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ADRIFT

By JERI ELLEN

My fourth set of adoptive parents was the home I grew up in. The first two sets didn't keep me very long. I had been something they used to get financial assistance. The first used the money to supply the husbands gambling habit and the second was to help finance the couple's entry into the world of drug dealing. I was fortunate to have survived the short time I had spent with either family.

The third set was a little better. My step mom had wanted to adopt a girl but her husband, an over the road trucker, insisted on a boy. He was gone a lot. During his long absences she kept me in girls' clothes without his knowledge.

I was just a preschooler then but I never forgot the soft feel of those pink tricot panties and the top half of

the petti slip that I wore under my pink dress. I also wore pink socks to match the pink Mary Jane shoes. After painting my fingernails pink she would lipstick my mouth and then she would apply some pink powder to my cheeks before placing the pink bonnet on my head.

We would go into town shopping she would also have me carry a little pink purse. All the sales clerks thought I was so adorable. I wondered if they knew that I was really a boy. I felt so good in my lingerie and little pink outfit. I missed it when I had to change back into my boy clothes.

When my dad would call and tell my step mom when he would be home she would remove my makeup and nail polish. After dressing me in my boy's clothes she would always make me promise not to tell him when he got home as this was to be "our little secret" so of course I didn't say a word.

One day the doorbell rang. Mom was in the bathroom so I opened the front door. Mom came rushing out of the bathroom to see the social workers' district supervisor eyeing me up and down. He looked at my step mom in a disapproving way. When he left she took off my nail polish, make up and girls' clothes. Less than a month later I was in another foster home. This time I would stay put.

The fourth set of stepparents, Thomas and Vivian Peterson, had quit farming. Despite being a fairly young man Thomas had a heart attack in his mid forties. He and his wife decided to quit putting in the long hours that farming required.

The land was leased out to another farmer and they began taking in orphaned or abandoned children on a

temporary basis. They earned a good reputation from the department of health and social services.

In addition to the lease money Vivian cleaned homes in a Milwaukee suburb about twenty miles away. She had a small list of very satisfied clients and numerous requests from many others that she placed on her waiting list.

The work ethic was ingrained in me from the time I arrived. Even though I was very young I had some chores like most farm kids did. Although they no longer farmed there were things to do around the house. I would occasionally help my step dad in his shop and with the outside work of lawn care, snow removal, etc.

At five years of age I began my home schooling. Thomas and Vivian didn't want me being bussed into the city to attend public schools. Two retired teachers had started a home school in a converted machine shed on their farm about two miles down the road.

Vivian drove me there and picked me up each day in a battered old mini van that Thomas kept running like a top. Like most farmers Thomas believed in taking care of your equipment and he was good at it too, often fixing the neighbors cars or machinery for extra cash.

The courses were accelerated but I picked things up quickly and was soon at the top of my class. In addition to my studies I stayed late two nights a week for piano lessons. I didn't care much for music but I did it because my step parents wanted me to.

They had an old upright piano in the basement that I would practice on. Thomas secured wood blocks to the pedals because I was short for my age. I applied myself and soon to no one's surprise I was able to play quite well.

Between schooling, music, and my work around the house there was no time for getting into any trouble. It was a disciplined household. I was a very happy child growing up around people who really cared about me.

Over the years I was able to play at nursing and retirement homes for their "sing alongs". I also played for kids' birthday parties and the VFW and American Legion Auxiliaries. It was good experience and Vivian used the money I was paid for my school expenses and clothes.

I began playing for some private parties each summer too. They paid much better and soon I had acquired a substantial amount in my savings account. I also had one gig at a private country club for an afternoon "tea" as the women called it.

One of the women my mother cleaned for was a member of the club and had gotten me the gig. Several of the women, including her, seemed to look at me in a rather odd way. I wasn't sure what they were seeing but I guess I figured the women were just being women.

Thomas had his second heart attack in April. I had gone down the basement to see why he hadn't come up for supper and found him on the floor. The paramedics arrived shortly but they were unable to do anything for him and at the hospital he was DOA.

Following the funeral his estate was settled with everything going to my step mother. She sold his pick up truck and the old minivan. She bought a newer mini van to replace them both.

I had completed my drivers' training and passed the license exams with ease so I could drive it too. I didn't have enough in my savings to buy a car of my

own just yet and I didn't want to borrow money even though Vivian offered to cosign the loan for me.

Vivian expanded her customer base and I began helping her. With two of us working we finished up in about half the time. I knew Thomas's death had been hard on her so despite the additional demand on my time I said nothing.

In my life to this point I had only one concern. It was the fact that most of my classmates had grown taller than me. I was still the shortest one in the class. It was never a problem at school or anywhere else for that matter but I was now interested in dating girls.

It soon became apparent that girls didn't like short boys or maybe there was something else about me that they didn't like, I wasn't sure which. Once I overheard one of the girls remark "he would look better in a dress than I do."

I didn't know what to make of her remark. That night after my shower I looked at my reflection in the mirror. I saw myself in that little pink dress my previous stepmother had me wear. I hadn't thought about that for some time. As I combed my hair down over my forehead to form bangs I thought maybe she was right. I could just as easily have been a girl.

I turned sixteen in May. After passing my school exams with high scores I was looking forward to making some money over the summer. I figured by fall I would have enough money saved up to buy a used car. I knew that the Honda Civic was high priced but they were good quality cars and the extra money would be well spent.

Memorial Day weekend Vivian got a call from Mrs. Angela Danforth. I had helped mom clean her house

several times. It was a magnificent mansion in a gated community. She wanted to know if I would like to work at her cottage on the lake for the summer as well as play at her afternoon and evening gatherings of friends. I would be paid \$4500.00 for the summer with free room, board, and uniforms provided.

Angela's late father in law, Roger, had gone to trade school right out of the service. After working as a machinist for several years he bought some used equipment and began doing small custom jobs in his garage for some local companies. He eventually quit and leased a larger space and hired two machinists to work with him.

The business grew by leaps and bounds. His son, Edward, Angela's late husband, expanded the business and when Edward died in the crash of his private jet the company was a world wide operation. Angela sold the company to the employees and was now actively engaged in philanthropic work.

I was astounded at that sum of money. It seemed like a fortune compared to the fifty or a hundred bucks I had been getting paid for short gigs here and there. So far I hadn't booked anything for the summer so I agreed. My whole earnings from last summer weren't equal to what I could make in one month for Angela so this was too good to pass up.

After she hung up the phone Vivian had me undress so she could measure me. I stood still in my tee shirt and briefs while she measured my head, neck, chest, waist and hips. Next she measured the circumference of my hands, length of my feet, and the distance from the middle of my neck to my wrist. When she finished she called Angela back and gave her the measurements.

I was a bit puzzled by this but for \$1500.00 a month I was willing to wear a uniform while I worked as well as a costume when I played the piano. Those dollar signs obliterated any thoughts of whatever else this job could involve.

Three days later a limousine pulled into the yard at eight am. I put on a light jacket and grabbed a small suitcase. I hadn't started shaving yet so in addition to several sets of underwear the only things inside were my toothbrush, tooth paste, a nail clippers and some body powder.

It was about a three hour trip. When the limo pulled in the driveway of Mrs. Danforths' summer "cottage" as she called it I was very surprised. It was nearly as large as her mansion in the city. The four vehicle garage was about the size of the farm house I was living in.

When I got out of the limo I was greeted by a Hispanic woman in a black dress and white apron. She introduced herself as Joan Gomez and asked me to follow her inside. I walked behind her to the rear entrance as the limo pulled out of the driveway.

We walked thru a massive kitchen, down a short hallway to the stairs. I followed her upstairs to a bedroom at the end of a long hallway. The carpeting was as plush as could be and there were paintings on the walls that I could only guess were works of fine art.

Inside the bedroom, which was just smaller than the entire downstairs of my house, the maid showed me the full bath and then the closet where there were six blue coveralls on hangers.

"You will wear a clean coverall each day. On Fridays bring the dirty ones and your other laundry down

to the kitchen and toss everything down the laundry chute. Tomorrow you will start work. Be in the kitchen for breakfast at seven. Let's go back to the kitchen and I will fix your lunch."

I followed her back downstairs. She made me tuna fish sandwich and poured out a glass of milk. When I finished I walked around the beautiful estate. It was really something. After supper I watched some TV and then set my alarm for six am. It took me a while to fall asleep in my new surroundings.

My week began with mowing the lawn and trimming the shrubs. Jose was the head groundskeeper. He kept me busy. I applied some sealer and paint to the dock and Jose took me aboard the fiberglass fishing boat that was tied to the pier. I would have liked to take it out on the lake for a spin but I knew better that to ask.

Except for one day of rain the week had gone quickly. I enjoyed the work, especially since most of it was outdoors. I was granted the use of Angela's exercise machines in the basement so between that and work I had already lost a couple of pounds.

Sunday morning after I finished breakfast Joan informed me that I would be playing at two that afternoon for a small gathering of Angela's friends. She instructed me to shower, shave and come to the bedroom across the hall for a fitting at one pm.

I read the Sunday paper and then watched a movie to kill the time until one. I had a salad for lunch and then went back to my room to clean up. I wasn't sure what I was going to be wearing but promptly at one I knocked on the door of the room across the hall.

Joan opened it. She looked closely at my face and then bent down to raise one leg of my coveralls. She handed me a pink box.

“Go back to your room, shave your legs, put these on, and then come back.”

I took the box from her and returned to my room. I had only shaved my face so I quickly undressed and went into the bathroom. I soaped my legs and shaved them. When I opened the box I found that it contained a pink strapless body briefer and a pair of sheer panty hose.

I was surprised as hell since no one had said anything about wearing women’s clothing. I struggled into the foundation garment and then put on the pantyhose. The hose felt good against my freshly shaven legs as I walked across the hall. I knocked again and Joan let me in.

She looked me over carefully. Seemingly satisfied she motioned me over to the vanity. I sat in the chair and she applied my eye makeup, blusher, and lipstick. When she finished she placed a brown wig on my head and adjusted it.

I was totally amazed at the reflection in the mirror. After affixing a set of press on nails to my fingertips she placed a single strand pearl necklace around my neck and a similar pearl bracelet around the left wrist. Last, she clipped a pair of four inch dangling earrings to my earlobes.

“Over here now,” she commanded.

I followed her over to the long closet. She selected a dark red, short sleeved, velvet sheath dress. She unzipped it, and removed the dress from the hangar, then handed it to me. I stepped carefully inside and brought

it up over the briefcase. After placing two weighted breast forms in the briefcase cups she adjusted the dress over them and then zipped me up.

From the closet floor she placed a pair of red stiletto heel pumps at my feet and I stepped into them. They couldn't have fit better if they had been tailor made for me. It was hard to describe the way I felt as I stood there in those four inch heel pumps.

"Walk back and forth across the room for me please," asked Joan.

I took a few tentative steps towards the door. I lengthened my stride a little. The dress was tapered below the knees so it inhibited my walk. I turned around and walked back to where Joan was standing. She was smiling as I stopped in front of her.

"That's very good. You walk just like a girl." She smiled again. "Now do it several more times for me please."

I began walking again. My mind raced back to when I was a child in tricot panties and a little pink dress. That euphoria that I had felt then had returned.

As I turned around I shook my head and my beautiful brown shoulder length wig swished back and forth. I put one hand on my hip and walked back to Joan again putting a little more sway into my hips.

"Not so much sashaying around," she said with a frown, "Just a nice girly walk, like a lady."

I went back and forth to the door several more times. I was enjoying myself and I have no doubt that it showed. Joan continued to watch me closely and then put up her hands to stop me.

“Enough. Let’s go downstairs and pick out your music. Remember to pick up the slack of your dress before going down or back up the stairs. Walk slowly, like a lady.”

I nodded and walked ahead of her out the door and down the hallway. At the top of the stairs I picked up the slack in the dress and continued down the steps. At the bottom we turned right and then left into the living room. Across the living room was a large piano on a circular stage near the windows.

There were two short stacks of sheet music on top of the piano.

“Angela said you should pick out something that would be appropriate for an afternoon tea.”

I sorted thru the stacks and made my selections. I placed them to the left of the rack above the keys.

“Remember to smooth your dress before you sit down and again when you get up. Just like a lady.”

I did so and adjusted the bench underneath me. The pedals had a different feel wearing high heels. I placed the first booklet on the rack and began to play.

“Practice for awhile and I will be back later,” said Joan

I went thru a couple of songs in each book. There were no complicated pieces here so I didn’t have concerns about playing any of them. It would only be for a short while anyway, not like a concert where I would be playing for several hours.

As I played I felt almost giddy, very girlishly feminine, so to speak. I knew with the lipstick and rouged cheeks that I presently a very female look. I was very

proud of myself and couldn't wait to see the reaction of Angela's guests.

Joan returned and I showed her the selections I had chosen.

"The guests will be arriving shortly. Don't start playing until Mrs. Danforth signals you."

I nodded and she left the room.

It was a little after two pm when Angela came into the room followed by several women. She nodded to me and I began playing. I felt a sudden movement under my feet. I continued playing but noticed I was moving. The piano was on a turntable hidden in the floor. It was rotating me and the piano as I played.

I concentrated on the sheet music in front of me. I was afraid I might get dizzy though I was moving very slowly. I continued playing as more women joined the others. Soon it seemed almost as if their conversation was as loud as my playing.

Just after four pm the rotation stopped. Mrs. Danforth walked over to the piano and stood by me as she spoke to the assemblage of women.

"Thank you all for coming and giving me your pledge for the local artists. Before leaving I want you to meet the pianist who has provided the lovely background music for our gathering this afternoon. Ladies this is Phyllis Anson."

I was very surprised at Mrs. Danforths' introduction as well as being introduced as "Phyllis" when my name was really Phillip, but then considering the way I was dressed it seemed very appropriate. I stood up and bowed slightly to accept the applause that resounded thru the room.

As Mrs. Danforth escorted the women out I picked up the slack in my dress with both hands and in lady-like fashion stepped off the circular stage. Joan came out of the kitchen and we walked up the stairs.

In the large bedroom she removed my wig, nails, jewelry, and makeup as I sat at the vanity. I stood up, slipped off the high heels as she unzipped me, and then stepped out of the dress. It felt strange not being in the confines of the sheath dress, almost like I belonged in a dress.

I went back to my room to take off the panty hose and briefer. After I dressed Joan was waiting for me in the hallway. She had a big smile on her face.

“Leave the lingerie in your room. Mrs. Danforth wants to see you in the living room. Come into the kitchen when she is finished talking to you and I will fix your supper.”

I went back downstairs to the living room and Joan went into the kitchen.

Mrs. Danforth was waiting for me by the piano. Her face brightened as I walked over to her.

“You were simply marvelous Phillip. I am so pleased with your performance. I am glad I could count on you today and for the other gatherings this summer.”

I smiled as I said “Your very welcome, Mrs. Danforth. I am glad to be working for you this summer.”

She turned and left. As I walked to the kitchen I wondered about her expression “other gatherings” this summer. Had she brought me here to work as a male or did she simply enjoy dressing me in female apparel I asked myself.

My second thought was about the \$1500.00 a month I was getting. That kind of money was not available anywhere else. I guess it kind of overshadowed what I was doing to earn it. Besides, it wasn't like I didn't enjoy performing my little feminine charade.

When I went to bed that night I saw myself in that dress and high heels again. I recalled the way the sheer pantyhose had felt on my smooth legs and as well as the soft touch of the velvet dress on my bare skin. I shivered with delight, closed my eyes, and went to sleep.

It was another two weeks before I was asked to play again. I had been busy around the place doing a variety of things. I was given a ride in the large speedboat and taught how to use the controls. It was a thrilling ride. I loved being at the controls of those two massive out-board engines.

My second performance would be in the early evening. I would begin playing just after seven pm as the first guests arrived. This time Mrs. Danforth was entertaining a dozen couples in formal dress. Of course I had no idea who they were and if I did it wouldn't have mattered to me anyway I guess.

That evening Joan instructed me as I applied the makeup myself. The lipstick and blusher were bright red as were the press on nails. The wig was blonde, nearly the same color as my sleeveless dress, a bright, shiny gold satin sheath.

I loved the feel of the satin as well as the matching black over the elbow gloves on my smooth skin. My jewelry was the same and I felt like a golden princess as I walked down the carpeted staircase in my black stiletto pumps.

I walked to the stage and sat down at the piano. More than once during the evening I caught sight of a man glancing at me. It was good to know they found me desirable. I was not attracted to men of course but it let me know just how good my charade was. Apparently I had them all fooled.

At the end of the evening Mrs. Danforth thanked me once again. Upstairs Joan helped me change from Phyllis back to Phillip again. It seemed almost a shame to have to go back to being in male clothing when it was so pleasurable to be dressed in that feminine finery.

Work continued around the cottage. As busy as I was I seemed to spend more and more time thinking about how I missed being dressed in feminine apparel. That included my memories of when my third step mom would keep me in a little pink dress.

The fashion ads in the newspapers and magazines caught my eye. I had never paid attention to them before. When I looked at the women working here and in particular, Mrs. Danforth's guests, I became more aware of the way they fixed their hair and did their makeup.

The month of June ended. Sunday night Joan came to my room. She handed me a pay slip indicating the direct deposit to my bank and a small pink box.

"I have a serving costume that you will be wearing for the Fourth of July party Mrs. Danforth is having on the patio. Take your shower & shave everything about eight tonight. Put on this lingerie and then come to the bedroom across the hall. I want to be sure everything fits you ok."

I took them from her and she left. When I opened the box I found it contained a pair of pink satin panties, a pink bra, a pink garter belt and a pair of pink seamed stockings. What now I thought. I had never done any serving. I thought I might be playing again but this was something different entirely.

I took my shower and shaved myself again. I didn't think I needed it as I had very little facial or body hair but I wanted to follow Joan's instructions anyway. I kept seeing those dollar signs in my head and I didn't want them to go away no matter what.

As I put on the bra and panties I began to feel girly again. The bra had a little pink bow between the cups and the nylon tricot brief style panties had four rows of white ruffles along the back.

I took the breast forms out of the briefcase and placed them in my bra cups. The garter belt was next and then the stockings. The seamed hose felt wonderful on my freshly shaven legs. I walked across the hall and entered the bedroom. Joan looked up and a big smile creased her face.

She adjusted the bra straps for a proper fit. Next she held up two pink petticoats, one inside the other. I stepped into them and pulled them up to my waist. From the closet she held up a pink satin puff sleeve mini dress. She slipped it over my head, closed the zipper, and then adjusted the hem of the dress over the petticoats.

I turned around to look at myself in the full length mirror on the bedroom door. I was gorgeous. All I needed now was the wig, makeup and nails. Joan placed the four inch stiletto heel sandals at my feet. I stepped into them and she closed the ankle straps. I felt

delightfully feminine as she stood back a few feet and looked me over.

“Everything fits you perfectly,” she announced.
“When you serve the guests you must always curtsy first and curtsy again when you leave, like this.”



She demonstrated the proper technique. I followed suit. I practiced the curtsy several times before getting it exactly right the way she wanted me to do it. Then I walked back and forth across the room. Each time I stopped in front of her I performed the curtsy.

“Okay. Now you must learn how to carry the tray and serve her guests.”

From the top of the dresser she picked up a serving tray with a bottle of wine and several glasses. She handed it to me.

“Hold the tray firmly with both hands. Walk back and forth, curtsy and set the tray down on the vanity.”

I followed her instructions. Walking in those stiletto heels had become almost second nature to me. The soft fabric of the tricot panties and the satin mini dress felt so good on my skin. I didn’t want to stop.

After putting the tray down on the vanity I picked up the bottle and poured each glass half full. This bottle contained only water for me to practice with.

“Be very careful not to spill any wine. Its’ very expensive and you don’t want to incur the dry cleaning bill for one of Mrs. Danforth’s guests’ designer clothes do you?”

I shook my head no. I practiced walking with the tray and pouring the water out several more times. Joan seemed to be satisfied so we stopped. She helped me out of the dress and petticoats. I took off the shoes and went back to my room.

I left the pink panties on and got into bed. I closed my eyes and saw myself at the party. With a wig and makeup there was no way you would ever imagine that I was really a guy.

I went to sleep quickly and dreamed of wearing that little pink dress just as my third step mother had made me do only this one was luxurious pink satin, not cotton, and the shoes were four inch heel stiletto pumps not the pink patent leather Mary Jane style I had worn for my step mom.

On the Fourth of July I ate an early lunch. I was a little apprehensive as I had never done this before. Serving guests the proper way was a far cry from sitting behind a piano and playing for them. Half of the guests weren't listening to me anyway.

After putting on my pink lingerie I went across the hall and sat at the vanity. Under Joan's watchful eyes I applied pink blusher, creamy pink lipstick, eye makeup and a shoulder length blonde wig. Joan pinned a large pink satin bow at the top of the wig. The long pink nails, a single strand pearl necklace and a matching bracelet were next. I got up and went to the closet.

The petticoats, dress and heels were last. We both walked over to the mirror and stared at the pretty girl, all in pink, looking back at us. It was hard to believe it was really me.

"I guess I am as ready as I will ever be," I said to Joan.

"You will be just fine, I know it," she answered back.

Joan went over some more details of my serving duties and then we went downstairs. There was one other girl in a pink outfit like mine. We would share the serving duties while Joan would be in the kitchen and another woman would take care of the bar.

The afternoon went very well indeed. Once I got over my nervousness I adapted quite well to become an, effeminate, coquettish servant. I was curtsying properly and moving about easily in my stiletto heels as I served the guests.

In fact, to be quite honest I was actually enjoying myself and that was a hard thing for me to admit considering I was a male. There was something quite joyous about mincing around the tables in this very girly, feminine outfit and high heel shoes. I had never experienced anything like it before.

When the guests finally left I helped Joan clear off all the tables. I donned a pair of pink latex gloves and helped her do the dishes. Mrs. Danforth stopped by the kitchen as we finished up and showered me with compliments. I was glad she was pleased with my work.

Back upstairs Joan helped me become Phillip again. After my shower I stood naked in front of the mirror and wondered if maybe I should have been a girl. I wore the pink panties to bed again that night and dreamed of wearing all kinds of very feminine outfits.

The rest of July went very fast. I played two more concerts and served guests at one more gathering on the patio. I was enjoying myself more and more. When Joan stopped by with my second months' pay slip I realized I had only another couple of weeks to enjoy these forays into femininity. In a short time this experience would only be a memory, just like those times with my third step mom.

In August there were no more serving parties but I did play at two more evening gatherings. The first had me in a purple satin sheath with black stiletto pumps and the last in a broad skirted pink chiffon dress that

was flared out with both a petticoat and a petti slip with matching pink stiletto heel sandals.

Once again I hated taking everything off. It was getting harder and harder to remain happy as Phillip when I would have much preferred living as Phyllis all of the time. I kept dreaming of a life cross dressed since I wasn't sure if I really wanted to become or should be a female.

Near the end of August Joan gave me my last pay slip. At eight the next morning the limo would take me back home. My summer job would be over as well as my feminine charade. I knew I was going to miss it terribly but what could I do?

The ride back seemed very short. All the while I kept thinking about those pretty clothes I had left behind and would probably never be able to wear again. When the limo pulled into the driveway at home mom was there to greet me.

"Did you have an enjoyable summer?" she asked.

She had an innocent look on her face. I wasn't sure if she knew I had spent some of it cross dressed while I played the piano or served the guests.

"Yes," I answered truthfully. "The money I made will go towards a car when I graduate in the spring. I should have enough money by then."

"That's very wise of you," she said as we walked to the house.

When school resumed I began taking a few college prep courses. I dropped my music lessons because of time constraints. Mom had some new customers so I was kept plenty busy.

Just before Christmas while we were at the mall I entered a drawing for a seven day vacation trip to Jamaica. It was all expenses paid. Usually I never entered one of those promotional contests as the large number of entrants made the odds of winning very high.

The holidays came and went. I had passed my semester exams and was looking forward to finishing the last semester. I wasn't sure what I was going to do after that. Vivian thought I should enroll in the local college and take a few general courses before deciding on a major. I said I would think about it.

In addition to helping mom with her cleaning business I had played at a few holiday parties and made some additional money. Holidays bring out the better tips as any service person will tell you.

The cold weather left us. I wondered if Angela Danforth would call and ask me to work another summer. I hadn't cross dressed since August though there were occasions when I had thought about it.

The last week in March while we were at the mall I had sat on a bench across from a women's department store while my mother shopped there. All mannequins in the front window displayed prom dresses. Across the floor in front of them were a dozen pairs of high heel shoes.

Those feelings came back again. I closed my eyes imagining myself wearing those beautiful dresses and high heel shoes. My hair was shoulder length and at the top of my head was a pink satin bow. A dainty pink purse on a gold chain hung from my shoulder. Pink blusher adorned my cheeks and my bright pink lipstick matched the color of my finger and toe nails.