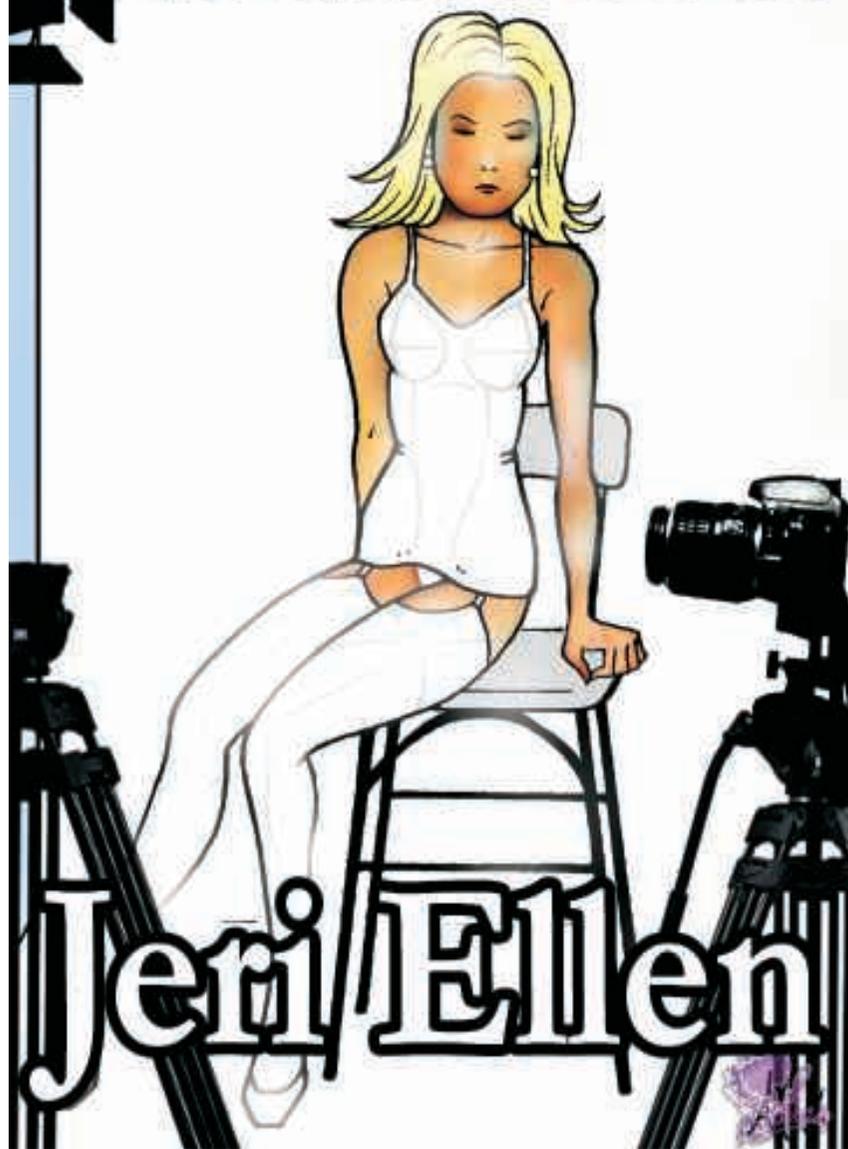


# Abducted



Jeri Ellen



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# ABDUCTED

**By Jeri Ellen**

“You’re good to go,” said the doctor. “Everything looks fine. There is no re growth or sign of cancer any where else. I am happy to tell you that you are cancer free. See you in a year,”

“Thank you doctor,” was all I could manage.

I had been standing on the precipice of death and now I was back from the edge. There is no way to describe the relief that I was feeling. I was now able to hang on to the most precious gift of all: Life.

It was going to continue for me. My lease had been renewed. I was going to be ok.

The doctor made some notes on her pad and left the exam room. My pulse returned to normal.

I sat up and swung my legs over the edge of the exam table. Looking down at the two horrendous

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scars where my breasts had been as well as my tiny, shriveled, penis and empty scrotum I couldn't believe I had come this far.

Sheila, my dominant, had let me keep those last vestiges of my manhood. It was a constant reminder of the male I had once been as well as the power she had over me as her sissified, feminized employee, sissy male maid and of course her submissive lesbian lover.

On Sunday I would be 70. That meant it had been fifty years since my abduction and my life altering transformation. In a way it seemed just like yesterday but it sure as hell wasn't.

Nor was it a very simple story as you are about to find out though to be honest this was the second time it resulted in a happy ending. The first happy ending was my abduction which resulted in my total feminization and sissification leading to my life as a sissy sales clerk and live in male maid.

I got off of the table as the nurse came in. I put on my pink bra with weighted inserts. Something I hadn't worn since the beginning of my transformation and now was back to wearing again because of the absence of my breasts.

It had meant a great deal to me and my dominant better half Sheila to have those beautiful breasts. Both of us were going to miss them very much. I wondered just how much their absence was going to affect our sex life and for that matter our lives in general.

In the beginning I worn weighted inserts until my hormonally created breasts fully developed, now it was to replace what the surgeon had taken away from me. I would never again enjoy the natural jiggle of them in by bra as I walked in my stiletto heel pumps.

After putting on my pink panties the nurse adjusted my bra straps again for a better fit. My pink shirt dress was next. I slipped it over my head and she zipped me up. I stepped into my pink high heel pumps. I took my pink purse off the hook and followed the nurse out to the front counter.

I made my next appointment as Shelia got up from her chair. I smiled at her as she came towards me with a worried look on her face.

“Cancer free,” I announced. “Another checkup in a year,”

She looked relieved and then nodded her head. We walked together out to the car. She said nothing as we got in her car.

I smoothed the skirt of my pink dress in girlish fashion as I sat down and swung my legs in. Our conversations were always brief and never really friendly. They always had been as a dominant to submissive or supervisor to employee which I had come to accept and understand.

Shelia pulled out of the parking lot and drove to the intersection. When she stopped at the red light I opened my purse.

I took out my pink lipstick, removed the cover and turned up the base. Holding it in my right hand I took out my compact with my left hand and flicked it open with my thumb.

Without even looking at her I knew she was grinning as I pushed the tube of makeup to my mouth and applied fresh lipstick. After pressing my lips together to smooth out the make up I added some additional

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pink blusher to my surgically enhanced cheekbones. I put the make up items back in my purse and continued looking straight ahead as the light turned green.

This typically feminine gesture was a reminder of just how feminine she had made me. Her grin was a sign of how much she enjoyed the benefits of the time and money she had spent in feminizing me as well as her dominance over me.

I was quite feminine in every sense of the word except one of course and we both knew that one thing wasn't going to change for the reason I have noted above.

It was the only part of me that was now completely and totally useless except as an exit point for my urine when I sat down to pee just like any woman would.

If at some point in our D/S relationship Sheila decided to have it removed I wouldn't object as it was now something I had no use for. It wasn't contributing to my feminized existence or my lesbian relationship with her so getting rid of it wasn't going to change or hinder our relationship.

She drove us back to the condo we shared and we went inside. It was always good to be home, especially now since I had survived a close call with death.

In the confines of my pink queen size bedroom I felt even better. I could relax here and of course I felt safe here in my feminine surroundings.

"You have the rest of the day off Sissy Maid Veronica. Wear uniform number two tomorrow when you do your cleaning," she said.

"Yes Master Shelia," I answered.

At home I always addressed her as “Master Sheila” while when she showed up at the salon everyone called her simply “Miss Sheila”.

She always addressed me as Sissy Maid Veronica at home but at work I was addressed simply as Veronica.

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None of the other employees knew I was a feminized, sissified male. They thought of me as just “one of the girls”. I was happy with that arrangement. It saved a lot of embarrassing questions as well as keeping us all on good terms.

Later we ate supper. After doing the dishes I went back to my room.

It was a queen size bedroom with walls that were pink with white trim. The carpeting was pink as were the two stuffed chairs.

The bathroom sink, toilet and bathtub were pink as were the wall tiles, floor and ceiling. The bathmat, toilet mat, as well as the hand and bath towels, washcloths and of course the shower cap were pink as well.

The bath sets in the cupboard consisted of perfumed bubble bath crystals, perfumed body powder, perfumed bath soap and a spray bottle of perfume were in eight different, fruity or very feminine scents. Shelia always stressed the importance of being sweetly scented.

At the back of the room was a four poster queen size bed. It had pink chiffon drapes and bedspread over a pink down comforter, pink satin sheets and pink satin pillow cases.

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A pink lighted and well stocked vanity was next to it and next to that was a large pink four drawer dresser full of lingerie and sleepwear.

The long opposite wall was a massive closet with my entirely feminine wardrobe as well as my maid uniforms. The closets' top shelf had many wigs of various colors and styles complimented with a dozen hats with dainty veils that came down to the eye level. On the floor was a large shoe rack of high heels.

Despite having my life turned upside down so many years ago I had a very comfortable and very feminine existence both in and out of this very feminine environment.

I had no fears of unemployment or bills to pay. I lived rent and utilities free. There were no medical, dental, or eye care bills, no insurance premiums to pay either. Not a care in the world.

As a feminized, sissified male maid I had no financial obligations what so ever either. Of course the wages I earned in her wig and makeup salon were turned over to Master Sheila without question as I had no need for money.

My clothes and uniforms were always furnished at Master Sheila's whim with the accent on femininity. Her choice of my wardrobe didn't reflect the latest style or trends.

At work selling make up and wigs in her salon I wore slim skirts with a variety of hem lengths and frilly or ruffled blouses. My dresses were either sharply tailored sheath or A-line dresses in a variety of hem and sleeve lengths.

As you might have guessed by now pants and flat shoes were expressly forbidden. I was always totally and completely en femme.

What's more I had come to enjoy my new found femininity and reveled in all things feminine, just like a woman would. There wasn't a single masculine thing in my life, including watching sports on my own 40" LED TV.

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My maid uniforms ran the gamut from floor length long sleeve black Victorian style to the traditional scoop neckline, puff sleeve mini dresses in black and pastels. Those mini dresses of course were flared out with several petticoats in either white or pastels that matched the dress.

The sheath and A-line maid uniforms in different hem lengths had either a scoop or a regular neckline as well as short and long sleeve lengths Both A-line and sheath dresses as well as all of my skirts had taffeta linings

The feel of nylon stockings, either sheer or seamed against my smooth, hair free legs plus the whisper of a nylon tricot half slip against the taffeta lining along with the click of my high heel pumps on the hard floor always made me feel quite girly and accentuated my feelings of femininity.

I always shivered with delight when in the morning after I put on my makeup I got dressed as Shelia watched with a smile on her face. She was quite pleased with how feminine I had become under her direction and training.

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Except for one pair of pink running shoes that complemented my pink rubber workout set of a long sleeved shirt and pants the shoe rack consisted of high heel pumps and open toed sandals with heels from four to six inches high in eight colors. For Victorian wear there was one pair of black knee high stiletto heel boots.

As you can see nothing was too good for Master Shelia's sissy maid. I was always encased in the most feminine of lingerie and clothes.

In addition to being perfectly made up I always carried a sweet and delicate feminine scent, just as you might expect from a totally feminized and sissified male to do which of course delighted Shelia and her dominant female friends no end.

Once a month, up until my recent breast cancer diagnosis, I received a free manicure and pedicure after getting my shot of female hormones. From the very beginning those shots had given me breasts that any woman would have been proud of.

I enjoyed having them as much as Master Shelia enjoyed fondling and kissing them when we were in bed together. I knew she was very proud of the sissified, feminized male she had turned me into.

The new super strength female hormones my female doctor gave me began accelerated breast development in as little as three months as opposed to the older drug that would take up to about a year before any visible enlargement occurred.

Master Shelia had been quite pleased with my fast development. I became used to the sensitivity of my breasts and found that the properly fitted bras she had

purchased for me offered a great deal of comfort and support, just as if I were a real woman.

In addition to the physical changes I had changed emotionally as well. Accepting my place as a sissified, feminized male I had become quite docile. I was never argumentative. I had become very meek and complied with all of my masters wishes and instructions like a dutiful servant and employee should do.

Objecting to anything was no longer in my nature. If I did what good would it do me? I had come to accept my place as a submissive servant, employee, and of course lesbian lover.

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I had passed the point of thinking of running away to try and escape the feminine lifestyle that had been ahead of me. I was now perfectly at home in my feminine job, maid service and feminine surroundings.

At this time there was no earthly reason for me to try to leave. If I did where would I go? What would I do? I had no money, no male ID, no male clothing, no means of making a living and so many people looking for me to answer for what I had allegedly done to say nothing of the people I owed money to.

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In some sense of the word you might see me as a prisoner. I couldn't come and go as I pleased. Master Shelia took me everywhere I needed to go.

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At the beginning Master Shelia had taken my birth certificate, drivers' license and Social Security card. Essentially I guess I was now a "non person" known only to Master Shelia as Sissy Maid Veronica and just plain Veronica at work.

My hair free body was imprisoned in the most exquisite lingerie under dresses or a skirt and blouse complemented with high heel pumps, Master Shelia's wig choice, make up, nail polish and of course wafting a very sweet, delicate feminine scent.

Perhaps you could say if I was a prisoner I was a prisoner of femininity. It may have been artificially created femininity but I had the outward appearance of a very feminine natural woman that was for sure.

Seeing me for the first time no man or woman would have a reason to even begin to think otherwise. My appearance and the way I carried myself as well as my overall and genuinely feminine mannerisms gave everyone the image of someone who was totally and completely feminine.

Once I finished transitioning Master Sheila knew I wasn't even going to try to escape her domination. There was no way out for me. I had resigned myself to live my feminized life with Sheila as my master.

Vernon Knox didn't exist. He died that day fifty years ago and Sissy Veronica had been born. She had been born to a new life of living and working in femininity for a dominant significant other.

While you the reader may find this hard to believe what I have to tell you happened just the way I am going to relate it to you. It is the complete and absolute truth. I know because I have lived it and am continuing to live it.

My story actually begins with a chance encounter with a high school classmate.

I was at the last basketball game of the season. The team was composed mostly of juniors and sophomores. As a result they hadn't done very well and were playing for a sparse audience.

They were about to end their season on a losing note with a ten and twelve record. The final home game was against the team that had already won the conference title.

"You want in?" asked my friend John.

"In what?" I asked. I didn't know John Hawkins too well but he was in two of my classes.

"The pool. I have one number left. Cost you a buck. End of the game the two scores are added together and the last digit is the winning number,"

"Okay I guess," I handed him a dollar and he handed me a slip of paper with the number 4 on it.

The game wasn't even close. At the start of the fourth quarter the visiting team's coach put their second string in. They still beat us 73-61. My team had lost and ended a very disappointing season but I had won the pool. It was the easiest ten bucks I thought I would ever make.

"Keep me in mind next year," I told John as he counted out the ten singles in my hand.

I turned sixteen in May of that year.

I was living with my parents just off an expressway that went past a shopping mall. I biked to the mall after school was out to look for work.

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I was hired by Mike Giancana who owned a pizza by the slice business in the café court. Mike was a big gregarious fun loving guy, Italian man. It was mindless work but he was a jovial guy to be around and that plus plenty of customers made the days go fast.

That fall I went back to part time when school started. John saw me before the start of each of the six home football games of our school's twelve game schedule. It ended with the school's posting an 8-4 record.

Not good enough to make the state playoffs. Never the less in four of the six home games I won the pool. I had made a very easy forty bucks with my six dollar investment. I couldn't wait for basketball season to start.

When it did I found myself doing better than average. The twelve home games cost me twelve dollars and I won seven of the pools. Seventy bucks on a twelve dollar investment. In a manner of speaking you could say I was hooked.

I knew how hard my parents worked to provide a good home and this seemed to be an easy way to make money. No education required but a little bit of luck here and there didn't hurt.

I continued working and the easy money I made in those pools got me to thinking that I could be making even more with gambling though I just didn't know how.

I was still a minor. I knew there was online gambling but I didn't think I could risk it on my parents computer. I didn't know any bookies and the ones in Vegas wouldn't talk to me because of my age.

The dream about making that “big score” filled my thoughts as my life continued. Obviously there had to be a “system”, for lack of a better word, I just had to find it.

In my senior year my luck continued. I had no idea what I was going to do with my life. I saw how hard my mother and dad worked to provide for me. For most people life is a struggle and I hoped to find a way out of that.

It wasn't going to be easy trying to find “get rich quick” like the multi level preachers would have you to believe but I knew that somewhere out there a scheme was waiting to be found.

I was still young. I felt that I was quite capable of finding it and exploiting it to the fullest.

I told my parents that I had decided not to register with any school just yet. I wanted to work for awhile and save up some money so as to not have a large student loan debt or burden them with the additional expense of my tuition just yet.

They didn't seem too pleased but went along with it. I guess they were thinking that by this time I would have a plan for the rest of my life but of course I didn't.

At work I told Mike I wanted to work full time for awhile until I had saved some money and decided which career path I should take. He was pleased since we did have quite a turnover of students and he knew I was a good worker.

Just before graduation John gave me a phone number for a man he called “Mo”. John said he took bets

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and now that I was eighteen he would be glad to do business with me.

I made an appointment to see him after work the first week in June. I was a bit apprehensive to say the least. This would be my first venture into the real gambling world and of course it was still illegal to do so in 49 of the fifty states.

Searching the internet before this meeting I found a lot of online gambling sites as well as a zillion books for sale explaining how to beat the lottery, the horses, sports betting, etc.

This wasn't too surprising but I felt better about dealing with one individual, particularly someone who was local. Someone I knew. As far as any of the so called "methods" that were for sale none of them could theoretically beat the odds set in Vegas.

Things can and do happen occasionally that aren't calculated into the spread which keeps the bookies in business with the "vig" and the bettors broke.

We met on a Sunday after my shift was finished. I brought soft drinks to one of the tables in the café court. I was a bit apprehensive as I was venturing into uncharted territory for the first time.

Mo was an athletically built black man who looked about thirty. He was clean shaven and took my extended hand with a smile. We sat down and I took a sip of my drink.

Over the next half hour he explained everything to me. How the point spread worked and what I stood to win. It was cash only and up front of course. No credit terms here obviously. I simply nodded as he smiled broadly when he said that.

I told him I wasn't interested in baseball just the football games that fall to start with. He nodded in agreement. We arranged a schedule to meet to place my bets and collect my winnings. We shook hands and he left the café court.

That night I felt very confident. I would study how the point spread worked and looked for an "edge" as Mo called it to keep the odds in my favor. Hopefully by the end of the football season I would be able to do as well as I had with the high school games. Time will tell I guess.

In July Mike promoted me to shift supervisor. I was happy with the promotion as well as the boost in my paycheck as well as the chance to get some supervisory experience which would certainly help me later in life when I decided what to do.

I wouldn't be getting rich working here but now I would have more money for gambling plus living at home I would have no living expenses thought I continued to help out with chores around the house.

I couldn't wait for the football season to start so I could try my hand at getting into some "big money" as the saying goes. I hadn't given the other side of that coin, the losses, any thought. I guess maybe that I felt confident in my ability to pick a winner would overcome any downside.

The exhibition season started. I had some down weekends and some good ones. When I placed my first bets for week one of the NFL season I was up a couple of hundred dollars. I felt real good about that.

The regular season began. I had many ups and downs. The downs had brought me back to the reality

of gambling. When the season finally ended I was up over three thousand dollars. I kept my stash in the back of my closet at home. I had been betting the same amount each week on Mo's advice and decided to keep it that way.

After the Super Bowl I was up just over five thousand dollars. I lost almost a grand on the NBA finals and told Mo I was done until next fall when football started up again. He shrugged and we parted company until then.

That fall I hooked up with Mo again.

I was up a grand at the start of the season. The first half of that season I lost almost everything. My stash was down to a little over nine hundred dollars.

There was even a nightly news story about how the Vegas bookies had taken a bath in that first half of the season. Not being the only one on the down side of gambling certainly didn't make me feel any better.

There had been quite a few upsets, two games where the outcome had been weather related, and two botched last minute field goals had sent a number of people down toilet.

The second half was a different story. I managed to make up my losses and by the seasons end I had just over eight thousand in my stash. I was feeling good but Mo urged me not to get too cocky.

"What goes around comes around" he said with caution in his voice. "If you ever do get jammed up I can't loan you any money but I have a friend who can help you,"

He handed me a slip of paper with the name Alberto and a phone number on it. I put it in my wallet

for safekeeping. It was a little financial insurance in case I needed some cash in a hurry though I knew the interest rate would probably be quite steep.

I knew Mo was right about the fluctuations in gambling but I still managed to add another two thousand to my stash with my playoff picks. It seemed I was getting better at beating the odds and hoped that would continue.

I felt that this years Super Bowl would be my chance to make a really big score. I figured I would put everything on this game. In addition to my stash I planned on taking a cash advance on my one credit card. Together I hoped to make my first "killing."

Mos' warnings went unheeded. I just knew I was going to make a big score this time.

It sounded too good to be true but in this instance I had gathered enough experience to warrant a large expenditure in this final game of the season. Most everybody knew the Rams had gotten to the Super Bowl by default.

That no call of pass interference near the end of the game was an absolute crock. Never the less I felt very strongly that they were quite capable of kicking the Patriots ass. I felt I needed more than what I had to win big so I called Mos' friend Alberto.

We met at the café court after I finished my shift at the pizza place.

Alberto was a stocky, muscular Hispanic man. He smiled as we shook hands. He had a rough look about him. The knuckles on his hands were beaten down so I

assumed he had done some boxing. His voice was gravely hoarse as he explained the terms.

A point a week was one percent of the loan. That didn't sound too bad since I knew that there was a slim chance that I was going to loose anyway.

He agreed to loan me five grand to start with. Reaching into his pocket he took out a wad of bills and counted out fifty hundreds. I took the money from him and agreed to meet him a week from Super Bowl Sunday.

I hooked up with Mo and gave him the five grand I borrowed from Alberto, my ten grand stash and another five grand from my credit card advance. I put the entire twenty grand on the Rams to win straight up. I was quite certain this time the Patriots were going to lose.

At halftime I was feeling ill. My mom asked me if anything was wrong. I shook my head no. She had bought take and bake pizza but it tasted almost as good as the plastic it had been wrapped in.

As the second half started I closed my eyes and said to myself if there is a God or lady luck please keep me in your thoughts. Unfortunately none of my prayers were heard.

I hadn't anticipated this. I had been so sure of myself. I couldn't believe I had been so wrong.

At the end of the game I was more than a little sick. Everything I had worked for was gone and I was now borrowed up to the hilt.

Living at home was my only saving grace. I was making payments on an econo-box of a car, insurance

and now my credit card advance @18 percent plus fifty a week to Alberto.

I was almost broke. My paycheck could just barely keep up with everything. I wasn't sure just what I was going to do. I felt trapped. I wouldn't see Mo until next season.

I never followed the NBA or the NHL or baseball so I had no knowledge of how to bet those games aside from the fact that I had no real money to bet with.

When I went on break I took a soft drink outside the café court and sat on the bench opposite a formal apparel store. It was a quiet place where I was lost in thought wondering how I was going to manage all this debt.

I was feeling incredibly despondent and so very alone.

Alberto wasn't the kind of man to take kindly to the words "I haven't got the payment for you this week" or some other excuse from his customers. He had probably heard them all and of course he had not listened to any of them.

What was I going to do now?

I knew the credit card company would be easier to deal with than Alberto that was for sure but then I would run the risk of downgrading my credit rating if I missed a couple of months payment. I was making the bare minimum monthly payment now and the interest was really adding up.

"Are you ok?" said a soft feminine voice.

I looked up to see a beautiful woman in front of me. She had short Auburn hair and a bright smile.

"Yes, I am ok," I replied.

"You look a little troubled. Money problems perhaps?"

I smiled up at her.

"As a matter of fact yes I have some money problems. Those Rams really let me down,"

"My name is Sheila. Maybe I can help,"

She sat down beside me. I took another drink of my soda.

"Are you working?"

"Yes. Mike's Pizza next door,"

"That probably doesn't pay much," she said with a grin.

"No, it sure doesn't but for now it is all I have,"

"Suppose there were something better. I might have a way for you to make some real money for very little time and effort on your part,"

I smiled back at her.

"That's what my bookie said and how I got into this mess,"

She laughed and put her hand on my shoulder.

"I understand. I didn't mean that to sound like a proposition,"

"What did you have in mind?" I asked

"Well I can't tell you much in detail right now as I have a meeting. Looking at you I can tell that you have the right physical attributes for the job. Meet me here at this address next Sunday night at nine pm and I will fill you in on all the details,"

I took the card from her. She got up quickly and left.

The card had pink lettering. "Sanderson Personnel Consulting" was at the top followed by the name Shelia Sanderson, then an address, phone and fax numbers. I put it in my wallet. After finishing my drink I went back to work.

That night after a shower I took the card out and looked at it again. Personnel consulting could mean any number of things. I got out a map of the Twin Cities and found the address in Northwest Minneapolis. It was about ten miles from where I lived.

On my day off that week I drove to the address. It was a collection of office buildings just off the expressway. I didn't go inside the building where the company was located. I returned home and got busy with some chores.

That night as I lay awake in bed I thought about just what might be involved here. I was getting pretty tired of the pizza business. Never the less I didn't want to jump at just anything.

I was up to my eyeballs in debt and to forfeit my current paycheck on a whim didn't sound like a sensible thing to do at this juncture. If this didn't work out I didn't have many options.

Alberto certainly wasn't one of them. Men like him don't take no for an answer. Risking having my credit rating downgraded wasn't as bad as having my health downgraded by a couple of bruises or broken bones.

At eight thirty Sunday night I pulled into the parking lot and found the building housing Sanderson Personnel Consulting.

I sat there in my car for a few minutes thinking about my future as well as what I might find out in-

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side. Nothing ventured nothing gained I thought to myself as I got out of my car.

Inside the building I checked the directory and walked to an office at the end of the hall. I noticed all of the other offices were closed. I saw Sheila sitting at the front desk so I walked in. She looked up at me with a smile.

"Come back to my office and I will fill you in," she said.

I followed her back to the inner office.

"Have a seat," she said as she indicated a chair in front of her desk.

I sat down feeling a little apprehensive. She had seemed friendly enough at the mall and this was supposed to be a cordial initial interview so I guess I had no reason to be concerned.

"I'm glad you could come. Relax and I will be brief. Is your current job at the pizza place the only work you have done?"

"Yes ma'm it is," I replied.

She smiled and said: "Call me Sheila. We aren't formal here, it's always casual,"

"Ok Sheila. It was my first job during school and I stayed there because I wasn't certain what I was going to do with my life. I just went back to full time and have been promoted to a supervisory position,"

"I see. I have a variety of business interests in the Twin Cities. Here at Sanderson I have a number of things in mind that wouldn't require a lot of time. In fact you could keep your present job and work around its' schedule,"

"Like what?" I asked.

"You are very photogenic. I can see you have kept yourself trim and in good health,"

"Yes. I work out regularly at home. In good weather I bike to work. Both my parents and I are on a healthy regime. My BMI is within the limits,"

"Do you smoke?"

"No, and I never tried drugs either,"

"That's good. Modeling doesn't pay especially well for male models compared to their female counter parts but a few hours before the cameras would get you more than you make in a week selling pizza. You would be able to pay off your obligations much faster. How do you feel about posing for the camera?"

"Well I don't know. I guess it would be ok. What would I be modeling?"

"That depends on the client. It would vary from clothes to shoes or maybe jewelry or rings. Your hands and feet are small and would be perfect for that. Your small frame would make it easy for just about any type of clothing too,"

"How would this work?"

"You would need a physical first and some measurements would be taken. If hired you would report to wherever the shoot is taking place. You would then be dressed and photographed. You sign the release and we would mail you a check. Sounds pretty simple right?"

"Yeh I guess so. What is in that release?"

"Essentially you sign over to the client their right to use the photographs in their advertising, brochures, website or whatever. Usually the term is just for two

years but some clients extend it beyond that if they really like you it could lead to something even longer,”

“After I sign the release when would I get paid and how much would that pay be?”

“You receive a flat amount for the job depending on what the agency has negotiated for you. For an unknown like yourself you would probably get between one and four hundred dollars to start with,”

“If the client renews the use of your image you would get paid a residual amount, usually half the first check and that continues until the client no longer wants to use your image or the residual amount drops below ten dollars,”

It sounded pretty simple. It would be easy money. She was right I could pay off my bills much faster. I couldn't see any reason not to get started. The quicker I did the quicker I could get my bills paid off.

“Okay let's get started,” I said.

“Splendid,” she said grinning back at me. “I'm glad to have you on board. There is a little formality of the paperwork and of course work will be contingent upon you passing the physical which I don't see being a problem,”

From her desk she brought out some papers. Handing them to me with a pen she smiled again.

“Print your full name, address, phone and Social Security number at the top. Sign at the bottom of these two sheets. The first is the modeling contract detailing what I have just told you. The second is the employment contract between you and Sanderson. The term

is for only one year to start with. You will give us thirty days notice if you choose not to renew it next year,"

I took the pen from her in my right hand and the papers in my left. I wrote down everything and then started to read when her sharp voice interrupted me.

"Just sign the papers please. Everything in writing is as I told you. There is no need for you to read every word of all that fine print,"

The sharpness in her voice startled me. I guess if she was going to be my agent there was no reason why I shouldn't trust her so I signed the papers and handed them back to her without reading any more of the fine print.

"Good. I will mail your copies to you later. Now step in the back room. The nurse will give you a brief physical,"

I got up and followed her into a back room. A woman in a white uniform got up as we entered the room.

"This is Dawn. She will take down the information I need. Come back out when your are done,"

Sheila left us alone.

"Strip down to your underwear and stand spread eagle in the middle of the floor please," said the nurse.

I took off my shoes and clothes feeling a bit uncomfortable. She measured the circumference of my skull, neck, chest, waist, hips, wrists and hands. Next she measured my sleeve length, inseam and length of my feet. When she finished jotting down all the measurements she motioned to a chair beside the desk.

"Sit there please,"