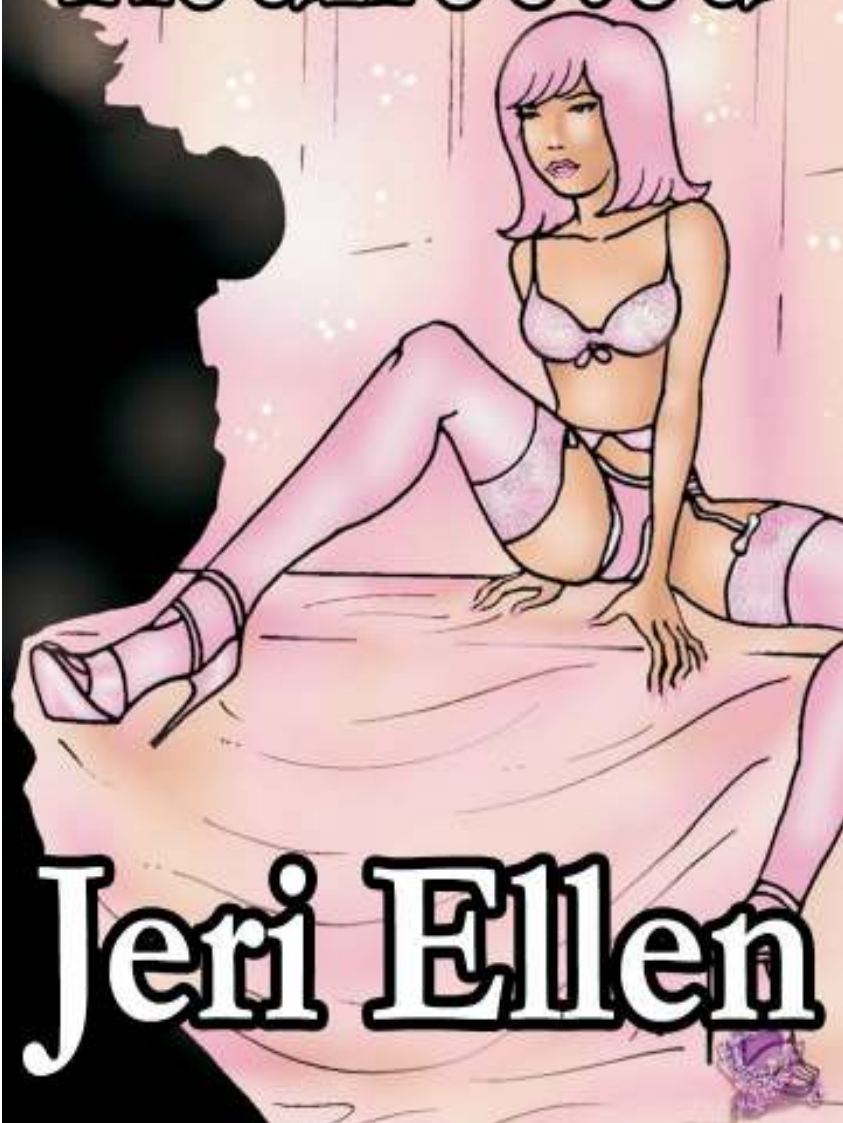


Redirected



Jeri Ellen



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REDIRECTED

By Jeri Ellen

I have always enjoyed the solitude of the country. The peace and quiet was very relaxing. Jogging in the evening after school or chores was very enjoyable. I guess that's why running the mile or half mile in track appealed to me.

My dad had inherited the farm from his dad. Corn prices were good due to the ethanol demand from many new plants around the country. It seemed to offer a better future than dairy or soybean farming as farming in an of itself was never particularly secure anyway.

Mom worked as a secretary to the hospital administrator in a nearby city. She got me a job in the sum-

mer of my junior year working nights in the house-keeping department.

I cleaned floors, emptied garbage cans and other assorted duties. The work wasn't hard and my co-workers were an easy going bunch. It was something to do before I decided on a career.

My dad's death was a shock to all of us. His small life insurance policy barely covered the cost of the funeral and his few personal bills. Mom of course got what was left.

Following the funeral and the settlement of the estate Mom leased the farm to a neighbor. This gave us less income but relieved us of the responsibility and hard work that the farm demanded. It made it a little easier to reduce our farm debt.

I wasn't sure exactly what I wanted to do with my life. There was a lot of uncertainty in today's world. Mom and my guidance counselor were both concerned with my "lack of direction".

Covid-19 of course had thrown a monkey wrench into a lot of things. It would be tough to spend time and money for an education that may or may not result in a good job.

For now, I felt the best thing for me to do was to keep working for a while and see how things would shake out with the economy.

I did have a date to the prom but farm work kept me busy so my social life throughout high school was very limited.

With the farm leased out I did have more time on my hands but decided to skip the graduation parties. Too much alcohol and pot for me.

When I was twelve my mom had gone away for the weekend to visit her sister. Dad sat me down at the kitchen table and poured me a shot of whiskey. Thirty minutes later He had me drink another one followed by a third.

I went to bed feeling dizzy and dad was still amused by my headache the next morning when I got up. I guess he figured, and rightly so that experience was the best teacher.

It was a good lesson about the effects of alcohol. I stayed away from it as well as the pot which was prevalent. I wanted to keep my head clear at all times.

A day after graduation I had the night off. I always kept busy because going to bed to try to sleep on your night off was pointless.

An hour before dark I jogged down the entrance road to the farm and turned right. I headed north along the blacktop road for about a mile.

Where the road curved to the north I turned right again on a little used dirt road that was pretty much overgrown with grass and weeds.

At the end of the road was what was laughingly called "Mud Lake". It wasn't a lake at all but a small spring fed pothole. There was no fish in it but it attracted a few ducks and geese.

I jogged around the pothole to the south end and sat down between two large roots of the big oak tree to catch my breath.

Shortly I heard the sound of a vehicle. I got half way up and looked around the tree to see a pickup truck coming slowly down the dirt road.

I watched as the driver parked next to another oak tree and got out. He took a ladder from the back of the pickup truck and placed it against the tree.

He removed a small cameo backpack from the cab and proceeded to climb up the ladder. After placing the backpack in the crotch of the tree he climbed back down. After he placed the ladder back in the pickup truck he got in and then drove off.

My heart was beating fast again as I watched the pickup truck drive out of sight. What was in that backpack? I thought to myself. It had to be something valuable for the man to want to hide it in such a manner.

I got up and continued to jog around the pothole until I got back to where the truck had been parked.

Looking up I couldn't see the backpack. He had placed it deep between two branches and the trunk of the tree so it wouldn't be visible from the ground.

I jogged back home wondering just who he was and why he had hid the backpack where he did.

At work the next night that backpack was still on my mind. It wasn't something you would forget easily.

Following breakfast that morning I saw on the morning news that the police had apprehended one of two suspects in a series of robberies of convenience stores. The second suspect was still at large.

My pulse increased at the news. I wondered if that backpack was a stash of the stolen money. It could also be someone who just had something valuable that he wanted to hide.

Mom had left for work so I decided to go back to the spot. I took a ladder from the machine shed and put it in the back of Dad's pickup truck that I had been driving since his death and headed out to Mud Lake.

When I arrived in the stillness of the early morning there was no one around.

I put the ladder against the tree and climbed up. I examined the backpack and unzipped the top. It was full of cash. I closed the zipper and with the backpack in one hand I climbed back down the ladder.

After tossing the back pack in the cab I put the ladder in the back of the pickup truck and drove home. I put the ladder back in the machine shed and took the backpack up to my room.

I donned a pair of disposable gloves and opened the back pack. The money was in bundles secured with a rubber band. I took the band off one bundle and counted the money.

It came to a thousand dollars. I secured the stack with the rubber band and then dumped the rest of the bundles on the bed. There were eighteen bundles so I found myself looking at eighteen thousand dollars

more or less as I hadn't counted the amount in the other bundles.

I put the bundles back in and put the backpack in the back of my closet.

What was I going to do with the money now? I thought to myself.

I decided that I would spend it a little at a time on things like gas, haircuts and other miscellaneous items. Spending that much cash all at once would certainly draw attention to me and I didn't want that.

I continued working but it was hard not to think about the money. I began spending a little bit at a time at different places and at different times. With the price of gas going up and inflation increasing I figured I had a little cushion.

To appease my mother I stopped at the satellite campus of the university and the local technical school to pick up information about their course offerings. In addition to those publications, I also picked up a copy of the college's student newspaper.

Before work that night I saw an advertisement in the student newspaper. It wanted young males to participate in a clinical study promising good compensation.

It wasn't that I needed the money, at least not right now so I set the paper aside. After checking out the various programs for the tech school I went to work.

After work my supervisor informed me that the hospital had eliminated the housekeeping department and had contracted the work out. He gave me

the address of the company and I headed home now unemployed.

I remembered the ad and began to think seriously about it. I had to wait two weeks before filing for unemployment so I figured It wouldn't hurt to check it out.

The next morning I went to the address and found the suite listed in an office building complex not far from the hospital where mom worked.

From the directory it listed suite 10 in the basement so I went downstairs to find it.

The suite was about halfway down the basement hallway. On the glass door in black letters were the words "Hair-B-Gone" with a cute bumble bee in place of the letter "B".

I went inside and the woman at the desk looked up and smiled at me.

"Can I help you?" she asked.

"Yes. I am Nathan Dunlap. I saw your ad in the campus newspaper and I would like some information regarding this clinical study,"

"Of course. Have a seat and read this over. Fill out your name, address and phone number, then sign at the bottom of the second page if you wish to participate. If you have any questions just ask me,"

I took the clipboard that she handed me and sat down in one of the chairs to my right.

The first page explained that I would be testing a new hair removal cream and other new hair removal equipment. I would be photographed in my athletic

support with my face blocked out before each of five sessions and then after the final session. I would be paid a hundred dollars for each of the first two sessions and two hundred dollars for each of the next two sessions, and then four hundred dollars for the last session.

The second page gave the company permission to use the photos and results in their advertising without any further compensation to me.

It seemed to be an easy way to earn \$1,000.00 so I signed at the bottom and returned the clipboard to the woman at the desk.

She took it from me and smiled again.

“Thank you, Nathan. We will call you for your appointments. Have a nice day,”

“You too,” I replied and left the suite.

On the way home I stopped at the address of the cleaning company that had won the contract and filled out an application.

There were several Hispanic men filling out one too. I had a sneaking hunch that the wages this company would be paying would be less than I had been making and benefits would probably be either less or nonexistent.

That night while jogging a pickup truck approached me in the opposite lane. I kept running and after a block or so turned my head to see him turn off on the dirt road to the lake.

I was close to home so I sped up and ran down to the access road to my house. Once inside I went up-

stairs and looked out my upstairs bedroom window. The truck drove slowly past our entrance road and continued on.

There was do doubt he was looking to see where the jogger lived though he couldn't connect me in any way to his missing money. He did get a good look at me though as he drove past me.

Several days went by. I hadn't given this clinical study much thought but once again it seemed like easy money and now of course I could use it being unemployed and very cautious about spending some of that stash I had found.

I hadn't gone jogging for several nights fearing the man in the pickup truck that had stashed the money might be cruising the road again to see if I was running in the area.

It would indicate to him that I lived in the area but once again it did not mean that I was necessarily the one that had stolen the money from him.

Just before dark I was upstairs and saw that same truck driving down the road. I picked up a pair of binoculars and looked at the road thru my upstairs window.

Shortly the truck returned driving the other way slower than the speed limit. He glanced towards the entrance road to our house and then sped up.

I guessed he was checking out all of the places around there to see who might live closest to his stash and could have possibly have stolen his loot.

This made me feel very uneasy despite the fact that he couldn't possibly connect me with the missing money.

With no night job I was back to a more normal schedule of being awake days and sleeping nights.

Actually I preferred the opposite way as there was little traffic going to work at night and the next morning most of the traffic was going the other way.

It was nine am when I got a call from a woman who identified herself as Mavis Dawson, the manager of the Hair-B-Gone salon.

I was given a given a list of nine am appointments over the next five weeks. The first one was tomorrow morning. I was to wear only an athletic support under my clothes. I thanked her and then hung up.

The next morning I reported to the salon at 8:45. I was wearing my support under my jogging clothes as she had instructed.

There was a Hispanic woman seated to my left and at the front counter a woman stood up and introduced herself.

"I am Mavis Dawson," said the woman who greeted me. "Please come with me,"

I followed her to the left down a hallway and to a back room.

"Take off your clothes and leave them in the restroom on your left, then come back out here,"

I stepped into the small rest room and stripped down to my jock strap. It seemed to be a bit cool in the

room but maybe that was only because I was nearly naked.

Outside Mavis was waiting with two other women dressed all in white and wearing latex gloves. A third woman in a black pantsuit was holding a camera.

“Stand spread eagle close to the equipment,” said the woman with the camera as Mavis left the room.

I did so and she began taking pictures.

First my legs, then my chest, arms, underarms, close ups of the left, right and front of my face. Next she walked behind me and took some more pictures.

After she left the women began spreading some clear, gel like fluid over both legs. It had a slight medicinal smell to it.

A few minutes later the fluid had evaporated leaving my legs feeling very dry. Then they both began passing a wand over my legs. This gave me a prickly feeling but it wasn't unpleasant.

When they finished doing my legs they did the same with my chest and back, my buttocks and then my arms and underarms.

“Okay have a seat here,” one of the women said.

I sat down and the gel was applied to my neck and face. Followed a few minutes later by the women using the wand again.

“You are all done Nathan,” said one of them. “See you in a week. Pick up your check on your way out.

I returned to the small rest room and got dressed.

At the front desk Mavis handed me a check and a large white plastic bottle.

“Take one after each meal and one before bedtime,” she said.

“What are they?” I asked.

“They are supplements to the treatments you receive,” she replied with a smile.

I left the salon and after depositing the check I went home feeling none the worse for wear and tear.

At home I opened the unlabeled bottle and took out one of the large pink pills. “1,000mg” was printed on the side of each pill. I put one in my mouth and swallowed it with a glass of water.

That I took one again after supper and another one just before getting ready for bed.

I examined myself after showering. My body hair, at least what little I did have, was gone and my skin felt silky smooth.

I didn’t have to shave either as my face and neck were equally smooth. I could see that this new product and the procedure with the equipment wands was going to be loved by women who wanted to get rid of any unwanted hair growth.

That week I didn’t hear anything from the contract cleaning company. I continued to spend some of my “stash” money but only for gas and incidentals.

I still hadn’t resumed jogging but neither did I see the man in the pickup truck cruising the road near my house.

This did not lessen my concern but I felt it was best to wait another week or so before resuming my running, just to be on the safe side.

My second visit to the salon was just as pleasant as the first. The women who worked on me were cordial and I left the salon with another check.

I had continued to take those large pink pills as instructed and had no side effects.

The next day I resumed jogging but this time in the morning. At the lake it didn't look like anything had been disturbed except for the tire tracks from the mans' pickup truck.

To break up the day I decided to take in a movie at the mall just outside the city where mom worked in the hospital.

I chose to see one of those spy thrillers. It had many twists and turns with car chases, plane crashes, explosions, fist and gun fights. What you might call the "usual stuff."

The last scene was particularly intriguing.

The hero was chasing the arch villain down some cobble stone streets and then into a back alley where he was tripped up with his gun flying from his hand. Grinning the villain stood over the hero menacingly pointing his gun at him.

"A good chase Mr. Brand. Now it is time for you to die," he said with a malicious grin.

The hero got up and brushed himself off.

"Things aren't always what they seem," he said as he put a toothpick in his mouth.

"Very true Mr. Brand. Anything else before I kill you?"

“What you know won’t hurt you. What you don’t know can get you killed. When you find out what that is it is too late because you are dead,”

With that the hero spit the toothpick in the villains’ right eye.

The man staggered back dropping his gun and putting his right hand over his right eye as the hero stepped close to him.

“That red tip on the toothpick is a very deadly toxin. That numbness you are feeling will soon extend over your whole body. In two more minutes, you will be dead,”

The villain fell down unable to speak. The hero pulled the toothpick from the mans’ eye and then walked over to retrieve his pistol and holstered it.

Walking down the alley to the street he flicked the toothpick in a nearby dumpster as the words “THE END” appeared in white letters on the screen. I left the theatre and drove home.

That night in bed I thought about those words the hero had said just before he had killed his adversary.

“What you know won’t hurt you. What you don’t know can get you killed.”

That seemed to be pretty good advice I thought to myself as I drifted off to sleep.

With my claim for unemployment filed I had lots of time on my hands. There weren’t many jobs to be had with covid-19 still around though some businesses were reopening those jobs were primarily for the employees who had been laid off.

Following my fourth appointment the receptionist handed me my check.

“Mavis would like to see you in her office for a few minutes,”

I walked to the left and stopped at an open door. Mavis looked up from her desk.

“Come in Nathan and have a seat,” she said.

I took my seat across from her wondering what was up.

“A friend of mine is in urgent need of a favor. You would be ideally suited for the job, especially in view of the results of our products on your body,”

“What exactly would this involve?” I asked politely.

Please don’t take this the wrong way but you would be doing some modeling. Lingerie modeling that is,”

“Uh don’t women usually do that?” I said.

“Yes, they do but the model who was scheduled was in a car accident this morning. They tried to get someone on short notice but couldn’t since today is Friday the end of the week. It pays a thousand dollars for a couple of hours work,”

That sounded too good to be true. With no job and despite the stash which I didn’t want to spend too much of I felt I couldn’t pass this opportunity up to make an additional thousand bucks.

“Well, I guess it would be ok,” I answered hesitantly.

“Good! I am so glad you have agreed to help her out. Go to this address. It is two buildings down and it is suite#110. Ask for Jenny Wright. She is the manager and she will tell you what to do,”

I took the slip from her and left the building.

After driving to the second building over I parked my car and walked inside. I found suite#110 at the end of a long hallway.

On the glass door was the name “New Girl Modeling Agency,” Jenny Wright Manager.

I walked inside. A woman behind the counter looked up at me and smiled.

“Hi, I am Nathan Dunlap. Mavis Dawson said I should report to you,”

“Yes, I am Jenny Wright. Come with me please,”

I followed her thru a side door and down a hallway to a large room.

Inside I saw a circular stage to my right. A woman in jeans and a tee shirt was standing next to a camera on a tripod. It was the same woman who had taken pictures of me at the salon.

There were racks of dresses and stacks of shoeboxes. Above them was a shelf with wigs of various styles and colors that were displayed on their foam heads.

To the left was an open door next to well lighted vanity fully stocked with makeup items.

“Go in the dressing room and take off your jogging outfit and sneakers. Put on the items in the top box of the stack and come back out here,”

I entered the dressing room and closed the door. I sat down on the chair and took off my shoes and socks. I put my jogging outfit on the chair and opened the first box.

This lingerie set was pink. I put on the brief style nylon tricot panties which had white waist and leg elastic as well as four rows of white ruffles along the back. I was surprised at how good the panties felt on my hair free smooth skin.

Next, I put on the pink bra with a pink bow between the cups and closed the four front hooks.

I stepped into the pink garter belt with a pink bow in the middle and little pink bows at the tip of each garter and brought it up to my waist.

Last I rolled each of the seamed pink stockings down, slipped them over my foot, then smoothed them up my legs and secured them to the garters.

I took a deep breath and walked out to where Jenny was standing by the vanity. She slipped a weighted insert into each of the bra cups and adjusted the bra's straps,

"Okay sit here and I will do your makeup," she said.

At the vanity she applied creamy pink lipstick, and pink blusher. She opened a package of pink press on nails and very carefully matched one to each of my fingernails.

"Now over here," she said.

After placing the shoulder length pink wig on my head she had me try on several pairs of pink high heel shoes. The third pair fit like they were made for me.

“Now walk up on the stage and we will photograph you,”

I walked carefully as I didn't want to stumble or twist an ankle. The women behind the camera seemed quite amused as I got up on the stage.

The photographer gave me posing instructions and I followed them. Front shots with a smile on my face, hands on my hips with my legs spread as well as side and back shots to show off the ruffles on the back of the panties.

“Okay, next set,” said the photographer

I returned to the dressing room and put the pink lingerie back in the box.

The set in the next box was black. The ruffles, leg and waist elastic were pink. The bow between the bra cups as well as the bows in the middle of the garter belt and the tips of the garter were also pink. The stockings were fishnets.

After adjusting the straps on the black bra Jenny replaced the pink wig with a black one and I changed into black instead of pink high heels.

I made the same poses as the last time. This continued for the other six colors in the set which were powder blue, mint green, light yellow, red, orange, and purple.



When we finished Jenny took off the press on nails and my makeup. I put the last set back in the box and got dressed.

Out in the office she handed me the model's release form. I signed it and she handed me a check for a thousand dollars.

Driving home I thought about how easy that had been. There was no way anyone would have recognized me when and where ever those photos were published.

That night as I showered I still couldn't get over how I felt in those very feminine lingerie outfits.

Despite being a male, I had felt quite feminine, very girly you might even say. I had to admit that it had been a very enjoyable experience.

I stopped for gas at several different stations on the way home as I wanted to continue to spend some of the stash money in different places a little at a time.

The next morning the transmission went out on my Dads' old truck. It would cost more to fix it than it was worth so I sold it for junk.

I searched the internet for local dealers that sold used cars. Since I was currently unemployed I would not be able to get much of a loan even if mom co-signed it.

I decided to use \$10,000.00 of the stash money to purchase an older hatchback. The small independent car dealer never blinked when I plunked down the cash for the purchase.

Mom didn't say anything either. I guess she figured I had some savings and could qualify for a small loan if I needed it.

That night on the news an FBI agent was interviewed about the recent discovery of some counterfeit bills as well as some marked bills that had been taken in the series of robberies of convenience stores.

My heart leapt to my throat as the sketch of the suspect appeared on the screen. It did resemble me but also a lot of other guys my age as well.

Now I was a bit more worried. I wasn't paranoid or anything but it seemed almost as if law enforcement was getting closer to me.

What if the car dealer had found some of that marked money or checked to see if any of the bills were counterfeit?

After my mom left for work the next morning, I donned a pair of latex gloves again and looked over the cash.

I couldn't see any markings and the bills all looked ok to me so I re-bundled the money now totaling just over seven thousand dollars and placed the back pack in the rear of my closet again.

I continued my routine of spending the money carefully here and there. I wore different clothes and a different baseball cap to each store or gas station, though I wasn't sure that it was going to make any difference.

If I did get caught with either a counterfeit bill or a marked bill from one of the robberies I could always say I had picked it up in change somewhere.

Unless they could get a search warrant for my house and found my stash they couldn't really prove otherwise.

I guess you could say I was feeling pretty smug as I headed for my fifth and final trip to the salon.

It had been very surprising the difference the treatments had made on my body. I hadn't had to shave in over a week. My body hair was nonexistent and had been so for some time.

I had continued to take those large pink pills. Maybe that was part of the reason too.

In addition to my nearly total lack of body hair was the fact that my skin tone had changed. It was much softer and had an almost feminine sheen to it. My facial skin appeared even softer and more feminine as well.

I was surprised that my mom hadn't said anything. But then we were not around each other very much with her working days and me working nights when I had started this regime.

The night before my final appointment at the salon I had the strangest dream.

A stout woman was standing over me with a very stern look on her face.

"I am now your guardian. Your parents are dead and I am now in charge of your upbringing. I will prepare you for school that starts Monday,"

This woman took me to a beauty parlor where my finger and toenails were painted pink, my ears were pierced and little gold hearts were installed in the lobes.

Back home the next morning she dressed me in pink ruffled brief style panties, a pink training bra with a ping pong ball in each cup. Pink knee high stockings, a pink ruffled blouse, bright pink velvet pants with elastic cuffs at the knee, no pockets and a side zipper. A bright pink vest and a pair of black shoes with flat heels and a pink bow on the instep strap she called "Mary Janes" rounded out my ensemble.

After applying a thick layer of creamy pink lipstick to my mouth she brushed my cheeks with pink blusher. She put the makeup items along with a dainty pink handkerchief in a pink purse with a pink strap and slipped it over my shoulder.

"Now you are ready to begin the school for sis-sies," she said.

I woke up with a start. My pulse was very rapid. The dream had been very realistic. I swear I could feel the cool softness of the tricot panties against my hair free soft girly skin.

Pulling the covers back I got out of bed and stood up. I was wearing only my white cotton briefs as usual.

In the bathroom mirror I saw that I had no lipstick on my mouth nor was there any blusher on my cheeks.

I urinated and then went back to bed. It wasn't long before I was once again fast asleep.

The next day at the salon I was photographed and worked on again.

Mavis smiled as I walked out front. I had used up the bottle of pills with no side effects except for some sensitivity around my nipples.

When I had mentioned it two weeks ago Mavis had simply shrugged and said the pills had different effects on different people and since I wasn't bothered by them in any other way I shouldn't worry.

"Thank you for helping us out Nathan," she said. "Come back at one pm for your final photo session and your check,"

I nodded and left the building thinking there was never going to be an easier way to make a grand than this unless another modeling job came my way of course.

I killed the rest of the morning sorting thru my wardrobe and thinning it out quite a bit. I took the items I didn't want to the local thrift store.

With the Labor Day weekend coming up there would be some good sales and I would be able to once again spread some of the stash around to different stores to restock my wardrobe.

At the salon there was no further treatments just a final set of photographs and then I was done. I followed a cleaning lady pushing her cart back to the front.

Mavis had a rather pensive look on her face as she handed me my last check.

"I don't suppose you would be interested in another short term job for an additional thousand dollars would you?"

Given my situation I really didn't think much about it.

"What would this involve, more modeling?" I asked.

"Well, no. It actually involves a service job with a costume. It would be only for a few hours and like I said it would pay you a thousand dollars,"

"Ok, I guess. What do you want me to do?" I said.

"I want you to come to Bea Connell's condo. She is the franchise owner of the Hair-B-Gone salon that was started by the retired super model Connie Burns. You will serve us tea and cake in a costume. Afterwards you will go back home. Simple right?"

"I guess so," I answered.

"Good. Here is the address. Be there at one pm Sunday. I will help you with your costume. Shower before you come and wear your sweats. I will get you ready for your service duties,"

"Okay, I will be there," I said.

Her phone rang and as she turned to answer it I walked to the door. Just outside I found a scrap of paper on the floor. I bent over, picked it up, and left the salon.

I was thinking that this was going to be another easy thousand bucks. What is wrong with this picture?

Before throwing the scrap of paper in a nearby garbage can I looked more closely at the blank sheet. I could barely see the indents from something that someone had written on it. I put the paper in my pocket and drove home.

When I turned into my driveway I saw a pickup truck coming the other way. I slowed up.

Glancing into the rearview mirror I saw it was the same truck as before. He passed the driveway and kept on going.

Apparently he was still keeping tabs on who might be jogging in the area. My pulse had increased and so now was my level of concern.

Back home I took a pencil and brushed the soft lead side of the tip over the indents. What came up appeared to be "Man Made Maids.com"

I opened my laptop computer and signed on to the internet. I typed in the web address and was quite surprised at what I found.

Beneath the title was a photo of a man cross dressed in a maids' uniform standing behind a vacuum cleaner.

Down the left side was a menu. There were four departments to choose from; Training, Products, Gallery and About Us.

I clicked on training and found a description of how a male can be feminized, sissified and trained to provide maid service.

This program included exercise, weight reduction, hormone therapy, feminine deportment training as well as surgery involving, facial feminization, trachea shave, reshaping of the nose, lips, cheekbones, chin and breast enhancement.

Under products I found eight departments. Clothing, lingerie, shoes, uniforms, costumes, wigs, shoes, and makeup.

Each section except the makeup section had a heading at the top that read. "Specially made in sizes to fit men".

I checked out some of the items in each section to find that they were modeled by cross dressed men not women.

This didn't surprise me until I came to the lingerie section where I found pictures of myself that I had posed for when I had my short stint at Jenny Wright's New Girl Modeling Agency.

For a minute I sat there looking at myself posing in lingerie, wigs, makeup and of course those high heel shoes. I was not at all surprised at how good I looked. I was very passable indeed.

The uniform section was the largest with the feminized males showing off quite a variety of maid uniforms in various styles from the French Maid mini dress in many colors to mid length dresses in both sheath and A Line styles, also in many colors, to the Victorian dresses which were long sleeved and floor

length in both sheath and broad skirted styles but only in black.

When I clicked on the gallery section I found hundreds of photographs of men who had completed their transition as the web mistress called it.

They were now fully feminized and were, at least according to the line at the top, "serving their new owners in all parts of the country and the world,"

I was quite stunned at this. Where and how did they get these men to do this?

Clicking on the About Us section I found myself looking at a woman in full, black, dominatrix gear with black over the knee, twelve inch stiletto heel boots, and a black mask. She was standing spread eagle with her hands on her hips looking at the camera.

The text began with "I am Mistress Connie. I am the owner of this website and the developer of my own sissy maid academy."

It went on in great detail to describe the selection, training and placement of the male maids. It ended with "Satisfaction Guaranteed".

This was followed by "Personal inquiries for availability of the next class and prices" and then an e-mail address.

I exited the website and sat back in my chair.

Mavis had already got me committed to this Sunday's job. Was she and others at the Hair-B-Gone salon a part of this too?

How many males who answered the ad in the student newspaper had modeled as well?

The more I thought about it the more I wondered if this wasn't a sinister plot to get males feminized and transformed so they could spend the rest of their lives living and working as male maids.

I shook my head as I shut off the computer. Was I getting paranoid? This was a bit too fantastic to believe. It was more like something out of a bad adult movie.

Then I remembered that line from that spy movie. "What you know won't hurt you. What you don't know can get you killed, and when you find out what that is it is too late because you are dead," I still couldn't believe that I was going to be brought into this maid service lifestyle.

The news that night had a story about more marked money and a few counterfeit bills that had shown up in recent deposits from a variety of businesses. An FBI agent stated only that they had no suspects and were continuing their investigation.

I breathed a sigh of relief. I had been very concerned when I had used a large part of my stash to pay for my car in cash. I thought it might be better to lay off spending some of it for a while at least.

My relief was short lived. When I turned on my cell phone after breakfast the next morning there was a voicemail message from someone who identified himself only as "Agent Rollins."

This could mean only one thing. This was an FBI agent. There was no doubt in my mind what he wanted to talk to me about.

Obviously neither he nor the local police had any evidence connecting me with either the string of robberies, the marked money, or the counterfeit money. If they had, I was certain I would have been in handcuffs before this.

Sunday at ten to one I reported to the address Mavis had given me. It was a fairly new condominium in a gated community. I shut off my cell phone, entered the building, and went upstairs.

Mavis greeted me at the door.

“Come with me Nathan and I will get you ready,” she said with a smile.

I followed her thru the beautifully decorated living room to a back hallway and down to the last bedroom. Inside she turned to me.

“Put on what’s on the bed then come out to the hallway,”

She left and I walked over to the bed.

On top of the bed was a purple lingerie set. So, this was my “costume” I thought to myself as I undressed.

I placed my jogging suit and support on the bed. I put on the purple bra with a black bow between the cups. After placing the weighted inserts in the bra cups I found that they were a bit tight so I loosened the bra straps for a better fit.

During the last week of the study I had noticed while showering that the area around my nipples had become more sensitive and that there was a slight increase in the flesh around the nipples.