

Trapped



JERI ELLEN

Copyright © 2014, Mags Inc./Reluctant Press

Mags, Inc/Reluctant Press TG Publishers

This story is a work of fiction. Any similarity to persons living or dead is entirely coincidental. All situations and events herein presented are fictional, and intended only for the enjoyment of the reader. Neither the author nor the publisher advocate engaging in or attempting to imitate any of the activities or behaviors portrayed.

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.

Protect Professional Fiction on the Internet

We need *your* help! We spend several hundred dollars to edit, illustrate and typeset *each story*. It is important, therefore, that everyone works to help keep professional fiction alive on the Net.

The civil penalties for copyright infringement can be severe, including substantial monetary damages, injunctive relief, and liability for attorneys' fees incurred in prosecuting a case. In addition, criminal penalties may be imposed if someone willfully infringes a copyrighted work for commercial advantage or private financial gain.

Mostly, though, we just want to be able to keep offering this service to our authors and our readers.

Report stolen books by using the contact form at reluctantpress.com or call us at 800-359-2116

Thank you.

TRAPPED

By Jeri Ellen

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

My mother walked in the room.

"Time to get up," she said.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

to be going smoothly until just before the Thanksgiving break.

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

“Yes Nicholas, what is it?”

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

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

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

“Well I used to do that.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I nodded and left.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“That will be all Nicholas,” said Tamara.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Open your mouth real wide," said Shelly.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I stopped and waited for her next instruction.

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

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

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

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

All the girls applauded thunderously.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The room filled with laughter.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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