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Persons seeking gender reassignment surgery, hormone therapy or any other medical and/or body-altering process should seek the counsel of a qualified therapist who follows the Benjamin Standards of Care for Gender Identity Disorder. This material is intended for persons over the age of 18 only.



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DOCTORED

BY JERI ELLEN

PROLOGUE:

Judge Wilma Kendall sat at her desk. From the stack of papers on the left she read each one over carefully, then signed or initialed it and placed it in the out basket on the end of the right side of her desk. When she finished the stack she removed her half glasses, placed them in a pink case, and put the case in the top drawer of her desk. The phone buzzed as she was about to get up.

“Yes, what is it?” she asked.

“Dr. Goddard is on one,” answered the secretary.

“Thank you,” answered the judge.

Judge Kendall picked up the phone with one hand and pressed the button for line one with the other.

“Hello Victoria, how are you?”

“Fine Wilma, what’s up?”

“I just wanted to give you a heads up. There are some rumblings in the capitol. The state ethics board is considering opening an investigation into your practice.”

There was a moment of silence.

“What for?”

“I know you specialize in treating the transgender people. Within the last eleven months five of your patients have committed suicide. Since many of your patients have successfully transitioned five is an abnormally high number in such a short time. Please check your records and see if there is any link between them. If the investigation proceeds and you are contacted I wanted you to be prepared to answer their questions.”

“I appreciate your call Wilma. I will do some checking but I don’t think there is anything amiss here.”

“I don’t think so either but please keep me posted.”

“I will and thanks again.”

Judge Kendall hung up the phone as her secretary walked in.

“Will there be anything else today judge? I have to leave early for a doctor’s appointment.”

“No Melissa you go ahead. I am leaving early too.”

The secretary turned around and headed for the door. Judge Kendall watched her. She walked with just a slight wiggle of those girlish hips inside her tight skirt, balancing herself perfectly in her stiletto pumps, the seams of her stockings straight and true. You would never guess that Melissa had once been a man named Mike. The judge had no idea what the state was looking for but one thing was certain, Dr. Goddard sure knew how to change a man into a beautiful woman.

I came into this world in February of a brutal winter. Not that Montana had winters of any other kind. I once heard one of the ranch hands remark it didn’t matter how cold it got, he had on all the clothes he owned. If he was warm fine, if not, tough shit! He had nothing else to put on!

My mother had great difficulty in conceiving. In the emergency room she had an even harder time delivering me so she agreed with the doctor not to have any more. Her recovery was rapid and she was soon busy being a mom.

Dad had remodeled a small room off the kitchen into a sewing room for mom. They both liked to square dance and my mom sewed dresses, blouses, skirts for the ladies. She also made a few petticoats and ruffled petti panties.

I was about five I guess when I wandered into that room when they were both gone. I picked up a piece of pink nylon tricot material that she used to make the panties with. I liked the way the smooth fabric felt against my skin.

I wanted to try on a pair to see what it felt like to wear them but there were none finished. I knew they were only for her lady customers just like the dresses and other things. I also knew I was a boy and that I was not supposed to wear girls’ clothes at all. That night I dreamed I was a girl being swirled around the dance floor by a faceless man to the call of “swing your partner, doe see doe.”

That dream haunted me. Why would I dream such a thing? I frequented the sewing room more often when no one was around. I looked at mom’s designs and some of the catalogs she had on her desk. The models were gorgeous. They all had perfect hair, nails, and makeup.

Once I picked up a finished dress on a hanger and walked over to the full-length mirror. I held it in front of me to get an idea of how I would look in a dress. I would have given anything to be able to put on the dress over one of the petticoats and twirl around the room.

It bothered me in a sense because I knew it wasn't normal. What bothered me even more at that very young age was, what was I going to do about these "feelings"? I knew I couldn't confide in my father for sure, maybe my mother would understand but certainly nobody outside the family could be considered to be let in on my "little secret"

Ranch work is very physical. It's mostly what is politely called "bull work". Essentially meaning it takes a bull of a man to do it. That's why for the most part I was relegated to helping mom around the house when I was younger.

Whether it was my mom's difficult pregnancy or not I was a frail child. Quite unlike my father, who was the typical cowboy you see on the big screen. He was tall in the saddle, handsome, muscular, and he was able to handle cows, horses, whiskey, wild women and fistfights with equal ease. He was the quintessential "man's man". Clark Gable, Randolph Scott and John Wayne all rolled into one.

There was no doubt I was never going to be the man he was. But neither my parents nor any of the employees made a point of it because even though I wasn't out in the field or the corral doing what they were doing at a very young age I was contributing to the business of ranching by helping my mom with not only the housework but the computerized bookkeeping system as well. I liked it and I became very good at it in a short period of time.

One Sunday my dad let me change the oil and filter on the pickup truck. I took my time and did everything right. After greasing the fittings we cleaned up and went inside. I couldn't wait to get the grease and oil off my hands but at least I had done a competent job of it, just like a man would

At school I earned good grades but shied away from the extracurricular activities. I was too small for most sports and I preferred to be working at home. The ranch work aside, gym class gave me enough exercise to keep me fit and trim. While I was shorter and had a smaller frame than most of my classmates I was stronger. "Wiry" was an appropriate term.

Horseback riding was something I did learn because it was expected of me. I didn't like it at all any more than the smell of manure or the raucous noise of the cattle. Sometimes I would ride away from the buildings and corral. I would find a quiet spot closer to the mountains, dismount and enjoy the quiet, serene countryside.

I spent one morning with dad in the machine shed assisting him replace some bearings. We got the job done though I wasn't much help. My small hands and lack of mechanical ability were painfully obvious.

Later as we washed up Dad told me not to worry about it. He was confident I would get better in due time. Besides he was happy I was good at the computer work as well as helping mom when needed.

He had never berated me or anyone else for that matter. Our neighbors, the Davidson's, only son Todd was continually harassed and verbally abused by his dad. Nothing Todd ever did was right or good enough. Once, his father threatened to send him to school in a dress for some minor thing. That night while they were gone he used his lariat to hang himself from the basement rafters. His parents divorced soon after that.

When my parents were both gone I spent more time in mom's sewing room. I found an unfinished dress on the table and hastily undressed. I put it on and stood in front of the mirror. It was too big for me of course but when, with both hands behind me, I pulled the slack out of it I thought I looked pretty good. If I would have had longer hair I could easily have been mistaken for a girl. I slipped it off and was careful to place it back on the table exactly as I found it.

In mom's bedroom I looked over her makeup items. She only wore it when she and dad were going out or into town on business and then it was only lipstick and blusher. I looked into her vanity mirror and wondered how I would look with a made up face. I didn't dare try any of it of course.

As always these sojourns were always done when I was alone. I knew I could never confide in anybody, even my own mother. I was frustrated and a little angry too at having been cursed with these "feelings" of femininity. Suffering in silence is a very good term and it fitted me to a "T".

That would all change the summer before I began my sophomore year of high school. I was sixteen in February and had enrolled in Drivers' Education. Upon completing my freshman year I took and passed both the written and road tests for my Montana drivers' license. Money was still a little tight so my own set of wheels was still in the future but mom let me use her car once and a while.

It was a Sunday afternoon. Both mom and dad were gone and I was in the sewing room. In the wastebasket I saw a pair of pink ruffled rumba panties. I held them up and turned them over to find a flaw in the material on the back. They were completed except for the leg elastic on one side. Apparently mom decided not to finish them when she found the flaw.

This was my chance. I undressed quickly, stepped into the panties, and pulled them up to my waist. They were too big for me but I felt euphoric. The soft nylon tricot material felt wonderful next to my skin. I felt girly, so exquisitely feminine. I closed my eyes and fantasized about wearing a petticoat and a dress over them. Lost in my fantasy I barely heard the crunch of gravel under my dad's pickup as they returned from town.

I panicked. There was no time to take them off and put on my own briefs so I slipped my jeans over the panties. With my shoes and socks in one hand and my briefs in the other I ran to my room. I tossed my briefs on the bed and quickly put on my sneakers. I had just finished lacing them up when I heard mom calling my name.

My heart was pounding as I walked into the kitchen trying to act nonchalant. The oven door was open and she was placing a casserole in a cardboard box.

“I want you to take this casserole to the Erickson’s. Their son’s body came back from Iraq yesterday. The funeral is tomorrow. His sister Brandi should be home. Take my car.”

I nodded as I took the keys from her hand. I picked up the box and walked quickly to her car. After setting it on the floor of the front seat I walked around to the other side. After I buckled my seat belt I placed the key in the ignition and then sat for a minute to catch my breath.

It had been a close call. I didn’t know what I might have said if mom or dad had seen me in those pink panties. I wondered if mom would go into her sewing room and see that the panties were missing from her wastebasket.

I started the car and drove out to the highway. As much as I enjoyed the feeling of the panties as I drove I worried that when I got back she might ask me if I had taken them out of the waste basket. I guessed I would have to cross that bridge when I came to it and concentrated on my driving.

There were no other cars in front of the Erickson place as I put the car in park and turned off the ignition. With the box in hand I walked up to the front door and rang the bell. There was no answer. Balancing the box with one hand I opened the screen door to find the solid door partially open. I pushed against it gently and walked inside as the door swung open.

In the middle of the living room someone in a man’s western suit and hat was gyrating around. The headset of the portable CD player held in one hand had prevented them from hearing the doorbell. I watched as the person suddenly turned around to face me.

It was Brandi. She probably had on one of her brother’s western suits and his hat. She was wearing a fake mustache and had a small, unlit cigar in her mouth. When she saw me she froze. Her mouth dropped open and the cigar fell to the floor. She pulled off the headphones, then she tossed them and the player on the couch.

“I am Vernon Sandell,” I began as she came towards me with a menacing look in her eyes. “We are sorry to hear about your brother. Mom asked me to bring this over to you.”

I handed the box to her.

“Thank you very much,” she said as she took it from me and set it on the dining room table.

I turned to go and was just at the door when she grabbed me by the shoulder and spun me around. With both hands she grabbed me by the front of my shirt. She was strong and a second later she had me slammed against the door frame.

“If you ever tell anybody about this you sonuvabitch I will not only beat the living snot out of you I will make you the most miserable bastard on the face of the earth. You won’t be dead but you are going to wish you were. Understand?”

I felt in fear of my life as she held me up against the doorframe. I knew Brandi from school and she was known as a sort of “mannish” girl. On one occasion the word “dyke” had been used but I hadn’t thought anything of it and I doubted if anyone else had either. Most of the girls wore jeans, few if any wore makeup and of course most rode horses and liked the outdoor lifestyle we had in Montana.

She glanced down and suddenly her fierce expression changed to one with a big smile. She let go with one hand and grabbed at my waist.

“Oh my!” she exclaimed. “What do we have here?”

I looked down to see what she was looking at. In the act of slamming me up against the door frame she had not only yanked my shirt up but the force of her action had pulled up the pink rumba panties far enough to be seen. She grabbed the pink elastic with her free hand and snapped them back.

“Well I guess that solves the problem of you telling anybody about today, doesn’t it SISSYBOY?”

Her face was an inch from mine as she glared at me.

“I suppose your mother makes petticoats and dresses for you too?” she asked.

I was unable to speak right away as I was desperately trying to think of something to say as she let me down with the other hand.

“Cat got your tongue PUSSY BOY?” she asked as she leered at me again. “Never mind, why don’t you just get your candy ass out of here?”

I turned around and left the house. At the car I unbuckled my pants, pulled the panties back in place, and then tucked my shirt in. Driving home I was now more concerned than ever about my “little secret.”

Back at home mom was in the kitchen.

“Was someone home?” she asked.

“Yes,” I answered. “Their daughter Brandi was there so I gave her the box.”

She nodded and I walked to my bedroom. I undressed and took off the panties. I put on my own briefs and got dressed. I wadded up the panties in my hand and then went into the bathroom. I stuffed them in the wastebasket then removed the liner. In her sewing room I emptied that waste basket on top them and then in succession emptied the computer waste basket and put everything in the kitchen waste basket I tied it shut and carried it out to the large garbage can at the rear of the kitchen.

Back inside the house I felt I could breathe easier though the thought of Brandi saying something still was in my mind though we had sort of what is called a “Mexican Standoff” in that regard. Neither one of us could really tell someone what had happened that afternoon.

That night when my parents when to the visitation I put some ice cubes in a glass and poured in a couple of fingers of Vodka. I didn’t care for alcohol at all but I needed something to settle me down. It had been a tough day for me and I didn’t want to lay awake and think about what might have happened.

I watched some TV as I sipped my drink. Later I poured some more in the glass and then opened a can of pop to fill it up. When my parents returned I appeared to be drinking only a soft drink.

By the time I got ready for bed I was more than a little woozy. I went to sleep as soon as my head hit the pillow. I dreamed I was dancing with Brandi in the dress I had once tried on. When I got up the next day I had a head ache but I said nothing to my folks when I sat down for breakfast.

The rest of the summer passed and I began my sophomore year. I would see Brandi occasionally in the halls but we had no classes together. I would have liked to take the cooking and sewing classes offered but knew I couldn’t do that. Brandi of course took shop classes and was very good at working with her hands according to the guys I knew that had classes with her. I stuck with the computer and bookkeeping classes and made good grades there.

At home I would periodically venture in the sewing room and browse the catalogs I found there. It was very tempting to try on the finished dresses and skirts I found there but I couldn’t take the chance on being caught. My feelings seemed to be getting stronger and I wondered what I was going to do about them.

On a rare nice day in February mom and I were at the mall. She stopped to watch a formal apparel fashion show in progress. I told her to stay and I would meet her at the mall entrance in half an hour.

To be honest I would have liked to have stayed too and imagined myself in those pretty dresses and gowns but I knew it would be best not to. As I walked away Brandi came up behind me.

“Got your prom dress picked out yet SISSY BOY?” she hissed as she brushed past me with that smirk on her face.

I didn’t answer her and stopped to look at the window display of a hobby store. I certainly didn’t want a confrontation at the mall. I guess I could have snapped back with a remark like “Did ja get your balls and penis yet?” but I thought that it was best to keep silent.

The school year ended and I was looking forward to some time off from my studies though of course the ranch work continued. There was always something that needed to be done. Ranching, like farming, is practically a 24/7 occupation.

Two weeks after school was out my father fell out of his saddle. Mom and I followed the ambulance to the hospital in the pickup truck. When we got to the emergency room he was DOA and the staff had been unable to revive him.

Everybody was stunned at his death. We went home and began to make funeral arrangements. The autopsy results would come later to reveal he had been a walking time bomb. An aneurism in his neck vein had burst while he was riding and by the time he hit the ground he was practically dead then.

The funeral was very nice and there were many people who came to offer their condolences. Brandi’s parents came but she didn’t. I was glad as I didn’t want to see her. Despite the fact we were, in a sense two of a kind, we were never going to be friends.

When everything had been settled mom sat down with me and said she wanted to sell the ranch and move into the city. Part of the money from the sale would be used to set up her sewing business in town.

I guess I wasn’t really surprised as running a ranch is a big job, not that a woman couldn’t handle it, least of all my mom. Considering the hours you had to put in, the increasing amount of paperwork for the state and federal governments as well as the rising costs of everything from fuel to insurance, selling it was for the best.

During the Reagan years Montana’s Big Sky country had been discovered by the wealthy who had seen the President “riding the range”, so to speak, in his cowboy clothes, boots and hat. Developers swooped in, made offers, and wrote checks without

blinking for many ranches. Later those big ranches were divided up into “mini ranches”, each one selling for nearly what the developer had paid for the one big ranch. They made a killing.

My parents, along with a few others, had held out. Many of the grizzled older men saw what had once been their cow towns turned into tourist traps with boutiques for the Hollywood-rockstar-richy-rich crowd that had now invaded the state.

Even a modest place where a cup of coffee could be purchased for a few cents had turned into a “specialty” shop where the bean water was combined with fizzing foam and lots of other goodies to become a 3-4 dollar cup of Joe. Many just shook their heads and laughed wondering just what the hell the world or maybe I should say THEIR world was coming to.

The place sold quicker than I thought. We had about six weeks to be out of there before the new owners wanted to move in. Mom and I looked at a dozen places in town. We finally settled on one in a newer subdivision. It had a full basement that she could use to set up her sewing shop.

The cattle and equipment was sold right away. We bought new furniture and a new computer. The older stuff was auctioned off along with everything else we didn't need and it was a done deal. I know it was hard on my mom but this move was the best for both of us and she agreed.

By the time the debts were all paid off, the employees paid, and the legal and realtor fees were deducted mom still had a substantial sum left so paying cash for the house and buying some additional things for her business was not a problem. The rest, against the advice of her banker, she kept in the checking account as she wanted to stay “fluid” for the time being as opposed to investing it.

The pickup had been sold and I used the money to buy a Honda coupe. It had quite a few miles on it but was mechanically sound, as that brand tends to be. I was very comfortable in this small car and had never liked the big, lumbering 4X4 pickup truck.

School began and I delved into my studies. I had more time on my hands now that I didn't have the ranch chores to do though I did have to take care of the lawn and of course snow removal this winter.

We both liked the new computer. I began surfing the net using the word “transgendered” and found much to my surprise I was not alone. In addition to informational websites I found many commercial sites that sold everything from makeup and wigs to clothes and shoes.

I made some notes of the names of therapists who specialized in people like me but of course there were none nearby. There were several between Boise and Spokane but most of them, particularly those with more extensive websites were in California. I

thought about visiting one of them but I was still a minor so I thought I would wait until the spring of my senior year.

I missed being able to ride out to the mountains and enjoy the solitude of Big Sky country. To compensate I took up jogging to a nearby park and back in the evenings. It was a good way to not only get some exercise but to think and get some of the frustrations of life out of my system. I was very unsure of what I was going to do about this “thing” I had for feminine apparel. I knew I was going to have to resolve it or my whole life could be one of frustration.

Mom’s sewing business had increased as her reputation for turning out high quality, well fitted, clothes had spread. It was primarily by word of mouth though she did by some print ads. She added a line of pageant dresses for little girls. I was ecstatic when I paged thru the catalog of designs and saw the pictures of these little girls in their satin or taffeta puff sleeve mini dresses flared out by petticoats.

These adorable little girls wore lipstick, blusher, and eye makeup in addition to pierced earrings, elegant hairstyles and painted nails. They were perfectly feminine in every way down to their cowgirl boots, Mary Jane shoes or miniature high heel pumps.

I envied them and wished I could look like that. Even more so I guess I wished those dresses could be made larger to fit me. I wanted to feel the softness of those fabric swatches on my smooth skin, hear the rustle of the petticoats under the dress and click of my high heels on a hard floor as I walked, the short flared out skirt bouncing as I did so. Mom could make them that big of course but I could never ask her.

Things like that went thru my mind more and more often as my feelings got stronger. I wanted desperately to wear dresses and makeup if only to see myself just once. Living with mom of course made that impossible.

When I was alone with my thoughts of femininity it made for some long days. I began to wonder what kind of a life I was going to have. I was not particularly interested in any type of work except of course I knew I wasn’t ever going to work on a ranch.

I still had plenty of time and that was one good thing. Maybe by the time I was out of high school things would change or maybe something would happen that would give my life some direction or at least supply me with some answers as to what lay ahead.

I finished my sophomore year and found a summer job at a pizza joint. Mom had given me a generous allowance after dad died but I knew the importance of work and wanted to have some experience other than my chores on the ranch.

I continued surfing the net. I enjoyed looking at the pictures of formal apparel fashions. I learned more and more about myself as well as men who cross dress and those who desire to become women. I ached to talk to somebody but there was no one here that I

felt I could trust. I knew I had to wait until I turned eighteen before talking to someone, and that someone would be out of state.

Spring break would be an ideal time for me to go away for a week and talk with one of the therapists I had seen listed on the web. I resigned myself to wait until then. I was certain their expertise could give me more insight as to why I felt this way as well as what to do about it.

School and work continued. Mom's business was thriving and she was busy most of the time. I enjoyed my free time jogging to and around the park, weather permitting. I also continued my research on the web compiling several pages of notes that I would take to the therapist with me.

In my senior year I met a very nice girl. Bonita Williams had transferred from another part of the state. She was a quiet, studious girl. We had a couple of dates during the school year. I got up the nerve to ask her to the prom and she accepted. I hadn't socialized much outside of school activities. With my feelings I had always been a little uncomfortable around girls

Spring break was coming up fast. I created a separate email account and set up an appointment to see Dr. Victoria Goddard. Her offices were just outside Sacramento. I was able to make some pretty decent connections from the Missoula airport and back again. I put everything on my first credit card. I told mom I would rather get a look at the west coast and the beautiful California weather than Florida.

Time really dragged until the day of my flight. I made all my connections. I drove the rental car to my motel. After a burger and fries I took a hot shower. My appointment was for nine am the next day so I wanted to get a good night's sleep but it was after midnight before I finally dozed off.

The desk clerk woke me up at seven and I got dressed. I was too nervous to eat any breakfast. I thought briefly about canceling my appointment but since I was already here I changed my mind.

I had printed out some maps of the area on my computer and went over them again before leaving. I found the office building with no problem and parked the car. It was too early to go inside so after turning off the ignition I sat there for a few minutes thinking about what I was going to say to her. I went over my notes and the list of questions in my small notebook one more time and then I got out of the car.

It was eight forty five when I stood at the reception desk on the second floor and introduced myself. The woman at the desk handed me a clipboard and asked me to fill out the medical questionnaire. I completed it and then took a seat. My pulse accelerated as I saw Dr. Goddard come out of her office. I wiped my sweaty palms on my pants and stood up with my notebook in my left hand as she approached.

Dr. Victoria Goddard was a stunning woman. Her shoulder length blonde hair shone even in the artificial lighting. Her green silk blouse and sharply tailored brown pantsuit gave her a real professional look. She walked over to me with an air of confidence and extended her hand as I stood up.

I gripped it gently as she introduced herself with a soft, almost melodic voice. We walked past the counter and into her office. My heart was pounding as I took a seat in the plush leather chair she indicated at the front of her desk.

She took her seat in a high back leather chair. With her left hand she opened a note pad on the highly polished wood desk and then with her right picked up an elegant pen from its holder in front of her. Her face had no expression as we began.

They say honesty is the best policy so I poured out my heart and soul to her. I answered all of her questions as best I could and she answered all of mine. As the hour came to a close I felt much better and had become much more relaxed as we talked. It was more like I was confiding in a friend than a therapist. At the conclusion of the hour she walked me to the counter where I paid her fee in cash. She asked me to keep in touch by e-mail and mentioned a trade school nearby that I might be interested in.

I drove back to my motel and called the school she had mentioned to have them send a catalog to my home address. I drove to the coast that afternoon and thought about my conversation with the doctor as I watched the waves lap at the beach. I slept hard that night.

The next morning I turned in the rental car and caught my flight home. I got in late. Mom was asleep so I showered and went right to bed. At breakfast the next morning she asked about my trip. I just shrugged and said the ocean was beautiful and that I thought it would be a great place to live.

The catalog arrived several days later. It offered programs in fashion design, beautician, electrolysis technician, makeup artist, nail and skin technician. Their placement rate was very high and one student was already making a name for himself in Hollywood. I wondered why she thought I would be interested in what had traditionally been a woman's field. Did she think I was gay?

I put the catalog in my lower dresser drawer. I still had a month or so before I graduated so I wanted to look at other things too. I knew that there were too many people who had hastily enrolled in college or a tech course only to find themselves in a job they didn't like, one that didn't pay what the school said they would or with the economy today, no job at all. I didn't want to make that mistake.

At the end of May Bonita and I had great time at the prom. Beneath her shy demeanor was a girl with a delightful sense of humor. She wore a pretty yellow chiffon dress.

When I picked her up I wondered what I would look like in a dress like that, with makeup and high heel shoes of course.

We ended up on her parents couch necking up a storm. I hadn't even thought about having sex. The large wooden cross over the fireplace indicated that the answer would have probably been no anyway.

There were several school catalogs that I had been looking at. The guidance counselor at school wasn't very happy about my decision not to fill out some applications for the fall semester. I chose instead to investigate more schools. I wanted to be careful what I chose, due in large part to my unresolved "feelings". Mom had said nothing except "find something you like"

I quit my job at the pizza place and starting working a night stocking job in a box store. It paid better though it took me a while to get used to sleeping during the daytime and working at night instead of visa versa. I worked ten pm to six am. After eating breakfast I usually went to bed around ten or eleven and then got up to have supper with mom around six or six thirty.

The work was moderately physical. It wasn't long before I had a good handle on where things went and how they were to be displayed. It wasn't brain surgery by any means but apparently I was doing a good job because in thirty days I got a raise. I was pleased though money was not an immediate problem.

The following week I was assigned to work in the women's department. A large shipment had come in and one of the stock girls was on vacation and another had called in sick. She wouldn't be back for several days so I was pressed into service.

Most of the clothing was already on hangers and it was only a matter of making sure the sizes were all in the right place. After my two am break my supervisor had me put lingerie on the mannequins. I felt a little foolish closing the hooks of the bras and adjusting the straps over the plastic breast shaped mounds as well as sliding panty hose or panties on the female forms.

I had just finished slipping a lacy camisole on the last one when my supervisor handed me a lipstick. I did the mouths and then brushed rouge on their cheeks. Next she showed me how to apply the eye makeup. After I touched up their nails with red nail polish we finished by putting on the wigs and adjusting them. She stood back to admire my handiwork. I could tell she was pleased. The rest of the shift was spent doing some cleanup work.

Later that morning when I got into bed I thought about the makeup course offered by the school in California. It wasn't so much that as a male I probably was not supposed to like doing the makeup and nails of the mannequins but the fact that my supervisor was quite happy with the way they looked and told me I had a "knack for it". I began to re-consider the makeup artist and nail courses the school in California offered.

It was about two weeks later when one of mom's clients brought her little girl in. The little girl's white satin mini dress was finished except for some adornments that had been delayed in shipment. Mom was sewing them and several pink bows on the dress when I went into the basement for some pop to put in the fridge.

I recognized the woman from her picture at work. She was the manager of the women's department. A few minutes later mom hollered upstairs for me to come down. When I did the little girl had her dress on. There was a small makeup kit on the table.

"The pageant starts in an hour. I know you did a good job on our mannequins last week. Would you do Susie's make up please? We don't have much time."

I nodded and opened the makeup case. As I applied the little girl's lipstick and blusher I wondered what my mom was thinking. After I did the eye makeup I closed the case. Mom got her check and I got a ten-dollar tip. Everybody was happy. Now I just had to explain things to my mother.

She laughed when I told her what I had done at work and that was the end of it. Of course I didn't tell her that I was considering that as a career. A mom would probably be more understanding than a dad but I didn't want to discuss my career plans at this time.

Work continued as usual. I got an e-mail from the school stating there had been two cancellations for the fall semester and if I was still interested I should send my deposit in right away. I thought long and hard about it for a week and then decided to enroll. I would become a makeup artist and nail technician.

The course was over about nine months. I mailed the check in with the application but didn't tell mom. School wouldn't begin until about mid-September. I got information about housing and part time jobs in the area even though I didn't really need one.

I applied for student loans too despite having enough to pay for the tuition. The counselor said it was no interest until a year after graduation so my savings could earn interest while I was attending school.

I gave notice at the store that I would be working thru Labor Day Weekend. The manager of the women's department had me re-do the nails and makeup of the mannequins with pink polish and lipstick before I left. I was happy to be out of there in a sense as now I could concentrate on my career.

Mom would have preferred I attend school closer to home. When she asked what I was taking up I said "general courses to start with" intending to choose a major later on. She seemed satisfied with my answer. We discussed my travel plans and I told her I would be in touch.

The drive was uneventful and I found a small partially furnished apartment close to the school. I bought some additional things for the apartment at the local mission store and had them delivered. I had been using a cheap prepaid phone so I wouldn't need that hooked up. I bought a used laptop and got an internet connection. I called mom and let her know everything was ok. I guess I was as ready as I was ever going to be.

I notified the school of my address and got my class schedule the next day. I had chosen the afternoon-evening schedule. I had eight days before classes would start. I emailed Dr. Goddard and requested an am appointment. Her office acknowledged my request and gave me an appointment on Friday before the first week of school.

I spent a day driving around the area getting to know it. There was not much available for part time work so I didn't apply for any just yet. The weather was beautiful as opposed to the chilly fall I had left behind in Montana.

I felt a combination of fear and excitement if there was such a thing. At least I was getting a start on building a life and of course Friday's appointment would be another step in giving me a better understanding of myself and those "feelings" that were becoming stronger than ever. I missed looking at those catalogs of mom's but had plenty of resources on the internet to look at.

That Friday I took my seat in front of Dr. Goddard's desk again. In the first thirty minutes we explored my early childhood to the present. She seemed surprised that I had not had sex yet. Our discussion included the difference in a love for feminine apparel and its' associated eroticism as opposed to a change of sex so that feminine apparel is appropriate.

The second half hour she took me into a small room behind her office and after I undressed she examined me. She seemed pleased that my small frame was nearly hair free. When I got up from the exam table she measured my height, sleeve length, hand and shoulder width, the circumference of my neck and skull and finally my feet from heel to the big toe. After taking a blood sample and weighing me she told me to get dressed.

I thought taking all those measurements was a bit unusual but then I had never been to a therapist before and she was a doctor. When I took my seat in front of her again she smiled at me.

"I'm so happy you are keeping yourself in good health. Too many young people today are eating poorly, not exercising and are into smoking, alcohol and drugs or all three. Your blood pressure is good and I'm sure the results of the lab will show your cholesterol will be below acceptable levels. I would like you to try to lose a few pounds just as a precautionary measure however. I know you like to run but a stationary bike would help you too by strengthening your legs and tightening your flabby buttocks. Do you have a part time job yet?"

“No,” I answered. I didn’t want to go into my financial situation and tell her I really didn’t need a job.

“Here is a friend of mine. She occasionally hires part time students like you to work in her small business. Give her a call and use my name. That’s all for today, please pay at the desk on your way out.”

She handed me a pink business card as I stood up. I put it in my pocket and walked out to the counter. After paying my bill I walked out to my car. I wondered why my weight had been a concern to her. It wasn’t like I was fat. I might have put on a few pounds after graduation since I hadn’t been running much anymore as my jogging had been much less frequent since I had been working full time.

I bought a cheap scale at a thrift store on the way home. That night when I stepped on the scale I weighed just under a hundred and forty five pounds. I was about five foot six and so my BMI was 23 & change. That seemed to be pretty normal to me.

After showering I looked at myself in the full length mirror on my closet door. I didn’t think my buttocks were flabby but I wanted to please the doctor. Before going to bed I glanced thru the newspaper ads and the internet and found a couple of stationary bikes for sale. I would make some calls the next day after breakfast.

The next morning as I got dressed I remembered the pink card in my shirt pocket. I took it out and looked at it. “LAPINC” was in black letters across the top. The next line read “Lydia’s Adult Publications Inc. Beneath that was a street address, phone and fax number. Under that was the website and email address. The product listing was “TV-TS books, magazines and DVD’s. At the bottom left hand corner was the owner’s name Lydia Owens.

I called the toll free number and a woman with a sharp voice answered “LAPINC!”

“This is Vernon Sandell,” I began. “I was referred to you by Dr. Victoria Goddard. I was wondering if you were hiring any part time people.”

“Yes, I will need someone by the end of next week. Please come in and fill out an application. Give me your name again and your address. I will send you a copy of our monthly sales flyers.”

After doing so I hung up and called the numbers for the stationary bike. By the end of the day I had one set up in my bedroom. That evening I jogged down to the school and back. It was a pleasant evening and I was looking forward to starting classes.

I took a shower and then looked up Lydia’s business on the internet. She had quite an array of transvestite books and magazines. There were also some catalogs that sold women’s clothes and shoes in men’s sizes. The DVD’s were mostly pornography but

did include some fashion shows and beauty contests with men dressed as women as well as makeup, hair, voice, and deportment instructional ones.

Monday morning I drove to LAPINC'S address and entered the store promptly at nine am. My first class wasn't until three so I wanted to get this out of the way first. The first day and week of school would be hectic enough.

Lydia was standing behind the counter talking on the phone when I walked in. I browsed thru the books and magazines until she hung up. She was a short, grey haired woman and seemed to be eyeing me up and down as I approached her.

"I am Vernon Sandell. I called the other day about part time work,"

She smiled at me as she handed me an application and a pen.

"Fill this out and sign it. I will let you know by Friday," she said in a voice like a drill sergeant.

I completed the application and handed it to her. Driving home I wondered what she would be like to work for.

I went to school that afternoon with great anticipation and some anxiety. I found my classmates to be a mix of people and it was no surprise to find seven of the twenty students were males. One was even from northern Idaho not too far from where I had lived.

Thursday morning Lydia called me and told me come in Friday morning at eight am for training. I was surprised but told her I would be there. Apparently there wasn't going to be an interview, but then considering the type of business it was I supposed Lydia wasn't exactly overrun with people who were eager to work in a place that sold pornography and other adult publications.

I parked in the back the next morning. Several minutes after pushing the buzzer Lydia opened the door and I stepped inside. We went to her office and filled out the W-2. She took me around the store and showed me where the DVD's, books and magazines were stocked. We went back to the rear of the store where there were a half dozen boxes stacked just inside the large garage door.

"Take one box at a time, place it on the table over there and open it up. The small box on the table contains security tags. Peel off the tab and stick one on the back of each book or magazine. When you are finished take the box out to the store and insert them in the proper display tray. If the magazine is the same as the one on display, slip them behind the front copies. If they are a newer issue, then place them in the front. Do you have any questions?"

I shook my head no and began to work. I took me several hours to complete the job. After cutting up the boxes for recycling I walked back into the store. She was on the phone again so while I waited I browsed thru some of the books.

They were all the same genre of course. Men who were either forced or willfully feminized, cross dressed, and then lived as women or in some instances had surgery and became women. Some of the photos on the magazine covers were quite striking as were the artwork on the covers of the books.

When she got off the phone she showed me how to print out an order off the computer, locate the items, wrap it securely and attach the mailing label to the envelope or box. I did the same with a fax order. She was satisfied with the job I had done so I was left alone to fill the rest of the orders that had come in overnight.

It was just before one when I finished. She logged me out on her timesheet and told me to come back the next morning. I drove home, had lunch and then got ready for school.

I was glad when classes were over that night. It had been quite a week. The classes were interesting and my fellow students were a good bunch. The hot shower felt good that night and I went right to sleep.

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