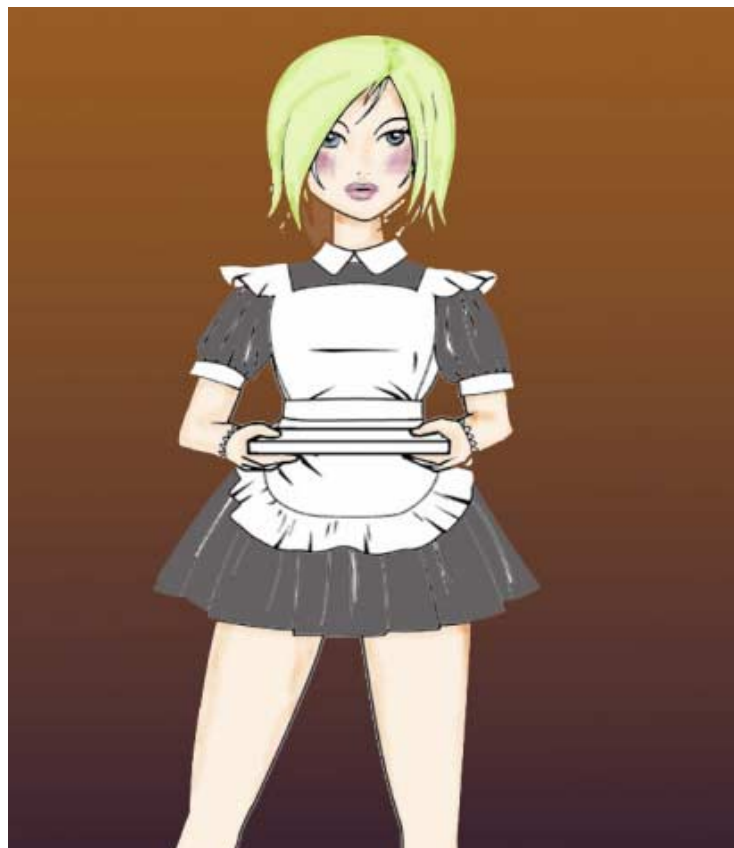




Reluctant Press presents:

Maid For Life

Norman Way



ILLUSTRATIONS BY MISTY MALVEAUX

A 'HER TV' E-BOOK

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Reluctant Press TG Publishers

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MAID FOR LIFE

By NORMAN WAY

I.T. was the big thing when I was in high school. Computers and information technology were the keys to the future. There was big money and good benefits to anyone who could graduate. I wasn't particularly interested in computers but at that age, I wasn't particularly interested in anything. Like most kids, my parents pushed me to get good grades because neither of them had gone past high school and were struggling to make ends meet. Mom was working in a bank and Dad sold cars at a local dealership. We lived in a small town about thirty miles from Minneapolis, MN. I had no trouble with my studies and was able to maintain a B+ average as well as letter in tennis. I kept pretty much to myself but got along well with everyone.

After high school graduation, I enrolled in a two-year intensified program for my I.T. training. I also began working part-time nights and weekends at a shoe store in a nearby mall doing stock work and cleaning. My dad got me a good used car, if there ever was such a thing, to drive back and forth to school and work.

The summer after my first year, my father dropped dead at work. He was always fond of the nickname "Big Bill" and big is what killed him. Dad liked his beer, pizza and cheeseburgers and fries. I kept trim by eating healthier and playing tennis. The insurance would take care of us for a while but we had to trim back our budget by cutting out some non-essentials like satellite TV, cell phones and eating out. I hoped to get through school so Mom could sell the house and get a small apartment after I graduated and moved out.

Two weeks after graduation, I came home late from work and found her sitting in the car in the garage with the motor running. The next couple of weeks kind of ran together what with the funeral and getting the house ready for sale, as well as trying to get to a couple of interviews.

I was notified of a job with a small software company near San Jose, California. I sold everything I could and gave the rest to the local charity. I closed out my bank accounts and

bought a newer car for the trip west. I had to leave right away so I told the realtor I'd be in touch. I packed what I had left in a small U-Haul and headed west.

I had an uneventful trip and had just gotten settled when the house sold. I got the papers by overnight mail, signed everything, and sent them back. It wasn't long before the check arrived; I was free of frigid Minnesota at last. Work was progressing smoothly and though I knew very little about the company or the business itself, I was solidly entrenched in my work and was able to fit right in. The company maintained a relaxed atmosphere and by my 22nd birthday, I was secure in my position as well as financially.

The company had contracted with a cleaning service to come in evenings and clean the offices, restrooms and break areas. I met the owner of the company, Janet Owens, one night while I was working late.

She was a tall, athletic woman who played tennis. She was older than I was but we seemed to hit it off; I asked her out several times for Saturday afternoon tennis-lunch dates. She was an excellent player and beat me handily. She had suggested we play at her condo's courts so we wouldn't have to make reservations in advance and I had agreed. The complex was fairly new and I figured she must be doing well to afford to live there.

The bottom fell out after Thanksgiving. We got the news on a Friday and were given our severance pay. I was too stunned to do much for a couple of days. I filled out all the paperwork for unemployment, and Job Service and began to make a list of perspective employers as well as getting my resume updated and printed. I had enough money for about two years and my car was in good shape. Unlike some of the others who had families and bills to pay, I was fairly well off. I had always been careful with money and was never interested in owning a lot of material things that would clutter a place up. I tried to stay upbeat and optimistic. The area was full of computer and software firms and I was certain I would be able to find something in no time at all. With the Christmas holiday coming up, there probably wouldn't be any hiring until after the first of the year. I decided not to send out resumes until then.

I had sent Janet a Christmas card and was surprised to have her invite me over for dinner on Christmas Eve. I purchased a small bottle of perfume and a rose on my way to her place. I rang her doorbell promptly at six. When she opened the door, I was stunned by her appearance. Her jet-black hair was piled on top of her head. She was wearing a red satin cocktail dress and spike heel shoes. A single strand of pearls graced her neck and wrist matching the pearl earrings. She smiled and extended her hand with immaculately manicured red nails matching her bright red lipstick.

"Come on in and make yourself comfortable," she said.

I followed her inside and caught a whiff of some very expensive perfume. I set the gift on the coffee table in front of the sofa while she took the rose over to the bar. The two-bedroom condo was tastefully furnished in brown and gold. I had expected a more feminine décor.

"Have a seat and I'll get you a drink."

She walked behind the bar and filled a small vase with water. She placed the rose in it and set it on top of the bar. I sat on the dark brown leather sofa. A moment later, she handed me a brandy Old Fashioned.

“Sweet, right?” she asked.

“Yes,” I answered.

She sat down next to me. Once again, I caught the odor of her perfume; she crossed those beautiful legs and smiled at me as she sipped her wine. I had been hoping to take our relationship to the next level, as they say, and tonight looked like it would be the night.

“My business keeps me pretty busy and I don’t have much time for socializing. I’m glad you could come over and have dinner.”

“I’m glad to be here. I have no family and would have probably eaten out alone. It’s good to have company.” A timer went off in the kitchen and she got up.

“Dinner’s ready. Take a seat at the table and I’ll be back in a minute.”

I got up and took my place at the table. The dinner she served was superb. I ate more than I usually would and had no regrets about doing so. I finished dessert and raised my water glass to her.

“My complements, everything was great. You are a fabulous cook and hostess.”

She drank the last of her wine. “I have something important to talk to you about. Make yourself comfortable while I pick up the dishes.”

I stood up and walked back to the living room. About twenty minutes later, she joined me.

“I know there is a difference in our ages but I enjoy your company very much. You are a very unassuming guy, not like most of the men I meet. They either want to control me or are just interested in sack time.” She smiled again.

“Well, I can’t say that sack time hadn’t crossed my mind but I never was interested in controlling anybody, or being controlled for that matter. As far as age difference, it doesn’t matter to me.”

“Good. You sound like a man I would like to get to know better. Would you describe yourself as open-minded?”

“Yes, I guess so.”

“What about uninhibited?”

“Well, sure. I mean I am comfortable with myself. I’m not sure exactly how to answer that one.”

She smiled again. “I’m interested in us becoming more than friends but I have certain requirements before we become intimate. Would that upset you?”

“What requirements would there be?” I began to get a little nervous.

“You are an excellent tennis player and you keep yourself in good shape. I like men who are interested in good health and hygiene. My first request is that you remove your body hair and keep yourself hair free. I love smooth men! I find it very sensual as well as sexy. I find hairy men to be gross and I think body hair is unsanitary. Would you promise to keep yourself that way for me?”

This took me completely by surprise. "I'm not a very hairy guy to begin with. How would I go about doing that?"

"Easy. I'll set up the appointments and we'll split the cost fifty-fifty. Fair enough?"

"Sure. What's next?"

"I am a business woman. I don't want a marriage particularly, but if I married, I would have no children. How do you feel about having kids?"

"Truthfully, as much as I love kids, I just don't want to have any. I'm not crazy about marriage either but if the right person came along, I guess it would be okay."

"I'm glad to hear you say that. You wouldn't mind having a vasectomy then?" Her request was more of a shock than a surprise.

"I don't know about that. Condoms are pretty safe."

"Yes I know, but I don't want a rubber-coated man inside of me, I want flesh and blood. I'm not able to take the pill, so, since you don't want children anyway, what's the harm?"

She leaned closer and kissed me

"Well okay." I had some misgivings about vasectomy, but between the perfume and the way she was looking at me, I guess it wouldn't really matter.

"Great! Since you're not working yet, we can get started right away. I'll make some phone calls tomorrow and let you know."

She leaned over and kissed me again, harder this time, then she began probing my mouth with her tongue. We continued necking for a while, then she broke it off.

"That's enough for now. I have an early appointment in the morning."

"Let me help with the dishes," I suggested.

"Oh, that's okay. I have a maid to take care of that. Thanks again for the rose and gift. I'll call you soon with your appointments."

I left and on the way home, I began wondering about this relationship. I wanted sex with her bad; her requirements were not out of this world so I felt safe in going along with them. I couldn't see what harm there would be in agreeing to her wishes if they would result in our mutual pleasure.

The next day while I was at the post office, she left a message on my machine. There was an address and the name of a woman to contact. When I called the number, a woman named Judy answered at a business called J&D Clinic. I was informed of a two PM appointment that day. I would be there.

I went to the address Judy had given me. J&D Clinic was in a small white office building off a main street. I parked behind the building and found the suite number on the directory. The clinic was in the basement so I walked down the stairs and found the correct suite about halfway down the hallway. I walked in and waited at the counter until the receptionist got off the phone.

"Hi, I'm Chris Knoll. I have a two o'clock appointment."

The receptionist smiled and checked her appointment book.

“Yes, of course. Welcome to J&D, Chris. Have a seat. Darlene will be right with you.”

I sat down and picked up a magazine. A few minutes later, a tall blonde woman came out of the back and introduced herself.

“I’m Darlene. My partner Judy is off today so I will be giving you your first treatment. Please come back with me.”

I followed her into a back hallway and we entered a small room similar to an examination room in a doctors’ office. She handed me a hospital gown.

“Change into this and get on the exam table. I will be back in a few minutes.”

I undressed and put my clothes on a chair. After putting on the gown, I lay down on the table and waited for her to return. Shortly there was a knock on the door and Darlene entered. She put on gloves and a surgical mask.

“Just relax. If you feel discomfort at any time, just let me know.”

I nodded as she turned on some electronic equipment and made some adjustments. She held a wand-like instrument in one hand and proceeded to move it slowly over my legs.

“Just lie still. Your body hair is very light and sparse, so we won’t be too long.”

The machine made a clicking noise as she moved it over my legs. Except for a prickly sensation, I was not in any pain. After about thirty minutes, she stopped.

“Okay, roll over.”

I did so and she continued for about another half-hour.

“That’s enough for today. You can get dressed now. Give your credit card to the receptionist when you are ready. She will give you an appointment card. I have another client next door. See you next time.”

She left the room and I got dressed. At the counter, I signed the credit card slip and the receptionist handed me an appointment list. Two hundred dollars seemed like a lot but with Janet picking up half, it didn’t seem so bad. My appointments were at two PM every-day that week.

That night in the shower, I was surprised at the smoothness of my skin. The laser technology was very good. Darlene had worked up as far as my groin and there were just a few hairs left here and there.

That week Judy, a short brunette, and Darlene worked on my chest, arms and neck. By Friday night, I was nearly hair-free except for a few tufts around my genitals. My appointment card for the next week had me down for two-a-day. The first appointment was at nine AM and the second one at three PM. In addition, I was given instructions not to shave Sunday night.

Janet called me Sunday night to see how things were going. She got rather sensuous on the phone as she described how sexy I was going to be with satin smooth hair-free skin. I felt myself getting hard as she described the cinnamon oil she had bought for our first get-together and how she was looking forward to the completion of the first of her requirements.

The second week, I was in a different room at the clinic. I found electrolysis to be somewhat painful. Both girls worked on me during the week, alternating the day and afternoon appointments. I had a very light beard but with two months of two-a-day appointments, I was nearly beard free. I would have to come back twice a week for follow-up work. The cost was higher than for the laser work but with Janet picking up half again, I figured it was worth it. I was going to have lunch with Janet later in the week and we would discuss the next step in completing her requirements.

My job search had been uneventful. I was not alarmed but "concerned" would be a good description. At lunch, Janet was sympathetic.

"You'll get something soon, I'm sure. You are very bright and certainly well-qualified."

"I glad you think so. I hadn't anticipated waiting this long."

We finished lunch and she gave me a kiss on the cheek as we parted.

"I like your smooth look. I can't wait for the rest of the work to be done. It's one more month, right?"

"Yes. Two days a week for about another month and I should be finished. I have several follow-up laser appointments too."

"That's great!" I'll call you and we'll have lunch again."

I watched her walk that sexy walk as she left the restaurant. I was crazy about her and wanted this hair removal thing to be over with so we could get on with our relationship.

Another month passed and my body was now about as hair free as it was ever going to be. Janet took me out to dinner at a fine restaurant to celebrate. Over drinks, she handed me another appointment card. This one was for a female doctor.

"Dr Evans is an excellent surgeon and will do your vasectomy on Friday afternoon."

"That's fine with me. I haven't got any interviews yet and it would give me the week-end free to recuperate."

"Excellent! Lets order and we'll celebrate after your surgery with a special weekend at my place!"

I raised my glass and clinked hers as we drank to our future.

I reported to Dr. Evans' clinic at one PM the following Friday. I signed the consent forms, changed into a hospital gown and got up on a table. There were two female assistants with her. A large belt was pulled tight over my stomach and I was shaved for the surgery. I was given a local anesthetic and after a few minutes, my scrotum was numb. Dr. Evans spoke in a soft, melodic voice.

"I'm going to make two small incisions, one on each side of you scrotum. Then I will cut the vas deferens of each testicle and singe the ends. After stitching the incisions, I will be finished. Now, just relax and this will all be over before you know it."

A few minutes after she began, she spoke in a more ominous tone. "I don't like the looks of this."

"What do you mean?" I asked, trying to conceal the fear in my voice.

“Well, there are some small lumps that shouldn’t be here. I’m going to cut a section and have it looked at.”

I waited for what seemed like hours before Dr. Evans returned.

“I’m sorry to tell you this but there is a malignancy here. I’m going to have to remove your testicles altogether. Fortunately, we caught this in time, as the lumps were very small. I will give you a prescription for male hormones. I will need to see you in another six months for a follow-up to be sure that the cancer hasn’t spread.”

I was relieved to say the least. Thank God I had agreed to the vasectomy or this could have spread throughout my body, maybe killed me, before something could have been done about it.

Before I got dressed, Dr. Evans held up a large hypodermic needle and gave me a shot of the male hormone testosterone. Then she wrote me a prescription for male hormones in pill form that I would be taking for the rest of my life. I stopped at the pharmacy on the way out to have it filled.

The pharmacist smiled as she handed me the bottle.

“Take two a day, one in the morning and one in the evening, preferable after meals.”

I paid for the prescription and left the clinic. When I got home, I placed some ice on either side of my scrotum to ease the swelling. I had several brandies to help me sleep.

I continued my follow-up visits for electrolysis. A month went by and I felt pretty good. Dr. Evans seemed satisfied that I was able to resume a normal routine. She gave me another shot of male hormones before I left. I called Janet for a dinner date but she could only see me for lunch.

“How is your job search going?” she asked as we sat down.

“Nothing yet. I haven’t sent out a resume since the surgery because I didn’t know how much healing time I would need. I’ll have to the end of the year before money gets tight. I sure hope to get back on track before then.”

We ordered lunch.

“I was hoping to see you sooner and not for lunch. I feel I am ready to pick up where we left off and so does the doctor.”

“Down boy!” Janet exclaimed. “Let’s give your self plenty of time to heal up and let your medication take effect. That must have been an awful scare you got.”

“Yeah, but I am curious about those pills.”

“What do you mean?”

“Well they are pink and have the letters “EST” on them.”

“The letters probably stand for Extra Strength Testosterone. As far as the color, who knows why the pharmaceutical companies use a certain color?”

“You’re probably right.”

Our order arrived and we ate our lunch. Afterwards, I got up and kissed her goodbye.

“Give me a call next week and maybe we can get together again. In the meantime, take care of yourself and stay positive about your job search.”

“I will.” I walked back to the car thinking about the day when we could finally get together for real.

That night as I showered, I noticed how silky smooth my skin was. There seemed to be a funny feeling in my chest. I’m not sure how to describe it. I stood naked in front of the full-length mirror on my closet door. I couldn’t see anything unusual but there was a little tightness under my nipples. I examined my face in the mirror; I liked the smooth look I saw. Another month or so and I could toss my razors and shaving cream in the trash.

I continued to send out a few resumes and made a dozen or so follow up calls to employers that I had contacted more than thirty days earlier. My situation was still not serious but I *was* getting concerned.

My unemployment had about another month to go. After that, I would have to start digging into my savings account that had been depleted by my outpatient surgery and hair removal costs. I didn’t want to apply for the numerous part-time or temporary jobs available since I would lose part of my unemployment check.

I played a little tennis at one of the public courts to keep in shape between my now once-a-week electrolysis appointments. I also continued to take testosterone in pill form.

At the end of June, I saw Dr. Evans for the last time; after another booster shot, she said I was done for about a year and to check back with her then.

I had my last electrolysis appointment and cashed my last unemployment check on the 30th of June.

When I got home, there was a package from Janet as well as several rejection letters from the last group of resumes I had sent out. I tossed the letters in the wastebasket and opened the package to find a pair of black satin pajamas. The note inside said “See you soon.” That evening, after a shower, I tried the pajamas on. Not only did they fit me but I was amazed at how sensuous they felt against my smooth hair free skin. I felt myself getting hard even without thinking about Janet.

Janet called me after the Fourth of July weekend.

“I’m in a bit of a jam. One of my girls quit without notice and I need someone to fill in for her. It’s one of my bigger clients and I can’t afford to lose the account. Since you’re not working, could you help me out?”

“Sure. What do you want me to do?” I answered.

“Just be in front of the Radford building, 44 East 31st Street at 6 PM sharp and I’ll put you to work.”

“Okay. See you at six.”

I jotted down the address. I ate an early supper, then drove to the address she had given me. I arrived about fifteen minutes early and walked in the front door. Janet was talking on the phone in the receptionist’s office so I took a seat in the small front lobby. Shortly, Janet came out.

“Thanks for helping me out on such short notice. I really appreciate it.”

“No problem. It’s not like I had a lot of plans or anything” I replied.

“Let’s get started then. Follow me.” She walked down the corridor to the back of the building.

“There are several cleaning carts in the van. Please bring them inside.”

I walked outside, unloaded the two carts and brought them in the building. While I was doing that, another woman arrived. Janet introduced me to Myrna Wells and we shook hands.

“Myrna will start at one end of the building and you will start at the other. I will show you what to do and then I have to go. If you have any questions, just ask her.”

Myrna wheeled her cart down the hall and I followed Janet into the first office.

“Wipe down the tops of the filing cabinets and desks. Clean the lower windows, then empty the trash baskets and replace the plastic liners. After all the offices are done, do the restrooms. Refill the soap and hand towel dispensers and replace the toilet paper rolls where needed. Those supplies are in the storage closet adjacent to the back door.”

“Any questions before you get started?” I shook my head.

“Okay. Go to it. I’ll be back with the van around midnight.”

She left and I got started. I worked quickly and around 9 PM, Myrna stopped by.

“Break time. We get fifteen minutes.”

I followed her to the lunchroom in the basement and got a can of pop out of the machine. We chatted briefly, then it was time to get back to work. We finished the second floor, then parked the carts near the back door around ten to midnight and waited for Janet to get back with the van. Janet arrived just after midnight.

“So how did it go?”

“Fine,” I replied.

Janet walked through a couple of the offices, then came to where we were waiting at the rear door.

“Everything looks good. Myrna, you can go.” Myrna walked out to her car as I loaded the carts back into the van.

“I could use you for the next couple of weeks. Would you mind helping me out until I can get somebody new hired and trained?”

“No. I can do that for a while at least. I haven’t exactly been overwhelmed with job offers.”

“Great! I will call you with a schedule tomorrow.”

I drove back home, wondering just how long this would last. I had hoped to be working by now and being a cleaning lady had never been in my plans.

I worked at several of Janet’s clients over the next several weeks while continuing to send out resumes. I still worked out periodically and I continued to take the pills I had been prescribed. Janet came over on a Sunday night with my first check as well as a bottle of champagne.

"I'm paying you a straight eight bucks an hour with no withholding since you're not an employee."

"Fine with me," I answered. "Just spell my name right on the check."

I got two glasses from the cupboard and opened the bottle of champagne.

"I'd like to see you in those new P.J.'s I sent you. Do you mind?"

9

I gulped the last of my champagne. "Of course not, I'll be back in a jiff."

I headed for the bedroom to change as she sipped her drink. When I returned, she had taken off her raincoat to reveal a purple satin nightgown. She put her glass down and we kissed.

"Wow! You look great in purple!" She laughed and twirled around. "This way," I said as I took her hand and led her into the bedroom.

A short time later, I sat up in bed and shook my head.

"I'm sorry, I don't know what is wrong. I've never had this trouble before!"

"You have been under a lot of stress lately. Try to relax. A lot of men go through this."

"Maybe so but I doubt if any of them are as young as I am."

"It can happen at any age. Don't let this bother you. We can make up for it later when you feel better." She got up and put her shoes and coat on. "I'll call you later."

After she left, I took a hot shower and tried to masturbate myself to an erection but failed to do so. I dried myself off and stood in front of the full-length mirror on the closet door. Everything seemed to look OK. I examined my empty scrotum and found that the stitches had healed with minimal scarring. There seemed to be some swelling in my chest. I felt my nipples; they were somewhat tender. I found to my amazement that my breasts appeared to be a bit larger than they had been before. I thought maybe it was my imagination or maybe too much champagne. My hair free body had softened considerably since my surgery and had taken on an almost feminine sheen. I would have to talk to Dr. Evans about this at my follow-up appointment several months down the road. I put the pajamas back on and, after finishing the champagne, I went to bed.

The phone woke me up at eight-thirty the next morning. My head was still a little fuzzy from the champagne but I recognized Janet's panicky voice.

"I have another job for you but it is a little different and I need you to wear a uniform that you won't like. It's for an important client and I really need your help more now than ever."

"Well, I don't know. What do you mean by a 'uniform I won't like'?"

"The job is an all-day job, about sixteen hours and has to be done this Saturday."

"Doing what?"

"It's an all-girl school and no men are allowed. They just had their mid-summer dance and we have to clean up the hall and re-set tables and chairs up for Sunday's registration. It's a big job but you'll be working with three other girls. The uniform is the standard

cleaning uniform I require for all employees. Since I only hire women, you'd have to pass your self off as a woman for the day. I'll get you a wig and a pink pantsuit as well as pink sneakers. I'll pay you double what I've been paying you and it will only be for the one day. Will you PLEASE help me out?"

Her voice really sounded desperate.

"Well, OK, I guess."

"Oh, thank you so much! Give me your shoe, pants and shirt size and I'll pick you up Saturday at seven. I will help get you ready, then I will take you there and pick you up when you are done."

I gave her the sizes she asked for.

"Thanks again, see you at seven Saturday!"

She hung up quickly before I had a chance to ask any further questions. The week passed slowly with still no response to my resumes and my bank account continuing to shrink. The small amount I was getting from helping out Janet wasn't going to amount to a hill of beans if I didn't find something soon.

I got up early Saturday morning and Janet rang my doorbell promptly at six forty-five.

"Good morning!" She greeted as she breezed past me when I opened the door. She was carrying two boxes.

"Take off your robe and stand still."

It was more of a command than a request, but I did as she said. She held up a bra.

"Slip your arms through the straps and I will adjust them."

She hooked up the back, then added some foam inserts in the cups before tightening the straps.

"Put this on and then the hose," she said as she handed me a padded panty girdle.

I stepped into the panty girdle and pulled it up to my waist. The pair of pantyhose was next; I was amazed at how sensuous they felt on my smooth, hair free legs. The pink cotton pantsuit was last. I fumbled with the buttons because they were on the wrong side but it fit. The sneakers were a little tight but would do for one day.

"Turn around and face me now."

She opened the smaller box and removed a brown wig.

"I should have had you measure your skull but I just figured you'd take a large size."

She placed a nylon cap over my hair, then put the wig on and adjusted it.

"One last thing now. Hold still."

She removed a lipstick from the box, dabbed a spot on each cheek and rubbed it in circles.

"Open your mouth a little." I did so and she applied the makeup to my lips.

"Press your lips together to smooth out the lipstick."

I did and saw her face break into a bright smile.