



Reluctant Press presents:

IF

Cheryl Lynn



ILLUSTRATIONS BY MISTY MALVEAUX

A 'SPECTRUM TV' E-BOOK

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Reluctant Press TG Publishers

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IF

By Cheryl Lynn

It was a Friday night in late October 1972 and bitter cold outside. I was having a Jack Daniels and coke feeling an itch that kept getting stronger and stronger as time went by. Finishing my third drink the itch could not be ignored any longer. I went into my bedroom and pulled out my box of secrets.

My box of secrets was nothing more than an old box that looked nondescript, held all the feminine clothing and paraphernalia that I had collected over the past couple of years. I kept it stashed next to other boxes filled with stuff that I had no place to put in my small one bedroom apartment.

I figured no one would give it a second glance. At least my parents hadn't found it yet and they were snoops. My mom was the worst at trying to dig into my stuff usually with the excuse that this or that needed cleaning. I was always afraid during their visits that they would discover my secret stash. If I had to leave either one of them alone in the apartment I sweated every second that I was away.

This night I quickly divested myself of all my clothing and began dressing. A pair of pale yellow nylon brief styled panties with colorful displays of giraffes printed in various positions and pastel colors. A red lace trimmed black bra which was a great find at the Goodwill box.

Yes I said it, the Goodwill box. You have to remember that there was no Internet back then and a young man certainly did not go into the lingerie department and purchased such items. That only left theft from the Goodwill boxes and the laundromat as places to get feminine finery. I admit that stealing as I did still bothers me and I am ashamed of myself for doing so.

Most of my panties were stolen from a laundromat along with many other items such as a Sleeping Beauty styled nylon nightgown. It had a square necked black top with floral embroidery and a flowing bright yellow ankle length skirt. Next I pulled a white floral lace patterned garter belt around my waist and threaded the garters through my panties. I attached a pair of black hose to the garters then pulled the nightgown down over my head. My jeans and long-sleeved blue cowboy shirt quickly covered all this. If you are wondering why I put on that nightgown I couldn't tell you then or now. Pulling on my boots I was ready to go but first I needed another drink to build my courage.

Wearing feminine clothing changed me. Normally I wouldn't even think about other guys but dressed I felt so feminine that other guys caught my attention. I had never had a homosexual encounter before nor was homosexual encounters in my normal thought patterns. I guess the combination of the clothing and a few stiff drinks loosened up my inhibitions. I'll admit that I did wonder what it would be like to kiss another guy but that is as far as my imagination could go.

Maybe deep down I was a little bit homosexual but I don't think so. I really chased the ladies and thoroughly enjoyed their attributes. The only disappointment I had with my dates is that they never met my expectations in what they wore underneath their clothing. I wanted to see and touch sexy underwear. Usually they wore just plain white nylon or pastel panties and a plain white cotton bra with little or no frills.

I hadn't had a date in a while. I guess this night I was just a bit horny and I hadn't worn any of my stash in a very long time. It was not my intention to go out and get some guy. Just the opposite was true. I was scared of such an encounter. No I wasn't scared. I was petrified by such an idea.

What would he say or worse what would he do if he discovered what I was wearing underneath my regular clothing. During this time just being considered a homosexual got the tar or worse beat out of you. I knew some guys at college that when they were short of money would go out looking to role a queer. I just had to get out of the apartment that's all this night was supposed to be... an escapist dream.

The ride downtown to the porn theater did not take long. My emotions were in a fearful turmoil as they raced through the gamut of outright fear to erotic pleasure. Fear at getting into an accident and having to go to the hospital and being reviled in public as a queer or a pervert. This fear was off set by the erotic feelings caused by the soft nylon caressing my skin and the alcohol.

As I pulled into a parking space just down the street from the theater I almost chickened out. The only thing keeping me from just going back home was the ride itself. I paid my five dollars and entered the theater and found a spot at the balcony railing. As I watched the show I was picturing in my mind what it would be like to be one of those women. Not so much from the sex view point but rather what it would be like to be able to dress like that and wear makeup all the time. I don't know how long I stood there watching the sluts giving blowjobs and getting their pussies reamed before I noticed someone standing beside me.

He was slightly taller than me with chiseled strong features, Hispanic and a little rough looking with his five o'clock shadow and thick brows. He turned my way and caught me looking at him.

"Nice tits on those broads," he said nodding towards the screen.

"Yeah," I acknowledged, "some nice asses too."

We were silent for a while then began talking about the girls in the movie some more. Just small talk but it made me nervous. I really needed a drink by now. I needed something to calm my nerves. This conversation was getting to close and personal. Not only was the conversation getting personal but his hip kept brushing up against mine. I didn't know if it was intentional or just accidental but it thrilled and scared me at the same time.

As I was half standing half leaning against the balcony's railing my fears of discovery began running through my mind. "Did the guy next to me guess that I was wearing a bra? No my jacket should be covering it. Could he see that I am wearing girl's clothing under this?"

My mind was getting away with itself. "Shit I have to settle down. There is no way this guy can tell anything. I am too covered up," I thought to ease my tension.

When the film finished and the lights came up he was standing facing me with a smile on his face. He was about five inches taller than me and built as solid as a rock. Not the shape of a body builder but one created from hard physical labor.

Me, I am five seven and on the slender skinny side but I had confidence in myself. If I tangled up with this guy I knew that I had no chance to win though. I was at a loss I didn't know what to do. My instinct said just run but to be polite I said I was going to get a beer.

His smile never wavered as he asked if I minded if he tagged along. So I sucked up my courage and asked him if he wanted to get a beer at the bar just across the street. Why I agreed I have absolutely no idea. I wasn't attracted to him but deep down I was feeling a little lonely and wanted a bit of company.

In this town there were a lot of bars but they only sell beer. You had to have a special license in order to sell the hard stuff. This bar was convenient and if things did not go right I could easily get away. That was my reasoning for asking him to accompany me I guess.

We had a few beers at the bar in a quite out of the way table. He told me his name was Jose and that he worked in construction. I told him mine and that I worked for the state. We talked much about nothing in particular except that we both did not care that much for beer.

Chugging the first several beers not only gave me a nice buzz but was making me more relaxed. I think that I sucked down that first beer even before the cap was completely off. After our fourth or sixth beer we started bitching about not being able to get a real drink. Finally I told him that I had had enough beer and was going home.

"I have a nice almost full bottle of Jack at the house. Well it was nice talking to you. Maybe I'll see you around," as soon as I said it I kicked myself for mentioning the bottle of Jack.

“Why don’t I come with you? I sure could use a Jack and coke. Mind if I tag along,” Jose asked smiling broadly?

Again I have no idea why I agreed. Maybe my head was totally screwed up from the booze and nylon.

Oooo

He followed me to the four-plex where I lived in his truck. It was a new white Chevy. Inside I took his coat and told him to wait while I went to the bathroom. There I quickly divested myself of my girlish attire and redressed. I hid the feminine clothing under the sink.

With my feminine clothing off I felt safer and at the same time no longer had that crazy itch. I decided as I left the bathroom that I would give Jose a drink then send him on his way. I no longer wanted him in my house or in my life. I would just tell him that I was tired and had a big day tomorrow.

Feeling better I quickly went out and made us a couple of drinks. Instead of turning on the television like I normally did I turned the stereo on which was tuned into a soft country western station. We sat on the couch just talking. I commented on his new truck and he told me his mother bought it for him. She owned a local Mexican restaurant but he wasn't interested in that business.

I don't know how it happened but the next thing I was aware of was his lips pressing against mine... my first man kiss. I was shocked and started to pull away but his hand behind my neck held me firm. Gradually I relaxed and let it happen. It was very different than kissing a girl... rougher and somehow much more wicked. His tongue slid into my mouth and I found myself sucking on it.

When we finally broke our kiss I jumped up. I was scared. I had never done anything like this before. To cover my fear of what just happened I picked up the two empty glasses and went to refresh our drinks.

“Shit,” I thought. “I just should have told him to go. Why did I tell him I was going to fix us another damn drink?”

I made mine a double. I was already drunk and this double would give me a really nice buzz. Hopefully it would drown my fear and I could tell him to go.

He followed me over to the counter that I was facing and pouring our drinks. I felt his hands go around my waist and begin to unbuckle my belt. I just stood there mixing the drinks as if nothing was happening and let him drop my pants. I didn’t know what else to do. I had never experienced anything like this in my entire life. I was too shocked by his actions to do anything. I could feel the denim of his jeans pressing against my backside and the bulge it contained.

His hands slid up my shirt and his fingers began pinching and pulling on my nipples. Then I felt his groin pressing harder into my bare ass and could feel his warm breath on my neck. I was very surprised to feel something like electric sparks jumping from my nipples directly into my brain.

As his hands pressed against the flesh of my man breasts he said in a quite whisper, "You know baby I thought you were wearing a bra when we were in the bar. I think I can still feel the imprint of it on your chest. You were wearing a bra now weren't you? I wonder what else you were wearing."

I stood frozen for what seemed like an eternity then slowly turned to face him handing him his drink as I did so. I was trapped between him and the counter. His jeans covered groin was pressing into my bared neither region. Now what was I going to do? I took a big swallow of my drink. Oh it burned so good going down and eased the fluttering in my stomach. My dick became erect as it pressed against the rough material of his jeans. I couldn't help or stop it.

He put his drink on the counter top as he leaned in to kiss me. As he kissed me he slid his hands up the seam of my cowboy shirt and with a quick pull popped it open. After the quick kiss he looked at my chest and sure enough you could see the red marks left by the under wires and straps of the tight bra.

Standing there with my jeans around my ankles with no underwear and my shirt open what was I suppose to do. I started to tell him that I didn't know what he was talking about but before I could finish he slapped my face. Not hard but hard enough to get my attention.

"Now don't start lying to me baby. You going to do what Jose want you to do now don't you," he said as he grabbed my balls. "I bet these would look really good in a pair of panties. You go get your girlie clothes and make yourself pretty for me. You don't want to make me mad do you? I want to see what you will look like all prettied up. Take your drink but you no take too long okay?"

Man was I in a skillet being slowly fried. It was either stay in the skillet or jump into the fire. What to do? Seeing no obvious alternative I picked up my drink and shuffled into my bedroom. I was too stunned by what had just happened to even pull up my jeans. I am sure the view of my backside going down the hall shuffling as I was gave Jose a thrill.

In the bedroom I took out my box of secrets and pulled out the small white wicker box purse. It was another Goodwill find in which I kept the small amount of makeup I had accumulated. I thought about going into the bathroom and retrieving the clothing I had stashed under the sink but Jose was in there.

Instead I pulled a pair of bright violet colored nylon hip hugger styled panties with little white daisy's printed on them, my only other bra which was a white cross your heart, a pair of ecru pantyhose and my white chiffon baby doll nightie. The nightie had a floral embroidered beaded empire styled top, a full nylon skirt that reached to just above the knee and an over skirt of sheer chiffon. I quickly dressed, stepped into a pair of black two spike heeled pumps and went over to the mirror on my bureau.

I was not good at applying makeup and it showed. I very seldom went the whole nine yards and applied cosmetics. Putting on and taking off makeup took too much time. The first time that I tried full makeup one of my friends came by unexpectedly. I scrambled for all I was worth to get that gunk off my face before he broke my door down. I knew that he would beat the hell out of my door until I opened it. That little episode kept me from putting on makeup until tonight.

I took my time with the makeup and did the best I could. I applied liquid foundation, green eye shadow, mascara, reddish-purple lipstick, and a dusting of powder as quickly as I could. I even put a little perfume from a sample bottle I had found behind each ear, on my neck and chest.

Reaching into the box one more time I pulled out the brunette pageboy wig and a pair of two inch black pumps I had found in another Goodwill box. Looking at myself in the mirror I didn't look bad but would never pass in public. My arms, chest, legs were all too hairy. I looked just like a guy in a girl's nightie. The makeup only made the reflection look even more ridiculous.

I thought for a moment about just taking all this stuff off and telling Jose to get lost but was afraid. If I had to get rough then the neighbors would hear or even worse call the cops. Damned if I do and damned if I don't. The worst that could happen I figured was that Jose would either laugh his ass off, beat the snot out of me or maybe do nothing. By this time my drink was finished and some of my courage came back. So I decided what the heck two out of the three weren't all that bad.

When I entered the living room after pouring myself another double Jose was lying on the couch with his drink sitting on his bare chest. He was completely naked very hairy and muscular with a raging hard on. He looked at me for a long moment and then sitting up told me to come over to him. I gulped my drink down and placed it on the coffee table. He didn't laugh nor did he seem ready to bash my brains out. I found myself doing a little twirl before him as he gazed at me.

His hand reached out and pulled me onto his lap. His lips found mine and I put my hands behind his neck and let my fingers drift through his hair. My inebriated brain and clothing



was forcing me into my feminine persona. Kissing a man no longer seemed strange it felt right. The sensation was different now that I was wearing lipstick. We kissed deeply with me sucking on his tongue and enjoying it. Next he picked me up and carried me into the bedroom. Oh my, he was strong and I felt so fragile so feminine and oh so light headed.

He dropped me on my bed and then lay beside me. "Okay baby you turned out real hot. Now I want you to suck me. I want to see those purple lips of yours sucking and licking me all over down there," he didn't ask he ordered.

I maneuvered myself down between his legs in the classic 69 position. "I said suck me. I didn't say anything about doing you," he said as he slapped my butt hard and pushed my legs off to the side.

I was frightened as I tentatively took his penis in my right hand. Not really sure of what to do. He wasn't circumcised as I was and it looked strange in my hand. I had never done anything like this before. I tried to remember everything that my previous girl friends use to do to me.

I began by just pulling back his foreskin and rubbing my hand up and down its shaft. He didn't want a hand job so I started licking and kissing it. I must have been doing something right as he began to moan and grabbed the back of my head. Soon he was forcing my face up and down while humping with his hips forcing his penis deep inside my throat.

I was scared as shit when his pounding of my face cut off my breathing. I wanted to throw up and couldn't as the head of his penis hit the back of my throat. Soon I managed to get into the rhythm and it became easier. His hands gripped the back of my head tightly and pressed down so that my nose was mashed up against his pubic hair. Then he came, filling my throat, mouth, and even my nose with his cum. I was choking on all that sperm but he kept a tight hold on my head.

When I thought that I couldn't take any more he relaxed his hold. I was able to fall off to the side breathing heavily. My throat hurt from the pounding it received and had trouble catching my breath. The hardest part of all this for me was not being able to get enough air into my lungs. The urge to gag was another problem as was getting use to the taste and more so the texture of sperm. I hadn't enjoyed the experience one bit. We lay there for a while just catching our breath when Jose asked me to get him another drink.

I was more than happy too as I wanted desperately to rinse my mouth out. While his cum didn't taste bad it had a funny slimy texture and somewhat salty. While I was in the bathroom I peed, grabbed the mouthwash and saw that most of my lipstick was gone. I fixed two more drinks and returned to the bedroom. Jose was lying in the bed holding his dick between two fingers.

As I arrived he looked up and said, "Baby you sure left your mark on my dick." It was covered in my lipstick. I felt like I actually blushed then just like a girl.

While he drank his drink he wanted me to fondle his penis to get it hard again. I did as he wished with some trepidation. I knew that I didn't want this to go any further. Finished with his drink he reached over and took my almost empty glass from my free hand and placed it on the nightstand. He turned back to me with a crooked smile on his face.

Thinking that he wanted to kiss I puckered up but was surprised when he flipped me over onto my back and straddled me. Grabbing my ankles he pulled them over his shoulders and lifted my butt up. I heard a ripping sound and felt the tug of my pantyhose and panties being forced aside. Before I could do anything I felt him pressing his penis into my virgin ass.

"No, no please don't! I'm not ready for this. Stop it! I've never done this before," I begged. I really wanted to shout out for him to stop and leave but I couldn't. What if the neighbors heard and called the cops? Not only that, but everyone would soon know my secret.

Jose paused only for a couple of seconds and said, "Baby you no do this before? You mean you cherry? I think I'm in love."

It didn't matter he was determined to take my cherry. I told him again that I had never done anything like this before and that I didn't want him to go any further.

"Look baby you been asking for this all night and now you're going to get it," Jose told me. "You're gonna be my special girl from now on."

I was being date raped but in the early seventies this was not uncommon and very seldom ever reported. Beside how could I, a man, go to the cops and tell them I was sodomized while dressed as a woman. My fate was sealed. It hurt and burned like hell but in the end he penetrated me fully. I felt my penis rubbing on his stomach each time he plunged into me. It hurt for so long but then I began to get the biggest erection that I had ever had.

It became easier as Jose continued to pump into me. I was in pain. I was stuffed. I was full but I was also hard as a rock. Finally Jose pushed into me as far as he could go and erupted. As his penis was sliding out of my stretched anus my climax erupted all over my stomach and chest. He rolled over to the side and lay still sound asleep. I was left in the wet spot. That cold wet spot left after sex that the woman usually wound up sleeping in. I wanted to get up and clean myself but just didn't have the energy. I was exhausted, drunk and fell asleep with Jose's semen flowing out of my stretched asshole.

Ooo

It was a fitful sleep and I awoke early the next morning with something being pressed against my lips. I opened my eyes and saw Jose squatting over me with his penis pointed directly at my lips. It hadn't been a nightmare.

"Come on baby, I need my morning relief before I go pee," Jose said.

What could I do? He was squatting on my chest pinning me to the bed. I opened my mouth which already felt like it was stuffed with cotton and took him in. With his hands on both sides of my head he began pulling my head up his cock. Soon he had a rhythm going and I was sucking hard trying to hurry up and get this over with. Without the alcohol in my system and a splitting headache I was not enjoying any of this especially the taste of him. It was a miracle that I did not toss my cookies right then and there. It took all my will power to keep from vomiting all over the both of us when I realized just where his penis had last been.

I felt disgusted with myself and just wanted him out of my life and this incident forgotten. He came with his balls resting against my chin in a flood. I managed to get most of it down though some dripped out of the corner of my lips and down my chin. Finished he jumped up and went into the bathroom leaving me alone in my misery.

I couldn't hold it back any longer and reached over grabbed the trash can. I heaved until I couldn't heave any more. It came out my mouth and nose leaving a very sour taste behind and the dry heaves. I grabbed a glass from the side table and drank the remnants of last night's drink down. Then I took the other one and finished it off but swirled it around in my mouth and spit it out into the trashcan. I felt like death warmed over.

I finally managed to drag my sorry ass out of the bed noticing how my nightie stuck to my behind and crotch. I reached behind me to pull the material away from my body. I swear that I could hear it pulling away from my skin. My ass hurt and burned like the dickens. It would be awhile before I could get into the bath as I heard Jose get into the shower.

I managed to drag myself over to the mirror and saw that my makeup was smeared all over my face, my wig was twisted sideways, and I looked like shit. I tried to fix myself up as best I could. I removed the makeup with Pond's cleansing cream and reapplied my lipstick and put the wig back on. Why I don't know. I wanted to take my filthy nightie off but did not want to put anything clean on until I could shower. I went into the kitchen and made coffee.

In the kitchen I removed my panties and torn and laddered pantyhose tossing them into the trash. Then I grabbed a dish towel soaked it in hot water, put some soap on it and did my best to clean my groin and backside. It was a filthy mess. I could barely stand to look at it as I threw the cloth into the trash. I filled my cup and went over to the couch to sit and wait my turn.

Jose came out of the bath drying his hair with a towel and stopped to get a cup of coffee before coming over to sit beside me.

"You one hot bitch baby I think I am going to like you," he said. With that he reached over and pulled my head down into his naked lap. My face rested on his upper thigh with his semi-erect penis just inches from my face.

"Come on baby play with it some more. You make me hot," he said.

What could I do but comply. As I pulled and rubbed his penis Jose said, "You got some nail polish baby? I think it would be a real turn on if you had on some hot red or purple nail polish. You don't? Maybe I get you some. Come on start sucking my dick."

I didn't want to and I certainly didn't like the idea of putting on nail polish. I moved closer and began to gently suck on his dick. Soon his hands were on the back of my head and he was increasing the tempo. For the second time that morning I drank a load of his cum. With him satisfied I was able to escape to the bathroom.

I showered and even gave myself an enema to try and feel clean but still felt used. As I was brushing my teeth for the third time I noticed a large number of dark splotches covering the roof of my mouth. They looked like bruises and I realized that is what they were. They were bruises from his dick hitting the roof of my mouth.

I reached for the mouthwash once again but my stomach cramped violently. I jumped for the commode as the contents of my stomach spurted out of my mouth and nose. I knelt by the porcelain until my stomach purged itself and I could stand. Weak kneed I managed to get to the sink and wash up. Grabbing the mouthwash I rinsed several times before I felt better.

I wasn't about to put on the same bra and nightie I had worn that night. I pulled the clothing I had stashed under the sink and put them on. I would have rather put on my briefs and jeans but I didn't think to bring them with me. Going out naked wasn't an option either. I felt safer wearing something. As I stepped out of the bathroom I saw Jose in my bedroom looking through my box of secrets.

"Olla baby," he greeted me. "You got some shit here don't you? Why don't you put on the things I left on the bed? We'll go out for some breakfast but first I want another go at that pretty ass of yours."

I had had enough and told him, "Look Jose this has been fun but enough is enough. I think it is time for you to go and I don't want to see you anymore. So please just leave."

"Oh no my Chiquita," he said. Then to my complete surprise he showed me my wallet and address book lying on the bureau and said he knew everything about me. While I was taking my bath he had rummaged through all my personal effects. He knew my family, their address, everything that would ruin me if any of this ever got out.

After he explained what he could do to me he broke out in a big smile and said for me to get on the bed. He had me get on the edge of the bed on all fours as he stood behind me he lifted my bright yellow nightie over my butt and pulled my panties aside. He took me doggie style. Fortunately I had rubbed some petroleum jelly into my sore butt and this time it did not hurt as bad.

As I lay on my stomach after he had filled me he handed me a tampon that he had found in my box of secrets. "I think you need that to stop leaking baby. Then I want you to put on those things I laid out and we are going for some breakfast. I'm starving," he said.

It was humiliating but I did as he said. With my butt plugged I picked up the yellow nylon panties with plump red cherries depicted on them, a pale yellow panty girdle and pulled them up my hips tucking my penis back between my legs. I attached the black hose to the girdle's tabs and put my cross your heart bra back on. Although the red lace and black satin bra was sexier this one was a hell of lot more comfortable and a better fit.

I dropped a yellow nylon full slip with brown floral lace trim on the bodice and hem followed by the wrap around dress in black rayon with large hibiscus flower prints on it. After stepping into my pumps I went over to the dresser and fixed my face. I dug around in my box purse and found the one pair of clip on earrings that I had. They were gold trim with a large fax-pearl.

I checked the purse making sure I had lipstick and my other cosmetics then put in my wallet. I was ready for my first public outing scared shitless. I knew what I looked like...I was a guy in a dress. My foundation was too heavy as was the rest of my makeup for a real woman to be wearing in the early morning. Plus I was as hairy as an ape.

When I tried to explain all this to Jose he just grinned and said not to worry. "I'll take you to an okay place. Now come on baby I am starving."

Ooo

We wound up in a dilapidated part of the Mexican side of town. He took me to what had originally been a house but now converted into a café. Thankfully it was dark inside and there weren't more than three other people in it. A very fat Mexican woman came over to our table wearing a black full skirt and white with floral background off the shoulder blouse. She took our order in a bored "I'm too tired to care attitude."

"Maria," Jose spoke up, "What no smile for me?"

"Oh, it's you Jose. I'm sorry but it has been a very long night. Who's your punta?" She said this time with a smile.

"Maria this is my very good friend," he said and I gasped. He revealed my real name. "You're gong to be seeing a lot of him I mean her in the future. I'm thinking about renting the place in back for her to stay. Maybe you could use a girl like her on the weekends?"

"Well I don't know Jose but I will think about it. You want a beer with your breakfast tacos?"

I was never so scared or humiliated in my life. What was he saying about renting me a place and having me work for Maria? I was almost to tears and began trembling.

Jose reached out and took my hand, "Don't worry baby, I'll take good care of you," he said. That remark really scared me.

Ooo

After breakfast he took me back to my apartment and after giving me a kiss dropped me off. Here I was standing in the parking lot right in front of my four-plex in the not so early Saturday morning sun. I made a dash for my front door as quickly as I could in the black pumps I was wearing.

Slamming the door behind me and locking it I let out a whoosh of air. I prayed that none of my neighbors saw me. It wasn't until I sat down on the couch that I broke out in a cold sweat and started trembling. I don't remember how long I just sat there shaking in my pumps. Once I was able to get hold of myself it didn't take me long to strip and get into the shower. I stayed under the hot water until it turned cold.

Sometime later I shoved all my girlie things into the box and actually got as far as the front door with it. It was my intention to throw all of it away. I never wanted to experience a night like that again. I really did not like myself at that particular moment. The only thing that kept me from tossing it out was that garbage day wasn't until Tuesday. I didn't want to take a chance that someone might stumble across it and discover my secret so back into the closet it went. It was also at this time that I knew that I was not a homosexual. I did not like being used like I had been and the sexual thrills were not there. Yes I came but

it still was not the same as doing it with a woman. I felt dirty, humiliated and hated what I had done. I promised myself that I would never do anything as stupid as this ever again.

Monday was a workday and my ass still hurt from the pounding it took over the weekend. Fortunately I was able to set most of my personal problems behind me as I immersed myself in work. It was just about quitting time when my phone rang. My jaw dropped to the desk as I heard the voice on the other end of the line.

“Olla baby did you miss your Jose today? I missed you baby. I’m still at the job but will be over at your place by seven. You have a nice meal ready and make yourself look good for me,” he said.

“Oh God how did you get my number? Why are you calling me?” was all I could say.

“Now baby I told you I liked you and that I would see you again. Now didn’t I? Jose always keeps his promises and I want to see you tonight. I have a present for you. I know you going to like it. Got to go I will see you at seven,” he said and hung up before I could even say, “go fuck yourself.”

For the next fifteen minutes I sat shaking at my desk. He had too much on me and I had no choice if I was going to keep my secret. I thought about just saying to hell with it and let him do his worst but did not have the courage.

Being his sex toy for awhile until he tired of me was better than my boss or family finding out. If it became known that I was a “queer” my life would be over. The trouble with that was after my experiences this weekend I knew I was not that way. I didn’t like man-on-man sex one damn bit. I loved women. I was damn sure that once Jose was gone that I would never dress again.

Ooo

I got home around six and had to rush to get everything ready for Jose. I took a hot shower and decided to be safe and smeared a large dollop of petroleum jelly up my ass. I pulled on a pair of bright red nylon panties and the red lace frilled black bra. Then my white lace garter belt and pulled the garters through my panties. I had to wear my black nylons as Jose had torn the hell out of my only pair of pantyhose. A full-length black nylon slip with lots of lace on the bodice and hem was followed by the same dress I had worn Saturday.

Taking out my box purse I took out the necessary cosmetics and did the best job that I could. Makeup finished I clipped on my earrings and pulled the wig over my head. I was as ready as I would ever be. I just hoped none of my friends decided to just drop over tonight. Slipping on my pumps I headed to the kitchen to prepare dinner of steak and potatoes.

I just finished a salad and the potatoes were done when there was a knock on the door. All I had left was cooking the steaks. I didn’t know how he liked his so waited until I could ask. Drying my hands on a towel I went to answer the door. Checking through the peephole I saw him standing there. He had a big grin on his face and carrying a large box. I opened the door and stepped back as I didn’t want anyone to see me.

“Olla baby look what I have for you,” he said as he came in and placed the big box on the coffee table. “Yeah I also got you this,” he handed me a fifth of Jack Daniels. “Now where is my welcome home kiss baby?”

Holding the fifth in my right hand I let him step over to me and give me a lingering French kiss. Oh how I wanted to smash that bottle of booze over his head. I restrained myself and breaking the kiss asked him how he liked his steak cooked. I heard him say ‘rare’ as I walked back to the kitchen and quickly poured two drinks. Mine was a double with damn little coke.

“Hey aren’t you going to open your gift baby?” he asked as I started cooking the steaks.

“No not until after we have eaten,” I said and then added under my breath “so I can vomit all over your sorry ass.”

All during dinner he kept chiding me about my eating habits. I gulped my food too fast. I didn’t chew my food enough. I put too much on my fork. I should eat like a lady he admonished me. Just to shut him up I tried to do as he asked.

After dinner and the dirty dishes put in the washer I fixed my third drink of the evening. I began wiping down the counters for the second time and realized that I couldn’t put it off any longer. I joined him on the couch and sat next to him. He put his hand around my shoulders and turned me into him and gave me another deep French kiss.

“Baby, go open your present,” he told me with a big smile on his face.

I pulled the top off and what I saw almost brought tears to my eyes. Not happy tears but tears of shame. Inside laid a princess cut little black dress in velvet. I pulled it out and it looked about my size. Under the dress was a black nylon half slip with about three inches of red floral lace at the hem. A matching camisole lay beside it. Un-



derneath was a black satin demi-bra with red roses embroidered on the cups, black satin with red floral lace trimmed garter belt and matching panties with red lace frills around the leg openings. There were six packages of sheer black nylons, a pair of three-inch stiletto heeled black patent leather sling back pumps and another box.

I opened this box and found all kinds of cosmetics. On the very top was an instruction book on how to properly apply makeup. Everything from lipsticks in assorted vibrant colors, lip liner in matching colors, eye shadows from bright greens to vivid purple and silver, mascara, eye lash curler, eye liner, foundations and powders. Moisturizers and cleansers were there in abundance along with cotton balls, polish remover and a nail care kit. Glue on nails and about a dozen different bottles of nail polish in colors matching the lipsticks. The most embarrassing of all the contents was a box of super tampons, a feminine hygiene douche kit and a large tube of lubricant. Everything a woman would need for her daily toilet was in that damn box.

To say that I was stunned would be an understatement. I just sat there not believing what was before my eyes. I was numb and couldn't move or say anything when I felt Jose's arm go around my shoulders and pull me toward him.

He obviously mistook my expression for one of overwhelmed joy as he said, "Oh baby I just knew that you would like it. Maria put this together for me. I want you to wear this for me Friday night when I take you out to show Maria how good you look."

"You have got to be kidding Jose. I don't want all this stuff. I don't even know how to use most of it..." I managed to say before I found myself sitting on the floor between the couch and coffee table my face stinging where his palm hit me.

As I stared up at his angry face his palm lashed down and slapped me across the face once again. The force of the slap made me fall back flat on the carpeted floor. My ears were ringing and I was crying.

"You listen to me you bitch and you listen real hard cause I am only going to say this once. You will do what I tell you. When I tell you that you will not only use all this you will learn to do it like a lady. You better do it. Now you get off your sorry ass and get me another drink. You make Jose so mad. I don't like to hurt my ladies but you made me mad. Don't do that again," Jose ordered.

My face was still stinging as I made the two drinks and brought them back to the couch. Before I could say anything he said, "I am so mad the only thing that will calm me now is your pretty lips sucking my dick and licking my balls. Get to it Punta."

Jose was particularly rough face fucking me and my throat was sore by the time he finished doing me. He made me continue licking and kissing his penis and balls until it became hard again. With his dick hard Jose roughly pushed me on my hands and knees and took me doggie style. It was the worst ass fucking so far and my anus burned in pain from the stretching and reaming it received. More humiliating was to take the pink plastic applicator of the super tampon and inserting it in my aching hole while he watched.

When he recuperated Jose went to the bathroom and took a shower. While he was doing that I took all my presents into the bedroom. I had no idea where to put all this stuff. I knew better than to cram it all into my box of secrets. The box containing all the makeup and toiletries I put on the side of the dresser. The clothing went into the bureau except the

dress which went on a hanger in the closet. As I was hanging the dress up Jose came into the bedroom naked and fell onto the bed.

“Baby I got a long day tomorrow set the alarm for 4 a.m. While I am sleeping you take that hair remover stuff and use it. I want my baby looking all-smooth when I wake up. I don’t want to see a single hair below your neck. Comprende?” he told me.

Then with an evil grin added, “Baby when I get up I want to see that string hanging out your bottom. I want you to keep my baby makers in you as long as possible. Who knows you just might get pregnant.”

I picked up the box of cosmetics turned out the light and headed for the bath. Grabbing the mouthwash I rinsed out my mouth several times before it felt clean. I took a large jar of hair remover and read the instructions on the label. After undressing and covering myself from head to toe with the sticky concoction I waited until I couldn’t stand the burning and rotten egg odor any longer. As my body hair went down the drain it took a lot of my male ego with it.

Once dried off I applied a generous coating of lilac scented body lotion to my irritated skin. I stepped into a pair of rose-colored nylon panties to cover my embarrassing hairless groin and pulled my white nightie over my head. I then began sorting and finding a place to store all the cosmetics and stuff Maria had sent me. It was very late by the time I went to bed but I remembered to set the alarm.

The alarm startled me awake. It seemed like I had just fallen asleep. I reached over to turn the damn thing off. Just as my hand hit the off button Jose’s arm went behind my neck and pulled my head into his naked groin. His morning hard on wanted attention and he wanted it taken care of. I put my hand around the base so that I wouldn’t have to take it all the way down my still sore throat and pulled back the foreskin. As I kissed the tip Jose reached down and pulled my hand away. Putting both his hands on my head he pushed it down his shaft.

“Baby I want it all the way in,” he mumbled as his hands worked my head up and down. He wasn’t gentle and thought only of his own pleasure.

I grunted as my nose dug into his thick pubic hair and fought to keep from gagging. His pubes smelled of urine and musk and sex. My stomach heaved trying to spill its contents out but with his penis plugging my throat it had nowhere to go. As he eased up I swallowed hard forcing the vomit back down and took a desperate gulp of air.

“Why does it seem like when you are having a good time; time passes in an instant but when its just plain bad seems to last forever,” I thought as Jose kept thrusting my head up and down on his shaft. Even bad times end and this one did as he filled my throat and mouth with his sperm.

“God I am beginning to really hate mornings,” I thought as he got out of bed and headed to the bath.

Before he left he made me put all my male underwear and socks into a garbage bag and took it with him. “Baby from now on you wear nothing but your panties and hose all the time. I will see you Friday and you had better look a whole lot better. You practice real

hard and maybe you will not make Jose mad. Give me a kiss I have to go," he said as he picked up the garbage bag.

Ooo

I took off an hour early Friday. While I had practiced every spare minute during the week I knew that I still had a long way to go. The beauty care book helped a lot but it still takes a steady hand and lots of practice. As soon as I got home I put the artificial nails on and painted them and my toe nails a plumb red. Once they were dry I took a long hot shower after covering my body in the hair remover. Now I had two hours to complete my transformation.

I decided to put my makeup on before dressing because that would be the most time consuming. According to the book I should use colors ranging from rose to reddish purple for lips, lids and blush.

A tan foundation was applied with a dampened sponge and followed by a dusting of powder to seal it. Using the eyelash curler I crimped it three times on each set of lashes then using black mascara coated them twice. The mascara lengthened and thickened my lashes making them look very feminine. Next I applied a brick red shadow blended into a rose red shadow on my upper lids then using a black eyeliner pencil traced it over the edges of both upper and lower lids. Using one of the camel's hair brushes I lightly covered each cheek with a dusty rose blush. Using a dark red lip liner I traced out the edges of my lips going over the edges slightly to make them appear fuller. I pulled the white plastic cap off the tube of plumb red high gloss lipstick and filled in my lips twice with it. I blotted on a tissue then reapplied the lipstick one more time.

Now I didn't apply my makeup in just one try. The eyeliner took me three tries before the lines were drawn correctly. The lip liner took two tries. I finished off by spraying a sweet floral smelling perfume on my neck, wrists, chest and groin. Looking into the mirror I actually looked good. The tan foundation considerably darker than my natural skin tone and darker makeup made me look Hispanic.

My brunette wig once I had it properly in place just didn't look right but it was all I had. My own dark brown hair was cut in a Beatle's style but still too short to pass as a woman's. Women wore big hair at the time and you could still see a few wearing a beehive style. I had to wear the wig.

Biting the bullet I began my final task before getting dressed. I took out the feminine syringe and filled it with warm soapy water and a capful of feminine douche in a lilac scent. Gently I inserted the bulbous shaped white plastic nozzle into my anus and loosened the clamp. I did this twice and finished the odorous task of inserting a generous dollop of lubricant.

As I entered the bedroom I noticed that I had about thirty minutes to get dressed. Sitting on the bed I carefully stroked the sheer black nylons up my legs then stood to pull the black red lace frilled panties up around my hips. I then took the black floral embroidered garter belt and hooked it into place. Sitting back down after stringing the garter straps

through my panties I hooked the tabs to the welt of the stockings. Standing I adjusted the garter straps making sure my hose were snug.

Over at the bureau I took out the black red floral lace hemmed half-slip and pulled it up and settled it around my waist. The matching demi-bra and camisole came next. I stepped back from the mirror and checked my appearance to make sure everything looked right before stepping into the black velvet dress. It zipped up the back and even though it had a scooped back was difficult to close.

Once again I checked how I looked and noticed that the bodice did not look right. The problem was that I had no boobs. I remedied that by folding some panties up and sticking them into the cups of my bra. The stuffed bra did wonders to make me appear passable. Passable yes but barely. I would be questionable in daylight but the small changes that I had already undergone were quite striking. Given the right hair and a better makeup job I probably could pass in daylight.

I stepped into the black three-inch stiletto heeled sling back pumps. I still felt a little wobbly but would be able to manage in them as long as I did not have to run. Grabbing the black purse I opened it and placed a package of tissues, my wallet, lipstick, compact, perfume, hairbrush and a tampon in it. Just as I finished this final chore Jose knocked on the door. One final check in the mirror and I went to open the door.

Ooo

“Olla baby I am very glad to see you took my advice. My dick got hard just looking at you. Maybe we will be just a little late to see Maria,” he said as he stepped into the room. He took me into his arms and kissed me hard. I felt his hands rubbing across my ass cheeks and pulling them into his groin. His penis was hard as it pressed into my stomach. Somehow he managed to get me over the arm of the sofa where he pulled up my skirt and slip exposing my black panties.

“Oh baby I can’t wait until later. I got to have you right now,” he said as I felt the gusset and back of my panties being pushed aside.

Jose pressed the head of his penis up against my protesting rosebud until it entered me. It still hurt and I let out a groan followed by a grunt as the head of his penis penetrated. The pain was intense and I felt stuffed to the gills. In a way my tightness was a good thing in that it did not take him long to reach orgasm and pull out.

I shuffled as quickly as I could with my panties around my ankles to the bathroom where I cleaned up his mess between my legs. Getting a tampon I tore off the paper covering and with the pink plastic applicator in hand inserted it. Pulling my panties up I straightened out my dress and checked my makeup and hair in the mirror. A little touch up to the lips and I was again ready for whatever Jose had planned for the night.

“Damn it hasn’t even been two weeks yet and just look at what he has done to me. I have got to find a way out of this before it goes any further,” I thought as I walked back into the living room.

Jose was sitting on the sofa with a jack and coke in his hand and another one sitting on the coffee table.

“For me? Thanks,” I said some what sarcastically as I picked it up and took a deep swallow.

I decided to keep standing well away from Jose as I plucked up my courage. “Jose, why are you doing this to me? I don’t want to be a woman and ...er...while you are a nice guy and all I..er..really don’t want to be...er...your girl,” I managed to stammer as my courage began to drain.

“Now why do you want to go and ruin my night baby? Remember it was you who picked me up that night at the theater. It was you who took me for a drink. You brought me here to your house. You did everything you could to get me to make love to you so I did and I liked it. Like I told you before you are my girl now and I like my girl’s pretty.”

“Why you think I got Maria to get you all that nice stuff. I’ll get you more and prettier stuff and take care of you like I promised. Next weekend I will have you moved into your new place that I, Jose, gonna pay for. All you gotta do is look pretty for me and take care of my needs and the roof I am going to put over our heads,” Jose told me.

“Damn it Jose! You don’t understand! I wasn’t myself that night. I never did anything like that before. If I led you on I am sorry for that but I never intended for things to go this far. I only dressed every now and then. I don’t want to do it every single day. Besides I have a full time job that I enjoy and I have my own apartment. I don’t need you to take care of me much less get me another apartment. I like the one I have just fine thank you. Look I will pay you whatever you want. You’ve had your fun now please just leave me alone,” I firmly said surprising myself in the process.

“Now you are making your Jose mad baby. You don’t want to see me mad you really don’t. Jose is a man of his word. When I told you that you were my girl then you will be my girl. You don’t want me? You don’t want me to take care of you and you don’t want me to put a roof over your head?”

As he stood he took a switchblade knife out of his hip pocket. As its steel blade sprang out it appeared to be as big as a machete to me. “How do you think that makes me look in the eyes of my amigos? You would take my machismo from me. Jose is muy macho and I would have to cut you if you tried to do that. If you ever make me look like a punta to my amigos I will kill you do you understand? Now tell me that you are me amiga, me amore, me Corazon,” he said in a cold yet calm voice.

“Oh my God he has seriously upped the stakes. He’s gone from just telling all my friends and family about my little secret to telling me he will kill me if I don’t do whatever he says,” I thought as I stood looking down at the knife he held casually in his right hand.

At this point I certainly did not have any choice but to comply with his demands. His eyes told me that he was as serious as a heart attack. I was still not ready to cave in completely. I was hoping that he would make some compromise with me. “Al..Alright Jose you win.....I’ll do what you say but what about my job? What about all my stuff? I’m just not going to leave it,” I said.

Jose slowly approached me. I stepped back a few paces scared of the look in his eyes. "Baby I will give you one more chance to tell me that you love me and want to be my girl or I will cut you. As for all your stuff....leave it....as for your stupid job....quit. It is the man's job to provide for his woman. If you do not like just sitting around the house waiting for me to get home then you get a proper woman's job. I'll get you a job working for my Madre at her restaurant. Yes that will keep you busy and my Madre can keep an eye on you. Now let me hear you tell me that you love me and want to be my woman," Jose demanded.

I had no place to run even if I could in these heels so I bowed my head and said the words he wanted to hear. "Yes Jose I love you and want to be your...your woman."

"Okay that is much better baby. I would really hate to have to cut you. Once Maria finishes with you, you will be a very pretty woman for your Jose. Now kiss me like you mean it and let's go party at Maria's," he said with a big smile and put the knife back in his pocket.

Ooo

As we left my apartment I was grateful that it was dark and hopefully my neighbors did not see me. It was cold and I didn't have a jacket but the truck warmed up soon enough. He had me sit as closely as I could next to him and put my hand on his upper thigh. He put his arm around my shoulders after putting the truck in gear and off we went. Jose told me that I would sit like this whenever we rode together and to kiss him at every traffic light.

When we arrived at Maria's cafe it too was dark inside much to my relief. We had dinner in the same out of the way corner. I was worried that Maria's fairly crowded place would be my undoing. I just knew that everyone was looking at me and I expected someone to reveal my shame any minute.

Maria waddled over to our table and asked what we wanted to drink. I asked her for a jack and coke but Jose looked up from the menu and told her I would have a Pink Lady and he would have the J.D. I looked at him in surprise and started to say something when he gave me that look of his....the look that dared me to argue.

God I hated those sweet sissy drinks. I don't care how much rum they put in them. She quickly delivered our drinks then took our orders. I was going to order the Carne Arsada plate but Jose told Maria that I was going to have the Chicken Mole. After she left Jose looked at me and told me that from now on I had to start eating and drinking like a lady.

"This evening was getting off to a real good start," I thought.

I picked up my Pink Lady and was getting ready to take a big gulp when he again stopped me and told me to drink it daintily through the straw.

"Muchacha you will have to learn to behave like my lady at all times. I know this is new for you but you will learn that is why you need a new place to live. A place where Maria can teach you what you will need to know to be me amore. Remember you do not

want to make Jose mad," he said in a frightfully calm soft voice. I was so distraught that I could barely eat anything on my plate and I really never liked mole sauce.

My dining ordeal over Jose led me back outside accompanied by Maria. I didn't know what to make of her coming with us until we turned the corner and faced a long cinder block building. The building was lit up by a strong street light not more than fifteen feet away. The cinder blocks were painted a pale pink and had a flat tin roof. There were two barred louvered windows on each side of the doors. There were three steel doors in the building facing us. On each door was a number. Maria waddled her vast bulk up to the door with the number 2 on it. She unlocked it with a set of keys and pushed it open and stepped aside.

"Go on in," she said as she stepped aside. "It's the best one we got."

Jose pressed me in the back with his hand and I stepped into the darkened room. He moved beside me and flipped the light switch. Two lamps and an overhead light came on and lit up the room. It consisted of one living room about the same size as in my apartment but narrower. There was a small sofa with lumpy cushions and a coffee table on the left side of the room. On the right side was another smaller table with a beat up 17 inch black and white television across from the couch. A bright green painted larger table that must have been the dining table and four rattan covered chairs were in the back right of the room.

The cinder block walls inside were painted white. A half kitchen was divided from the living room by a dividing wall of pink painted cinder blocks with a wooden shelf sitting on top of them. The kitchen had a small refrigerator, stove top burner and a sink all placed against a solid cinder block wall that didn't quite reach the main sidewall. A tall white somewhat battered metal storage bin was pushed up against the other sidewall.

Leaving the kitchen we turned right and there was a small bathroom containing a shower stall, commode, and sink, above the sink was an old mirror with some of the silver backing peeling off. Jose flipped another switch and we were in the small bedroom. It was smaller than my apartment's but had a queen bed that almost filled the entire room. The bed looked like it had seen better days.

A small cheap eight-drawer dresser and mirror was against the wall and a very small table and lamp stood by the bed. There was no closet just a cheap armoire shoved against a wall. This so-called apartment was clean but musty smelling and there was no back door. The only other items in the room were a space heater and fan pushed into the far corner.

"My luxury abode. What a shit hole this is," I thought. I looked at Jose and said, "Just where am I going to put all my things Jose? This place is way too small and there aren't any damn closets."

"Baby don't worry Maria will let you use the room next door. No one lives there and you can store your stuff there that you cannot get into here. Now I do not want to hear any more from you. You move in tomorrow. Now let's get back to the cafe and dance. I feel like dancing tonight. It's time to party baby."

"Tomorrow but you said I didn't have to move until next week. I can't be ready that soon," I said.

He gave me that 'don't you dare argue with me' look and said with finality, "Tomorrow."

Ooo

I don't remember what time we got back to my place but it must have been late. All I know is that my ass hole was burning like hell and I needed desperately to shave my tongue. Head pounding and bleary eyed I managed to get to the bathroom just in time to puke my guts out. I was paying a heavy price for drinking all those damn Pink Ladies last night.

Man I hated sweet drinks. Puked out I went to the sink and washed out my mouth and gargled with mouthwash. I started the shower and while waiting for the water to heat up used the commode. I reached up under my bottom and pulled the string removing the soiled and swollen tampon. I felt liquid flowing out my open hole. I quickly wrapped the tampon in a big wad of tissue and dropped it into the wastebasket. I almost puked again. Weakly I stepped into the hot shower and let it sooth my pains.

After I had completed my toilet including a douche and lube I went back into the bedroom to dress. Jose was still sleeping and thanking the Lord for small favors quickly dressed. Orange nylon panties, my cross your heart bra, pale yellow with a darker yellow floral lace frilled full nylon slip and my old wrap dress were put on. Quickly as I could I applied my makeup then went to the kitchen. I made a pot of strong coffee and sat at the dinning room table. Savoring its rich full flavor I slowly sipped it. I was just thinking about taking the frying pan and pounding it into Jose's thick skull when he walked into the room.

"Too damn late now," I thought as he got a cup of coffee. "What do you want for breakfast?" I asked.

"Baby is that any way to greet your man in the morning? Come on give me a kiss then you can get rid of my morning hard on," he said as he sat at the table.

"Look Jose I feel like crap after drinking all those sweet drinks last night. Please just let me make you some breakfast," I replied as I got up and started to move past him. I really felt like shit and I certainly did not want to do him at the moment. I wanted the aspirin to kick in and go back to sleep.

His hand reached out and grabbed my wrist and pulled me downward and toward him. I fell to my knees in front of him. The stinging slap to my face did not take long to register in my tired mind. It hurt. As I knelt on the carpeted floor he turned his body so that his knees were on either side of my head.

"Do it," was all he said.

I reached up and pulled open the fly of his boxers and removed his half swollen dick. It smelled strongly of sex, urine and musk. I could even see small bits and pieces stuck to his pubic hair and I cringed. His grip on the back of my head got tighter and I had no choice but to stick out my tongue and begin the odorous task of licking his balls. After a few minutes I put my Dark Coral painted lips to the tip of his penis and began slowly working

them up and down the shaft. His hands cupped my ears and began moving my head in the rhythm that he wanted. Soon the head of his dick was entering my throat at full hardness. I do not know how I managed to keep the bile down in my stomach. I wanted to retch but dared not.

Jose had made it clear that he would beat the shit out of me if I ever did that. Finally I felt the first spasm and as he liked it best I pulled back tightly holding the head of his pulsing dick in my mouth. When he had filled me I tilted my head back looking up into his eyes. I opened my mouth so he could see his cum and then I slowly swallowed it with a fake smile on my lips. Following his previous instructions I ran my tongue across my lips and then lowered my head to kiss and lick away any remaining semen.

"That's better. Now go fix my breakfast Baby. I'm starving," he ordered.

After breakfast Jose went to take a shower. I used this opportunity to grab the bottle of Jack and took a big swig. The burning alcohol actually felt good as I swished it around in my mouth to get rid of his taste. A little of the hair of the dog helped ease my hangover. I went back into the bedroom and checked my makeup. A reapplication of foundation and powder was needed where he had slapped me. I took the tube of Dark Coral colored lipstick and ran it across my lips.

As I was looking at myself in the mirror Jose came into the room naked. He walked behind me and put his hands around my waist. I could feel his dick pressing against my butt. He slid his hands up to my chest and began messaging and pinching my nipples through my dress and bra. I felt him kiss and suck on my neck.

"Damn it he's giving me another hicky," I thought and he continued kissing and sucking on my neck and earlobes. When I had complained about it the first time he had said that he wanted me to wear his mark. Like everyone in the office noticed it and I had to tell them that my girl friend went a little crazy. Now he was doing it again.

His hairy chest was pressing against me forcing my upper body to lower down towards the bureau. To keep from smashing into it I had to put my hands down on the top to support the weight of both of us. I felt his right hand fall from my chest and raise the back of my skirt and slip. I knew what was coming next so I raised my hips to accommodate him. It was becoming easier to take him up my ass but it was still painful as he stretched my hole. As he humped my butt I was positive that I would have bruises on my hips from pounding against the bureau.

"Let me hear you moan baby cause I know you like having Jose in your pussy. Yeah and I want to see a big smile on your face so I know you love it," he grunted as he jammed himself all the way in.

I had no fucking choice so I began moaning and saying "fuck me" with a big phony smile on my face. As he pounded me my dick began to harden but as usual he came before I could. As a matter of fact I had only cum once during our entire relationship and that was the first time he did me. That was also the only time he ever fucked me from the front. He held me tight until his dick slipped out of my ass then went to lie down on the bed. I reached into my purse and pulled out a tampon and inserted it into my sore ass.

As I started to leave the room Jose demanded that I come over and suck his dick clean. I knelt down on my knees beside the bed and bent over his groin and took his dick into my mouth.

As I was sucking he said, "Baby I shouldn't have to tell you to do this but you are new so I won't punish you this time. You are my woman and you will do what a man's woman does for him automatically. It is your job to keep me satisfied and you should be very happy to do it. I want to hear your pleasure at taking care of your man, you understand?"

"Yeah you prick," I thought as I did my best to smile while I was sucking. I hummed and moaned while I was at it. It took awhile but he came for the third time this morning. I leaned back opened my mouth and while rubbing my tummy swallowed his juices down.

Licking my lips I said, "Jose I just love drinking your cum and having it fill my belly. I love having you inside of me." Man I wanted to gag so damn bad.

Ooo

Later he helped me pack many of my things for the trip over to my new apartment. None of my male clothing or any item that hinted of maleness was packed. All my male stuff went into the dumpster. After it was all said and done just about the only things I packed were the linens, bathroom and kitchen items and the television.

I mailed my notice with my keys to the landlord and told him to keep the deposit. Since I didn't give him a 30-day advance he would keep the deposit anyway. I left no forwarding address. I also had to write to my employer and tell them that I quit and to give my final check to a Latin charity that Jose told me to use.

My final letter was to my parents telling them that I had quit my job and left my apartment in order to find myself. I reassured them that all was well that I just needed some time to myself. I also told them that I would eventually get back to them but not to look for me in the meantime.

Man that was the hardest to put into the mail slot. Not only hard because I knew how my parents would take it but it also meant that I was now Jose's. He had taken all my possessions, my driver's license and other identification, checking and savings, my male life and turned me into his woman. Without id or funds I was really stuck being what he wanted me to be until I could find a way out.

It did not take long to unpack and put linens on the bed. As I was bending over the bed pushing the last edge of the blanket under the mattress, Jose stepped up behind me. He pulled my skirt and slip up over my back and my panties down. With a quick yank he pulled the tampon out of my ass and tossed it towards the wastebasket. He missed.

After he finished I sat clenching my ass cheeks tightly to prevent drainage while sucking his limp dick clean. "Baby you getting real good at this. So good I almost want to let you get me hard again but I promised to meet a friend at the bar. You get cleaned up and meet me there and don't be long," he said as he slipped his dick from my mouth.

I hurried over to my purse and pulled out a tampon and inserted it. Then I went over to where he had tossed my used one and put it in a tissue and dropped it into the basket. I reapplied my makeup and straightened out my dress then went to meet Jose.

Ooo

I found Jose sitting with a tall thin Latino man. He saw me and motioned me into the chair beside him. As I sat the tall thin guy looked me over then rising shook Jose's hand and left. Jose pushed a pile of paper over to me and told me to look at them while he went to get us drinks.

The first item was a Mexican birth certificate with the name of Lupita Imelda Esqueda on it. The second item was a Green Card with a thumbprint on it and the third item a work permit all in Lupita's name.

"What is this all this about," I thought as Jose came back and placed a Pink Lady in front of me. Holding the documents in my hand I held them up and asked what they were.

"Why it is your new identification Lupita. The birth certificate is yours, the Green Card says that you are legally in this country and the work permit is what let's you stay in this country. As long as you work in my Madre's restaurant you can stay in the country. You no work there; they deport you. It's as simple as that," he told me.

"Bullshit I am an American citizen and my name is not Lupita. All anyone has to do is check that finger print on the card and know it isn't me," I said angrily.

"Lupita you can forget that. The thumbprint is really yours. I gave Miguel who forged the documents a glass you drank from to lift the print. Unless you want to make a big deal about it and bring your family into our little secret. From now on you are Lupita Imelda Esqueda from Ciudad Victoria Mexico and you work for my mother."

"Besides I have a lot of people that will swear on their Mother's graves that you are Lupita to the Boarder Patrol. I don't think you want to see the Boarder Patrol either. Those papers are very good and I paid a lot of money to get them for you. Put your papers into your purse. Now drink your drink. It is time to party," Jose told me.

I couldn't believe my ears as he told me all this. I almost started to cry as I realized to what depths Jose would go to control my life. Hell I have known him for less than three weeks and now I was completely under his domination. A month ago I was a free, white, skirt chasing male and almost 21. Now I was Mexican, female, 19 years old and living with a man. I was so distraught that I picked up my drink and drained it even if it was a Pink Lady.

Jose did not say anything but grabbed my hand and pulled me to the dance floor. It was a slow song and he held my ass in a tight embrace forcing my groin into his. The night was a long one and I had too many Pink Ladies. All I could remember was that I was introduced to all his friends as Lupita and meeting Maria's husband Ernesto.

The only reason I remembered him was that he was so big. By big I mean grossly big and fat. He was probably six foot tall, mostly bald headed with a quadruple chin, and a

beer belly almost as large as he was tall. When we met he grabbed both my hands and pulled me into him so that I had to lean over his belly and he kissed me right on the lips. If I hadn't been so drunk I would have puked all over the both of us.

Ooo

Sunday morning was spent nursing severe hangovers. Fortunately for me Jose was in worse shape than I was. I only had to give him one blowjob before he went back to sleep. I decided to get up and fix some coffee and start unpacking my meager possessions. Around one Jose came into the living room scratching his nuts through his boxers. Even if I had been a real woman he would have been a disgusting sight. He got a cup of coffee and sat down.

Reluctantly I got down on my knees in front of him and released his smelly cock from his boxers. He positively stunk down there. I held my breath as my nose slid into his thick pubic hair. For the first time he did not put his hands around my head and let me set the pace. By now I knew what he wanted and worked his shaft with my lips and tongue. When I had finished he said he was going to take a shower and then we were going to Maria's for something to eat.

I was wearing my only other dress the flower print one when we got to Maria's. There were just a few other dinners present and we took a table near the back. Maria came over and took our order. After we had finished eating Maria came and sat with us while we drank our coffee.

"Lupita you were wearing that same dress just the other day weren't you?"

It took me a moment to understand that she was talking to me and I said it was the only other dress I owned.

She got this startled look on her face and turned to Jose and said, "Jose you should be ashamed of yourself. How can you just sit there knowing that your woman only has two dresses to her name? I bet the only clothing she has is what I picked out for her."

Jose only nodded to Maria's allegation. His eyes were bloodshot and I am sure that he had a pounding headache. Then he reached into his pocket and pulled out some money and handed it to Maria.

Maria smiled and getting up told me to follow her. As we passed the bar she told Ernesto she had to run an errand for Jose and needed the keys to his car. He looked like he wasn't going to give her the keys but Jose told him it was okay. We went back to my apartment and she had me show her what I had.

"Okay Lupita we are going to the Latino charity thrift shop and see what we can find for you. No woman should be without some pretty dresses and nice shoes," she told me.

Ooo

I followed her out to Ernesto's beat up pea green Pinto and off we went. The shop was not very crowded and we were soon delving into the racks of clothing. I should say she

was doing all the delving I just held out my arms for her to stack clothing on. My arms filled to overflowing she led me to a curtained off changing area. There she had me strip to my bra and panties.

She took one look at me and told me to wait while she went to find something. I was not happy about being left alone in this place. What if someone should walk in on me? One look and the cops would be all over the place and I would be hauled to jail. She was back shortly with her hands full and walked over to me. Maria reached into the cups of my bra and removed the panties I used as stuffing. She then pushed two realistic looking C cup sized breasts into the empty cups.

"What on earth..." I started to say when she interrupted me.

"They get all kinds of strange things here. Those are prosthetic breasts and look much better than wadded up panties. I also got you these," she said as she held up a dozen pair of girdles. There were four panty girdles with rubber lining, five high waist rubber lined open bottom styled girdles and three full sized body briefer styled girdles. They were mostly white but there were yellow, red, black and blue ones as well. Two of the full body briefer styled girdles were white and one was black. She had me try all of them on first and they were all tight. When I complained that they were too tight, she told me that they were just right.

"Look Lupita from now on you must always remember that you are Jose's woman. Your front must always be smooth and flat just like a woman. If Jose ever sees your thing he will cut it off. He has never done you without your panties on has he?" Maria inquired.

"Ye...yes once...the fir...first time he did me. It was the only time ever since then he has been doing me doggie style," I shamefully replied.

"I am surprised he did that. Did you...you know get off on it?" Maria asked.

"Get off? Yes just that one time. I don't know how it happened. I certainly did not enjoy what he was doing. I hated it and it hurt horribly. I...I hav...haven't been able to cum since then. He always finishes before I ge..get you know...I don't even know why I get hard when he does it. It hurts so badly," I whispered.

"You will get use to that Lupita. Most women never orgasm when there men do them. It is our job to keep them happy. Just make sure he never sees you naked down there. Now let's see about getting you dressed," Maria said.

All the girdles were put into a pile except the red panty girdle which I wore. This girdle came from just below my navel to fit snugly at the juncture of my groin and legs. It had a diamond floral lace overlay on the front panel and smooth at the back. The back seam pulled tightly into the crack of my ass dividing and pulling up my ass cheeks. The girdle was not only confining but hot. The rubber lining did not breathe and Maria told me I would have to use a lot of baby powder when I wore them.

Maria came over and patted my crotch smiling as she did so. "See nice and smooth. You will have to wear them all the time but you will get use to them," she said.

Maria took a long flowing black haired wig from where she had dropped it and carefully fitted it to my head. "Now we have something to work with. Latino men like big hair.

Ernesto loves my big hair but it takes a lot of maintenance to keep pretty," she said as she puffed it up with her hand.

Six 34 C satin bras one in white with lots of lace, one red with pink lace frills, three black bras one with red lace trim, one in white lace trim, and one with a violet lace trim and one purple bra with white lace trim. Each bra had a three hook and eye closure at the back and the underwired cups were designed to provide uplift and cleavage. I kept the red one on to match my girdle.

With a devilish look on her face Maria handed me a bright red semi-transparent nylon baby doll nightie with thin satin straps to put on. It tied at the neck but was otherwise exposed and had red dyed feather trim around the neckline, down the front openings and around the hem. The matching red nylon panties had six rows of red ruffles.

I didn't put it on and told her "No way am I wearing this Maria. If nothing else it is indecent."

"Look Lupita with all the money Jose is spending on you; you had better show him what he paid for tonight. I am telling this to you because it will be what he wants. Now you take it and wear it tonight," Maria told me.

I took it and tossed it into the growing pile of clothing in the cubicle. I watched as she put three other nighties in the stack. Two were in bright pastels a green and one lavender both in soft nylon with a chiffon overlay in an above the knee style. The third was full length and bright Champaign satin with a sheer cream colored chiffon overlay. The bodice was gathered to make the breasts look fuller.

I tried on five nylon camisoles in pink, black, bright yellow, red and lavender. Five matching half-slips were added to the growing pile. I was left wearing the red camisole and half-slip. All the undergarments were made in a bright shiny nylon fabric.

Maria pulled a pale lavender satin dress out of the pile of dresses. It had a scooped neckline trimmed in violet floral lace, capped sleeves, and a full skirt that came to just below the knee hemmed in a ring of embroidered violets. Attached to the inside of the skirt were two nylon net petticoats in a bright violet color. She made me put it on and zipped it up the back. It was tight in the waist but it fit.

It looked like some kind of bride's maid dress but Maria assured me that it was perfect for party nights. I took that one off and began trying on outfit after outfit. Each and every one of them designed to amplify the femininity of the person wearing it. In other words the outfits were tight fitting, low cut and in bright shimmering colors to catch the eye.

Next she got me a dozen pairs of black sheer hose, six in ecru and six in different colors. Along with the hose Maria picked out four garter belts one each in white, red, black and purple and elaborately decorated with lace and ribbons. I pulled a pair of black hose up my legs then fastened them to the garter straps of the girdle.

Finally she had me try on skirts and blouses. I wound up wearing a black satin lined red leather skirt that came half way down to my knees and hugged my ass. I then slipped into a semi-transparent white billowing long sleeved polyester blouse with ruffled lace jabot. My floral laced frilled red camisole could easily be seen through the blouse. When I voiced my concern Maria just hushed me.

Once dressed I tried on a number of shoes from pumps, sandals, sling backs, flats to boots. I was left standing in a pair of black pointed toed ankle boots with a three-inch stiletto heel. With the exception of the flats all the shoes had at least a three inch or higher heel. I was told that the flats were strictly for work.

Then it was over to the accessories where she picked out three purses, several brightly colored silk scarves, and three belts. She pulled a two-inch wide black patent leather belt with a gold buckle out of the pile and tightened it about my waist. About a dozen bangles for my wrists and several rings for my fingers were also purchased along with a woman's watch.

"Oh I almost forgot the most important thing that you need the most right now. Come along I think I saw the perfect coat for you," Maria stated.

It was cold out and in the thin blouse I would have surely frozen. I can't believe that I didn't think of buying a coat. Maria led me over to a rack and quickly pulled a long sleeved rabbit haired coat lined in a champagne-colored satin. When I looked into the mirror a Latino hooker stared back at me. While I examined my reflection Maria spotted some sweaters. She picked out three long sleeved and one short-sleeved angora sweaters. One sweater was white with pink embroidered flowers decorating the neck, sleeves and hem, one was bright pink, one a vivid lavender and the short-sleeved sweater was black.

It took four trips to get all the stuff in the car. I was exhausted and ready to get back to my shitty apartment and Jose. Instead we drove to a nearby mall where she had my ears pierced in three places on each lobe. In the bottom lobe was a four inch gold hoop, in the second hole there was a two inch gold hoop and in the final upper hole there hung eight small bright red stones dangling from golden chains in varying lengths attached to the stud. They were driving me to distraction almost as soon as they were in.

"You are going to have to be very careful with those earrings until you get use to them. If you get one of those earrings caught in your clothing when you dress or undress it will hurt big time," Maria told me with a big smile on her face.

It took us some time to unload and decide what went where. All the lingerie went into the bureau but I had to leave two drawers for Jose's things. The dresses went into the armoire but the skirts and blouses had to be put into boxes and shoved under the bed along with the sweaters and shoes. What dresses and other clothing that did not fit into the room were taken into Apartment 1 where I stowed them in the bureau and armoire. If I thought that my new apartment was a dump this one was far worse.

Ooo

With everything put away Maria left to get back to the café. I had to pee like a race-horse and hurried into the bath. It was a bitch to get the tight skirt up and the rubber lined panty girdle down but did just in time. It took me awhile to get myself ready as my groin and backside were soaked in my sweat. I remembered to put plenty of baby powder on and in the girdle and pulled everything back together. After fixing my make up I grabbed my purse and headed to the café to see Jose.

When I entered the café I was surprised to see every eye in the place checking me out. Ernesto took his time checking me out from my feet to the top of my head. Jose had this big shit-eating grin on his face as I approached blushing from all the attention I was getting.

“Oh Lupita baby you look gorgeous. Give your Jose a nice big kiss,” he said as he took me by both hands and scoped me out.

“Maria you did very well with my money. Thank you. Now if you can teach her how to act like a proper senorita I would owe you big time. Maria drinks for the house on me,” he added after our kiss.

Maria came over smiling from ear to ear with our drinks J.D. and coke for him and that infernal Pink Lady for me. “Jose please can I have something besides this to drink?” I asked.

Jose looked at Maria and said for her to bring me a Rum Punch then looking at me told me it was either that or the Pink Lady. “Some fucking choice,” I thought then asked Maria to please bring me the punch and thanked her again for helping me out.

“Lupita you come and sit on my lap when we are here unless we are eating. Latino women like to be close to their men so they can snuggle and kiss us easier. Tomorrow Maria will begin teaching all that you need to know and you had better listen. You have a lot to learn before next Monday when you will meet my Madre and start working for her. Now get over here,” Jose ordered.

Reluctantly I did as he instructed. I sat on his lap and crossed my hands behind his neck. I leaned into him and kissed him letting his tongue probe my mouth until Maria came back. I could feel his hand on pressing against my rear and we did not stay much longer. He was horny and had to get to work early.

All the way back to the apartment he had his hand gripping my ass cheek and kissing me on the neck. When we got there he started to paw at me roughly. I managed to back him off by telling him I had to get ready for him and I didn't want to ruin my new clothes.

In the bathroom after my evening toilet and douche I attached the red garter belt and smoothed black hose up my legs. I stepped into the red panties with the ruffles and pulled the feathered nightie on and tied the bow at my throat. I put on a thick coat of fire engine red lipstick and a few dabs of perfume and went into the bedroom.

When the alarm went off at four in the morning I gave Jose his required relief and went to make breakfast after I pulled my panties up. I had a hard time moving as my ass hurt so bad from the pounding he gave me that night. As soon as he left for work I went back to bed. I was too tired to even wash my mouth out that still carried his taste.

Ooo

I was brought back to reality by a loud insistent pounding on my door. It was Maria. I let her in and started making a fresh pot of coffee.

“You look like shit Lupita. Jose must have had a good time last night,” she said when she saw me.

“Well if you must know he had a hell of a time at my expense. My ass feels like someone stuck a burning baseball bat into it and my throat is sore. Other than that I feel just fucking great,” I replied tartly.

“Oh I know how bad it is for you Chiquita. I know only too well the hell you are going through. I can only tell you that if you do what I tell you things will be a lot easier,” Maria replied sincerely.

“How the fuck do you know how I feel Maria. I am a man. I am being forced against my will to do what I find to be despicable acts. You’re a woman and it’s different for me. I’m seriously thinking about just getting the fuck out of Dodge. I don’t think I really care about what happens when he tells my parents and everyone I know about what happened to me. I can’t take this anymore,” I angrily said as I started to cry.

“Oh you poor baby but I do know how you feel. Really I do but this talk of running away is not what to do. I know I have been there. If you run they will catch you. You have no money and you have no car. Just how far do you think you can run in three inch spiked heels? If they don’t catch you the Boarder Patrol will. You have no old identity anymore. You are now legally Lupita. It is the only id you have. The Boarder Patrol will find you and send you back to Mexico. In Mexico Jose will get you and cut your balls off. I know it happened to me,” Maria said as she hugged me and started crying as well.

“Whaa...what did you say?” I asked baffled.

“Come it will be much easier if you just let me show you,” Maria said with much sadness in her voice.

She moved away from me and began taking off her clothing until she stood in just her DD cup underwire bra. I could see where the rigid straps had carved grooves into her soft fleshy shoulders. The side-stays caused fat deposits to form above and below her armpits and overlapped the bra straps. I could see the soft fatty skin cut deep by the bandeau around her chest and back causing a significant bra bulge.

Her girdle clung tightly to her groin and waist causing the skin there to slightly overlap the material. The girdle looked to be two sizes too small. It certainly did not look comfortable and must have pinched something terrible from the way it dug into her skin. Even the taut nylons that she had attached to her girdle looked like they merged into the soft flesh of her thighs and legs as if they were glued on.

There wasn’t a single sexy thing about her. If I were seeing her for the first time I would have tossed my cookies she was so gross looking. She had been nice to me and she had been very kind. I just felt very sorry for her.

Maria had to have seen my changing expressions and as I looked back up into her eyes I saw both pain and sorrow. She reached down and slowly worked her girdle down below her hips. There just above her large innie navel was a daisy chain floral tattoo and the words ‘Cum’ inscribed just above the navel but inside the ring of flowers. The word ‘Bucket’ was inscribed under the navel in a vivid green ink.

I didn’t see anything until she lifted her stomach up so that I had a clear unobstructed view of her groin. My mouth dropped as I clearly saw a small withered penis with a two

inch gold ring welded through its head laying flat against her ball-less groin. Just above the penis in bright pink ink was written 'Pussy Boy.'

"Oh my God yo...you ha...have a...a..penis. What happened?" I stammered.

She then turned her back to me and I saw that it was covered in tattoos. A long winding bright red and green rattle snake wound from her tailbone up her spine and its venomous head and glowing red eyes rested on her right shoulder. On each full cellulite ass cheek was another tattoo in bright red ink of a large pair of puckered lips and the words 'Ass Kisser.'

Maria then bent over and I gasped aloud at seeing the size of her ass hole. It looked almost like a pussy. Her ass hole was elongated and open about an inch or so. Her insides protruded outward taking on the appearance of vaginal lips. Just above it there was in bright pink ink a tattoo that said 'Insert Here.'

"I will tell you all once I have my clothing back on. I know my body is not pretty but almost thirty years of this and.....well you will find out soon enough," she said as she began putting her clothing back on.

Ooo

I could only stare with pity in my soul for what had happened to her. As I stood silent I thought, "And I thought I had it bad. That poor soul her life has been a living hell. Someone as kind and sweet as she is should not have to live like this."

When she finished dressing I walked up to her rotund body and hugged her fiercely and kissed her cheek. "Oh Maria I am so sorry. I...I didn't know..." I said and started to cry.

We stood there for a few moments just crying and hugging each other. Finally I stepped back and said, "Shit I think Jose will not miss a few drinks out of his bottle of Jack." Several drinks later Maria began telling me her story.

"Lupita, once I was just like you a man. I was educated had a Master Degree in Engineering as a matter of fact. My name was John back then. I had a great job in sales, fancy apartment in New York City, 22 years old and had a beautiful girlfriend and we were going to be married. I just had one fault. I enjoyed wearing woman's underwear occasionally and going to see skin flicks while dressed in panties and sometimes a bra. You know the kind of movies that feature buxom women giving blowjobs to demanding hunks. I was never ever into the gay scene and thoroughly enjoyed making love to women. Even the thought of holding another man's hand made me want to puke back then."

"Shit that's me. I did the same thing. I went to a damn porn movie and met Jose there," I interrupted. As I started to say more she hushed me.

"Yes I know. Jose told me of your meeting but let me continue. You need to hear this. As I was saying, I enjoyed going to see these movies at the adult theaters every now and then. As my wedding day approached I couldn't resist going out one final time. I figured after this last fling I would throw all my feminine clothing away. So I put on a pair of green nylon panties and a matching bra, dressed in my normal clothing and went to a

seedy place in Spanish Harlem. Why? I have no idea why I ever went into that area of town. No intelligent man would ever go there unless he had no choice but I did.”

“I stopped at a sleazy bar first, sat at the far end and had a few beers to build my courage. I tried not to draw attention to myself and kept my eyes focused on my beer when someone sat down next to me. I glanced out the corner of my eye and saw he was a tall Hispanic rippling with muscles. I later found out that he was an amateur body builder trying to make it to the big time. We struck up a conversation or I should say he started talking to me.”

“I talked to him because I was afraid that if I did not respond he would be offended and that he would beat me senseless. So we talked and the next thing I know we are headed to a theater that featured live sex shows. He told me that they even had a finale featuring a woman and a donkey. I was amazed about that prospect. I heard that they put on these kinds of shows in Mexico but never in the States. So of course I was eager to see it and did not think twice about the circumstances.”

Maria stopped talking for a moment and took a deep pull on her J.D. and coke. Slowly swallowing the drink she let out a sigh and started once more. “I remember going into this dingy dive and Ernesto giving me a drink. The next thing I remember is a pounding headache that I am naked, hurting everywhere and lying down on a smelly mattress. I forced myself to get up and go to the bathroom and that is where I found out pretty much what had happened. I was covered in tats as you have already seen. The snake was added later. You probably didn’t see the ones around my ankles..Nothing special there just barbed wire entwined with pink hearts or the one at the base of my neck just a pink and green hummingbird. My hair usually covers that one.”

“Speaking of my hair, its natural color is blonde but as you can see it is jet black. It had been dyed while I was out of it along with everything else Ernesto had done to me. I don’t have them in right now but my tongue was pierced and had double balls attached to the stud. They would bounce when I talked. That gave me a pronounced lisp and according to Ernesto felt great on his dick. My nipples were pierced and gold hoops put in and welded closed. When I pull my hair back you can see that my ears have been pierced five times. The one that bothered me the most was the piercing I got in my dick. That sucker hurt for the longest.”

Maria stopped to take another big swallow of her drink. After daubing her eyes with a tissue to dry the tears began, “I drank some water from the tap and relieved myself then decided to see if I could get the fuck away. As I went to the only other door it opened and Ernesto came in. The first thing he did was punch me in the stomach, when I folded grabbed me and turned me around and stuck his dick in my ass. I don’t know how long the physical abuse went on but finally I just didn’t care anymore. I would do anything to stop the pain and I did.”

“Ernesto used me like a whore and when I wasn’t being used had to do his personal hygiene. Like I said back then he was a body builder and one of my chores was to keep his body shaved, hair free and oiled. In those early days he even peed in my mouth and made me swallow it. I don’t remember how long I was there but by the time we left my hair was down to my shoulder blades and had a permanent. Ernesto likes the big hair styles and makes me go to the salon weekly to get it dyed and permed.”

“Ernesto like Jose is not cheep when it comes to keeping their girls pretty. I even get a manicure and pedicure while my hair is getting done. You know why they do this to us? They do it because of machismo that is why. In their culture you must be manly and cannot be anything effeminate. If they showed any such signs as that the other men would cut their balls off or worse. That is why when they are drawn to other men those men must appear to be women. That is why Ernesto and Jose have done this to us. We have to be more feminine than real women or they will lose face with their amigos. As you noticed Latino women are always feminine. There is no in-between sex with Latinos. You are either macho or feminine.”

“So instead of reading the Wall Street Journal I am now reading the National Inquirer, Cosmo, Glamour and romance novels. You are going to be doing the same. You will find yourself just like me. Sitting between your man’s knees sucking his dick or taking it up the ass when he is around or doing women’s work like hanging the laundry out to dry and making him dinner. I often wonder what would have happened if I never went to Spanish Harlem but that leads to nothing good.”

Ooo

“Maria, why didn’t you try to escape? I am going to do it as soon as I can. I don’t care about the consequences,” I said.

“Lupita I did try to escape when we were in Spanish Harlem and Ernesto caught me... rather the Border Patrol did and sent me back to Mexico where he found me. He cut my balls off didn’t you see. He castrated me by tying a thin wire tightly around the base of my scrotal sack. It took about two weeks to rot and fall off. You have no idea just how painful and traumatic watching your balls rot and fall off can be. It would have been much better if he had just cut them off. No there was no pain and no bleeding but I had to watch it happen. Then he turned me over to his friends for a gang bang. I don’t really want to talk more about that experience,” she told me while crying softly.

I handed her another tissue and she soon continued with her story. “That will happen to you if you try to run. Please take my advice and don’t do it. Look at me. After he cut my balls off, I became a eunuch. He forced me to take massive doses of female hormones for a long time. I gained over one hundred pounds in just a couple of years because of what he did to punish me. It all went into my boobs, ass, and stomach. That’s what happens. You don’t want to look like me if you have to be a woman. I am ugly now.”

“At least Ernesto isn’t as mean to me as he has been. He has gotten very fat and lazy now so all I have to do is give him his daily blowjobs. With his fat belly and my fat ass he seldom ever tries to take me that way. Oh I still have to keep his body shaved and smooth but things have gotten easier as time goes by.”

“I saw the look of disgust on your face when you first looked at me undressed. Do you want others to look at you like that? Heaven forbid. No Lupita get use to this life you must now live. Forget that you were anything else or you will be very sorry. I had to do it and believe it or not I am mostly happy. Jose is basically a good man and has a very good job. You need to keep him happy and never do anything to threaten his machismo.”

Ooo

“Maria I don’t understand. What about revenge? What about getting even for all that he has done to you? There are times late at night when I think about getting the frying pan and hitting Jose on the head until it is smashed to a pulp. He hasn’t done anything nearly as bad as what Ernesto has. Yet I believe I would really enjoy seeing Jose’s shattered skull bleeding all over the bed,” I said boldly.

“So you want to see your man’s blood huh? After you do this thing what do you think will happen? That you will just walk away? The police will take you away. When you are examined they will know your secret. When they investigate the crime they will find out about your dressing and the way you acted in public with Jose. Your trial will expose everything about you. Your parents, friends and others will know all the sordid details and you will be put in the men’s prison. Once the Latino prisoner’s find out about you they will do much worse than Ernesto did to me. You have to think Lupita before you do something real stupido. Oh yes I have had those same thoughts but like your past life you must forget them. It is for the best that you do that and quickly,” Maria said.

I sat there stupefied. She made it so clear and logical what would happen to me if I tried to escape or kill Jose. There really was no way out for me I realized. At least not now but perhaps something would change and my chance would come. I would have to play Jose’s game for the time being and keep hope alive.

“Maria I never thought about any of that. I just didn’t think things through. I thank you for being so understanding and helpful. I don’t want to give up hope that maybe some day I can get away from this. I will do whatever you tell me and I’ll try to be as brave as you. Now what do I have to do?” I admitted.

“Lupita Jose has been tolerant because you are new to this way. His patience will run out if you do not improve how you look and behave. You must become like a real woman as I have said. So from now on you must forget that you were ever a man. You must look and think like a woman. I will give you some pills that you must take twice a day from now on and I will give you a shot once a week. They are female hormones that I get from Mexico. These hormones will help you adjust both mentally and physically. Also I must hide your manhood so that Jose will not see it. Now where did I put my purse?” Maria said with some passion.

I was soon bent over with my panties dropped below my ass cheeks as she gave me two injections. She handed me two large bottles of pills telling me to take one of each twice a day. With great difficulty I swallowed the first two. As the pills went down my throat I realized that my fantasies were coming all too true.

Next to my great surprise Maria took a strange looking device out of her purse. She had me stand spread legged with my panties still around one ankle. My slip and skirt held high in my hands, she placed a metal ring to which was attached a metal tube that bent down in a steep angle around the base of my scrotum after sliding my limp penis into the tube. I heard a soft click as the device locked. I looked down and saw that my dick was now pressed tightly between my legs. It was a chastity belt and was locked securely so that I could not take it off by myself.

Then she took a flesh colored elastic thong out of her purse and slid it up my legs. It was a hairy artificial pussy that covered the chastity device. When I complained about having to wear such a demeaning device Maria told me that I did have another choice. I could have my dick's head pierced like hers and have it pulled back between my legs just as permanently as the one I was wearing.

"I am sorry Lupita but this is for the best. It is a stainless steel chastity tube and is locked permanently to your body. It has small pins on the inside to prevent you from ever getting hard again I am afraid. If you get an erection it will hurt like the devil but I had no choice Jose ordered it. This false pussy is not functioning and is just for appearances and you must wash it daily. You can pee through it though and you will always have to sit like a woman and blot afterwards. It is much better than what I had done to me. I am so sorry Lupita but it is for the best," Maria said with a tear in her eye.

I wanted to smash her for doing this to me but I knew that she had no choice in the matter. I just let my anger blow off by shouting "God damn it! What else is that Mother Fucker going to do to me?"

This was my new reality one that I did not want. I now had absolutely no control over my destiny. A reality that now included humiliation, pain and servitude that had never been in my fantasies.

Ooo

Over the rest of the day Maria had me sitting before the mirror practicing makeup application or selecting an appropriate wardrobe. She was teaching me how a Latino woman worked with brighter colors to enhance their eyes, lips and body. My lips were to be full and luscious and my eyes wide and inviting at all times. My clothing was to be alluring and sexy from the inside out. I was to be a peacock whose sole purpose was to draw Jose into my arms and ass.

Over the course of that week she taught me how to sway my hips, speak and act like a wanton whore, and how to use all that I was learning to regain some control. As I was trying to absorb all this new knowledge she lectured me.

"All that I am teaching you is not for Jose's benefit alone and you must not forget that. You will become the object of other men's lust and that is very necessary as it will make Jose jealous," Maria told me.

"What do you mean Maria? I am to be Jose's whore yet I am supposed to attract other men's attention? I don't see how that gives me any control? I don't understand?" I asked somewhat confused.

"Lupita over time Jose will take you for granted unless you appear to attract other men. This way you maintain some control over your life. You can manipulate Jose with your beauty only if other men may want you. He will buy you nice things and treat you well. If he takes you for granted then he has no reason to be nice to you."

"He knows that you cannot go anywhere and will do whatever he says. He may even cheat on you. If you ever catch him flirting with anyone else you must act quickly even if it

means fighting the other punta. You must keep your man and let everyone else know that he is off limits. Otherwise again you lose what control you have over him. Do you understand?" Maria instructed.

"What? If he loses interest then I can get away from him. Why would I want to try and keep the lousy bastard? I want out of this," I shot back at her.

"Stupido! What do you think will happen? You think that you can just walk away. No! You will become another man's punta and he may be much worse than Jose. You have seen how those other men look at you every time you come into my café. One of them will take you as his own if Jose loses interest. The only thing keeping you away from that filth in the café is Jose. Jose is basically a good man and will treat you right. I told you before

there are no ways out," she said with some fury in her voice. Maria took another large gulp of her drink.

Ooo

"Lupita I know you have seen Ruben Zapata that pig leering at you every time he comes into the café. He wants you bad and believe me he is one mean son of a bitch. You watch out for him. If Jose finds another punta what do think will happen then? You just walk away. No! He will let those pigs fight over you. Next to Jose Ruben is the strongest and if he wins, you will have no choice but to go with him."

"I have seen all this happen before. It can happen to you if you do not listen to me. Lupida believe me! I like you very much and I do not want to see you hurt. Please listen to me and you will be thankful in the end. I promise you," Maria finished her lecture.

I looked at her in disbelief but saw the truth of it in her eyes. She was right about that



Zapata kid too. He looked mean and he was ugly too. I had no hope no choice and I was doomed to this life.

"If," I thought then realized just what a gigantic word 'if' was. 'If' I had not done that, 'If' I had done this, and 'If' I had done nothing my life would not be any where near as fucked up as it was right now. I then resigned myself to do whatever Maria asked me to do.

Ooo

Monday morning Jose took me to meet his mother. After a brief visit with her son and some whispered conversation he left me with her. She was surprisingly tall and thin with salt and pepper hair. More salt than pepper fastened into a tight bun at the crown of her head. She wore a flaring bright yellow cotton dress with a white peasant blouse and a white pinafore styled apron trimmed in bright yellow ruffles. Her name was Guadalupe Zamora and I was instructed to call her Donna Zamora which was more formal than Senora.

"I do not approve of this but he is my youngest and most loved. Do you speak Spanish? Well it doesn't matter because from this moment on that is all you will be allowed to speak. So you had better learn it quickly or you will be a mute. Now give me your papers so I can inform the INS that you are working for me. For now you will be the maid and kitchen clean up girl. I will furnish the necessary uniforms. You will not speak to anyone and you will only take orders from me. Understand?" She demanded.

I was taken aback by her tone but what choice did I have? Again I was out of my element and completely under the control of someone else. I nodded my head in answer and tried to keep a smile on my face. The last thing I needed was to start off on her wrong side and decided to cooperate as much as possible. Besides I didn't think she liked me anyway so why make things worse.

Ooo

That day and everyday thereafter was nothing but toil and back breaking work. I scrubbed floors, sinks, toilets and everything else that did not move. She had given me a white cotton short-sleeved A-line dress that buttoned up the front, a heavy-duty white cotton apron and pair of stout yellow rubber gloves to perform my duties in. She spent time with me the first few weeks showing me exactly what to do and giving me Spanish lessons as well.

Each evening when I got home I had to clean the apartment before I could relax in a nice hot shower. For the first two months I came home with every bone in my body hurting from that day's activities and exhausted in both spirit and body. I worked from 7 a.m. until 5 p.m. at the restaurant. Ten long hard hours and then had to clean my own place and get ready to take care of Jose.

Weekdays we stayed in the apartment with me fixing him dinner and then servicing his physical needs. Fortunately with him having to go to work at 5 and me at 7 in the

morning our evenings were short ones. Usually that meant I had to give him two blowjobs and take it up the ass once. The weekends we both had off and I spent much more time doing what Jose wanted.

The only times that I would get an erection and even then not that often was when Jose slid his stiff pole up my ass. I don't think that I came more than three or four times when he had done this to me when we first met. Now with the chastity device combined with the hormones I very seldom got an erection and it quickly dissipated. The pain was too much to maintain it.

Ooo

It has been almost a year since I first met Jose and life has gotten into a daily routine now. I get up in the morning and give Jose a blowjob then make his breakfast. With him off to work I get dressed and wait for Maria to take me to the restaurant then she picks me up and I go home. Clean the apartment, shower and then dress sexy and make dinner for Jose. He comes in I give him another blowjob and set his dinner out. While he is watching TV I go and change into a sexy nightie and perform my evening toilet. Bedtime and he takes me up the ass and then I give him a last blowjob for the night. Now it is morning and the whole process starts over. What a fucking rut what a fucking life I am now living and each and every day is hell for me.

What was even worse is that I no longer got any thrill from wearing sexy lingerie. They were just clothing now and in most cases very confining and uncomfortable. The rubberized girdles were the worse as they retained a lot of heat. Nylons were okay in the winter but in the summer's heat were sweltering. Bras, girdles and garter tabs always left indentations on my body. Bra and slip straps seemed to have a life of their own as they continually shifted into uncomfortable positions. Lingerie also required a lot of care and time as they were all hand washed. Between work and Jose's insistent demands time was very precious to me.

My butt has added fat to give it a nice bubble butt look and my breasts have grown to a nice firm B cup and still growing thanks to Maria's hormones. My hair is silkier and much longer. I have to put it up in big bright pink plastic rollers to get the big hair look that Jose likes.

Maria and I have become real close friends. The other boy/girls that come to the café live too far away to have much contact and for the most part we all get along. Well with the exception of Gloria Gonzales that bitch. About three months ago when she was having problems with Silvio, her man, she tried to get Jose.

I caught her sitting in Jose's lap when I arrived at the café after working that day. I was about to let it go but Maria told me in no uncertain terms that I had better put a stop to it or I would have big problems later. So putting on a false sense of bravado I shoved her off his lap and cussed her out. Man did I make a scene that night. I told her that she was just a fucking tramp and to get away from my Jose. Well one thing led to another and the next thing I know I am in my first catfight. When guys fight it is usually with fists or winds up

being a wrestling match. When Latino women fight it is no holds barred no clothing untouched no hairstyle left in place.

This one, like most catfights, started out in a shouting match followed by an exchange of slaps to the face and tits. The fight became a little more frantic after that. I was wearing a satin dress that had a relatively high collar so Gloria couldn't get a good hold on me. Whereas she was wearing a skirt and button down blouse so I was able to get a good hold on her blouse.

Buttons went flying everywhere and soon we were rolling around on the floor. My hand was tightly clinched around a chunk of her hair and the other pulling on what was left of her blouse. I managed to tear her blouse all the way open and even ripped one of her bra cups away from her breast.

Round one to me but Gloria had a fistful of my hair and was trying to pull it out by the roots with one hand. As she was ripping out my hair she was trying to scratch at my face with her nails. Luckily I managed to sink my nails into one of her breasts and twisted with all my might to end the fight. We were both a miserable mess by the time the fight was over but I had won.

Jose rewarded me with a big kiss after which I slapped him across the face while screaming at him about touching that slut Gloria. It was the only time I got away with actually hitting Jose without him knocking the shit out of me. After I slapped him he had the nerve to just laugh and that actually made me mad. Gloria on the other hand was cowering off to the side trying to cover her exposed breasts and bright yellow bra and being slapped about by Silvio. In a way I felt sorry for the bitch but that's life in the barrio.

Ooo

Early every Saturday morning before the café opens Maria and I go to the salon to have our hair done, get manicures and pedicures. My real hair reaches to just above my shoulder blades but the salon added ten-inch hair extensions. With the extensions my hair can now be styled in that big hair way that Jose likes. It has been dyed a deep black and my bangs hang just over my thinly arched eyebrows.

Can you believe it; I have to put small rollers in my bangs to make them puff out sexily and stick bobby pins into the long tendrils of hair that frame my face. I use to call them side burns but now they are spit curls. I also had my beard removed while going there over a period of time. It was a tedious painful process as the operator literally electrocuted each and every hair follicle.

Going to the salon is not what I had fantasized about. Yes I was pampered but the process is a royal pain in the ass. My stylist after washing my hair puts it into these big pink plastic rollers and pins them so tight that my scalp hurts. Permanent wave solution is applied to each roller and stinks to high heaven. Then she wraps my head in a long tube of cotton to keep the solution from running into my ears and face.

I stay under a very hot hair drier for 45 minutes that burns my scalp. While under the drier I am given one-inch acrylic nail extensions which are painted a high gloss plumb red Jose's favorite color. Long fingernails might look good but make it very difficult to do a lot of everyday things. Try picking up a pencil off the floor or better yet just try to fit small buttons into the slots of a blouse.

From the drier I have my hair neutralized and again put under the hot drier. While a pedicurist does my toenails in the same hot plumb red color. Hair dried I am taken to the stylist's chair where the rollers are removed and my hair brushed into thick curls piled on top of my head. Some times, as a change of pace, she puts my hair up into what is called a beehive.

That old style from the sixties requires a somewhat flexible thick wire tube with bristle brushes inside to be placed against my scalp. My hair is then pinned around it to create the high towering style. Needless to say I do not particularly like this style as the bristles constantly annoy me. Jose likes it that way even if it is as stiff as a board from all the hair spay used to keep its shape. I really hate this style.

By the end of the week this hairdo stinks and smells of grease and smoke since I cannot take it down or wash it. Once just after I had it done this way Jose fucked it. Yeah can you believe it? He actually fucked my hair and came in it? I thought I was going to gag by the time I could get it washed and reset six days later. I had to use a lot of perfume to keep the stink down.

Another problem with wearing a beehive style is that while at the café guy's would walk up behind me and exhale their smoke at the base of my skull and the smoke would rise up and out the top of my fancy do making it look like a volcano. They would get a great kick out of it but can you imagine the smell after a week. Shit the crap a girl goes through for her man but it is nothing compared to the pain of it happening to another man. Especially to a man who doesn't want to be a woman in the first place? Even after all this time I am not use to all of this. I hate my life.

Ooo

What do I get to do that is fun? Not much other than the occasional shopping trips and getting to visit with Maria on Sunday. Like me she has to work from sunrise to sunset in the café except on Sundays. Also like me she has to spend Sunday morning taking care of her man's needs and the café before taking time for herself.

Usually in the early afternoon when she is hanging out the laundry to dry I go over and we chat over tea or coffee. She and Ernesto live in a somewhat better cinder block house than I do and located on the other side of the café. They even have a chicken coop in the back and two scrawny mangy dogs. Between the chickens and the dogs the backyard is nothing but dirt.

We don't talk much about our respective lousy lives but we do talk a bit about our men and how they treat us or about the customers at the café. Our conversations are usually about clothing or exchanging some recipes and such small talk. We do our best not to dis-

cuss anything too serious, as it would only remind us of just what a miserable life we have.

As in all my conversations now it is in Spanish. No sooner than I had returned from my first agonizing day with Donna Zamora I was only allowed to talk in Spanish. Maria when I tried to speak to her when I returned that day responded with “no habla Englese.” She had been told by Jose never to speak to me in English again. So I was forced to learn this language fairly quickly. Maria was a big help to me in learning the language.

I guess that it was a good thing to learn a foreign language. Who would have thought that my second language would now be English? Heck I even think in Spanish and English is a remote memory.

Ooo

I have been with Jose for a full year and he wants to get me an anniversary present. He wants me to get a tattoo of all things to proclaim to everyone that I am his woman. At the tattoo parlor he has my left hand fingers tattooed with his name. Starting with the left index finger’s knuckle the letter “J” is tattooed with blue ink and ends with an “E” on my little finger’s knuckle. I am marked for life with his name. I snidely remarked that most men do that with a wedding ring but got slapped for my brazenness.

Actually a lot of Latino women do this to themselves. I imagine it’s a real bitch if that boyfriend leaves them for someone else. Maria told me later that when that happened the girls would tattoo over the letters with stars or other geometric shapes to cover them up. These Latino women are certainly different from the Anglos in my old world.

I thought the tattoo to be more than enough of an anniversary present but Jose insisted that I get my tongue pierced and a double-headed dumbbell permanently inserted. This was done by super gluing the round balls to the shaft’s threads. The process hurt like the dickens and I cried for thirty minutes afterwards. The good news was that I couldn’t give Jose a blowjob for at least two weeks so the incision could heal. Those damn balls also gave me a slight lisp when I talked.

When we got back to the apartment Jose couldn’t wait to get into my panties. He tore my red satin blouse off me and bending me slightly backwards began sucking and biting on my left nipple through my black lace cupped bra while smashing his groin into mine. Shoving me to the couch he pulled my black rayon full skirt up over my back and tore my black nylon brief styled panties from my hips. Without as much as a bye your leave he plunged deep into me. I hadn’t a chance to douche or lub so it hurt like a hot poker being stuck up my ass. Jose was like a mad man and plowed me like there was no tomorrow. When he finally finished I just laid over the arm of the couch crying. I didn’t have the strength to get up and put a tampon in my ass so his cum dribbled down my thighs.

“Oh baby that was fantastico! You like it too, okay?” he said.

“Damn it Jose that hurt and no I didn’t like it. My asshole is too tight without some lubrication,” I spat out in both pain and anger. I realized as soon as I said it that I had made a big mistake. Maria had warned me about only referring to my asshole as a pussy. Macho men do not fuck assholes only pussies.

“Well maybe I get something you will like punta,” he said as he got up from the couch. I could tell that he was angry but it was too late to do anything about it now.

As I lay across the arm of the couch I heard Jose get up and some glasses tinkling, a drawer opening, and other noises. When he came back I heard him put his drink on the coffee table.

His arm went around my waist and I felt something solid being shoved into my puckered asshole. I knew immediately what it was and I hated when he used that thing on me. It was a ten-inch realistic penis about three inches in circumference. The head was flared and about three and a half inches wide. He worked it into me and I began squirming trying my best to get away from its horrible embrace. Jose held me tight and for the next forty-five minutes pumped it deep inside of me. By the time he was finished I was more than glad to have his much smaller dick inside of me. He did me two more times that night and as punishment I had to leave that damn dildo inside my ass overnight.

He was still pissed that next morning and after doing me made me put it back in for the rest of the day. Monday morning when he left for work I pulled it out. When I examined myself in the mirror I saw that my asshole was wide open and looked a lot like Maria’s. I didn’t have a tampon big enough to fill the hole so I had to wear an extra absorbent sanitary pad all day.

That night Jose was still pissed and from that night forward he would plow that dildo into my ass or worse yet make me pretend that it was my lover and do myself with it. Most nights I would have to do a strip tease in front of him while holding the dildo kissing and licking it like a wonton whore in preparation for its insertion. I would have to moan and sigh with faked pleasure as I licked it and when I stuck it up my ass. It was a great turn on for him but my asshole looks just like a pussy now. To keep the anal fluids from leaking into my panties I have to use at least two super tampons and a sanitary pad. Since the sanitary pad is large I have to use a sanitary belt so much for slim line and wings. Whenever I take a step I feel like I have a pillow stuck between my legs. I hate my life.

Ooo

My work at Jose’s mother’s restaurant, The Ole Mexico, was drudgery. As I did not speak Spanish that well I was lonesome to boot. My main job was to keep the floors, bathrooms and kitchen clean. That meant many hours on my hands and knees scrubbing tile, porcelain and stainless steel. My one forty-five minute break for lunch was spent sitting by myself eating rice, beans and enchiladas.

It took me six months before Donna Zamora considered my Spanish good enough to allow me to talk to some of the kitchen staff. I only spoke to some of the other women

working in the kitchen never the men. I knew enough Spanish by my third week to know that they all wanted to get into my panties or play with my breasts. However I never made any real friends there.

Julieta worked as a tortilla maker and was an illegal. We became somewhat close for awhile. She was a sweet girl of sixteen living with her aunt and uncle and very naive. Like most unmarried Latino girls her aunt and uncle were extremely protective. They did not allow her to go out on dates much less be alone with any man. Considering how protective they were with her she dressed so damn sexy.

She wore the white kitchen uniform but it was made of nylon and you could easily see her lacy undergarments through the thin material. Mostly her undergarments were lacy and white but occasionally she would wear red, blue or yellow bras and camisole tops. She was petite with nice breasts and blue black straight hair hanging to her waist when she let it down. Her eyes were doe like wide and expressive with long lashes. Her lips full and desirable and if I had been my old self would be drooling at her feet.

We started our friendship casually during my lunch break with her asking me what it was like to be with a man. I almost choked on my frijoles when she asked me that. I did my best to tell her about the birds and the bees and about life in general in the U.S. When I told her about female liberation she went stark white in disbelief that a woman would want a life like that.

Knowing what life was like on the other side of the barrio I tried to explain it to her. Our luncheon conversations went on for about four weeks when out of the blue she told me that she was forbidden to ever speak to me again. Apparently she told her aunt some of the things that I had explained to her and the aunt went ballistic. Oh well so much for having friends at the restaurant.

When it came down to it I only had one true friend and that was Maria. She was always there for me when I thought that I couldn't take it anymore. I can't count the times that she talked me out of killing myself or doing something even more stupid. Even though she was instrumental in my becoming so feminine and submissive to Jose she shared my fate. We were akin and took sustenance from each other in our shared misery.

After a year at the restaurant Donna Zamora would sometimes keep me late to help bus the tables during the busiest nights. This meant that I worked from 7 a.m. until 9 p.m. on Friday and occasionally Saturday night. When I worked that late Jose would come and pick me up which usually meant staying at the restaurant another hour or so. He would sit at the bar drinking and talking to his mother while I just sat there tired and exhausted. When we got home I would have to take care of his needs before getting a shower and changed for bed. Like I said I hate my life but Maria's voice in my ear said take it one more day.

Maria had vetoed anything remotely akin to running away or killing Jose but she told me there was always hope. Hope that someday something would change and make everything better. So I continued my daily grind with a spark of hope in the back of my mind. At least Jose hadn't disfigured me too much nor had he beaten me very often. Poor Maria how she kept any hope alive was a mystery to me because about every other week she would have at the least one black eye. I figured that if she could do it so could I. Maria was

my inspiration and lifeline and to think my old self would have ignored her completely. She was a fat ugly old woman who I now clung to dearly.

Ooo

It was another Friday night and the busiest night of the week. Donna Zamora decided that I would stay late and help bus the tables as she sometimes did. Since I was going to be out in the restaurant I had to look proper. My hair was done up in a beehive this week and I applied night time makeup. I was wearing the waitress uniform which consisted of a white cotton peasant blouse with a deep scooped ruffled neckline. Three white nylon net petticoats puffed out the bright yellow cotton full skirt and I had on my black flats.

When I bent over to clean the table anyone looking could easily see into the opened neckline and the tops of my now C cup breasts and bra. It was embarrassing but after almost two years with Jose and spending so much time with his adolescent friends I just shook it off. Maria had told me that letting all the guys get a peek of my breasts or some extra leg was what Latino women did best to keep their man interested.

Oh yes I was use to that, the pinching of my butt, the pats to my ass and occasionally the stolen kiss but not in front of total strangers. I was bending over a table scooping dirty plates and glasses into the tray when I heard a loud gasp from behind me.

“Oh my God it’s Ralph! Henry it’s my Ralph. Look at her neck. No one but Ralph had that kind of birthmark!” I heard a woman’s voice exclaim.

With my hair up everyone could see the strange birthmark on the back of my neck. It was a deep reddish-purple about two inches in height and one inch at the base in the shape of a phoenix rising from the flames. To say that it was unique is an understatement. My mother would recognize it immediately no matter how I was dressed or looked like.

Suddenly I felt a hand at my elbow and was turned to face those behind me. I almost fainted as I was looking into my father’s eyes. He pulled my right arm out straight and examined it just above the elbow joint. There plain to see was the old scar where many years ago he accidentally hooked me on a fishing trip. Hooking me had hurt him deeply and it took him some time before he got over it. After it healed I always referred to it as my ‘Mark of Zorro’ because it looked like a ragged ‘Z’ and we kind of made fun of the whole incident.

“Shit you are Ralph! What the fuck are you doing dressed like this? Why didn’t you tell us what the fuck was going on with you? You are coming with us right now and I am going to get to the bottom of this. I don’t care how you feel but you are going to explain everything before this night is over. Do you have any fucking idea how badly you have hurt us? How many nights your mother has spent sleepless worrying over you? Put that shit down and let’s go. We have some serious talking to do,” my father stated rather loudly as he pulled half dragged me towards the front door.

I was too stunned to do anything other than start to cry. I felt him tugging at my arm and I was following when we were surrounded by a group of the restaurant's workers. Donna Zamora stood at their head and demanded that my father release me at once as I had work to do. When my father glared at her and told her to go to hell, the worker's began crowding in closer. Donna Zamora stepped closer and in her imperial way tried to intimidate my dad. When she did that I almost laughed through my tears. She certainly did not know my dad.

As if anyone could intimidate my father and with all the customers standing around he knew she could do nothing. Dad picked up the nearby phone and punched in a number. "This is Superior Court Judge Henry Allen Anderson and I want a dozen police cars here at The Ole Mexico Restaurant in five minutes or less. While you are at it better send some INS over here as well. Now get moving," my father spoke loud enough for everyone to hear.

The words INS barely cleared his lips when over half of the employees suddenly departed. Donna Zamora took several steps back and her eyes took on the look of a deer in headlights. Sirens could be heard coming closer as she finally turned tail and ran from the main dining room.

Everything got dizzy at this point and I must have fainted. When my eyes began to focus again I was seated in one of the corner booths with my mother beside me holding me in her arms. I took one look into her sad eyes and began crying so hard I got the hiccups. I cried for awhile unable to say anything.

Finally my sobbing slowed down enough for my dad to hand me a half full glass of J.D. straight up and I gulped it down. God it burned so damn good going down. After almost two years of Pink Ladies and Fruit Punches, J.D. tasted wonderful and its potency calmed me down. Another glass which I sipped allowed me to get a hold of myself enough to begin talking.

Calmed, I looked up into my mother's face and then over to my dad as I blotted out the tears. There were two other people in the room one a Captain of Police and the other an INS Officer. I managed to get the entire story out between sobs and out right crying jags. The Captain asked me a few questions then he ordered Donna Zamora arrested.

The INS officer wanted to see my forged documents and asked if I could identify the guy that had made them. I assured him that I could but asked him and the Captain to spare Maria from any wrong doing and help her if they could. They agreed and left me with my parents to round up Jose and anyone else at the cafe. Now that the story was told and everyone else gone, the room was totally silent. I felt like the condemned going to the gallows as I sat with head bent and a glass of J.D. held tightly in my cupped hands.

The silence was broken as my mother gathered me into her arms and held me close into her bosom. We both were crying and held each other closer. It was then that I knew that I was mostly forgiven and that I was finally free of Jose.

Jose was charged with kidnapping, unlawful restraint, crimes against nature and numerous others. Donna Zamora was charged with unlawful restraint, complicity to commit a felony and hiring illegal aliens. Ernesto well he was charged with about everything in the book except capital murder. The forger was captured and charged as well as several

other Latino men who held captive “women” like me. Maria was not charged with any crime even though she had provided me with illegal drugs.

The trials came and went with all being sent to lengthy prison terms thanks in large part to Maria’s testimony. Maria, well she was too far gone to change by this stage in her life and gladly accepted full ownership of the café, house and apartments and The Ole Mexico Restaurant was given to her as an added bonus. We still keep in touch though as the years go by our correspondence seems to be less and less. I guess we both want to forget our pasts.

As for me, well things are much better obviously. I have my loving family back and I am free to do what I want. Surgery corrected my anal passage back to normal but that is about as far as it could go. The hormones had chemically neutered me and I could never have children much less perform in a manly way.

I was offered the option of getting a penile implant and have my breasts removed but I would still be only a partial man. So I elected to stay female. It took many hours of psychotherapy and other interventions to get my mind straight but in the end I am mostly happy with myself.

I am scheduled for the final surgery to make me a complete woman in a few months and hopefully that will put to rest the few demons that still haunt me. I doubt that I will ever be able to be with a man again. However I have met a really nice girl during my therapy sessions and we seem to be hitting it off. She had her own problems with men and maybe if things work out we can develop a rewarding relationship. I’m beginning to really enjoy my life now. Oh by the way I had my name changed. It is now Cheryl Lynn. I like it so much better than Lupita.

##

My Crazy Mother & Her Family

By Cheryl Lynn

I have no idea what I did in a previous life but it must have been on a par with serial killers. Why else would I have been born to my mother and into her crazy family? I guess I ought to explain myself and let you judge whether or not my Mother and her family are crazy.

It happened one day when my Mother and Grandmother Daphne were sitting around the coffee table comforting my Aunt Sally. Apparently Aunt Sally was horribly dumped and shit upon by her now ex-husband. I could understand all this as my own mother divorced my dad a long time ago and granny was also divorced. Divorced women surrounded me and constantly told how rotten men were. Like I said I could understand her grief but the incident happened over a year ago. It was the beginning of summer vacation and I was chomping at the bit to get out and have some fun. I didn't have time to put up with their weekly men are pigs sessions.

Hell the beach was waiting along with all those bikini clad girls. My transportation was hugging and smooching up to my distraught Aunt. You know all that girly stuff women do and being eighteen I didn't have much sympathy.

"Mom come on I have to get to the beach," I pleaded to no avail. Finally in frustration I screamed out, "Mom you are all acting like a bunch of faggot lesbians. Come on take me to the damn beach."

Well that got their attention. The three women seemed to just freeze in place for a moment then all bedlam broke out.

Grandma Daphne stood up so quick her chair fell back onto the linoleum floor with a loud crack, Mom screamed at me like a banshee and Aunt Sally just looked dumb struck.

Grandma was the first to reach me and grabbed my right earlobe. Now that hurt and she pulled so hard I had to stand on my tip toes to ease the pressure.

"Do you have any idea of what you just said?" she demanded.

Of course I had no idea of what I had said. It was just something I had heard in school in reference to a group of girls acting silly. I couldn't let Grandma know that I had no idea and I certainly didn't want to wimp out.

"Yeah, you are a bunch of faggot lesbians," I screamed through my tears. My ear was really hurting by now.

"Billy Jerome Hamilton how dare you say such a thing! Grandma shouted as she pulled me by my ear off in the direction of my room.

I knew I was in deep dodo when either my Grandmother or Mother used my full name. I should have retracted everything then but for some stupid reason just hollered for her to let go of my ear. Yeah, I called her a stupid bitch too but I didn't think she heard me. I found out differently later on.

In my room she pulled me over her broad hips and spanked me until I was helpless and begging her to stop. Pushing me off her lap she told me to stay in my room until they had decided my punishment.

"Punishment! You just spanked me. Isn't that enough punishment," I said through my tears?

"Oh no you haven't even begun your punishment for the foul things you said young man. If I have my way, you will be punished until the end of summer," she said clearly still angry at me.

"Bitch," I mumbled as she started out the door.

"What did you just say?" she said as she turned back to look at me. Her face was red with anger and I knew then that I had gone too far.

"No...nothing grandma," I replied looking down at my feet.

With a loud humph she grabbed the doorknob and slammed the door shut behind her as she left.

I stood by the bed rubbing my stinging ear and burning rump for awhile. "Shit and double shit," I said to the empty room. "I'll be grounded all summer for sure. Shit! Shit! Shit!"

Stuck in my room was no big deal. I had my computer games and sports magazines. Picking out a game I plugged it in and began playing. Time went by and I finished the

game with an all time high score. Man it felt so good killing off all those geeks. Knowing that I probably could not better that score I grabbed a magazine and began reading.

I was half way through reading about the latest NFL draft when the door opened and all three women came into my room. They looked way to serious for me to feel comfortable.

"Billy we have had it with you. You will spend the rest of the summer as a young lady. We have discussed this at some length and decided that you will be a real teenaged girl at all times. You will act and behave just like all the young girls in your school. That includes dating and going out on a regular basis just like every young girl craves. You are going to learn first hand what it is like to be a young woman having to put up with men's shit. We are prepared to spare no expense in helping you achieve success so I have made an appointment at Mr. Henri's salon. Get your flip flops on and let's go," my Mother told me.

"You have got to be shitting me. I ain't gonna do no such thing. You are all crazy if you think I am going to let you do that to me...." That's as far as I got before granny grabbed me, flung me back over her lap and pulled my swimming trunks down to my knees. This time she used a wooden hairbrush on my bare backside. By the time she finished I was in no position to argue.

I was manhandled down to the car and sandwiched between my fat aunt and grandmother in the back seat. My bottom ached all the way to the seedy part of town and into a dilapidated strip mall. On the left side of the strip center was a Chinese mini-mart, in the center was a tattoo shop and on the end where we parked was a shop sign that said "Mr. Henri's Sissy Salon" in fading pink letters.

I was pulled out of the car and led into the salon. I did my best to pull free of the firm grip of my granny and aunt on my arms. For my efforts all I got was another swat to my still stinging rear end. Inside the salon was brightly lit and decorated in pinks and whites. A pretty girl sat behind the reception desk smiling at us. Mom told her who we were and the girl got up to get Mr. Henri. She walked through a beaded curtain that separated the reception area from the rest of the shop.

A man, if you could call him that, came back with her. He was wearing tight fitting hot pink Capri pants, a silk flowered Hawaiian shirt and wearing white strappy sandals. He practically swished when he walked and in a lispery voice said, "Hello ladies I am just so thrilled that you decided to bring your precious new daughter to me. I can assure you that by the time I have finished with her no one will mistake her for a rough and tumble tom boy again. Now while Pamela takes him back to get prepped, I will explain all the specialty services my salon has to offer."

Pamela grabbed my wrist and pulled me through the curtain before I could hear anything else. Inside the curtain was a typical three chair salon. Instead of heading to one of the chairs she took me through another door and into what became a living hell for me.

There I was turned over into the care of two of the biggest women I have ever seen. The red haired one had what I later learned was a short pixie cut style and the other had dark brunette hair styled like that comic book character "Nancy." You might call them fat but they were all muscle and very stern looking. They were almost six feet tall, had firm arms and legs, big breasts and big hair. They were wearing white cotton uniforms with

white rubber full coverage aprons and their hands were covered in pink latex gloves reaching to the elbows.

They did not take long to get me completely stripped. Now obviously I did not go into their care quietly or willingly. Almost as soon as I opened my mouth to scream my protests, the red haired woman stuffed a bright pink gel penis gag into my mouth and fastened it at the back of my head. The brunette just had to hold out a wooden paddle in a suggestive manner to knock the fight out of me.

They helped me get into a whirlpool bath. The water was hot and smelled of really sweet flowers. Taking sponges and a floral smelling soap they commenced to scrub me clean leaving no place untouched. After scrubbing me down they turned on the jets and just let me sit in the churning water. For the first time I actually was beginning to enjoy myself.

I was removed from the bath and patted dry. They took me into another room and placed me on my back on a metal table. Then I was covered from my upper lip down to the tips of my toes in a sweet smelling thick white paste. A machine was pulled over me and I heard a loud buzzing noise as it was turned on. I watched in fascination as a red line started moving from my toes all the way up to my lower lip and then back down. This was done a number of times and then I was told to turn over and the process was repeated. I felt toasty warm all over by the time they were finished whatever they were doing to me. I found out later that it was a complete laser hair removal treatment. I would never have hair wherever that laser touched me.

I was put back into the whirlpool once again. The water had been changed but the overwhelming scent of flowers remained. It wasn't until I stepped out of the tub that I notice all my body hair was gone. What really got to me though was seeing my naked penis. My precious pubic hairs were gone. My sign of maturity, my sign of manliness my pubic hair was gone.

I screamed into my gag but they ignored me as they patted me dry and a flowery smelling lotion messaged into my very white skin. What tan and all my body hair were completely gone. I wanted to strike out at them, scream and cuss but their strong grip and the gag kept me quite.

I was then taken into another small room were I was strapped securely onto an obstetrics bed. You know the bed doctors use to examine women with the stirrups and fold down bottom. Mr. Henri was there with my mother, granny and aunt he was wearing a pair of pink latex gloves. I could see everything that he was doing to me as they had placed a mirror so that I wouldn't miss anything.

All I could do was plead with my eyes but no one cared as Mr. Henri took up position between my up raised legs and exposed groin. I felt him pushing and fondling my parts. A quick flash of nausea and pain filled me as he pushed my testicles up inside of my body. I watched in horror as he slid a tight rubber sleeve up my penis then after coating it with glue pressed it back between my legs. The red headed woman handed him something that looked like rubber which he then pressed into my groin. When he finally removed his hands I passed out. I now had a very realistic pussy with blonde pussy hairs shaped like a heart glued to my groin.

When I came too I was still strapped to the table and there were two mounds sticking out of my chest. Smiling down at me my mother said, "My if I hadn't seen it with my own two eyes I never would have believed any to this to be possible. Billie Jo you now have two C cup breasts and a fully functioning vagina. They are made from silicon and are the latest technological break through. Only a doctor will know they are not the real thing. I am sure by the end of summer you will be very attached to them. Now get off the table so we can dress you."

When I stood up I almost fell on my face. My center of gravity had changed with the addition of breasts but worse I actually felt my breasts moving and pulling on my skin.

"Those beauties feel like the real thing according to Mr. Henri. There are thousands of tiny wires running through them and the ends are actually attached to you. So that if you bump or someone pinches them you will feel like it is really happening to you. The same thing will happen with your vagina when your boyfriend takes you. You will feel every bit like a real woman. I'm sure that by the end of summer you are going to like it so much you won't ever go back to being a stupid boy," mother told me.

A bright pink smock similar to a hospital gown was pulled over my shoulders and tied in the back and a pair of pink paper slippers was provided for my feet. I was taken back into the main salon where Mr. Henri began my makeover. I was tightly strapped into his salon chair and my gag removed. I was told that if I said anything the gag would go back in.

He handed the penis gag to my mother and she put it into her purse. She looked at me with a smirk and said, "We might need this again if you don't learn how to speak properly. You might even want to practice with it later. Who knows, you really may enjoy the experience."

My long shoulder length brown hair was washed then bleached to match my new pubs. My brows were plucked into high thin arches and dyed to match. With my hair bleached he then wound in blue medium sized rollers. I had a permanent and while I was under the drier a pedicure and manicure. I won't bore you with the details about the stink and the heat or the bright florescent pink nail polish.

After the perm my entire face was cleansed. Told to stay very still or I would be very sorry Mr. Henri took a syringe with a very small needle began sticking it into my lips. It stung but soon my lips became numb.

"The numbness should last about an hour," he told my mother who was smiling broadly.

"Now open your mouth sweetie," he said to me as he pointed a spray bottle into my mouth and squeezed the bulb. My throat went all numb and tingly at the same time. "This spray will keep the voice high and you should use it every four hours for the first week then only once at night thereafter. By the end of summer you will only need it occasionally. Now I will turn your precious Billie Jo over to Mildred who will do his makeup and we can talk," he told my mother.

They left me with Mildred who quickly painted my face. Throughout the entire process I could not see what they did to me as the mirrors were covered. Just as Mildred finished, my mother, granny and aunt returned.

Granny and auntie had their hands filled with shopping bags. I was released from the chair and taken into a dressing room. The full length mirror had been covered over and I couldn't see what they did to me. Oh I wanted to so badly yet was very happy that I still didn't have to see myself. I was scared shitless at what I was going to eventually have to see in that mirror. I just knew that I was going to look like some dork in a dress.

Granny smiling from ear to ear helped me from my smock. "Oh Billie Jo you are going to be the envy of every girl out there and all the boys are gong to be drooling over you. Now let's get you dressed," she said.

Out of a large pink bag she removed a pair of raspberry colored nylon brief styled panties with claret colored lace trim and a matching satin push up bra. I knew what I looked like down there and I wanted to quickly cover up to hide my embarrassment so I did not argue. Pulling on the panties was scary as I had to look down through my large breasts at the new me. Putting on the bra was almost impossible. Granny positioned my hands and arms behind my back so I could get an idea of how to hook a bra. After six or seven tries I got the two hook and eye closure fastened behind my back.

"We decided that since most men really like women to wear stockings and garter belts that would be perfect for you," Auntie said as she handed me a matching garter belt to put on. "Make sure you pull the straps through your panties otherwise you will have problems going to the potty."

I was then told how to put on hose and attach them to the garter straps. The hosiery that I was given were sheer nude and had a butterfly embroidered just above the heel. I felt so stupid but with no other choice followed their directions. Next I was given a matching camisole and half slip with two inches of claret colored floral lace trim at the hem. An almost sheer white long sleeved poly blouse dripping with lace trim came next.

To my horror I could easily see my lacy camisole through the material of the blouse. A claret colored nylon net petticoat soon followed along with a raspberry cotton full skirt. Dressed I was presented with a pair of three inch stiletto heeled white sandals with a white bow affixed to the strap just above my toes. I groaned as I slipped my feet into the tight fitting girlie shoes. My brightly painted toe nails showed clearly through the nylon stocking. I was then handed a white leather purse with gold chain strap.

Dressed and with each woman at my elbows they walked with me back to the main salon. I was told to walk with one foot in front of the other and to take small steps. If they didn't have a good grip on my elbows I surely would have fallen several times. My initial steps were really awkward, as I couldn't see my feet because of the flaring skirt and my boobs. The heels were also difficult to walk in and hurt my feet. I wasn't use to planting my foot down toe first then that tiny heel. Talk about feeling insecure especially when my ankles wanted to twist. I was glad that granny and auntie were supporting me.

"Men just love to see a woman in high heels dear. So just get use to them as that is all you will be wearing this summer," Auntie told me.

As we walked back to the main salon I saw a young girl walking towards us. She was wearing the same skirt and top that I had on. She was pretty with bright pink suck me bee stung lips. She had on a lot of makeup and her hair had that just been fucked look to it.

You could even see her camisole through her white blouse. Then it hit me that was me I saw reflected in the mirror.

I must have fainted as the next thing that I remembered was sitting in a chair with my skirt and petticoats flared up around me. Mother was standing in front of me with a great big smile on her face.

“Welcome back Billie Jo. Now that you are awake we can go shopping. We have to get you a whole new wardrobe for the summer. Now get up and thank Mr. Henri and his staff with a nice curtsy,” she told me.

A curtsy? I didn’t know what that was but granny showed me soon enough. Embarrassed, I performed the bob as best I could but when I heard my voice say ‘thank you’ it came out high pitched and very girly. It shocked me and I quickly raised my hand to cover my throat.

“It’s the spray I used. It tightens up the vocal cords so that your natural voice goes up an octave or two,” Mr. Henri said.

I was directed over to a full length mirror. The image was the one I had remembered. A good looking slightly sluttish young girl stared back at me. The full rich colored pouting lips instantly drew ones attention followed by the tented blouse. My first thoughts were “babe magnet.”

I couldn’t believe the size of my lips. They were at least twice the size that I remembered and I raised my hand to touch them.

“No no don’t touch. You’ll smear your lipstick. That color lipstick is called Proper Primrose. You’ll need to remember that when you buy your own,” Mother warned.

“My...my lips are swollen,” I said.

“I injected them with an emollient solution that will last at least a month. It works like collagen but dissipates unless reapplied. We’ll redo them when you come back next month for your styling,” Mr. Henri stated.

“Now that you have seen yourself without fainting let’s go,” my aunt said.

When we got back to the car I was told how to get in without flashing my panties. It wasn’t easy but I managed to slide over so that granny could get in. The back seat seemed much smaller with my full skirts and petticoats flaring out all around me. I tried to scrunch down in the seat but granny pinched my arm and told me to sit up straight like a lady.

The mall was crowded and I felt like every eye was on me. I just knew that they all saw a boy in a dress and I was blushing. The shopping trip was one long nightmare. The first stop was the lingerie section where my arms were piled high with panties, bras, panty girdles, garter belts, slippers, half slippers, camisoles and nighties. They were all made of shiny slinky materials, in all the colors of the rainbow, very lacy and each set matched in color.

After my lingerie was deposited in the trunk of the car back we went. This time it was the junior department where I was not only piled high with dresses, blouses, skirts and very girly shorts I had to try them all on. Back from our second trip to the car we went to the shoe department. There I tried on ten pair of three inch spiked heels each pair matching

each dress or skirt. Two pair of gel flip flops one in bright iridescent pink and the other a bright yellow in color were also purchased.

From the shoe department we went to the swim wear section where they purchased four bikini swimsuits. The first swimsuit was a bright scarlet little bit of nothing. I almost choked when they made me try it on. The next suit wasn't as revealing in a bright aqua color but the under wire bra part made my boobs look even bigger. The third was like the second in style but in a vivid purple and the final bikini was like the first only in a bright yellow. The last swimsuit I came to hate as it turned almost transparent when wet. A floppy straw hat and three so called cover ups were also purchased. The cover ups were thin nylon and really didn't cover much.

Finally we went to the accessories department where several silk scarves, purses and many nylons were added to the pile. Based on the amount of junk we purchased I knew that I wouldn't be getting back into pants any time soon. As we deposited the last load into the car granny said that she needed to use the ladies and wanted something to eat. So back into the mall we went.

I was scared about going into the ladies but realized no one would know who I really was. All I can say about the experience is that it is a bitch to have to sit to pee while trying to manage petticoats and skirts. At the food court my desired cheese burger and fries was replaced with a chicken salad and diet drink. Mom insisted that I needed to get my figure under control.

While we were eating two boys about my age sat down across from us. I kept my head down concentrating on my salad to avoid looking at them but could clearly hear them. They were talking about me and how hot I looked. Man were they ever stupid thinking that I looked hot.

To my great embarrassment Mom made me take the trash and dump it. The trash can wasn't five feet away from those boys. I had to walk right past them and as I did I felt a hand caress my butt. Needless to say that made me jump and when I did, spilled some of the trash on the floor. I must have given them a fine show when I bent over to pick it up. All I could do was glare at them then realized where they were looking. As quickly as I could I retreated back to our table.

Mom asked what was the matter as I started to sit then told me to sweep my skirt up under me. I did as she instructed then told her that one of those boys had patted my bottom and were staring at my chest. I was embarrassed but all she did was laugh.

Then she said, "Boys and men do those kinds of things so just get use to it. Women, especially developing teenagers, enjoyed men noticing them. Also you might try and remember to squat when you pick something off the floor. You gave everyone in the food court a pretty view of you panties."

"Oh my God this is going to be a very long summer," I thought. I was completely devastated by my condition and only wanted to go home. I sat sulking while mom, granny and auntie opened their purses and took out their compacts and began touching up their faces.

Mom noticed me watching them repair their makeup so announced that we had to go to the cosmetic counter right away. There Mom had me sit on the tall stool while they consulted with the clerk about my skin tones and whatever else women talked about.

The clerk examined me closely and said to my family, "Like most young teens she has overstated her looks. This is a good evening or special occasion look but she needs to learn to tone it down for day time wear. I have just the shades she needs. Here let me show you what I mean."

Here I was sitting on this tall stool in the main entrance isle of the department store on display for everyone to see. I was mortified as the clerk produced a sheer plastic cape from behind the counter and draped it under my chin. She never stopped talking as she removed all my makeup then began reapplying it.

When she had finished the slightly sluttish look I had was gone. I now had that innocent teenager look. You know, I looked just like any other girl in my school. Well I guess that I have to narrow that statement down a bit too only the good looking girls in my school. I still looked hot. As I stared at my reflection like a deer in headlights what was left of my male ego crumbled into dust. They had completely emasculated me in one stinking day.

At last my ordeal was over as we headed back to the car. I was carrying a large pink bag containing what seemed to me to be a hundred pounds of makeup and skin care products. As we headed out of the parking lot I breathed a lot easier but my trial was not over. Mom turned the corner and parked in front of the drug store. I begged to stay in the car but was told in no uncertain terms to get out.

My feet were killing me as we stepped into the store. I quickly forgot all about my feet when I was led into the feminine hygiene department. I freaked out when Mom started talking about douching, tampons, sanitary pads and the like. I was in tears as my basket was loaded with these products and at the prospect of what they meant.

Before we headed to the check out counter, Mom wiped away my tears with a tissue. "Now Billie Jo you are ruining your mascara. Stop that sniveling and get a grip. If you go to the check out like this the whole store will know that you are a boy in a dress. Every young girl looks forward to this day. It means that for the first time she is a woman. So unless you want everyone to know that you are a boy, you had better put a big smile on your face and look happy. Now come on it is late and we need to get going."

When we got home I was hoping just to go to bed even though it was still light outside. That was not to be as we spent the next forty five minutes removing tags and those pesky antitheft strips from all my new clothing. Then they helped me put everything away into its proper place and arrange my cosmetics on the vanity.

Mom picked up my new violet nylon shortie nightie with matching brief styled panties with five rows of white lace stitched across the bottom, grabbed my arm and led me into the bathroom. There on the counter top stood the bag containing my feminine hygiene products. The absolute last of my masculinity literally went down the drain that night. After douching and putting a tampon inside my artificial vagina there was nothing left of my old self.

It was just getting dark when I had finished removing my makeup, moisturized and with difficulty put my hair up in rollers and secured them with a floppy violet colored nylon night cap. The bed was not that comforting and with a head full of prickly rollers sleep did not come easy. I think I cried myself to complete exhaustion before finally going to sleep.

They let me sleep in but all too soon Mom got me out of bed and into the bathroom. She instructed me on my new morning toilet regime, had me change my tampon and showed me how to take a proper bath.

In my bedroom she helped me get dressed and apply my makeup. Bright fire engine red nylon bikini panties with cute little ties at both sides of my hips, matching push up red bra and garter belt. Pink cotton sleeves t-shirt with a small white bunny embroidered on the front. It was tight fitting and made my boobs look humongous. The scooped neck of the t-shirt did not help as it exposed my cleavage. I tried to pull up the neck to give me some modesty but Mom slapped my hands away telling me I looked just precious. Like, I ever wanted to look 'precious.'

Taupe hose were kneaded up my legs and attached to the garters. My hose was followed by a white denim mini-skirt that hugged my ass firmly and a pair of white sling back two inch heeled sandals. She made me do my own makeup but assisted when necessary and helped me brush out my hair. Dressed she had me pick out several pieces of jewelry and helped me attach the small girl's wristwatch on my left wrist. I felt like such an idiot but my reflection in the mirror said "hot."

At breakfast they all gathered around me making me feel small and totally not in control. "Billie Jo as we told you yesterday from now on until the end of the summer you will become my daughter. I expect you to behave just like a real daughter and we all expect you to date. You will find some young man or men to take you out every weekend during the summer. For each week that you do not have a date you will spend an additional week as my daughter. To help you learn what you need to know we have enrolled you in the Clinque Boutique's charm school which starts this morning at 10:00. There you will learn all that is necessary for you to be a proper young lady. It will last six weeks and the course will cover makeup, deportment, etiquette and of course how to be a charming young lady. I understand that the final is a traditional high tea party where the girls in the class host a formal tea for their parents. We are so looking forward to that. The classes are over at 4 leaving plenty of time for us to go to the beach. Once you have completed your charm school, we expect you to be dating at least three times a week. On the weekends your curfew will be 1 a.m. and weekdays midnight. You will date each boy at least four weeks before dating someone else. We don't care how you do it but you had better get that boy to ask you out the required four weeks. Since this is the first week of summer vacation and you are still a little rough around the edges you do not have to date this week. However we will be going to the beach daily and you will flirt with any boy that walks by, understand? Now finish your breakfast you have classes to attend."

Twelve weeks seemed like eternity and every day was pure hell for me. I did my absolute best in charm school. I had too just to keep the other girls from guessing my secret. Some of them were probably suspicions at first but changing clothing hushed most of them. Seeing someone in see through pink bikini panties and filled matching bra is pretty

convincing. Yes I saw a bunch of very pretty young women practically naked every day as the course included aerobics and yoga. We had to change from leotards to dresses daily. I was labeled the 'Tom Boy' by some and 'That Lezzie' by others. In any case we did not socialize much during or after classes. It was hell for me but I passed with surprisingly good grades.

Going out with boys was another excruciating time for me but I managed to live through it. Mother's warning that she would make me be a girl after summer vacation gave me incentive. I managed to make my quota by trying my best to pick up the "nerds" that sometimes hung out at the beach. They were so pathetic that I pretty much only had to give them a kiss on the cheek to keep them coming back. Well that ploy only lasted eight weeks when my crazy Aunt decided that I should be dating real men.



That very afternoon she picked out a young guy playing volleyball on the beach. He had somewhat long sun bleached hair, nice overall tan, and defined muscles. Auntie pointed him out and said, "Go fetch" just like I was her pet dog or something.

Over the next three days I did what I could to get his attention and he finally asked me out for that Friday. He was not the type to put off for very long and on our second date had to let him have his way to first base. While I could feel sensations through the artificial breast forms that did not bother me as much as having to kiss him on the mouth. I got pretty good at frenching by the end of our fourth date. In some ways his playing with my breasts felt good and little tingles would rip through my nerves.

On our fifth date he wanted me to give him head but I refused. The only way I could get him to ask me out again was to promise him that I would let

him fuck me. Word got around and soon I did not have to worry about getting dates. Fortunately they were satisfied to put their pricks inside of me and get their jollies. It was totally embarrassing and messy for me to let them have their way.

I could handle it as long as I told myself that they were only fucking a plastic pussy. It wasn't really a part of me even though I could feel something there when they did it. It was the friction of their penises pressing against my hidden one. It got so hot one time I actually came without even touching myself. At times I even wondered what it would be like to have a real one and get to feel just like a real girl.

By the end of summer I had a whole new appreciation of what women went through in their daily lives and relationships. While I didn't make very many girl friends during that time I sure did sympathize with them and their plight. In some ways I was jealous of them. My simple little taste of being female had most certainly changed my way of thinking and feeling.

At the end of August Mother kept the word and we went back to the salon and had all that silicon removed. I got a neat buzz cut and my old clothing back. I was back to my old self or was I?

I only had one problem now. Everyone in school thought that I was gay. I still had the mannerisms that were so ingrained into my mind by that charm school. My voice was still a bit too high and my lips just a bit too full. My toe first heel and toe walk swished my hips, my hands and arms fluttered about and I kept staring at the guys. I no longer bent at the hips but stooped just like the girls to pick something up and I held my books close to my chest. To make matters worse my Mom, Granny and Aunt still treated me like a girl at home. I was still expected to share in the household chores. I couldn't help myself but I am getting use to it. If I only had kept my big mouth shut.

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