



Reluctant Press presents:

Run For Life

Norman Way



ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. HAIGHT

A 'NEW WOMAN' E-BOOK

Copyright © 2006, Reluctant Press - All Rights Reserved

Reluctant Press TG Publishers

This story is a work of fiction. Any similarity to persons living or dead is entirely coincidental. All situations and events herein presented are fictional, and intended only for the enjoyment of the reader. Neither the author nor the publisher advocate engaging in or attempting to imitate any of the activities or behaviors portrayed.

Persons seeking gender reassignment surgery, hormone therapy or any other medical and/or body-altering process should seek the counsel of a qualified therapist who follows the Benjamin Standards of Care for Gender Identity Disorder.

Protect Professional Fiction on the Internet!

We need *your* help! We want to keep providing our readers with low cost, professional quality fiction on the Internet. We spend thousands of dollars to edit, illustrate and typeset *each story*. It is important, therefore, that everyone works to help keep professional fiction alive on the Net.

This story is protected by US and International copyright law, and is owned exclusively by Reluctant Press, which retains exclusive rights to publish these materials. The civil penalties for copyright infringement can be severe, including substantial monetary damages, injunctive relief, and liability for attorneys' fees incurred in prosecuting a case. If a court determines that the infringement was committed willfully, statutory damages of up to \$100,000 for each copyright infringed can be awarded. Even if not found to be acting willfully, a defendant can still be held liable for statutory damages of \$500 to \$20,000 for each copyright infringed. **These penalties apply even if money was not charged.** In addition, criminal penalties may be imposed if someone willfully infringes a copyrighted work for commercial advantage or private financial gain. This crime is punishable by up to five years imprisonment, up to \$250,000 in fines, or both. State civil damages and criminal penalties vary from state to state and country to country, but are always severe.

The best way to keep professional illustrated fiction available on the Internet is to do **YOUR** part to protect the author's and publisher's copyright. *You can be part of the solution.* Encourage others to purchase our stories. Never share the access rights you've purchased. **You** make the continued availability of TG fiction on the Internet possible. Thank you for your cooperation!

A RUN FOR LIFE

By Norman Way

PART ONE: THE JOB

I couldn't believe it had come down to this, but then I suppose there are a lot of men who could say that. I finished my pie and gulped down the last of the coffee as the restaurant's assistant manager walked past me down the corridor on the way to the office. I got up and walked behind him as if heading for the restrooms adjacent to the office. I pulled a ski mask over my head and yanked the .45 from my waistband as I caught up to him. He turned the key in the lock as I jammed the gun in the back of his neck and pushed him forward.

"On your knees and open the safe now!" I ordered as I closed the door behind me.

He crawled over to the safe and began spinning the dial. I removed a small plastic bag from my jacket pocket and tossed it in front of him.

"Fill it up fast if you know what's good for you!" I barked as I pressed the gun harder into his neck. Judging by the smell, he was too scared to give me any trouble; he quickly placed the bundles of cash in the bag. I reached over, yanked the phone cord out of the socket, then grabbed the bag out of his hand.

"Lie face down on the floor and stay put while you count to 100," I said as I stepped back

I shoved the gun in the waistband of my pants, took off the ski mask and opened the door. The corridor was clear. I stuffed the ski mask in my jacket pocket and ran out the back door, then down the alley. When I reached the end of the alley, I turned up the street. I saw the S-10 pull away from the curb and stop abreast of me. I yanked open the door, tossed the money bag in the back and hopped in.

Mac said nothing as he sped to the intersection. Luck was with us as the light was green; he turned right on the expressway and headed for the freeway onramp. It was start-

ing to snow and Mac switched the wipers on as we exited the expressway and headed north. I glanced in the side mirror as we pulled up even with the northbound freeway traffic. I saw the flashing red lights of two squad cars approaching the intersection where the restaurant was located. I knew it wouldn't be long before a description would be out.

"Floor it Mac, the cops are at the restaurant!" I yelled.

Mac punched the accelerator and we merged into the outside lane at the maximum speed limit. Mac's uncle had a cabin in northern Minnesota where we planned to hole up for a few days and then decide what to do.

Twenty minutes later, we left the interstate and headed northwest on a state highway. It began snowing harder and Mac turned the wipers on high speed to keep up with it. I turned the heater fan up as it was also getting colder and the puny fan in this little truck was barely keeping us warm.

A half hour went by. I kept checking the side mirror to see if anybody was following us. It was Sunday night so, once we left the interstate, the traffic was light. Soon we would be off the state highway and there would be hardly any traffic at all.

An hour crawled by, then Mac slowed as we neared the junction of the county road he was looking for. It was snowing harder now and the visibility was much worse.

Suddenly Mac braked, then turned left off the state highway and onto the secondary road.

"Another hour and we'll be there," he announced.

I checked my watch. It would be a little after 11 PM when we arrived at the cabin. Everything had gone pretty much the way we had planned it. No glitches, no trouble and we had scored what appeared to be a substantial sum of money.

The snow was coming down much harder now. You could barely see more than about a block ahead and the snow was beginning to stick to the highway. This little two-wheel drive pickup wasn't going to do us much good once the snow got deep.

"Better slow down a little," I cautioned.

Mac nodded as we rounded a sharp curve. Straight ahead, frozen in the headlights, was a ten-point whitetail deer. Mac hit the brakes and turned the wheel. He avoided hitting the deer but lost control of the truck. We hit the end of the guardrail and flipped over several times landing upright in a creek bed.

I sat still for several minutes, waiting for my eyeballs to stop rattling around in my head. I wasn't hurt, but there was a small trickle of blood coming from a cut on my forehead. I glanced over at Mac. He was slumped over, with his head at a funny angle. I reached over and could not feel a pulse. The cab of the S-10 had been flattened, more so on his side than mine. I was shorter than he was; I guess that saved me from more serious injury.

I tried to open the door but it was jammed. I tried pushing against it several times but to no avail. Finally I slid over to Mac's body as far as I could and pulled back on the door handle while kicking the door with my right foot. On the second kick, the door creaked open. I pushed hard with both hands and it finally swung open.

With the cold air came the sharp smell of gasoline. I reached behind me and grabbed the bag of money. As I stepped out, I sank ankle deep in cold water. I pushed the door shut and began walking upstream to the wooded bluff. I didn't want to stay close to the road. Maybe there was a farmhouse on the other side of the bluff where I could get some help. The snow was blinding and the wind made it seem even colder, so I put the ski mask back on.

I picked my way carefully through the trees and was about half way up the bluff when the S-10's gas tank went up and night turned into day. I stopped climbing and looked back at the little truck engulfed in flames. "So long Mac," I thought. "Thanks for everything."

I knew the fire would bring the authorities soon so I turned away and continued my climb. It was a difficult climb, holding on to the moneybag with one hand and grabbing a tree branch to hang onto with the other. I finally made it to the top but could not see what was on the other side. The flickering light from the burning truck would do me no good on the other side and I was getting cold. I had to find some help quickly before my feet froze.

I began my descent on the other side. About halfway down, there appeared to be an opening in the trees, a narrow corridor to the bottom. I half slid, half walked down this opening. I was only about twenty feet from the bottom when I lost my footing and tumbled the remaining distance, landing on my side against a barbed wire fence. I had kept a firm grip on the moneybag but I had to drop it to try to untangle myself from the barbs that now had me ensnared.

I freed my left sleeve first, then my legs. I stood up and surveyed the area. The fence was about six feet high and the sign in front of me warned that trespassers would be prosecuted. At this point, of course, an arrest for trespassing was the least of my problems. I picked up the moneybag and walked along the fence for a short distance. There was a break in the tree line on the opposite side and I could see the faint lights of a house in the distance.

My feet felt like two blocks of ice and if I didn't get to a warm place soon, I was going to freeze to death, or at least lose my feet to frost bite. I set the moneybag down and stepped on the second line of wire while gripping the top wire. The fence was solid. I tossed the moneybag over the fence. Gingerly, I climbed up and over the fence, and then climbed down the other side. As I stepped down, I slipped and fell against the bottom line of wire and snagged myself again.

As I struggled to free myself, the bright light of a flashlight blinded me momentarily. I heard the growl of a dog and a voice said softly, "Don't move. Do exactly as I tell you. If you do not obey me, I will let go of this leash and Butch will show you why he is the best de-nutter we ever had."

"Okay, I will," I answered. I couldn't see who was speaking to me but I understood the term "de-nutter" quite well.

The flashlight beam moved away from my face and shone on the fence where I was hooked. When my eyes adjusted to the dimmer light, I saw a figure in a long black coat with a hood. Straining at the leash was the biggest Doberman pinscher I had ever seen. The dog opened its mouth and barked once. I thought I was looking down a manhole with

teeth. Shortly, another figure, similarly dressed and also holding a Doberman on a leash, walked up and joined us.

“Check him out,” instructed the taller of the two, who was standing closest to me.

The shorter one walked over to me and began patting me down while the dog sat at my feet. I caught the faint aroma of perfume as her small black leather gloved hand frisked me over. My gun was removed and placed inside the moneybag.

“Get him unhooked and let’s get him back to the house,” ordered the taller one.

After they freed me from my entanglement, I stood up.

“Walk between us to the house,” said the taller one.

The shorter one, holding the moneybag in one hand and the leash in the other, led the way. I followed at a short distance as the taller one fell in line behind me.

I had no idea what I had just stumbled into but now was not the time to get cute and try to escape. It took us about five minutes to get out of the stand of pine trees, then we headed towards the lights of the house.

As we got closer, I saw the house was a large two-story Victorian-style home, complete with gables on four corners. We were approaching from the rear of the house and to the right I saw a large barn and a smaller tool shed. I did not see any vehicles and there did not appear to be any activity around the place nor anyone else waiting outside for us. We stopped in front of a storm cellar door at the right rear corner of the house. The shorter one set down the moneybag and grabbed the handle of the left side door and pulled it open, then did the same with the right hand door.

From a pocket of the long black coat, the short one removed a set of keys; after commanding the dog to sit, the short one walked down a short concrete ramp and unlocked a large wooden door. After pushing it open, the shorter one walked back up, picked up the moneybag, grabbed the dog’s leash and went back inside.

I followed at a respectful distance. The tall one behind me had been silent the whole time; the only noise was the panting of that big dog behind me. Once down the ramp and through the door, we entered a dark corridor.

“Stop!” ordered the tall one.

While the shorter one watched, the tall one behind me walked back up the ramp and closed the storm doors, then closed and locked the large wooden door. The dog behind me never moved but kept its eyes riveted on me. My eyes had just become adjusted to the darkness of the corridor when the tall one spoke again.

“Take off all your clothes, NOW!”

I removed my jacket first, then tried to untie my shoes but the soaking in the creek and subsequent trek thru the snow had frozen them in place. I pulled them off, and then removed the rest of my clothes. The shorter one unlocked a door to my right and stepped back.

“Inside!” she ordered.

I was beginning to shiver as I stepped inside the small room. The basement was better than being outside and this room was adjacent to the furnace room so it was warmer than the outside corridor. The door slammed shut behind me. It was pitch black and I couldn't see a thing until a moment later, when an overhead light came on. Judging by its dimness, it was probably a 40 watts or less. As my eyes became adjusted to the light, I took stock of my surroundings.

The windowless room was eight feet high by eight feet wide and about ten feet long. To my left was a cot with a pillow and a wool blanket. On the other side were a sink and toilet. The gray concrete walls had never been painted. I used the toilet, then lay down on the cot and covered myself with the blanket. I didn't have the foggiest notion of what I was going to do next. I decided the best course of action was to get some rest and play it by ear. Until I found out more about who these people were and where I was, there was not much I could do. It took me awhile but I finally went to sleep.

I did not sleep long. My watch had been removed when they took me prisoner so I had no idea how much time had passed. I dozed off again. When I woke up again, I used the toilet, then filled the cup on the sink with water and quenched my thirst. I lay down again and soon I heard the key in the lock. The door swung open. An attractive young woman with brown hair was standing there. She wore no makeup and was dressed in black slacks, flat shoes and a white short sleeve blouse.

"Sit up!" she instructed

I flipped the blanket back, swung my legs over the edge of the cot.

"Put these on!" she ordered as she tossed a pair of leg irons at my feet.

I slipped on the ankle clasps and locked them in place. There was about two feet of heavy chain separating the two clasps so running would be impossible and walking would be slow.

"Stand up and hold out your arms!" came the next command.

I did as she instructed and she attached a similar set to my wrists. There was only about six inches of the smaller chain separating my wrists. She stepped aside.

"Outside!" she ordered.

I walked slowly out of the cell, passing Butch, who had sat mutely in the doorway, watching all of this.

"Down the corridor and then left at the stairs," was the next instruction.

As I walked down the narrow corridor, I passed the furnace room on my right and several doors on my left. They had no markings of any kind. At the stairs, I turned left and entered a large room. I stopped short just inside the doorway.

This large room was set up like a medieval dungeon. There were numerous torture implements hanging from the wall, as well as an assortment of whips and paddles, a rack, and some other things I was afraid to ask what they were for. This was something out of one of those S& M adult films or nightmare movies that I never cared to see. A sharp crack on my buttocks from a riding crop encouraged me to move forward. I was marched over

to one corner of the room where more restraints were on the floor and hanging from the ceiling.

“Face the corner and raise your arms,” was my next instruction.

After doing so, my wrist chains were removed and my wrists were attached to the overhead restraints. When she finished, she removed my leg irons and attached my ankles to two of the wall restraints. Shortly, I heard the soft hum of a motor and noticed that the overhead restraints were pulling me up and the wall restraints were pulling my legs apart. I was about to scream as they got tight but the motor was shut off. I was trussed up spread-eagle and it hurt like hell.

“Stop jerking around like that, you’ll only make it worse. We’ll be finished with you in no time,” said the voice behind me.

I wasn’t sure exactly what “finished with you in no time” was going to involve but I wasn’t going anywhere trussed up like this; that was for sure.

In a few minutes, I heard several women talking as they entered the room. Because I was facing the wall, I couldn’t see who they were but they stopped directly behind me. One of them reached up and tested the chain to be sure it was tight.

“Good job, Lauren, and a nice welt too,” commented one of them. “He is a beauty.”

I felt a light touch on my right buttock where I had been struck with the riding crop. Shortly, two women walked around to face me. The first was a tall silver-haired woman. She was elegant. Regal. Her perfectly coiffured hair and the dark red manicured nails that matched her dark red lipstick, gave her a commanding presence as she glared at me. Next to her was a short, black haired woman who was equally well dressed and made up. They were looking me over as if I were a specimen in a bottle rather than someone they had just taken prisoner. The gray-haired woman turned from me and said to the other two, “Girls, I think we have a real winner here. I’m so glad he stumbled into our midst. You were both right in not turning him in to the police. I think he is going to be a welcome addition to our organization.”

I knew I had to speak and it was now or never. I had kept silent during my capture but I had to know what was going on.

“Excuse me ladies but I must ask you just what...”

I never got the chance to finish the sentence as the riding crop caught me across the left cheek. It stung like hell and my eyes were watering. The tall silver-haired woman got right in my face. With my genitals firmly gripped in her right hand, she squeezed them hard as she got eyeball to eyeball with me.

“There seems to be a little slack in these chains, Lauren, please tighten them up a bit.”

The motor hummed again and I felt my limbs being stretched to the max as well as the pain in my groin from her iron grip.

“That’s enough, are you more comfortable now?” she asked.

“Actually no, I am quite *uncomfortable*. I just wanted to know what’s going on here and...”

She gave my genitals a hard yank.

“Shut up, you worthless piece of scum,” she screamed in my face. “You will speak only when you are spoken to and you will do exactly as we tell you at all times. Do I make myself clear?”

“Yes, of course. It’s quite clear,” I stammered as she gave my manhood another yank.

“Good. I am *so* glad we understand each other. I was about to turn you over to my two associates, who when it comes to pain, have unlimited imaginations and the resources to make you sorry you were ever born.”

She let go of my genitals and stepped back.

“He’s perfect, let’s get started. Bring my kit.”

A few minutes later, I felt the cool swab of alcohol on my buttocks and the sharp pick of a needle. I dared not say anything. My limbs felt numb already. I had no idea what they were injecting me with but I was not going to ask any more questions. The motor started humming again and the chains became slack. I was freed from my shackles. After the original ones were back in place, I was brought back to the corridor and we walked back to my cell.

Escaping from this little corner of hell was going to be more difficult than I thought. There were three of them and the dogs to contend with. I sat down on the cot. Since I had no idea what I was going to be “perfect for,” I had no way to prepare a defense against it. I would have to bide my time, doing what they told me for now. Then when the opportunity presented itself, I would have one chance to go for it and make a break for freedom.

For the rest of the day I was left alone. I hadn’t eaten since the night of the robbery and the hunger pangs were sharp. I used the toilet once and drank a couple cups of water to fill my stomach while I waited. I couldn’t hear what was going on outside the thick cell door. With the furnace going on and off periodically, it probably wouldn’t have mattered anyway. With nothing to do, my mind wandered back to my childhood and what had brought me this far. My recollections came back easily as if they were only yesterday.

PART TWO: THE PAST

I always hated the term “trailer trash.” My parents worked hard and tried their best to provide for me. My dad drove over the road while my mom tended bar and waited tables at a truck stop not far from the trailer court.

About the time my dad’s truck was paid for, he had to get another one because the leasing companies always wanted him to have later model equipment. Keeping a mobile home heated in the winter was no easy chore either and they were expensive to air-condition in the summer as well.

My dad was gone a lot. When he did get home for a few days, he was either working on his truck or sleeping off a drunk. Sometimes I couldn’t get to sleep because of my parents arguing and his ranting and raving. On more than one occasion, I put some ice cubes in a damp washcloth and held it against my mom’s face to ease the pain of a shiner.

I stayed out of his way most of the time. I would often hike down the road and through the woods to the truck stop to watch the trucks and people moving in and out. The truck stop and motel were on one end of the plaza, the restaurant where my mom worked was in the middle, and a hardware store was on the other end.

There weren't many kids in the court my age; we had moved around quite a bit so I hadn't made many friends over the years. At school I was picked on a lot because I was short for my age. Also, the fact that I had a pretty face ("pretty enough to be a girl" commented one teacher) made me a target.

At my first school, I settled a problem with the local bully. The summer before beginning the sixth grade, I enrolled in a beginner's self-defense class taught by one of the women in the mobile home court. After being cornered in the restroom, I sidestepped a punch and flipped the guy into the sink, cracking his skull. After a few more encounters at other schools resulting in broken bones and missing teeth, the big guys left me alone.

When I turned sixteen, I got a driver's license but we couldn't afford a car or insurance so my mom got me a trail bike at a police auction. I used it to ride back and forth to the plaza. I applied at the hardware store and I was hired to do stock work full time over the summer and part-time during the school year. I also got hired as a dishwasher and gofer at the restaurant.

One night just after school was out for the year, I rode my bike through the woods and was watching from the bluff overlooking the truck stop. A van occasionally parked near the bottom of the bluff; several hookers would go among the trucks parked at the far end to solicit business. I saw one girl stop a tipsy driver. He said no and as he turned away, she hit him on the side of the head. He fell unconscious to the ground. She bent over him and removed the contents of his wallet, then headed back to the van. A short time later, he got up and walked to his truck. I couldn't do anything to help him from my vantage point but I did wonder how much money the girls took in a week.

A week after I had applied, I was hired by the hardware store and began doing stock work. I unloaded the trucks, unboxed the merchandise, applied the security stickers and price tags, then put the stuff out on the floor. Sometimes I worked nine to five and sometimes one to nine, occasionally staying late to get everything out on the floor in time for the next sale.

A week before the July Fourth weekend, I came home late. My dad's truck was tearing out of the court entrance. When I got inside, I found my mom sitting on the couch, crying. I put another ice pack on her face and we talked about getting the hell out of there. Things were not going to get any better and, though she was afraid of a divorce, we both knew it was necessary.

I continued to work the rest of the week. I let mom know I would be late Friday, Saturday and Sunday night. She had contacted a lawyer and was proceeding with the paperwork for the divorce proceedings.

Money was always a concern and now with just her income, she wasn't sure how we were going to make it. She had smiled through teary eyes when I told her I would help out with my part-time job, even though I knew it might not be enough. "Desperate times call for desperate measures," someone once said and I believed it.

That Saturday night, I worked later than usual. As I pedaled the back parking lot to the trail that led up the bluff, I passed a trucker on his knees, trying to get up. I helped him up and walked with him to his truck.

He smelled like booze and after I helped him into the cab, he slurred a thank you and passed out in the seat.

I got back on my bike and continued on. At the bottom of the bluff, near where my bike trail began, sat the van. Several girls were walking towards the semis that had just pulled in. I pedaled past them and then up the bluff a short distance where I got off my bike and laid it down in the grass.

I carried half a railroad spike wrapped in duct tape in my pocket, just in case there was trouble. I took it out and crept back to the van. I yanked the driver's side door open with my left hand. The driver was facing away from me and as he turned around, I hit him in the face and jaw several times until he slumped forward. There was an open briefcase full of money on the passenger seat. I shut the case, grabbed the handle and took off running for the bluff. I found my bike and put the case in the front basket. Pedaling like mad, I made it out of the woods, back on the highway, and home in record time.

After parking my bike beside the storage shed, I picked up the case and crept quietly inside the house.

Once inside my room, I moved my bed out from the wall. I slipped the case behind a sheet of paneling that had come loose along the wall and moved the bed back. I showered and went to bed but I couldn't sleep. My heart was still pounding but after several hours, I finally dozed off.

I took a different route to work, coming down the bluff at a different place. That night after work, I did the same thing but stopped near the first trail. The van wasn't there but had parked further down the lot closer to the trucks. I headed home and continued to use the alternate route for the rest of the week.

I doubted if the man had gotten a good look at me; even if he had, he wasn't going to call the police.

I just had to be careful not to cross paths with him again. I had the next weekend off and I told mom I needed to talk to her Sunday morning. She had an appointment with an attorney on Tuesday and we hoped to be out of there before the end of the month. My dad had been gone about two weeks and probably wouldn't be back for another two but we couldn't take any chances.

Saturday night while she was at work, I took the case out of the wall and put it on the bed. After opening it up, I counted out the money. I found I had just under four thousand dollars in small bills. I also found several small packages of a white powder and some marijuana cigarettes. I promptly flushed all that stuff down the toilet.

I didn't sleep well that night. I heard my mom get home from work. I slept on and off the rest of the night. I wasn't sure exactly how I was going to tell her. I didn't want to have to lie but I knew she wouldn't be happy with me breaking the law either.

After breakfast, I retrieved the case and set it down on the kitchen table in front of her. I decided to tell her the truth and she nodded as I related how I had come into the money. Her face was calm and she didn't get angry. I hoped she would understand that I had done this for us, and that we needed it more than the pimp did.

"I appreciate what you did for us more than I can say," she said softly. "But you must promise me, you will never do anything like this again. We'll just forget this ever happened, understood?"

"Okay," I said.

She counted out three thousand dollars in stacks of five hundred dollars and put rubber bands around them, then placed them back in the case. She handed me the rest of the money.

"Don't spend this just yet. Put it away for now. After I meet with the attorney, we will be leaving here. I don't know just where yet but we have to get ready to move fast before your dad comes back, understood?"

I nodded as I took the stack of bills from her. That night I put the money in two stacks, one of five hundred and one of three fifty and hid one of them behind the wall and the other behind some books on the shelf over my bed.

Papers were drawn up that week and the attorney said she would be able to take care of everything without us having to contact my father again and that we should stay in touch with her.

Several weeks went by and I was getting concerned with the timing of my dad's return and our escape. He would sometimes call when he would be home but not always. The waiting was not easy for either of us. We wanted to be out of there before he arrived; once he was served with papers, we didn't want any further contact with him.

It was close to a month later when he finally did call. He had a breakdown in Arizona and was going to be home the next day. We decided to wait until he hit the road again before we left town for good.

The next night when I got home from work, he was sitting on the couch, drinking beer and watching a baseball game. He said nothing when I walked in. I went to my mom's bedroom and she was OK. I cleaned up and went to bed. The next several days were uneventful. Saturday night, after another loud argument, he left, saying this trip would be about six weeks, maybe even longer. The last words I heard him say were "Try to keep this dump clean and get that kid a haircut, he's starting to look faggy."

We waited a whole month before we both gave two weeks' notice to our respective employers. During those two weeks, we began boxing things up for the move. Mom sold our old minivan and rented a van to haul our stuff in. The only thing left in the trailer was a few clothes. Monday night, we finished loading the van and spent our last night in the trailer.

"I need you to do one more thing for me to help us get out of here," she said after we finished our supper of take-out.

"Sure," I replied. "What do you want me to do?"

"First, take a shower and put on the pajamas I left on your bed while I take out the garbage."

I went to my bedroom and, after showering, I found a pair of pink girl's pajamas on the bed. I put them on and walked out to the living room,

“These are girl’s pajamas! Why do I have to wear them?”

“If he comes looking for us, he won’t think to look for a woman and her daughter. He’ll be looking for a woman and her son. You’ll only have to be in disguise for a short time. Just long enough for us to get settled and then we can be ourselves again.”

I wasn’t sure about this but I knew we had to make our escape and we wanted to be safe in our new surroundings so I nodded in agreement. That night I slept well; I must admit I enjoyed the sensuous feel of the satiny fabric against my smooth, almost hairless body.

The next morning we were up early. Mom was already dressed and had everything else loaded in the van except one suitcase for each of us and her makeup case.

“Take off your pajamas and put these on,” she said as she handed me a pair of pink panties.

I undressed and put on the panties. Next was a matching pink padded bra that she hooked in the back. From a hangar, she removed a pink cotton dress and held it up by the hem. I was apprehensive about this but I said nothing as I slipped the dress over my head and turned around so she could zip me up. After I put on a pair of pink cotton socks and a matching pair of pink patent leather shoes she called “Mary Janes,” she stood back and looked at me.

“So far so good,” she announced. “I was afraid the shoes might be too small or the dress too big but they both fit well enough for a short time.”

From the makeup case she removed a lipstick. She took the cap off and, after turning the base, pushed the tube against both cheeks. With her finger, she smoothed the pink makeup over my cheeks, giving me a “blush” look. Next,



she combed my hair over my forehead to give me some bangs and clipped a pink bow at the top. She placed my driver's license, the pink lipstick and a compact in a small pink purse and handed it to me.

"You're all set. Take a look at yourself in the mirror."

I walked back to her bedroom and looked at my reflection in the full-length mirror on the closet door. Standing in front of me was a very pretty girl. I could hardly believe my eyes. I was almost tempted to reach out and touch the glass to see if it was really me. Because I was short, I could almost pass for twelve, even though I had just turned sixteen.

When I walked back to the living room, mom had donned a black wig and a large pair of sunglasses.

"We're all set. Now remember to walk slower than you usually do. You have to maintain a ladylike appearance at all times. When you sit, remember to smooth your skirt before you sit down. You don't have a deep voice but speak softly when you talk and be polite. No matter what might happen, keep your composure and we'll be fine. Now, walk across the room and sit down, then get up and walk around some more and sit down again. I want to be sure you've got it right."

I did as she instructed and she smiled briefly when I finished my third trip around the room.

"Very good! You've picked up on this very well. Now of course, since you're going to be my daughter for a while, in addition to dressing and acting like a girl you will have to answer to a girl's name. Since your name is Charlie, I think Charlene would be appropriate. We will be Tammy and Charlene Anderson, a divorced woman and her daughter from Minneapolis, Minnesota. We are traveling to Rochester, Minnesota where I will be looking for work. Do you have any questions before we get on the road, Charlene?"

"No," I answered.

"Good. Let's get going."

I followed her out to the van. I stepped inside the front seat and remembered to smooth my dress before I sat down. After I fastened my seatbelt, she started the engine and we pulled out of the driveway. We left the trailer court and several miles down the road, we hooked up with the interstate highway just west of the truck stop plaza.

About an hour later, mom pulled off the interstate. We stopped at a drive-through restaurant and had egg sandwiches and coffee for breakfast. We continued south and stopped at a wayside after another hour. I swung my legs out first and smoothed the skirt of my dress as we headed for the restrooms. I almost walked into the men's room but mom nudged my elbow and we entered the ladies room next to it.

For the first time in my life, I had the experience of pulling up my dress, sliding my panties down and having to sit down to pee. When I finished, I joined mom at the sinks; after washing my hands, she told me to apply fresh lipstick. I was a bit unsure of myself but I removed the tube from my purse and did as I was told. There were several other women there but they paid no attention to me. Apparently I was passing as a young girl with no trouble at all.

We walked outside in the sunshine and entered the van to continue our journey south. It was nearly noon when we stopped near the outskirts of Rochester for lunch. Again we used the drive-through to purchase some burgers, fries and soft drinks. We ate in the parking lot, then continued on for another forty-five minutes or so, finally arriving at an inexpensive motel on the south side of town shortly before 2 PM.

Mom went inside and registered us for a week. She came back out and, after we parked in front of our assigned room, I helped her with our luggage. We watched some TV, then she left to get something for our supper. After she returned a short time later, we ate pizza and soft drinks. We were both pretty tired from the trip so we washed up and turned in early.

The next morning, mom picked up breakfast. After we finished eating, she dressed up to go job hunting. The want ads had several prospects; I figured she'd be gone most of the morning. I stayed in my pink pajamas and watched some daytime TV, along with reading the paper.

Mom returned with sandwiches for lunch; she seemed pretty upbeat about getting a job. One of the women she knew had a relative at a retail store near where we were and there was an opening. I could only hope for the best, as I wanted to get settled as soon as possible.

I spent the next several days bored out of my mind with nothing to do but wait for my mom to return from her job-hunting expeditions. I was also getting tired of the fast food, as mom was a really good cook. I missed her home cooked meals.

Thursday, the phone rang. When I answered, I took a message for mom to call back a place called Kids Costume Korner. I hoped this would be good news for us; as it turned out it was.

When Mom returned that evening, I gave her the message. When she returned the call, she was informed that she had been hired as a saleswoman at the store.

We celebrated by going out to eat and taking in a movie. I was happy for her and even happier that we would finally be able to return to a normal lifestyle. I would be able to ditch the feminine apparel and go back to being my real self again, though I must admit I did feel a thrill when one of the men in the restaurant and a couple of young boys in the theatre made admiring glances in my direction.

The letter of intent to hire arrived the next day and we spent the weekend looking at places to rent. Neither of us wanted to return to a mobile home court. The money I took in the robbery did us in good stead and shortly we had a two-bedroom furnished apartment. The apartment complex was less than a mile from the mall where mom worked and on the bus line to the school I would be attending in a few short weeks.

After unloading the moving van, mom took it back to the rental agency and got a short-term lease on a new car.

I applied for several part-time jobs at stores in the mall and a hardware store hired me immediately, based on my work at the truck stop plaza store. I started working right away and mom and I got into a normal routine once again.

I registered for school and was soon busy between school and my part-time work. Mom enjoyed her sales job finding costumes for kids and helping mothers pick out pageant and quinceanera dresses for their daughters. It was a pleasant change from waiting on tables and tending bar.

The first half of the semester was almost over when mom asked me about my work schedule for next month. I told her I probably wouldn't have it for another two weeks, as my bosses didn't like to schedule things too far in advance. It kind of puzzled me but looking at the calendar, I could see nothing important around that first week in January. I thought maybe her question had something to do with the divorce proceedings; she hadn't said anything about it since we left and I had seen no mail from the attorney.

School ended for the holidays and I spent more time at the store earning a few more bucks. I stopped in to the costume shop once or twice to join my mom for lunch on my days off. One time, I overheard one of the women remark about "being pretty enough to model for us." I wasn't sure who she was talking about.

We had a quiet Christmas and that year we had a lot to be thankful for. We had escaped a hellish existence and managed to better ourselves. We were both working, we had a roof over our heads, control of our bills and our lives, as well as being in good health. I went to bed that night, hoping this wasn't a dream I would wake up from.

The week between Christmas and New Year's was busy with returns and the after-the-holidays sales. Sunday night, just before school started again, mom sat down next to me on the couch with a concerned look on her face.

"Do you remember my asking you about your schedule several weeks ago?" she said.

"Yes I do. In fact I should be getting my schedule Friday when I get to work. What's going on?"

"One of the girls that was going to be a part of the style show towards the end of the month has cancelled and two of the other girls have come down with the flu. We don't know if they will be feeling well enough in time for the show. I was wondering if you would mind being my niece this one time so we won't have to be looking for someone at the last minute. I would let you know about a week in advance but I would prefer you had that Friday, Saturday and Sunday off so we could count on you just in case."

I wasn't real happy about this but we had struggled to get this far and I couldn't see any harm in doing this one time to help out mom and her boss.

"Okay, I guess. I'll check with the boss before he makes out the schedule so I can be sure I have that three-day weekend."

"That's wonderful. I knew I could count on you!"

The next couple of weeks went by quickly and as the weekend approached, I asked mom about the other girls.

"Well, the girl who cancelled has moved out of town, one of the sick girls is still in the hospital while the other is recuperating at home so we still need you. I will get you ready Friday evening after supper, then take you to the store Saturday morning."

That Friday night after supper, mom dressed me in pink again and, after the addition of a brown wig, she drove me to the plaza. Next to the store was a beauty salon; we arrived there about 7 PM. A lady was just paying her bill when we walked in. I took a seat in the waiting area and mom talked briefly with the manager who occasionally glanced in my direction. When she was finished, the manager came over and introduced herself as Ms. Watson and she invited me to come with her. I got up and followed her as one of the beauticians locked the front door and turned out the front lights.

Mom unzipped me and helped me out of my dress. I felt a little funny standing there in a pink bra and panties. I removed the Mary Jane shoes and my pink socks.

“Spread your legs apart and stand perfectly still, this won’t take long,” instructed the manager.

I did as I was told as two beauticians, one on each side of me, began removing what little hair I had with their electric clippers. When they finished, they wiped my body down with damp towels, and then they proceeded to cover my legs and arms with wax strips. I winced as they pulled them off a few minutes later.

“Okay Charlene, take a seat,” ordered one of the beauticians.

I sat down in one of the chairs. The manager stood close and with a scissor-like device, she curled my eyelashes. Then, with a tweezers, she plucked at my eyebrows. She stepped back with a smile on her face and said, “Looks good!”

She turned away as a beautician began working on my nails. A short time later, my manicure and pedicure was completed. My finger and toenails now sported two coats of pink nail polish and a topcoat of clear polish.

“She’s all done,” announced the manager.

I put on my socks and shoes, then mom helped me put the dress back on and zip it up the back.

I waited until she paid the bill and we both left the shop. We arrived at the store about 8 PM. We went to the back room where I took off my dress again. The store’s assistant manager measured my bust, waist, hips, sleeve length, glove size, then had me try on several pairs of high heels to determine my shoe size. She put a pair of black, 3-inch heels in a bag and handed it to my mother.

“Since your niece has never worn heels before, have her practice a little at home tonight. Be back here tomorrow morning about 7 AM to get dressed for the shoot.”

Mom nodded and we left. I had said nothing throughout this whole ordeal. I felt I should just keep my mouth shut and do as I was told since I knew nothing about that was going on anyway. Once back at home, I put the heels on and under mom’s watchful eye, I practiced my walk back and forth in the confines of the apartment.

We were up early the next morning and after breakfast we headed to the store. We arrived just before seven to find the photographer and her assistant setting up their equipment while several store employees set up a makeshift stage in the front window display. The sign out front said, “Closed for inventory.”

We went into the back area where several girls were sitting at a table with lighted make-up mirrors. I sat down and mom instructed me in applying the makeup I should wear for the shoot. After makeup, she helped me undress and helped me put on a short leg panty girdle and a pair of panty hose. A long line bra replaced my regular one. Then she placed two gelatinous forms in the cups in place of the pads I had used; these were to give a little more bounce to my walk as well as to hold up the strapless dresses a little better.

A middle-aged woman came over and introduced herself as Jane Hall, the owner. I smiled and politely offered her my best limp handshake. The photographer's assistant came back and said they were ready when we were. Mom placed several petticoats one inside the other, then I put them on. My first dress was a pink chiffon party dress. After zipping it up, mom helped me into a pair of three-inch heeled, open toed sandals. She attached a pink sissy bow to the top of my wig, then handed me the matching purse.

"Remember to walk gracefully and smile for the camera," she instructed.

I followed the other girls out into the store, to the makeshift stage at the front where, one at a time, we walked up the steps, turned around and smiled as we were photographed. For the next several hours, I was in and out of a variety of dresses, matching shoes and handbags. I followed the instructions of the photographer with each dress and was pleased to receive her compliments at our first break.

We paused briefly for soft drinks about nine-thirty and then continued until about eleven-thirty when we broke for lunch. We all sat down at the makeup tables and ate take-out salads with our soft drinks. I sat with mom and her boss and though most of the conversation from the other tables dealt with fashion, makeup and boys, ours was mainly about how well I had done with no modeling experience. I just smiled and gave my mom the credit for teaching me the right moves and proper use of makeup.

The afternoon was more of the same. I was more confident of myself and had no trouble when I changed to four-inch heels for some of the gowns. We finished up around 4:30; Mom helped me undress and take off the make up. The day's shoot was for pageant and party formals for girls 12-16. I wouldn't be needed on Sunday when the 5-11 year olds would be photographed.

I was quite relieved to be out of there, though I had to admit that I got a terrific erotic charge out of the feel of nylons against my smooth, hair free skin as well as the sensuous swish of chiffon and rustle of petticoats under taffeta. I was pleased with my ability to pass myself off as a girl not only visually but to be generally accepted by the other girls and the staff.

Mom and I didn't talk on the ride home. Once back in the apartment, I undressed. She put my wig and girl things away. I removed my nail polish, and then took a shower. Though I hadn't started to shave my face yet, I splashed a little after-shave lotion on after my shower. I wanted to remove even the slightest hint of perfume or smell of makeup before reporting to work on Monday.

Several days later, I received a thank you card from Mrs. Hall for helping her out as well as a fifty-dollar bill. She closed out her remarks with the note, "I know you are only

visiting over the holidays but I would appreciate it if you would be available to help us out in the future if we needed you."

I told mom that I didn't want to do this anymore and that we should tell that to Ms. Hall. She just smiled and said, "We'll see. You do make a pretty girl and don't tell me you couldn't use the extra money."

I didn't answer her but enough was enough. I had done what they asked me to do and that should be the end of it, as far as I was concerned.

School started up again and I got back into the routine of classes, work, and study. No more mention was made of my brief sojourn into modeling. Except for a few itchy days when my body hair first grew back, I was none the worse for wear and tear.

The semester went by quickly and I passed all my exams. I was looking forward to working full time over the summer. This would probably be my last summer here as I would be a senior in the fall; after graduation next year, I didn't want to hang around here. I was not exactly sure what I wanted to do but I definitely didn't want to stick around there any longer than I absolutely had to.

The last day of school let out at noon on Friday. After getting my report card, I hurried home. I checked the answering machine and saw a message from a number I didn't recognize as well as one from the attorney that handled my mom's divorce. Mom was still at work so I did some laundry and put a hot dish in the oven for supper.

After supper, I suggested we see a movie but, with a worried frown on her face, she shook her head no.

"Go ahead if you want. I have some things to do here."

"Is this about the phone call from your lawyer?" I asked.

"Well, yes," she answered. "The child support checks have stopped coming. We have a little savings to fall back on but I don't want to touch that until we really need it. We're getting by for now. The attorney has been unable to locate him. He may not even be driving anymore or he could have found out about us and is headed this way. I'm scared."

I sat down on the davenport next to her and put my arm around her.

"I guess that means we will have to be careful with money and keep a watchful eye out for him," I said.

She nodded in agreement.

"We made such a good start here. Everything was going so well. It was almost too good to be true," she lamented.

"I know," I answered. "Look, let's just continue our lives as best we can. We may be worried about nothing. Like you said, we made a good life for ourselves here. Don't worry about what might happen. We can't allow ourselves to be tied up by what we don't know and can't control."

She looked up at me and smiled. "I guess you're right. Oh, by the way, the other phone call was from a modeling agency asking about you, I mean Charlene. Apparently, the photographer who did the shoot for us mentioned you to her boss when she got back."

I shook my head. "Call her back and tell them Charlene died in a car accident."

"It pays a thousand dollars for a one-day shoot but because you're under 18, they need my consent. Are you *sure* you're not interested?"

My mind was racing. A thousand dollars was a lot of money for a 16-year-old. It was a lot of money for anybody! I would have to work a month at the hardware store to make the same amount. Then there was the tough situation we were in. Against my better judgment, I decided to do it.

The next day, mom called the agency back and we set up a Saturday appointment. I had that Saturday off and was through work at five on Friday so I would have time to get ready to be Charlene again.

The week went all too quickly and, though I really wasn't looking forward to it, I knew we might need the money. I didn't want to go back to a truck stop banging pimps on the head to get money, that was for sure.

Friday night after work we ate supper, then mom helped me get dressed. This time, after donning the brown wig, I wore a pink cotton peasant blouse tucked into a blue jean miniskirt over my pink padded bra and panties. I slipped on a pair of pink clogs and mom drove me to the beauty shop where once again I got my nails done, eyebrows plucked, lashes curled and I was waxed pretty much all over.

We went back home. While my mom watched TV, I soaked in a hot bath instead of my usual shower. This time I used my mom's perfumed soap to lather myself up. I loved the slippery feel of my smooth skin and I luxuriated in the warm water a little longer than I should have.

"You okay in there?" called out my mom.

"Yes. Just soaking my muscles," I replied. "I moved a lot of stuff around at work today, I am a little stiff."

I dried myself off and stood in front of the mirror over the bathroom sink. With thinner eyebrows and curled eyelashes, I definitely had a feminine appearance. After brushing my teeth, I put on my pink girly pajamas and went to bed.

I heard my mom get up before the alarm went off, so I got up too. After breakfast, we got dressed and mom checked me over before we went out the door.

The agency was located across town and it took about thirty-five minutes to get there. We parked in the rear of the building and walked in the back door to the directory. The agency was on the first floor about two doors down from us. Mom tried the door but it was locked. She rang the buzzer and a minute later, a tall blonde woman who introduced her self as Mrs. Nelson, the owner, opened the door. We followed her inside and walked through the offices to the back room where the studio was.

"I am so glad you could make it," Mrs. Nelson began. "Our regular Junior Miss model cancelled at the last minute and Julie, one of our freelance photographers, mentioned your name and said you might be available."

“Charlene is visiting me this week while school is out. Her part-time job in a retail store doesn’t pay much and this will go a long way toward her school expenses,” explained my mom.

Mrs. Nelson gestured to a small room adjacent to the main studio.

“You can change in there. Your mom gave me your measurements over the phone so I think you will find the foundation garments I’ve selected to be just about right. I have some other things to attend to in the office. I will be back shortly.”

I opened the door to the small room and stepped inside. After I kicked off my pink clogs, mom helped me out of the peasant blouse and skirt. I took off my bra and panties and stepped into a long girdle. I heard my mom giggle as I struggled to pull it up. The garment had side panels to give me hips I didn’t have. Next, I rolled up each stocking, slipped it over my foot and attached it to the garters at the bottom of the girdle. After I put my arms through the straps of the long line bra, mom placed gelatinous forms in the cups for weight and bounce, then adjusted the straps.

“Okay, that looks good,” she announced, “now step over to the table and let’s get your makeup on.”

I felt squeezed in by the tight fit of the foundation garments but said nothing. I had to keep thinking of the thousand dollars I was getting at the end of the day.

With deft strokes, mom applied my eye make up and blusher. After outlining my lips with a lip pencil, she filled them in with bright pink lipstick.

“Press your lips together and we’re done,” she said

Mrs. Nelson and another woman returned from the office. I stood up from the table as she introduced us.

“This is Betty, the photographer who will do today’s shoot,” she said.

“I’m pleased to meet you,” I said, extending my hand and giving her a girly limp handshake. My mom shook her hand as well and we proceeded over to a rack of wedding dresses in front of a small circular stage with a white wooden arch.

“I can see you’re going to be a perfect Junior Miss Bride!” she exclaimed as she walked behind the camera.

Mrs. Nelson selected the first dress from the rack and unzipped it. I stepped inside the white satin sheath garment, then put my arm through the sleeves. The feeling of sheer nylons on my smooth, freshly waxed legs was one thing, but the feel of the satin on my hairless arms and body was another. Despite being a male, I felt absolutely delicious. She zipped me up. Next, I tried on several pairs of white, four-inch heel pumps before finding the right size. Last, she fitted the veil on top of my wig and pronounced me ready.

I walked carefully up the two small steps, then to the center of the arch and turned to face the camera. I felt completely at ease as I placed one hand on my hip and smiled for the camera. Betty took several frontal shots, then one from each side and a back view. Both mom and Mrs. Nelson smiled their approval.

I walked back down to the rack and they helped me out of the gown and into another one. This procedure continued throughout the morning until about eleven when we took a

break. Mrs. Nelson handed me a pink chiffon robe to slip on while we had an early lunch. I was ravenous but pretended to enjoy the small salad and diet soft drink. I even remembered to take small bites and chew the food slowly.

After lunch, I slipped the robe off. Mom touched up my makeup and we began again. This time I would be modeling the bridesmaids' dresses. The first group of dresses was all sheath styles, both long- and short-sleeved. The next group was all tea-length, necessitating the wearing of a petti-slip underneath to flare out the skirt of the garment. Again, the feel of satin and taffeta against my skin was delightful. I picked up my skirts and practically floated up the steps to the stage, feeling totally and completely feminine as I posed for the camera.

The last group of pictures was of a variety of bridal veils and bridesmaid hairpieces. These were shot from the neck up as I sat in a chair. Finally we were done.

"You were great, Charlene," commented Mrs. Nelson. "I'm so glad you came!"

"Double for me!" chimed in Betty as she removed the camera from the tripod.

"Come out to the office when you get dressed and I will give you a check." With that, Mrs. Nelson walked out.

I slipped off my high heels and walked back to my changing room. I removed my stockings and mom helped me out of my foundation garments and back into my bra and panties. After putting on my blouse and miniskirt, I stepped into my pink clogs and we walked back to the office. We both signed the release and I got the check.

We stopped to pick up some burgers and fries at a drive-through on the way home. It was about 6 PM when we walked in the apartment. I took off my feminine apparel and mom helped me remove the makeup and nail polish. After we finished eating, I took a hot shower and once more splashed some aftershave on to cover any feminine scent of the makeup.

I was hoping this would be the last of my feminine appearances. I couldn't believe the check in my hands. Mom had it made out to "C. Anderson" so the bank wouldn't question it. I really didn't want this to continue but the money was certainly good. I was still confounded by the way I felt when I was completely dressed and made up like a girl. The soft fabric of the dresses, the sound of the petticoat rustling under the tea length dress as I walked, even the feel of soap against my smooth, hair-free skin while soaking in a hot tub made me wonder if maybe I should have been born a girl. Why would a man enjoy such feminine things?

The rest of the summer was uneventful. What little body hair I had, grew back. We still had no word about my dad; I put in longer hours at the store and managed to save most of it. I was trying to save enough money to buy and insure a car. Once in a while, mom and I went out to eat. It was one of the few indulgences we could both enjoy.

School started up again in the fall. I made good grades and we were still getting by financially. There had been no mention of any further trips into femininity. On occasion, though, I had to admit I missed the thrill of presenting the illusion of femininity as well as the joy of soaping my smooth, hairless body in a hot steamy bath afterwards.

The Christmas holidays approached and with them came a call from Mrs. Nelson inquiring as to whether or not Charlene was visiting mom over the holidays. We discussed whether I should take the job. It would be a two-day shoot during the week, just after Christmas. Since school was out and my work schedule was light, I decided to do it. Two thousand dollars sure wouldn't hurt any either!

For Christmas, I gave her mom gift certificate at an exclusive department store in the mall and she gave me a new watch to replace the battered old windup I'd had since my sophomore year. The day after Christmas, at 9 AM, I was back at the beauty parlor getting the "works" for the shoot. This time it was red nails and fire engine red lipstick.

The shoot was to take place at a formal apparel store in a small strip mall adjacent to the big mall where I worked. We arrived there the next morning at 6 AM and parked at the rear of the store. Mom rang the buzzer and a tall black woman let us in.

"I'm Mrs. Fallon," she said as she let us in. "The photographer isn't quite finished setting up yet."

We followed her through the back of the store crammed with racks of prom dresses. I went into the rest room and put on a white strapless bra, a short leg panty girdle and a pair of pantyhose. Mom helped me adjust the straps so everything looked right. I walked out into the main room and again tried on several pairs of high heels to find the right size. Mrs. Fallon then found that size in about seven different colors.

I sat down in a chair in front of a card table on which was a lighted makeup mirror and applied blusher, eye make up and lipstick. By this point, I was doing my own makeup as well as any girl could.

From the rack, Mrs. Fallon selected the first dress and unzipped it. It was a purple chiffon floor-length gown. I stepped into it and mom zipped me up. I put the shoes on and walked out to the front of the salon. The clicking of my high heels on the tile floor only added to my excitement. Near the front of the store was a small six-foot by six-foot platform. I picked up my skirts, stepped up onto the platform and faced the camera. After several shots, I stepped down and walked back to change into another floor-length style and change my shoes.

We broke for lunch early and afterwards, I touched up my blusher and lipstick. Knee-length dresses were photographed in the afternoon. I lost count of the number of dresses and shoes I changed in and out of. I was feeling almost giddy as I paraded back and forth between the photographer and the back room. Just before the last shoot of the day, I overheard Mrs. Fallon remark to my mom, "Your gorgeous niece conducts herself like a pro." I couldn't help but smile at her remarks and wondered what she would think if she knew what was under the panty girdle of that "gorgeous niece."

We finished up for the day, I got dressed and we drove home. The next day, we went back and completed the work by 2 PM. We signed the release and arrived home just before three. I took off my feminine apparel and removed my makeup and nail polish. I was tired but proud of the way I had completed the day's work. The photographer had said I was a joy to work with. I enjoyed it too. It was a mysterious kind of joy. The swish of chiffon around my nylon encased smooth legs. The whisper of satin and taffeta as the dresses were whisked on and off of me. The high heel shoes clicking on the floor as I moved effort-



lessly back and forth in them, never tripping once and always moving exactly the way they wanted me to. The two thousand dollar check was now safely in the bank. I was certain that, if that female teller knew how it had been earned, she would have stared at me in disbelief. I was quite proud of myself, to say the least. I'm sure mom was too but she never said so, maybe because of what I was doing but certainly not because of *why* I was doing it.

The second semester seemed to drag on forever. As graduation neared, I tried to think of career plans but nothing in particular jumped out at me, much to the dismay of my counselor. Maybe I should just keep working for another year and see what developed. I had no reason to be in a hurry to make a career choice just yet.

A month after graduation, the decision was made for me. A cop showed up at work about 7 PM, asking for me. The store manager called me into his office. By the look on both of their faces, the news wasn't good.

My dad had tracked us down, shot my mom, and then himself. I was stunned. I certainly knew my father's drinking could make him angry but I never thought his rage would go this far. I left work to accompany the cop to identify the bodies. He dropped me off at home and I began to make preparations for the funeral. I called my mom's attorney and got a referral to a local lawyer who helped me with the funeral and legal procedures.

There were two months left on my lease so I gave notice that I would be moving back to the

Twin Cities when it was up. During those two months, I got everything settled. I returned the leased car to the dealer, explaining my mothers' untimely death, then I pur-

chased a used four-door sedan from a retired woman whose husband had died. I donated mom's clothes to the local charity. I boxed the stuff I didn't need for the trip and sold it all at a local thrift sale held by the wife of one of the men I worked with. I gave two weeks' notice and cleaned up the apartment. I notified the phone and power companies to send the final bills to me in care of my attorney. Then I closed out my account at the bank.

I had a thousand dollars in traveler's checks and twenty-five hundred in small bills hidden in two of my mom's cookbooks that I had hollowed out. "Hide things in plain sight" was something her mom had once said to her and she had repeated the wisdom to me.

I stayed at a local motel over the Labor Day Weekend and left early that Tuesday morning for the Twin Cities. I left the interstate about ten o'clock and found the motel where I had paid in advance for a month.

I didn't do much for the first week except scan the want ads and go to a movie or two. I talked to a few temp agencies that wanted to hire me right away for light industrial work but I didn't care much for factory work. I enjoyed working with people and there were too many "rough" people in factories. Many local retailers were hiring but only on a part-time basis; I needed full time work.

A month went by. I paid for the next month's rent and decided to take a job on the 3 to 11 shift at a small local printing plant. The job was pretty easy. The first day, I ran sheets of advertising flyers through a folding machine. The next couple of days, I stacked finished product on a pallet. It helped pass the time but I needed to get settled and make more money fast as I could only last another three months at most.

Occasionally, I would have second thoughts about leaving Rochester. Maybe it was a mistake to come back here. I had no real job skills, school was expensive and while loans were available, I would still have to pay them back. A degree is no guarantee of a job either. I continued to work various jobs the agency sent me on until the end of October.

The country was sliding into a recession and I began to read about more and more layoffs and "re-structuring," as the executives put it. Increasingly, my job assignments were with different companies and for shorter periods of time. I began to worry about how all this was going to shake out.

The last weekend in October, I was working in a restaurant that had gone bankrupt. I was helping to inventory the equipment, foodstuffs and fixtures. During my break, I sat down next to a middle-aged man with salt and pepper hair. He introduced himself as John MacLean, but insisted I call him Mac.

He was a little taller than I was and well built. His craggy features displayed a life of ups and downs. He had a quick smile and a sense of humor. He was great to work with. He always pulled his weight and I looked forward to working with him because I knew I could trust him.

Over lunch breaks, we got to know each other a little better and though we had nothing in particular in common, we had similar goals. He had been bouncing around from one temp job to another just like me; we were both searching for a way out. I was young and unsettled, he was middle-aged and unsettled. We began looking for a mutual way out

of the rat race, as he put it, by finding a “score.” I didn’t know exactly what he had in mind or what it would involve, but anything was better than our current situation.

For the next two months, Mac and I worked in a warehouse complex. We were inventorying stock for a chain of hardware stores that had gone under. I was glad I was working with Mac and we got things done quickly and accurately, which pleased our employer as well.

Occasionally, after work, we had dinner at a place called Diamond Pete’s. The food was good and so was the service, though it would never be known as an “atmosphere place.” Mac had washed dishes there as a temp on several occasions. By keeping his eyes and ears open and his mouth shut, he had learned a good deal about the operation of the place.

“They gotta take in fifty to seventy grand on a good weekend,” he said.

“Geez Mac, that would take care of us for quite a while,” I remarked.

“Should be a piece of cake too,” he added. “The business slacks off around 7 Sunday night and the cash pick up takes place just after 9 Monday morning. I know that safe has got to be loaded.”

We worked for another month while talking about the restaurant. It was an easy in, easy out place. There was good access to the expressway and from there to the interstate highway north. The whole job shouldn’t take more than three minutes. We’d be on the road and headed north before the cops even got close.

With that kind of money, I could pay for school while working part-time or put a down payment on a small business and be self-employed. Mac helped me make that decision as we finished up the hardware inventory job.

“The restaurant runs a Super Bowl Weekend special, Friday and Saturday for families, and Sunday for women only. The place closes at 7 instead of 8 on that Sunday. The place will be pretty deserted by then, with everyone at home watching the game. I think this is our chance. It’s do or die. Business drops off ‘til spring and there won’t be much in the safe until the warmer weather brings more people out. Are you with me, Charley?”

I thought about everything that had happened to me. He was right. This was it.

“Ok, I’m in,” I said.

We met for lunch the next day and Mac outlined the plan. We both gave notice to the temp agency that we would be unavailable for two weeks. I packed up the stuff in my room and placed it in a storage facility, paying three months rent in advance. I sold my car and put the cash together with what I had left in one of the hollowed out books in the storage unit. We didn’t do much over the next couple of days. I notified the management I would be cleaning out the room I had been renting and I checked into a motel until Sunday night

We killed some time by walking through shopping malls and catching a three o’clock movie. Time had never gone so slowly for me. I had never done anything like this before but I was confident in my ability to pull it off.

About 6, Mac parked a block away and handed me the .45. I got out and walked to the restaurant. Once I got inside, I told the waitress I was alone and that I wanted a table near the back. She gave me a menu and took my order. I ate slowly, periodically checking my watch. Mac would be in place waiting for me. I ordered desert and coffee and then, sipping my refill, asked for the check. I took a last gulp from the cup when I saw the assistant manager coming.

PART THREE: THE PRESENT

The noise of the key turning in the lock brought me back to the present. The door opened and in walked the taller of the two women who had brought me here.

“On your feet!” she said.

I got up and stood before her. Butch was standing at her side watching me carefully.

“Put this on,” she ordered as she handed me a pair of pink rubber pants and a long-sleeved pink rubber shirt.

I struggled to put on the heavy garments. When I finished, she motioned me to step outside.

“Straight ahead and up the stairs,” she commanded.

I walked slowly down the hallway and up the steps. I opened the door at the top of the stairs and entered the back of the kitchen. She prodded me with the riding crop and I continued towards the dining area.

“Turn right here,” she ordered.

I turned to the right, bypassing the dining room and down a short hallway. Through the open door on my left, I saw the living room. Ahead was a staircase to the right leading upstairs.

“Wait here,” she said as she walked around me and entered the room in front of me. Butch sat still next to me. A minute later, she returned.

“The master of the house will see you now,” she said and beckoned me inside.

I walked in the room and found the silver-haired woman sitting behind a large wooden desk. There were several filing cabinets behind her and a computer terminal and keyboard on her desk. In front of the desk were two large leather chairs. She rose from her leather chair and stood up as I walked between the two chairs.

“Stand at attention in front of my desk,” she instructed.

I took several more steps and stopped. She held up a newspaper with the headlines of the restaurant robbery; then from a drawer on her right, she picked up several bundles of cash. Next, she held up my .45 and my wallet. She removed my driver’s license.

“Mr. Charles Anderson, or Charlene as one my sources tells me you like to be called. I am Madame LeBlanc, the Mistress of this house. Behind you are Lady Devlon and her as-

sistant Butch. My other associate, Lady Danton and her assistant, Sundance, are in session with a client and could not join us. It seems you have fallen into our midst by chance as a result of your criminal endeavor, the proceeds of which you will not be able to enjoy. I trust you do not want me to notify the authorities that you are here?"

I had no idea how she had found out about my modeling. I just shook my head and replied "No Ma'am."

"Good. Then we will begin your training immediately so you may earn your keep here at the Pine Hills Academy. Take Charlene back to the kitchen and have Francine fix her something light to eat, then return him to his room."

"Yes Madame," answered Lady Devlon.

I turned and walked back to the kitchen.

Behind me, Lady Devlon screamed "Francine!"

She pronounced the second syllable with more emphasis, as Fran SEEN. I was surprised that, for soft-spoken women, they could shriek like banshees.

Shortly, a very pretty girl in a black satin French Maid costume appeared and curtsied politely.

"Yes Lady Devlon, how may I be of service?" she inquired.

"Please fix Charlene a sandwich and some tea. Call me when she is finished."

"Yes Madame." She curtsied again and Lady Devlon left us alone.

I took a seat at the table while the maid fixed my lunch. She walked with elegant grace, balancing perfectly on her four-inch stiletto leather pumps. She placed a tuna fish sandwich and a small cup of tea in front of me. As she did so, she whispered in my ear.

"Run if you can."

I turned to look at her and saw an expressionless face, but with pleading eyes. She turned from me and stood to one side of the room.

I was ravenous and finished the sandwich and tea in no time. Francine walked to the other room and announced that I was done. Lady Devlon returned with Butch. We walked upstairs this time and down the long hallway to the end, where we entered a small bedroom. She handed me a three-ring notebook and a brown paper bag she had brought with her.

"Read this over. You will begin training tomorrow. Be certain to ask questions if you are unsure about anything. You will always address us as Lady Devlon, Lady Danton and Madame LeBlanc. You will answer to the name Charlene from now on. Is that clear, Charlene?"

"Yes, Lady Devlon. I was wondering what I am being trained for and if I could have my watch back. It was a gift from my mother and..."

She cut me off with a wave of her hand. "You are being trained for a service position here at Pine Hills. Service people don't need a watch. We will tell you what time it is when you need to know it as well as what you need to do to please us and when you need to do

it. There is an alternative, of course. You could turn yourself in to the authorities.” With that, she smiled.

“I understand, Lady Devlon,” I answered. I didn’t, but for now I would have to comply with their wishes.

“Study the first section of the manual. I will return this afternoon to give you a physical test and we will discuss the first chapter. Under no circumstances are you to leave your room. Is that clear?”

I nodded and, with that, she left the room. I waited several minutes, then tried the door. It was unlocked, but I did not want to venture forth.

I took a look around the room. The bedroom was small but had a full bath. It also had pink carpeting and walls with white trim. The bed was made up with pink satin sheets, pillowcases, and a pink chiffon bedspread. There was a single window overlooking the back of the property.

I was thinking about the maid’s remark, “Run if you can.” A two-story jump was not something I wanted to risk at this point. Next to the bed was a small, white, four-drawer dresser. On the other side of the window was a white vanity with a lighted makeup mirror. A treadmill was between the vanity and the wall facing the corner of the room. The closet on the opposite wall was large but empty.

I put the notebook on the vanity and opened the bag to find a pair of pink running shoes and six pairs of pink cotton socks. I put them on the dresser; then I sat down at the vanity and opened the notebook.

Part One dealt with diet, exercise, hygiene, make-up, wig and hair care, as well as something called “feminine deportment.” Part Two dealt with cooking, cleaning, laundry, and serving techniques. The third section was about clothing, accessories, uniforms, footwear and their proper care.

I was getting warm in my rubber suit but I was afraid to take it off for fear of reprisal. As I read Part One of the manual, I found I would be on a rigorous exercise schedule. I was already familiar with some of the makeup and wig care information from my previous work as a model but there were many additional things I had to pick up on, including nail care and hair removal.

When I finished reading, I unconsciously glanced at my wrist to see the time but my watch had been taken from me. I needed some way to keep track of time. I looked around the corners of the room and found a carpet tack. After moving the dresser out a bit, I made three small scratches on the backside, as this was the third day of my captivity. I slid the dresser back and looked out the window at the white landscape and gray overcast. There wasn’t much to do until Lady Devlon returned.

I used the toilet in the pink tiled bathroom. I found a supply of pink bedding, towels, washcloths, as well as several bars of perfumed soap and a container of perfumed dusting powder in the bathroom cupboard. The pink hamper was empty.

I sat down at the vanity again and re-read the first section so I would be fully prepared for Lady Devlon’s return. I knew I wouldn’t survive very long in prison and I had man-

aged quite well in my masquerade as Charlene. Becoming Charlene full time would not be too difficult and it would give me time to plan my escape.

To kill some time, I stepped on the treadmill and got familiar with the controls. I turned it on and the unit worked smoothly at all of the settings. I shut the machine off and went over to the window again.

There was no activity around the old barn or the machine shed. The gray overcast sky and white ground gave the place a bleak look, almost as bleak as my future might be if I wasn't able to extricate myself from this place before I became an integral part of it.

My thoughts were interrupted as the bedroom door opened and in walked Lady Devlon. Butch sat in the doorway. She handed me a pink bottle. The label said "EST-IV." The rest of the lettering was so small as to be barely readable.

"These are the vitamins that you will be taking every morning and evening without fail. Is that clear?"

"Yes, Lady Devlon," I answered and placed the bottle on the top of the dresser.

"Good, then let's get started. Lay down on the floor. I'm going to have you perform some exercises and then take some measurements."

She held up a clipboard and a pen.

"Begin with sit ups. Do as many as you can. Begin now!"

I pushed myself hard and did 105. Next were push-ups, squat thrusts, and jumping jacks. When I finished, she took my pulse.

"Very good. Sit at the vanity for a few minutes, then get on the treadmill."

I stepped on the treadmill a few minutes later and she adjusted the speed for jogging. When the meter indicated I had run a mile, she shut off the machine and noted the time on her clipboard.

"Excellent. You have done a good job of keeping yourself healthy. You must continue to do so or there will be dire consequences. Is that understood, Charlene?"

"Yes, Lady Devlon," I answered.

"You will exercise twice a day, in morning when you get up, and in the evening before you go to bed. Shower afterwards. At night, turn your rubber suit inside out so it dries overnight. Francine will give you breakfast and supper here in your room during your thirty days of training. After that, you will eat in the kitchen with the rest of the help. Study your manual. I will be back tomorrow to quiz you. Each week you will be weighed and receive another physical test to see if you are improving. It is best that you apply yourself diligently in all phases of your training Charlene. After all, the rest of your life depends on how well you do here."

I nodded in agreement and she turned and left the room.

I sat at the vanity and began reading the material I would be quizzed on tomorrow morning. I didn't want to find out what the consequences were for disobedience or failing to accomplish everything they wanted me to do.

The material wasn't lengthy so when I finished, I had nothing to do until suppertime. I looked out the window again but there was nothing to see and no sound of anyone moving around either upstairs or downstairs. I was really quite isolated.

Francine arrived and left me a supper of a small bowl of chicken soup, crackers, and another cup of tea.

When I asked her what time it was, she shook her head and placed a single finger over her mouth to shush me. I finished the meal, if you could call it that, and she took the tray and left.

I opened the pink bottle and removed a large pink pill with "1000 mg" in black on the side. I put the pill in my mouth and went into the bathroom where I put some water in the glass. Then I tossed my head back and swallowed the mammoth pill.

The evening dragged on; after my exercises, I took a hot shower using the perfumed soap. Afterwards, I dusted myself with the perfumed body powder. I turned the rubber suit inside out as instructed and draped it over the chair of the vanity. I pulled back the pink chiffon bedspread and pink satin sheets and got into bed. The satin felt good against my naked body and soon I fell asleep.

The next four weeks went by quickly. In addition to being periodically drilled on the contents of the training manual, I was given a pair of three-inch heel leather pumps and several pairs of knee-high nylon stockings. After my exercise periods and a shower, I spent an hour on the treadmill practicing a feminine walk.

Twice a week in the evening, I was put in shackles, blindfolded and taken to a building about an hour's drive away. The room I was in was all done in white, similar to a doctor's exam room. After removing my rubber suit, I was weighed, then wiped down with a cool liquid like rubbing alcohol by two women in white uniforms and masks. My skin felt dry afterward. I would lie down on the exam table and a mask, with openings for my nose, eyes and mouth, was placed over my face. There was a soft hum of some electronic equipment as the women moved a wand over my body and the mask on my face vibrated a little.

Following this treatment, I was rubbed down with a white cream, like face cream. The redness of my skin went away and the slight burning sensation I had felt during these treatments also stopped. I was never spoken to during these treatments but I overheard one of the women say how remarkable EST-IV was in that results were visible in thirty days instead of ninety and "completion" would be achieved in six to twelve months instead of one to two years.

At month's end, what little beard and body hair I had was gone. Electrolysis gave me permanently shaped feminine eyebrows. My weight had dropped ten pounds and you could easily see my breast development. As I progressed through training, I thought less and less about resisting and planning an escape. I became more and more submissive, bowing to their wishes. After the last treatment, Madame LeBlanc pronounced me fit and ready to begin Stage Two of my training as she gave me my fourth hypo shot. That Friday night, Francine took my head, neck, bust, waist, hip and sleeve measurements. Early Sunday morning, Francine, Lady Devlon, and Lady Danton entered my room carrying boxes and a garment bag.

“Take off your rubber suit. From now on you will wear it only for your twice-daily exercise periods,” ordered Lady Devlon.

I took off the pink rubber suit and stood naked before them. Lady Danton opened one of the boxes and handed me a black bra. I put it on and Francine helped me adjust the straps. I tried several more on and each one was adjusted for a perfect fit. Next, I was handed a pair of black tricot brief-style panties. I put them on, followed by a garter belt. The soft tricot felt good next to my skin. Lady Devlon removed a pair of fishnet stockings from the package. I rolled each one down, slipped it over my foot, then pulled it up and secured it to the garter, smoothing it over my legs as I went. When I finished, I stood back for their approval. Except for Francine, who hadn’t displayed any emotion since I had arrived, the girls were all smiles.

Lady Danton slipped a white petticoat inside another, and then handed them to me. I stepped into them and brought them up to my waist. Francine opened the garment bag and removed a black satin, puff sleeve, French Maid’s dress. She unzipped it and handed it to me. While I slipped it over my head, she hung the other dress, similar in style but pink, in the closet.

Lady Devlon tied a shoestring to the eye of a large safety pin, then hooked the pin through the eye of the zipper.

“Reach behind you and bring the shoestring over your shoulder. Hold the base of the zipper with one hand and pull on the string to zip yourself up,” she instructed.

I did so and then adjusted the hem of the dress around the petticoats. I reached back and removed the safety pin from the zipper and put it on the vanity.

“Put these on now,” said Lady Danton as she handed me a pair of black leather four-inch heel pumps and a white apron.

I had become very adept at walking in three-inch heels but another inch might give me trouble. I stepped into the pumps,

“Walk around the room a little,” said Lady Devlon.

I walked back and forth a few times without wobbling or stumbling.

“Very good,” commented Lady Danton. “Now, out in the hall!”

I walked out of the bedroom and proceeded down the hallway to the stairs under their watchful eyes. At the stairs, I turned and walked back to them.

“Now curtsy!” commanded Lady Devlon.

I gripped the edges of the dress and petticoats and did my best to perform the curtsy according to the manual.

“Excellent!” remarked Lady Danton. “Now repeat what you just did three more times but keep both arms across your body and let your hands dangle at the wrist.”

I walked down the hall to the stairway, turned around, came back and curtsied three more times in the precise manner she had just ordered me to. Both women were smiling broadly as I finished.

"I'm very impressed, Charlene! You are making excellent progress. Now go back inside and sit at the vanity," said Lady Devlon.

While I was walking, Francine had placed three wigs on the dresser, one blonde, one brown, and one black. In addition, she had stocked the top of the vanity with several makeup items. I pulled the chair out, smoothed my skirt as best I could with the stiff petticoats, then sat down.

"For today, just put on some red blush and lipstick. On all other days you will also wear eyeliner, eye shadow, mascara. Until your nails grow out a bit more, do not use nail polish. You will always wear perfume, however."

With that, Lady Devlon gave me a healthy squirt behind each ear and just above the neckline of the dress. The perfume was really sweet, sissy sweet as they say. While Lady Danton retrieved the black wig from the dresser, Lady Devlon put a nylon wig cap over my hair.

"Until your hair grows out enough to be styled, you will wear one of the three wigs."

After placing the wig on my head, she adjusted it slightly for a perfect fit and then pinned a white maid's cap to the top of it.

"Stand up so we can get a good look at you," ordered Lady Devlon.

I got up and turned around to face the girls. Francine's face was expressionless as usual but the other women were pleased at the feminine image standing before them.

"Francine, please take Charlene downstairs to see Madame LeBlanc, then see that she gets acquainted with the house and the duties she will be required to perform. Lady Danton and I have clients to see and we will be busy for the rest of the day and most of the evening. Remember to be dressed, made up and ready for work tomorrow morning, Charlene. You have done well so far."

With that, both ladies left. Francine and I followed at a respectful distance. At the bottom of the stairs, the two women went into the living room to await their clients while I followed Francine into Madame LeBlanc's office.

Madame LeBlanc looked up from her desk as we walked in. As we got to the front of the desk, Francine stepped to the left and I stepped to the right. We both curtsayed at about the same time.

"You look impeccable, Charlene. You are totally feminine in your appearance and your walk. Please lift your skirts so I may see that you are properly attired."

I curtsayed and said, "Yes Madame" as I raised my skirts and petticoats so she could see I was wearing black panties and a garter belt to hold up my fishnet stockings.

She smiled at me for the first time. "I am very pleased with you Charlene. I can see you are going to be a welcome addition to Pine Hills Academy. That will be all for now. Francine, show her around the house and make sure she understands what is required of her and how things are done here."

"Yes Madame," said Francine as Madame LeBlanc went back to her paperwork. Francine curtsayed and walked past me as I curtsayed and followed her out of the room.

We turned right into the living room that was furnished with gold carpeting, light gold walls and a white ceiling. The furniture was all dark brown leather sofas and chairs. The adjoining dining room had a large wooden table with six chairs around it.

“Madame greets her clients at the front door personally, then escorts them downstairs to the dungeon. When she entertains friends, we greet them at the door, then seat them in the living room until lunch or dinner is served. After they have left, we clean up after them.”

I nodded and followed her into the kitchen. As we entered, a stocky middle-age woman turned from the sink and faced us.

“This is Madge, who cooks for us. Madge, this is Charlene, our new maid in training,” said Francine.

“I am pleased to meet you Madge,” I said.

Madge looked me over, nodded and went back to her work without saying anything.

“You will assist Madge in preparing meals only occasionally. We usually only serve the meals. After the women are finished eating, we eat, then clean everything up afterwards. Understand, Charlene?”

“Yes Francine,” I answered.

Briefly, Francine explained where pots, pans, utensils and dishes were kept. Two of the women, occasionally all three, would go into town twice a month to replenish supplies. A small laundry room with a washer and dryer was just off the back of the kitchen. Laundry supplies were kept in the cupboard above the machines. On the cupboard doors were posted instructions for how various laundry items were to be washed and dried.

Next, we went down to the basement where I was allowed into the large room where the women did their “consulting.” Francine explained that we would escort clients down here and assist one or more of the women as they performed their dominatrix duties. As we walked around the room, I wondered what



kind of man would come here to be tortured, humiliated, degraded and submit to the control and whim of a dominatrix.

We stopped at each station and she explained the functions of each implement and how I should assist the women as they administered the punishment each client had come for. As we left the main room, I looked right and saw the furnace room and, next to it, the small room near the back entrance where I had first been held captive. Along the walls were dim lights, shaped like flames, flickering like the real thing. It was almost as if the stairway lead men down to Hell itself.

We went back upstairs. Madame LeBlanc excused me for the rest of the day, so I walked back upstairs to my room. In addition to my uniforms, a black pantsuit was hanging in the closet and one pair of black leather flats sat next to the high heel shoes. There were several slim skirts with matching jackets and some frilly blouses

I slipped my heels off. After taking my dress and petticoats off, I hung them up in the closet and walked over to the window. The cold landscape of mid-winter appeared to be as bleak as my future.

Maybe there was more security here than out in the world, even if it meant living a feminine lifestyle. I was going to be under the strict control of these three dominating women with little freedom. I had gradually become more and more feminine. My appearance, walk, and mannerisms very closely approximated those of a young girl. I can't say I was totally unhappy; considering what might have happened to me if I had been caught, things certainly could be worse.

I walked to the full-length mirror on the bathroom door and looked at the pretty girl staring back at me. My breasts had not yet filled the cups completely but they would do so in about another month. In two more months, my hair would be long enough to be set in curlers and styled at the whim of the women. I stood closer and could see no signs of the light beard I used to have. I unhooked the stockings and slid them down and off my legs, loving the feel of my smooth hair free skin. I placed them in the top drawer of the dresser.

The four-drawer dresser was now full. The top drawer contained hose, garter belts and panties. The second drawer held foundation garments. The third drawer was for slips, half slips, and camisoles. The fourth drawer had baby doll and full-length nightgowns. My wardrobe was complete for my duties as a maid and part-time job as a receptionist.

Francine stopped by and gave me a schedule for the next two weeks as well as a salad and soft drink from the kitchen for my supper. She reminded me to be perfect in appearance and punctuality. I wanted to ask about her comment to "run if you can" but she must have read my mind because she placed a single finger over her mouth to shush me and shook her head no as she picked up my empty cup and dish and left the room.

I knew there was more to this place than what appeared on the surface but I wasn't sure how to go about finding out. I looked over my schedule and set it up against the mirror on the vanity. Time would certainly tell, of course, but I wasn't sure just how much time I had. My work schedule was several days on and several days off except for one Saturday night next month, which was blank with only "Int." written in the block. I should have asked Francine what that meant when I had the chance.

I settled into a routine of working as both a sissy maid and sissy receptionist. I learned my duties and did them well. When I was a sissy receptionist, I greeted the clients at the door in my slim skirt, sissy blouse and heels. I would escort them to the dungeon where one of the ladies would take them inside and administer their treatment, or “consult” with them, as they said.

I peeked in the office once when no one was around in the hope I would get a chance to get into the filing cabinet. I had a little computer training but I was sure any file would be password protected; there was no way to crack that without technical assistance. In addition, I loitered in the basement one night when only one of the girls was working. The cell I had been originally kept in was left open. The furnace room next to it had a small shop. Underneath the workbench I saw a large, well-worn, leather satchel, which seemed out of place. I made a mental note to check it out when I got the chance.

Saturday finally arrived and I had the day off. Except for meals, I stayed in my room and did my nails. My hair was long enough now to style at the whim of the women; Francine came up after supper to help me do it right. She brought a small capsule of bubble bath and a small packet of dusting powder that I was to use just for tonight. When I finished bathing and dusting myself, I positively reeked of the cheap-smelling stuff.

After styling my hair up on my head, she fastened a large red satin sissy bow to the top, and then helped me into a red satin torsolette, red satin panties and red seamed stockings. She did my makeup too: overly done red rouged cheeks, a very thick layer of fire engine red lipstick and matching press-on nails. The eye makeup was just as bad with gray shadow, heavy black eyeliner, long black overly mascara’ed eyelashes.

Finally came a healthy spritz of cheap perfume behind each ear and on each wrist with the same scent as the bubble bath and powder. In my earlobes, she attached six-inch long fake diamond earrings. Finally, I put on bright red patent leather six-inch heel knee-high boots. I got up and wobbled over to the mirror. I was sure I could have made a lot of money on North Hennepin Avenue dressed and smelling like this. Apparently “Int.” must mean Hooker Night. She placed the red lipstick, rouge cake and the compact in a red patent leather purse with a long gold chain and slipped it over my right arm.

“It’s time,” she said with a soulful look in her eye. “Come with me.”

I followed her down to the dungeon. We walked in and she led me to the very back where off to the right was a small alcove. Madame LeBlanc was seated in a black leather chair on a small circular stage near the back wall of the alcove with Lady Devlon and Lady Danton standing on either side. All their women were dressed in black leather dominatrix regalia.

“You may go now, Francine. Come to me now, Sissy Maid Charlene,” she ordered.

I walked forward slowly so I wouldn’t wobble in those incredibly high heel boots. I climbed the three shallow steps to the stage and stood in front of her. She pulled a lever on the right side of the chair and it reclined back. Lady Danton stepped forward and removed a pin from the footrest. She opened it up and then stepped back. I could see the center of the seat had been cut out and a leather pillow was on the floor.

“Get on your knees now, Sissy Maid Charlene and we will begin your sissy slut training,” ordered Madame LeBlanc.

I walked forward and knelt down in the opening. Lady Danton closed the footrest behind me and inserted the pin. Lady LeBlanc smiled at me, locked her fingers behind my neck and pressed my face into her sex. She gave me instructions on how to perform cunnilingus.

I closed my eyes and tried to think of something else as I used my tongue to satisfy her. Shortly, she moaned and then screamed, "Lick me clean, like a puppy dog, Charlene!"

I lapped at her until she unlocked her fingers and pushed me away.

"Not bad at all, for your first time. I'm sure you'll get better. Practice makes perfect!"

Lady Danton removed the pin and flipped the footrest up. "Get up and stand aside!" she ordered.

I got off my knees, stood up and stepped back. Madame LeBlanc got up and Lady Devlon took her place in the chair. Lady Danton closed the footrest, inserted the pin and I began again. When I was done, I serviced Lady Danton as well. When I finished with her, I stood up and stepped back again to allow Lady Danton to exit the chair. Madame LeBlanc retrieved the pillow and tossed it on the floor.

"Get on your knees!" Madame LeBlanc hollered.

I knelt on the pillow and Madame LeBlanc stood close to me.

"Apply more lipstick!" she ordered.

I slipped the chain off my shoulder and opened my purse, removing the lipstick and compact. I opened the compact, then removed the cap from the lipstick and turned the base. With the compact in one hand and the lipstick in the other, I applied more of the makeup to my already thickly coated lips.

When I finished, she yelled, "Now hold your arms out away from you!"

I did so as she turned away from me and bent over as Lady Danton stepped up and stood behind me.

"Blot your lipstick, beginning just to the left of the base of the spine and continue down the left side of the buttocks until I tell you to stop," ordered Lady Danton.

I rose up a little to get even with her backside and pressed my lips on her flesh. I continued down the crack of her buttocks, leaving a trail of lipstick blots.

"Enough!" screamed Lady Danton. "Re-apply!"

I lowered myself a little, then brought my arms in and pressed the tube to my lips and filled them in with fresh lipstick.

"Begin again!" she ordered.

I raised myself up and worked my way down the right side of her buttocks, pressing my lips in the soft flesh and making an identical trail of blots down the right side. When I finished, Lady Danton announced "Next!"

Lady Devlon stepped forward and I did the same for her and then with Lady Danton. As I finished the last kiss, Madame LeBlanc examined both women and smiled at me.

"You did a very good job, Sissy Slut Charlene. Let's move on to Phase Two of your slut training. Apply fresh lipstick again and then place your makeup in your purse."

Again I put on a thick layer of lipstick and replaced the cosmetics in my purse.

Francine walked into the room, carrying a tray. She stopped in front of Madame LeBlanc and curtsayed.

"Here are the things you requested Madame LeBlanc," she said.

"Thank you Francine. You may leave us now," said Madame Le Blanc as she took the tray from the maid and placed it on a small table.

On the tray was a pitcher of white liquid, a small gold container and a six-inch dildo on a belt. I watched Madame LeBlanc pick up the dildo and open a small cap at the back of the scrotum. She poured some of the white liquid into the scrotum, then placed the pitcher back on the tray and closed the plastic cap. She put the belt on and, after checking a small tube that ran from the scrotum to a squeeze bulb, she secured the clasp. Next, she took the small gold container from the tray and squeezed some thick liquid along the first three inches of the dildo. She put the container back on the tray, then she walked back to where I was kneeling and stood over me with a big smile on her face.

"You have proven yourself to be an excellent cuntsucker as well as an ass kisser," she remarked as she sneered at me. "Now let's see how well you suck cock. Francine tells me you like honey on toast, so now, after you have sampled honey from the three of us, I am going to sweeten your cocksucking duties by using the product of bees on the dildo. Now open wide and suck me off! Suck like your life depends on it!" she screamed.

I opened my mouth wide and took in the dildo. I began sucking the honey from the end, then I took more of the dildo in my mouth as if I were performing fellatio on a real penis. She moved the dildo in and out as I sucked the plastic tube clean. Finally, she pulled back a little further and with one hand, she squeezed the bulb hooked to the side of the belt several times. The warm milk spurted into my mouth, just like real semen would if this had been a real penis. With a final jerk, she pulled the dildo out of my mouth and squeezed the bulb once more. The milk squirted out, hitting me in the face, just above my nose. As the warm fluid ran down my face and dripped off my chin onto the floor, all the women burst into laughter.

Madame LeBlanc took off the belt. She refilled the scrotal sac with more milk, lubricated the dildo with honey, and then handed it to Lady Devlon. Lady Devlon stood in front of me with an anticipatory grin on her face and shoved the dildo into my open mouth. I repeated the same procedure with her and again a third time with Lady Danton. By the time I was finished with Lady Danton, my lips and mouth were sore. I was afraid this night was never going to end as Lady Danton removed the belt and placed it on the tray.

"Get off your knees, sissy slut, put your makeup back in your purse and walk ahead of us to the other room," commanded Madame LeBlanc.

I placed the makeup items in my purse and slipped the chain over my shoulder. I got up slowly and walked unsteadily towards the main room.

"In the corner to your right!" screamed Lady Devlon.

I turned right and walked over to a leather-covered bench about waist high.

“Bend over the bench and put your arms through the two leather straps ahead of you,” ordered Lady Devlon

I did so and Lady Devlon tightened the straps holding me tightly in the bent over position.

The giggling and laughing started. Though I couldn't see behind me, Madame LeBlanc had strapped on the dildo and lubricated it with jelly. Lady Devlon pulled down my red satin panties and garter belt with a single hard yank, then stepped aside. Madame LeBlanc pushed the dildo between my buttocks just far enough for me to feel it at the entrance to my rectum.

“Now, sissy slut Charlene, just relax and let me inside of you. The more you tighten up, the harder this will be. I know you love being a girl and we want you to know what it feels like to be a girl. Remember, if it's inevitable, relax and enjoy it!”

The laughter from all three women echoed in the big empty dungeon. With both hands, Madame LeBlanc pushed my buttocks aside slightly and drove the dildo inside of me as she leaned forward.

I tensed up, then relaxed and allowed her to penetrate deeper. It was painful and I thought she was going to tear me open. I got into the rhythm and closed my eyes as we rocked back and forth. She shuddered briefly and I experienced a momentary sensation of pleasure. As she withdrew, I took a couple of deep breaths. Momentarily, Lady Devlon strapped on the dildo and we began again. Lady Danton followed. Then there was only silence.

“Well done, Sissy Slut Charlene!” said Madame Le Blanc. “You're not only a perfect sissy maid and sissy receptionist but a perfect whore too and a cheap one at that! Best of all, of course, is that you are OUR whore. You're a terrific piece of ass and we are glad to have you here at Pine Hills. We enjoyed every minute of this evening's pleasure, didn't we, girls?”

Their combined laughter answered the question without words. Lady Devlon stepped forward and released my arms from the straps. I placed my hands on the leather bench and stood upright.

“Pull up your panties, whore!” screamed Madame LeBlanc.

I bent over and pulled up my panties. After adjusting the garter belt and stockings, I turned around to face the women.

“Francine, take this newly initiated sissy slut whore back to her room. You are off tomorrow, Charlene, but your sissy maid and sissy receptionist duties continue Monday morning and you better be on time and ready for work. Is that understood?”

I looked at Madame LeBlanc and answered, “Yes, Madame Leblanc.”

I turned away and walked out of the dungeon. Francine followed behind me. I walked slowly to the basement stairs and took each step carefully. I had to be careful in those six-inch heel boots. I was emotionally drained and, in addition to being in pain, I could feel dampness in my panties. I knew I was bleeding, but I didn't know how bad it was.

Francine did not speak as we made our way upstairs to my room where she helped me remove my makeup and false fingernails. She drew my bath while I undressed. I was startled to find a damp spot in the front of my panties as well. I hadn't been able to have an erection for months due to the hormones. I wondered if that momentary sensation I had felt at Madame LeBlanc's shudder was a climax. Was I experiencing a female orgasm in a male body?

"Your bath is ready, Charlene," announced Francine.

I went into the bathroom, closed the door and sat in the warm clear water. I looked down and saw tiny red curls rising up thru the water between my legs. The water was beginning to turn pink as I washed.

I placed the bar of soap between my buttocks and cleaned my rectum as best I could.

I had begun to feel cold since leaving the dungeon. The warm water felt good and kept my from shivering. Men are not supposed to show emotion but I was holding too much inside me. Finally, I burst out crying. I sobbed for a few minutes, then stopped. I felt a little better and let the water out of the tub. After drying myself off, I wrapped the towel around me and walked into the bedroom. Francine was sitting at the vanity and looked up as I entered the room.

"Feeling a little better?" she asked.

I nodded. She had an apologetic look on her face.

"Use this," she said as she handed me a sanitary pad. "It will help stop the trickle of blood and keep your nightgown and satin sheets from getting bloodstained."

I took the pad from her and placed it between my buttocks. I slipped the pink nightgown over my head and pulled the bed covers back. I felt cold again. I got in bed, covered myself up and closed my eyes.

I slept soundly. It was seven-thirty when I got up. I took off the nightgown and found neither it nor the bed sheet had been stained. I removed the pad and saw it only had a little blood on it. I used the toilet and my bowel movement left only a small amount of blood in the toilet. I filled the tub with water as hot as I could stand it and soaked for a good forty minutes or so.

Sunday mornings were quiet around the house. I did not feel like eating breakfast but I needed to put something in my stomach. I dressed in the pantsuit, went to the kitchen and fixed myself some tea and toast. When I finished, I returned to my room and stayed there the rest of the day.

About six-thirty there was a knock on the door and Madge came in with a tray. I ate some of the roast beef and potatoes but I still wasn't very hungry, though she encouraged me to finish. When I asked where Francine was, she looked away and said she was gone but that I would be taking her place.

After Madge left, I looked at my schedule for the week and checked my uniforms and lingerie to be ready for the next week's work. I would be working more hours now that Francine was gone.

From that Monday on, I settled into a routine. I kept track of the women's movements, particularly when they left the house; how many of them were gone at a time and how long they were gone. I had done some occasionally snooping when only one of the women was home, working with a client. The office was always open but both the filing cabinet and the desk were usually locked.

The weather was turning warmer and with spring comes renewal. My work continued and, except for "Yes Madame" or "No Madame," I said very little as I went about my duties. I had healed up quite well and suffered no other ill effects of the "Int" Saturday.

By the end of March, the snow was gone and the green grass began pushing through, as the days got warmer.

My April calendar had one change in the schedule. I became alarmed as I noticed on the last week of the month from Friday thru Sunday was lined out in red with the letters "SRS." When I politely asked Madame LeBlanc about this, she just smiled and said I should not worry. This was the final stage of my transitional training at Pine Hills and I should look forward to its completion.

I decided there could be no more and after each day's work, I contemplated how I could make my escape from this place before the end of the month. That final week provided me with the best opportunity so far and I hoped to make the most of it.

I continued to perform my duties as a sissy maid and sissy receptionist for the balance of April. I had gained the confidence and trust of the women and was no longer watched as closely as before. Even Butch and Sundance had come to accept me as a friend.

On Tuesday of that week, Madge received word of a death in the family and left for a couple of days. On Wednesday, I finished my duties around 6 PM and ate my supper. Madame LeBlanc informed me that the three of them would be gone about two hours. Since there were no clients scheduled, I would be allowed to watch some television while they were gone.

After they left, I hurried up to my room. Instead of my usual bubble bath, I changed into black foundation garments, panty hose, the black pantsuit and black flats. I ran downstairs and went directly into Madame LeBlanc's office. The filing cabinet was locked and so were the side drawers of the desk but the top middle drawer had been left unlocked.

I pulled out the drawer and looked inside. I found a key; I tried it in the lock on the filing cabinet and it worked. The top drawer contained administrative files, utility bills, the deed to the house, copies of contractors' estimates from when the house was turned into a dungeon, purchasing records and income statements for this year.

The second drawer contained their client files. Clients were listed alphabetically; in each file was the type of "consulting" they liked. These men made quite the diverse group; it included bankers, salesmen, construction workers, truck drivers, two cops and a sheriff's deputy.

The last drawer was a stunner. The files were by first name only. When I opened the first file titled "Alice," I found a picture of a man named Allan Wright. There was a sheet listing a beginning date, training dates, an "Int" date, an "SRS" date and finally under

“CUST,” a name and address. Attached to the sheet was a carbon copy of a money order for \$25,000.00 made payable to the Tallman clinic in Rochester, MN.

I replaced the Alice file and went directly to the “Francine” file and found the same thing. Francine had been Frankie Lane. I thumbed back to “Charlene” and found a picture from my capture and another of me in my French Maids costume. The sheet had a carbon copy of a money order and the “SRS” date was this coming Friday. I pulled my file out and placed it on the desk.

I opened the small suitcase on wheels next to the filing cabinet and found several thousand dollars in hundreds and fifties stuffed inside. I put the file and title in with the money. I took the suitcase down to the basement and left it by the storm door in the back. As I passed the furnace room, I saw that old brown satchel under the workbench. *Hide in plain sight*, I thought. I walked into the furnace room, removed the satchel from under the bench and opened it up. The contents took my breath away. There were bundles of hundreds and fifties. The satchel weighed at least 40 lbs. I was certain that there was at least two, maybe three hundred thousand dollars in there. I lugged the satchel over to the storm door entrance and set it down next to the suitcase.

I went back up to my room and looked around. I found my purse and placed some makeup items inside. I had to travel light and I had no other women’s clothes except my uniforms. Butch had been following me everywhere and I had to ditch him first. I slipped my purse over my shoulder and went downstairs to the kitchen. I removed a chunk of roast beef from a platter in the fridge. I broke it in two pieces and dropped one at his feet. As he bent down to eat it, I dashed down the basement stairs. At the end of the hallway, I tossed the other half of the meat into the cell I had been originally kept in. I jumped up, grabbed an overhead pipe, and swung my legs up. I could hear Butch’s toenails on the concrete as he bounded down the steps. He raced underneath me, stopping when he smelled the meat. I dropped down, pirouetted on one leg and kicked the door shut with the other.

I went back up to the main floor. I saw the headlights of the Suburban coming up the road. I hadn’t expected them back this early.

I ran down the basement stairs to the furnace room and cut a six-foot piece of wire off its roll and grabbed a handheld propane torch from the workbench. Near the bottom of the stairs, I removed a medieval style hatchet from its bracket. At the top of the stairs, I smashed one of the flickering lights off its mounting. I placed the torch on the light’s base and tied the wire around it, then over to the basement doorknob. I then flicked the torch on and picked up the axe.

I ran down the hallway; at the entrance to the furnace room, I swung the axe hard and cut the LP gas line that fed the furnace. I opened one side of the back storm door. With the axe and suitcase in one hand and the satchel in the other, I went up the stairs. I kicked the storm door shut as the white plumes of gas began filling the hallway.

At the front bushes, I crouched down and saw the women getting out of the parked truck. Madame LeBlanc was in the lead and the other two women were behind her, carrying bags of groceries. Madame LeBlanc unlocked the door and they all went inside.

I grabbed my stuff and ran to the rear of the vehicle. One of the back doors had been left open and I stared into the face of Sundance calmly sitting next to a single bag of groceries. I dropped the satchel and suitcase as he lunged forward at me. I stepped back and swung the ax as he hurtled past me, catching him on the back of the neck. He crumpled to the driveway, twitched once or twice, and then lay still. I dropped the ax, tossed the two bags inside, and slammed the door shut.

I got into the truck and put it in gear. I stopped at the front gate; to my right was a yellow triangle that said "DEAD END". I turned left and sped down the gravel road. Suddenly the whole sky lit up behind me and the roar of the explosion broke the stillness of the night. I punched the gas pedal hard and soon a stop sign came into view. I stopped and noticed the dirt tracks on the blacktop road ahead of me were going to the left. I turned and sped down the black top road.

About thirty minutes later, I saw lights ahead and slowed up. The gas gauge was nearly full but I stopped and parked in front of a gas station to get my bearings. From the glove compartment, I took out the roadmap. I got on the nearby state highway.

Several hours later, I hooked up with the I-system and a little after 2 AM, I stopped at the storage area where I had my stuff. In another two days I would be late with the rent. I took only the books with the money in them, drove to a motel and paid for two nights in advance.

I did not sleep well at all. The next morning I made some coffee from the room's machine but I did not feel like eating anything. I called the number of a friend of Mac's. Mac said this guy had connections and could be trusted if I ever got into a tight spot. An hour later, twenty-five hundred dollars lighter, I had a Minnesota driver's license with a bogus address and two credit cards with a thousand dollar limit under the name Charlene Nelson.

I bought a newspaper and read the car ads as well as checking the yellow pages for dealers that bought cars directly from people. I contacted several of them and drove to one of them. I played the dumb woman who had gotten this big truck in a divorce and wanted to get rid of it. We haggled briefly. I gave in, signed the title and got my check. I had the salesman drop me off at a car rental agency. After getting a sedan for a week, I cashed the check and picked up lunch at a drive-through, then headed back to my motel. I watched the news story about a mysterious explosion at a country house up north. Authorities were still investigating, the reporter said.

I took a shower and, after drying myself off, stood naked in front of the mirror on the closet door. I was at a crossroads for sure. There was so much I loved about my newfound femininity. The luxurious feel of the lingerie and nightgowns on my smooth girly skin was a distinct pleasure. Feminine mannerisms and movements came to me naturally and were no longer a matter of acting out a part. They had become an integral part of the new me. I had to separate the past from the future. Charley Anderson was no more. Charlene Nelson was the future. I slipped between the sheets and fell asleep.

The next morning I skipped breakfast and checked out early. Several hours later, I stopped on the outskirts of Rochester and got directions to the Tallman clinic. After lunch, I rented a storage area for two months and left everything there except my purse. I called

the clinic from a pay phone at a nearby mall and confirmed my check-in date and time. I returned the car to the agency and got a cab to the clinic.

Since everything was prepaid, I was certain ID would not be required. I was right. The check-in went smoothly except for some giggling behind my back as I was escorted up to my room. I learned that postoperative care had been included and Madame LeBlanc was supposed to be in to pick me up following my discharge. I almost smiled at that. Apparently, once a date was set and the money sent, she need not contact the clinic until after the surgery and post-operative care had been completed.

The next morning, the doctor came in and asked if I had any questions or if I wanted to back out. I just shook my head no. I was prepped and wheeled into the operating theatre. I remembered the prick of the needle in my arm but nothing else.

I received excellent care during my postoperative period. The staff was professional and considerate. The pain was significant at first but gradually went away. My first bath post-operative was a combination of emotions. Exploring my new womanhood with my fingers, I knew once and for all that Charley was dead. The healing process went extremely well and, as I neared my checkout time, I had no doubts about my ability to lead a new life.

Several days before checkout, a nurse's remark gave me some concern. They all knew me as Charlene Anderson. Throughout my recovery, I had always been addressed by my first name. No one had looked in my purse to see that I was now Charlene Nelson. When one of them remarked that Madame LeBlanc usually called during the final week of post-operative care, I knew I had to leave early.

My discharge date had been set for Monday morning. Friday night, I stayed awake. In the Yellow Pages, I found a motel close by the clinic. About 3 AM, I got up and peeked down the hallway. One nurse was walking away from me and the other had her head down on the desk at the nurse's station.

I got dressed and slipped my purse over my shoulder. I watched the nurse leave one room and walk to another. I immediately bolted for the door. I walked quietly down the stairs and out the door. I walked several blocks to the motel. I explained about my car breaking down and got a room for the night. I slept about four hours, then got a cab to a car rental agency where I rented another sedan for a week. After picking up my stuff at the storage facility, I drove east into Wisconsin.

The motel had a laptop in each room and I found a clinic in Neenah that would provide me with the additional care I needed. After arriving in Neenah, I rented a small suite for a month and made an appointment at the clinic. My story was of having my surgery overseas to "save a few bucks" and I needed a post-operative check-up. They were very understanding and soon I had an appointment the following week. The doctor pronounced me in good health and complemented the surgeon's skill. I received another booster shot of hormones. After making future appointments for regular hormone shots and follow-ups, I walked out into the sunshine as a new woman.

EPILOGUE

A year passed. I had become a certified nail technician and cosmetologist. I worked for two more years, making friends and making other women look good. The part of me that

was still Charley kept me from dating men but at the clinic I met an assertive young RN. We hit it off and began seeing each other.

We both found enjoyment in a D&S relationship. She liked being the aggressor and I enjoyed being her submissive lover. I found great satisfaction in my feminine role. I could now wear dresses, skirts and heels without fear. I loved makeup and changing hairstyles. I had become quite a girly girl.

I never discussed the money I had hidden away and used it only when necessary. I opened my own shop the following year. I had a website and made certain that "TV-TS friendly" appeared on its home page as well as in the front window of my shop. It resulted in about a third of my business; referrals from the clinic were plentiful as well.

All in all, I had not only become a woman, but a successful and contented one at that. Except for the occasional nightmare, I never even thought about Pine Hills. I had come so far and overcome so much.

The future looked bright and I was looking forward to all it would bring.

THE END