

TRICKED



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By Jeri Ellen

PRELUDE:

Attorney Martha Watson sat across from her client. Her face had no expression as she spoke.

“I have good news and bad news Tammy. I’ll give you the bad news first. Your great Aunt Peggy Rawlins’ will is absolutely, positively, iron clad. It stipulates that you and your missing twin sister must both receive half of the forty-eight million dollar inheritance or her cat Mitzi gets it all. I am sorry but there is nothing I can do.”

“Now for the good news with some bad news mixed in. My private investigator, though unable to find your missing twin sister has located someone with a near match to your DNA, 58% in fact. The indi-

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vidual had been abandoned shortly after birth, placed in a cardboard box and left near the ER entrance to a local hospital."

"There is no record of either the mother or father. This person's DNA is the only link to you and your missing sister Donna."

"Unfortunately, the additional bad news is that this individual is a male. He is the same age as you, of slight build, with a fair complexion, and has a relatively pretty face similar to yours. He could be your twin brother."

"Currently he is employed by Olson Armored LLC. He works nights counting deposit money and bundling cash as well as packaging coins. He is just out of the Army and has no relatives,"

"This individual is the perfect candidate for my plan, and the only plan, that I have in mind that would insure that you would get the half the inheritance."

"He has to agree to undergo feminization to take your missing sister's place. He will be taught feminine deportment. He must live totally and completely en femme as her for about a two year period. When Peggy dies you and he will split the inheritance and get twenty four million dollars each."

"At this point there are no other options. Peggy is ninety two and despite being sharp as a tack and relatively healthy for her age she can't live much longer. You and your missing twin sister are her closest though distant relatives. There is no one else since she never remarried after her husbands' death many years ago."

"It's up to you now if you want to go thru with this. I will set up a meeting and we will explain everything

to him but it is now your decision to make. You should also keep in mind that this individual may not want to go along with it even if it means coming into twenty four million dollars in about two years."

"Lets' do it. Call me when the meeting is set."

"Okay I will."

The client got up and left the office of her attorney.

I never knew my parents. I had been abandoned shortly after I was born. Several weeks later I was adopted by a retired Air Force Sergeant and his wife.

They had traveled a lot in his career. It was no real career to raise kids in. He never wanted any kids and though she would liked to have had kids she forfeited her desire to be the Air Force wife.

He never had much time for me so my mother was a more dominant force in my life. My stepdad was never unkind or abusive just sort of aloof I guess you could say.

My childhood and growing up years were about as average as any kids. I stayed out of trouble and got good grades in school. It was as good a home life as any kid could have asked for and much better than the life I might have had with the woman who had abandoned me shortly after she gave birth to me.

My step father's untimely death just after I finished my junior year was a surprise to everyone who knew him. He had been a very robust individual all of his life. My step mom took it hard of course but she was left well provided for.

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A month before my high school graduation she died too. There wasn't much left after her funeral expenses but it would give me a small cushion to live on until I decided what to do with my life.

After graduation I decide to join the Army. I sold everything I could, gave the rest to charity and put the remaining cash in a box. I rented a storage unit. I put a few clothes and the box inside the unit. The next day I left for boot camp.

Following basic training I went to school and then was assigned to stay at Fort Leonard Wood Missouri for my entire tour of duty working in the finance office handling a number of duties including the cash deposits from the local PX. I felt fortunate not to have been transferred overseas, particularly the Middle East.

I could have made sergeant if I had re-upped but I chose to get out as a corporal. With my discharge papers and mustering out pay in hand I returned to the Twin Cities.

At a local motel I got a monthly rate. I returned to the storage area to pick up my clothes and cash. I left my uniforms and duffle bag at the thrift store. Putting on those old clothes was like meeting an old friend I hadn't seen for a while.

I bought some additional clothes and began looking over the apartment rentals. I checked in with the local Vets rep. I wasn't planning on using the GI Bill for school just yet. I wanted to work for awhile and build up some additional savings before making any career choices.

With my military background in finance I get a job working nights for an armored courier. It was pretty much the same thing I had done in the army so I

picked things up quickly and was soon off my probationary period.

I had turned my rental car in and was riding the bus to and from work. The bus line was near the motel and it went within a few blocks of the armored courier's terminal. I wouldn't need a car or insurance for while yet so my cash was barely used so far.

My life continued its' hum drum existence for the next several months until the day I got that letter.

Working nights from ten pm to six am I usually ate breakfast at a nearby restaurant before going back to my room. I would then shower, go to bed and sleep until about four, then dress and go out to eat my supper.

Returning I would check at the desk for any mail. Back in my room I would watch TV before shaving and then going to work. I rarely got any mail, except for junk mail of course which somehow always manages to find you even if you moved to Glockamora and lived in the jungle.

This letter was different. The return address was from an attorney. The letter was advising me of a potential financial windfall with a DNA connection. It asked me to call for an appointment.

I set the letter on the table. If the return address hadn't been from an attorney I probably would have tossed it in the trash can. "Potential financial gains" was an easy come on these days but more so in the form of an e-mail instead of a letter.

I went to work that night and forgot about it. The next day I saw the letter on the table and read it again. I

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guess I was a bit intrigued so I called the number and talked to the receptionist.

The attorney was in court but would return my call the next afternoon. I hung up and sort of put it out of my mind. I doubted if this was going to be anything really important but then again you never know.

When my cell phone rang the next afternoon about four pm I answered right away.

The attorney stated that she could not reveal any details over the phone only in a personal interview with her and her client. I thought for a minute and then figured what the hell. I couldn't lose anything by going in to talk to them now could I?

The next afternoon I put on my old suit and tie. I took the bus to an office complex a few miles from the motel. After checking in with the receptionist I took my seat and waited.

Shortly an attractive middle aged woman came out of the inner office and stood before me.

"I am Martha Watson. Please come in to my office Donald," she said with a smile.

I followed her inside and a tall young woman with jet black hair stood up.

"This is Tammy Dalton Mr. Thompson. I am representing her,"

I shook hands with her and sat down in the other chair as attorney Watson took her seat behind the desk.

"Ms. Dalton is a local business woman operating First Class salon. The salon specializes in skin care and makeup,"

“She has been unable to locate her missing twin sister. She and her sister are distant relatives and the beneficiaries in the will of Ms. Peggy Rawlings,”

“Ms. Rawlings is in her nineties but quite healthy for her age. When she dies Tammy and her sister inherit forty eight million dollars but they must both be there to claim the inheritance otherwise the entire estate goes to Ms. Rawlings cat Mitzi,”

“Your DNA is a partial match to Tammy and her missing twin sister. Since your real parents are unknown we can only assume somewhere down the line the two of you are related,”

“Tammy is prepared to offer you half of the inheritance. In order for you to collect the money you must agree to undergo feminization and live as a female, that is, as Tammy’s missing sister Donna. When Peggy dies the two of you will split the inheritance,”

She paused as her words sunk in. Good grief, I thought to myself. I would be turned into a woman for two years and then get real rich. It sounded almost too good to be true. That old adage came back to me: “If it sounds too good to be true it isn’t,”

“Well, I don’t know,” I replied. Exactly what would this involve?’

“To start with you would stay working but move into Tammy’s condo to live in her spare bedroom while undergoing the changes that would result in giving you a very close resemblance to her missing twin sister Donna,”

“You would be taking female hormones to change your body physically plus undergo hair removal as

well as some slight surgical changes to your face. You would be trained in feminine behavior as well as the skills necessary to work for Tammy in her salon,”

“At a point where you become increasing more feminine you will quit your job and begin working in the salon. Tammy will arrange for a meeting with Peggy so she will know you have been found and are working in the area. When Peggy dies, which shouldn’t be more than a couple of years you and Tammy will each collect half the inheritance, less my fee for setting this all up of course,”

The attorney smiled at that last sentence. Obviously this was all totally illegal but with forty eight million dollars at stake the attorney seemed to be unconcerned with that little detail as did Tammy.

I fully understood Tammy’s desire to not see Mitzi the cat get all that money. I wondered if somewhere down the line there might be a catch that would hurt me in more ways than one but for the moment I couldn’t see any.

I thought about being turned into a feminized male for two or maybe even more years until the old lady dies. A lot of things can happen in two years. Hell she could live another ten years. What if she changed her will during that time? All of us could be out the money.

“I don’t know about this,” I said. “A lot of things could happen in the next two or more years. If this all turns out ok how do I go back to being the man I was?”

“You would stop the hormones so your body will return to normal. As Donna Dalton you would transfer the money into a new account under your real name and then do whatever it is that you want,”

I nodded. This whole thing seemed to be quite plausible. I wondered if I would be capable of pulling it off. I was going to be on “the other side of the fence” so to speak. My entire life was going to be reversed in a certain sense.

“Well, what do you think Donald?”

I thought for a minute.

“I am unsure that this will work out to every ones’ satisfaction. There is always the unknown,” I answered cautiously

“I understand your apprehension Donald. Both Tammy and I know this is going to be a big change in your life. Both of us are women so we know you will be walking into an entirely different world for an indefinite period, but consider the reward on the other side of this, shall I say, “adventure”?

“You will have financial security for the rest of your life. You will be able to do anything you want. Travel, get a pilots’ license and fly your own plane, take seamanship courses, buy a yacht and sail the world,”

“Just think about that for a minute. No worries about employment, rent, car payments, insurance, retirement. You would be set for the rest of your life. How many people would have an opportunity like this in front of them? Not many I am sure of that,”

I thought about what she had just said and felt she was absolutely right.

“Okay. If I agree to do this though what if something does go wrong. I mean how do I protect my interests?”

She held up a sheet of paper.

“You will sign a contract that stipulates all the conditions I have said to you. Should there be any unforeseen difficulties that would end this plan you will be paid a, let’s call it a consulting fee, equal to twice what you are making now for at least two years,”

“In addition you must follow all instructions that either Tammy or I give you during your transition and up to the point where you collect your half of the inheritance. I want to emphasize that. You must do as you are told. IS THAT VERY CLEAR?”

“Yes I understand,” I replied. She had raised her voice with that last remark and it was a bit of concern to me.

“Good. Now do you want to do this?”

I bit my lip. There didn’t appear to be any way that they were tricking me into this. Everything was open and above board, at least for now. I would be under the total control of these two women for the next several years doing everything that they told me to do without asking any questions.

I had never been under the control of a dominant person, male or female in my entire life and it was not going to be easy to in essence surrender my freedom as well as my manhood for an indefinite period of time.

Tammy had said nothing during this time letting her attorney do all the talking. I had no idea what kind of person she was or what she would be like as a roommate and eventually my boss at the salon.

In the back of my mind was the lingering thought of all the things I would be able to do with that kind of money. Money can be seductive and it isn’t a good reason to decide about anything but this time I felt it was

the right choice. I looked the attorney straight in the eye and gave my answer.

“Yes, I am willing to do this,” I said.

“Good! Now look this contract over and sign at the bottom,”

I read over each paragraph. I signed at the bottom and handed it back to the attorney.

“Thank you Donald or should I say Donna?” she said with a grin.

“I will set up your schedule and mail you a copy of the contract along with it. Thank you for coming and agreeing to do this for Tammy,”

She stood up and extended her hand. I shook her and then Tammy’s hand too. Leaving the office I wondered if I had done the right thing.

If I decided to back out what could they do to me? If things did get uncomfortable they couldn’t do much to stop me after all they needed me more than I needed them.

That night I went to work feeling pretty good about my upcoming “adventure.”

I gave the motel notice that I would be moving out at the end of the week.

My copy of the contract and schedule for my transitioning came in the mail the next day. I looked them over again that night before I left for work. Everything seemed to be in order.

The next afternoon Tammy and I loaded my clothes in her car and I moved into her spare bedroom.

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The queen size bedroom was all done in pink with white trim.

"I want you to get used to being in a very feminine environment," she said with a giggle.

"Your computer station next to the vanity is so you can take online courses so you will eventually be certified to work in my salon. The faster you complete the courses the better,"

"In the utility room are a treadmill and a stationary bike. Make sure you work out twice a day, after and before going to work. Follow the schedule taped next to your transition schedule on the back of the bedroom door,"

I nodded. That night at work I asked for some time off to accommodate the first thing on my transition schedule. The quicker I got started the quicker I could get this over with and begin enjoying all that money I thought to myself.

Thursday night I had my first laser hair removal treatment followed by my first electrolysis session. Both were quite pleasant with a very cordial staff though I did hear some giggling when I left the salon. Maybe they weren't used to dealing with a man I thought.

Friday night at a nearby clinic I saw Dr. Pat Neely.

"I understand you never want to have children, is that correct?" she asked.

"Yes," I answered. "In fact I had a vasectomy while I was in the army,"

"Good. This will be no more unpleasant than that was. Strip and get on the table,"

I did so and a nurse came in. They strapped me down on the table. After she shaved my scrotum I felt the pick of a needle on either side. A few minutes later the doctor held up my two testes by the vas deferens.

“Castration will speed up your transitioning to a feminine body,” she said. Next she injected me with a very large needle.

“Some ice in a damp cloth applied over the incision periodically over the next twelve hours will reduce the swelling and the slight discomfort when the anesthetic wears off. Get dressed and I will see you in a month,”

The doctor and nurse left the room. I put my hands over my nipples and squeezed them imagining how they might look when they got bigger. I put my clothes on and then left the building.

I had no ill effects after surgery. I continued my schedule at the hair removal salon too.

In addition to my workouts twice a day I spent an hour on the treadmill walking in a feminine manner wearing a pair of knee high nylon stockings and a pair of black leather pumps with three inch heels. I found it relatively easy and was soon walking comfortably in them.

The next month I got another shot and the three inch heels were replaced with four inch heel pumps. It took a little more practice but I got used to them and in addition to walking on the treadmill Tammy had me walk around the condo wearing a towel wrapped around my waist and pinned down the side for a makeshift skirt.

My online courses were supplemented with a DVD on feminine deportment. At home I was walking eas-

ily in the towel skirt and heels just like a woman would which pleased Tammy.

Under Tammy's watchful eye I was now behaving in a more feminine manner, at least at home that is. At work I was careful to be my usual manly self.

The next month was the first time I noticed a difference in my skin tone. There was some sensitivity in my nipple area. My hair removal continued but I was pretty much hair free by now. I was never a hairy man to begin with and my beard was quite light as well.

After my next shot my four inch heel pumps were exchanged for ones with five inch heels. It didn't take long for me to adjust to them and Tammy was quite happy not only with my ability to walk in them but the way I was behaving in my makeshift skirt. My feminine deportment was getting better.

Following my next shot the nurse took some measurements of my body. She measured the circumference of my head, neck, bust, waist, hips, thighs, wrist, palm width, sleeve length, and foot length and width. She gave the list to Tammy when we were done.

That night after my walk around the condo Tammy had me do the cleaning too.

"You will do this weekly from now on," she instructed. Also you are just about done with your courses so I want you to quit your job. As soon as you pass your certification you will begin working for me at the salon. This new DVD will train you in our product line and sales techniques,"

I turned in my two weeks notice that night telling my supervisor I was going to school. Nothing more was said. If they had noticed any changes in me no one mentioned it.

My five inch heels were replaced with six inch ones. This additional heel height was a little more challenging but I was soon mincing about in the appropriate feminine manner much to Tammy's delight of course.

My feminine walk had now not only become a part of me but a natural part of me. I wasn't "acting" in a feminine manner I WAS doing things in a feminine way almost unconsciously as if I had been feminine all of my life.

The doctor placed her hands on my breasts after my next shot and squeezed them. I was surprised at the fact that it gave me an erotic sort of feeling. I hadn't really "blossomed" much as they call it but my skin was now much softer and my face had a more feminine appearance.

"You're coming along quite well," she said. "This new version of estrogen is much more powerful and you will notice more of an increase in the next sixty days. At that point you probably should start wearing a bra,"

Tammy and I left the clinic. I was happy with my progress as I knew it would please Tammy as well.

Once again I was thinking the sooner my transition was complete, the sooner my charade with the old lady would begin and of course the sooner she dropped dead the sooner I could revert back to my

male self and I could begin to enjoy my new found wealth.

I continued my journey into femininity with some additional surgery. My cheekbones were enhanced and my lips were plumper. When I healed up the mirror reflected an even more gorgeous Donna than before.

I also continued to do my cleaning chores as "Donna" the maid, much to Tammy's amusement. I didn't mind as I had assimilated fairly well into what Tammy called a feminine lifestyle.

I passed my written tests for state certification. I now would begin a short intern ship at Tammy's salon.

The night before I would start work I took my first perfumed bubble bath and scrubbed myself with perfumed soap.

I felt kind of delicious sitting in that sweet smelling pink foam. Afterwards I dusted myself liberally with the same scented body talc before slipping into a bright pink chiffon nightgown Tammy had bought me as part of my new feminine wardrobe.

All of my male clothing was dropped off at the thrift store. From now on I was going to be totally en femme until this charade was over.

She purchased a working wardrobe for me that consisted of pink lingerie, a pink blouse, a pink miniskirt and pink leather pumps with three inch heels. Weighted inserts in the bra cups filled me out until the hormones would increase my bust size.

The first morning sitting in front of my pink vanity in my pink lingerie I was amazed at the reflection in

the mirror. Tammy couldn't help but giggle as I applied pink blusher and pink lipstick.

She placed a shoulder length brown wig on my head. In the mirror was a very pretty young girl staring back at me. I could hardly believe it myself. It almost made me want to reach out and touch the woman's face in the mirror to see if it was really me.

We arrived at the salon an hour before it opened. Tammy instructed me on the phone and computer system as well as where the stock was kept.

Tammy introduced me to the two other women, Alice and Sylvia, who worked there. They would also help me if I had any questions.

By nine am when the salon opened I was still trying to quash the convention of butterflies that had convened in my stomach.

Sensing my queasiness Tammy put her hand on my shoulder and smiled.

"Just relax Donna. You will be fine. Just remember your deportment. Don't try acting like a girl. Behave like you have always been one,"

I just nodded and waited for the first customer of the day. I appreciated her support as any new job is a little intimidating at first but a new job and of course working en femme too was seemingly a bit much.

The day seemed to fly by. Tammy let me off early to take me to another salon for a manicure and pedicure. I was now completely decked out in not only a pink uniform and makeup but pink finger and toenails too. Complemented by a very sweet feminine scent I was feeling very comfortable in my feminine persona.