

Trapped



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TRAPPED

By Jeri Ellen

Looking in the vanity mirror I wasn't surprised to see a very pretty girl looking back at me. I was proud of the woman I had become. I was certain any woman would be jealous of the way I looked.

Holding my hands up in front of me I examined my long, glamorous pink fingernails before I picked up the tube of pink lipstick, removed the cover and turned up the base. Leaning forward I pushed the tube hard against my full lips and applied a generous coat of the bright pink make up.

Next I smoothed pink blusher across my cheeks then gave myself a generous spritz of sweet perfume behind each ear and across my neckline. Last I pinned a large pink satin bow at the top of my blonde bangs and sat back to admire my reflection in the mirror.

The doorbell rang so I stood up and slipped on my four-inch heel fuzzy toed slippers. I giggled at

the sight of my ten pink toenails poking thru the end of the slippers. I secured my pink chiffon robe with the pink strings ending in pink fuzzy balls and walked to the front door of my apartment.



I felt like skipping but instead continued my walk in a slow, deliberate, mincing lady like fashion. The pink chiffon peignoir set felt good against my hair free girly skin just as walking in my high heel slippers gave me a womanly feeling. To say I felt almost delicious would be an understatement. At the front door I brushed my hair back with one hand and then opened the door.

Standing there was an apparition. The figure had long black hair but no face. She was wearing a black leather pantsuit, white leather shirt, black leather bow tie and highly polished black leather flat heeled boots. There was just a hint of aftershave lotion as she stepped forward.

I felt myself getting wet as her strong arms wrapped around my neck and she leaned in to kiss me. The scent of the expensive leather was just as strong as her after-shave. I closed my eyes and waited for our lips to mesh but they never did. I opened my eyes to see the apparition had disappeared.

The room began to sway and I felt dizzy. I had trouble staying upright as I walked thru the living room back to my bedroom. I closed my eyes again and fell into bed.

When I opened my eyes I was in bed but wearing a pair of boy's briefs. I pulled the covers back and sat up. My heart was still pounding from the erotic dream. I looked around my bedroom. Everything seemed to be the way it had been when I had gone to bed.

I got up and went into the bathroom. In the mirror above the sink I saw my face. I had short brown hair and I wore no makeup. My finger and toenails

were no longer pink. I could not detect any scent of perfume either.

After urinating and washing my hands I got back into bed. It was nearly seven am. I laid there for a while and thought about the dream. It wasn't the first time I had it. It was a recurring one. It always started the same and ended the same.

If I was a biological male why would I be having these dreams of being totally and completely feminine? Worse yet why was I enjoying this dream so much if I was a male? Was I supposed to have been born a female?

My mother walked in the room.

"Time to get up," she said.

I got up, shut off my alarm clock and then made the bed.

After getting dressed I went downstairs to eat breakfast. While I ate I looked at the male clothing I was wearing. For some reason it had never felt right on me. In fact I didn't like any of my clothes but I was a male so that was what I had to wear.

Once when I was playing with a toy dump truck in my sandbox my neighbor's daughter looked over at me from her backyard. She was wearing a white puff sleeve blouse, a pink pleated min skirt, pink socks and pink sneakers. Her long hair was pulled back and held in place by a large pink ribbon tied in a bow.

I stared at her for a while. I wanted to wear what she had on. Why I didn't know. I continued to fill my toy dump truck up with sand even though I hated doing it. I hated the sandbox too but I knew I couldn't dare say anything to my dad or mother.

At school I earned good grades. I was fairly popular with my classmates, mostly I guess because of my sense of humor. I found myself wise cracking a lot as well as occasionally cutting up in class.

Because of my short stature I was left out of athletics except for soccer. I made the team and enjoyed the game though my father was upset that I didn't at least try out for football or baseball. Mom convinced him to let me do what I liked.

To be honest I didn't particularly like soccer either. I wasn't a competitive person but I always made a good effort when I played. I guess I would much rather be doing other things. The library was a perfect solace for me and I spend a lot of time there even when I wasn't studying.

Sometimes I would sit in the magazine section with a sport or mechanic's magazine in my lap and look over at the fashion magazines. Just before closing when there was no one around I would page thru them quickly and then return them to their proper place before going home.

When I would daydream I imagined myself wearing those gorgeous dresses and high heel shoes. The model's hair was always done up perfectly as was their makeup. I could only wonder what it must be like to live the life they had. Spending hours and hours in and out of the most beautiful dresses and shoes you could imagine.

What was wrong with me that I should feel this way? I sure couldn't talk to anyone about it. My father would probably kill me or throw me out of the house. I knew I would never make it on the street like some of the kids I saw on the news stories about homeless kids.

With the recession in full swing my father completed one year and one week of unemployment before he died when his car missed a curve and plunged into the river. His blood alcohol level exceeded the level for being drunk. I often wondered if he didn't kill himself for mom and me.

After the funeral expenses and our debts were paid off there wasn't a lot left but when I turned sixteen and got my driver's license there was enough to get me a used car. I immediately began looking for a full time job for the summer.

I got hired at a gas and go place. I would be working the night shift from ten pm to six am thru out the summer doing restocking and evening cleanup.

The work was mindless to say the least. I kept busy as it took my mind off the dreams of femininity that would recur. I felt trapped in a sense that I could not figure out why I would be having them. Adding to the conundrum was the fact that there was no one I could talk to about them who could perhaps unravel the mystery and reveal their source.

Occasionally I would glance at the tabloid publications near the cash register. The covers usually had a picture of a female movie star all "glammed up" in a fabulous gown and high heel shoes. Their hair and makeup was always perfect. I wondered if I could ever look that good.

I had just an hour in one night when our manager Shelly Burnett said she would be a little late coming in the next afternoon as her salon appointment had been pushed back an hour.

“If you are getting one of those makeovers you might want to get a couple of estimates first as at your age they can be a bit pricey,” I quipped with a grin.

Both Shelly and the cashier looked at me without smiling. Jeeze you would think that women would have a sense of humor about those things wouldn't you?

The summer went by fast. Just before school started up again I came in one afternoon to meet with Shelly and my supervisor Ashley McBride to discuss my reduction in schedule when I returned to school.

My hours would be cut back to Friday and Saturday nights only until the holiday breaks and then I would split my time with another new employee. Just before I left I noticed that Ashley, who was majoring in fashion merchandising, had been looking over some old ads for women's foundation garments.

“My grandmother mentioned how difficult these were to get into and how uncomfortable they were to wear,” she said with a smile.

“Actually getting a woman out of those is no day at the beach either,” I added. “Couple of drinks, dinner, couple more drinks, movie, couple of more drinks, bolt cutters, sawzall..”

I left grinning though neither of the women seemed to get the joke. In fact Shelly's eyes were practically slits as I left the room. Once again it seemed as if these women didn't have much of a sense of humor.

School began and I got into the routine of full time studies and part time work. Everything seemed

to be going smoothly until just before the Thanksgiving break.

A substitute teacher in my history class was a real stunner. She had just finished her lecture on her first day. When she asked if there were any questions I raised my hand.

“Yes Nicholas, what is it?”

“As the new teacher have you had your physical yet?” I asked with a grin.

There was a smattering of laughter as she turned to me without any expression on her face.

“As a matter of fact I have, why do you ask?”

“Well I used to do that.”

“You’re not a doctor,” she replied with a red face.

“Yeh, that’s what the judge said. “YOU’RE NOT A DOCTOR! Good thing he was a bachelor as the jails here probably weren’t too pleasant.”

The class roared at my retort. The bell rang and we all rushed for the door.

Once again I was mystified at this women’s failure to see the humor in my little joke. If the rest of the class thought it was funny why couldn’t she? Once the story circulated it seemed as if only the males thought I was funny.

After the Christmas Holidays my soccer coach got us together to discuss our upcoming season. We hadn’t done well the previous two years but now we would have a team composed of all seniors and juniors. This would be the best year in a long time for us to have a run at a championship. Following the meeting my coach took me aside and said the swimming instructor wanted to see me.

I went over to the pool adjacent to the gymnasium. His office door was open and he was talking to the women's swimming coach Melissa Swenson. She was a tall broad shouldered woman but more on the flat chested side. Naturally all the guys were nuts about her too.

"Coach I am Nicholas Brady, you said you wanted to see me,"

"I know you have done well in soccer and I was hoping you would come out for the swim team. We are a bit short handed this year after losing many of our best swimmers to graduation."

"Thanks coach but between my part time job, soccer, and my studies I have a pretty full slate."

"I know you are a good student and you have proven your athletic talents on the soccer field. I think you would be an excellent swimmer," said Melissa as she smiled at me.

"I know I could. You see when I was very young my father thru me in the creek that ran behind the first house they rented so I learned to swim real fast."

"That seems a little harsh for a parent to do that," said Melissa with a serious look on her face.

"Actually learning to swim was the easy part. Getting untied and then cutting my way out of the bag was the hard part. Fortunately I always carried a jackknife. You should have seen the expression on Dad's face when I sat down at the supper table that night. He was really surprised to see me."

Neither Melissa nor the coach laughed at my joke. I was beginning to think neither one of them had a sense of humor either.

“Well at least think about it and let me know.”

I nodded and left.

As I passed the pool several of the guys were swimming laps. I was sure I would not want to join them though the prospect of having to shave my body so it would have less resistance in the water brought out those suppressed feelings of femininity again.

I imagined if I did that my skin, after shaving and an application of body lotion, would be as smooth as any girls though maybe not as soft or supple as theirs.

My work and school continued. I began to think more about the swim team which would give me an excuse to be hair free without raising any suspicions about my feelings of femininity.

There was something about Melissa, the women’s swimming coach. Her short, blonde hair coupled with her muscular physique gave me a bit of a chill. If I were going to be submissive she would be exactly what I would hope for in a dominant woman.

At work things were boring as usual. I worked quickly and got things done which of course pleased my supervisor and my boss. I made no more jokes since neither one of them seemed to appreciate my sense of humor.

Shortly after the holidays the district manager showed up. Tamara Jackson was a stocky black woman with a no nonsense look about her. She asked me into Shelly’s office just as I was finishing up my night shift.

“Your work is fine but you seem to have a rather low opinion of women. I suggest you change your at-

titude as well as keeping your jokes to your self. “God, the constitution and now with affirmative action we are all equal,” she said in a stern voice.

“Yes ma’m, I replied. Then I added “I am sure if God were here SHE would agree.”

Her face tightened up and she had that serious look on her face. She looked like she would be ripe for some of my humor.

“So if God’s a woman what do you think you would do on judgment day?”

“I guess I would hope she’s white,” I said with a smirk. “If she was I would probably call up the devil and see what he had on the night shift since it would be cooler working in that pit at night. I would also need a one bedroom furnished apartment, with air conditioning of course, that would be close to the pit or at least the bus line running to it,” I smiled again.

“And if God was a woman of color?” she asked with raised eyebrows.

“Well there would be no point in talking to her about anything I guess. I would just have to be part of a new food group on planet Earth, white honkey on a stick,” I grinned again.

Both Shelly and Tamara had no expression on their faces at all. Once again it seemed my cordial attempt at humor had been lost on both of them.

“That will be all Nicholas,” said Tamara.

I left the office and went home still mystified why my humor had not brought at least a smile to their faces. Women, jeeze, I mean what’s a guy going to do?

That night my dream reoccurred again. It was one of those dreams where you never want to wake up and when you do no matter how hard you try you can't go back to sleep and pick up where you left off.

When I got up the next morning I decided to ditch soccer and join the swim team. If nothing else I would have the chance to find out what my body would look like without hair, though I had very little of it and I had yet to start shaving as I had barely a patch of peach fuzz here and there.

At school the soccer coach wasn't happy but the swimming coach was. At the end of the week I was told to report to his office after swimming my laps. There were several guys there and they left quickly when I entered.

When the office door opened Melissa came out and several girls on the swim team came up behind me. In no time at all they had pulled off my swim suit and were holding me spread eagle in my jock-strap. I was 5'5" and barely 130 lbs I was no match for the husky girls.

From a container Melissa had placed on the floor two of the girls used paddles to apply a hot sticky substance all over my legs, chest and arms. After putting cloth strips on the stuff they waited a few minutes and then pulled them off.

Melissa was grinning as the last strip was pulled off and the girls finally let go of me. I looked at my body and found that the waxing had not only removed what little body and facial hair I had but my skin a shiny look to it.

“Welcome to the swim team,” Melissa said with a grin as the girls broke into laughter.

She and the girls left me to shower and get dressed.

It was funny how I felt getting dressed after my shower. I loved the way my smooth skin felt to the touch as well as the way it looked. If I were to put on a wig, makeup, a dress and high heels I knew I could easily pass for a girl. It seemed I was becoming that woman I was in my recurring dream.

School ended for the year. I passed all my exams and went back to working full time again. The soccer team had placed second without me and the swim team finished fourth despite predictions that we wouldn't do that well.

Of course I kept my self girly smooth. I bought some shaving gel and disposable razors. I found a certain pleasure in keeping my body shaved silky smooth after my bath. My male clothing felt a little different but then I had never liked male clothing anyway and secretly longed to wear feminine apparel.

I could only imagine how nylon stockings or panty hose would feel on my bare legs to say nothing of wearing a slip or panties of nylon tricot or satin. More and more I seemed to be consumed with these feelings of femininity.

How was I going to make it in the real world which was still basically a man's world when I was torn between my biology and my feelings? The internet provided me with some information but there seemed to be more questions than answers. At least the lingerie and formal apparel sites provided

some relief as I imagined myself wearing those beautiful clothes as a “Junior Miss”.

It was a long hot summer though I found by keeping myself hair free I was a little cooler. I continued to have recurring dreams. I wondered if it was ever going to be possible to delve into my psyche to find the source of those dreams.

In the last one I found myself wearing a pink chiffon prom dress, flared out with a pink petti-slip, and matching stiletto heel pumps. Pink blusher adorned my cheeks matching my creamy pink lipstick and the large pink satin bow in my blonde hair.

A pink purse on a gold chain completed my ensemble as the faceless woman escorted me into the well decorated gym. As we danced around the gym floor she complemented me on the sissy sweet scent of my perfume.

I awoke at around midnight and like Cinderella I had to leave the ball. I pulled the covers back and walked into the bathroom. I was not wearing a pink dress and high heels of course. When I looked into the mirror I saw myself sans blonde hair, pink sissy bow and pink makeup.

For a few minutes I looked at myself contemplating the perfect image of femininity I had in my dreams to the image of a young boy staring at me from the mirror over the bathroom sink. I urinated, washed my hands and went back to bed. It was quite a while before I drifted off to sleep again but of course I failed to return to the prom.

My job at the gas and go place had become rather dreary. Come to think of it the job had become dreary the first week but I needed the money

and there wasn't a whole lot of work around for a high school kid with no skills.

By the end of October I was almost doing the job in my sleep. One of the new girls, Colleen, invited me to a Halloween pool party at her house. Colleen's parents would be gone that weekend. I hadn't socialized much so I accepted. When I asked about a costume Colleen just smirked and said "No costumes, just come casual but bring your swim trunks."

It was a warm Saturday evening when I parked on the street near her house. There were several other cars there too. I thought I should be on my best behavior as we all worked together. I had been laying off the jokes and the wisecracks for the most part after the meeting with my boss and the district manager had not gone so well.

The house was dark as I knocked on the front door with my swim trunks in one hand. Colleen opened it, handed me a glass of wine and let me in. I could not see too well in the darkness after standing under her front porch light so I was quite unprepared for what happened next.

"Follow me," she said as I took a gulp of the wine.

The berry flavor tasted good to me as I followed her inside.

"You can change in there," she said pointing out a small bedroom just off the living room,

I took another drink of wine and then undressed. I put my clothes on the bed, my shoes and socks underneath. After putting on my swim trunks I took another drink of the wine and walked back to the patio just off the kitchen.

I began to feel a little dizzy as I reached the patio door. I was having trouble focusing too. Someone took the glass from my hand and I lost my footing. There were several women holding me up and taking me back inside. I was barely conscious when the living room lights came on.

All the girls from work were there. They were all smiling and laughing. I wasn't sure what was so funny but I did notice several empty wine bottles on the coffee table. Apparently they all had a head start on the evening's festivities though I was at a loss to explain why none of them wore bathing suits.

The two girls holding me up set me down in a chair but continued to hold my arms down at my sides.

"Don't you move a muscle," threatened Shelly as she held up a bright red lipstick.

After pressing the tube on both cheeks she used a single finger to smooth out the make up for a rouged look.

"Open your mouth real wide," said Shelly.

I did so and she pressed the tube of makeup on my lips over and over.

"Now press your lips together," Shelly barked again.

I did so. I was powerless to do anything so I thought it best to go along with their little charade. I had never anticipated anything like this but as long as I did what they told me I figured they would have their fun and the evening would be over.

One of my co-workers placed a shoulder length black wig over my short hair and then pinned a large red satin sissy bow to the top. After clipping a

pair of very long earrings to my earlobes the girls pulled me to my feet. They took me back to the corridor and this time to another bedroom on the right.

“Take off your swim trunks and come back wearing what is on the bed and the floor. Be quick or we will come in after you and you can amuse us with your nakedness.”

I staggered in the bedroom as one of the girls closed the door behind me. I could hear them laughing as I took off my swim trunks. On the bed was a pair of bright red satin panties. There were four rows of ruffles along the back.

Slipping them on I marveled at how good they felt on my hair free girly skin. Next I pulled the light red chiffon top over my head. Despite the wine and the drug I began feeling almost ecstatic. Last I tried on both pairs of black leather stiletto heel pumps. The second pair fit me almost perfectly.

Except in my dreams I had never worn high heels before. As I walked to the door my head was clearing and it came as quite a surprise at how well I managed to walk in them. Opening the bedroom door I made my way slowly and carefully to the living room.

One of the girls gasped as I stood before them. Then they all began laughing. The girls had changed into nightgowns too. I wasn't sure what they planned to do next so I said nothing. I reasoned that this would all be over in a couple of hours. They all would have had a good laugh at my expense and that would be the end of it.

“We thought a pajama party would be much more fun, didn't we girls?” asked Shelly.

They all burst into laughter and began applauding as Shelly stepped forward.

“Okay girlie lets’ see how well you walk back and forth across the room. Remember now you are a lady, not a wise guy so be on your best feminine behavior. Put one hand on your hip and let your other arm hang at your side. Begin NOW please!”

Once again the room was filled with laughter. If there was a way for a man to be humiliated and/or degraded this was certainly it. I put my right hand on my hip and began walking towards the end of the room.

“Slower and swing your hips a little more sissy boy, you know, JUST LIKE A GIRL!”

I followed her instructions. I guess I surprised myself a little too at how easily it came to me to be able to walk “just like a girl”. At the end of the living room I turned around and walked back the other way. Every set of eyes in the room was on me as I tried my best to mince effeminately the way they had asked me to.

At the end of the dining room I turned, placed my other hand on my hip and let the other one dangle at my side.

“Lick your lips sissy so we can all see how nice you look with those bright red cherry lips of yours,” said Colleen.

I did so and began walking again. This time the girls had their camera’s out. I was about to protest being photographed like this but I decided against it. If I made any fuss at all there was no telling what else these women might have in mind for me.

When I turned at the end of the room Shelly screamed, "Stop!"

I stopped and waited for her next instruction.

"Strike a pose," she said grinning. "Turn one leg a bit to the side, you know, like those models do for the magazine ads!"

Posing "just like a girl" came rather easily for me. I was beginning to enjoy "being a girl" even if it was only for the night and the amusement of the women present.

The room filled with the flashes of the girl's cameras as I stood there. It did cross my mind as to what they planned to do with the pictures. I doubted if anyone who saw them would be able to recognize me even if they were uploaded to the internet. Unless of course they placed my name underneath in which case I would never hear the end of it.

"Enough pictures girls. Now let's have our sissy serve us some more wine and snacks. What do you say?"

All the girls applauded thunderously.

Colleen handed me a tray with a big grin on her face.

"Go into the kitchen girly boy and bring us two more bottles of wine. I will open them while you go back and fill the tray with snacks from the kitchen table. Remember to walk in a girlish and feminine manner. Otherwise we may have to punish you,"

Laughter filled the room as I turned and walked to the kitchen. I took two bottles of wine from the fridge and placed them on the tray. Briefly I glanced at my reflection in the small mirror over the kitchen sink. I was amazed at how really good I looked. Any-

one coming to the house now would only see a room full of girls in their nightgowns. There was no chance that they would even suspect one of them was a male.

Returning to the living room there were several wolf whistles as I set the tray down. Colleen and Shelly began opening the bottles while I minced back to the kitchen to fill another tray with some more snacks.

Upon my return I set the tray down on the long coffee table in front of the girls. Colleen handed me a full glass of wine.

“Sit next to me here,” she said with a grin, “and don’t forget to cross those beautiful legs of yours in the proper girlish fashion, she added”

I did as she asked and took another long drink of the wine. It tasted the same as before. My head was clear now and I didn’t think they had planned to drug me anymore.

I sat there placidly while the girls gossiped. When the conversation waned Colleen got up and turned to face her guests.

“I want to thank all of you for coming to my pajama party girls, especially Ashley our resident fashion expert who picked out Nikki’s outfit and shoes on such short notice. Everything seems to fit just perfectly don’t you agree girls?”

The room filled with laughter.

“Maybe next time we can have a real pool party and I will be able to find a little black satin puff sleeve French Maid’s dress and petticoats to go with those stiletto heel pumps so Nikki can serve us again!”

“That sounds like a great idea,” chimed in one of the girls, but wouldn’t it also be fun to get him into some nail polish and scent him with some very sweet perfume too?”

The room was filled with laughter. She had called me “Nikki” instead of my given name of Nicholas.

“Now Sissy Nikki please bring the trays and glasses into the kitchen,”

I did as I was told. In the kitchen Colleen handed me a pair of pink latex gloves and a matching pink ruffled apron.

“You wash and I’ll dry,” she said with a grin and then went back to the living room.

I slipped the pink apron over my head and tied it in the back. After slipping on the pink latex gloves I filled the sink with soapy water and began doing the dishes. I took my time being careful with each glass and the two plates that had held the snacks.

When Colleen returned she inspected each plate and glass before she dried it and put it away in the cupboard. After the last one I let the water out of the sink.

“Take off your apron and gloves sissy Nikki and come with me into the bedroom and I will help you take off your makeup.”

In the bedroom she motioned for me to sit at the vanity. She unpinned the red satin sissy bow from my wig and then took the wig off setting both items aside. Opening a jar of cold cream she smeared some of the sweet smelling stuff over my cheeks and lips, then removed it with a tissue. When I looked into the mirror I saw the reflection of a young man again.

“Okay, go back to the other bedroom and get dressed sissy Nikki,” she ordered with a grin.

I got up and returned to the first bedroom. I slipped out of the stiletto pumps then pulled the chiffon top off. After sliding my panties down I put on my male clothing and picked up my swim trunks.

The other girls had gotten dressed and left. Colleen was at the front door with a big grin on her face.

“Thanks so much Nicholas for your sense of humor and for making our evening so memorable. Perhaps we can all get together again some time.”

She opened the door and I left without saying anything. At home I checked myself in the mirror and splashed some after shave on my face to kill the sweet scent of the face cream.

As I lay awake that night I thought about the events that had just occurred. The girls thought that they had embarrassed, humiliated, and degraded me. In actuality I had felt quite comfortable in my role as a “guest female” I had no qualms about being asked to do it again though obviously I would have to make a good show of protesting it.

It still bothered me that they had taken pictures. I had no money so blackmail certainly couldn't have been a motive. Maybe they had some future plans for me en femme and this was their leverage to make sure I would be agreeable to it.

I finally fell asleep. Once again I dreamed en femme. This time I was back at the party wearing the French Maid costume the girls had described. I saw myself mincing coquettishly about serving the

women as their laughter filled the room and once again cleaning up after them.

Nothing was said when I came to work again. In fact over the next several months it was never mentioned. On occasion when I would walk out of the room or go past the break room there was a sudden outburst of giggles but other than that there was no mention of the pajama party.

I figured the best thing for me to do before I became trapped in this any further was to quit and go work someplace else. Jobs were hard to find but I continued to look.

Over the Christmas and New Year's break I got a seasonal job at Sonja's Department store. It was an upscale women's department store. I did their night cleanup, some stock and inventory work. I was surprised to find I was the only male working there.

Between the two jobs I was kept pretty busy. It seemed there was never much time for myself. Mom kept encouraging me as the cost of a good education was getting higher and higher. Even with student loans it was going to be a stretch.

To be honest I still wasn't sure what I was going to do yet. I was getting good grades, especially in computers and math. I had one semester left in my junior year and then my senior year before deciding on a career path.

Making matters worse of course was this conundrum I was in. A male body and deep rooted desires for femininity were in direct conflict with each other. How I was going to resolve that and support myself with a job in some field was still a question with no readily apparent answers.

Mom and I had a quiet Christmas. We went out of a Christmas dinner several days in advance of the holiday just as we had done for Thanksgiving. Our schedules were seldom compatible. We bought each other one gift.

After the holidays I was laid off from Sonja's Department store. It was a relief to have a little more time on my hands especially with school out.

Shelly had another meeting with the district manager. I had worked until seven that morning and wanted to get out of there before Tamara arrived. I didn't want another meeting with those two women who seemed to be without a sense of humor.

The next morning Shelly informed all of us that Tamara was pleased with our hard work and our gross was up in line with the corporate goals for the year that had just ended. Before I left Shelly took me aside.

She had a big smile on her face. I had a hunch I knew exactly what was coming.

"Colleen is hosting an after New Year's Eve New Year's Eve costume party at her house Saturday, the twelfth, which I believe is your night off. The party starts at eight but she wants you there at 7 to be fitted for the costume we have all picked out for you."

"Okay," was the only thing I could say.

Driving home I wondered just what they had in mind. When I pulled into the driveway I suddenly remembered the words Colleen had said about a French Maid costume. I had no doubt this was exactly what they were planning.

I now felt I had no choice but to concentrate on finding another job. The first time they had me cross

dressed was ok I guess. Maybe my jokes had been misinterpreted the wrong way and the women felt the need to get even.

This would be the second time and in my opinion they were going too far. This might even be bordering on sexual harassment. I wasn't sure if I had a case or not since I wouldn't know until after the party. If I did it would all be a matter of public record which I didn't want.

On the other hand I could spend the evening entirely en femme. It would give me a chance to really enjoy expressing my femininity as I acted girlishly and effeminate while serving the girls and cleaning up afterwards. They wouldn't be aware that I was enjoying the experience more than they were.

Despite all the pros and cons of this I was sort of trapped. Trapped by the girls who enjoyed feminizing me and my own deep rooted suppressed feelings of femininity which I was now able to happily express though under the guise of being "forced" to do this for my boss and co-workers.

Saturday morning when I got home from work I showered and shaved my entire body to ensure I would be totally hair free. After drying myself off I slathered hand lotion all over my freshly shaven body and went to bed.

When my head hit the pillow I was out like a light. I slept soundly until about three thirty. I got up and dressed. At six I ate a sandwich and drank a glass of milk. I didn't know what Colleen would have to eat but it would probably be just snacks and I wanted something more substantial in my stomach to soak up the alcohol in the wine that would be served.

I had little tolerance for alcohol as it was and I didn't want my intolerance for it to let the girls take advantage of me any more than they already had. I doubted if my drink would be spiked this time as they knew I would be coming there to cross dress willingly.

Promptly at seven I rang Colleen's doorbell. She answered right away with a big smile on her face.

"Hi Nikki, please come in and follow me," she said.

I followed her back to the small bedroom. I still wasn't sure what I would find on the bed but it was almost a given that my costume was going to be something very feminine in nature.

"I trust you shaved before coming," she said with a smirk.

"Yes I did," I answered truthfully.

"Good. Now take off your clothes, set them on the chair, then put on the stuff on the bed. Come into my bedroom when you're ready. I will make you up and get you into your costume."

She left and I began to undress. After putting my clothes on the chair and my shoes and socks underneath it I walked over to the bed to find a black bra, panty, and garter belt set along with a pair of fishnet stockings.

The black satin panties had bright pink leg and waist elastic as well as four rows of bright pink ruffles along the back I shivered with delight as I stepped into the panties and pulled them up to my waist. The black bra had a pink bow between the cups. Despite the back hooks I managed to get them closed. The black garter belt had a pink bow in the

middle and little pink bows above each garter. After putting it on I rolled down each fishnet stocking, slipped it over my foot, brought it up and secured it to the garter then smoothed the stockings over my legs with both hands.

Colleens' face brightened when I walked into the larger bedroom.

"Sit at the vanity please," she said with a grin.

I sat down and she placed two weighted breast forms in the bra cups, then she adjusted the straps.

"This will give you a very girlie "jiggle" when you walk," she said laughing.

Sitting patiently I watched with interest as Colleen made up my eyes with smoky grey eye shadow, eyeliner and then secured a pair of long, black false eyelashes. Next she spread red rouge across my cheeks. After outlining my lips with a pencil she filled them in with a thick layer of creamy fire engine red lipstick.

"Press your lips together. We are almost done," she said.

She clipped a pair of long fake diamond earrings to my earlobes and then placed a black wig on my head. At the top she secured a maids cap. A lacey choker and wristlets were next. As she reached for a bottle of perfume I felt I had to object.

"I don't think you should...."

Colleen laughed as she sprayed my wrists, neck and behind my ears with a generous amount of the very sweet smelling perfume.

"Don't be silly sissy maid Nikki, why on earth would you want to look so feminine without smelling delightfully feminine too!"

She laughed as she put the bottle back on the vanity table. She opened a package of bright red press on nails and proceeded to match them to my fingers. When she finished she was grinning again.

“Okay sissy maid Nikki, please come over to the closet and I will help you get dressed,”

She slid back the closet door and pulled out a hanger holding two short, white petticoats. Taking the petticoats off of the clamps she handed them to me. I stepped into them and brought them up to my waist. I stepped into the black five inch stiletto heel pumps and closed the ankle straps as she reached for the dress.

The black satin puff sleeve French Maid mini dress was next just as I had suspected. She unzipped the dress, took it off the hanger and held it up in front of me by the hem. I put my arms thru the puff sleeves and pulled it over my head. Colleen adjusted the hem of the dress around the petticoats, closed the back zipper and then stood back to look me over.

Her smile turned into a big grin.

“Oh my oh my Sissy maid Nikki! Are the girls ever going to love being served by you! Let’s go out to the living room and you can practice your feminine walk and learn how to curtsy.”

I turned and walked ahead of her to the living room. The five inch stiletto heels striking the floor as I walked made the skirt of the dress flared out by petticoats to bounce prompting a giggle from Colleen.

“Stand in front of me, grab the hem of your skirt and petticoat, lift it slightly and then placing one

foot behind the other squat down and come back up again.”

I followed her instructions to the letter.

“Very good sissy maid Nikki. Now do it several more times.”

When I had finished she grinned with pleasure at me.

“Walk around the room and stop in front of me, curtsy and walk around again until I tell you to stop.”

Once again I followed her instructions to a “t”. I wasn’t the least bit surprised at how well I was doing. I felt a great deal of pleasure in becoming an effeminate French Maid or more appropriately I guess and effeminate sissy French Maid. The satin lingerie felt so good on my smooth skin as did the black satin mini dress.

“Okay you’ve got it. Sit on the couch and I will get dressed.”

She watched as I walked over to the couch, turned, smoothed my dress, sat down, and crossed my legs.

“You have become so delightfully feminine!” she squealed as she walked to her bedroom.

While I waited for her to return I ran my hands over the satin dress and my fishnet stockings. It felt so good to be a girl, at least for a short while. If they ever found out that I was enjoying this more than they did I’m certain they would put an end to it.

Shortly Colleen returned wearing a cameo soldiers uniform and cameo mask.

“Come into the kitchen for a minute sissy maid Nikki and I will show you what I want you to serve our guests.”

I got up from the couch. After smoothing out my dress and petticoats in proper ladylike fashion I followed her into the kitchen.

On the kitchen table were several trays of snacks. From the freezer she took out two bottles of wine, opened them, replaced the covers, and then put them in the fridge next to a half dozen chilled wine glasses.

“The girls will be arriving soon. I want you to meet them at the door. When you open the door step aside, curtsy, and then bring them into the living room. When all the girls are here bring a tray with six wine glasses on it and give each guest one. Return to the kitchen, take the covers off of the wine bottles, place them on a tray and bring them to us. Pour each glass about half full. When we want more snacks and wine I will let you know. Then you can fill the trays and refill our glasses.”

“Do you understand what I want you to do?” she asked.

“Yes,” I answered.

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

“Be a good sissy maid and walk a little for me again please,” she asked.

I walked around the room as she stood watching me with her arms crossed. Stopping in front of her I curtsied again. She grinned broadly and I repeated the walk several times.

“Very good sissy maid Nikki, you are a quick study. Have a seat the girls should be here shortly.”

Walking over to one of the chairs I was feeling good about myself. I turned, smoothed my dress, and sat down, then crossed my legs. Colleen couldn't help herself as she giggled out loud.

"I just can't believe how totally feminine you are. I think you really should have been a girl."

Several minutes went by. I thought about her remark as I sat there in total ecstasy. Maybe Colleen was right, I should have been a girl. I loved the way the feminine apparel felt on my smooth skin as well as the excitement of mincing about in my high heel pumps.

This combined with the sweet scent of perfume that wafted about me signified that I was totally enveloped in femininity. I couldn't wait for the girls to arrive so I could continue what appeared to them to be a performance but to me was the pure joy of expressing my true feminine nature to everyone.

When the doorbell rang I got up immediately and smoothed my dress. I walked primly over to the door and answered it. One of the girls dressed as a sailor stepped in. I stood to one side and curtsied politely.

"Follow me please," I said in a soft voice.

The sailor followed me as I walked back to the living room. She said hi to Colleen and sat down next to her while I returned to the front door.

When all five girls had arrived and were seated in the living room I walked to the kitchen and brought back the snacks. On my return trip I held the tray in front of each girl so she could pick up a wine glass. The girls were all giggling as I came back and filled the wine glasses and then set the bottles down on the coffee table.

“Please show the girls that delightful curtsy one more time sissy maid Nikki,” said Colleen.

I performed my curtsy to perfection.

“Turn around so the girls can see the back of your uniform too,” asked Colleen.

When I did so she grabbed the hem of the dress and petticoat and pulled it up.

“Don’t you just love those panties with pink ruffles,” she cooed.

The room filled with laughter. After she let my skirts back down Colleen turned me around and grinned at me.

“Go into the kitchen and get yourself a glass from the fridge so you can join us sissy maid Nikki.”

I did so as the giggles exploded from all the girls in the room. When I returned Colleen poured some wine in my glass.

“Please have a seat between the soldier and sailor sissy maid Nikki. We want you to enjoy the movie too.”

Colleen put a DVD in the player and picked up the remote.

Over the next forty minutes or so we all watched an adult film called “Strongman to Sissy.” It detailed how an abusive boyfriend was feminized, sissified, and turned into his girlfriends’ sissy secretary at work and her personal maid at home.

There were plenty of giggles to go around as I replenished the snack trays and refilled the wine glasses. The second movie was in a similar vane. It was called “Victor’s Transformation.” It was the story of an unruly boy who is put thru petticoat

punishment by his stern stepmother. Then she and her two daughters feminized him. They put him thru beauty school then put him to work in the stepmother's beauty salon as well as had him provide maid service for the three of them at home.

As you might expect neither one was any great shakes as a movie but I had to admit the two actors who played the feminized male really did look like women when their transformation was completed.

Just before midnight the girls all took pictures of me with a tray or holding up my skirts to show off my panties and then the party broke up. I helped Colleen with the dishes. In the bedroom she removed my wig, nails and makeup. I unbuckled my ankle straps and stepped out of the shoes. She unzipped my dress and pulled it over my head. After sliding the petticoats down I handed them to her and returned to the other bedroom. I took off my lingerie and put the items on the bed. I dressed and walked back to the living room.

I was glad the evening of fun for the girls was over but I was a little sad too. I almost felt as if I was leaving the real me behind and an imposter was going home. It would be honest to say that I felt trapped between two worlds and was at a loss to find a way to be happy in one or the other.

"Thank you for making my costume party a real memorable evening sissy maid Nikki," she said with a grin.

"Yeh, it was fun for me too," I said without smiling.

At home I doused myself with aftershave lotion to kill the sweet scent of the perfume. After being such a pretty and convincing sissy maid it was hard to

look at the reflection of the young boy in the mirror over the bathroom sink. It seems such a same to get all dressed and made up only, like Cinderella at the stroke of midnight, to have to take it all off.

I went to bed and the wine helped me get to sleep fast. The dream returned only this time I was living with the faceless apparition. She had just come in the door of our home. I curtsied politely as she set her briefcase on the table near the door. She turned to face me and grabbed the hem of my petticoat and mini dress.

Yanking up the hems she glanced at my pretty panties and then released them. She walked into her bedroom while I went behind the bar to pour her a glass of wine. I closed my eyes briefly as I poured enjoying the berry scent of the wine as well as the sweet sissy scent of my own perfume.

When I opened my eyes again I was lying in my own bed. There was no bar or glass of wine. I got up and shut off my alarm clock. It was Sunday and I wouldn't have to go into work again until Monday night.

I went out to the front steps and retrieved the Sunday paper. I knew now I was going to have to find another place to work as there was no telling where this was going to lead.

As much as I had begun to enjoy my own femininity thru these costume charades I knew I had to find another answer to my conundrum other than occasional role playing.

In a sense I was trapped by my own love of femininity. I wanted desperately out of this situation but I wasn't sure how to do it. I would scan the want ads and local web sites for other employment be-

cause the solution would not be to continue to work for these women and be the source of their amusement whenever they felt the need to use me.

I read quickly thru the news and sports pages before tackling the want-ads. There was a small ad under “general employment” for night janitor, apply in person M-F, 9-5 at Sonja’s department store.

I had worked before there over the holidays and I was sure that would give me the inside track to getting the job. I was at the front door before nine the next morning. There were no other shoppers there when a woman unlocked the sliding glass doors.

“I want to apply for the night janitor job,” I said to her.

“Go all the way to the back of the store, up the stairs thru the formal apparel department,” she replied.

As I walked down the main aisle I couldn’t help but notice the lingerie department on my left and the shoe department on my right. The woman behind the cosmetic counter smiled at me while she sprayed some perfume on her wrists. I wanted very much to spray some on myself too.

At the back of the store there was an expansive beauty salon next to the wig shop on my right. I climbed the stairs on my left and walked thru the formal apparel department. It was hard not to think of trying on all those beautiful prom dresses as I made my way to the offices in the back.

The receptionist looked up at me and smiled as I approached.

“Can I help you?” she asked.

“Yes, I want to apply for the night janitor job.”

She handed me a brief form on a clipboard.

“This is a screening application. If they call you will have to fill out a more detailed one.”

“Thank you, I understand.”

I filled out the short application quickly and handed the clipboard back to her.

Walking back to the stairs I noticed two sales clerks watching me. At the top of the stairs I heard them giggling. The same thing happened when I passed the lingerie department on my way out.

I wondered what the women found so amusing. I glanced at my reflection in the glass door as I left the store and couldn't see anything unusual that would cause this reaction.

That night when I told Shelly that I was tired of the gas & go place and I would be looking for another job she nodded her head.

“I understand Nicholas. You will always have a good reference from here. Just be sure you give us ample notice. Good luck.”

She had kind of a smirk on her face when she said it.

“Thanks, I will,” I said.

I wondered about that smirk as I got started on the nights' work. By reference I hoped she would remember it would be a WORK reference not one for a sissy French Maid. With a woman boss you never know if they are going to help you or possibly screw you.

At the end of the week I got a voicemail message on my cell phone from Sonja's to come in for a brief

interview. When I called back I was told I would have a brief interview at nine thirty am the next day.

I arrived at the back offices at nine fifteen and was told to by the receptionist to have a seat.

Shortly a short, stocky bald man came out of the inner office and left. The woman behind him came up to me and extended her hand.

“I am Hannah Jorgenson the store manager,” she said in a drill sergeant voice.

“I am Nicholas Brady,” said taking her hand as I stood up.

She gave me a firm, manly handshake.

“Please come back to my office,” she said in her authoritative voice.

It had sounded more like a command than a request. I followed her thru the door and down a long hallway. Inside her plush manager’s office she motioned me to have a seat in front of a large and quite beautiful wooden desk. She sat down opposite me in a large, leather executive chair.

“The night job is mostly cleaning but you may have to do some unboxing, pricing, and security tagging of stock. The man you are placing was unfortunately killed in a car accident while he was on his two week vacation. We had been using temps for vacation replacements but they have proven for the most part to be quite unreliable.”

“I see you have been working nights at a gas and go place while you are attending high school?”

“Yes I have. I guess I am just tired of the work there and would like to work someplace else. I am not sure would I am going to do after graduation and this job would give me the opportunity to work

full time nights. While I am still living at home I would be able to save money for school too.”

“The work here will have some similarities but we can offer you a higher rate of pay. You are now making nine dollars an hour on the night shift correct?”

“Yes.”

“Well we can start you at ten. Can you give adequate notice so you can start in about nine days which would have been the time our former employee got back from his vacation?”

“Yes, that would not be a problem at all,” I replied.

“Do you feel you can handle working forty hours a week in addition to your school and athletic events?”

“This is my last semester so I have a light credit load. I am sure I can handle it.”

“Good. You’re hired. You will get a follow up letter indicating your start time and hourly rate. Here is the name of a clinic near here. You must take a pre-employment physical. Call them for an appointment. Your first week each night one of the department heads will supervise your work. From then you will be entirely on your own. We close at ten so I want you to use the back door near the loading entrance. Push the buzzer around ten thirty-ten forty five. Some one will let you in but don’t punch in until eleven. Most of the time all employees will have left the store by then and you can get started. You will have two fifteen minute breaks, and a half hour lunch, none of which is paid. Therefore, eleven to eight minus one hour of breaks equals an eight hour shift. Do you have any questions?”

I shook my head no.

“Good, Welcome aboard.”

She stood up to shake my hand. I followed suit and then left the building.

At home I looked at the card she had given me. The Olson clinic wasn't far from the mall. I stuck the card in my wallet.

That night at work I handed Shelly my notice. She didn't say anything and neither did any of the other employees. I thought there might be some remark about losing a good employee but then I thought they might consider my leaving as more losing a good sissy maid.

When I got home that morning I found mom unconscious on the kitchen floor. I called an ambulance. At the ER the doctors said they could do nothing as she had apparently had a massive heart attack. I called a local funeral home and went back to an empty house.

I probably got only a couple of hours sleep a night that week. After the funeral I had several days between leaving the gas & go place and starting at Sonja's so I managed to clear up most of the legal details. There was very little insurance money but the funeral and all her bills were paid for.

I made an appointment at the clinic. Upon my arrival I filled out the medical questionnaire and was ushered in an exam room. After taking my pulse, blood sample, and blood pressure the nurse told me to undress and lay down on the exam table as Dr. Olson would be in shortly.

Dr. Olson was a cheery stout woman. She gave me a quick cursory exam and then a shot in the

rump from a very large needle. She glanced over the information on the clipboard and looked at me.

“All Sonja’s employee must adhere to a strict health regime,” she began. “I can see you have a very athletic body and are in excellent health. Here is a prescription for some extra strength vitamins that all employees must take. I see you don’t smoke, drink very much, or have ever used drugs, correct?”

“Yes.”

“Excellent. I want you to continue to do so. It would be beneficial if you lost another ten pounds. Here is a prescription for some specialized extra strength vitamin tablets. Take one a day with a meal. The Pharmacy is just down the hall. Sonja’s pays for it. Have a nice day Nicholas.”

“Thank you I will,” I said as she walked quickly from the room.

I got dressed, walked out of the exam room, and past the counter. As I did so I could hear some giggling from behind a partially open door. Her remark about losing ten pounds seemed odd but it was doable.

At the pharmacy a woman filled my prescription and handed it to me with a grin.

That night after supper I took one of the large pink pills from the bottle and swallowed it with a glass of water. There were no markings on the pill or the bottle except “1000mg.”

It would be several days before I started at Sonja’s. I got caught up on my sleep and settled in to the routine of school and the swim team. I was still keeping myself hair free and had come to enjoy the feeling despite the male clothing on the outside.

I was glad to leave the gas & go place. I wondered what the girls were going to do at their next party now that the “resident sissy maid” was no longer working there. If they did ask me to serve again could I refuse?, or would those pictures come back to haunt me? They were the only ones who knew the pretty maid in the picture was me so it probably wasn't likely.

My first night I reported for work on time. One of the department heads buzzed me in and showed me around the back unloading area as well as the location of the cleaning materials. She handed me a booklet detailing the jobs that were to be done each night and some that were done on a weekly basis. Everything was pretty straight forward. Promptly at eleven I punched in.

I started in the back cleaning the break and restrooms followed by the loading area. Then I cleaned the upstairs offices and brought the garbage back to the loading area where I combined that garbage with the garbage from the floor and the salons. I took it all out to the dumpster followed by the recycling stuff.

After my first break I cleaned the glass doors at the front of the store, both inside and out. Then I cleaned the display windows on either side of the large sliding doors both inside and out. Next were the mirrors in the changing rooms and on the cosmetic counters, as well as the ones in the beauty and wig salon.

Following my lunch break I used two large mops and two buckets, one hot soapy one and the other a hot rinse to clean the floors of the main store. For a minute I saw myself trying to do all of this while wearing a French Maid mini dress and five inch sti-

letto heels. It most certainly would have been quite a chore.

Following my second break I unboxed some merchandise and applied the security and price tags. When I was finished it was nearly time to punch out. One of the office personnel had already arrived. At seven thirty my supervisor and I did a walk thru of the entire store.

“Looks good,” was all she said.

I punched out at eight am and went home.

The hot shower felt good. After a light breakfast I had no trouble falling asleep. I didn't dream nor did I see the apparition.

Graduation was getting close and I was happy about being done with school. The fact that I hadn't made any plans beyond that was of more concern to my counselor than it was to me.

Since mom's death I hadn't socialized much and missed the senior prom. The only girl I had sex with had declined to date me after the junior prom. I asked her why and she looked right at me and told the absolute truth, a rare thing in this day and age.

“You are a nice guy and everything but, well I mean sleeping with you is like sleeping with a girl who has a penis. I just don't like “femmy” guys,” she said.

I let it go at that. Okay so I wasn't a hairy macho bull type of a guy. Bite me I thought to myself. There are plenty of other women out there.

I passed my final exams but skipped the graduation ceremony. No one was going to be there for me anyway so what would be the point. The school would mail me my diploma.

After my first two weeks of supervised night work I Hannah notified me I would now be on my own for the balance of my probationary period. She asked if I was taking the vitamins and I said yes. My tests had come back clear of any drugs so I had cleared that hurdle but the thirty day follow up with Dr. Olson for another shot from that huge needle confused me.

“Its’ standard procedure for all new employees Nicholas, now have you had any trouble with that?”

She pointed at the pink heart shaped birthmark just under my right jaw line.

“No, it’s just a birthmark,” I answered.

“Sometimes it may be something else, just checking. That’s all for now.”

She left the room. I got dressed and walked outside.

When I got back in the car I looked at the birthmark in the rear view mirror. None of the kids at school had asked about it and I had ignored it since I was a little kid. I guess the doctor just wanted to be thorough.

By June first I was pretty much settled into a routine. I now had lots of time on my hands so I disposed of the rest of mom’s stuff and sold her car. I used the money to pay off my car and all of my other bills. I felt pretty good about being debt free and making four hundred a week even if it was a janitors’ job.

School was over but I kept working out on the treadmill and spent time riding the stationary bike though with the warm weather now here I was walk-

ing or jogging outside most of the time. I had never used weights to any degree.

One night before my shower I noticed I had some re growth of body hair. I hadn't shaved myself since our swim team finished a disappointing third in the state. With school over and since I was no longer working at the gas & go place where I might be called upon to provide maid service I really didn't think I needed to keep myself smooth anymore.

Then I remembered how good the lingerie felt against my smooth skin. I thought about buying some of the exquisite lingerie at the store and wearing it at home. I wasn't sure how I would do that but after soaping myself up I decided to shave my body anyway and keep my self hair free.

Another month passed. I concentrated on working hard and keeping the store spotless. During my breaks I imagined myself sitting in the beauty shop getting a manicure and a pedicure while I sat under one of the dryers with my hair in curlers.

Other times I saw myself in some of the gorgeous lingerie that was on display as I cleaned the main floor. It was getting harder and harder to ignore these feelings of femininity. The proms were over and the dresses had been replaced with a selection of bridal and bridesmaids' gowns. As I vacuumed between the racks of dresses I would feel the soft fabrics with my other hand.

After breakfast I showered and went to bed. I dreamed I was in a white satin sheath, white veil, and white stiletto heel pumps on the arm of the apparition who was wearing a black tuxedo, white shirt, a black bow tie, and a red cummerbund. The apparition still had no face.

When these dreams occurred I was always cross dressed to the nines. Made up and wafting the scent of sissy sweet perfume. The apparition always appeared to be female but was dressed like a man and had always taken charge of me.



Was I a lesbian? I thought to myself. Should I be a submissive sissy to a dominant woman? I knew I was heterosexual but this vacillating between submissively feminine in my dreams and living by day as a male was getting to me. I wasn't sure just how long I could continue this way.

The internet had lots of informational websites about the D/S relationship as well as many on the art of cross dressing intermingled of course with a zillion porn websites that were of no value to me whatsoever. I guess I could only carry on with my life as it was hoping to eventually find a solution to my conundrum. When that would be was anybody's guess.

The month of August brought quite a heat wave. Driving home from work I would see roofing and asphalt crews starting their day jobs. Those were jobs for the young and strong that was for sure. It was nice to work in an air conditioned building. Whatever an indoor job lacked in pay or benefits years of heat and asphalt fumes would not be doing anybody a whole lot of good.

It came as quite a surprise to meet Ashley McBride one morning as she came in the employee entrance. She had finished her fashion merchandising degree program. She quit the gas & go place to come to work for Hannah here at Sonja's.

The minute she saw me her face brightened. I wondered if she was going to say anything to the other employees about my short stint as a French Maid. I had hoped to leave all of that behind by coming here but knowing women I was a bit concerned that maybe I would be asked to serve again.

In the shower that morning after work I shaved myself again. There seemed to be less hair out-growth and my skin had begun to take on a softer feel. My legs had a bit of a shiny look to them and my face appeared to have an almost feminine glow to it.

I wondered if those shots or pills had anything to do with the slight change in my appearance. I made a mental note to ask Dr. Olson about it when I had the required final check after my probationary period was up. As the company physician I was sure she would know, after all she was a doctor.

Until then my more feminine appearance would be something I would just have to ignore, though to be honest I was certain if I was ever asked to cross dress again I would be able to present a far better image of a very feminine woman than I had before.

Sunday night I found a note on my time card. It was a week before Labor Day Weekend so I thought there might be a change in my schedule.

Normally I would work five nights and then a part time employee would work the other two. Every other week the part timer would work three days so that we would have some weekends and some middle of the week nights off.

The offices were never cleaned on Saturday and Sunday night since no one was there during the day. There was less to do on those nights so we usually unboxed and tagged merchandise in the loading area. Occasionally we hung sale banners from the ceiling or placed display boards in the windows and on the counters thru out the store.

I took the note off my time card. I guess I should not have been surprised at what it said, especially

since Ashley was working here now. I had been right. The very thing I thought I could get away from by coming here had followed me.

The note was a request from Ashley to remain at the store after punching out in the morning. She had a special request from Hannah. As a probationary employee or a regular employee for that matter I seriously doubted whether or not this “request” was one that I could refuse.

Ashley came in just after eight am. She smiled as she walked up to me.

“Please come with me to my office,” she asked.

I followed her upstairs thru the formal apparel section to the offices at the back.

“Have a seat. I’ll just be a minute.”

I sat in one of the chairs at the front of her desk. After hanging up her coat she sat down in front of me and booted up her computer. She signed on and then turned to face me.

“Hannah has been promoted to CEO of all nine Midwest Sonja stores. She is going to stay here until January when she will leave for our corporate headquarters in Iowa. In addition she is meeting with the other eight managers in her condo this Saturday at one pm. She needs someone to serve coffee and cake following the approximate one hour meeting. I knew you would do a good job for her.”

Then she added with a grin. “It would be good for you to do this for Hannah.”

I knew I was trapped again so I simply nodded and said “OK”.

“That’s terrific. I will let Hannah know you that you can help us out Nikki, I mean Nicholas,” she

corrected herself with a giggle. “Please be there about eleven. Here is the address. I will be there to help you get, shall we say, “properly dressed? Oh and don’t forget to shave!”

She handed me a slip of paper as I got up. I left her office and walked thru the formal apparel department hearing giggles behind me near Ashley’s office.

At home I printed out a map of the address. I saw that Hannah lived in an upscale condo unit just northwest of the mall. I showered leisurely and shaved myself once again. After a light breakfast I went to bed and lay awake for awhile.

I was genuinely afraid of what repercussions my refusal might have had. The best thing for me to do right now was to go thru with it once more and hope that this might be the end of it. But then I had those thoughts once before. It was an hour before I finally drifted off to sleep. I did not dream nor see any apparitions

The rest of the week went painfully slow. I had some apprehensions about Saturday afternoons return to being a sissy serving maid. I guess there was nothing for me to really worry about since I was now committed. I wasn’t sure exactly what Ashley might have told Hannah about me either.

Saturday morning I showered and shaved myself all over. Not only was my skin softer and more feminine but there seemed to be a slight fleshy increase in my nipple area. I could almost swear I was growing breasts. It would be another month before I would see Dr. Olson so I decided not to worry about

it. I would have to focus my attention on today's serving job.

I arrived at Hannah's condo complex a little before eleven on Saturday. I parked my car in front of her building. Sitting there for a few minutes to let my pulse slow down I thought about what I had agreed to do. In a sense I hated being taken advantage of yet by the same token the thought of spending a few hours enveloped in femininity wasn't entirely lost on me either.

Ashley answered the bell and let me inside.

"Right this way Nicholas, I mean Nikki," she giggled.

The condo was nicely decorated as befitting the manager of an exclusive women's department store. Sonja's was a small chain but their clientele was strictly what you would call "upscale." Their prices were beyond the reach of the average woman but the profit margins were the envy of other retailers and needless to say the salary scale for managers and assistant managers were also the envy of women who worked for other stores.

We walked down a hallway and stopped at the entrance to a bedroom.

"You can change in there. Come out when you are ready. I will assist you with your makeup and uniform."

She left and I walked over to the bed. The lingerie was purple except for the stockings which were black. I undressed, put my clothes on the bed, then placed my sneakers and socks next to the purple five inch stiletto heel pumps on the floor.

The purple satin panties had black leg and waist elastic with four rows of black ruffles along the back. They felt good against my hair free and now somewhat feminine skin. The purple bra with weighted inserts in the cups was next followed by a purple garter belt with small black bows at the tip of each garter and one at the center of the waistband.

Placing my hands inside each stocking I gathered it, slipped it over my foot, brought it up and fastened it to the garter. After smoothing the stockings I stepped into the pumps. They couldn't have fit better if they had been custom made for me.

I walked over to the full length mirror next to the closet and placed one hand on my hip. I wiggled girlishly for a minute then began walking around the room. I hadn't worn heels since I was a serving sissy maid at the girls' party but I found myself walking with confidence as I went around the room.

Outside the bedroom I stopped in front of Ashley waiting for me in the hall. She beamed at me.

"Wow, look at you," she cooed.

"Let's go back inside. Sit at the vanity and I will do your makeup."

I walked ahead of her to the vanity at the other side of the bedroom. I pulled out the chair and sat down. In the mirror in front of me I saw the reflection of a male in lingerie but with a girl's face. I knew it won't take much makeup to turn me into a very pretty sissy serving maid.

"First I want to touch up your eyebrows a bit," she said as she picked up a tweezers from the vanity table.

When she finished plucking a few stray hairs she put the tweezers back and picked up a scissor like device.

“Hold still please,” she said and proceeded to squeeze each eyelash twice with the curler.

“There. That’s perfect,” she said smiling.

I sat patiently as she applied purple eye shadow, black eyeliner and finally black mascara. A drop of liquid pink rouge was smoothed into each cheek followed by a thick layer of glossy purple lipstick.

“Press your lips together please,” she asked.

I did so as she placed a black wig on my head. After pinning a large purple satin sissy bow to the top she clipped a pair of long earrings on my earlobes. Last she matched a set of purple press on nails to each finger.

Looking in the vanity mirror while she fixed my nails I was not surprised to see a very pretty girl looking back at me. There was no possibility that anyone would recognize me or even begin to think that I was anything but a real female.

She sprayed me generously along the neckline, behind each ear, and on my wrists with some very sweet lilac scented perfume. I wanted to object but it was too late now.

“Now for your uniform, Hannah loves purple. It’s the color of royalty you know,” she giggled with glee.

We walked over to the closet and she opened the sliding doors. From a hangar she removed two short black petticoats and handed them to me. I stepped into them and brought them up to my waist. She unzipped a bright purple puff sleeve taffeta mini dress and held it up by the hem. I slipped my arms

in the puff sleeves and she pulled it over my head. After adjusting the hem around the petticoats she zipped me up and closed the hook at the top. She stood back with a big grin on her face.

“You are all set sissy maid Nikki. Now let’s see you walk around a little. Hannah and the girls should be here in about forty minutes.”

This mini dress had a skirt much shorter than the one I had worn at the girls’ party. The jarring effect of the five inch stiletto heels made the very short skirt bounce even more. For the first time in my life I felt vulnerable as I walked about the condo.

I practiced curtsying, sitting down and getting up again. The very short skirt rode up quite a bit when I sat down and when I got up I struggled to pull down the edge of the skirt and petticoat to try to cover the garter tops much to Ashley’s amusement.

“Enough Nikki, you are doing a good job being a sissy maid. Relax and be your usual sissy self. Follow me into the kitchen and I will show you what you will be serving when the girls are finished with their meeting.”

I got up, struggled with the short skirt again, and followed her into the kitchen. She took out two water pitchers from the refrigerator and handed one to me.

“Fill the glasses on the table and put them on the tray,” she said

After the glasses were filled we put one glass in front of each of the nine chairs at the dining room table. The two pitchers were refilled and were placed on the table about halfway from each end.

“After the business meeting is finished the women will adjourn to the living room for a glass of wine. When they do we will bring in the chilled wine glasses on a tray and then come back for the two wine bottles. After filling their glasses we will come back here to wait.”

“While they chat we will take the water pitchers and glasses from the table. Next we will put one cup, one saucer, one small plate and one fork at each place setting. In the center of the table, equidistant from each end will be the two trays of cake, each one is half chocolate, half spice. When they are ready for cake and coffee or tea Hannah will let us know. We will fill their cups as they help themselves to their choice of cake and then come back to the kitchen. Do you have any questions Nikki?”

“No, I think I understand everything,” I answered.

“Remember now to act your feminine best while you are in front of the ladies, just like you did before at the girls’ party. Smile when you curtsy, walk in a mincing, coquettish fashion and always act in a limp wristed and effeminate manner. Hannah is depending on you and you don’t want to disappoint her do you?” she said with an almost malicious grin.

“No, I certainly don’t,” I replied.

The noise of the front door opening sent us both to the kitchen. Hannah came in trailed by the eight other female managers. They took their seats at the table and the meeting began. We were not totally out of earshot. The conversation centered around Hannah’s plans for the chain, budgets for the coming biennium, and upcoming plans for the new computer system.

At meetings end the women adjourned to the living room. Ashley and I walked in with the wine glasses on trays. As each woman took a glass from my tray I saw she was looking me over very carefully as were the other women. Ashley and I returned with the wine bottles, filled their glasses, then returned to the kitchen. So far so good I thought to myself.

From the kitchen we could not hear their conversation. About forty five minutes later the living room was filled with laughter. Shortly Hannah came into the kitchen to ask us to bring in the tea and coffee.

Once again I helped Ashley fill the cups of Hannah's guests as they eyed me closely. None of them seemed to be interested in looking at Ashley at all. Did they know I was the only man in the room? We returned once more to refill their cups before the meeting adjourned.

When all of guests were gone Hannah came in the kitchen.

"Thank you so much for helping me out girls," she gushed. I have some unfinished business back at the store. After you clean up and do the dishes please lock up before you leave."

She turned around and left us. Ashley handed me a pair of pink latex gloves.

"You wash and I'll dry she said," grinning once again.

When we finished I went back to the bedroom and took my place at the vanity. Ashley unclipped the sissy bow, removed my wig and earrings. Even without them I still saw a pretty girl in the mirror. She worked quickly using some very sweet smelling

cold cream to remove my makeup. My press on nails was the last thing.

Walking over to the closet I was kind of sad to have to go back to being Nicholas. Nikki was much more fun. Ashley unzipped me and pulled the mini dress over my head. I slid the black petticoats down and handed them to her before going into the bedroom across the hall to take off my heels and lingerie.

I took a sample bottle of after shave lotion I had purchased at a box store from my pants pocket and doused myself liberally with it. After getting dressed in my male clothing I just didn't feel the same. Wearing a very masculine scented after shave lotion to cover up the sissy sweet scent of perfume didn't make me feel any more manly.

Ashley was waiting for me at the front door. She flipped the lock and we walked out. She tried the handle to be sure it was locked and then we left the building. At my car she turned to be with that big grin on her face again.

"Thank you so much again Nikki. We are both grateful for your help,"

"You're welcome," I replied.

Back home I looked at myself in the mirror. She had called me by my sissy maid name "Nikki". The reflection in the vanity mirror and this one over the bathroom sink told me only one thing. I did make a better girl than a boy but just what was I going to do about it? I was much happier en femme. I felt so much more relaxed and comfortable in lingerie, makeup, dresses and heels. It seemed it was the natural way for me to be. Something had to give.

I was sound asleep when the apparition appeared again. I was wearing the same purple outfit I had worn at Hannah's. I was in a pink bedroom. The apparition tossed a pink satin pillow on the floor in front of me. She walked closer to me.

"Kneel sissy maid Nikki," she said softly.

When I did she stopped and stood over me. She opened the white robe she was wearing and let it fall to the floor. Between her legs was a large, erect penis. She locked her fingers behind my head and brought my mouth closer to the engorged penis.

"Suck me now sissy maid Nikki," she said in a loud voice.

I did nothing. I wasn't a queer. I wanted no part of this but I was powerless to move. It seemed as if I were being held in place by an unknown force.

She unclasped her hands from behind my head and placed one on my forehead and the other on the bottom of my chin. Forcing my mouth open she pushed the penis inside of me.

It was hot but had no taste. Her hands returned to the back of my head as she moved the penis back and forth. I began to suck as she moved. This was unnatural. My mind was racing as I continued to suck the organ in my mouth. I didn't want to do this but I seemed unable to stop. The penis suddenly shook and a hot fluid filled my mouth. I sat back and she pulled the organ out of me.

For the first time I saw the apparition's face. It was a very pretty woman's face and she was grinning. She was a woman with a penis. Maybe this apparition was actually me. Was I too a woman with a penis?

I woke up to find myself soaked with sweat. I went into the bathroom and washed myself off. When I returned to bed I couldn't get back to sleep. I finally did doze off but the dream didn't return. I woke up feeling more tired than when I had gone to bed.

The dream had been frightening. I had performed oral sex on the male organ attached to a woman's body. I didn't want to but in my dream I had been somehow powerless to stop myself. The apparition had some kind of control over me.

I now had two concerns. I was trapped by the women I had worked for in a feminine role whenever it suited them. I was trapped by the apparition in my recurring dreams that had now become sexual. The women and the apparition both had control over me. What was I going to do now?

The yellow pages were filled with therapists. I thought long and hard about talking to one of them. Getting to understand myself was one thing, determining the source of my dreams another, and finally of course finding a way of extricating myself from the clutches of these women who enjoyed feminizing me for their use whenever they felt like it.

Another week passed. No one at work said anything to me. My dream had not recurred either. I decided to see a transgender therapist. On my next day off I had a 4pm appointment with a Dr. Christine Malone. Her office was in the same medical complex as Dr. Olson. Whether or not she could help me would remain to be seen but I felt I was at a crossroads so with nothing to lose I was willing to take a chance.

Dr. Malone was a tiny brunette. Her voice was soft and melodic. In our first hour we covered my dreams and my cross dressing. She asked intelligent questions and I responded as best I could. The first consultation was mostly informational and she wanted to explore things further so I made another appointment to see her again in a month.

My life continued its' usual course. Neither Ashley nor Hannah had said anything to me when I saw them at work. The apparition had not appeared again. I still had pangs of desire when I worked amidst the feminine apparel that surrounded me. I wished I could have the night off and spend it here trying on lingerie, dresses and heels. I knew that was never going to happen.

By October most of the bridal and bridesmaid dresses were gone as spring and summer produced the bulk of their sales. The formal apparel section now contained quite a selection of cocktail dresses. In addition the last shipment of shoes I had unboxed and tagged were sky scraper heels. I wanted in the worst way to try on a pair but I didn't.

Hannah gave me a raise when my probationary period was up and praised my hard work. Following my last visit with Dr. Olson I would be getting my health insurance card in the mail. I thanked her and went home.

Dr. Olson checked me over briefly. She was pleased at my losing the ten pounds she had suggested. She gave me another shot. When I asked about the slight increase of flesh around my nipples she seemed to be unconcerned. After signing my chart she left the room. I got dressed and went home.

After my shower the next morning I stood in front of the mirror. I placed my hands under each nipple and pushed up. There definitely seemed to be more flesh there. My skin was much softer now and you could definitely see a difference in my face. I had become rather pretty if I do say so myself.

I continued to dispose of some more things from my mother's death. I wanted to move to a smaller place when my lease was up. There were only a few pieces of furniture left and my closet was pretty bare. I didn't feel the need for a lot of "stuff".

I saw Dr. Malone again. We talked further about my fatherless childhood as well as how my recurring dreams and my suppressed love of feminine apparel could possibly be linked. When I left her office and got in my car I remembered that I hadn't mentioned the changes in my body that I was experiencing. I guess that would have to wait until my next appointment in two months after the holidays were over.

Just before the Thanksgiving holidays I found a note on my timecard from Ashley. What now I thought to myself as I removed it and punched in. Was I going to continue to be a feminized plaything for these controlling women to use at their leisure?

As much as I resented being trapped between two worlds I had to admit that the happiest I had ever felt was when I was cross dressed, made up, and mincing effeminately among the women as I served them.

In this instance the pain of my entrapment was outweighed by the girlish pleasure I felt in make up and wearing lingerie, a dress and high heel pumps. I

wondered if there was ever going to be a way that I could escape this conundrum.

Would I ever be able to live a life of feminine pleasure without feeling like I was trapped between two worlds, never really being able to permanently fit in either one? Was I ever going to find a resolution to this so I could be happy as one person living one life, not one person trying to live two lives?

I punched out and walked to Ashley's office. Her door was partially open and her back was turned to me so I knocked politely first. She turned around and her face brightened when she saw me.

"Please come in and sit down Nicholas," she said exhibiting that same grin.

I took a seat across from her. I almost knew what was coming but I said nothing. This was no time to get on the bad side of either Ashley or Hannah. I would have to keep my cool and just play it as it comes since the word "no" probably wasn't in these two women's dictionaries, at least when it came to asking me for something.

"Hannah has invited some of our regular customers to a private showing of our new spring line. This will be held in the store on Sunday, December 29th, at 7pm. As you know we close at six on Sundays so be sure you are here about five thirty to help set up the folding chairs."

"I want you to be wearing only an athletic support, sweat togs, and sneakers. You can help set up the chairs along the main aisle. When that is done I will help you get ready and be with you thru out the evening. Oh, and I almost forgot, you will be working with two other models," she added with a big smile. "They are both looking forward to meeting you!"

I nodded and left her office. She hadn't really ASKED me to do this it was more along the lines of being TOLD to be here. I didn't ask why I should be wearing sweat togs either. It was too late to be asking any questions. I figured the best thing to do from now on was just do what I was told and keep my mouth shut.

I ate an early Thanksgiving dinner at a restaurant. I had gotten rid of my kitchen stuff and ate out most of the time. The holidays had no real meaning for me anymore. I had no problem with that. Some people are just better off being alone, especially someone with a problem like mine. I guess you could say I preferred to suffer in silence.

Judging by the amount of garbage and recycling I took out and the amount of stock I helped bring in the store had an excellent holiday season. For a long time the holidays had become an unhappy time for me as I had become all "HO-HOED" out long before the season started..

It was just a little too much "cheer" and blatant advertised beginning before Thanksgiving and ending on December 26. To say it was over commercialized was an understatement to me. It had simply become just another season to me, something to be endured and nothing more.

At quarter after five on December 29th I walked up to Ashley's office. She was on the phone so I waited a few minutes for her to finish. After she hung up she looked up at me with that same grin.

"Good you are here early, come with me please."

I followed her downstairs to the main floor. There were only a few shoppers lingering in the store as we

got to the front where there was stack of folding chairs.

“Set them up about three feet apart starting about ten feet from the front door. The chairs on the opposite aisle should be across from a space not a chair. There will be ten on each side. Come back to the beauty parlor when you are done.”

She turned and walked away. I began setting up the chairs as several of the late shoppers walked past me. I finished at five forty five as one of the clerks closed one side of the front sliding glass doors and half of the lights went out. I walked back to the beauty parlor as two more shoppers headed for the front door.

The beauty shop manager smiled at me as I walked in. Ashley came up to me from the back of the salon.

“Come with me,” she said.

I followed her to the back where there were two beauticians sitting in the chairs.

“Go in the restroom and take off your sneakers and sweats then come back out here,” she ordered.

She had been talking to me in more of a firmer tone of voice. It was more like she was ordering me around instead of asking me.

Inside the small restroom I undressed and put the sweats on the toilet seat. In the mirror over the sink I saw the reflection of a feminine appearing boy, a boy who was about to become a girl, at least for a few hours tonight anyway.

I walked out of the restroom and over to where Ashley was standing.

“Stand spread eagle in the middle of the floor,” she said.

I did so and the two beauticians wearing disposable gloves knelt on either side of me. They began spreading a warm sticky substance on my legs and arms. Next they applied strips of cloth. After putting the paddles and containers away they returned and yanked off the strips. It wasn't really painful but my skin appeared to be a little red.

The two women returned with spatulas and two large jars of a sweet scented white cream. They spread the cream over my legs and arms. The stinging subsided as they rubbed the sweet scented cream into my body. When they finished my skin was very smooth, shiny, and had a very feminine appearance.

“Sit in this chair,” commanded Ashley.

I took a seat in one of the beauty shop's chairs. The sticky stuff was applied to my face and neck. Shortly it was removed by smaller strips and then the girls applied the scented face cream. The stinging subsided once again.

One of the girls took a tweezers and plucked my eyebrows, then curled my eyelashes. Another applied pink blusher, matching lipstick and then made up my eyes with eye shadow, eyeliner and mascara. A set of pink press on nails to match my blusher and lipstick was next. After a healthy squirt of some very sweet perfume along my neckline and behind each ear the girls stepped back to admire their handiwork.

“He's absolutely gorgeous!” squealed one of the girls.

“Go back into the restroom and put these on,” barked Ashley as she handed me a pink box.

I took the box into the restroom and closed the door. Inside I found a long line bra, a pair of weighted inserts, a long open bottom girdle, and a pair of sheer, seamed stockings with tan Cuban heels.

I put the girdle on first, and then the stockings. After smoothing the stockings I looked behind me to insure I had the seams straight. The long line bra had back hooks and I could only close the first three. I returned to where Ashley was standing. She adjusted the bra straps and closed the remainder of the back hooks.

There were two beautiful girls sitting in chairs with a beautician on each side doing their makeup. They looked up at me and grinned.

“Hi Nikki,” squeaked one of them flashing a big grin.

I smiled at her and returned the “Hi”.

Put this on and we will go next door,” said Ashley as she handed me a pink chiffon robe.

I put on the robe and followed her to the wig salon next door where she picked out an auburn shoulder length wig. She put a wig cap on my head first and then the wig.

“Perfect!” she said with a grin. “It’s a bit early. Not all of Hannah’s guests are here yet and the other two girls are still getting ready. Just relax. In a few minutes we’ll get you into your first outfit and you will be ready to walk down the aisle.”

About fifteen minutes later Hannah came into the wig salon. Her facial expression didn't change when she saw me as she walked over to Ashley.

"Everyone is here. Have the girls start now. Show them the lingerie first, then business suits and then the cocktail dresses."

"Okay," answered Ashley.

Hannah left and Ashley motioned me to come with her. Near the door of the wig salon she handed me a pink camisole with a splash of white lace across the bust line and a pink half slip with a broad band of white lace across the hem.

After I put on those items I slipped into the pair of hot pink four inch heel stiletto pumps that were on the floor. We walked outside the salon where the other two models were waiting. One was wearing red lingerie and the other powder blue with matching high heel pumps.

"Nikki I want you to walk between the girls. Place one hand on your hip. At the end of the aisle turn around and strike a model's pose, you know like you did before."

I nodded and took my place between the girls. We walked out to the aisle and then towards the front of the store where the women were seated. Hannah was behind a small podium and was describing what we were wearing into a microphone.

All eyes were on us as we paraded around in front of them. I got the feeling they were more interested in me than the other girls. I wondered if they had been told that I was really a male.

We made two more trips down the aisle with each of us wearing different color camisole and half slip

sets. I noticed some of the women were making notes as we paraded around in front of them.

I kept the last set on to wear under the business suits. I stepped into a brown pencil skirt and matching short sleeve jacket. Ashley added a single pearl necklace, matching clip on earrings and mid length gloves. I took off the pink heels and stepped into a pair of tan ones.

After slipping the matching handbag over my arm Ashley pinned a small hat to the wig and brought the veil down over my eyes. I walked between the girls once more to the front of the store. At the end of the aisle in front of the glass doors I remembered to strike a model's pose while some of the women took pictures. We changed into a different suit three more times and then we were done with business wear.

"Take off your camisole and half slip as you won't need them under the cocktail dresses," ordered Ashley. "When you get to the end of the aisle this time twirl around twice before striking a model's pose," she instructed.

I set the two items aside while Ashley took the first cocktail dress off of the rack. She slipped it over my head and then zipped up the back. I changed into a pair of five inch stiletto heel pumps. Ashley handed me a black clutch purse and I was on my way again between the other two models.

At the end of the aisle I twirled twice and struck my pose. The camera flashes went off and I walked back up the aisle. We made four more trips down the aisle before Hannah called all three of us back to the front.

“How about a nice hand for our three girls who modeled for you tonight,” she said. “This is Carol, this is Nikki, and this is Cindy.”

The women put their cameras down and applauded enthusiastically. We walked back to the rear of the store as the women got up to leave. Most of them stayed around Hannah to compliment her on the new line.

At the wig salon both girls giggled as one of them said to me: “Nice working with you Nikki,”

“Same here,” I replied.

I set the purse on the chair and took off the pumps as Ashley unzipped me. In short order the wig, nails, jewelry and makeup came off. In the small rest room I placed the lingerie in the box and put on my sweats and sneakers. I handed the box to Ashley and walked to the rear of the store. As I pushed open the double doors to the rear loading area the store seemed to explode with laughter.

Walking out into the cool night air I had no doubt the women had been told I was a man. A good joke had been shared by all, at my expense no less. The real joke of course was on them. I had been secretly delighted to spend a couple of hours entertaining them en femme.

I had felt especially girly wearing that little hat with the veil over my eyes. Other than lingerie, dresses, makeup and heels nothing makes a girl feel more girly than millinery! To be honest I couldn't wait to do it again, in fact if I wasn't the night janitor I knew I would enjoy selling makeup or millinery full time as long as I was en femme. In fact I would love to be en femme 24/7.

Thoughts like that had never been in my mind. I wondered if those shots and pills had not only affected physical changes in me but emotional or psychological changes as well. It seemed I was feeling more and more girly every day just as my body seemed to becoming more and more feminine.

By the end of January Hannah had informed everyone that the year had been a good one. Everyone would be getting a raise and the department heads and managers would be getting a well deserved bonus. I thought perhaps I might be getting a little something extra too but it never materialized.

Nothing about my brief modeling stint was mentioned that month. On occasion when I arrived or left work some of the women would look at me and then turn quickly away. The giggling wouldn't start until either they left or they thought I was out of earshot.

The first weekend in February was my weekend off. I left work Saturday morning just as the first snowflakes of an approaching storm began drifting down. I had my usual light breakfast and shower. I fell asleep right away.

When I opened my eyes I found myself walking from Sonja's down the mall concourse. I was wearing the pink suit and heels that I had modeled for Hannah's friends. Beneath the suit were the lacy pink camisole and half slip.

As I passed the first shop on my right the reflection in the glass showed me wearing the auburn wig atop of which was a pink pillbox hat with its' veil down at my eye level. I stopped momentarily to see I was fully made up with pink blusher, lipstick and eye makeup too. I continued on down the mall with

the click of my high heel pumps the only sound I could hear.

At the café court the apparition appeared around a corner. She had a face again. The pretty face smiled at me and took my arm.

“I am so glad you could join me for lunch,” she said.

“I am glad to be here,” I answered.

We walked to one of the lunch counters where she ordered a sandwich and a soft drink for us. She paid the clerk and a few minutes later she picked up our tray and I followed her to a table. She set the tray down in the middle of the table.

She was wearing a brown leather pantsuit and polished brown leather flat heel boots. I pulled out the chair across from her and smoothed my skirt as I sat down. I set my purse aside and in dainty, lady like fashion held my left arm up at an angle while I used my right hand to pull the finger of each glove loose, then removed the left glove from my hand. I did the same with my left hand to remove the right hand glove. I set the gloves down next to my purse and faced her.

After taking a bite of her sandwich she smiled at me.

“You have become quite feminine not only in your appearance but in your walk and your deportment. It seems that this increase in your femininity has been good for you. You are not as hostile, angry or as mouthy as you used to be. I trust you are enjoying your new found feminine persona Nikki?”

I swallowed the small bite of the sandwich I had taken and took a sip of my soft drink. I patted my

mouth instead of wiping it and set the napkin down in front of me in true lady like fashion.

“Yes I am. As much as I have been unable to find a reason for the physical and emotional changes I seem to have undergone I am feeling better, more relaxed especially when I am cross dressed.”

The apparition grinned at me again as she took a sip of her drink.

“Your feminine mannerisms appear to be quite natural. You are doing them without thinking about them. That’s good. It means that feminine deportment has become a natural part of the sissy you are. It’s not like you are in costume and makeup playing a role. You have become your true feminine self.”

I couldn’t answer. The apparition had hit it right on the head. I had become an almost “natural woman”. The only thing left of my masculinity was between my legs. It suddenly occurred to me that I couldn’t remember the last time I had any sexual urges or even masturbated. It was almost as if I had been neutered. Maybe that was the effect of the shots I had been given and the pills I was taking.

“Thinking about your medication?” she asked with a grin.

“Yes I was,” I answered.

“You are right about them,” she smiled again. “They are absolutely wonderful for transforming the mouthy male you used to be into the feminized sissy that you have become. Believe me all the women you work with are truly amazed at your transformation. The only stumbling block has been you.”

“Me? I asked. “What do you mean?”

“You continue to vacillate between the masculine world you are living in and the feminine world which you love so much but spend so little time there. That has to be getting to you or otherwise you would not have chosen to see a therapist would you?”

I was surprised that she knew about my seeing Dr. Malone. Then again this was just a dream and this apparition was just a part of that dream right?” She was just a figment of my imagination. She knew everything about me because she lived in me, right?

“Don’t look so puzzled. Finish your lunch and we will do some shopping.”

I took a last bite of my sandwich and washed it down with the rest of my soft drink. I blotted my mouth and put on my gloves. Opening my purse I removed my compact and lipstick. I brushed my cheeks with the pink powder and then pressed the tube of pink lipstick on my mouth. After pressing my lips together I returned both items to my purse, put my gloves back on and stood up.

The apparition was already standing. She had that big grin on her face again.

“See. After your meal you touched up your makeup in a lady like fashion just as you smoothed your skirt when you sat down. You are a very lovely, ladylike sissy.”

I wanted to say something but couldn’t. Everything had gone black. I opened my eyes to find myself lying in bed at home. I lay still for a few minutes and then I pulled back the covers.

In the bathroom my reflection in the mirror over the sink showed no signs of makeup and I wasn’t wearing women’s clothing or high heel shoes. I

splashed water on my face and went back to bed. It was sometime before I finally drifted off to sleep.

Keeping busy with work was not enough to put the apparition and the things she had said about me out of my mind. My thoughts continued to go back to the conversation we had over lunch. She had me pegged one hundred per cent.

To make matters worse I had become quite comfortable with my “feminine self.” In fact I was at a point where I didn’t feel I should ever go back to the way I was. My meetings with Dr. Malone had yet to touch on what might be described as the “final step” in my transformation.

It was a radical one to be sure, one I wasn’t entirely convinced I should be taking. Would I be happy as a woman? Or should I stay as a sissified, feminized male. If I stayed I couldn’t continue going back and forth so at some point I would have to live my life en femme leaving the male world behind.

February turned cold. I hadn’t been asked to do anything for the women since the fashion show for some of Hannah’s best customers. Hannah had relocated to the Iowa headquarters and had been replaced by a woman from Illinois.

Monica Findley was a stern no nonsense woman who quickly had set a more serious tone for all the store employees. Everybody avoided her whenever possible. She was a stickler for neatness, especially around the counters, rest rooms and of course the beauty and wig salons.

Valentines’ day came and went. I almost expected to be asked to serve Gretchen and her friends some coffee and cake. I would be wearing a red satin mini dress with red stiletto heel pumps, red press on

nails to match my cherry red lipstick and blusher.
Atop my black wig would be a red satin sissy bow.
That never happened but I had a nice fantasy
dreaming it would.



My next appointment with Dr. Olson was only an hour ahead of one with Dr. Malone. Dr. Olson's exam was very brief followed by another shot. She had nothing to say about my more feminine appearance as she wrote me another prescription for the super strength vitamin pills. After getting the prescription filled at the pharmacy I walked to Dr. Malone's office.

We talked some more. When I mentioned the prescription pills and shots she had me go into the other room and disrobe. She looked surprised at my feminized body. After a brief exam she made some notes on her pad and then told me to get dressed and go home.

The next morning after work when I showered I noticed that the area around my nipples had significantly changed. Now there was definitely a small mound under each nipple.

I squeezed them and was surprised at the sensual feeling it gave me. If this continued I would no longer be able to wear just a tee shirt in the summer. The thought of having to wear a bra brought both concern and pleasure. Just how long I would be able to keep my blossoming chest a secret was unknown.

The middle of March brought one last snowfall. I had just pulled into my apartment space when it was no longer possible to see out of the windshield. It was a relief to have the next couple of days off so I wouldn't be fighting the traffic, though it was always less at night, and the snowstorm too.

My deep sleep was interrupted by a loud women's voice.

“Aren't you ready yet SISSY BOY?”

I opened my eyes to see myself sitting at a vanity. I was wearing a black long line bra-girdle all in one, black stockings and a pair of six inch stiletto heel pumps. Atop my black wig was a white maids' cap.

“Get your makeup on and be quick about it!” screamed the woman behind me.

I picked up the red lipstick in front of me and applied a thick coat to my mouth. After pressing my lips together I used my little finger to wipe some of the make up off and smooth it into my cheeks. I squirted myself liberally with some very sweet sissy scented perfume.

When I stood up and turned around there was Monica standing in the doorway with both hands on her hips and a scowl on her face. She was wearing a black leather dominatrix outfit complete with leather gloves and six inch heel knee high leather boots. She was an intimidating figure.

“Get over here now sissy boy,” she screamed again as she walked over to the closet

I walked over to where she was waiting. She handed me a black full length nylon tricot slip. I put it on while she removed the short sleeve sheath style maid's dress from the hangar. She held it up by the hem and I slipped it over my head, then I smoothed over my body. After closing the long back zipper she slipped a white ruffled apron over my head and tied it in the back with a huge bow.

“There my sweet sissy boy maid, now you are ready for work,” she said with a malicious grin.

I followed her out in the hall. The six inch heels posed no problem for me but it was the first time I had worn a sheath type of dress that not only was sharply tailored to fit me but had been slightly ta-

pered at the hem. This forced me to take shorter more mincing steps.

In addition the tricot slip and taffeta lined dress made a slight whispering sound as I walked which made me feel even more girlish and effeminate as we went down the hall to the closet where the cleaning supplies were stored. She yanked open the door and stood back.

“You will find everything you need in here. Vacuum the hallway and the bedrooms first. Then dust, clean the windows and last scrub the bathrooms. Is that clear sissy maid Nikki?”

I kept my head slightly bowed as I said “Yes master it is,”

She left me and walked down stairs.

I took out the vacuum cleaner, plugged it in the hall outlet and started my cleaning. Like anyone I had always found housework to be drudgery but when I was doing it wearing a maid’s uniform it had become much more enjoyable especially when I slipped on those pink latex gloves over my red nails and girly smooth hands to scrub the toilet, tub and sink.

When I finished vacuuming I began cleaning the windows. I thought it strange that I could not see anything outside. I tried opening one of them and it was either stuck or perhaps locked. I wondered just what kind of house Monica lived in.

In Monica’s master bedroom I had just finished cleaning the bathroom when she walked in. She still had that angry look on her face. It was then that I noticed the black dildo strapped to her waist. She began walking towards me with a menacing grin on her face.

“Take off those pink gloves sissy boy,” she ordered.

I took them off and set them on the chair. Standing close to me she grabbed my hands in hers and examined my nails. After tossing them aside she wrapped her arms around my neck and kissed me hard. I seemed to melt into her as she pushed her tongue into my mouth. Everything went black.

Opening my eyes again I saw my uniform, foundation garments and pumps were on the floor. Monica was grinning as she lubricated the dildo. I wanted to get up but I couldn't. She stood over my feminized frozen body with a grin on her face. It was the first time I had ever seen her smile.

With both hands she pulled my legs apart. Jumping on top of me she kissed me hard for the longest time. I felt myself getting warm all over as the nipples of my feminized body got hard. We broke. She sat up. With both hands she pushed my legs apart and up slightly. Like the dildo was a dagger she plunged it into my rectum and was on top of me.

I wanted to cry out but in addition to not being able to move my body I could not speak either much less scream. She pummeled me back and forth. I was forced to move with her despite my pain. Surprisingly I felt the shudder of an orgasm. She stopped and withdrew from me.

“There sissy boy, that wasn't so bad was it?” she asked with a leering grin.

“Now that I have your cherry you can consider yourself a “made maid” right?” she laughed at her joke.

I was still in pain and couldn't speak. Things went black again. I sat up and found myself in my own bed. Monica wasn't there. I was soaked with sweat so I went into the bathroom and washed myself.

My reflection in the mirror over the sink was not wearing red lipstick and blusher. There was no wig or white maids' cap. I looked down at my feminized body. Nothing had changed. My rectum hadn't been penetrated and I was in no pain though my pulse was still pounding in my ears.

Back in bed I laid awake for awhile. The stern manager Monica had certainly made an ideal dominatrix. I was at a loss to explain why that dream as well as the others had been so real. Finally my pulse returned to normal and I dozed off to sleep.

I worked St. Patrick's Day weekend. We had put up green decorations early that morning. The response to the sale was up to everyone's expectations but then any sale at Sonja's usually had a very good turnout, particularly from the less affluent women of the area who took advantage of the markdowns on Sonja's high quality merchandise.

In a sense I wasn't happy that I had not been asked to "serve" one or more of the store's female employees. I saw myself in a green satin mini dress, flared out with green petticoats, a black wig topped by a large green satin sissy bow, a pair green sky scraper heels and of course green press on nails to match the thick layer of green lipstick.

That scenario never materialized. I began feeling more and more feminine. For the first time I cried watching a late night sad movie. I had also found myself day dreaming about wearing feminine ap-

parel 24/7 not just for the occasional serving session.

It seems I had reached a point where I was now looking forward to being en femme and then regretting having to regress back to my masculine self as opposed to the other way around when my first cross dressing experience had occurred.

The pills and shots had not only changed me physically but psychologically as well. Strange as it may sound I had come to enjoy the feminized sissified persona that I had become.

I was still at a loss as to how I was going to solve this conundrum but the more I thought about it the more I began to believe that while becoming a woman wasn't going to be the solution, albeit the ultimate one, living the rest of my life as a feminized, sissified, male maybe the proper one for me.

The end of March brought some much welcome warm weather. There had been no further requests from the women at work for "sissy maid Nikki". The dreams hadn't returned again either. I was sleeping better because of that, I guess because I knew once I was asleep the dream would start.

At my next exam Dr. Olson looked at the pink heart shaped birthmark again. I was wondering what she was so concerned about. After examining my shrunken genitals she squeezed my testes slightly.

"Do you have any pain there?" she asked.

"No," I answered.

"Hmmm. Stay put. I will be right back."

She left the room and I thought “what now” to myself. She returned a few minutes later with a nurse.

“Lie still please,” said the nurse as she walked to the other side of the exam table.

She lifted up a wide belt, brought it across my arms and stomach. Dr. Olson took the belt and passed it thru a large loop on her side and then secured it.

“Spread your legs wide,” she asked.

I did so and felt the coolness of the alcohol swab followed by the pick of a needle on both sides of my scrotum.

“What are you doing?” I inquired.

“Just stay still Nicholas. I found something that shouldn’t be there.”

A few minutes later Dr. Olson handed the nurse a small plastic container.

“Take this to the lab and tell them to put a rush on it. Have them call me in exam room 2”

My mind was racing. What shouldn’t be there? I asked myself. Was it cancer? Did I have lumps or cysts? I lay on that exam table for what seemed like an eternity before the phone buzzed.

Dr. Olson answered it quickly. She looked over at the nurse and nodded.

“I am afraid I found one small lump and two tiny ones on your testes. The lab just confirmed that they are malignant. I will have to remove them but first you must sign a medical form.”

The nurse handed me a clipboard and a pen. I scribbled my signature at the bottom near the “X”

and handed it back to her. She put the clipboard to one side. Dr. Olson continued working for a few more minutes then held up both of my testes by the vas deferens. She put them in a small container and then sewed up my scrotum. When she finished the nurse sprayed the stitches with a disinfectant liquid patch.

After the nurse left the room the doctor removed her gloves and tossed them in the waist basket. She had a serious look on her face as she stood next to me.

“You are lucky we found those lumps when we did. When you go home place some ice cubes in a wet face cloth and hold it against one side of your scrotum and then the other. That will keep the swelling at a minimum. Call in sick tonight and tomorrow night. By then the swelling should have gone down enough for you to resume work. A couple glasses of wine will help you sleep. If the pain should increase or there are any complications call me right away. Now roll over on your side.”

I did so and she gave me another shot.

“You can get dressed now.” “You won’t need another refill of your prescription as the shots will suffice from now on,” she added.

“Thank you doctor,” I said with a very dry mouth.

There was no pain until about an hour after I got home. I followed the doctors’ instructions and the ice packs helped alleviate some of the discomfort I was experiencing. I drank nearly a full bottle of red wine and that helped me get to sleep. By the next night I felt good enough not to call in sick a second time and reported for work as usual.

I was about to enter Monica's office that night when because her door was partially open I overheard her on the phone.

"Excellent. He's off the testosterone blockers and from now on he will just be getting shots. Thank you doctor,"

With that she hung up. I waited a few minutes before knocking on the half open door.

"Yes, what is it?" she asked as she looked up at me.

"Oh it's you. I lost track of time. Please do the other offices first as I have only a few things left to finish here and then I will be leaving."

"Yes ma'm," I answered walked back to the front offices.

I couldn't be certain that she had been talking to Dr. Olson or if it was about me. No matter who they were talking about I didn't think that the company doctor would have to keep the store manager apprised of anyone's medical condition. That information should be kept private and confidential.

That night as I worked Monica's words kept recurring in my mind. "He's off the testosterone blockers and from now on he will just be getting shots." If she was indeed talking about me and that had been Dr. Olson on the phone with her was this some sort of grand plan or plot to feminize and sissify me? If so when had this all started? Was there some collusion between the women at the gas & go store and here?

The other thing I couldn't help but think about was how happy I had become as a feminized, sissified male. I had a life that was pretty stress free, at

least since my mother died. Despite being alone in the world I was secure in my job and I didn't need a whole lot of friends. Those occasional hours I spent en femme were at the very least quite enjoyable to me.

For the first time I entertained the thought of living and working en femme 24/7. My lease would be up in a few months and I had sold just about everything except a few items of furniture, bedding, dishes and some towels.

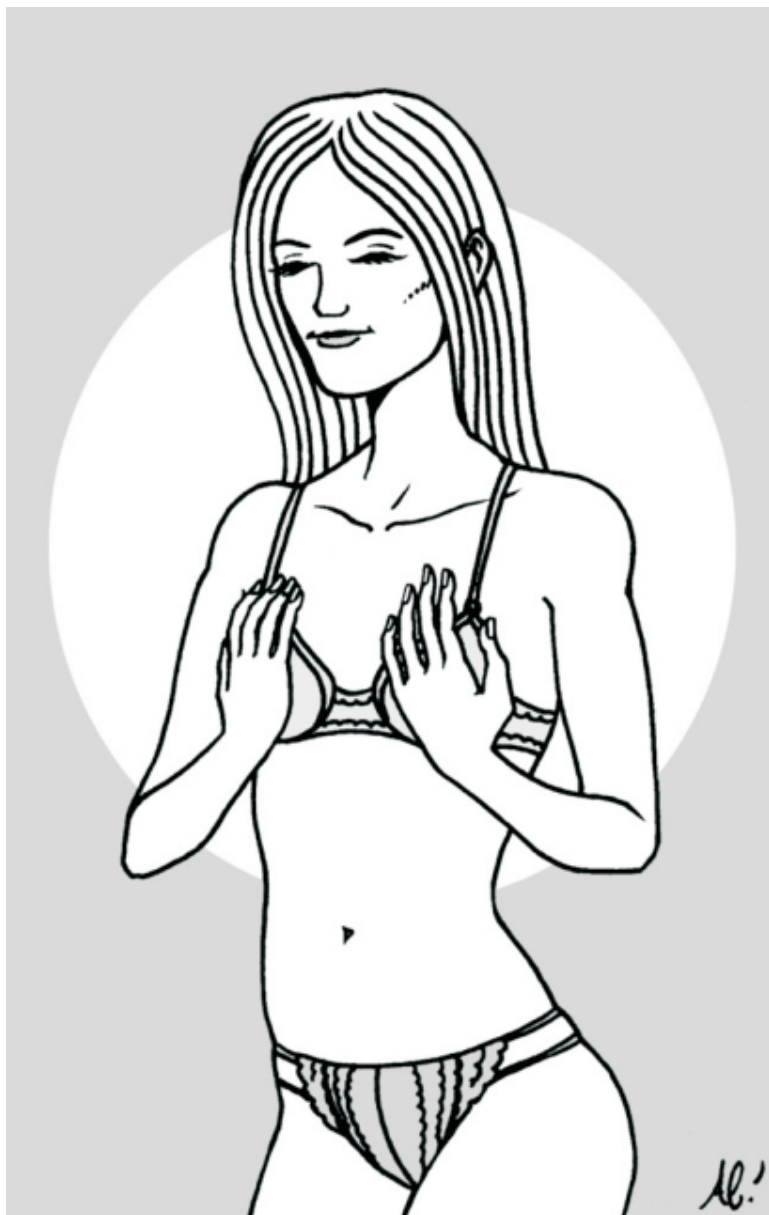
I had a sparse male wardrobe as it was so it would not take much for me to outfit myself with a feminine wardrobe. I had no doubt Ashley would be more than willing to help me there. In fact it was not going to be very long before I was going to have to start wearing a bra anyway so adding other lingerie, a dress and heels wasn't that far off.

As I showered after work that morning I took great pleasure in examining my feminine body. The stitches on my scrotum had healed nicely. My penis seemed to have shriveled up and doing "the tuck" in front of the full length mirror almost made me giggle. It was a very girlish thing for a male to do.

For reasons that I couldn't explain I had become more interested in fashion and makeup. At the library I usually came early or close to closing time to read the women's magazines so no one would see me. In January I had discreetly purchased all of the prom and wedding magazines so I could look at the beautiful dresses that I now wanted so desperately to try on with the season's much higher heel pumps.

There had to be an end to this. A dual existence was wearing on me and I knew that there would have to be some changes made within the next sixty

to ninety days. I had no doubt that at the end of that time I was leaning quite heavily to living en femme as I had not only lost a male body but a man's way of thinking as well.



Once I crossed that bridge I knew there would be no turning back and to be honest I didn't want to. The most important thing in my life would be to continue a feminized lifestyle the best way I knew how. I began to think I probably should enroll in a cosmetology course so I could not only sell makeup but teach women how to use it. Would the store take me back as an employee in their beauty salon or at the makeup counter even though I was a feminized male not a real woman?

I considered letting my nails and hair grow out. That would certainly generate some talk at the store. Then I reconsidered and decided to put that off for now. Perhaps the best thing to do was to wait out the ninety days. I would then make my decision and move into my new place as a female. I would leave my masculine life behind, though to be honest that life had been left behind some time ago.

April was a warm but rainy month. As Easter approached I thought I would be asked to serve a group of women dressed in either purple or pink chiffon dress, flared out with several petticoats, walking effortlessly in statuesque heels without the slightest wobble as I minced effeminately about the room serving the women their snacks and drinks. That invitation never came.

The last week of the month I saw Dr. Olson briefly and received another shot. The afternoon of the same day Dr. Malone was amazed at my feminized body and for the first time we discussed the pros and cons of sex reassignment surgery.

I drove to work that night with a lot of things on my mind. My existence as a male hadn't been a particularly good one. My suppressed feelings of femininity had been brought out by the women I had

worked with and for although it had been done in a sly and roundabout way.

It was difficult to admit it but I was glad they had. Trying to be a macho wise cracking male just wasn't the person I was. I was so much happier as a feminized sissified male. I knew I didn't want to go back to the life I had but by the same token I wasn't sure if SRS was the right solution either. Was it possible for me to just live as an effeminate sissy male in girl's clothes without going thru SRS?

The first week in May was a busy one for the formal apparel department. I had unboxed two truck loads of new style gowns and high heel shoes that week to replace the ones that had been sold even though most of the proms were still several weeks away. We were halfway thru the year and already our sales were up over the previous year. That would make both Monica and Hannah very happy.

As I worked I couldn't help but think what it would be like wearing one of those fabulous gowns and a matching pair of high heel pumps to a prom or any where else for that matter. More than anything I guess I wanted to be taken out in public dressed to the nines so people, men and women alike, could see the real me.

The gorgeous and very feminine me would be on display for everyone to admire and look up to. There would be no more hiding the delicate, feminine, lady like person I was in pants, a tee shirt, and flat heel shoes anymore. I would be free to be who I really was.

On my break and lunch hour my mind kept searching for a way to accomplish that. I had been successfully transformed both physically and emo-

tionally from a wise cracking, mouthy male to a quiet, submissive sissy male maid.

My only future seemed to be in leading my life en femme. I was just lacking the means to make that final leap across the chasm that separated my male and female existence. Once I found a way to accomplish that there would be no stopping me.

I was off the second weekend in May. I thought about looking for a smaller apartment but I didn't want to do it as a male. The lease was up July 31 so I still had a little time to find a place and give my current landlord sufficient notice that I was leaving.

Sunday in the shower I lovingly scrubbed and caressed my beautiful feminine body. I wished I had some perfumed soap or sweetly scented bubble bath. Afterwards I stood in front of the full length mirror on the back of my bedroom door. Squeezing my breasts I knew I would be in a bra very soon. I closed my eyes and imagined myself in pink lingerie. When I opened them again I was still staring at the naked body of a feminized male.

Once again I thought about buying some lingerie and a few nightgowns from an internet website. I would wear the lingerie under my male clothing at work and after showering I would slip into the nightgowns before going to bed.

For now I thought it best to keep that scenario in my dreams. It had been some time since I had any dreams. The apparition had not appeared. Maybe she would never appear again. Without her and those sexual dreams I was sleeping better than I ever had before in my life. Perhaps that too was an effect of those shots.

I drank almost a full bottle of wine as I pondered those things. When I got into bed sleep came very quickly and once again there were no dreams only blackness.

By the end of the third week of May I still had one more week before I was required to give my landlord thirty days notice. I hadn't been looking for a place except in the newspapers and online. I wasn't sure just yet how I was going to find a place en femme and then begin my life that way.

Schooling was another problem. Should I become a beautician, cosmetologist or make up artist? How would I register, as a male or female? Would I be the laughing stock of the school? Would the girls at the school accept me? Would the males at some point corner me and beat the crap out of me?

Now, with all those things running thru my mind, I wasn't sleeping well. Time was getting short for me to make a decision. I knew my transition was inevitable but I was still at a loss which life I should choose: Becoming a woman thru SRS or staying as a feminized sissified male living as a female.

Leaving work one morning I bumped into Ashley as I was leaving.

"Are you all right?" she asked.

"Yes, excuse me, I guess I just have had a lot of things on my mind lately," I answered.

She walked past me and I walked out to my car. Driving home it occurred to me I could have asked to see her in her office. Then I would have asked her for help in choosing a wardrobe and makeup. I was tired and decided the best time to ask her would be next week before the Memorial Day Weekend.

That morning I sold a few more items I didn't need and took several boxes of stuff to the thrift store. I wanted to have as little to move as possible. I knew too many people who spent their lives accumulating things that they didn't need and in some instances didn't even want.

In addition I cleaned the place up so I wouldn't have as much to do when I left. I had never been a very good housekeeper until I started taking those vitamin pills and shots. Now I was keeping the place neat and clean just like a woman would.

Wednesday night I was off. I felt sort of lonely in my half empty apartment. I was feeling more desperate than lonely. In a few days I would have to give notice to my landlord, talk to Ashley about getting en femme, finding an apartment, and then moving in, all in thirty days or less. It seemed like an almost impossible task.

I opened a second bottle of wine and drank it slowly as I sat in my one remaining chair, a large rocker recliner. The first bottle of wine began to hit me as I drained the glass and refilled it from the second bottle. I almost felt like crying. It's true what they say about alcohol that it is a depressant.

Who wouldn't be depressed? Here I was at a crossroads in my young life without any clear cut way to solve the conundrum I was in. I was proud of the changes in my body but my mind, that is, I way I thought about things had also changed. I was no longer looking like a male or thinking like one.

The idea of leaving here and spending time doing something else, somewhere else, while the chemicals that had brought about my physical and emotional changes eventually left my body didn't occur to me. I

LIKED what they had done to me and I didn't want to go back to the way I was.

Yet going forward was more than a little intimidating too. When I transitioned to live the rest of my life en femme with or without SRS would I be ok then? There might be problems down the road that I hadn't thought about.

I finished the last of the wine and walked into the kitchen. I tossed the bottle into the garbage. After rinsing out the wine glass I put it back in the fridge. In my bedroom I took off my pants and set them on the chair. I should be hanging up a skirt or dress in my closet I thought. Looking at my white briefs I wished they were the bottom half of a pink baby doll night gown.

Pulling back the covers I crawled into bed. I was very sleepy now. Covering myself up I closed my eyes and wished the apparition would appear. If she did maybe she could tell me what the best course of action would be for me to take. Odds are though she would probably want me to continue my life en femme just as I had figured it was the best for me too.

I opened my eyes to find myself sitting at a table just off a beautiful beach. There was a soft drink in front of me. I looked down to see I was wearing a hot pink swim suit with a little skirt that flared out at the hips. My fingernails were pink as were my toenails peeking thru my pink high heel sandals. On top of my head was a pink floppy hat to match my pink plastic framed sunglasses.

The air was warm. There was a gentle breeze blowing so I took off my pink hat and let the breeze blow my shoulder length hair around. It made my

feel quite girlish, almost like one those girls you see frolicking on the beach or meadow in those ads on TV.

The beach in front of me was pink sand. Behind it the ocean was pink too. I seemed to be surrounded by and enveloped in a totally pink world. From the pink ocean I watched the apparition appear and walk up to the beach to join me at the table.

She too was wearing a pink swimsuit. Unlike mine which had a flared skirt at the bottom hers was square. I seemed to recall from one of the magazines it was called a “boy cut” swimsuit. She smiled as she took her seat opposite me.

“How are you feeling Nikki,” she asked.

My mouth was dry so I took a sip of my drink first. I looked up at her and in essence took the bull by the horns. On the verge of tears I poured my heart out about the way I felt.

“So you feel as if you have reached an impasse. You can’t find a way to go forward with the feminine life you so desperately want to have and now having found such joy in your femininity you don’t want to go back to the masculine life you did have. Is that correct?”

I nodded. “Yes it is,” I answered.

“Suppose I told you there was a way to do that but it would take some sacrifice on your part.”

I picked up my drink and took another sip as I looked away from her to that beautiful pink ocean in front of me. Anything would be better than to try to continue on like this I thought to myself. Even if it did involve some sacrifice.

“Tell me about it, “I said.

“First of all you must understand once you start down this road you can never, and I mean NEVER come back. This journey comes with a one way ticket. Is that understood?”

I nodded. Deep down inside I had to admit to myself that continuing on in my present life the way I had been was not going to lead to anything except more misery and unhappiness.

“Good. It is very important that you agree to that condition. Everything else will fall into place. Let me assure you that making this step will make you eternally happier than you have ever been.”

I thought about her expression of “eternally happy”. Was I going to go to a “girl’s heaven”? Would this be a place where I would be able to live in the joyous bonds of femininity forever and ever?

“When you said “eternally happy” you don’t mean I am going to die?”

She laughed out loud and shook her head.

“Oh my goodness no,” she replied. “I mean you will spend the rest of your life enveloped in all things feminine from your hairstyle, makeup and perfume to the nail polish on the toes of your feet. A day will not go by without you becoming the perfect picture of femininity.”

“It sounds too good to be true,” I said. Then I added. “There is an old saying that if it is too good to be true than it probably is.”

“Isn’t there also a saying that opportunity only knocks once and then it is gone forever?”

She was right. This was my chance to leave all of my misery behind and be happy for the rest of my

life or even eternity for that matter. The time was over for thinking about things. I was no longer going to be searching for a way out of my existence and for a path that would lead to happiness for the rest of my life. I took a deep breath.

“Okay I’m in,” I said without a tinge of regret or concern in my voice.

She smiled broadly as she reached over for my hand.

“Take off your sunglasses and leave them here with your hat. Kick off your high heel sandals and come with me. I will lead you on your journey to achieve the feminine happiness that you have always wanted and deserve to have.”

We got up. I set my pink sunglasses next to my pink hat and kicked off my high heel sandals. We walked slowly on the warm pink sand to the edge of the pink ocean. She turned to face me.

“Come swim with me and don’t be afraid,” she said.

I walked along side of her into the pink water. It felt more like pink liquid satin than water. When we were in neck deep water she gripped my hand tighter.

“We are almost there trust me,” she said as she pulled me under the pink fluid.

I began swimming with her. We kept going deeper and further out. I had been holding my breath but now I was about out of air. She kept a firm grip on my hand when I pulled back and with my other hand pointed to my mouth she opened hers and then said: “It’s okay to breathe.”

Despite my fears I took a breath as we continued to swim. My pulse returned to normal as we went deeper and further away from the beach. I was having no trouble breathing at all as we continued.

There was nothing in front of me but pink. I wondered how long it was going to last when everything turned black. I could not see, hear or feel anything.

There was no way to measure time. I continued to float. I was no longer swimming but floating. There was no sensation of anything. Slowly the blackness began to change into light. Things began to get brighter. I blinked several times before my eyes adjusted to the bright light.

I didn't know where I was but I seemed to be standing upright looking thru a large glass window. I glanced down to see a woman at my feet applying pink nail polish to my toenails. She was talking to a woman a short distance away but I could not hear what they were saying.

She stood up when she finished and then applied the polish to my long elegant fingernails. I tried to speak to her but I couldn't nor could I move my arms or legs. I seemed to be frozen in place. Despite my inability to talk or move I was not uncomfortable.

Looking down at my pink toenails I saw my legs had retained their high, glossy, feminine sheen. My reflection in the front window showed me that my face had become even more feminine than it had before. Two beautiful breasts protruded from my chest.

The woman finished my fingernails. I looked down to discover that there was nothing between my legs. No male or female genitals. My pulse quick-

ened as I wondered just what had they done to me. I began to panic. I seemed to be permanently trapped in an artificial body of some kind.

The woman put down the bottle of pink nail polish and picked up a pink lipstick. She applied a thick layer to my mouth and then spread some across my cheeks for a blush look. After clipping a pair of four inch dangling earrings to my earlobes she removed my auburn wig and replaced it with a blonde one. Another woman joined her. They both looked me over and then left.

They returned shortly and one of the women picked up my legs while the other one slid a pair of pink panties up my legs to my waist followed by a pink garter belt. Next she put stocking on my legs and hooked them to the garter belt. A pink bra was placed over my beautiful breasts followed by a pink petticoat, a pink petti slip and then a pink chiffon floor length gown with a flowing, tiered skirt.

The last thing they did was to put a pair of four inch stiletto heel pumps on my feet and slip the gold chain of a pink purse over my shoulder. After returning me upright to a proper modeling stance they stood back to admire their handiwork then they left me alone.

I tried to talk but couldn't. I tried moving but my arms and legs were frozen in the modeling stance. I was not at all uncomfortable. In fact I was overcome with a joyous feeling of femininity just as I had all of the previous times before when I was cross dressed.

I seemed to be not only frozen in place but frozen in femininity as well. Trapped wasn't exactly the right word because I was thoroughly enjoying being made up and cross dressed in the most feminine of

apparel. The only thing missing was the sweet scent of perfume.

So this was it I thought to myself. I didn't know where I was or what I was going to do. I only knew how joyously and deliciously feminine I felt. In addition my femininity was on display for the whole world to see and admire.

The apparition had been right. I had been given everything I had wished for. I was now forever trapped in femininity but I couldn't have been happier. It was a dream come true and like anyone who had achieved their dream I didn't want it to ever end.

EPILOGUE

The woman and her daughter stopped in front of the department store window.

"Isn't that a lovely dress Amy?"

"Oh mom, its' okay but I liked the black slim one over there better."

"Amy you're sixteen and you're going to the Junior Prom. You aren't a thirty year old divorcee' headed for the single bars for a hook up. Let's go upstairs to the formal apparel department and look some more. Maybe you will find something up there more to your liking."

As they walked away the woman turned back to look at the mannequin once more.

Usually mannequins are a nearly perfect representation of the female form she thought to herself. I wonder where they found one with a pink heart shaped birthmark under the right jaw line?

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