

Transitioned For Life



Norman Way



A "Her Tv" Novel



Reluctant Press TV/TS Publishers

This story (including all images) 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. This material is intended for persons over the age of 18 only.



Copyright © 2016

Published by Reluctant Press
in association with Mags, Inc.
All Rights Reserved.

No part of this book may be reproduced without the written permission of the publisher, except for brief quotes contained within a critical review.

For information address
Reluctant Press
P.O. Box 5829
Sherman Oaks, CA 91413
USA

Call toll free (800) 359-2116

reluctantpress.com & magsinc.com

TRANSITIONED FOR LIFE

by Norman Way

My first transition in life was from infant to toddler. It was easy as I had no idea I was doing it. Abandoned at birth, I was shuttled through the system until I was adopted by a professional couple.

I am not sure they wanted a child as they had no children of their own. They had put their careers ahead of raising a family. It was almost as if I was something they were going to put up with either for appearance's sake or some other reason.

As a toddler I was taken each day to a nanny. Mom was an art professor at a local community college while Dad was an environmental studies professor at a large Midwestern university. One of them would

drop me off early in the morning and one of them would pick me up later that evening after work.

My nanny's name was Carla. She and her mother had moved there after her husband and daughter had been killed in a drive-by shooting in San Diego. Her mother worked days as a cashier in a box store while Carla took care of me. When her mother got home, Carla would go to bed as she worked the night shift at a convenience store. The money she earned as a nanny provided extra income for the both of them.

About an hour after I was dropped off, Carla would take me into her bedroom and dress me in her dead daughter's clothes. She would lipstick my mouth and rouge my cheeks with pink lipstick. Then she would teach me how a girl is supposed to walk, smooth her dress as she sits down, and behave in a ladylike fashion.

At ten AM she had me sitting at the kitchen table. She would pour water into two cups, then teach me how a lady sips her tea, followed by the proper way a lady eats her cake with a fork. Later she would put a pink frilly apron on me and I would don a pair of pink latex gloves to do the dishes from our lunch.

The afternoon was spent walking through one of the nearby malls with me wearing a frilly pink bonnet and carrying a dainty pink purse as we shopped in the women's stores. I remember many of the clerk's remarking about what a pretty girl I was.

Back home an hour before I was to be picked up by one of my step-parents she would take me back to her bedroom. After removing my makeup, she would dress me in my boy's clothes and we would watch some TV while we waited for my ride home. She would always caution me about this with a single finger put to her lips and the admonition that this was to be "our little secret."

I didn't know any better of course. From age three to age five, I just sort of accepted it. It got to the point that I hated to go back to wearing my male clothing. I loved the way the cool softness of the pink nylon tricot panties felt on my skin. It gave me a great deal of pleasure to try on various dresses, skirts, and blouses in the stores where we shopped.

In addition I enjoyed helping Carla with the household cleaning chores as well as doing the dishes while wearing that pink frilly apron and pink latex gloves. I had no such chores at home but secretly wished I did so I could wear those things, along with petticoats, panties, and dresses.

Because my parents were both well-educated, I was told that I would be homeschooled. Several retired teachers had begun a homeschool not far from where we lived. I was one of only twelve students.

I missed being with Carla and thought of her often. Looking around at my classmates, I found that boys and girls were dressed very differently. I had to accept being dressed like a boy because that is what I was.

Most of the girls wore jeans, sport shirts, and sneakers. I was curious to know why they did. If they were girls, then why didn't they wear petticoats, dresses, and shoes called "Mary Jane's" like I did at Carla's? Isn't that what girls were supposed to wear?

Didn't they like wearing lipstick and blusher? At lunchtime why did they wolf down their sandwiches like the boys instead of taking small bites, chewing slowly before swallowing, then blotting their mouths instead of wiping them?

Despite being aware of the differences between us, it seemed odd to me that these girls, for whatever reason, seemed to want to act like and be boys as opposed to myself who would have preferred to act lady-like and become a girl.

At home, my parents provided for me quite well. I had a large bedroom, clean clothes and healthy, nutritious meals. I made use of their health club membership and came to like running on the treadmill or pedaling on the stationary bike. It was a good way for me to lose myself in my thoughts.

Their careers left little time for us to be together as a family. When we were, it was usually walking in the park or canoeing on one of the many nearby lakes. I liked the outdoors and the exercise too. I always felt good and was seldom sick, unlike some of the other kids.

I would not describe either my stepmom or stepdad as being cold or aloof. I guess “distant” is a more appropriate word. They were pleased with my progress at school but compliments were few and far between.

Throughout my schooling or during my exercise periods, I would occasionally lose myself in thinking about wearing lingerie and dresses. When my parents were not home, I would go on the internet and Google “prom dresses,” “party dresses,” or “wedding dresses” as well as “lingerie” or “high heel shoes.”

Afterwards I would be careful to “clear history” so neither of them would be aware of what I had been looking at. Sometimes at night as I lay awake I would see those pictures in my mind. It was fun imagining myself wearing each style in each color with the appropriate accessories.

The homeschool had no athletic program but we did have a forty-minute exercise period just before lunch. Each of us had a small locker in the restroom to change into sweats for this brief period of physical activity.

It was here that one of the boys had a pornographic magazine. I not only learned what the REAL difference was between boys and girls but also just

what one of each did when they got together naked. To say I was shocked was an understatement.

Near the back of the magazine was a picture of what looked like a woman with large breasts but who also had a penis. There were several more pictures of men in wigs and makeup who were dressed in women's clothing. Some wore gowns and high heels while others wore French Maid costumes or what was described as "sissy dresses." We all had a good laugh before going back to our classroom

That night I wondered if I was what a classmate had referred to as a "freak." I didn't feel like I was one.

As far as I was concerned, I was just like the other boys. The fact that Carla had kept me dressed in girl's clothes and had made me into a very pretty little girl, just like the men in the magazine had transformed themselves into attractive women, didn't mean anything to me.

If she had wanted me to keep it "our little secret," it was OK with me. I am sure those men enjoyed the image they presented and derived great pleasure from it. Why they did was none of my concern but in good conscience I could hardly think of them as "freaks." I wondered if I would be capable of the same thing if I had access to makeup, clothes, wigs and high heel shoes.

The next Saturday when my parents were gone, I went into their bedroom and opened my mother's dresser drawers. I was dismayed to find no frilly panties. Her vanity had only a comb and a hairbrush but no makeup. Her closet contained no dresses or high-heeled shoes, just pantsuits and flat shoes. It was hard to hide my disappointment. I resorted to going back on the computer and surfing the web.

My life continued but my thoughts were never far from the images I saw in the magazine. My subsequent finds by Googling "drag queen," "transvestite,"

or “transsexual” only added to my curiosity and desire to find out more about this thing that had brought me and apparently all those men a great deal of pleasure.

I completed the driver’s education program and at sixteen I earned my driver’s license. I began working at a pizza joint. My parents helped me with a down payment on a used hatchback. Since I was living at home with no other bills, I was able to make payments easily.

At eighteen, I graduated high school. I didn’t have the slightest idea what I wanted to do in life but I had had enough of the pizza joint and starting working nights at a box store. The trucks with incoming product were unloaded during the day shift, then the night shift would move the stuff out to the floor.

It was mindless work but I liked it better than the pizza joint. I was busier and it kept my mind off the feminine things that I thought about periodically. I was still mystified by this despite the amount of information that was available on the internet.

After several months, one of my co-workers told me about sports betting. He was making some good money and offered me an “in.” I agreed and began placing small bets on football games that fall. I began winning more than I lost and was able to pay off my car.

It seemed a relatively easy way to make extra money and it was tax-free. Between some books on sports betting and the internet, I soon had a small nest egg in a sock I kept under my mattress at home. My parents were unaware of course but, as with the government, I figured what they didn’t know wouldn’t hurt them.

I was given a raise after my probationary period was up and again on my one-year anniversary. My nest egg increased with the smart betting techniques

I had honed over the year since I had begun. It gave me a certain sense of security, I guess, which is why I decided to move out of my parent's house and get a place of my own.

I found a small furnished apartment not far from the box store. I could hop the bus to work which would save me even more money that would otherwise be used for gas. Things were going pretty smoothly as far as I was concerned, though my parents still thought I should have gone to school while still living at home.

The university had been there for about a hundred years and the local tech school about fifty. If I decided to go to one of them, I was certain they were going to be there for quite a while yet whether or not I chose to enroll there or not.

There were enough college graduates beating the bricks trying to find a job as it was without me becoming another one in a couple of years with no income and student loans to pay off. The night shift paid well and I had health insurance as well as a 401k plan.

Just before football season started, we got a new supervisor. Josephine Wall was a mannish-looking woman in her late twenties and insisted on being called just "Jo." She spoke briefly with each member of the crew before handing out that evening's assignments.

When I was introduced to her, she looked me up and down before taking my extended hand in hers and giving me a very manly handshake. It was almost as if she was sizing me up for something. I wasn't

sure what she saw but tossed it off as just my imagination and went right to work.

Normally I worked with two of the guys in automotive, hardware, or men's clothing and shoes. After a week on the job, I was transferred to the women's department and was soon replenishing the women's shoe and clothing department as well as the cosmetic department.

The other women said nothing to me. We had all at one time or another been switched around to various departments to become acquainted with them so when someone called in sick, went on vacation, or quit, there would be little disruption in getting the stock on the floor in the proper place, no matter what department we were assigned too. Being shifted around also broke up the monotony of working in one place all the time so no one complained.

Early one morning just before we were finished with the night's work, I saw the store manager, Beth Howland, talking with Jo. The previous store manager had retired and none of us had yet met the new one. The store manager and members of the office staff were seldom seen by those of us on the night crew.

Normally the night crew is locked in after ten PM; no one from the day shift, including the manager and the office staff comes in before nine. The two of them were looking at me in a peculiar way as I cut and stacked some cardboard boxes for recycling. I wasn't sure what their interest in me was but I kept working until it was time to punch out.

Over the next several months I was continually assigned to stock the women's clothing, shoes, and cosmetic departments. This was an easy transition for me but it was a bit unusual to keep an employee in one department all the time, particularly to have a man in the women's departments.

I chose not to say anything as several people had quit recently. I just assumed they wanted an experienced stocker to insure that things were put in their proper place until the new people were fully trained and could be trusted to work on their own with minimal supervision.

My bets over the football season had their ups and downs. I was up five grand by season's end. That along with another five grand in my sock hidden in my mattress gave me a warm feeling. I hadn't exactly "beaten the system" but at least I was up for the year, so far anyway.

My co-worker Hal had warned me not to get what he called a "fever" or too overconfident in the way I made my picks. "What goes around comes around," he was fond of saying. I guess it's safe to say his admonition fell on deaf ears.

I felt pretty smug about the way I had over the course of two years built up a considerable amount of money compared to many others who had not only lost money but were scrambling to pay bills as well as their bookie.

Getting a credit line with a bookie, even a nice guy like Willie Smith, wasn't easy but if you didn't make good on your loans...well, I didn't want to think about the consequences. There were plenty of stories around about so called "enforcers" that could make your life a living hell if you didn't pay what you owed plus interest and I don't mean "bankers' interest" either.

These accounts were not "Hollywood" stories. I mean there were guys who would rob a store or a bank, pay off the enforcer, then surrender to the cops. A couple of years in the slammer was better than thirty minutes dancing with the enforcer and his baseball bat or tire iron, followed by several months in the local orthopedic ward. When you got out, you still owed the money plus interest.

November was a bad month but I made it all back in December. I had come close to losing everything but had managed to scrape by. I was still working in the women's department and for some strange reason it didn't seem like that was to change anytime soon.

The new girls were rotated to automotive, hardware and men's clothing and shoes while I stayed strictly in the women's department. Of course by now I had become quite familiar with all of the makeup and women's hair care products, as well as the clothing and shoes.

At the end of football season I was up seven thousand plus the five grand in my sock. I told Willie I was going to lay off during the playoffs and make one large bet on the Super Bowl. He just grinned and said, "OK."

I figured I was going to make a killing by placing one large bet. With the money, I would sell my old car and get myself a decent set of wheels. The old hatchback had been remarkably trouble-free but it did have some miles on it. I figured on selling it and then doling out cash for a new one since its trade-in value was practically zilch.

Super Bowl weekend was my weekend off. Friday night we had been a little short so we had worked until almost the nine AM opening to be certain the products for the Super Bowl Special sale were all out on the floor. Just before punching out, I saw Jo walking towards me with Beth Howland.

"Beth, this is Martin Langley, one of our night crew. Martin, this is the new store manager, Beth Howland."

I smiled and shook hands with her.

"I supposed you are all stoked up for the big game on Sunday?" said Beth.

“I sure am, how about you?” I asked.

“No, I am afraid I have other plans. The store will be busy but I have numerous items I have to catch up on this weekend. I don’t follow sports much but I am from the Seattle area and I am certain that the Seahawks are going to beat the Broncos.”

“I don’t agree. I have a bundle that says Peyton Manning and the Broncos are going to skewer those Seahawks and send them back to Seattle with their tail feathers between their legs,” I replied with an air of confidence.

Despite the fact that most commentators thought this would be a close game, I was of the opinion that just the opposite was true. Judging by the looks on the faces of the two women, they didn’t agree.

“Hmm, care to make it interesting with us two?” said Beth with a smirk.

Here was a woman smart enough to be a store manager who admittedly didn’t know much about sports but was willing to put money against Peyton Manning? This was too good to pass up.

“Sure. Five grand to each of you that the Broncos will win straight up,” I said with complete confidence.

“That’s quite a bet, but we have a better idea,” she said with a grin as she crossed her arms.

“Like what?” I asked with surprise.

“If the Broncos win, we will give you ten grand each. If the Seahawks win, you will enter our sales training program for two years, doing exactly what we tell you with no ifs, ands, or buts. Agreed?”

“Well, wait a minute. What kind of sales? Here or somewhere else?” I said.

“That’s up to us. You have to do exactly as you are told and you will sign contracts that say you will do so.”

“I don’t know, that doesn’t sound...”

My words were cut short by Jo flapping her arms and making squawking noises like a chicken.

“OK, you are both on,” I said. After all I was no chicken and certainly nobody’s fool either.

I had stood my ground. I wasn’t about to back down from anybody, especially two women who didn’t know anything about sports. I had already given Willie five of my seven thousand season’s winnings and the five thousand mattress money, plus he granted me another ten grand on loan. That plus twenty grand from these two dumb broads would be some real icing on the cake.

After punching out, I went home. As I ate breakfast I began to think about the car I was going to buy with my winnings. I took a shower and had a hard time going to sleep, trying to think of a way to spend the rest of the money. Maybe I would buy a big screen TV or a whole theatre system. There seemed to be many possibilities.

Sunday, I read the paper. I began thinking again about how I was going to spend the money. The day seemed to drag on forever. I didn’t watch all the hype about the game as it was mostly the same crap over and over again. How many opinions do you need? How many highlights of other Super Bowls do you need to see? How many interviews do you have to sit through? Geez, it was all getting to be too much.

The timer went off and I took the pizza out of the over. I finished my beer and opened another one to drink with my pizza. After slicing the pizza up, I put two slices on a plate, grabbed a napkin, and sat down to watch the game.

The Broncos came to the line of scrimmage as I took a large bite of my pizza. I watched in disbelief as the snap sailed over Peyton Manning's head. I almost choked on my pizza. A quick swig of cold beer, then the Broncos started again. By the end of the first quarter, I had lost my appetite. By halftime, I thought I was going to be sick. I put the rest of the pizza in the freezer and started drinking more beer.

When you work nights and you have a night or more off you don't go to sleep; you stay up and keep busy as you are used to sleeping in the daytime. I began to wonder how I was going to pay back the money I owed my bookie as well as about what the women had in mind for this training program.

I went to bed. I was angrier at the Broncos for such a poor game more than anything else. After all, they had wrecked my life. I lost ten grand and owed Willie another ten grand with no way to pay him back except the two grand left at home. The balance of eight grand couldn't be paid back a few bucks each payday as everybody knows bookies don't do that.

My alarm shocked me into wakefulness at 3 PM. I was pretty fuzzy from all the beer I had drunk after my Super Bowl debacle. As I showered and shaved, I couldn't help but think of Willie and what he was going to say. After a burger, fries and a cup of black coffee, I called him. He met me in the parking lot.

"Here's two grand. Willie. I don't have the rest right now but I will pay you back, I swear. You know I am good for the money," I whined.

He took my two grand and grinned.

"Actually, your boss took care of that so now you owe her the eight grand, plus whatever her interest rate is, of course."

I was stunned. I guess I had taken Beth and Jo's remarks to be just off-the-cuff so to speak. I had no idea that they were even acquainted with Willie.

"Who paid off my debt?" I asked.

"Beth Howland. She used to deal with my brother in Seattle. When she moved here, she hooked up with me. Why do you ask? Not many people have a boss who would be willing to bail them out at all but ten grand is lot of credit to extend to an employee."

"Yeah, I will talk with her when I see her," I said.

We left the burger joint and I drove back home. I spend most of the day wondering about that contract I was going to sign, as well as the terms for that eight grand loan. At least I wouldn't have to be thinking about an enforcer paying me a visit on Willie's behalf to collect his money plus interest.

I was a nervous wreck when I reported for work. After we got our assignments Jo took me aside.

"Beth wants to see you in her office right after your shift," she said with a big grin on her face.

I gave her no reply, just nodded my head and went right to work. Over the course of the night, I worked through my hangover and in no time at all my shift ended. I punched out and went to the front of the box store and up the stairs to the administrative offices. My heart was racing as I stopped at her receptionist's desk.

"Martin Langley to see Ms. Howland," I said to her.

She pushed a button on her console, said my name, then looked up at me with a big grin.

"You may go right in, Martin. She is expecting you."

I took a deep breath as I walked to her office door and opened it. She looked up at me from her desk with that know-it-all-look on her face.

“Close the door and have a seat, Martin,” she said in a calm voice.

I took my seat in front of her as she opened a manila folder.

“I have the contracts ready for your signature,” she began as she handed me a sheaf of papers.

I started to look at them when she yelled at me in a sharp voice.

“I didn’t say READ them, I said SIGN them!!”

I signed all the documents by the “Xs” and handed them back to her.

“Very good, Martin, remember our agreement. You do as you are told. First, you will continue working your present shift. Second, you will begin schooling at the North Country Academy next Monday for four hours a day, five days a week. Third, continue your exercise routine but step it up. You will lose twenty more pounds before May first. Fourth, you will undergo a complete physical at the Henderson Clinic tomorrow morning at nine AM, then begin your vitamin and diet routine according to Dr. Henderson’s instructions. I will give you further instructions in due time and you WILL NOT discuss this with anyone. IS THAT PERFECTLY CLEAR?”

“Yes it is, Ms Howland,” I replied with a dry mouth.

“I hope so for your sake. Remember our agreement. You owe me eight grand, plus interest. The same enforcers that work for Willie can easily be contacted to work for me. I am sure you don’t want that, do you?”

“No Ma’m,” I replied.

“I will be checking your progress periodically and you better hope there are no discrepancies. Here is your new work, exercise, school and physical schedules. That will be all.”

I got up, took the sheets from her, and left the office. As I walked out to my car. I wondered about the school that would start next Monday as well as the accelerated physical routine. Why she wanted me to lose more weight was another mystery. I knew I was in good health and that extra weight loss would put me under my current BMI which was already normal.

The next night Jo gave me my work assignments with a smirk on her face. I said nothing and concentrated on doing my job. After my shift, I drove straight to the Henderson Clinic for my physical.

At the front desk, I filled out a form and signed it. While I waited, I tried to figure out what all this was about. True, I had lost a bet and I certainly would have liked to see what was in those contracts I had been intimidated into signing. My thoughts were interrupted by the nurse at the desk.

“Dr. Henderson will see you now. Down the hall, second door on your left.”

I followed her directions and walked in to the exam room. A stout woman was on the phone. She looked up at me, smiled broadly and pointed to a chair. I took my seat and waited for her to finish her call.

“Take off your clothes, put on the gown, and lay on the table. I will be back in a few minutes.”

She left the room and I undressed, placing my clothes on the chair. After putting the gown on, I laid back on the exam table. Dr. Henderson returned a few minutes later.

After a thorough exam she had me turn on my side and gave me an injection in the buttocks with a large needle. She wrote something on the clipboard, then handed me a prescription.

“Get this filled at the pharmacy in the basement, then go to the top floor, Suite #300. You will finish up there, now get dressed.”

She left the room. I took off the gown and put my clothes back on. I couldn't read the script on the prescription sheet. In the basement the female pharmacist handed me two bottles of pills. The first was filled with small white pills; the other larger one contained huge pink pills. After I left, I could hear her giggling with a co-worker.

I got off the elevator on the third floor and walked to Suite #300. It was a hair removal clinic. I hesitated at the door but remembered Ms. Howland's words about following instructions to the letter. I went inside where a receptionist looked up at me. She grinned.

“You must be Martin Langley, correct?” she asked.

I nodded.

“They are ready for you in Room 2.”

She pointed to my right. I went into Room 2. Inside I found two women in white uniforms. One of them stood up.

“Undress, put this on, then lay on the table,” she said as she handed me what was essentially a paper jockstrap.

They both left the room. Once again, I undressed and slipped on the paper jockstrap. A few minutes later both women came into the room. They slipped white masks over their faces and turned on some electronic equipment.

Over the next hour they moved the wands over the front of my legs; then after I rolled over, they did the same to the back of my legs. There was an audible clicking noise and I could feel a slight burning sensation. When they finished, they smoothed a white cream over my legs. It made the burning sensation go away but it had a slight feminine scent to it.

“You can get dressed now,” said one of them.

I dressed and left the room. At the desk, the receptionist handed me a card.

“I know Ms Howland has already given you a schedule but here is a reminder to put on your calendar.”

I took the card from her as she grinned.

As I walked to my car, I tried to figure out what all these women found so amusing, to say nothing of the fact that I had no idea that hair removal was in my contract. I had no choice but to go along with it.

After I ate, I took a hot shower. My legs were smooth and hair-free. It gave me reason to think about what else was in those contracts I had signed but not read.

On my computer, I found the North Country Academy was, of all things, a private beauty college. Friday morning when I showed up after work for orientation, I was handed my books and class schedule. The woman at the book store smiled at me and said Ms Howland had taken care of everything.

I left the school and thought about the cost of the tuition and books at this private school. I guess it was safe to assume they would add the cost of everything to what I already owed them. It seemed to be what might be an insurmountable amount. But at that point I guess it really didn't matter whether I owed the girls ten or twenty grand.

A month passed. The makeup artist course was intensive. Like with most private schools, a lot of subject matter was covered in a short time, plus you didn't have to bother with liberal arts courses as part of the curriculum.

The class consisted of mostly women but there were two other men. There was one muscular black guy and another "swishy" white kid whose orientation was never in doubt. Several students dropped out before the month was up and now the class size was down to twelve from sixteen at the start.

I had been following the schedule Ms Howland had given me to the letter. I was eating less and more healthy foods. My exercise routine was harder and I had already begun losing weight by my second appointment with Dr. Henderson. She checked me over briefly and administered another shot.

At the laser clinic, the girls worked on my arms and chest. I was still puzzled by this. I had very little body hair to begin with and having it all removed without an explanation seemed rather pointless to me but I had signed those contracts without being able to read them. I wondered just how much of what I had signed was going to come back and bite me in the ass.

With schooling added to my life, I now had little time for anything else. I still talked with my step-parents about every two weeks or so. Our conversations were usually short. It was almost as if they were glad to be rid of me, not that we had ever been close in the first place.

At work, I was kept stocking only the women's products and of course the cosmetic department. Once Jo came up to me, smoothed her hand over my buttocks. "Hope it isn't too drafty or cool in here for you now that your body hair is gone," she cooed, then walked away, giggling.

I hadn't noticed any difference since I had little body hair to begin with. I guess it was just her way of rubbing my nose in it so I made no reply and continued on with my work. None of the other employees had said anything to me so it became apparent that none of them, particularly the female ones, were aware of what was going on because of my losing a bet.

The end of the second month brought exams. The class was now down to ten. I got another shot and at the laser clinic, the girls worked on my legs again, then my back and underarms. My body was now pretty much hair-free, except of course for my neck and beard. I refilled my prescriptions for the extra-strength vitamins I had been taking.

By the end of the third month, I noticed a little "fleshiness" around my nipples and they seemed to be a little tender at the touch. My hair-free skin had taken on what you might call a *feminine* glow.

In addition it seemed to be softer to the touch. Almost like a girl's skin. I made a mental note to ask Dr. Henderson about it at my next appointment. I didn't think it was do to my increase in exercise routine or change in diet. Maybe it had something to do with those shots and pills I was taking. Could they be something other than prescription vitamins?

One of the benefits of being a student at North Country Academy was that all of us were entitled to free haircuts, perms, manicures, pedicures and facials, as well as massages from the students in the massage therapy program.

I needed a haircut badly because my schedule kept me hopping. When I got into the chair the instructor stood behind me and whispered in my ear, “Ms Howland told me what you need, so just sit back and relax.”

“OK, students, gather around and pay attention,” said the instructor.

She proceeded to begin snipping and talking while she worked. When she finished, she held up a mirror so I could see the results. I was surprised to see what she had done to me. I looked like a cross between a male with longer hair and a girl with short hair. The instructor had called it a “pixie” cut.

The instructor ordered one of the girls to give me a manicure and pedicure. When the student finished, the instructor examined her work. Satisfied, she turned to her and said, “You can skip the polish, but Ms Howland wants him to have pierced ears.”

I winced as the girls erupted in laughter. A short time later when I returned to class, my earlobes stung from the two gold plugs that had been inserted in them. My nails were still short but had been trimmed a bit and buffed. I couldn’t say anything of course as I didn’t want it to get back to Ms Howland that I had refused to go along with anything or had complained.

When I went to work that night, no one said anything about my pierced ears or new haircut. The next morning after I showered, I looked in the mirror over the bathroom sink. I took a comb and brushed some of the hair on top of my head over my forehead for bangs.

I was surprised to see I had a very feminine look. I put the comb down and examined my fingernails. Another month and they would look just like a girl’s. It suddenly struck me that maybe they were trying to turn me into a girl...or was that just my imagination?

I shook my head. No, that couldn't be. It was just too far fetched to be believable.

Work and school continued. By June, my weight had reached Ms Howland's goal. Dr. Henderson told me not to worry about my expanding chest as she gave me another shot and added that I should continue to take the pills. I was more concerned now as it appeared that I was growing breasts but of course I had no recourse but to follow the doctor's orders.

At the end of June I met with Ms Howland. The receptionist had that same smirk on her face as she told me to go right in. I hoped it would be a short meeting. It was the first time I had seen her since losing the bet on the Super Bowl. I wasn't sure what she might want. If there was going to be more changes to my life, I couldn't imagine what they might be. So far nothing had been said to me about the money I owed her so maybe that was it.

I walked into her office. She motioned me to close the door. I did so as she got up from her desk and came over to stand in front of me. She took both of my hands in hers and examined my nails. With one hand she fluffed my girly hairstyle, then with a single finger she lifted each earlobe to see the little gold plug.

"Pull up your shirt!" she commanded.

I pulled my shirt out of my pants.

"Up to your eyes!" she yelled.

When I did so, she placed her hands on my chest and squeezed my breast area. This took me completely by surprise but I was afraid to say anything. Next I felt her unbuckle my belt. I was now alarmed. She yanked my pants down and ran a single finger up and down my hair-free legs.



“Pull up your pants and tuck your shirt in now!” she yelled again.

I did as I was told. She walked back and stood behind her desk. There was no expression on her face as she pointed to the pen and papers on the front of her desk.

“You will graduate in another month. Sign the leave of absence and consent forms for the next step in your transition.”

I hesitated. What transition? I thought to myself. Leave of absence for what? Her sharp voice cut into my thoughts like a butcher knife.

“I SAID SIGN THE FORMS NOW!! HAVE YOU GONE DEAF?” she barked.

I walked to the front of her desk, picked up the pen, and signed the papers by the “X.” I put the pen down and she scooped up the forms and put them in the manila folder on the right side of her desk. She looked up at me almost with a scowl.

“That will be all, Martin, you may go now.”

I left the room. As I walked past the receptionist. I saw she seemed to be having trouble not to smirk or giggle. Out in the parking lot, Beth Howland’s words were echoing in my mind as I fastened my seatbelt. “The next step in your transition” was what she had said. Transition to what? I asked myself as I started the car.

Back home after my shower, I stood in front of the full-length mirror on the back of my bedroom door. My hair-free body had become much softer and smoother. To be honest it resembled a woman’s body more than that of a young man.

With both hands I pushed up the flesh under my nipples. They were definitely getting bigger. I grabbed my penis and tried to masturbate but couldn't even come close to getting an erection. Something was very wrong here. I was still in the dark as to what was going on but I was powerless to stop it.

Another month went by. I skipped the graduation ceremony but the instructor made sure I received another trim and a manicure and pedicure sans polish. My nails were longer and shaped to a fine point, just like a girl's.

When I went to see Dr. Henderson at my next appointment she had me undress and lay on the exam table. A nurse passed a large belt that covered my chest and arms to Dr. Henderson who secured it on her side. Then the nurse passed another belt over to her that covered my legs.

"What are you doing?" I asked with a fear in my voice.

"Just lay back and relax. This won't take long," said the nurse.

I felt a pick on either side of my groin. Dr. Henderson bent over my groin and shortly the nurse held up two testes and took them away. Dr. Henderson then stitched up my scrotum. The nurse returned and I was released from my bonds. Dr. Henderson gave me another shot.

"Put some ice inside a damp wash cloth and place it on either side of your scrotum to reduce the swelling. By tomorrow you should be OK. If there are any complications, just call my office. You can get dressed now, we are done here."

They both left the room. I examined the two stitch lines on either side of my scrotum. I had been castrated. I now had no source of testosterone. It was clear to me now that I was being feminized. For what

and why were still unknown to me. I got dressed and walked to the pharmacy.

My prescription refill was only for the large pink pills. With a grin the female pharmacist said I wouldn't need the smaller white ones anymore. I came to the conclusion the small white pills had been male hormone blockers. Now that I was castrated they were no longer necessary.

There were no complications though I was very uncomfortable for a day even with the ice packs. I returned to the laser clinic where the girls previously worked only on my face and neck. In addition, both women, using electrolysis needles, had thinned out and shaped my eyebrows. They were thin near the nose, then rose to a slight arch, then trailed off to a fine line. I now had a very feminine appearing face.

At home, I looked at myself again in the full-length mirror. The image that I saw was one of a very feminine girl except of course for the shrunken lump of flesh between my legs that rested on a now-empty scrotum.

I had three weeks left on my leave of absence from my night stocking job. Beth had called me in for another meeting. Maybe now I would be getting an explanation as to what all this was about. In addition to my physical transformation, I seemed to be less and less concerned about what was behind all this. It was almost as if the shots and pills were affecting my thinking as well.

There were a lot of things going through my mind as I drove to the store for my meeting with Ms Howland. I walked to her upstairs office and the receptionist waved me in with a grin. I stood in front of her desk and watched her sign some papers. When she finished, she looked up at me with a smile. It was the first time I had saw her smile since I shook hands with her when we first met.

“I believe you rent month-to-month, is that not correct?” she asked.

“Yes,” I answered.

“Notify your landlord that you are moving. Here is your new address. Sell or give away all your stuff except your clothes. Bring your birth certificate and signed car title to this address Friday morning at nine AM. Is that clear?”

“Yes ma’m,” I answered as I took a slip of paper from her.

“That’s all for now, you may go.”

I left the office and went home thinking to myself “now what?” Once again I pushed it out of my mind since there was no use thinking about anything anymore.

I spent the rest of the week selling what few things I had in my furnished apartment. Friday morning, I went to the second address on the slip. It was a used car lot. Beth Howland was standing next to a man as I pulled up.

The man began looking the car over as I got out. He took the signed title from me and went inside. When he came out, he handed Beth a check. I followed her to her car, a beautiful Audi. I handed her my birth certificate after I got in and fastened my seatbelt, momentarily getting lost in the luxury surroundings and smooth, soft leather seats.

At my apartment, we loaded my two large and one small box of clothing and personal items. She drove me to her beautiful condominium. A stout woman with the ugliest pair of black glasses I had ever seen carried one of the two large boxes to the basement storage area while I carried the other one. Beth carried the small box of my personal items up to her condo. Shortly we joined her.

“Go into the small bedroom off the kitchen and strip down to your shorts and socks so Gladys can take measurements for your new wardrobe,” said Beth.

I did as I was told. The small bedroom was all done in pink and white. As I stood in the middle of the bedroom floor in my underwear, I felt very vulnerable. Beth picked up a clipboard and pen from the vanity.

Gladys used a tape to measure the circumference of my head, neck, upper and lower arms, bust, waist, hips, upper and lower legs and finally, the width of my hand. She called out these measurements and Beth wrote them down on her clipboard. Finally, Gladys tossed a plastic device on the floor and I placed my left and then my right foot inside of it so she could measure my foot size,

“We are done,” announced Beth. “You can get dressed and make yourself at home as I have other things to do, but don’t go into the other bedrooms when I am not here.”

With that, she and Gladys left. I got dressed. I looked in the closet and the dresser drawers to find they were all empty as were the well-lighted vanity drawers. I walked around the spacious, tastefully decorated condo. It was done in what I would describe as a “masculine” décor, except for my room of course. For a headstrong, assertive and successful woman, she didn’t seem to care anything about femininity. I wondered if she had a man in her life.

When she returned, she motioned me into the kitchen. She opened a bag and set two sandwiches and two soft drinks on the table.

“Gladys said your things will be ready in a couple of days. Get a good night’s sleep tonight. Tomorrow I will take you to the new studio where you will be working. It won’t be finished for awhile yet but you will get to know the layout. I will give you the litera-

ture for the products you will be selling and using on the customers so you can study them.”

I continued to eat without engaging her in conversation. I was trapped and going to be here for some time, it seemed. I thought I should just make the best of it by keeping my mouth shut and doing what I was told.

The new shop was a combination of beauty salon and makeup studio. It was at the opposite end of the mall from the anchor box store that Beth managed. It was going to be a more upscale place than your average salon or studio so I assumed the customers that I would be dealing with would be the more affluent women of the community.

After dropping me off at the condo, Beth returned to work. I passed the time by watching some movies and listening to some soft music on the stereo. I thought about going down to the basement storage area and bringing up the two large boxes of clothing but thought better of it since Beth had not said anything about it.

The next two days, Beth had me clean the place and make use of the exercise equipment in the utility room that also housed the washer and dryer. It was sandwiched between my small bedroom and the spacious kitchen.

Saturday night after a light supper, I put on a pink frilly apron and pink latex gloves to do the dishes. It brought back memories of when I was very young and the nanny had me dress up for her. It was if it had been only yesterday.

Before turning in for the night, Beth got a phone call. She thanked the caller, then turned to me.

“That was Gladys. She will be here tomorrow morning at eight to check everything for fit. It will take several hours so get a good night’s sleep.”

It was hard for me to fall asleep. I lay thinking about what I was being fitted for. My clothes were still in the basement. If the new studio required a uniform, as some of them did, it shouldn't take too long. I was anxious to start work. It had been nice to have some time off but I was looking forward to getting back to work so I could pay off what I owed.

The next morning we had a light breakfast. Promptly at five minutes to eight, the buzzer rang. Beth let them in the building and shortly Gladys entered the condo followed by two men; each had four boxes on a two-wheel dolly. They were followed by two more men who were carrying two large garment bags in each hand.

“Place the boxes singly on the floor and cut them open. Put the garment bags in the closet of the small bedroom just off the kitchen.”

The four men followed her instructions, then left. It seemed to me that this delivery was quite a load of uniforms. Gladys bent over and took out a small package from one of the large boxes on the floor. She handed it to me. It contained knee-high nylon stockings.

“Take off your shoes and socks. Put on a pair of these and we will get started.”

I sat on the sofa and removed my sneakers and socks. After slipping on the pair of knee-high nylons, I stood up. Gladys placed a pair of black leather pumps with four-inch stiletto heels at my feet.

“Put those on and walk around a little,” she commanded.

I stepped into them and began walking unsteadily around the room. The shoes were a perfect fit but I wasn't at all sure I was going to manage walking in them. Beth came over to me.

“Walk more like this,” she said as she walked in a ladylike manner away from me.

I followed her example and Beth nodded her approval. There was four other pairs in navy, brown, white, and pink. After trying on each pair and walking around the room, I placed all five pairs in the shoe rack in the closet. Returning to the living room, Gladys handed me a longline bra and long open bottom girdle.

“Put these on and come back out here,” she said.

I returned to the bedroom and undressed. I stepped into the girdle and pulled it up to my waist. I put on the long line bra and closed the ten front hooks. My budding breasts seemed to fit nicely in the cups, though there was some room to spare.

In the living room Gladys slipped two breast forms in the cups and adjusted the straps. Both women looked at me and seemed satisfied. We carried the rest of the foundation garments into the bedroom and placed them in the second dresser drawer. Next I tried on the bra, panty, garter belt and stocking sets. They were in a rainbow of colors and, like everything else so far, they all fit me perfectly.

After trying on the sleepwear I was back in foundation garments to try on some slim skirts and very frilly blouses. I changed into a pink bra, panty, and garter belt with petticoats to try on the maid uniforms. Finally I tried on my so-called “work” uniforms consisting of sleeveless pink satin blouses with matching pink miniskirts worn, of course, with the pink stiletto heeled pumps.

The women were all smiles as I tried on the last one. I was tired and quite surprised that everything had fit me so well. As I stood there in my pink uniform, Beth handed Gladys a check and she left.

“Change into your male clothing, cut up the boxes, and take them out to recycling,” said Beth.

I did as she asked without hesitation. When I put the cardboard in the recycling bin, I saw Gladys and a man from the thrift store loading two boxes into their truck.

“Thank you so much, Gladys,” one of them said.

When I returned to the condo, Beth was in my bedroom stocking the vanity with a supply of makeup along with wig and haircare items.

“Beth, I want to talk to you about my debt. I know I agreed to...”

She turned around and her look made me freeze in place.

“Just do as you are told and try not to think too much about your situation. I will let you know when your debts are paid. Put on your pink shower cap. Your bubble bath is ready.”

She left the room and I undressed. As I sank into the pink foam that smelled sweetly of strawberries, I wondered how I was ever going to get myself out of this mess. I scrubbed my body with the perfumed soap, then rinsed myself off and let the water out of the tub.

I dried myself off with the huge pink towel. Looking inside the cupboard, I saw that all the towels and washcloths were pink and there were five bath sets consisting of bubble bath crystals, body powder, soap and perfume. There was one each with strawberry, cherry, lemon, lilac and peach scents. If I could have been surrounded by any more femininity, I don't know what it would be.

After wrapping the huge pink towel around my waist, I walked out to the bedroom to find Beth waiting for me. She had that stern look on her face as she stepped close to me and I wondered “what now?” to myself.

“You forgot to dust yourself from head to foot with the scented body powder, sissy boy!” she barked.

“Go back in there and don’t ever forget to do that again. When you are finished, put these on.”

She handed me a pair of pink panties. I took them from her and went back into the bathroom. I took off the towel and hung it up on the rack. After dusting myself liberally with the powder, I stepped into the pink panties. Immediately I was reminded of the ones Carla made me wear as a child. The cool softness of the nylon tricot felt good on my hair-free feminine skin.

It suddenly occurred to me that she had addressed me as “sissy boy” instead of Martin. I wondered what had brought that on but had doubt that I was about to find out. I walked back out to where Beth was standing. She leaned a little closer to me.

“That’s better, girly boy, now sit at the vanity and put on some blusher and lipstick.”

I followed her instructions. As I applied my makeup, she watched me intently. She had called me “girly boy” this time instead of “sissy boy.” When I finished, I stood up for her approval.

“From now on you will NEVER, I mean NEVER, be without makeup and a very sweet scent. IS THAT VERY CLEAR?”

She was right in my face now. I thought she was about to strike me but she didn’t.

“Yes ma’am, it is,” I replied.

“Another thing. You are no longer Martin Langley. You are sissy maid Martina or girly boy or sissy boy here at home. At work you will be simply Martina, our resident sissy makeup artist. Is that very clear?”

“Yes ma’am, that is very clear,” I answered.

“Good. I am very glad to hear that. Now put on your pink bra, the pink shirtdress and your pink heels. Put your pink lipstick and blusher in your pink purse with your wallet and come with me.”

She left the room and I proceeded to get dressed. When I walked out to the living room, she was watching TV. She looked up at me and shut off the TV.

“Let’s go.”

I followed her out to the car. She said nothing as she drove us to the mall. At the new salon, one of the girls doing the set-up gave me a manicure and pedicure. This time I also got a coat of bright pink nail polish to match the blusher and lipstick.

At the café court we stopped to eat. When we finished, she had me touch up my makeup, then we walked the length of the mall to the box store and went up the stairs to her office.

“Sit behind the reception desk, sissy maid Martina,” she said.

I went behind the desk, smoothed the skirt of my shirt dress and sat down. I was glad to be able to sit down. I had walked a considerable distance from where the car was parked but had not had much practice walking with feminine grace in high heel pumps. Beth glowered as she stood over me.

“My receptionist Dee Dee is taking a medical leave of absence. You will take over for her until the salon is completely finished. As my sissy receptionist, you will be responsible for answering the phone, making appointment schedules, and other clerical duties as assigned.”

“While you are my sissy receptionist, you will wear slim skirts and sissy blouses with your high heels. Your hair and makeup must be impeccable at all times as I want you to present the perfect picture of femininity to whoever shows up here. DO I MAKE MYSELF CLEAR?”

“Yes ma’am,” I answered.

“Good. This sheet has your wardrobe and makeup scheme for the next three to four weeks or until Dee Dee gets back. Now pay attention and I will get you started with the phone and computer system.”

We spend the rest of the afternoon going over what I needed to know. We stopped to eat at the café court and then returned to the office until about ten PM. Despite the pressure, I was able to pick things up quickly and was confident that I would be able to handle the job.

That night as I languished in my sweetly scented bubble bath, I thought about everything that occurred since I had lost the bet. The women had extracted their revenge on me by transforming me from a man to a feminized sissified male.

I was still a male in the biological sense but with the pills and hormones I was female in all other aspects. Even the small box of my personal male items had been taking away from me. My toothbrush was pink as was the lady’s razor and ladies deodorant.

Later as I put on my pink satin chemise and slid between the pink satin sheets, I tried to remember the last time I had been this comfortable. It seems to

have been when Clara had me crossdressed in her dead daughter's clothes. There was indeed something truly wonderful about being surrounded by all this femininity. Maybe it was something I was destined to have all along.

The next morning I put on my foundation garments, hose, a lacy camisole and half-slip. I put on my pink chiffon robe and my pink fuzzy-toed high heel slippers. In the kitchen, Beth was already up. She glanced at me up and down. After a light breakfast I put on the pink ruffled apron, pink latex gloves and did the dishes.

I stood in the middle of the living room floor in front of Beth so she could look me over again. I had put on a pink chiffon blouse with a huge spray of ruffles down the front and tucked it into a black pencil skirt. My black purse matched my black leather stiletto heel pumps. She walked around me once and then turned away towards the door.

“Let's go to work, sissy Martina,” she said.

I followed her out the door and to her car.

The day and the rest of my first week as a sissy receptionist went surprising; well, except for the fact there seemed to be a lot of women from the store as well as other stores in the mall that had a reason to stop by and see Beth.

They would always stop in front of me and look me over as they asked to see Beth. I had a feeling that Beth herself was behind this, not so much to give me practice with the phone system or greeting people but so that all these women could come and get a look at what a sissified, feminized male secretary/receptionist/maid looked like in the flesh.

During my brief tenure, Beth made very little conversation with me. I completed my assigned tasks without complaint and in a professional manner. Af-

ter the first two days she had found nothing to be critical about and we both went about our work without talking to each other. Of course I always conducted myself appropriately.

‘Appropriately’ meaning a mincing effeminate walk, letting my hands dangle at the wrist, primping at my desk as opposed to doing it in front of the mirror in the ladies room, speaking in a soft modulated voice whether on the phone or talking to her or someone at the desk. I made sure my hair, makeup and nails were impeccable and that I always carried a sweet, but not overpowering, feminine scent.

The finishing touches on the new salon were being done when Dee Dee returned from her leave. It gave me a couple of days off. The Sunday before our grand opening I accompanied Beth to the salon and we looked everything over to insure we would be ready for the start of business.

I met the all-female staff and they seemed to enjoy looking me over. I guess they were surprised to see just how a male could be delightfully transformed into an effeminate, sissified makeup artist. To be honest, I was quite surprised myself.

After we left the shop, we stopped to eat at the café court. Beth smiled at me as I touched up my lipstick and blusher after we finished eating without a prompt from her. I had done it as a natural response, just like any woman would do.

That night I laid awake, thinking again about what was going to happen after my debt was worked off. I had a year and a half to go. I hadn’t been paid as Beth’s receptionist as it was going towards what I owed her. I wondered if at the end of the two years’ time I was going to be able to pay them back fully or be forced to continue working in my feminized state.

I could only assume that my wages as a makeup artist would be going to pay off my debt as well. I

thought about asking Beth as I thought I had a right to know but I didn't want to make her angry either. I finally fell into a restless sleep.

Opening my eyes, I found myself naked and walking between two very muscular men with mustaches down a long corridor. They escorted me through two swinging doors on the front of which was a large white sign with red letters reading: SURGICAL UNIT—AUTHORIZED PERSONNEL ONLY.

We passed through the doors and the two men hoisted me up on a table covered in green. I tried to get up but they forced me back down and secured me spread eagle to the table. I was powerless to stop them and when I opened my mouth to scream, nothing came out. One of them placed duct tape over my mouth, then stepped back from the table.

I lifted my head up to see Beth and Jo dressed in green surgical garb. They were grinning as they pulled masks up over their faces and took their places on either side of me. I lifted my head up a little to see the back of a stout woman. She finished washing her hands and donned surgical gloves. When she turned around, I saw it was Dr. Henderson. She was smiling as she plugged in an electric chain saw and walked towards me.

I couldn't scream or move. I was terrified as she lifted the saw up and turned it on. It made a slight humming sound as she took a step back and then rammed it into my groin. I felt no pain as she and everybody else was splattered with large amounts of blood. I closed my eyes and passed out.

There was no way to tell how long I was out but when I opened my eyes again, I was in another room, lying on a bed but still naked. I looked down at my groin to see a pink cavity where my penis and scrotum had been. In their place was now a vagina. I was in no pain at all. I sat up and placed my fingers inside

the cavity. I could feel nothing, almost as if my fingers weren't there at all.

I looked up to see Beth, Jo and Dr. Henderson come into the room. They were all grinning like hyenas.

“Congratulations, Martina. You now have a cunt like the rest of us. You are no longer a sissified, feminized male. Welcome to the club.”

From my left I heard a loud bell ringing and the room went black. I sat up in bed. I reached over to the nightstand and shut off the alarm clock. As I sat there for a few minutes trying to collect my thoughts, I realized that I had just had one helluva nightmare.

I pulled the covers back, swung my legs out and stood up. I slid the panties of my pink baby doll nightgown down to my knees and examined my groin. There was no pink vagina. My shriveled penis and scrotum were still there. I pulled up my panties and went into the bathroom. I slid them down again and began to pee.

The dream had been all too real. If this is what these women were planning for me, I wasn't sure how I was going to stop it. When I finished peeing, my pulse had returned to near normal. I washed my hands and went back to the bedroom to make up the bed. After stepping into my fuzzy-toed high heel slippers, I put on my pink chiffon robe and walked to the kitchen.

At the table, Beth was sipping her tea. She looked up at me with a concerned look on her face.

“What's wrong?” she asked. “You look like hell. Did you see a ghost or something?”

“No. Just a bad dream,” I answered.

After breakfast I did the dishes and then we both got dressed. She dropped me off at the rear of the salon and drove to the box store. I pushed the buzzer and the manager let me in. She went over a few things for a review including the opening sale specials, company policies, and an admonition about the importance of customer service.

Just before opening she re-introduced everyone again, saving me for last and informing all the girls that I was the “resident sissy makeup artist,” followed by yanking up the back of my miniskirt to reveal the four rows of white ruffles along the back of my pink panties. The salon erupted into laughter and I felt my face burn a little.

“Oh my, our sissy has such a delightful blush when he is embarrassed!” squealed the manager.

Once again the salon was filled with laughter as we headed out front to begin the first day of business.

There were few opening day glitches like any business has but overall everything went pretty well. Beth took me home after we ate at a local restaurant. Apparently the manager had given Beth a good account of everyone’s work so there was nothing for Beth to yell at me for or be angry about.

The week passed. I had Saturday and Sunday off. I read two of the trade magazines and washed my lingerie. I was now fully accustomed to wearing any feminine apparel, whether it was foundation garments, a bra and panties, a blouse and skirt or a dress. To my surprise they all felt completely natural to me. I was actually enjoying my new femininity.

Sunday night after supper, Beth came into my bedroom and walked over to my closet. I was at the vanity touching up my nails. She took out a black short-sleeved sheath-style maid’s dress, a white frilly apron and a white satin maid’s cap. After putting



them on my bed, she walked over and stood behind me.

“Time for you to clean the place,” she announced. “Wear your black foundation garments, sheer stockings, the full-length black slip and your black stiletto heel pumps. Come out when you are properly dressed for your cleaning duties and I will instruct you on what to do and how I want it done.”

She left the room. I held my wet nails under the nail dryer for a few more minutes. I got up and pulled the pink satin chemise I had been wearing over my head and laid it on my bed. I opened my dresser drawer and removed the black slip, foundation garments and hose.

After I had them on, I pulled the sheath dress over my head and zipped myself up. The taffeta-lined dress made a delightful whisper as I pulled it down over my black nylon tricot slip. Next I put on the white frilly apron and satin maid’s cap.

At the vanity, I sprayed myself with some sweet perfume, followed by touching up my blusher and lipstick. I stepped into my black stiletto heel pumps and walked out to the living room where I found Beth seated on the davenport, reading a magazine. I stopped in front of her as she looked up at me.

Setting her magazine aside, she got up and stood close to me, examining my makeup and to catch a whiff of my perfume. Satisfied, she nodded her head.

“You look like a proper sissy maid should, Martina, now come with me.”

I followed her to the hall closet that contained all the cleaning supplies.

“Vacuum all carpets in all the rooms, dust, empty the waste baskets and then clean the mirrors. Scrub the kitchen sink and fixtures, then the bathroom

sinks, tubs, toilets and fixtures. Put out fresh towels, bath mats and change the bed linen. Scrub and wax the bathroom and kitchen floors. I will inspect everything when you are done.”

“Yes ma’am,” I said and reached for the vacuum cleaner only to have her sharp voice stop me.

“You forgot to curtsy, sissy maid Marina,” she barked as she smacked my buttocks.

“I am sorry,” I replied. With one hand on each side of my sheath dress, I pulled the hem up a little, then performed a curtsy.

“Very good, sissy Martina, don’t forget again. Now begin your cleaning chores.”

She turned around and walked back to the living room. I took out the vacuum cleaner and did all the carpets. When I did the living room, I knew that she would be watching me closely just as she did when I dusted. After I completed all my cleaning duties, I replaced the bed linens, then walked back to the living room. I stood in front of her and curtsied again.

“I finished all the cleaning ma’am. The kitchen and bathroom floors should be dry in a few minutes.”

She glanced up at me briefly.

“Very well, go to your room. When I finish my inspection, I will come and see you. You better hope that everything is in order.”

“Yes ma’am,” I answered as I curtsied again and left the room.

It was over an hour before she came into my bedroom. I put down the trade magazine I had been reading and got up from my chair. I curtsied again as she stood close to me.

“You have done an excellent job, sissy maid Martina. Keep up the good work. I am certain you don’t want to know the consequences if you don’t. Now take your perfumed bubble bath and go to bed. It is going to be a busy week.”

“Yes ma’am,” I answered.

She left the room. At the vanity, I removed my makeup and then took off the maid’s cap, apron and dress. I walked over to the full-length mirror on the back of my bedroom door. Placing my hands on my hips, I smoothed the black tricot slip over my black foundation garments.

I felt so good encased in this feminine apparel that I didn’t really want to take it off. To make matters worse, it had become difficult to remember what it was like to be a man, dressed up or not. I went back to my dresser and took off the lingerie. I slipped off the pumps and put them on the rack in my closet, then ran my bubble bath.

This week Beth had me using the lilac-scented bath set and purple satin sheets. I wore a purple satin chemise as I slid between the soft sheets. I snuggled in, feeling quite delicious. The thought struck me that when the year and a half was up and my debt was paid off, maybe I wouldn’t go back to being a man. It was strange for a man, even a feminized sissified man, to think that but it didn’t seem all that far removed from the realm of possibilities. I fell asleep quickly and didn’t dream at all.

The next week flew by. I had a short visit with Dr. Henderson for another shot. She noticed a little chafing under my bra straps and suggested I stop using the inserts. I had blossomed enough now to where they were no longer necessary.

After leaving her office, I wondered what was going to happen to these beautiful breasts once I went back to being a man, if in fact that ever did happen. Would

they regress or would I have to get them surgically removed, I thought as the grinning female pharmacist handed me my prescription refill at the counter.

Work continued and another month flew by. My manager had high praise for my makeup artist skills and my increasing customer base. The summer was gone and before long, the chill of fall was in the air. I continued my cleaning duties once a month just like my regular visits to Dr. Henderson.

Halloween weekend, everybody at the shop was wearing a costume. Beth informed the girls and the manager that she had my costume already picked out. It came as no surprise when I showed up for work in a pink satin puff-sleeve minidress, flared out with pink petticoats.

Standing in front of the other girls, the manager yanked up the front of my dress to show the girls my pink ruffled panties and pink garter belt holding up my pink seamed stockings. She especially liked the large pink satin sissy bow that sat on top of my pink wig.

With pink blusher, nails and lipstick along with my usually sweet perfume, the women thoroughly enjoyed the two days I was wearing this outrageously sissified costume. So did all the women who worked in the mall who stopped by to see me. Even Beth cracked a smile when she first saw me before we left the condo for work.

Sunday night as I took off my sissy outfit, I felt a little sad. It was hard to explain. I was beginning to enjoy being a girl, sort of like the song from a Broadway show. I had come to look forward to each day when after breakfast I would slip out of my nightgown, sit at my vanity to apply makeup, then get dressed in my pink uniform.

Once a month, Beth varied which maid uniform I would wear for my cleaning chores. To me it didn't

matter. Despite the fact that cleaning is an arduous chore, I always felt good in my maid's uniform and high heel pumps. The pink latex gloves protected my hands so they would stay girly soft and smooth as did my generous applications of both hand and body lotion.

Since all this began I hadn't worn flats except for my pink running shoes I used on the treadmill and stationary bike. It was hard to picture me in a sport shirt, slacks and men's sneakers, let alone a suit, tie and wingtips. It was hard to remember what men's apparel felt like. In fact, I could scarcely remember what it was like to feel like a man, period.

It was the Friday after Thanksgiving week. It had been a long and busy day. I was looking forward to having Saturday and Sunday off. Beth stopped by the salon to pick me up at nine. I had been working now for several months and still not received any pay. I was trying to think of a way that I could broach the subject without incurring her wrath.

We got in her car and I fastened my seatbelt. She had a stern look on her face as she always did with me. I knew something was on her mind so I thought it best to delay my questions about my pay.

"Don't make plans for tomorrow. The district manager and the other store managers are coming over for coffee and cake. You will be serving them. Use the red press-on nails rather than change colors. I want you in red lipstick and blusher. Use the cherry scented perfume too. I will inspect you before they arrive and give you further instructions."

I said nothing. Perhaps after the meeting would be a better time. I rode in silence. We stopped at a drive-through for pizza, then went straight home. That night I used the cherry scented bubble bath and body powder. To date, my maid duties had been only cleaning but I felt confident I would be able to handle the serving duties with no sweat.

After we ate lunch on Saturday, Beth laid out the lingerie of my serving costume on the bed. It consisted of a black satin bra, black satin panties with pink leg and waist elastic as well as four rows of bright pink ruffles along the back, a black satin garter belt with little pink bows at the end of each garter and a pair of black fishnet stockings. She stood and watched me while I undressed, then put on the lingerie.

At the vanity she helped me match up the bright red press-on nails, then stood back as I applied red lipstick and rouge. I also put on grey eye shadow, black eyeliner and after curling my eyelashes, I applied black mascara. When I finished, I squirted myself generously with the sweet cherry-scented perfume, clipped a pair of long dangling earrings to my earlobes, then looked up at her for approval.

She said nothing, only nodded, then walked over to the closet. I followed her over there and took the two short white petticoats from her, stepped into them, and pulled them up to my waist. She took a black satin puff sleeve French Maid minidress off of the hanger and held it up by the hem.

She was grinning as she handed it to me. I must admit I felt school girlishly giggly as I put my arms through the puff sleeves and turned around so she could zip me up. After adjusting the short hem around the petticoats, she had me turn around to face her. I could tell by the expression on her face that she thoroughly enjoyed the very feminine image that I presented to her.

She took the black shoulder-length wig off of its foam head and placed it on mine, followed by a frilly white maid's cap. A ruffled choker was next, followed by a pair of ruffled wristlets. She opened a shoe box and placed a pair of black leather five-inch stiletto heel pumps at my feet.

“These have a higher heel than you have been wearing but I am sure a sissy like you will have no trouble adapting to an extra inch.”

I stepped into them and closed the ankle straps. I did notice the difference the extra inch made but was confident in my ability to walk easily in them just as I had learned to walk in the four-inch pumps that I had been wearing for some time now.

“Walk around the room for me, sissy maid Martina,” asked Beth

I kept my elbows in and my arms across my body with my hands dangling effeminately at the wrist as I walked around the room in front of her. She watched me intently. Her face broke into another seldom-seen grin as the jarring effect of the five-inch heels made the short, flared-out skirt of the minidress bounce a little as I walked.

“That’s enough, sissy maid Martina,” she said. “Let’s go out and get things ready for my guests. They should be here in about an hour.”

I walked out to the dining room ahead of her. We set the table for six, two on each side and one on each end. When we finished, we went into the kitchen to cut the cake and make the coffee.

“When the door bell rings, you will open the door, curtsey politely and escort my guests into the living room. After all the guests have arrived, go into the kitchen and wait for me to ring this little bell. When you hear the bell, wheel in the cart and place a piece of cake on each plate, then pour each guest, then myself a cup of coffee. Then take the cart back to the kitchen and wait for the bell so you can refill the cups or provide a second piece of cake to anyone who wants one. Understand?”

“Yes I do,” I answered.

“Good. Let’s go back to the living room.”

I followed her back to the living room where she took her seat on the expansive davenport. She looked up at me with a smile again.

“I want you to walk around the room, then stop in front of me and curtsy,” she ordered.

I did as she asked me to. She nodded and made a circular motion with her finger. I repeated this several times.

“Very good, sissy maid Martina, you may sit down until my guests arrive.”

I took a seat opposite her in one of the big stuffed chairs. I was feeling deliciously feminine despite what you might think. I had enjoyed my little performance as much as Beth had enjoyed watching me. The satin panties and fishnet stockings felt so good against my hair-free, soft, feminized skin.

The door bell rang and I got up from my chair. I smoothed the skirt and petticoats of my minidress and walked to the door. Taking a deep breath, I opened the door and took a step back as the woman entered the condo.

“Good afternoon,” I began as I curtsied. “Ms Howland is waiting for you in the living room. Please come with me.” I closed the door and walked to the living room ahead of her. Beth got up and asked her to have a seat.

The other guests arrived shortly and soon the living room was filled with conversation. I went into the kitchen to await the sound of the bell. About an hour went by. There was a sudden burst of laughter and giggles followed by the sound of the bell.

I began pushing the cart into the dining room. The women had all taken a seat and I served them their cake and coffee. In doing so I acted in an effeminate and coquettish manner that befitted a proper sissy maid. Returning to the kitchen, my absence was followed by another loud burst of laughter and more giggles. The bell did not ring for some time. When it did, the women only wanted more coffee.

As I passed the district manager at the end of the table closest to the kitchen, she reached over and grabbed the hem of my petticoats and mini dress. She yanked them up to reveal my black satin panties with the bright pink ruffles. The room exploded with laughter. I felt flustered as I adjusted my petticoats and skirts. My face felt hot as well and I had no doubt the woman all enjoyed seeing me blush.

“My, what a lovely sissy maid you have, Beth,” said the district manager. “He is absolutely gorgeous and so perfectly feminine too!”

The room filled with laughter again as I pushed the cart into the kitchen. There was another half hour or so of conversation and feminine frivolity. I heard the guests leave, then Beth came into the kitchen.

“You did a commendable job, sissy maid Martina. Now help me clear the table and do the dishes.”

When we finished, she unzipped me and I went back to the bedroom. For a moment I stood in front of the full-length mirror on the back of the door. I couldn't believe the totally feminine image reflected back at me. But it was me all right.

If the average man or woman were to see me now they never would have guessed that under the minidress, petticoats and ruffled panties was a male, or at least what was left of one. As I undressed, I had that pang of guilt again about having to take off all these wonderful feminine things.

After supper that night, we were watching TV. I had done a good job for Beth, providing not only cleaning maid services but serving maid services as well. It was hard to tell but I thought this would probably be a good time to bring up my compensation and know the status of my debt. At the next commercial break, I decided it was time to take the bull by the horns.

“Beth, I have done everything you have asked me to do. I have been working now for about three months and haven’t been paid yet. I would like to know the status of my debt.”

She turned to look at me with an icy stare as she sat up straight.

“Do you have any outstanding bills to pay, I mean other than your debt to me?”

“No I don’t,” I replied.

“Don’t you live here without having to pay any rent, utilities, or groceries?”

“Well yes, but I...”

“For now I think your only concern should be to keep yourself as feminine as possible. Do what I tell you. In January, I will give you an accounting of your accumulated expenses and your remaining obligations to Jo and myself. Don’t ask me about this again.”

I nodded and we turned our attention back to the TV. So much for taking the bull by the horns, I said to myself. At least she hadn’t come down on me with both feet like I had feared. If I had asked her when my transition first started, I might have been more aggressive in pursuing the answers I needed but now it seemed that, along with my physical transformation, I had become more docile as well. Just like a real female, I thought to myself.

The next night, Gladys showed up after supper and outfitted me with all new bras. My four-inch stiletto heel pumps were replaced with five-inch heels. She also placed two more wigs on the top shelf of my closet; an auburn and a red one.

“You did such a good job serving Beth and her guests in the higher heel pumps that she decided to keep you in them at all times. Smart idea, don’t you agree?” she said with a laugh.

“Of course, Gladys,” I answered. I wasn’t about to disagree with her.

To be honest I had little trouble adjusting to the higher heel. It was almost as if walking in heels had come naturally to me, regardless of their height. I found that I was enjoying my feminine lifestyle more and more. The thought of having to go back to a masculine one, even if I was ever able to pay off my debt, seemed to me only a remote possibility.

In December all of us were wearing red nail polish and lipstick. When I sat in the chair for my manicure and pedicure, it had been prefaced by the girls giving me my first perm. Everyone delighted in taking my picture with my hair in curlers, sitting under the dryer while one of the girls did my nails.

I actually felt very calm and peaceful while sitting there reading a trade publication. My situation which had once made me angry now seemed to keep me calm. Things that used to get me mad no longer did. I seemed to be more and more at peace with the world as well as my situation. I wondered if it was the hormones, my castration, or both that was behind my change in emotions.

Shortly after New Year’s Eve, Beth sat down with me at the dining room table. She laid a sheet of paper in front of me. It was an accounting of the expenses I had incurred since I lost the Super Bowl bet and a list of the money I had earned since I started as Beth’s

temporary receptionist, followed by what I had earned as a makeup artist at the salon.

“Let’s start with your gambling debt,” she began. “I paid your bookie the eight grand you owed him. The private beauty school was another eight grand. The cost of Dr. Henderson’s fees and prescriptions, your new feminine wardrobe, wigs, shoes, make up, accessories and other things was another five grand. This adds up to a total of twenty-one grand. Interest from the time you lost the bet is a point a week for 38 weeks. That comes to a total of \$7980.00. This means your total debt to me and Jo is \$28,980.00.

“Your earnings as my temporary sissy receptionist at eight dollars an hour for 160 hours comes to a total of \$1,280.00. As a makeup artist you worked seventeen weeks, forty hours a week at eight dollars an hour earning you \$5,440.00, plus you also earned another \$6,000.00 in commissions. This brings your total earnings to \$12,720.00. Therefore as of January 1 of this year you still owe me and Jo a total of \$16,260.00”

I sat in silence for a minute. By what I saw in front of me, it would be a little more than a year before I would be out of their debt. That was if nothing else was added to it. I guess it was better than trying to explain to Willie why I wasn’t able to come up with eight grand and then have to deal with one or two of his “enforcers.”

“I agreed to enter a sales training program but there was nothing said about paying for it or the apparel you require for the job. I see no reason why...”

Her sharp glare cut my words off like a knife. She picked up several sheets from the manila folder in front of her and waved them in the air.

“Did you forget about the contracts you signed, sissy maid Martina?” she asked sharply.

“Well, I thought...”

Once again her glare cut me off as she returned the contracts to the folder along with the yearly income/expense report.

“You should count yourself lucky that the interest is only a point a week and that you have been given a chance to pay it back at all. If you were dealing with Willie’s enforcers, do you think they would be as accommodating as Jo and my self?”

“No, I guess not,” I replied.

“You better believe they wouldn’t. I think you should thank your lucky stars we took pity on you and bailed you out of a jam. The salon manager informs me that as a sissy makeup artist, you have begun building quite a clientele. There have been no complaints lodged against you so, for your own sake, keep up the good work. By this time next year, you should be just about free and clear of any debt.”

“There is another thing, though. You took my cell phone. I haven’t contacted my parents for some time. I would like to call them.”

“I guess you forgot about this,” she said as she handed me a photocopy of a letter.

It was addressed to my parents and signed by me, telling them I was moving to the West Coast to seek my fortune. The signature at the bottom certainly looked like mine but I had no recollection of ever writing or signing such a thing. I could only guess it was

put in with one of the forms I hurriedly signed when all of this had begun.

I said nothing as I handed the copy of the letter back to her. She placed it in the manila folder in front of her as she stood up and glared at me.

“Is there anything else you wish to discuss?”

I shook my head no.

She left the room and I returned to my bedroom. Another year, I thought to myself. I had begun to enjoy my work but I wasn't sure about the rest of it. In addition to being the resident sissy makeup artist at the salon, I was also a live-in cleaning and serving sissy maid.

Despite the pleasure I derived from my new found femininity, I was still a captive. I was a prisoner in my femininity as well as in the condo. I could only go where Beth wanted to take me and could only wear the most feminine apparel they had given me.

Later that night I thought about how my life had undergone a number of changes. I had transitioned from being an orphan to being adopted by a caring family. I had transitioned from being crossdressed by my nanny five days a week to a hard-working young man. Finally, I had transitioned from that young man to a sissy receptionist, makeup artist and live-in sissy maid. If there was going to be another transition, I wondered just exactly what it would be. I drifted off to a restless sleep.

My work continued at the salon. I found that, initially, a small part of my clientele were men. They were transvestites, gay men, drag queens or transsexuals. That part of my customer base seemed to be growing faster than the rest. I never mentioned to them that I was still a biological male.

The manager had informed us to always be professionals and treat every customer the same. That policy transcends all businesses of course but was probably more important in a business like this one. In any case, my commissions grew as I got the salon more business and that made the manager happy.

Beth continued to change my maid costume from week to week when I did my Sunday cleaning. This week she had me in foundation garments, seamed stockings and a pettisplice to flare out the black long sleeve A-line maid's dress, along with a longer white apron and white maid's cap.

After I finished, she inspected my work and then nodded approvingly. I always performed my duties to the nth degree, not only because I wanted to do a good job but to avoid her wrath which could bring on God-only-knows what punishment.

"You have done an excellent job once again, sissy maid Martina," she remarked. "I know you were scheduled to have next weekend off but there is a formal apparel show at the mall Saturday and Sunday. The salon has been contracted to provide makeup, hair and wig styling services for the event. A special area will be set up near the end of the mall for you and the rest of the staff to do this. You will be paid straight hourly, no commission on this job."

I simply nodded. It wasn't as if I could say "no I don't want to," at least not while I was in debt to the two women. Early on I had forced myself to agree with just about everything that was asked of me rather than risk the consequences.

Before leaving the mall on Friday night, I accompanied Beth, the salon manager and the rest of the girls to the opposite end of the mall to see the set-up. The stage and runways had already been partly constructed. Behind the stage the supports for the plastic tent that was to be the dressing room and makeup

area were just being put up. We looked things over, then left the mall.

In bed after a steamy hot perfumed bubble bath, I closed my eyes and saw myself in one of those gorgeous white satin bridal gowns. Images of bridesmaid's gowns, prom and cocktail dresses filled my thoughts as well as my dreams when I finally drifted off to sleep.

We arrived at the mall at six AM. The makeup tables were checked over for the proper supply of cosmetics and hair care items. Women were bringing in some racks of dresses from the formal apparel store in the mall. Other stores from outside the mall area had brought their product line in the night before. It soon became a bustling area; to the untrained eye it might have been misconstrued as mass confusion.

The models began arriving about seven-thirty and we began getting them ready. As soon as we had their hair and makeup done, they walked over to put on the bridal gown, shoes and accessories they were going to wear. By eight-thirty, most of them were ready.

The formal apparel show would begin at nine with bridal gowns, followed by bridesmaid's dresses, prom, and then cocktail dresses. Once the girls had their makeup and hair done, our job was essentially over and we would be able to watch the show from behind the stage's facade.

Everything was going smoothly until one of the girls stumbled as she came down the backstage stairs. She twisted her ankle and could not stand on it, let alone walk the runway. The manager of the mall formal apparel store walked over to my boss.

"I need a girl about her size to finish the show. Do you have anybody about her size?"

Everybody looked at me and began giggling.

Beth grinned as she spoke to the manager.

“This is Martina, one of the salon’s makeup artists. I am sure she is the right size and would be happy to fill in for the injured model.”

The manager looked at me, then walked over to stand in front of me.

“Stand up, please,” she said.

I stood up as she looked me over.

“You’ll do,” she said emphatically. “Come with me please.”

Fifteen minutes later I was in white foundation garments, white hose, white petticoats and a white pettislip. A wide-skirted white wedding gown was put over my head and I slipped my arms through the white satin sleeves. After stepping into the white high-heeled pumps, the manager placed a white veil on my head and I took my place behind the girls waiting to go out front with the last of the bridal fashions of the morning.

I was very nervous. I had never modeled before, let alone in a bridal gown and high heel pumps. All I could think about was not tripping and falling down like my predecessor had when she came backstage.

“Don’t be nervous, just be yourself and walk naturally like you always do, Martina,” cooed the manager.

I picked up my skirts and walked out on the runway behind the other girls. I doubted if she knew I wasn’t really a female. At this point it wasn’t going to matter as the audience didn’t know either.

When I returned, I was helped out of the dress and petticoats. I exchanged my white hose for sheer and



then stepped into a floor-length orange bridesmaid's dress. The wedding veil was replaced with a matching orange tiara. I stepped into a pair of orange high heel pumps as the manager handed me a matching clutch purse. Once again, I walked out with the other girls.

I was feeling more and more confident. I sort of enjoyed watching the audience's reaction as we paraded around in front of them. It was, to put it mildly, an exhilarating experience. The audience had applauded all of us enthusiastically as had my coworkers when I returned backstage. Beth even took some pictures.

My favorite of the three prom dresses I modeled was a broad-skirted pink chiffon number with tiers of ruffles, worn with pink over-the-elbow gloves and pink high heel sandals. Backstage, the applause from my coworkers was almost as loud as that of the audience.

I finished up the cocktail dress showing with a gorgeous short sleeve black velvet dress with a red taffeta band around the waist culminating in a large bow at the base of the zipper. The matching black suede peep toe pumps and a black clutch bag completed the ensemble. Each time I came backstage to change, Beth would take some more pictures. I knew I was looking good but I could hardly wait to see the photos myself.

We broke for lunch at one and I changed back into my pink work uniform. After we ate at the café court, we got ready for the three o'clock show. Once again I found myself walking down the short runway with one hand on my hip, turning around several times at the end, then walking backstage to change into another dress and its matching accessories.

To my surprise I was enjoying myself very much, more so than I even cared to admit. I knew the audience liked me, or at least the image I had presented. That went for a couple of hormonal teenage boys who

were watching us from a distance too. If they only knew what was really under the dress and lingerie, I thought to myself.

The show was over by five and once again I changed back into my pink work uniform. Of course I agreed to be the substitute model for Sunday's ten and three o'clock show. Despite wanting to show my makeup artistry for the professional models, I simply couldn't pass up the chance to wear those beautiful dresses again.

Beth took me to a nearby restaurant for supper. While we waited for our food to come, she showed me the photos she had taken. Despite all that had happened since I lost the Super Bowl bet, I couldn't help but be proud of the way I looked. I had become as pretty and as feminine as any of the other girls in the show.

Sunday flew by. The formal apparel store manager pressed a hundred dollar bill in my hand to thank me for filling in for the injured model. Like Cinderella at midnight, I had to leave all those beautiful clothes behind and go back home with Beth.

At seven that night she had me back in a maid's uniform, cleaning the place from top to bottom. It was a real comedown from the last two days when I had been in the spotlight, showing off not only some beautiful clothes but my feminine persona as well.

Lying in bed that night, I thought about how lucky those girls were to spend so much time in all those beautiful clothes. I had no doubt it was more fun than giving facials or selling makeup products forty hours a week under the pressure of having to meet sales goals.

My feminine life continued. Periodically I would think back to my short stint as a model. I saw myself twirling around in front of an audience of buyers and fashion photographers impeccably made-up, with a

perfect hairstyle, wearing one gorgeous gown after another with high heel pumps and all the proper accessories. It sounded like a dream life that any girl or a guy like me would love.

That thought suddenly struck me hard: "Any girl or a guy like me." It sounded almost funny. I had no doubt that there were many girls who dreamed of a modeling career but just how many young boys or even older grown men had ever dreamed of being a gorgeous female model?

Work at the salon resumed. Beth printed up enough of the pictures she had taken at the formal apparel show so that everybody got a copy. I kept mine in my dresser drawer; from time to time I would take them out and look them over wistfully.

It seemed that I no longer had male thoughts of any kind. I have become so thoroughly ensconced in my feminine lifestyle, including my thought processes, that anything to do with maleness had become either absent from my thinking and foreign to me.

I no longer read the magazines that I had once read. Now I only read our trade publications and fashion magazines. I hadn't even thought about dating or sex since this had begun. I was sure the hormones were been responsible for all of that. I had become just about one step away from a total female.

The thought of taking that last step, which at one time would have been abhorrent to me, now seemed to be a distinct possibility. As I sat in my perfumed bubble bath one night, I fingered my shriveled and shrunken genitals, I came to the realization that I had come to enjoy and revel in all things feminine. I wasn't sure if that last step would bring more or less enjoyment to my life. Maybe things would remain about the same as they were now.

In April Beth hosted the quarterly manager's meeting again. This time she had me wearing a pink satin puff sleeve sissy maid dress, flared out with pink petticoats in place of the traditional black satin one I had worn at their first meeting.

As I minced coquettishly about, serving the women in my matching pink five-inch stiletto heel pumps, pink wig with an accompanying six-inch pink satin sissy bow pinned to the top, I could tell they were enjoying my services.

True to form, at one point the district manager had to pick up the hem of my dress and petticoats to reveal the pink satin panties with four rows of white ruffles along the back. Once again, to the delight of everyone at the meeting, I pretended to be flustered as I smoothed out my dress and petticoats before returning the cart to the kitchen.

It had been a slow quarter but after the holidays the year's first quarter always was slow for us. The closer we got to prom time and the summer weddings, the busier we would be getting. Our salon had become well-known and our customer base was increasing. I had no doubt the salon manager would be pleased so that after this year ended all of us would qualify for a well-deserved bonus.

My cleaning duties at the condo continued as well. The Victorian maid costume was not a particular favorite of mine since it involved wearing a tiny black satin g-string and a strapless black corset with black hose hooked to the garters. Over this I wore a floor-length white pettislip and a long-sleeved, floor-length black maid's dress with a long white ruffled apron and a white maid's cap. Knee-high black stiletto heel boots completed the ensemble.

Beth never said anything to me about her choice of maid's uniform. It was her choice and of course I didn't want to risk her anger by asking to wear the

standard sheath or A-line maid's dresses that I preferred to work in.

I was still bound by the contracts I had signed. I had kept my nose clean, so to speak, since this had all began; with just under another year to go, I wanted to keep up my end of the bargain. Once that time was up, I would be free to do as I pleased. The women would have no legal recourse against me. Unless there was something else in those contracts that I was not aware of.

The only thing that I saw standing in my way was the fact that after completing my total feminization and sissification, I had come to enjoy my hormonally-created femininity. Just how I was going to manage returning to my former male existence was something of concern to me.

Dr. Henderson was now giving me just a cursory exam before administering my hormone shots. After I refilled my prescription from the grinning female pharmacist, Beth took me to the laser clinic. My treatments were much shorter now as my body had become girly smooth and very nearly hair-free. The electrolysis technician touched up my eyebrows and some facial hair, then we went back home.

The two of us never had much conversation unless it involved my trips to the doctor, something to do with work, or my cleaning duties on Sunday night. She had always been coolly distant and I guess that was to be expected considering our relationship, if you could call what we had a "relationship."

I was under contract to "do as I was told." I doubted if there was anything in there that said I was to be treated any differently than a servant at home

and an employee at the salon. I always felt better at work because there I was just “one of the girls” as far as the salon manager was concerned as opposed to Beth who, when she brought me home from work, saw me as a live-in servant.

It was the first weekend in April. I had just finished my cleaning duties when I heard Beth greeting someone at the door. I was walking to my bedroom when Beth stopped me in the hallway.

“Come out here, there is someone I want you to meet,” she ordered.

I followed her out to the living room. Sitting on the davenport was a very strikingly beautiful woman. She was the kind of woman that when a man laid eyes on her, she took his breath away. Her long black hair had been piled on top of her head so when she stood up she appeared taller than she was even without her stiletto heel pumps.

“Sissy maid Martina, this is Madame Christine. Madame Christine, this is my sissy maid Martina.”

I curtsayed politely as she stood up. I extended my right arm and let my right hand dangle effeminately at the wrist. She looked me over briefly before taking my limp hand in hers. I gave her hand a light squeeze and then she let it go.

“You were right Beth, he is quite feminine. He will be perfect. I will need him just for Friday and Saturday night as June will be back early Sunday morning. He can sleep in the back room for just the one night. Here is the script. Memorize it, sissy maid Martina,” she said glaring at me.

“I will pick you up after work on Friday and bring you home Sunday morning.”

I nodded as I took the script from her. Beth walked her to the door and I returned to my room. I sat on

the stuffed chair and began reading the script she had given me. I wasn't sure what this was about but apparently Beth had "volunteered" me for this job.

As I began to read, I discovered that I was going to be part of a female domination scene. Apparently Madame Christine was a dominatrix and I was going to be her sissy maid as part of the role play she did with her clients.

I had very few lines to say. The majority of the script had to do with setting up the role play scenario and then letting Madame Christine take her client through his paces. At the end he would leave and the scene would be repeated for the next client.

Later that night when Beth was taking her bath, I went on her computer and found Madame Christine's website. There were a few pictures of men and women being tied to a rack or a table with her in full dominatrix regalia, holding a paddle or a whip. In another shot, she was helping a man apply makeup, then fitting him with lingerie, petticoats, sissy dresses and a pair of high heel pumps in her sissy shop.

I exited the website and went back to my room. I had some misgivings about this. Sometimes the female domination scene can get rough. It wasn't uncommon for some of the older men to be unable to withstand the session.

In addition, some of the men or women new to the scene could turn violent themselves and put the two of us at risk. Even careful screening by the dominatrix could not necessarily weed all the violent people out. It was part of the risk of the business, I guessed.

Madame Christine picked me up at the salon about four PM. Things were slow so leaving an hour early wouldn't hurt the business any. There was no conversation as she drove me to her dungeon. She

had already stopped by the condo to pick up my French maid costume, lingerie, makeup and heels.

We stopped for supper at a nearby restaurant. We ate in silence. She behaved almost as if I weren't there at all. She drove me to the Northeast section of the city. At one time it had been part of the heavily industrialized section but now had more abandoned properties than occupied ones.

She parked behind a nondescript grey building and we got out. After she opened the trunk, I picked up the box and followed her to the door. She slid a card through the slot and the door buzzed. She opened it and I followed her inside.

We entered the first room on her left. It was a small bathroom and a cot had been set up on the floor. It had only a single ceiling light.

“Leave the box on the cot and come with me,” she ordered.

I followed her out of the room. She showed me her dungeon and explained how I was going to fit in with the customers' desired scenarios. It was all foreign to me of course but I had to play along, no matter how distasteful I found some of these things to be.

“Go back and get in your uniform. I will come and get you when I want you,” she said.

I returned to the small bathroom. After opening the box, I undressed and put on my black lingerie, fishnet stockings and petticoats. I put on the heels, then stood in front of the small mirror over the sink to apply my red lipstick and blusher. When I finished, I put on the dress and adjusted the hem over the petticoats. The maid's cap was last. I sat on the edge of the cot and waited for Madame Christine to come for me.

It was less than an hour but it seemed like an eternity. I guess when you are waiting, time almost al-

ways seems to stand still. When she opened the door, I saw she was dressed in a black dominatrix outfit. She was a very imposing figure with her six-inch stiletto heel boots.

“Showtime,” she said with a smirk.

I got up and followed her down the hallway to the dungeon. Inside, she went over what this client wanted and we waited for him to arrive. As I sat on the edge of the table, I looked over the numerous accouterments she had hanging on the wall.

I guess anything that would inflict physical pain and suffering could be found there. Those implements, along with plenty of verbal abuse of course, were what this business was all about. I wasn't happy about having to be a part of this but I had no choice in the matter.

A light went on over a side door. Madame Christine got up and walked over there. I got up and stood to one side. When she opened the door, she grabbed a short, middle aged, semi-balding man by the ear and dragged him over to the table.

“Don't look at us, you worm!” she screamed.

The man looked down at his feet.

“Strip!” she screamed again.

The man took off his shoes, pants and shirt to reveal he was wearing a pink bra and matching pink panties. Madame Christine laughed out loud.

“Oh my! Just look at what have we here,” she exclaimed. “A closeted sissy boy? Now don't you look so pretty in your pink lingerie? Actually, you look absolutely pathetic. What ever made you think you could be a woman by dressing up like that? Get over to the table so I can punish you.”

He walked over to the table and bent over it, extending his arms across the table. I stood on the other side with Madame Christine and secured his wrists. She then selected a paddle from the wall and walked behind him. The sharp cracks of the paddle meeting his pantied butt resounded through the room. When she finished, we untied him and he stood up, still looking at his feet.

“Get dressed, you miserable excuse for a man,” she ordered.

He put on his clothes, then his shoes. When he finished, he was still looking at his feet. His face was flushed and he looked like he just had one hell of an erotic experience.

“Turn around and get the hell out of here,” screamed Madame Christine.

Obediently he turned around and left the room. When the door clicked shut, Madame Christine turned to me. She had a placid look on her face, almost as if nothing had happened. I guess if you have been involved in things like this over the years, you become accustomed to it just like any other job.

“You might as well sit down. It will be about forty minutes before my next client.”

I sat down on the table again. I couldn't help but notice that she was watching me closely as I smoothed my mindress before sitting down and crossing my legs in girlish fashion. I hoped that by the end of tomorrow she would be pleased with the way I had helped her out. I didn't need an unfavorable report getting back to Beth with a little over a year left in my contract.

The next client was a very tall, muscular young man. He looked familiar too me. Then I recognized him as a former football player for the local university. I guess it shouldn't have surprised me as this

sort of thing transcends both sexes and every social, economic, and cultural background.

After he undressed, we tied him spread eagle with ropes to the loops in the floor and ceiling. After about twenty minutes of being whipped, flogged with a real cat o'nine tails, and having his buttocks paddled almost to the point of drawing blood, Madame Christine stopped. She stood in front of him with a smirk on her face.

“OK, bad boy. Get dressed. Mommy doesn't like hurting her son but when you displease me, you know what is going to happen. Behave yourself. I don't want to have to put you through this again.”

“Yes mommy, I will be a good little boy,” he answered.

We untied him and he got dressed. After he left the room, Christine was looking at me with a grin.

“Penny for your thoughts, sissy maid Martina?” she said.

I shook my head. Different strokes for different folks, I thought to myself. We sat down again and waited for the next client to arrive.

The sessions progressed into the night. When the last client left, I went back to my room and undressed. I washed up in the sink and lay down on the cot. It was a restless sleep. It was hard to purge the day's images from my mind.

Madame Christine woke me up about eight-thirty. I put on my pink uniform and we went out for breakfast. Once again we ate in silence. There really wasn't anything for us to discuss. I was here as Beth's employee to do what I was told and nothing more.

Saturday's clients were just as varied, though they did include two women, one of whom I recognized as a well-known teacher at local middle school. She had run track at the university and barely missed the Olympic team. Her bondage and spanking fantasies didn't lessen my opinion of her as she had been a remarkable influence on a lot of kids.

After helping a young delicate black man pick out a wardrobe from Madame Christine's sissy shop, we broke for supper. That night's clients were into some heavier stuff. Their demands for physical and verbal abuse were close to being dangerous.

The last client of the night was made to stand in front of me after he and Madame Christine returned from her sissy shop. Madame Christine pulled up the hems of my petticoats and maid's dress to reveal my black satin panties.

"Aren't they just darling, sissy boy Frank?" she asked.

"Yes they are," the client replied in a nervous voice.

"The pink leg and waist elastic along with those four rows of pink ruffles on the back add such a delightful feminine touch, don't you agree, sissy boy Frank?"

"Yes they do," he answered again.

"I am glad you agree. Be sure to wear yours along with your bra when you come again. I can't wait to see you in them. Don't forget to continue to take those tablets you bought last month and apply those special creams to your breasts and body. It won't be long before your skin will be as soft and feminine as my sissy maid here."

"I will, Madame Christine," he said.

He left the room and we were finished for the night. I slept a little better but was still tired when Madame Christine woke me up Sunday morning.

I put on my pink work uniform and put my other things back in the box. I put the box in the trunk of Madame Christine's car and she drove me to a burger joint for breakfast. Afterwards she dropped me off at the condo.

Beth wasn't home. I put my French Maid uniform and petticoats in the closet. I took a steamy hot shower and put on clean lingerie. I did some laundry and tried to watch TV. The experience with Madame Christine wasn't all that bad. Helping others to fulfill their fantasies was no big deal in my mind.

Nevertheless I somehow felt very dirty working for Madame Christine. I don't know exactly why. Except for the dirty grey exterior, the inside was bare but clean. I hadn't touched any of the clients and there was no sex so catching something was never a concern. The shower made me feel better but I was having trouble getting some of those images out of my head.

"Have a good weekend?" Beth asked me with a smirk at breakfast the next morning.

"It was OK, I guess," I answered.

She took me to work and my weekend as an assistant to a dominatrix wasn't brought up again. Once in a while those images did cross my mind. I seriously doubted if I was ever going to be able to shake them entirely.

The warm weather was upon us and, as you might expect, prom and bridal season kept us pretty busy. I, as well as the other girls, was now making more money as opposed to the months of January and February when things tended to slow down a little.

It was good to see sunshine and occasional rain instead of overcast grey skies accompanied by cold temperatures. When Beth would take me to the doctor, hair removal clinic, or shopping, I was now able to enjoy short puff sleeve blouses and mini skirts instead of a shirtdress. I enjoyed the feeling of the warm breezes blowing up my miniskirt as well as being unencumbered with a hairy body that traps heat.

In my own mind I no longer seemed to be “playing along” in my feminine role. I was no longer “acting” feminine. I WAS feminine. My deportment, as Beth called it, was totally and completely feminine from the way I walked in a skirt or dress and heels to the way I smoothed my skirt or dress when I sat down.

I now held a cup of tea with my pinkie finger extended and sipped from it daintily as well as taking small bites of food and chewing slowly before swallowing. I had definitely become more female than male, despite the shriveled appendage that was still between my legs.

The thought of having it cut off and replaced with a surgically-created vagina no longer seemed reprehensible as it once might have. I still had concerns about what was down the road in less than a year. I would have to wait until then to see how I felt.

Admittedly it was hard to reconcile with the fact that I was almost totally feminine through and through. I couldn't remember the last time I had actually felt or thought like a man. If I was ever released from my feminine bondage, would I be able to return back to being a male?

Could I change my behavior back to male conduct and mannerisms after being coquettish and effeminate for so long? It was enough to keep one awake at night until I remembered what someone once said: “Don't worry about what you can't control?”

Perhaps “worried” was the wrong word. If I couldn’t go back, I felt very safe and secure, having adapted quite well to the feminine lifestyle. If I did go back, I would just have to make the best of it. For now the only thing I could think of was to wait and see, essentially crossing that bridge when I came to it.

Jo stopped by one Sunday evening and asked Beth for my services. Naturally she wouldn’t ask me since under this contract it was understood that I would never be in a position to say “no” or choose in any way, shape, or form what I was going to be doing either during work or after hours.

Jo’s Fourth of July party was held on Sunday. I cleaned the condo on Saturday to be free for her party. She dressed me in blue satin lingerie, sheer stockings, white petticoats and a royal blue short puff sleeve minidress flared out with petticoats. My black wig was topped with a blue satin sissy bow and I wore royal blue five-inch stiletto heel pumps. I sprayed myself generously with the lilac-scented perfume too.

Her party was a big hit with her friends. I guess maybe I was the hit of the party when she pulled up my skirts to show everyone the bright blue panties with black ruffles that I was wearing. After her guests left, I helped her clean up the patio dishes. When we were finished, she brought me back home and never even bothered to say thanks.

I guess it was just expected that I was going to do anything the girls wanted, whether it had to do with work at the salon or anything else. Things could be worse since at least they hadn’t “pimped me out” for sexual services, just serving and cleaning for themselves or assisting Madame Christine. The mere thought of being pimped out for sexual services made me shudder.

The balance of July was pretty slow. Towards the end of the month, things picked up a little as

back-to-school was getting close and we would be getting busier again. My transgender-transvestite base had gotten bigger. Word had apparently spread throughout the community that I was nonjudgmental about people like them.

Not all of the girls that were on the staff were willing to deal with male clients who wanted to look as feminine as possible but I was very happy to do so. I felt that their money was as good as anybody else's. After all, business is business. The salon manager was not unhappy as my sales rose along with my commissions. Perhaps some of the TV-TS's may have thought that I was one of them but none of them asked and I didn't volunteer the information that I wasn't, at least for the time being anyway.

Time would only tell. I had about ten months of hormone and laser treatments left before the contract was up and I would have to decide whether or not to regress back to manhood, stay as a feminized sissified male or progress via SRS to womanhood.

The weekend before the Labor Day Holiday, we were closed for inventory. When we were finished, we adjourned to Beth's place for a pool party. I wore a pink shirtdress over a bright pink swimsuit and pink high heel sandals. Pink lipstick, blusher, and pink finger and toenails gave new meaning to the words "Pretty in Pink."

Jo had picked out the bright pink swimsuit and matching pink swim cap. The suit was made of a shiny, slippery material and at the waist it flared out into a little skirt. The girls all seemed to be pleased at my appearance in the very feminine suit. The fact that after a dip in the pool, my nipples pushed through the suit prompting numerous giggles from all of them only added to their enjoyment.

I found the swim in the pool very sensuous. The warm water flowing over my hair-free girly body combined with the form-fitting girl's swimsuit and my ac-

celerated hormone treatment made the experience a delightful erotic one.

I wondered if real girls felt this good when they took a swim. After wrapping a large pink towel around me, I took a seat at one of the tables. Looking around the patio as we ate sandwiches and sipped our soft drinks, I had the feeling if you looked at all of us lined up, you would never be able to tell that one of the group was actually a biological male.

In bed that night I recalled again how much I was not only enjoying my femininity but the company of the women around me. Essentially my whole life was centered around all things feminine. I wondered once again if I was going to be able to regress back to a man's life and a man's way of thinking.

Up to now I hadn't thought much about what I was going to do if I did choose to regress back to a male existence. I could continue to work as a makeup artist or perhaps go to school for something else.

The biggest problem was the fact that I had no money as I was still not collecting a paycheck except for room and board. I would have no job record after leaving the night job at the box store warehouse. In addition it would take me at least six months after stopping the hormones to regain a somewhat masculine appearance. Things like this continued to keep me awake some nights.

Cooler weather returned in the waning days of September, prompting me to wear my pink rain-shine coat over my pink uniform. I never did like the colder weather. The cold and dark overcast days were very depressing.

I had the first weekend in October off but the next weekend, instead of working, Beth informed me I would be needed at a conference of district managers at a local motor lodge. The lodge's employees would set up the tables and chairs.

I would assist Beth in putting out all the items necessary to the meeting as well as the things she would need for her presentation. After I helped with the set-up, I would sit through the presentations and assist her when called upon. For this job I would not be wearing my pink uniform.

Beth took me home early Friday afternoon. She had me wear a white longline bra and long open bottom girdle. After attaching the sheer seamed stockings, I sat at the vanity and she watched as I carefully applied my pink blusher and creamy pink lipstick.

I stepped into a pink nylon tricot half-slip with a six-inch band of white lace at the hem, followed by a pink camisole with a band of white lace across the top. The pink short-sleeved jacket, pink slim skirt, and pink stiletto heel pumps were next. Pink earrings, a single strand white pearl necklace and a small pink hat with a dainty pink veil were last.

After pinning the hat on top of my head, she brought the veil down to my eye level. I put on the matching pink mid-length gloves and slipped my pink handbag over my left arm. I struck a model's pose in front of her. She grinned broadly and motioned with her finger for me to turn around. I did so to her great pleasure.

"Sissy maid Martina, you make a perfectly feminine administrative assistant. You look especially lovely with that pink hat and veil. I find millinery adds so much to your feminine persona. I have no doubt that it makes you feel so much more feminine too, am I right?"

"Of course," I answered as we walked to the door.

What other answer could I give her? I thought to myself as we walked to the car. She held the doors of the building and car open for me like anyone would for a lady. At the car, I sat down and swung my legs in with the typical feminine flourish.

Waiting for her to walk around the car, I reveled in the delicious feeling of the nylon tricot half-slip and camisole against my smooth, soft, hair-free skin. The whisper it made against the taffeta lined skirt and jacket along with my dainty hat made me feel about as exquisitely feminine as it was possible to feel given my biology.

At the motor lodge, we walked to the meeting room and went inside. The tables and chairs had already been set up. There were half a dozen boxes on the floor containing the informational brochures that were to be handed out as well as an event guide for the Saturday-Sunday conference

Beth explained what each place setting was to get. I set my purse down and took off my gloves in the proper ladylike fashion by pulling gently on one finger at a time, then taking off the glove. I set them next to my purse and got started putting the pamphlets and brochures in front of each chair.

I had noticed Beth smiling as I set my purse down and removed my gloves. As I worked, she would occasionally glance at me. It wasn't just to be sure I was doing things the way she wanted as much as she wanted to see me behaving in a proper feminine way.

My feminine deportment had now become second nature to me but I knew among Beth, Jo, and the salon manger, I would always be under someone's scrutiny. It had been a cause for concern initially but now I was behaving in a feminine way that I was no longer conscious of. Being feminine in all the things that I did was simply the way I was now.

We finished up and Beth took me home. After supper, I donned the ruffled pink apron and rubber gloves to do the dishes. When I finished, I picked up my purse and gloves from the kitchen table. I started walking to my bedroom to change. Beth stopped me by putting her hand up and waving me to where she was seated.

“Please walk around the room again for me,” she said with a grin.

Without hesitation, I put my free hand on my hip and proceeded to walk around the living room in front of her. I gave a little extra wiggle as I passed by in front of her and then began a bit of an exaggerated model’s strut as I walked away. She held her hand up again to stop me.

“I see you are enjoying your femininity to the max,” she smiled broadly at me

“Yes I am,” I replied. “I am fully aware of my contractual obligations and want to fulfill them. You won the bet fair and square. I intend to keep my end of the bargain.”

“You’d better,” she smirked as the grin turned to a serious frown. “Don’t think for a minute that Jo and I haven’t put our heads together to find a way to make you wish you were never born.”

With that warning, she dismissed me with a wave of her hand.

As I walked to my room, I now had confirmation of what I had been thinking about earlier. No matter what I had to go through to pay off my debt, the consequences of not paying it off were far worse. I had no intention of even trying to imagine what those two might dream up in the way of punishing me.

We were up early the next morning. After breakfast, I did the dishes and she followed me back to my room. She seemed to take particular enjoyment out of watching me take off my nightgown and put on my foundation garments, lingerie and hose. At the vanity, she smirked as I applied my blusher, eye makeup and creamy pink lipstick.

She placed the dainty hat on my head and brought the veil down. I got up to put on the skirt and jacket,

and then I slipped into my pumps. She sprayed me generously behind each ear with my very sweet perfume, then along the lacy top of my camisole that was peeking out above the top button of my jacket.

I put my makeup items back in my pink purse, slipped it over my left arm, then put on the pink gloves. She went to her room to get dressed and I walked out to the living room to watch the morning news on TV.

There was no conversation on the way to the motor lodge. The staff had put out the ice water pitchers and glasses within reach of each place at the tables. Beth checked her equipment for the Power Point presentation, then joined me at the back of the room. I took off my gloves and set them next to my purse. We printed the first names of the managers on stiff white cardboard with a black marking pencil and set them in front of the places where Beth wanted them to sit.

“You will sit at the small table at the door. Print the first name of each person on the tag and hand it to them. When everyone is here, close the door and sit at the back. If I need anything, I will call on you. Understand?”

“Yes,” I answered.

I walked over to the small table at the door and smoothed my skirt as I sat down. Obviously, I couldn't see behind me but I knew she was watching me intently. As I sat waiting for the managers to arrive, I was once again lost in my artificially created feminine world.

It felt so good to have my feminized body compressed in foundation garments, encased in those sheer stockings, a lacy half-slip and camisole, surrounded by the sharply tailored jacket and slim skirt. I doubted if I would ever tire of the sweet swishy music I made when the nylon tricot lingerie rubbed against the taffeta-lined skirt and jacket as the click

of my stiletto heel pumps echoed off the walls when I walked with my new feminine grace and confidence.

Lost in my feminine thoughts, I suddenly became aware of a woman in a brown pantsuit standing in front of me. I felt my face blush as I smiled and picked up my marking pencil.

“May I have your first name please?” I asked in a nervous voice.

She told me and I carefully printed her name on the tag and handed it to her.

“Find your name at one of the tables and have a seat. We will be starting in about thirty minutes.”

The woman took the tag from me and walked into the conference room. I breathed a sigh of relief. I wondered how long she had been standing there as I was in my feminine daydreams. As I printed her name on the tag, I noticed she was eyeing me up and down carefully. I hoped she was not going to say anything to Beth about the time she had to wait before I acknowledged her.

After the last manger arrived, I got up and closed the entrance door. I went to the back of the room and took my seat to wait for Beth to begin her presentation. Some of the women would glance back in my direction, turn back, then giggle quietly.

Of the twelve district managers only two were men. One was from the Southwest and the other from the Northeast. They were seated in the back of the meeting room. They hadn't paid any particular attention to me when they registered. It was only the female ones who seemed to look me over closely. I had no doubt that there was a good possibility that Beth had told them in advance that I was really a male.

Beth walked to the front of the room and the presentation began. We took a break for lunch at

eleven-thirty. The motor lodge dining room was very nice. I enjoyed my salad and diet soft drink. I couldn't help but notice once again that some of the women would glance in my direction, then turn back to their conversation with a giggle.

The afternoon part of Beth's presentation went smoothly as well. There was a short period of questions and answers about 4 PM and then we were done for the day. After the managers left, I straightened things up a bit for the morning's presentation by the company's vice president.

Beth and I had supper in the dining room and then we went home. She made no conversation and I offered none. I watched some TV with her and then went to bed. Despite the fact that it was not a particularly busy day for me, I was tired and went to sleep right away.

Sunday morning, the vice president made her speech. She too seemed to look me over closely as the other female managers had done. I wondered how many people knew I was still a biological male. It was my guess everybody but the male employees did.

Following the meeting, Beth had me pick things up and tape the boxes shut. One of the men from the motel loaded the boxes in Beth's car. After dropping them off at the box store's loading area, we went to lunch.

Back home, I changed into a pink shirtdress and pink sandals. I spent the balance of the day doing some laundry and reading the Sunday paper. Beth had made no comment about my work at the meeting so apparently she was pleased. Like most people who are in charge of anything, compliments from her were few and far between. I did my job as she expected me to and that was that.

That night as I lay awake, my thoughts again drifted to what was going to happen the first week of

February when my two years was up. The old saying of “crossing that bridge when we come to it” didn’t seem to fit here. Should I stay in my feminized and sissified state or regress back to my male life? As odd as it sounds, I wasn’t really sure.

The next morning I stood closely in front of the full-length mirror. The nipples of my breasts were poking through the pink chiffon waltz gown. I grasped my breasts with both hands and squeezed them gently like Dr. Henderson had done. It felt good.

I pulled up the waltz gown and looked at my shriveled, shrunken manhood. I couldn’t remember the last time I felt like a man. It had been over six months since I had last tried to masturbate. I pushed my genitals between my legs and held them together. I tried to picture myself with a vagina and this was as close as I could get at least for the time being.

Dropping the waltz gown, I put both hands up to my face. My beard no longer existed. My facial skin was soft and glowing like any woman’s. If I returned to manhood I certainly wouldn’t miss shaving, though with my former light beard it wasn’t a daily chore to begin with.

In addition to my beautiful breasts, I had two perfectly shaped feminine eyebrows. I stepped back and fluffed my hair with both hands. Certainly no woman could ask for a more feminine body or a more feminine image than the one I was looking at.

There was not much male left in me, except for my genitals of course, or at least what was left of them. My scrotum was empty. The pills and estrogen shots had displaced whatever testosterone had remained in my body.

I got dressed and Beth took me to work. Despite having no life outside my job, it was always good to be at work. I loved making other women look good. My income had increased and I was certain I was going

to have my debt paid off before the year ended. If not, the year-end bonuses that were paid in January should take care of whatever was left.

Halloween fell on a Saturday. Both Beth and Jo thought it would be amusing to dress me in a hooker outfit. Either that or it was a subtle hint to keep working off my debt, lest I find myself earning money in a less than desirable way.

I wore a black satin bra, black satin panties with pink leg and waist elastic, a black garter belt holding up my fishnet stockings. Over my lingerie I wore a sleeveless red satin blouse, black leather micro skirt, and knee-high six-inch stiletto heel boots.

Atop my black wig was a large red satin sissy bow. Of course I wore a thick layer of red lipstick to match my overly red rouged cheeks and long, bright red press-on nails. A good dousing of some very sweet yet very cheap perfume gave everyone, including my customers, a good laugh.

There was nothing to do but put up with the teasing from both staff and customers alike. I took it with good humor because in the back of my mind I just saw it as another way of pleasing Beth and Jo to work off my debt.

October left us and the chill of November came down from the North. I now left the pink rain/shine coat in the closet and wore my pink down winter coat. I never remembered the cold affecting me this way but then I used to have some body hair and wore pants too.

After the Thanksgiving holiday, it seemed my thoughts went more and more towards the time ahead when I would have to make a decision. Dr. Henderson had not said anything to sway me one way or the other when I saw her for my monthly check and booster shot. The Pharmacist still smiled at me when I had my prescription filled.

I thought maybe they were all waiting for the day when I would relent, undergo surgery, and become one of them. That was still months in the future but now it occupied my thoughts more. I had gleaned enough information off the internet, including a video of the whole operation, to know what I was getting into.

At this point I was still very unsure of myself, though it seemed less and less likely that I was ever going to be able to return to being a man. That thought didn't seem to bother me as much as it should. Perhaps I was destined to be in this position. Losing the bet just hastened up the process.

The holidays were quite festive. When Beth hosted the manager's meeting, she had me in red nails, lipstick, blusher, a red satin minidress with matching red patent leather stiletto heel pumps and of course smelling sweetly of cherries.

By now the women were looking forward to seeing how Beth was going to dress me. I wasn't sure what brought them more amusement; the big red satin sissy bow at the top of my head or Beth yanking up the hem of my mini dress and petticoats to show the women my red satin panties with black leg and waist elastic with the four rows of black ruffles along the back.

Business slowed down after the holidays. There was a pretty good turnout at the mall for the after-Christmas sales. The salon had no specials of its own but the mall crowd brought in the usual amount of walk-ins and first-time customers.

My meeting with Beth was coming up and I was very curious to see what was left of my debt. I had my bonus check from the salon applied to what I owed so I knew that was going to make a difference. I was reasonably sure that there would be very little debt left and then I would have to make a decision about my future.

To say I was unhappy in my present state would not be true. All the things I needed in life were being provided for me. I just didn't have any real freedom or money to spend. Like the caged bird that still sings, I did not want for anything. I just couldn't come and go as I pleased. It made my upcoming decision that much tougher.

Beth took me to the café court for lunch. I would have the afternoon off to see Dr. Henderson again and get my prescription refilled from that smiling pharmacist. Then we would be going home to discuss my financial records.

Just as we approached the café court, there was a loud POP! POP! POP! The sounds came from down the mall. I could hear people screaming. Two figures in black clothing were running up the mall shooting randomly as they came towards us.

I pushed Beth ahead of me into the café court entrance. I felt a sharp sting in my side as more shots rang out and bits of the walls splintered in the air. I pushed Beth to the floor and fell on top of her. Shortly there were more shots and then silence.

The noise of sirens was in the distance as I sat up and saw a small red stain in my side. A mall security guard ran up to where Beth and I were lying on the floor. I could see the fear in his eyes as he looked at the both of us.

“Are you hurt?” he asked.

“I am,” I answered as I put my hand to my side.

Beth helped me to my feet as the security guard radioed for help. She looked very afraid. Shortly, an ambulance arrived and I was taken to the local hospital. I didn't feel much pain as we sped to the hospital. I was now afraid that they would say something when they undressed me and saw my male biology.



At the E.R., I was undressed and nobody said a word as the doctor examined me. He removed a piece of metal about the size of a small fingernail clipping from my side and stitched me up. Beth arrived shortly and we went to the admitting office for the paper work. She still looked very pale as she drove me home.

I felt very sleepy so I went to bed right away and slept about twelve hours straight. It was a long and deep sleep. When I opened my eyes, I tried to remember how I had got in my own bed. The previous day's events came rushing back to me.

I sat up in bed and found my left side to be very stiff and sore. I got out of bed slowly and put on my pink chiffon robe and pink fuzzy-toed slippers. In front of the full length mirror on the back of the bedroom door I pulled the left side of the robe back to examine myself. I peeled the bandage back a little to see the small cut in my side where the piece of metal had been removed.

I walked into the kitchen to find my purse on the table, though I don't remember leaving it there. I made myself two pieces of wheat toast and a cup of tea. After I finished, I went into the living room to turn on the TV.

The mall shooting was the lead story at the top of the hour. Two teenagers, for unknown reasons, had come into the mall and had begun shooting. Just North of the café court's double doors which Beth and I had ducked through, an off-duty female police officer had shot both of them dead. The investigation was continuing.

I sat there for quite a while. Beth and I had come very close to being killed. It was sometime later when I shut the TV off. Other than the story of the mall shooting, I couldn't remember what I had watched. I went back to my bed and dozed off again.

It was about eleven when I got up again. I came out of the bathroom to hear Beth coming into the condo. She looked at me with a pained look. It was the first time I had ever seen her display any emotion.

“How are you feeling?” she asked.

“I’m okay, I guess. I’m a little stiff and sore. How about you?” I asked

“I wasn’t hurt at all, just a little shaken-up. I took your shirtdress to the dry cleaners, then I called Dr. Henderson to reschedule your appointment. Do you feel well enough to go tomorrow at 4 PM?”

“That would be fine,” I answered.

She nodded, then left the condo. I made myself a peanut butter and jelly sandwich washed down with a cold glass of one percent milk. I was still feeling sleepy but I wanted to stay awake so I could sleep that night.

I went back to the bedroom. The hot shower felt good. I put on clean lingerie, then sat at the vanity. After putting on fresh pink blusher and pink lipstick, I scented myself. At my closet, I put on a powder blue shirt dress and my winter stiletto heel boots. Beth had hung the pink down coat back in the closet. It had not been stained by my blood loss so I slipped it on along with my pink stocking cap.

Walking to the coffee shop a short distance from the condo did me good. The cold crisp air woke me up. I drank a large cup of coffee and watched the people walk by for almost an hour, then walked back to the condo. I read a couple of trade magazines and watched an afternoon movie.

Beth came home a little early carrying a large vegetarian pizza. While it was baking, we had a glass of wine. There wasn’t a whole lot to talk about. I mean I was still a “kept servant” in effect so our relationship

hadn't changed despite the horrific incident that both of us had been involved in.

After supper, we watched the re-cap of the previous day's events. Four people had been killed; another six, including myself, had been wounded. One of the six died at the hospital. The balance of the news was taken up with the backstory of the two kids' lives and what might have prompted them to do such a horrible thing.

I lost interest in them and went to bed. That night I relived the nightmare again. Only this time, one of the kids came up to me and emptied his gun into my groin. At the hospital, the E.R. doctor said, "We have no choice but to do the surgery now." When I woke up, I pulled the covers back and the hospital gown up to my chin. I found that my male genitals had been cut off. I now had a vagina.

Waking up with a start, I pulled the pink sheets back and swung my legs out. I stood up and pulled down the pink panties of my babydoll nightgown. My shrunken, shriveled male genitals were still there. I sat back down on the edge of the bed to let my pulse rate get back down to a normal level.

Lying awake, I tried to get back to sleep but I couldn't. I heard Beth leave for work. I got dressed in my blue shirtdress and made myself tea and toast. The morning news added nothing further to the tragedy.

There clips of the funeral of one of the victims. Momentarily, I saw myself in that casket.

At three-thirty Beth picked me up and took me to Dr. Henderson. She examined my small wound and asked me if I was feeling OK other than the pain and stiffness. I shook my head no and she gave me another shot. The Pharmacist filled my prescription and Beth took me home.

I began working half-days. It felt good to get back to a routine, though I was quite tired after the first day. On Sunday I was back in my maid's uniform cleaning the condo from top to bottom. This too felt good as I had come to enjoy wearing the maid's uniform and cap regardless of which style Beth had picked out for me that day.

February 1st, Beth sat me down at the kitchen table and we went over the figures. I was now free and clear of any debt to her and Jo. In addition there was about a \$2800.00 surplus that I would keep. I had until the end of the month to decide what I wanted to do. She gave me the following options:

1) I could stay with her in my feminized state, keep my job as a makeup artist and live-in maid but be put on the payroll as a male or:

2) She could put me on the payroll as male as I regressed back to my male self, then move out to a place of my own as a male or:

3) I could have Dr. Henderson set me up for SRS and when I was healthy enough, either stay with Beth or move out on my own as a woman.

I said nothing at first as one of those three choices was going to be for the rest of my life.

"I want some more time to think about," I replied.

"I understand. You have one week," she replied.

It was a very long week. I had many things to consider, all of which had their ups and downs. The night before giving Beth my decision, I stood naked in front of the full length mirror. I had as beautiful and as feminine a body as any real woman would want.

The question remained: Would I be as happy as a woman as I was as a feminized, sissified male? That

question was very difficult to answer and I didn't know what the answer was. Perhaps for now it would be best if I just stayed this way, at least for another year. It would give me time to save up some money. At the end of the year, I would know better how things would be and make my decision at that time.

I decided to tell Beth that I wanted to stay on with her for another year as her feminized, sissified makeup artist and maid. At that time I would be more certain of myself and my future. I had made numerous transitions in my short life. This would be the most serious one and one that I could not make a mistake in deciding, for it would not just be another transition, it would be a transition for life.

THE END