

INEK

Part One

By Cheryl Lynn

Birth, an event considered miraculous by some and an unpleasant fate by others. It all depends on many factors and by whose view point the birth is seen. According to Inek he probably would have been better off not being born. His parents were young impoverished Polish immigrants. They lived in a mostly Polish Chicago neighborhood. His father worked in a nearby factory while his mother stayed home to raise him. However she did take in sewing to subsidize the family income. Adding to his socio-economic class woes Inek was also six weeks premature. Since he was so little, they named him “Inek” which means “small” in Polish. As a youth he was frequently sick and his physical development was stunted. By the time he turned nineteen, Inek was only five foot six weighing one hundred twenty pounds.

Inek’s school life wasn’t much better. He was picked on by the bullies and had few friends. While intelligent, his homework suffered as his parents couldn’t help him with it. Their overall knowledge and English was insufficient. He did manage to graduate but by the skin of his teeth. With such a low grade point average Inek had no hope of going to college. Thanks to a friend of his father, he was able to get a job at a bakery. His hours and work load were brutal. His shift began at two in the morning and ended at one in the afternoon.

Being new, he was assigned the hardest duties. Inek had to lift the fifty pound sacks of flour and dump them into the mixing vats. Then he had to do the mopping and clean-up after his shift. He was paid just above minimum wage but had one perk. Inek could eat all the pastries or baked goods he wanted. Inek took full advantage of that benefit and getting fat.

For a time everything was about as good as it could get. He paid no rent or food costs and his job was a couple of blocks away. That all changed when the housing market collapsed and the country went into recession. Inek was lucky to still have a job. However his father lost his assembly line job at the factory. With his parent’s dreams tarnished, they decided to go back to Poland. Life would be easier there and tried to talk Inek into going. He refused. He had a job and some savings but knew nothing about Poland or his relatives there.

“No Momma, Poppa I have a good job and I was born here. I don’t know anything about Poland apart from what you have told me. I would feel like a total stranger there. I’m sorry,” he told them.

Life went on but a lonely one for Inek. He missed his parents and didn’t have any friends. His work schedule pretty much limited his chances of making friends outside of the bakery. Then things changed once again. With very low interest rates and cheap real estate, his apartment building was to be refurbished into a high end condominium complex. There was no way he could afford a condo and had to move out. Besides his once ethnic neighborhood was becoming a hipster/gay one as buildings were renovated. He found an inexpensive apartment but now had to take the train to work. It wasn’t a long commute and the neighborhood not that great but affordable.

Ever since he started to work at the bakery Inek gained weight. The fresh hot bread and pastries were too hard to resist. *"Oh my, this is just so good,"* he thought as he spread butter on a hot heel of sourdough fresh from the oven. After three years at the bakery Inek had added thirty pounds.

Inek for some strange reason was attracted to Natalie or Nat as she preferred to be called. She was a couple of years older than Inek. She worked as a cashier in the bakery's retail department. Her life wasn't any better than his but she thought Inek was beneath her. She wasn't beautiful by any stretch. Nat was chunky with a pug nose and blubbery lips. Her overbearing personality didn't improve her image. Still there was an attraction. He was too timid to actually ask her out. He started by giving her a pastry with her coffee when she arrived at work in the morning. Frankie, one of the bakers, had suggested he do that. Frankie was Inek's father's friend and felt obligated to watch over him.

"Look Inek, you are too timid. You like Nat but too afraid to walk up to her and ask for a date. So take little steps. Bring her coffee and pastry when she comes in. That way you get to know one another. Later, you know if she like you or not. Then you ask her out, okay," he was advised.

Inek followed that advice and nothing much happened. Nat accepted his offering with just a nod of her head then ignored him. This went on for a few months until one day Inek had a day off. When he brought her the coffee and pastry the next morning, Nat actually smiled at him.

"I missed my coffee and pastry yesterday," she said smiling.

"I...I had to take a day off," he replied blushing. "Got me a new apartment."

"Wow, she actually smiled and talked to me today. Maybe Frankie's advice is finally paying off," he happily thought.

That encounter gave Inek enough courage to finally ask Nat out. It was the holidays and New Year's was next week. "Natalie..errr...Nat, there is a New Year's Eve party...errrr...wou...would you like to...to go with me?" he managed to nervously stutter.

Nat gave him a puzzled look. *"Did this wimp just ask me out? On a date? New Year's Eve party. What the heck, it's not like anyone else has asked me. Free food and booze and I really won't have to actually do anything. Shit! Why the hell not,"* she thought then said she would go.

Inek was actually surprised when she accepted. He hadn't planned on it but with his holiday bonus could afford the tickets. Now he had to scramble to get tickets and rent a tuxedo. His first real date in ages, Inek didn't mind spending his hard earned money.

"I've got a date with Natalie. Finally! Maybe now I'll have a real girlfriend," he joyously thought.

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Inek rented a blue tux and had his long hair tied in a low pony tail. He was holding an orchid corsage in its crystal box waiting for Nat. She told him she would meet him in front of the bakery for their date. The last thing she wanted was for her parents to see what she had to settle for a date.

Inek kept looking at his watch. He was both nervous and anxious about his pending date. As the minutes slowly ticked off nearer and nearer to the appointed time, his anxiety level increased. He worried, not for the first time whether or not she would

actually show up. He would be humiliated if she didn't but at least no one would see.

At thirty minutes past the time they were to meet, Inek decided to catch the train back to his apartment. As he started to walk away, he spotted her coming down the sidewalk. Picture Miss. Piggy wearing a bright lime-green satin party dress and a huge matching ribbon bow in her hair. You get the idea.

The party was your typical hotel ballroom New Year's Eve event. The champagne flowed freely and they took full advantage of that. As the clock hit midnight, Nat was drunk enough to actually kiss Inek on the lips. Shortly after the party came to an end, along with the champagne. Nat wasn't ready to call it quits and Inek said he had vodka back at his place.

Inek knew that there were a few bars still open but couldn't afford taking her to any of them. Her kiss had built his courage up so he offered, "Nat, I...I have some vodka at my place. Would you like to come home with me?"

By the time they reached his apartment Inek was feeling no pain. His experience with alcohol was limited to having one or two shots of vodka during a festive occasion. Vodka combined with champagne was more than his system could handle. Nat on the other hand became very amorous and uninhibited the drunker she got. With two shots of vodka, she forgot all about her distaste of her wimp date. The only thing she wanted now was to get rid of the growing itch in her pussy.

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Two a.m., January 2, seemed to come earlier than usual for Inek. He was still feeling horrible from the party and aftermath. For a moment he thought about not going to work but if he didn't show he would be fired. The bakery had a strict policy if someone didn't show as scheduled after a holiday. Reluctantly he got out of bed and went to work. The last thing he wanted was to face Nat. His date had been a total disaster.

Inek didn't remember much after they got back to his place. He did remember getting out the vodka bottle, Nat ripping off his clothing but that was it. In the morning waking with a pounding headache, he seriously regretted getting so drunk. Not only did he feel like death warmed over but there was makeup on his face. Bright scarlet lips and green eyeshadow that he had no idea how it got there. There was a red satin ribbon bow tied on the end of his penis. Even worse he couldn't remember if he lost his virginity.

When he walked into the bakery, everyone stopped what they were doing and stared at him. With the boss standing by the time clock, they quickly went back to work. Inek was puzzled by their behavior, clocked in then went to his duties. The boss glared at him and walked off to his office. Inek scratched his head wondering at everyone's behavior.

"What the fuck? I made sure to get that stuff off me I'm sure of it. So why the stares?" he thought picking up a bag of flour.

What he didn't remember about his date, everyone in the bakery knew. Nat made sure they did. When Inek was too drunk to get it up even after she took it in her mouth really pissed her off. Mad enough to sober up and seek revenge for her humiliation.

"I knew you were a friggin wimp when I agreed to go out with you but you're pathetic. Now I know why they named you Inek and it wasn't because of your height. How can you call that four inch thing a penis I'll never know? What's worse you made a fool out of me by being too damn drunk to even try," she raged at his slumbering form.

“Embarrass me will you, well I’ll show you!”

She reached down, pulled her bra from where she dropped it then grabbed her purse. After putting her emerald green Maidenform push up bra around his chest, Nat coated his lips and eyelids. Inek’s lack of chest hair and the padding in the bra made it look like he actually had cleavage. Next she undid his pony tail, brushed it out and arranged it around his face. As a final insult and to emphasize his tiny dick, tied a red bow to its head. Nat took a number of pictures of the otherwise naked man.

“Let’s see who’s going to be the laughing stock at the bakery now you little shit,” Nat spat as she put her bra back on. “When my friends’ see this posted to my media page you’ll rue the day you were born.”

With the boss gone the other workers made Inek even more confused. He overheard words like “pussy,” “fag” and “twat.” One, even asked if he liked getting titty fucked. He didn’t want to face Nat this morning but decided to drop off her coffee before she got there.

When he brought the coffee and pastry to her counter, the other girls in the retail shop giggled and one said, “Good morning Ina. Did you have a good holiday?” Which emboldened the others to say, “Good morning Ina” and giggle some more.

Their behavior was worse than those in the bakery proper and he was more confused than ever. It wasn’t until his shift ended that he learned what Nat had done. Frankie showed him what was posted on Nat’s social media pages. He was mortified. If he didn’t need this job so bad he would quit. For a moment he thought about calling his parents to see if they would pay his fare back to Poland.

However, Frankie patted him on the back and reassured him. “Look Inek it’s not that bad. Give it a few days and everything will go back to normal. Suck it up for now and they will eventually forget about it,” he said.

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It took more than a few days and Inek found emotional support by eating even more of the tasty morsels the bakery sold. He did his best to avoid the retail shop as much as possible. Nat would be there and he couldn’t face her. Within two months he gained thirty pounds and decidedly obese. With the additional weight it was more difficult to lift and carry the fifty pound sacks of flour. After each trip he was left panting. His boss even mentioned that Inek’s performance rating was down and he better shape up.

Again fear of losing his job made Inek do something he normally wouldn’t think of. He was glancing through the newspaper when he saw an ad for a new fitness center. For its grand opening, members could join for only \$10 a month. It was only four blocks away from the bakery and Inek could actually afford to join. There was also a coupon that entitled new members to get a free body evaluation and customized workout plan. He had gained another five pounds and knew he had to lose the weight or get fired. Just cutting back on the sweets wouldn’t work. There was the added benefit of a free workout plan as he had no idea how to start.

When Inek arrived at the center he was impressed. It took up a large area on the main floor of what had been a rundown brown stone. Everywhere he looked Inek saw glass and chrome, more workout machines than he had ever seen. The facility owner, Maurice, offered to personally conduct the evaluation. Inek was intimidated by Maurice who appeared to be solid muscle.

“Gosh, he’s a mountain,” Inek thought giving the muscled black man a good looking

over. *“Next to him I look like the Pillsbury Dough Boy. I’d be happy if I had half of those muscles.”*

Inek had a right to be intimidated. Maurice stood six foot six, weighed two hundred ninety pounds and black as the Ace of Spades. Despite being forty years old, his body was in much better condition than many twenty year olds. He had played professional football until he blew a knee. Now he was a personal trainer and making very good money. He was also gay and hoped opening a fitness center in this neighborhood would bring in good business. With the revitalization that had taken place over the past several years, an insurgence of gays and hipsters took up residence.

“There’s no reason to be scared or intimidated by what you see here...errr..Inek,” Maurice said glancing down at the name scrawled on the membership document. “It’s our job to take each member under our wing and guide them along the path to a nutritious and healthy lifestyle. We don’t push or force anyone to do anything more than they feel comfortable with. Since you are the tenth member to join, I will personally do your evaluation and set-up your routines. How does that sound?”

“Ye...yes, I guess,” Inek replied.

“Good, it’s too late to start you out today. We’ll get begin tomorrow at two thirty then. All you need to bring is some workout clothing, we furnish the towels. See you tomorrow,” Maurice said extending his hand.

“Looks like I really got my work cut out for me with that fat white kid,” Maurice thought turning to go back into the gym.

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The next day Inek had second thoughts about going to the gym. Signing a six month contract and putting down a deposit plus paying one month’s dues settled that. He was right on time and Maurice met him when he entered.

“Inek? Right. Come on and we’ll get started on your evaluation and set up a routine to follow,” he said shaking Inek’s hand.

“Ouch, he has a strong grip,” Inek thought when the brief handshake ended.

While Inek was intimidated Maurice was amused. The long haired, plump young man was the exact opposite of his chiseled muscles and crew cut black kinky hair. Seeing Inek, his alabaster body shimmering and shaking as he stood nude before him, Maurice decided to have some fun.

“Damn what a panty waist. He has one arm covering his chest, the other his groin and blushing like a new bride. Think I can have some real fun with this wimp,” Maurice thought.

“Alright Inek well start you off jumping rope to test your endurance. Take this, start jumping and do it for as long as you can,” Maurice ordered flashing his bright white teeth.

“Can’t I get dressed before I..I start?” Inek asked blushing even more.

“There’s just us guys here. No my time is limited, so go ahead and start,” he answered.

Inek had never jumped rope before and it took some time before he got into the rhythm. As he jumped Inek was mortified as his pear shaped breasts bounced up and down along with his stomach and small penis. He was sweating profusely and gasping

in less than five minutes. Inek was more than happy to stop as Maurice took his blood pressure and breathing rate.

“Okay, we have a base line to work from. Now I want you to bend over, keeping your legs straight and touch your toes. That will give me a good idea of your body mass,” Maurice said.

Standing to the side Maurice watched as Inek tried to touch his toes. *“Gawd! This is almost hilarious. His boobs hang, bounce and swing around just like a girl’s and that round ass. If he wasn’t so fat I would enjoy tapping that white ass,”* Maurice thought giving his groin a quick adjustment. *“Now that gives me an idea. Inek can be my poster child. I’ll post him on my site and pass notices around the neighborhood. First I need him to sign a waiver so I can use his before and after pictures.”*

“Okay that’s good enough. Inek you are in horrible shape right now but we have a starting point. I’ve decided I’m going to personally direct your workouts and diet plan. You do everything I say, come to gym regularly and I promise you’ll be a new man in no time,” Maurice said flashing a big smile.

“I know I need to get in shape or I’ll lose my job at the bakery. So, sure, I’ll try my best,” Inek answered.

“Okay, first things first,” Maurice began. “I need a signed release to allow me to take before and after pictures. If you show marked improvement over the next six months, I’ll want to use them for publicity. You agree to that and your membership is free. Great, just sign here and here.”

“Pictures...of me? I don’t know if I want that but for free membership, why the heck not,” he thought then signed the documents.

“Now I’m putting you on a strict vegan diet. What’s a vegan diet? It’s pretty simple but you’ll benefit greatly from it. Basically you eliminate all animal and dairy products including eggs and gelatins. You will replace them with lots of legumes, green leafy vegetables, fruits, whole grains, nuts and seeds. The portions will be small but you will be eating six, seven times a day. I have my own special vegan smoothie shake powder that I will give you. You will drink it three times a day as one of your meals. This is a very healthy diet once you get used to it. The only down side is getting enough protein. You can make that up by eating lots of tofu, lentils, black beans and vege-burgers pack a lot of protein. You’ll be eating a lot of soybeans too. They make tasty snacks and pack a lot minerals. Any questions?”

“What about bread? I love bread fresh out of the oven covered in butter,” Inek replied. Inek enjoyed the other sweets like the muffins but couldn’t give up fresh bread. There was just something about the aroma of bread coming out of the oven he couldn’t resist.

“Bread, yes, but only organic whole grain and absolutely no butter, jam or anything else. It’s going to take a lot of discipline on your part Inek. If you want me to continue working with you, you will stick to it. I’ll know pretty quickly if you don’t. Now once we achieve your weight and conditioning goals, we can modify your diet plan,” Maurice said.

“I have to lose the weight so I guess I’ll try your way,” he replied without much enthusiasm.

“That didn’t sound very sincere. So I’m going to send Myranda, my gym manager, with you today. She will accompany you to the market to get what you need and your apartment. There she will toss any items not included in your diet. With no

temptations at home you only have the bakery to worry about. I'll contact your supervisor and fix that problem. I want you to report to the gym every day for the next four weeks for an aerobics workout. You're not in good physical shape to start on the weights. You do as I have said then I'll give you a free body evaluation and membership. Do you have a problem with any of this?" Maurice stated.

By the time Myranda left his apartment Inek was devastated. All his favorite foods were gone. All his snacks, his sodas and beer also gone. *"This diet is going to turn me into a cow. Supper was a bunch of leaves and grass with one of those smoothie shakes,"* he thought looking at the crock pot filled with different types of beans. *"That's going to be my lunch and supper tomorrow. It's going to taste like cardboard without any good Polish sausage in it, yuck!"*

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It was a very difficult four weeks for Inek. However he managed to hang in there sticking to his diet and exercises. He lost over twenty pounds and almost kept up with the others in his aerobics classes. Myranda met him after each of his classes to check his weight and give him a large smoothie shake. As he drank his shake they would chat and Inek thought her a friend. A friend he really needed as she was his only one. With his family gone back to Poland and Nat's poisoning the minds of his co-workers, Inek relished the few moments Myranda spared him.

Those few co-workers who didn't think he was gay changed their minds, even Frankie, when Inek's workout clothing fell out his locker. It had been Myranda's recommendation that he wear yoga pants and loose top for aerobics. She had gone with him to the mall and purchased several for him. Inek wanted to refuse but she flashed him a brilliant smile saying she would really appreciate it if he wore them. How could he refuse? He regretted it as soon as he got home and tried the clothing on. The black stretch yoga pants clung like a second skin and left his male parts visible. The top was pale pink with a rounded neck and cap sleeves.

"I can't wear this...but..but I promised Myranda I..I would. If I don't sh..she'll be disappointed," he stammered looking into the mirror. "No, I can't do it. I'll just bring them back tomorrow and hope she understands."

That next afternoon he arrived early and put on his basketball shorts and ribbed undershirt as usual. Her look of disappointment was obvious as he tried to explain why he wasn't wearing the yoga pants and top.

"What's the matter with it? All the others in class are wearing similar outfits. Didn't you like it?" she questioned harshly.

"Eeerr, I..I did...didn't feel comfortable wearing it," he managed to answer.

"Inek, I think you would look...look handsome in it. Please go put it on for me," she said sounding perkier.

Inek couldn't refuse and went back and changed. When he returned he kept one hand covering his groin. "See, I...," he started to reply but she shushed him.

"Let me be the judge. Alright turn around and hold your hands up. Let's have a good look," she demanded.

Blushing he did as instructed. He heard her giggle as he turned and dropped his hands. "See, I knew I would be laughed at," he spat.

"Oh I'm sorry sweetie but I couldn't help it seeing your boxers all bunched up like that.

Let me get something for you to put on under your yoga pants. Now don't go away," she said giving him a hug.

It was the first time he had been hugged by a female in a long long time. He didn't have long to wait before she brought back something in a bag. "Here you go sweetie, get rid of the boxers and put this on. You might want to push your boy parts down when you put them on. Hurry up, class will be starting soon," she instructed.

Back in the changing room he stripped down and pulled out a shimmering black garment from the bag. Holding it out, he was a bit puzzled. It looked like a stretchy full cut black panty with a zigzagging stitch in a diamond pattern on the front. Deciding he couldn't disappoint Miranda again, stepped into them pushing his penis back between his legs. As he tugged them into place, grunted as he felt his balls recede back up into his body. Quickly he put on the rest of the clothing and headed out to meet Miranda before he lost his courage.

"Oh sweetie, you look adorable," she said giving him another hug. "Now you will fit right in with the rest of us."

He received a few comments as the class assembled but they were all complimentary. That eased his mind and spent the rest of the session working up a sweat. From that day he didn't give any thought to what he was wearing. Inek stuck to his diet, losing another five pounds over that week. His only awkward moment came one day when he was sitting alone in the bakery lunch room. Everyone else in the bakery avoided having anything to do with him. Inek was eating a banana when he noticed some of the girls there pointing and laughing at him.

He didn't think much of it until Nat walked by and sarcastically said, "Ina better watch your teeth. Wouldn't want to hurt your boyfriend now would you?"

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Inek felt proud of his accomplishments as he stood naked before Maurice for the official weigh in. "Twenty-three pounds! That's great Inek and you managed a full five minutes skipping rope more than last time. As long as you keep making this kind of progress, I'll continue being your personal trainer. Tomorrow I'll start you on some weights and show you how to use them after your aerobics. You make more progress and I'll do a free evaluation at the end of the month," Maurice said slapping him on the back. "Go ahead and get dressed. I know Miranda is waiting for you."

"It's only been six weeks and Inek is making tremendous progress," Maurice thought. "Those hormone laced shakes, high soy diet and aerobics are shaping him up nicely. When I measured him his chest gained a full inch and all that in his boobs. His waist in another two inches and his butt is firming up nicely. Miranda is doing a great job but I need her to step it up a notch. It will be interesting to see how he progresses over the next month."

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"Inek, you know a pony tail is okay for workouts but you really need to get with the times. Pony tails on guys is just so passé now. Look, why don't you come with me after class to my salon? I'll even treat this time. So what do you have to lose?" Miranda said a couple of days after his evaluation.

"I don't know. I've always worn it this way and haven't been to a barber in over a year,"

he answered.

“All the more reason. Now no excuses. We’re going,” she stated.

By the time Inek got home he wasn’t so sure about going to the salon. At first it was very relaxing as his hair was shampooed and massaged. His old barber had never done that. He wasn’t sure exactly what bothered him the most. The styling or the manicure. His hair was parted high on the left side, brushed his shoulders in layers and given highlights. The manicure was done in a clear coat but filed into rounded ovals. Myranda’s reassurances helped his initial fears but now he wasn’t so sure. Inek just knew the guys at the bakery were going to give him trouble.

The next day at the bakery, wearing his required hairnet, he was pleasantly surprised when none of them said anything. It wasn’t until later, in the lunch room, when the girls noticed his manicure. Janice, one of Nat’s best friends made him blush when she asked where he had his nails done. Her comment brought Nat over and she noticed his highlights.

“What the hell?” Nat exclaimed as she pulled the hairnet off Inek’s head. “You got highlights!”

Inek hurriedly left the room. His face ablaze and tears flowing down his cheeks. *“I just knew it. Why did I even bother coming in to work today? I should go to human resources and file a complaint but they probably would laugh their asses off too,”* he thought. *“They all think I’m as queer as a three dollar bill, crap!”*

For the next several days he received some taunts and name calling but ignored it. **“Like Myranda said. They are nothing but a bunch of macho assholes. I don’t know what I would do without her. She’s the best friend I ever had,”** he reminded himself.

Over the course of the next three weeks, Inek continued to lose weight and his energy level increased. He was happy about feeling so good but worried over other concerns. Yes, he lost another five pounds but his hips, butt and man boobs seemed to be getting bigger. He couldn’t understand how that was possible. Myranda’s constant encouragement and support helped him accept everything was normal and as expected. Still that didn’t stop the itching, sensitivity and tenderness in his boobs and nipples.

One afternoon Myranda noticed Inek grimacing and out of step as he performed his aerobics. After class as he sipped at his shake she asked him what was the matter.

“Inek I noticed you looked in pain and were off on your timing today. Is anything the matter?” she asked sounding concerned.

“Oh, nothing really,” he replied.

“Come on you can tell me,” she said patting him on the hand.

“I can’t tell her my nipples are chafed and sore,” he thought.

“Look, I’ve known you too long. I can tell when something isn’t right. Now tell me!” She demanded.

“M...my nipp...nipples...errr....they’re sore,” Inek stammered blushing.

“Let me see. Raise your shirt,” Myranda said.

“Oh dear, they are red and swollen. It has to be that shirt of yours causing the irritation. Look I have a remedy for that but you’re going to have to trust me. Okay? We can use my office. No one will see you and no one will notice, promise,” she instructed.

Once in her office Myranda handed him a white piece of folded cloth. “You need to wear this probably all the time until your nipples are healed sweetie. Remember you promised not to make a fuss,” she said.

“Myranda you can’t be serious! This is a bra for goodness sake,” Inek said surprised and shocked.

“Very serious Inek. Look at it. It’s soft, has power stretch and will protect your nipples. Besides there are only other girls and women in our class. No one is going to notice or complain if you wear it. You’re going to be surprised at how comfortable a compression bra is. Go on, put it on. At least give it a try before you give me any more arguments,” she told him.

Inek examined the white Wacoal sports bra. It had wide shoulder straps and band feeling very soft in his hands. He hesitated then seeing the look in Myranda’s eyes slipped it over his head. It fit very snug and he could feel a soft pull on his tender breasts and shoulders. Blushing furiously, he didn’t dare look into her eyes.

“Well I think that bra is just what you needed sweetie. It gives both support and minimizes their size. Go on put your shirt back on and look in the mirror. There, you can barely tell you’re even wearing it. Just remember you should wear one all the time. Not just for classes,” she exclaimed giving him a hug.

Inek had to admit the bra held his boobs in a tight yet very comfortable embrace. With the loose fitting shirt, he certainly couldn’t tell he was wearing it.

“I can’t believe I’m wearing a bra. I’m a man and men don’t wear these things. Yet, I have to admit that it’s very comfortable. I can’t really see it under my shirt either. Guess Myranda is right again,” he thought then said, “Alright you win but please promise me you won’t tell anybody. Promise?”

“I won’t tell a soul, promise. Now finish that shake and I’ll go with you to the store. You’re going to need several more bras. No need to be embarrassed. We’ll pretend you’re buying them for me,” she replied.

##

Maurice was sitting in his office smiling broadly as he reviewed Inek’s thick file and photos. *“It seems my protégé is making significant progress. It’s been what, seven no eight months now. At first I didn’t think my crazy plan would move along so swiftly. Inek’s developing chest muscles are lifting his fleshy breast tissue up and forward. The leg lifts and squats have rounded and firmed his ass into a pair of very nice globes. His waist is down from forty-six to thirty-six inches thanks to his aerobics and diet. By now I would guess those shakes and high soy intake has estrogen taking over his system. Man, this is really turning me on. I’d love to tap that white ass but have to wait. Patients, patients Maurice,”* he thought rubbing his crotch.

To Be Continued...

Part Two

By Cheryl Lynn

Inek was worried about wearing his bra to work. He twisted and turned before the mirror but didn't see any signs of it through his work jumpsuit. "After what happened when I had my hair done no telling how much crap I'll get if anyone notices," he said. "Myranda said no one would and I can't see anything either so I guess I'm okay."

Throughout the workday Inek was nervous. In the lunchroom he actually let a few tears fall. His coworkers detested him and he couldn't help noticing their whispers, dirty glances and gestures. *"They all hate me and think I'm some kind of pervert. My supervisor is the only one who will talk to me and that's only to tell me what a lousy job I'm doing. Hell! He's written me up twice this month alone,"* he thought as tears ran down his cheeks.

His depression stayed with him until he left for the gym. Myranda's hug brightened him up and the strenuous exercise eased his stress. Later as he was having his protein shake, he told Myranda how his coworkers were treating him. As he related the events at the bakery the tears flowed freely. Crying was something he had only done when in physical pain until lately. Now it seemed like he was letting the tears fall at the drop of a hat.

"Oh you poor baby. Come on, dry those tears," Myranda said handing him a napkin. "Your coworkers sound like miserable uneducated people. They're probably jealous of you. It has to be difficult for them since you have improved your lifestyle so much while they haven't. They're not your friends but you have lots of friends here at the gym. So don't let their behavior bother you."

"Thanks Myranda. Like always you have given me great advice and I appreciate it. I don't know what's gotten into me lately. My emotions are all over the place. I didn't mean to cry but I couldn't help it," he replied wiping away the tears.

"Think nothing of it Inek. You're just showing your softer side and I like that. It proves you're sensitive and caring. A lot of us women just love a man that's not afraid to show his emotions," she said patting him on the hand.

"Gosh! Really?"

"Yes, really."

##

Inek woke up sick. His stomach was churning and cramping making it hard to even stand. He managed to get to the commode before tossing his cookies. Vomiting helped but there was no way he could go to work. Inek's supervisor was not happy. There was a big catering job and the bakery needed all hands. The next day his supervisor wanted to see Inek's doctor's excuse. Since he didn't have it, he was put on probation.

"Inek, I don't know what has happened to you but your work performance has been in a steady decline over the past year. You know the rules. Paid sick days require a doctor's excuse. Plus none of the other employees want anything to do with you."

You've become a major distraction. One more fuck up and I'll have no choice but to let you go. Understood!" his supervisor shouted.

"Crap! I'm living from paycheck to paycheck as it is. Damn, he docked me a day's pay too. I can't afford to see a doctor and I can't lose this job. What the hell am I going to do?" Inek thought as tears filled his eyes. ***"Damn it, I'm even crying again. What's wrong with me?"***

Over the next couple of weeks Inek made sure to get to work early and do whatever asked of him. The senior baker was royally pissed at him for not showing up for the big catering job. He made his displeasure known by giving Inek the most menial job assignments. Taking out the garbage was a pleasure compared to cleaning all the bathrooms but he did his best. Those assignments left him depressed and resentful but kept telling himself he needed the job. The only time his spirits rose was when he went to the gym. At least there he had good friends like Myranda and Maurice.

It wasn't long after when Inek's life collapsed all around him. He was in the lunchroom bending over to retrieve a bottle water from the vending machine. Someone stepped up behind him and snapped his bra strap.

"Hey guys, I just knew it! Ina is wearing a bra. I could see the outline of the band when he bent over," Nat yelled.

For a few minutes Inek stood in embarrassed shock as others in the room began teasing him. His face red and tears gushing down all Inek could think to do was get as far away as possible. Without thinking he rushed out of the bakery and into the street. There was only one place he could go and that was the gym. Myranda would be there and he could find comfort in her arms.

Myranda was more than sympathetic as she hugged him as he unloaded all that had happened. It took a while but at last Inek calmed down. He was feeling much better by the time he went home. Unfortunately when he returned to work the next day, his supervisor gave him a pink slip.

"Inek you were warned and your departure yesterday without permission was the last draw. Here's your paycheck, including unused vacation time, and the reason you were let go. Now get out of here and don't look for a good reference," he said.

"Fired! They fired me! Now what am I going to do. I have just enough to cover next month's rent but that's all. Fuck!" Inek thought leaving the building.

Again he sought solace at the gym but Myranda wasn't there. Maurice found him sitting in the break room sniffing. **"Hey Inek, what's the matter,"** he said in his deep baritone.

"I...I go....got fired," Inek stuttered through his tears.

"Oh come on. From what Myranda has told me it was a shitty job anyway. Look, business is booming and I could use some help. What say you come work for me? I'm in desperate need of a receptionist," Maurice offered slapping Inek on the back.

"Recep...receptionist? Tha..that's a girl's job," he replied.

"Sorry, I meant administrative assistant. I need someone to do the membership paperwork and collect the dues. You know that sort of thing. I've never been that politically correct but will you do it? It only pays minimum wage but I really like you. What do you say if I throw in a free room and board? Look, I live in a two bedroom over the gym. You can stay in the spare," Maurice said.

Hearing that perked Inek up and he quickly answered, **"Yeah, sure I want the job. It's**

gonna take me a few days to get all my stuff moved though.”

“We can get you moved in by tonight. I’ll get two of my assistants to do all the heavy lifting. Whatever furniture and kitchen stuff you have can go into storage. Just pack your personal gear and clothing, I’ll furnish the rest,” Maurice offered.

“He is such a super guy and offering me his extra room will save me rent money that I don’t have,” he thought then said, “How can I argue with that but you sure the guys won’t mind?”

“You’re a baker by trade. Make them a couple dozen cookies and they will be happy,” Maurice replied.

“Bake them cookies? That’s how a girl would repay them but it would be cheaper than buying them a couple of cases of beer,” he thought then nodded his head.

The room he was given was almost as big as his small efficiency apartment. A queen sized bed took up the most space. The bed had a quilted beige headboard and footboard. It was covered in a black satin quilted comforter. The bedside table held a white ceramic lamp with a parasol pink shade. An eight drawer dresser with mirror and upholstered straight backed chair completed the furnishings. Two framed poster sized photos of Maurice, one in just a Speedo the other stripped to the waist, hung on the walls.

Maurice noticed Inek looking at the photos. “I really didn’t have any place else to hang them. Hope you don’t mind,” he explained.

“N..no they’re just fine,” Inek answered. “He’s ripped and those photos don’t leave anything to the imagination but I can’t tell him to move them,” he thought. In fact Inek was intimidated by them especially the one in a Speedo.

##

Myranda was thrilled when she found out he was going to be the personal assistant. She practically squeezed the breath out of him with her enthusiastic hug. “Inek that is wonderful news and I really could use the help but before you start we have to get to the salon,” she gushed.

“The salon?” he questioned.

“Of course silly and since you’ll be taking all that work off my shoulders this is my treat. You need to enhance your image for that job. The salon will give you that metrosexual look that this neighborhood is known for,” she answered.

“What’s a metrosexual? I’m not sure I like sound of it,” he responded.

“It’s all the rage with you men now days sweetie. The term refers to a man who is especially meticulous about his grooming and appearance. Yes, you’ve come a long way over the past year but for this job you need to take that extra step. If you don’t agree to do this I don’t think you will have that job very long. Besides, Maurice told me to book you for the full spa treatment. Now no more arguments and let’s go,” she stated.

The first and most mortifying treatment Inek received was a full Brazilian body wax. He was led into a room, told to strip naked and then get on the table. All he was given to cover up his privates was a paper thong. When the technician returned she powdered his skin then using melted hard wax applied it with a wooden stick. Other than his skimpy covering this part was actually relaxing. It was when the tech pulled off the muslin paper that searing pain flashed through his body.

“You scream like little girl,” the Asian tech said. “I use hard wax and work very fast. Maybe you should go to other place. Then you appreciate my good work.”

The most embarrassing moment happened when the tech said, “You get Hollywood wax now so keep still. No need be shy. I see all things. No problem, okay.”

***“Shy hell! That was mortifying,”* Inek’s mind screamed when the procedure was completed.**

The technician had removed the paper thong, trimmed his pubic hairs and then stripped it all away. Not even his scrotum was spared. Finishing up the waxing she made him get on all fours and proceeded to rip away the hairs between his ass cheeks. About the only pleasant thing he could say about the whole process was being massaged with a cooling lotion afterwards.

He was given a pink nylon robe and pair of paper slippers to put on and taken back into the salon proper. There his hair was trimmed and highlighted. If he had been in the back far side of the shop it wouldn’t have been as traumatizing. His stylist had her station in front and close to the large window. Passerby’s could easily see Inek sitting there with his hair covered in aluminum foil and his toes separated by pink foam as his pedicure dried. The polish was a clear coat but glistened in the light just like his smooth lotion covered legs. The pink robe he was wearing barely concealed his bra and boy shorts. Making matters totally humiliating was seeing several of the girls from the bakery walk by.

“Oh my gawd! It’s Nat and her friends. Just my damn luck. Oh please don’t look this way. Please,” his mind shouted.

His hopes were dashed when Nat stopped, did a double take and then point at him. Inek saw cell phones raised and flashes. He was positive that in only a matter of hours his image would be posted all over various social media sites. He was devastated later when he actually saw them on You Tube.

“Those horrible girls said they are documenting my transformation from Inek to Ina. I’ll never be able to live this down,” he moaned as tears began to fall.

##

Maurice had a good laugh seeing Inek on social media. “I couldn’t have planned it any better if I had thought of doing that myself. Using this stuff and combining it with my before and after pictures will make it clear that I’m running a LGBT friendly place. All I have to do now it step it up. Myranda has done beautifully so far plus I have those additional pictures she took at the salon. Oh Inek will bitch at what she demands next but he won’t balk. He was shy to begin with. Between those hormones, this media coverage and Myranda’s pushing, he’s even more docile and timid. No, I don’t think we are going to have any problems moving on. When I see him in the apartment I’ve got to make sure I compliment and encourage him.”

Inek was very anxious as he entered the gym the next morning. Despite all the compliments Maurice gave him, he was still very nervous. Myranda had insisted he wear the same outfit that she did. He had argued that men didn’t wear such but it did him no good. In the end he capitulated.

***“Like I have much choice. Maurice was super nice but still he hinted that I had better go along with whatever Myranda told me. I’ll feel the total idiot wearing this but after the salon how much worse can it be,”* he thought.**

Inek did his very best to ignore his reflection in the many mirrors scattered around the gym. He was wearing what Myranda had given him and embarrassed. At least Maurice hadn't seen him as he left well before Inek had gotten up. His uniform consisted of skin tight neon pink leopard print leggings and black bra top. The legging dug into his ass cheeks separating and defining them. The top had wide shoulder bands, low round neckline and bared most of his midriff. Seeing Myranda he rushed over to her side.

"Myranda please, you have to let me wear something else. I feel so exposed like this. Please," he begged.

"I think you look precious but I have the tops to go with it. They arrived this morning," she said handing him a tank top.

The powder pink full cut tank top was made of a buttery feeling material with a scooped neck and keyhole back. It had the name of the gym on the back but what was embroidered on the front caught his attention. Over the left breast in white embroidery was the name, Ina and under that, Receptionist.

"Myranda you can't be serious!" he gasped. "It's bad enough wearing these hot pink leggings, bra top and pink tennis shoes but this really?"

"Look it was an honest mistake by the supplier. We'll get it corrected in the meantime wear them until then," she replied tartly. "Now hold still while I put your hair up. It will be much cooler than leaving it hanging."

It didn't take her long to brush his hair into a high pony tail and secure it in place with a bright pink scrunchy. "Come on, it's getting late and I need to show you your duties," she said.

His job was easy enough mainly answering the telephone, send out dues notices and such. He had an hour off for lunch during which Myranda had him doing his aerobics, squats and working on his chest muscles with the one pound weights. Lunch was a small salad and his protein shake. At five he left for the apartment where he did whatever household chores needed to be done. Then he prepared supper for Maurice. The rent wasn't exactly free as Inek had to do all the household chores as well as cook the meals.

Since supper had to be ready by seven, Inek didn't bother to change out of his uniform. The first evening when Maurice saw him was embarrassing. However, Maurice told him he looked very nice and asked if dinner was ready.

"Gosh, I thought he was going to make fun of me but he acted as if nothing was different," he thought then said, "Supper is almost ready."

##

Over the next few months Inek got used to being called Ina by everyone. Even Maurice referred to him as Ina. Between working at the gym and cleaning the apartment Inek had little time to do much else. He didn't notice that his hair was getting longer as were his manicured nails. The only time he noticed was during his every three week visit to the salon. His appointments always started with a Brazilian followed by a trim and highlights. He didn't give it much thought when the manicurist gave him French tips or when his brows were waxed into high feminine arches.

Another thing that had bothered him at first was the time he spent afterhours with Maurice. When he got home Maurice usually only wore his boxers around the

apartment. Seeing all those bulging muscles had made Inek feel very weak and intimidated.

"He's so macho and I'm so puny. He could probably kill me with just a flick of his little finger. Fortunately he's a really nice guy not like some of those beef cake tough guys at the gym," he thought.

One night they were watching a football game between the Browns and Patriots. They were sitting on the sofa and Inek was drinking white wine. It was the first alcohol he had in ages and tasted so good. As the game progressed Inek got drunk and didn't object when Maurice put his arm around his shoulders and pulled him in close. As the Patriots scored and scored while the Browns languished, Inek got bored and sleepy. He didn't notice that he was resting his head on Maurice's broad chest as he drifted into slumber.

Inek awoke with a start. There was something salty-slimy in his mouth as he opened his eyes. Filling his sight was an eight inch long thick black snake that he realized was Maurice's dick. Quickly sitting up, shocked beyond belief he swallowed.

"Wha....wha.....what happened," he gasped.

"You reached into my boxers and pulled ole glory out that's what you did. Then you just gave me one of the best blow jobs I've ever had. Ina you're a natural cock sucker," Maurice said flashing his white teeth in a big grin.

"Nooooooooo, noooo I...I'm not lik...like that," Inek exclaimed in shock.

"Ina no need to get excited. I really enjoyed it and besides I'm gay too. It's no biggy. Bout time you came out of the closet anyway. I've seen how you look at me. Like they say once a cock sucker always a cock sucker and you're a damn good one," Maurice said with a laugh.

Inek's head was spinning and his stomach churning. All he could think to do was jump up and run to his room. Tears flooding down his eyes he tossed himself onto the bed and cried himself to sleep.

The next day at work Myranda noticed that something was wrong with Ina. He seemed distant and withdrawn. "Hay sweetie, what's the matter?" she asked.

"I...I don't wan...want to talk about it," he stammered.

"Come on you know you can tell me anything. I really want to know what is bothering you this morning. Now tell me what's wrong?" she demanded.

"I...I did something," he said almost in a whisper.

"Did what?" she asked concerned.

"Please, I...I sucked Maurice last night," he wailed.

"Sweetie that's nothing to be ashamed of much less bothered about. Maurice is a great guy and very handsome. You two have been living together for several months now. You do all the cleaning, laundry and cooking just like a housewife. What do you expect people to think? Hell most of the members know you're gay so what's the problem. By the way how big is his cock? Is it thick? Cut or uncut? I bet he tasted good too," she teased.

"Don't be gross and I'm not gay. I...I like girls especially you," he said with as much conviction as he could.

"Attracted to me," she laughed heartedly. "Oh Ina don't be ridiculous. Sweetie I've always considered you one of my best girlfriends. Certainly never as lovers. Now

Maurice if he wasn't gay I could really go for. By the way you didn't answer my questions."

Inek just glowed a bright red and refused to answer. "Well if you're not going to tell me now, I'll have to get it out of you later girlfriend," she said walking off.

Inek was going back to his desk when Maurice entered and walked up to him. He was surprised and embarrassed when Maurice said good morning by slapping Inek's ass then kissing the top of his head. There were at least a half dozen people watching them. Maurice had confirmed with that greeting what the gossip mongers had whispered about for weeks, they were a couple.

Making his situation worse was Myranda telling many of her friends in the aerobics class that Ina had oral sex. Most of the women just smiled at Ina but some congratulated him for consummating her sexual relationship. It did him no good to dispute any of the claims. Whenever he tried all he got in return was a knowing grin or a "Sure whatever you say honey."

That night after he finished cleaning the kitchen Inek headed straight to his room. *"I can't be near him now. Certainly not after what happened last night,"* he thought.

The door had barely been shut when the booming voice of Maurice yelled out, "Ina get me a beer."

"He can get his own damn beer," Inek said walking to his bed.

Not long after Inek's door burst open and the imposing hulk of Maurice charged over to his bed. He looked furious and Inek cringed in fear. He saw Maurice's hand lash out then a sharp piercing pain on the side of his face.

"I said get me a beer!" Maurice snarled.

Holding one hand to his face Inek leap out of bed and rushed to the kitchen, eyes overflowing. *"He hit me! He hit me!"* was all he could think as he retrieved the beer.

Maurice was on the sofa in his boxers as usual watching ESPN when Inek entered. "Ina I don't particularly like punishing you but you have to learn to obey me. Now give me that beer and sit down beside me," he ordered.

Inek handed him the beer and sat shivering beside him. Maurice took a big swallow then burped loudly. "Shit! What the hell do you think you're doing Adrian? You should know better than that," he yelled at the television then turned to Inek.

"You're my bitch now so get used to it. Everyone that knows you thinks you are my bottom and we're a couple. You keep me happy and you stay here and employed. You fuck with me and I'll kick your white ass out of here so fast it will take a week for your clothes to catch up with you. Now get busy and do what you did last night," he demanded.

"Plea....please Maurice...I...I'm not lik...like that," Inek stuttered the fear very plain on his face.

"You don't want me to ask twice. Like I said once a cock sucker always a cock sucker. Now get busy," he replied raising his hand.

Inek kneeled before the porcelain throne, tears running down his face as what was in his stomach swirled down the drain. *"Oh my gawd, what am I going to do? I have very little money spending almost all I make at the salon now this. My face still throbs from where he slapped me. He's too big, too strong and I can't stand up to him. I'm not like him. I like girls but what choice do I have?"* he thought as his stomach cramped again.

##

Maurice was working on the gym's web page newsletter. "I think Ina will make the Employee of the Month this time. Just transfer these old images next to the new ones to really show the contrast. I'll keep an eye on all the new memberships to see if the LGBT community responds to this," he thought.

Inek's eyes bulged out when he saw the published newsletter. "I can't believe Maurice did this to me. Seeing these photos will convince everyone that I want to be a girl," he gasped.

When he complained bitterly Maurice just brushed him aside. "Look Ina I don't know what you're complaining about. Everyone at the gym and your old bakery believe you're transitioning, so what's the big deal? Making Employee of the Month gets you a fifty dollar bonus and will attract more people to join. Now get back to your desk."

"Bu....but why did you have to say we were living together an...and," Inek responded.

"Well we are and I needed to put some biographical information down. Now go on shoo," Maurice snapped giving him a dismissive wave.

Inek wasn't at his desk for more than fifteen minutes when a woman walked into the gym. "Oh you must be Ina. I saw your before and after pictures in the newsletter. I was so impressed I thought I would come by and sign up. If Maurice can do this for you no telling how much he can help me."

Now that Inek had a good look at the frumpy woman and heard the voice realized this was no real woman. Before the day was over he had five more new members signed up. Two were transvestites, one obviously gay and two he wasn't sure about. Under the "Recommended By" space on the application everyone had mentioned "Ina from the newsletter".

As his workday came to a close Myranda walked up to his desk. "Hay girlfriend, how are you doing now that you are famous? You've been the talk all over the gym today. Maurice has been especially proud of you and boasted how much you have improved the membership. Now he's sent me to help you get something nice to wear tonight as he's taking you out. Doesn't that sound just fab!" she gushed.

"Fam...famous? I don't want to be famous. I hate all this!" he exclaimed blushing.

"Don't be so down Ina. I think those pictures looked fantastic and have certainly built up the member base. Everyone knows you're Ina and transgender so come on let's go shopping. It's time you accepted who you really are. You have a dinner date to get ready for," she said sounding no less enthusiastic.

Inek knew it was no use in arguing and followed her out to the car. "Where are we going?" he asked not really wanting to know.

"To get you that perfect LBD for this evening," she responded.

"LBD? What's that?" he asked looking puzzled.

"A little black dress silly. It's the most basic dress in any woman's closet and a must have," she answered giggling.

"But I'm not a woman!" he yelled.

"Well not genetically but you easily pass as one. Besides Maurice said to get you a nice dress and who am I to argue," she stated then added, "Are you?"

"Crap! I can still feel where he hit me the last time. No...no I'm not going to argue"

over wearing a stinking dress,” he thought then shook his head in acceptance.

As they entered the mall Miranda headed straight for the VS store. “I thought we were here to get a stupid dress?” he asked.

“First of all it’s not a ‘stupid’ dress and second you can’t wear a sports bra under a pretty dress,” she answered taking his hand and pulling him through the doorway.

Before he knew it Inek was standing in front of a large display of bras with a sales associate smiling at them. “May I help you ladies?” she enquired.

“Yes, my friend Ina needs some new bras and can you measure her so we get the right fit,” Miranda responded.

“Sure, Ina come with me to the change room and I’ll get you taken care of,” the perky girls said.

Blushing rose pink Inek removed his tank and sports bra standing on shaky legs while the girl placed a cloth measuring tape under his breasts. “No need to be embarrassed Ina. I do this all the time,” the girl said as she moved the tape to cover his nipples. Then pronounced, “A solid 34 B Ina. Put your tank on and let me show you some fantastic bras you can try on.”

Inek left the store with a slight blush lingering on his cheeks. In the large pink bag he carried were six bras and seven fishnet tanga styled panties. All the bras were satin push-up V-plunge styles with underwire support. The seamless cups had oil-foam shaping padding. He was wearing the Mediterranean blue satin bra as they headed to a nearby dress shop.

He still had a blush on his cheeks as they placed the purchases into the back seat. “How could you do this to me? I was mortified the entire time. You can see right through those panties and did I have to try on fifteen dresses?” he whined.

“You’re learning sweetie what we girls go through when shopping. Yes you had to try on all those dresses to find the perfect fit. Women’s clothing while maybe the same numerical size differ from manufacturer to manufacturer. So you just have to try them on. The same with those black patent strappy sandals with the five inch stiletto heels. You have to try them on for the most comfortable fit. There is nothing more painful than wearing a pair of shoes that don’t fit right,” she informed him.

INEK

Part Three

By Cheryl Lynn

When they got back to the apartment Miranda told him that she was staying to help him. “Why? I can dress myself,” he replied.

“Have you ever worn heels? Have you ever put on a dress? What about makeup?” she sternly asked.

“Huh? Never, I’m a guy remember,” he snapped back.

“Don’t make me laugh Ina. You’re too delicate for one thing and besides do you look even close to that?” Miranda responded pointing to the picture of Maurice in a Speedo. “Now that’s a real man and you’re in transition.”

“Bu....but I like girls. I don’t want to be a girl,” Inek replied as tears began to form.

“Ina, Ina stop that sniveling. Girlfriend get over it. Everybody knows you’re transitioning. It’s high time you realized it. You have B-cup breasts of your own and a cute round ass. What kind of man has those attributes? Now put on some nylons and the strappy sandals so I can teach you how to walk in them. You have a hot date tonight and need to look your best for Maurice,” she demanded.

Inek was shown how to roll the sheer to the waist pantyhose up his legs then spent an hour learning to walk. The first time he stood in the three inch spiked heels he almost did a face plant. Myranda grabbed his elbow to steady him.

“Okay, first lesson. Keep your back straight, chest out and head up. Step from the hip, planting your toes first then the heel. Take small steps one foot slightly in front of the other. I’m going to hold your arm so don’t worry about falling. Just do as I say and before you know it you’ll be a natural in heels,” she instructed.

“Myranda I’m going to fall flat on my face. I just know it. Please don’t make me do this,” he plead to no avail.

After twenty minutes Myranda released his arm. “Okay you’re ready to do this on your own. Remember short steps, try to keep your elbows touching your side and your wrists loose but not floppy,” she said.

At the end of forty minutes Inek wasn’t exactly graceful but managed in the high heels. His feet, ankles and calves were throbbing and was grateful when she said sit. That didn’t last long as she made him stand and sit properly.

“Ina that is no way to sit. When you approach a chair, slowly turn your back to it, slide the palms of your hands down your backside and then slowly lower yourself into the seat. Make sure to keep your legs together while you do that and after you sit. That way you won’t wrinkle your dress and make sure someone doesn’t see your pretty panties,” Myranda instructed with a giggle.

After a short rest Inek was made to walk over his protests for another twenty minutes. By then it was time for him to get ready for his big date. He certainly didn’t want to go on the date but welcomed the soothing bubble bath. Ever since his first waxing, Inek had been taking them. Like everything else reluctant at first but now enjoyed them. More so this time as it eased his aching feet and legs.

Finished in the bathroom Myranda was waiting for him. On the bedspread she had laid out his lingerie. Inek took one look at the scarlet bra, waist chinch garter belt and panties with distaste. He thought about arguing but seeing the look on her face began dressing.

“Make sure you thread the garter tabs under your panties sweetie. Why? Would you rather undo your stockings and have to refasten them when you’re through doing your business in the Lady’s room,” she answered. “That’s why,” she finished handing him red sheer nylons.

With his underwear on, she sat him in the chair and began applying makeup. “Mine while not quite your skin tone will do for tonight. Tomorrow I’m taking you to Meryle Norman to get your own as well as to learn some basics,” she said applying foundation.

She was just about done when they heard Maurice come into the apartment. “Stay away!” Myranda shouted. “We’re almost done here and I don’t want you spoiling Ina’s surprise.”

“Okay, I’m going to shower and change,” he answered.

Maurice when he saw Inek in his LBD was impressed. *“Sheet! I knew he would be cute but this is more than I expected. I’m not attracted to beautiful women but knowing what Ina has hidden in her panties I can get into it. Ina is one hot chick but looks as nervous as a cat crossing a dog yard. Gonna have to be extra complimentary and nice tonight. I can’t have him running off or having a hissy fit when we’re out,”* he thought then said, “Myranda get some pictures of me and my gorgeous date will you?”

“No....no pictures please,” Inek gasped. *“The last thing I need is more pictures spread all over the internet,”* he thought.

“Ina don’t be shy. You make a very beautiful woman and should be proud. I want some pictures for our next month’s newsletter. Seeing you dressed in full feminine regalia will show the members just how much you have progressed. No telling how many new transgender males we’ll get to sign up either. Now be a good girl and do what I say or.....let’s just say you don’t want me to get mad, do you?” Maurice said giving Ina a hard look.

“The pictures were bad enough but the poses he made me do were horrible. Especially the one where I had to raise my dress to expose my panty covered groin. I just know you could see my penis through those thin panties. Like I had any choice,” Inek thought as they left for supper.

Other than the photo shoot, Inek’s date went better than he anticipated. While he was the focus of attention entering the upscale restaurant, by both men and women, Inek realized those looks were ones of appraisal. Looks men and women gave other beautiful women. Some with lust and some with envy. The meal was very tasty and the first he had in long time that was not totally vegan, veal parmesan. The pretty waitress calling him “Miss.” and telling him she just loved his dress helped settle his nerves. Two glasses of wine calmed him even more. Still it was a relief to get away from the public scrutiny when they finished their meal and left.

“I thought for sure that waitress was going to scream that I was a guy wearing a dress. She was standing less than a foot away from me. Instead she complimented me on my dress, called me Miss. and told me were the Lady’s was. The guys at the bar gave me the creeps the way they looked at me going to the restroom. I can’t believe I pulled it off yet in a way I’m sorry someone didn’t make a scene. I don’t want to be a girl,” he thought.

As much as Inek wanted the date over and done with, Maurice took him to a piano/wine bar. It was a relatively new establishment in his old neighborhood. Its clientele were the hipsters and gays that lived in the newly refurbished apartments.

They had just gotten their drink orders when two men, obviously a couple, walked over arm in arm. “Oh Maurice darling,” said the older of the two. “Timmy and I just wanted to stop and say hello. By the way, I thought you were one of us, so who’s the pretty lady?”

“Why Jason don’t you recognize Inek here? I guess you haven’t been coming to the gym as often as you should be. He prefers Ina now and living with me while he transitions,” Maurice replied with a big smile.

“You mean that precious little man who works at reception? I saw the last newsletter but...wow...he...errr..I mean she looks divine. I hope she isn’t planning on going all the way. That would be a terrible waste don’t you think?” the man said looking closely at Inek.

“Oh no, my Ina wants to keep her bits and pieces. She’s a transvestite not a transsexual. Besides Ina just loves my package and knows she would lose that if she

went all the way,” Maurice said grinning even more broadly.

“What did he just say? My Ina and I love his package! Hell, I don’t want to have anything to do with that. I’m not a cock sucker no matter how much he says I am or times he’s made me. Now it will be broadcast all over the neighborhood that I’m having sex with him. Shit!” he thought.

“Why did you have to tell them we were having sex? You know I only do that cause you force me. Such things should be kept private,” Inek whined as they left the club.

“Ina, get over it and it was you who initiated that first time remember. Once a cock sucker always a cock sucker. Everyone suspects or knows we’re doing it. As long as you brought it up, I want you to move into my bedroom. We might as well be sleeping together. Besides it will make it so much easier for you to satisfy my needs while sharing my bed,” Maurice replied as they walked to the apartment.

“I was drunk and don’t remember it the way he explained. I don’t want to satisfy any of his needs! If I had any alternative I’d be so far away from here but I don’t. Mom wrote me asking me to buy a ticket to Poland but I don’t have the money yet. If I cut back going to the salon to once a month maybe I can save enough. Myranda probably won’t let me though. She insists that I have to look my best to keep my job,” he thought. *“Now she is making me spend my hard earned savings on this new feminine clothing and makeup. If she keeps this up I’ll never save enough.”*

When they got home Maurice followed Inek into his bedroom to help move his stuff. Laying spread out on the comforter was a lavender nylon with cream chiffon overlay baby doll nightie with matching lace frilled thong. There was a note pinned to it.

“Sweetie, you were so good today I just had to get this for you. I bet when Maurice sees it on you, you will be thanking me tomorrow. Your BFF, Myranda.”

There was no way for Inek to not wear the nightie as Maurice was looking over his shoulder reading the note as well. “You know Ina I think Myranda hit the nail on the head. Just thinking of you wearing that into my bed has me hard as a rock. Tell you what. Forget about moving in tonight. Just put that on and meet me in my room,” the lust obvious in his voice.

“How could she do this to me?” Inek’s mind wailed as he began undressing.

Shortly Inek was in Maurice’s king sized bed, his thong hanging off one ankle. A thick forefinger was pushing and rubbing his anal opening as Inek’s lips slid down the stiffening penis. Inek let out a muffled “Eeek” as the finger slid in to the second knuckle. It didn’t hurt but it surprised him. As the finger worked Inek’s backside, plunging in when Inek sucked and pulling out as his lips slid up that shaft, Inek felt his own starting to respond. It was beginning to feel real good when the hand left his butt and caressed his face. Maurice’s large hands took charge of bobbing Inek’s head up and down on his shaft. Each push sent him lower down until Inek’s lips finally touched the thick wiry pubic hairs. Maurice held him there, grunted then stiffened as his thick rosy cream filled Inek’s mouth.

“That’s it baby. You’re becoming a real natural giving me head now swallow all of it. Don’t waste a drop or Daddy will be mad,” he gasped. *“I really want to tap that fine round ass but need to wait a bit longer. He aint ready for that and might run if I do. Patients, patients,”* he thought

As he had been taught Inek kept licking and kissing the large mushroom head getting every last drop. He didn’t receive any enjoyment but Maurice certainly did. While he would never admit to anybody, the finger plunging into his anus had made his puny

dick stiffen.

With Maurice sated, he rolled to his side and slipped his strong arms around Inek and pulled him into the spoon position. Inek was uncomfortable being in the same bed to begin with but shivered in disgust now. Maurice's limp penis was wedged between Inek's plump cheeks. Making matters worse Maurice was squeezing and pinching Inek's breasts and nipples.

The next morning Inek awoke to see Maurice's penis touching his lips. "Good, you're up. Come on get busy, Daddy needs his morning relief," Maurice demanded.

"It's bad enough having to do that at night and now he wants it in the morning too, shit!" Inek thought.

True to her word Myranda took Inek to Meryle Norman where he received a makeover and instruction. He was there almost two hours and had a bag of brushes, sponges and what seemed like tons of makeup. When he saw the price for his free makeover and consultation, Inek gasped but paid for his bag of goodies. Back at the apartment Myranda pulled up the MAC website and downloaded their instruction manual.

"Ina I want you to use this instructional download every night for at least two hours while you practice putting on makeup. You know how angry Maurice can get when someone doesn't try their best. Okay and you better be wearing makeup whenever you come to work," Myranda stated.

##

Inek was at his desk frequently reaching up and adjusting the band on his sports bra. It wasn't so much a conscious act rather one to get some relief. His bras seemed to be digging into his tender flesh more so with each passing day. Myranda noticed and walked over to him.

"Ina sweetie what's the matter? You seem very uncomfortable today," she said.

"Oh nothing really. It's just this darn bra. I think it might have shrunk in the wash," he replied. "Actually most of my clothing is feeling tight on me. Do you think my butt looks big?"

"Girlfriend, it's probably because your waist is smaller. Besides, spandex doesn't shrink. What say I take you shopping Saturday? It will do the both of us good to get away from this place for a while," she ventured.

Myranda took Inek to one of the larger outlet stores Saturday morning. "You'll like this store Ina. It carries all the major brands like Vanity Fair and Maidenform and more importantly inexpensive."

"Inexpensive sounds good Myranda. You know I'm trying to save up to take a trip to see my parents in Poland," he replied.

"Oh no girlfriend that's the last thing Maurice wants you to do. The prices are reasonable but by the time I finish talking you into new clothing, you won't have much left," she thought pulling into a parking space.

As they were looking through bras piled high on a table a sales assistant walked over to them. She was an older, heavy set woman with salt and pepper hair and her name tag said, "Wanda." As she got closer Inek noticed that her hair was in a very dated 1960's flip style held stiffly in place with hairspray. Even her makeup was dated. Lip liner outside her natural lip line, long false eyelashes, heavy eye shadow and bright red lipstick. She'd be hard to miss even in a crowd.

As Wanda introduced herself eyed Inek up and down. *“Damn, another one of those. Almost fooled me too except the hands and Adam’s apple are too large,”* she thought recognizing Inek was a guy. *“I should get a good commission out of this though and have some fun while doing so.”*

Soon Inek was in an open draped off common changing room stripped to his waist. He was nervous but with his recent VS experience not as much as he probably should have been. When he complained about being so exposed, Wanda told him it was for women only and that they were all girls here. She draped her cloth measuring tape around his chest and got the necessary measurements.

“Honey, you’re a natural 38 C or 34 D depending on the manufacturer and style. No since in getting dressed just to have to strip again. I’ll get a good assortment for you to try on,” she said turning and walking out of the room.

“Myranda, did I hear her right? She said 38 C or 34 D? At the VS store last month they were only a B cup. Ho....how could....could this be right?” he stammered.

“It’s nothing to get you panties in a bunch over sweetie. Didn’t Wanda just tell you the size is different from manufacturer and style? You were measured for the VS line last time. So stop worrying,” Myranda reassured him. *“He’s so gullible and increasing his estrogen intake is finally showing results,”* she thought.

It didn’t take Wanda long to return with an armload of bras. She handed him a white satin underwire bra to try on. Inek sports bras just slipped on over the head. His only real bra worn on his date with Maurice had been hooked by Myranda. He hadn’t worn it since then.

Wanda noticed his awkward attempt to put on the bra and had to ask, “Hunny, didn’t your mother teach you how to fasten and adjust a bra?”

Myranda answered for him, “Ina was raised as a tom boy. I’ve kinda taken her under my wing and trying my best to give her some femininity.”

“Well let me show you how to do what I call the stoop, scoop and smooth method my mother taught me,” Wanda said. *“I don’t know what he’s taking or if the doctor was that damn good but those babies would pass any bodies inspection,”* she thought before continuing. “First you slip the straps over your shoulders, bend and scoop your girls into the cups then smooth them in place. Fitting the hook and eye closure will take some practice but every woman does it. Here let me place your hands and fingers into the right place. Then all you have to do is adjust the straps for a snug but not tight fit moving these little slides up and down.”

Myranda had to put her hand over her mouth to keep from giggling watching Inek struggle with his bra. *“Oh gawd, I need to capture this on my i-phone,”* she thought. *“I bet the members would love to see this in the next newsletter.”*

As Inek was trying on bras the two women chatted away like old friends. Meanwhile several women entered the changing area and began trying on different items. Two were trying on bras and one a long line girdle. They didn’t pay any attention to Inek as they striped in the common area. Inek looked away afraid he would get an erection. Especially so seeing a twenty something beautiful blond slipping out of a scarlet satin bra. A bulge in his yoga pants that could be easily seen would be disastrous. Fortunately or unfortunately depending on your point of view it stayed flaccid.

Inek was both relieved that he didn’t get a boner and distressed by not doing so. *“I’d be so embarrassed and probably sent to jail if they discovered I’m a guy. Yet, I should be. Maybe what everyone is telling me true. What if I’m really gay?”* he thought

turning his back to the new comers.

“This bra is a good fit for you Ina,” Wanda said stepping over to him. “It’s a Flower Bali with seamed molded cups, underwire support with side boning. Normally in a full retail environment this bra sells for around \$65 but here only \$34. However we’re running a special this week and its buy one get one free. I recommend you buy at least three.”

“Of course she will,” Myranda cut in before Inek could speak up. “She’ll take five white and one black. I noticed you have your stock of Hanes pantyhose on sale as well. We’ll take two dozen packets of the Silk Reflections in nude.”

Inek wasn’t happy with the bra he had on as the molded cups seemed too pointy. Pantyhose were something else he hadn’t planned on buying either. He was about to speak up when Myranda put a hand on his shoulder and said, “Ina I know you wanted more color choices but we’ll stop and pick up some dyes. When we get home I’ll show you how to get the brighter colors your boyfriend likes on you. You need the bras and hose and you can’t afford to pass up on such a good bargain.”

Leaving that store Inek was very self-conscious of his new bra. It was visible through the thin cotton shell blouse he was wearing. Unlike his sports bra, this one pushed out his blouse into a crisp “V.” All Inek wanted to do was go home but Myranda wasn’t finished as she entered the Michael Kors outlet. There she convinced him to purchase a black and tan satchel to replace his old man purse. The big difference between this purse and his old one was the lack of a shoulder strap. This one had to be carried in the crook of his elbow.

She insisted they make one more stop in Claire’s Boutique. A store that catered to teen girls. Inek and Myranda received initial attention as they were the oldest people in the store. What drew giggles from the teens was seeing a very flustered looking Inek being forced into the piercing chair. Despite his protests, his ears were pierced six times. By this point, Inek would do anything just to get back to the apartment.

“Ina I know you’re just about out of all the cosmetics you bought at Meryle Norman. Come on, I know an inexpensive shop to refill all that you need. I promise this will be our last stop,” she told him.

The Ultra Beauty Shoppe supplied Inek with Maybelline mascara, eyeliner, eyebrow pencil and several shades of Revlon Super Lustrous lipsticks. While there she had Ina sign up for the store’s loyalty program to get free merchandise after so many purchases. His first “free” item was a clear plastic makeup bag.

“Now you have no excuses for not practicing your makeup techniques Ina. Use your Mac guide and practice your applications at least an hour each day. You can’t come to work just wearing lipstick and mascara anymore. I want to see those eyes of yours really perk up,” Myranda informed him as they left that store.

Later that afternoon Inek stood looking at the four bras drying on the shower rod. The previously white bras were now a Sunset Red, Brazilian Amethyst, Sun Flower Yellow and Emerald Green. Filling the shower rod were four half-slips with three inches of floral lace trimmed hems in matching colors. In addition to the lingerie purchased Inek had two flirty mid-calf skirts with frilly lace adorned chiffon blouses to go with them, a pair of khaki culottes and one white with multi-colored floral hemmed sun dress. All in all this little shopping trip had cost him most of his savings. So much for buying a ticket to Poland anytime soon.

##

Inek had been at the gym for over a year now and mostly accepted that he was Ina, a transvestite living with another man, Maurice. Styling his below the shoulder hair and putting on makeup were routine. He had been sleeping in the same bed with Maurice for three months. Inek was very uncomfortable doing that especially having to ease Maurice's morning woodies. However Inek's greatest fear, losing his anal cherry, hadn't happened. Maurice liked to spoon with his dick pressed into Ina's round ass and he figured it would be a matter of time. Just the thought sent shivers of dread running up and down Inek's spine. He kept telling himself that giving a blow job wasn't really sex like many of his girlfriends told him. As long as he wasn't having "real" sex then Inek considered himself straight. Still he was getting hit on by several of the male members of the gym. Worse was when he and Myranda went out which they did often, as strange males would hit on him. Some of those attempts were very blatant and scared Inek.

One Sunday evening as he sat with Maurice on the sofa watching hockey, Inek mentioned how scared he was of other men. Saturday afternoon he and Myranda stopped in at the wine bar after shopping. A man bought him a glass of wine then wanted to dance. Inek had refused which made the man angry and he threatened Ina and called him a stuck up bitch.

"Ina there's a simple solution to that. Wait here while I get it for you," Maurice said smiling broadly.

When he came back he held a blue velvet covered small box, a ring box. He removed the diamond solitaire and placed it on Inek's left ring finger. All Inek could do was stare open mouthed at it before he gulped loudly.

"Thi....this is..a...an engagement rin...ring," he managed still focused on the sparkling ring.

"Sure is Ina and with that ring everyone will know you're spoken for. You will wear it won't you?" Maurice replied.

"Yea...yeah, I...I guess so," Inek said gulping then breaking down in tears.

They were not tears of happiness but shame. It was bad enough having to provide oral services to another man but being engaged to one devastating to his remaining masculinity. Having everyone at the gym see it would be humiliating but he had no choice. If he didn't accept it then Maurice would spank him like he did every time Ina disappointed him.

"My life is spinning so totally out of control. How could I let it get this far? I should have left here ages ago but I didn't. Now I'm paying a very heavy price for not agreeing to go back to Poland with my parents. I thought I had it made back then but look at me now. I'm a total loser," he thought as fresh tears sprang forth.

The next day while in his exercise classes all his girlfriends gushed and cooed over his ring. Most telling him just how lucky he was to bag Maurice. Even his manicurist at the salon made a big deal over it. She had varnished his nails a glistening dark plum but used a silver glitter polish on his ring finger.

"Sweetie, using this silver polish is all the rage with newly engaged women today. See how it draws attention to it now?" she told him smiling brightly.

"Like I need any more attention to the fact that I'm engaged to another man," he thought looking at the freshly painted nail. *"I can't tell her to change it now though I wish I could. She's a friend and I can't do that. If nothing else I do have friends now,*

something I never really had before. I wish I could date them instead of being just their girlfriend."

##

Inek was in the bathroom putting on his makeup after satisfying Maurice's morning needs. Even after brushing his teeth and rinsing with mouth wash, Inek could still smell Maurice's thick deposit. He was wearing a bra, panties and a short quilted yellow satin robe. His long hair set in jumbo pink rollers as he applied his mascara when Maurice walked in and sat on the toilet. Maurice watched the formally straight male performing that very feminine ritual a broad smile on his face.

"Sheet! We are engaged and I can't wait any longer," he thought watching Ina smooth on a rich purple lipstick.

Finishing his business Maurice walked behind Inek and quickly bent him over the counter top. Maurice's thick fingers pulled aside the gusset of Inek's panties while pressing his face into the counter top. With his free hand reached over and scooped up a large dollop of petroleum jelly. After applying it to Inek's anus and without further preamble, forced his dick half way into the squealing Inek. After a few minutes of fiercely pounding that round backside, Maurice began to tremble and spasm as he filled Inek's boi pussy. To Inek it felt like an eternity of pain and total mortification.

Nothing was said as he cleaned off his dick with a washcloth as Inek sank to his knees on the tiled floor. Throwing the washcloth into the sink Maurice said, "The gym opens in twenty minutes don't be late."

It took Inek ten minutes just to get himself under control and didn't have time to adequately clean up. Shoving a wad of toilet paper into his gaping hole, went to finish dressing. He didn't dare be late for work. As a result Inek carried around the musky smell of sex for most of the morning. It wasn't until lunch that he had a chance to use the lady's room to clean up. By then the damage had been done as that aroma did not go unnoticed especially in his aerobics class. He had to explain what had happened that morning. One woman suggested that Ina make Maurice wear a condom so Ina wouldn't have to deal with a mess afterwards. Another said that when her man used one he lasted much longer. Lasting longer in Inek's opinion was the very last thing he wanted. Making his ravishing all the more devastating was that everyone would know he had real sex with Maurice. Inek's masculinity went down the drain along with that wad of tissue.

That afternoon Myranda came over to his desk. "Feeling better sweetie? Maurice could have been more romantic but now that you're having sex, I thought you could use these," she said placing a package of Stayfree pads and a can of FDS on the desk.

"Myranda!" Inek screeched as he quickly put the items in his purse. *"It's embarrassing enough with everyone knowing I'm having sex but giving me this where everyone can see is humiliating,"* he thought.

"Relax, I'm only trying to help. I understand Maurice wants to take you out tonight. He asked me to give you a hand getting dressed if needed. It's close enough to quitting time. Follow me to my office. I have a package to give to you for tonight," Myranda said smiling.

"You could have given me this stuff in your office, you know," Inek petulantly replied getting a laugh in response.

After he finished up in the bathroom Inek opened the box. It contained a white twist

front body suit and pair of Bebe distressed “heartbreaker” skinny jeans featuring a figure hugging tight fit. The body suit was almost sheer with a low V-neck which left the center of his dyed Emerald Green Maidenform scalloped lace underwire bra exposed. He had trouble closing the body suit’s snap panty closure as it pinched his penis and balls. Myranda’s suggestion that he put a sanitary pad on first helped. The last item in the box was a pair of peep-toed lace booties with a three inch wedge heel. Dressed Inek thought he looked kind of slutty wearing heavy night time makeup in the skin tight clothing.

Inek was surprised when Maurice took him to a lawyer’s office. There he was given paperwork to sign. One was to change his name to Ina and adding Maurice’s surname. The other was a marriage license application and the final one gave Maurice full power of attorney. Inek didn’t want to sign any of them but with Maurice sitting right beside him telling him to sign, had no choice.

“Now that everything is all legal and above board so to speak we’ll get married in two weeks. You’ll be happy to know that I have sent tickets and invitations to your mother and father in Poland. Myranda has agreed to be your Maid of Honor. Still haven’t heard back from your parents though I’m sure at least your mother will show. Said your dad has disowned you after seeing the pictures I sent but she still loves you,” Maurice informed him as they left.

##

Two weeks flew by as Ina and Myranda were constantly working on the wedding arrangements. Inek did his best to drag his feet but Myranda was a force to reckon with. Invitations were sent to all the active members of the gym. Four of his girlfriends from his workout classes agreed to be bride’s maids. The dress, a Victorian styled pale cream confection with leg of mutton sleeves and large bustled train. Maurice was sparing no expense and that was a good thing. The bill for bridal lingerie including a white with baby blue lace detailing and darling bows satin corset would have cost Inek four months salary.

The day of the wedding arrived and Inek was dressed waiting in the vestibule for Myranda to come get him. He was surprised when the door opened and saw his mother standing there with a shocked expression.

“Momma!” Inek gasped feeling so light headed he had to grab the back of a chair.

“In....Inek? Is that really you? By all the Saints above if I didn’t see with my own two eyes,” she said walking over to another chair and slumping into it.

“Momma....Momma please you...you have to listen to me. This isn’t what it looks like,” he said rushing over to her.

“It looks like you are wearing a beautiful wedding dress and getting married that’s what it looks like. Inek, I thought we raised you better than this....this....Thank heaven your father isn’t here to see this...this spectacle. We got the pictures but I had to see for myself. Now that I have, I’ll be going. I no longer have a son,” she said rising and walking out the door just as Myranda arrived.

“Momma please, you have to hear me out....Momma come back,” Inek said though a waterfall of tears.

“She’s gone Ina. Your makeup is a mess and we need to fix it. You’re expected to be standing in the aisle now. We don’t have much time so dry those tears” Myranda said handing him some tissues.

No matter how much Myranda prodded him Inek couldn't fake a smile. His mother's rejection had hurt too much. Now she was leading him down the aisle to the wedding march. Each slow measured step bringing him closer to a life he never wanted or desired. Glancing out of the sides of his eyes noticed the chapel was filled to overflowing. People he mostly knew from the gym.

"At least I do have friends now," he thought as Myranda kissed him on the cheek and placed Ina's in Maurice's.

The End