman? Was my contract being transferred? What else could have been in that contract I signed but failed to read?

I hadn’t yet received my copy and at this point I doubted if I ever would. I guess it wouldn’t make much difference now anyway. My future was pretty much determined.

At 4 pm I closed down the phone and computer system. Virginia came out of her office as I was finishing up.

“I have a special guest coming tomorrow morning for tea and cake at 10. I want you to be dressed to serve us. Be in the kitchen at nine-thirty and wait for the bell.”

“Yes, Mistress Virginia,” I answered as she breezed past me.

That evening after supper, I thought about Virginia’s phone conversation. My future apparently was changing. What lay ahead was unknown but I was certain it wouldn’t be long before I found out.

Following breakfast the next morning, I dressed in my black lingerie, fishnet stockings, petticoats and black satin puff-sleeve French Maid minidress.

Sitting at the vanity, I put on my makeup, black wig, a ruffled maid’s cap and matching choker and wristlets. A quick spray of sweet perfume and I stepped into my stiletto-heeled pumps and went down to the kitchen.

There was conversation and laughter coming from the living room as I set the table for two people, one at each end.

When I returned to the kitchen, I found one of the staff had placed a small cake pan and a tea pot on a cart. I stood there and waited for the sound of the bell.

At the sound of the bell, I pushed the cart in the dining room.



Virginia was sitting at one end and her guest at the other.

Her guest was an attractive woman with short blonde hair. She wore a plain white blouse under her brown pantsuit.

She glanced up and looked me over carefully, almost as if she were examining me, as I stood next to Virginia and curtsied politely in the appropriate sissy maid manner.

“I am ready to serve you, Mistress Virginia,” I said

“Please do, Sissy Maid Daphne,” she answered

I proceeded to place the cake on two plates and placed a plate in front of Virginia’s guest and then Virginia.

Next, I filled two cups with tea and set one in front of Virginia’s guest and then one in front of her.

The guest was watching my every move carefully as I performed these duties in the effeminate and coquettish manner which I had been taught.

I stepped back, curtsied again, then returned to the kitchen to await the bell that would signal me to return and refill their cups.

The kitchen door hadn’t closed when I heard the two women erupt into giggling and laughing which lasted a few minutes.

Stopping short, I stayed close to the door and left it open a crack so I could hear their conversation.

I knew I was taking quite a chance. If I got caught listening in on their conversation. I knew I would be

punished but I had to find out just why this woman was here and what her interest in me was.

“As you can see, Gwen, Sissy Maid Daphne has become so delightfully feminine, just like my other candidates that Crystal and I have trained and sent off to work for our many satisfied customers.”

“You certainly are right, Virginia. He is absolutely gorgeous as well as being totally and completely effeminate in the way he conducts himself. I couldn’t be more pleased with his appearance as well as his deportment and service skills.”

“I’m glad to hear you say that, Gwen. Let’s have some more tea and then I will get you the papers from my office.”

At the sound of the bell, I walked back out to the dining room and curtsayed.

“Please refill our cups, Sissy Maid Daphne,” said Virginia

I did so in the proper effeminate manner.

“Will there be anything else, Mistress Virginia?” I asked.

“No thank you, Sissy Maid Daphne. You may go.”

I curtsayed again and pushed the cart back into the kitchen.

Now what? I thought to myself as I covered the cake pan and dumped the last of the tea down the sink. What was my future going to be?

That evening, Virginia came to my room just as I was getting into bed.

“Tomorrow is Sunday and while I know it is your usual day of light work or your day off, there has been a change in your schedule.

“In the morning I want you to dress in your pink lingerie, pink pantsuit, pink sleeveless satin blouse and pink low-heeled pumps as well as your usual pink blusher and pink lipstick.

“Following your touchup visits to the hair removal clinic, beauty parlor, and after getting your monthly hormone shot, I want you to come back here to the office.”

She turned away before I could say anything or ask a question.

It had always been this way since I began my transformation and service training.

Virginia or Crystal did the talking while I did the listening. I did as I was told like a servant, or as in this case a sissy male maid, should do.

I went to bed feeling a bit uneasy.

Lying awake, I thought about what had transpired over the last two years or so.

I was now fully transformed into a mincing, girlish, and effeminate sissy male maid. This had been accomplished of my own free will but only because I couldn't face the prospect of life in the streets with no job and very little money.

To make matters worse, Covid-19 was spreading and there didn't seem to be any end in sight. Vaccinations were just getting available and people were struggling to get an appointment. Many were still quarantined.

At the time it seemed like the lesser of two evils. Now it seemed that I had chosen the *greater* of the two evils. But what could I do?

Essentially, I was quarantined too but in a different sense. As a feminized, sissified, male maid, I could go only where Virginia or Crystal would take me. I wasn't really free in that sense of the word.

In the morning, I dressed according to Virginia's instructions and went down to breakfast.

Immediately afterwards I got in the sedan with Crystal at the wheel. She was wearing a mask and handed me one.

She didn't speak to me as she took me to the various appointments where everyone was now masked up.

In addition to my hormone shot, I received my first covid-19 vaccination shot.

By now I always felt very relaxed and comfortable as the women who worked on me removed any stray facial or body hair, cut, shampooed, and touched up my tinted pink hair.

I was also feeling quite girly and feminine each time this was done to me along with my monthly manicure and pedicure which included a touchup of my pink finger and toenail polish.

Returning back to the mansion just after 1, Crystal took off her mask and turned to me as I removed mine and placed it in the glove compartment.

"Go to the kitchen and have lunch. When you finish, come back to Virginia's office."

“Yes, Mistress Crystal,” I answered in the proper manner.

The food was always superb since I had arrived here almost two years ago. My late lunch that day, however, didn’t seem to have any taste at all.

Maybe it was because of my apprehension about what was going to happen to me next when I went to see Mistress Virginia after I finished eating my lunch.

At any rate, languishing over my meal wasn’t going to help matters any. It would only prolong the inevitable.

When I finished eating, I opened my purse. I touched up my blusher and lipstick in the appropriate manner. This typically feminine gesture was now a part of me and I performed it naturally, almost as if I had been doing it all of my life.

I arrived at Virginia’s office to find her standing behind her desk and her guest from the day before standing in front of it. The woman’s face brightened as I walked in.

“Sissy Maid Daphne, this is Gwen Richardson, your new boss. She has purchased your contract. You will be traveling with her to her New York home where you will reside as her live-in sissy maid and work full-time as her sissy secretary/receptionist in her accounting and tax firm.”

“While you were gone, I packed the few things you have here and they will be shipped out to you tomorrow. Gwen will supply you with more uniforms, work apparel, accessories, wigs and makeup.”

Turning to Gwen, she handed her a folder.

“These are print copies of photographs of each step in his transformation and his test scores as well as a copy of his contract and the assignment of the contract to you.

“You won’t need his driver’s license and birth certificate in his former identity of David King.”

She grinned as she fed these two items into the paper shredder.

I was taken by surprise. Those two items were the only two things that constituted proof of who I really was, or should I say *used* to be.

In my now feminized state, I was simply Sissy Maid Daphne. Essentially I had become a non-person.

In the future, should anyone come looking for me, I would be nowhere to be found. It was like David King had disappeared or just fallen off the earth.

My pulse had increased rapidly as Gwen put the folder in her attaché case. She took a checkbook out of her purse. After writing out a check, she tore it off and handed it to Virginia.

Virginia smiled as she took the check.

“Thank you so much, Gwen. It has been a pleasure doing business with you. I know you will be pleased with Sissy Maid Daphne.”

Gwen put the checkbook back in her purse and zipped it shut. After closing her attaché case, she turned to me.

“Let’s go, Sissy Maid Daphne. You are going to love New York!”

I followed her outside with my heart trying to pound its way out of my chest.

Parked out front was a limo. The chauffeur jumped out and opened the rear door. I got in first and slid over to the side. After Gwen got in, the chauffeur closed the door and proceeded to the driver's seat.

My pulse still hadn't slowed down. I tried to calm down but it was hard to do.

In the military we had moved around quite a bit but had never lived anywhere in New York State. This was going to be a new living environment for me.

Gwen hadn't said where in New York State we would be going and as a proper sissy maid, it wasn't my place to ask. I hoped fervently that it wasn't New York City as that was the current hotbed of Covid-19

I glanced out the window as we went past the maintenance shop where I stayed when I was first hired.

Jeri was talking to a young man as he took his suitcase out of the back of the pickup truck. He was a short man with a slim build.

In my mind I imagined how easily he would be feminized as well as how good he would look in maid dresses, makeup, and heels.

My pulse jumped again. For an instant I thought about jumping out of the limo and running over there to warn him but of course I couldn't.

He would, no doubt, be led down the same path as I had been.

In two years or so, Covid-19 notwithstanding, he would be where I was now, riding in comfort headed for the next stage of his life as a feminized, sissified male maid.

He too would be sitting next to a woman who had just purchased his contract that would guarantee his indentured servitude for the rest of his life.

She would be taking him to her home where he was going to spend the rest of his life as a feminized, sissified male maid, just like me, and there wasn't a damn thing I or anyone else could do about it.

I leaned back and closed my eyes.

The driver took the airport exit from the freeway but we bypassed the main terminal and pulled into a small charter terminal some distance away.

The chauffeur got out and opened the door for us. He took Gwen's suitcase from the trunk and we followed him inside.

At the counter, another man took Gwen's suitcase from him.

"It will be about twenty minutes, Ms. Richardson. Have a seat."

We both sat in chairs opposite the counter.

Gwen still had not made any small talk and I didn't offer to start any, remembering that a sissy maid is to be seen and not heard.

We only had to wait about ten minutes before the man behind the counter spoke to Gwen again.

“You are all set ,Ms. Richardson,” he said as he opened the counter entry way.

We followed him outside to the back where a private jet was parked. He took Gwen’s bag up the steps and to the rear of the plane as we took our seats up front.

I settled into one of the soft luxurious leather seats and fastened my seatbelt. The man left and a male attendant closed the door.

The low whine of the idling jet engines increased as we backed away from the charter terminal.

A short time later, we were airborne and soon reached cruising altitude.

My pulse was still beating fast as I contemplated where we were headed.

“Unfasten your seatbelt, Daphne, and relax.” said Gwen. “It will be about a three-hour flight.”

As I did so, a male attendant came from the back and handed each of us a glass of wine.

“This will help you relax, Daphne. I know it has been a long day for you.”

“Thank you, Mistress Gwen,” I said as I took the glass from the attendant.

“Oh please, Daphne,” she began with a giggle.

“You needn’t be so formal with me. Call me Gwen. I’m not as strict as Virginia and Crystal are or that your training prepared you to be, at least with some women.”

“Thank you, Gwen, I appreciate that,” I replied as I took a sip of the wine.

It tasted very good and shortly the attendant returned to refill our glasses.

“You are going to love Albany,” she said with a smile. “My place is back in the country, away from the city like the Mortenson estate.”

I simply nodded and drank some more wine.

Turning down another refill, I reclined my seat and closed my eyes. I fell asleep in no time at all. The next thing I knew, Gwen was shaking my arm.

“We are almost home. We will be landing in a few minutes.”

I brought my seat upright. I made a trip to the restroom, then sat down again.

The seatbelt light came on and we strapped ourselves in.

After we landed, we deplaned and walked through another charter terminal where a limo was waiting for us. Gwen’s bag was put in the trunk and the chauffeur drove off.

We arrived at Gwen’s home in the country. It was a gorgeous place and, like Mortenson, it was beautifully landscaped.

A male employee came out and took Gwen’s bag from the trunk. The limo drove off and we went inside.

“Take my bag to my room please,” said Gwen.

“Let’s go into the kitchen. I am famished as I am sure you are as well.”

I followed her to the spacious kitchen where the cook made us a supper of roast beef, mashed potatoes, and gravy. Like the Mortenson’s staff, Gwen’s staff knew how to cook.

Following our meal, Gwen took me downstairs to the basement. She showed me the laundry and exercise machines. Next we went upstairs to the living room.

The room was tastefully decorated and luxuriously furnished. I would have loved to know what it had cost.

“When Covid-19 started, I remodeled and expanded the sunroom for a private office. You will work in front here while I will be using the inner office.

“I conduct all my business from here now, though the bulk of my staff is closer to the city in an office building.”

Next I followed her upstairs to my room.

“I have preordered everything you are going to need here,” she said. “The few things you left behind will be coming in a day or two.”

Inside the queen-size bedroom, I was not surprised at what I found.

The décor was pink and white of course. To my left were two pink stuffed chairs in front of a coffee table. On the wall was a big screen TV and DVD player.

On the right was a massive pink dresser. Gwen giggled as she showed me the contents of the four drawers.

The top one contained bra, panty, and garter belt sets with many packages of stockings and panty hose. The next contained foundation garments; the third held camisoles, half and full slips and the last contained sleepwear with multi-colored peignoirs, waltz gowns, and chemises.

A pink lighted and well-stocked vanity was next to that. Against the wall was a large four-poster bed with pink chiffon drapes and pink bows.

Gwen giggled again as she pulled back the pink chiffon bedspread to reveal a pink down comforter over pink satin sheets and two pillows with pink satin cases.

Gwen still giggling, we walked over to the far wall where Gwen opened the closet.

It revealed a carousel. She spun it around to reveal my many maid uniforms in various styles and colors. Petticoats and pettislips were on hangars, as were the aprons.

“For working in my office, you will wear these,” she said.

There was a variety of very feminine blouses and slim skirts, followed by jacket and skirt combinations.

Beneath the carousel were several shoe racks containing only high-heeled pumps in a variety of colors as well as one row of fuzzy-toed four-inch heeled slippers.

In the back was a pink pair of winter boots, a pink pair of rain boots and a pink pair of hiker boots. Those and my pink running shoes were the only flat-heeled footwear I would be wearing.

The top shelf had a dozen foam heads with wigs in various styles and colors, along with a selection of maid's caps and several ladies hats with veils.

In the bathroom, once again all done in pink. I found pink fluffy towels, mats, and a pink shower cap hanging from the shower head.

The cupboard contained additional towels and washcloths which were all in pink as well. It seemed my whole life was going to be lived in pink surroundings.

Gwen took a bath set off the top of a stack of them and removed the cover. Holding it up to my nose, she grinned.

"Using these will keep you scented sissy sweet," she said with a laugh.

The bath sets contained bubble bath crystals, perfumed soap, perfumed body powder and a matching spray bottle of perfume. There were scents in cherry, strawberry, peach, lemon, spice and lavender.

We returned to the front of the room where Gwen picked up several sheets of paper.

"Your work schedule, apparel, makeup, and uniform requirements will be given to you a month in advance, including your trips into town for your monthly shot, manicure and pedicure, as well as your hair removal touchups.

“On your days off you may hike, jog, or cross-country ski around the grounds. After you eat supper and use the basement exercise machines, please stay in your room. Do you have any questions, Sissy Maid Daphne?”

I took a deep breath before shaking my head and answering, “No Gwen, I don’t.”

She left the room.

As I glanced around my pink environment, I came to the conclusion that this wasn’t going to be so bad.

Obviously, I was never going to be able to return to my former male life but I had to come to grips with the fact that life as a feminized, sissified male maid was going to be it for me.

Gwen was right. I was home.

I sat in one of the pink chairs and went over the sheets listing my schedule for work, meals, trips into town, and my time off. Everything had been well-planned and organized for me. Nothing had been left to chance, that was for sure.

The rest of my life as a feminized, sissified male maid and secretary was going to be well laid-out for me. I would have no reason to complain about anything.

That night as I soaked in my strawberry scented bubble bath, I couldn’t remember being happier, more content, or less worried about my future.

In the coming days ,I adjusted to my new schedule. My belongings arrived and I put them away.

I began working as Gwen's receptionist and adapted readily to the requirements of the position, thanks largely to the online courses I had completed while at Mortenson.

At the first afternoon entertaining a friend for tea and cake, I performed my services with my well-trained effeminate and coquettish grace.

Gwen couldn't have been more pleased. She mentioned her guest had been very impressed with my service skills, as well as my femininity.

Hiking the grounds on my first day off in my pink jeans was very pleasurable I knew cross-country skiing here in the winter would be likewise.

I thoroughly enjoyed my job, lifestyle and of course my femininity, created though it may be. I was as feminine as any woman could or wanted to be.

Being a very girly girl as well as an effeminate, coquettish French Maid was a terrific and enjoyable experience in every way.

You could say honestly at this juncture, I wanted to live forever. I was totally and completely submerged in my feminine work, living environment and, of course, my own femininity.

What more was there to say?

THE END

EPILOGUE:

Chief of Detectives Fred Connor knocked politely on the door.

Detective Edward Nyland looked up from the desk.

“Hi Chief, what’s up?” he asked

“How long have you been on this missing young men case?”

“Longer than I thought I would, Chief. I just caught a break several weeks ago. I had an inquiry from the Air Force in Florida.

“It seems a retired sergeant died and listed his son as his only relative. They had not been able to contact him through normal channels.

“I think his missing son may be connected to these other disappearances of young men whose last whereabouts were working at Mortenson Estates.”

“I see. So really that has been the only development, right?”

“Yes, I’m afraid so.”

“Well, I want you to shelve it for now. There are many other cold cases that need attention. Since this one had mostly dead ends, I want you to get started on another one. Keep me apprised.”

“Okay Chief, I will do that.”

The chief of detectives left the office. Detective Nyland placed a folder in the cardboard box to his left, then put the box on the shelf behind him.

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