

JILTED

Part One

By Cheryl Lynn

Alex sat on the bench in front of City Hall dazed and confused. His confusion turned into anger as the reality of his situation set in. Six months ago Cindy had entered his life and everything changed. She was beautiful, intelligent and the only woman that he had ever dated. At the time he couldn't believe how lucky he was to be with her. Tears began flowing down his cheeks as his hopes of being wed to that woman evaporated.

He had met her on one of those free dating sites. He almost abandoned the site as he was horrified by all the men wanting to date him. Apparently the perverts liked the fact that Alex was 19, weighed 128 pounds and only five foot six. He was about to give up on the web site when Cindy favorably responded to his profile.

Alex was a lonely introverted young man who was raised by his Grandmother. His parents had been killed in an auto accident when he was thirteen. Granny stepped in to raise the orphan. She was loving but very strict. She absolutely refused to let him participate in sports or rough house with any friends. He was required to keep his clothing immaculate and come straight home from school. The one time he got into a fight at school, she spanked him until his backside was glowing. It really wasn't a fight, more like a shoving contest but resulted in his clothing getting dirty. Later when he was a freshman, he came home with a bloody nose. He not only got a spanking but Granny took him out of school. She was a retired high school English teacher and felt home schooling the better option. As a result of being home schooled during his most formative years, Alex lacked the necessary social skills most nineteen year old men have. He never had a date, never went to a dance and didn't have any real friends. He was no match for a pretty girl like Cindy.

Alex and Cindy corresponded over the dating site for several weeks. With each email Alex fell more and more for this gorgeous strawberry blonde woman. He was so desperate to impress her that he revealed that he had just inherited over \$500,000. Alex's Grandmother had passed and left him her entire estate. What he didn't know was that Cindy made her living separating gullible men from their money. He probably never would have had the courage to actually ask her out. Only her demand that they meet or she would break off contact made him ask her out. She knew that she had a big fish on her line and wasn't about to let him go.

They met at a quaint bistro and by the time Alex left was totally head over heels in love. She was even more lovely than the picture she had posted on the dating site and seemed to hang on his every word. Never having interacted with a woman besides his Granny, Alex was putty in her hands. It didn't take her long to convince him to sell Granny's house and belongings. When he objected at first, he quickly agreed when she said he would move in with her. He didn't think twice about signing a sales agreement with a broker friend of Cindy's. He didn't take the time to read the document or small print. All he could see was Cindy's beautiful face and body. The woman he loved with all his heart. With the document signed, he packed his clothing leaving everything else in the hands of the broker. As he walked out to Cindy's Mercedes he didn't give a thought to the many antiques and other valuables in the house. Her car was much nicer than his Camry so it would be sold along with the household items. All Alex could see was his beloved and they would be living together.

He was giddy as he put his luggage into the trunk finding it hard to believe his luck. Here he was nineteen moving in with a girl, no not girl a woman. Cindy was three years his senior but so beautiful so sincere. He had always hoped a woman would want to be with him but no one as pretty as Cindy was beyond his dreams.

Cindy's house was in an upscale gated community. It was a very nice four bedroom three bath brick structure located at the end of a cul-de-sac. His hopes for moving into her master

bedroom were dashed when she showed him a guest room. When she saw the disappointed look on his face, she laughed and said it was only temporary until they got married.

The now totally smitten young man didn't argue that the room was overly feminine. The beige walls, pink satin drapes, white carpet and canopied bed were most feminine but all he could think about was getting married. Up until this point he was happy just to be with Cindy but the prospect of marriage put him on cloud nine. The fact that moving in with Cindy severed all ties he had had didn't register and she took full advantage.

The first thing she did was convince him to live the Metrosexual lifestyle. She took him with her every week to the spa where they both had full body waxing, facials, mani-pedicures, and eyebrow shaping. At first Alex was reluctant but his love overcame any real objections. When she suggest he go on a vegan diet and encouraged to eat large amounts of soy products. Another change was attending Cindy's yoga classes. For yoga lessons, they wore the same outfits. The only difference in their yoga outfits was that Alex wore red nylon boxers over his black leggings while she wore pink ones.

After three months Alex was a changed man and many of the changes he didn't really notice. His concerns about the ones he did note were dismissed by Cindy. His nails were much longer, extending half an inch beyond the finger tips. His thighs and hips were filling out, his waist shrinking making it impossible to get into his old jeans. He developed a distinctive pear shaped body but he weighed slightly less than before he moved in. Plus he was developing man boobs. His chest had never been manly but now he could actually cup the small soft mounds into the palms of his hands. In addition to those changes, his skin was as smooth as silk. He was using Cindy's skin care products and following her beauty regiment.

When he outgrew his old pants, Cindy bought him new ones. Only these came from Victoria's, had no pockets or labels. Alex wore them to please her but the cut and feel of the pants bothered him. He was particularly bothered by the black velvet slacks with the bell bottom cuffs and the white satin blouse that went with it. Cindy assured him that they were the latest in upscale Metrosexual male clothing. When he complained about having no pockets she offered to carry his stuff in her purse ending that argument. Another clothing change she insisted on was getting rid of all his boxers. In their place she purchased him a large selection of brightly colored nylon boy shorts.

Ooo

She controlled their sex life just as stringently as she did everything else in his life. The first month she would appear in his bedroom wearing a sexy short nylon nightie, hose and high heels. This was a new experience and it drove him to delightful new heights. They would sit side by side on the bed and do some heavy necking but she would allow nothing else that first two weeks. At the beginning of the third week, she agreed to give him a hand job. She would rise off the bed and slowly temptingly slide her panties down her long legs. Taking the panties in her hand she would jerk him off. She would rub the soft sensuous material over his jutting penis until he was about to cum then abruptly stop. Only when he begged her to continue and promise to heed her advice would she finish him off. Of course he wanted more but she insisted on remaining a virgin until their wedding night. This routine continued every night until the end of the first month.

At the beginning of the second month she expressed some serious concerns. She was very concerned that Alex would loose all self control and force himself on her. He tried to convince her that could never happen but she seemed to be very scared. Finally she said she wouldn't be coming back to his room unless he agreed to wear a chastity device. The gullible naïve Alex agreed and that very night he was locked up.

Before she put the device on, she gave him his first and only blow job. He was so lost in the afterglow he didn't feel anything as she pushed his testicles back up inside his body or the metal tube covering his penis except for the head that was welded to a flat metal plate that kept his balls from descending. With the device locked he would have to sit to pee that disturbed him almost as much as the device. He should have seen all the red flags but he

was in love and trusted Cindy. Over the past two months she released his imprisoned dick every other week and jerked him off. He wasn't happy but his wedding day was only three months away. All he could think about now was how fantastic his wedding night would be. Alex wanted to impregnate his bride, start a family and live happily ever after.

Ooo

Cindy was pleased at her accomplishments so far but needed to close her trap. She convinced him to combine all their assets into a single account as the wedding day approached. They both would be authorized to draw on the account and write checks. What doubt he might have had was driven away when she matched the amount of his deposit.

With that out of the way, she had Alex fitted for a unisex black pantsuit for the big day. To go with the suit she selected a white polyester blouse with pink ruffled lace trim covering the button holes. She also decided that a pair of gloss black, pointed toed flats and a pink satin bow tie would be perfect. While he was changing back into his clothing, she purchased the matching leather purse that went with the shoes. She was going to surprise him on the big day and give it to him then.

Cindy anticipated that he would object to carrying the purse. A decision he would greatly regret. She would have his cell, keys, money and ID's in her purse. She had run this scam before and it was like leading a lamb to slaughter. Alex never suspected that he was in love with a sociopath. As a final betrayal, Cindy contacted a fifty nine year old man of Greek descent she found on Craig's list. This step was essential if her plan was to work.

The man had run an ad looking for a young, short, fem boy to marry. His name was Stavros, owned a motel in town and his older sister, Sophia, ran the diner. When Cindy told him she had the perfect candidate but that he was straight, Stavros was thrilled. The fact that she assured him that Lexi as she liked to call Alex was a virgin made him agree to anything Cindy asked. Stavros drooled at the opportunity to convert Lexi into being the receiving partner in an all male relationship. With the final piece of her plan firmly in place, Alex's wedding night wouldn't be the one he envisioned.

Ooo

The big day had arrived and the happy couple spent the morning at the spa. There they got the works. Alex was surprised when his nails were given French tips and his toe nails painted pink to match his wedding shirt's trim. Cindy told him to relax and that she thought he looked precious. He balked when she suggested he allow himself to be lightly made up for the wedding photos. Her whispered words of what she planned on doing to him after the wedding convinced him to agree.

Foundation evened out his complexion, black mascara did wonders for his lashes and a tinted lip gloss added to his boyish good looks. His eyebrows had been waxed into higher more feminine arches and darkened with eyebrow pencil. By the time the cosmetologist was finished he looked more like a modern version of Boy George. Like she figured he refused to carry the purse and she quickly put all his essentials into her purse as they headed to the Court House.

Alex was anxious to get the ceremony over with. He was exceedingly uncomfortable with the way he was dressed and made up. Women looked him over and laughed. The men he came into contact with assumed he was a flat chested girl. Cindy had excused herself to go to the bathroom and he was getting more nervous by the minute. He sat on a bench outside the judge's chambers fidgeting awaiting her return. She never did and it was now almost five o'clock. The building was shutting down and Alex panicked. Cindy had his house keys, ID, phone and money in her purse. His makeup was smeared and streaked from his tears and had no idea what to do next.

Stavros walked by the young man as a security guard was telling him that he had to leave. He smiled broadly as Cindy's plan was working perfectly. He stopped and asked Alex if he could

be of any assistance. He informed Alex that he was in the Court House to pay a fine for building code violations. It was cold and rainy outside and Alex had little choice but to accept this stranger's invitation to drop him off at his house.

The old beat up truck of Stavros wasn't all that comfortable but it was warm and dry. As agreed he dropped Alex off at the entrance gate. When he attempted to enter, he wasn't able to provide any ID and denied access. The guard attempted to call Cindy but there was no answer and he told Alex to leave or be arrested.

The bank where they had the joint account was closed and wouldn't open until nine the next morning. With no other options Alex told Stavros that he would pay him \$ 1,000 if he would give him a place to stay and take him to the bank in the morning. Stavros smiling broadly flashing brilliant white teeth agreed and felt his penis jump in his kaki pants. He knew what was going to happen at the bank and then this pretty boy would be his.

It began to rain again as the old truck headed on its journey to the south side of town. Alex became alarmed when he noticed the boarded up buildings, currency exchanges, payday loan store fronts and the liquor and tat shops.

The motel that Stavros owned had an advertisement on its billboard stating, "Four hour nap special, Only \$ 29.00." The motel needed a paint job and a new roof. The parking lot was loaded with pot holes and the garbage dumpster over flowing. It was no wonder, Alex thought, Stavros was paying off fines for property violations. Stavros parked in front of the diner that was attached to the motel. It was a real greasy spoon that made Alex wrinkle his nose in disgust. He was starving but it was almost impossible for him to finish off the meatloaf special. His vegan diet did not prepare him for this assault on his digestive system. As a result, he barely slept that night. His stomach was rumbling and bloated. Making sleep even harder to come by was the lumpy mattress smelling of sex and the noise coming thru the paper thin walls.

Ooo

The next morning Alex asked Stavros if he could borrow some clothing. There was no way he was going to put on that humiliating outfit after being left at the alter. Plus he didn't want to be a laughing stock when he entered the bank.

Stavros was over six foot with a fifty six inch waist. They both had a good laugh when Alex tried on a pair of his pants. Alex had a twenty six inch waist and he would look ridiculous even if he could find some way to keep them up. Stavros' XXX tee shirt looked equally ridiculous. With no other choice Stavros went to the lost and found box and pulled out some things he thought Alex could wear.

What he found didn't please Alex but he was determined not to put on that unisex pantsuit. He had to settle for a pair of floral, slightly ripped skinny jeans, a tight pink tee shirt with the words, "Makeup does not cover up crazy." Besides the lettering Alex hated that his man boobs stuck out and were highlighted by the tight shirt. Stavros solved that problem somewhat by giving him a wind breaker with Mary Kay Cosmetics inscribed in pink lettering. It wasn't a masculine get up but he had to get to the bank.

The visit to the bank didn't go well not well at all. A sleep deprived Alex became hysterical when he was asked for an ID. The branch manager had to take him into her office. Finally to calm him down she showed him the current bank statement for their joint account. He was shocked into dumbfounded disbelief. The statement indicted less than one hundred dollars as the remaining balance.

Finding his voice, Alex began screaming at the manager that he had deposited \$ 500,000 and Cindy and equal amount not less than a month ago. It wasn't until the manager showed him copies of checks cashed over the last two weeks that drained the account. Alex slumped in his chair as he realized all his money was gone.

Alex begged Stavros to take him back to the gated community where Cindy lived. Somehow he was going to confront her and get his life back. When they arrived he demanded to be

given access to her house. He was denied again sending him into a rage of cursing and shouted threats. It wasn't that long before the police showed up. He was informed that Cindy had gotten a restraining order against him. If he didn't calm down and leave the area he would be arrested. Alex was out of money, out of options and didn't want to go to jail.

Stavros was another problem as he was demanding to be paid the \$ 1,000 he had been promised. Now it was time for the next phase of Cindy's plan. Stavros stepped up to save the day putting a look of concern on his face. He offered to sobbing pretty boy a job and place to stay until he could get his life sorted out. Alex in his panicked state accepted the offer as he wondered how the women he worshipped could do this to him.

Back at the diner, Stavros gave Alex a Jack Daniels and coke to settle his nerves. Alex had never drunk alcohol before and he hadn't eaten since last night. It only took two refills before he passed out. Now it was time to put Cindy's next part of her plan in place.

Stavros loaded the sleeping boy into his truck and headed for Cindy's place. A block from the gated community Stavros took out three mail boxes jumped the curb and damaged the lawn. He quickly got out of the truck pulling Alex into the driver's seat. Checking to make sure no body was watching, he spilled the remaining contents of the Jack Daniels on the seat and some on Alex's shirt. He smiled as his sister Sophia drove up and took him from the scene. They sat in her car from a safe distance waiting for the police to answer his 911 call.

A very confused and intoxicated Alex was handcuffed and shoved into a police car. After going through a humiliating booking in which he had to lower his violet boy shorts for an anal exam, he learned of his charges. They were serious. He was charged with D.U.I., criminal damage to property, violating an order of protection, driving without a valid license or insurance and driving a stolen vehicle.

Alex spent the weekend in isolation scared and worried over what would happen. Fortunately for him the desk sergeant didn't put him in the large holding cell or his problems would have been much worse. On Monday he met with his Public Defender (PD) to be interviewed before going before the judge. It didn't take the PD more than fifteen minutes to urge Alex to plead guilty then ask for mercy.

"Look Alex, the facts and evidence are irrefutable and you're looking at 3 to 5. Fortunately I see here that Mr. Stavros isn't pressing the stolen car issue otherwise you'd get another 3. You don't have any priors, so my advice is to plead guilty to all charges then ask for mercy. If the judge puts you on probation, you would still have to pay restitution to all parties, the homeowner, Mr. Stavros and court costs."

"Oh and another thing, part of my defense involves explaining to the judge that you're suffering from Gender Identity Dysfunction. The judge is a very liberal thinker and based on how you are dressed should get her sympathy. What? You're not huh? Look, anyone wearing women's skinny jeans, a pink tee shirt with the words, "Makeup does not cover up crazy" not too mention that pixie haircut, pierced ears and French manicure weren't enough. Let's face it, you wouldn't last a week if sent to the state prison so I suggest you heed my advice. My only purpose is to give you the best defense I can. I don't care if you're a transsexual or not, If the judge buys into your gender issue you're likely to get a suspended sentence. So make it convincing or go to jail. It's your choice."

As the PD assumed, the judge was sympathetic agreeing he wouldn't last in prison. She suspended the five year sentence, ordered him to pay the homeowner \$3,000 and Mr. Stavros \$4,000, fined \$2,500 and court costs of \$500. He also had to agree not to violate Cindy's Order of Protection, attend all regular meetings of the local LGBT Alcohol Abuse group, check in with his parole officer every thirty days, and not allowed to leave the state. The judge wasn't finished. She gave him a firm lecture and made sure he understood that any failure would result in going straight into the prison's general population.

Alex was crying as the judge finished reading him the riot act. He didn't have any money to pay the fine much less anyone else. When he made his problem known, the judge frowned. Surprising him and the judge Sophia stood up and offered Alex a job at her diner.

“Your Honor, if I may, my brother and I will pay the fines and damages for him. He can work in my diner to repay us, if that is acceptable.”

The judge’s frown quickly turned into a smile then hardened as she addressed Alex. “You are very fortunate but let me make one thing very clear. If you quite working for this woman or get fired for incompetence you will go straight to jail. No exceptions, no excuses will be tolerated by this court. This hearing is adjourned.”

Sophia led him out of the building after he was processed. From there he went to meet his parole officer, Ms. Garcia. She was a twenty-two year veteran in the parole office and hard as rocks. She was especially tough on parolees she suspected of using and abusing the system. She also didn’t buy into Alex’s gender issue. She was a lesbian and chapter leader of the local LGBT. There was something about him that didn’t ring true. She made it very clear she would make sure he became a productive member of the transgender community.

“So you’re gender challenged huh? Crap, I don’t believe you but I’ll give you the benefit of a doubt. You are going to have to convince me that I’m wrong. Starting as soon as you leave here, you will go to the Gender Clinic and do whatever they say. Additionally, I will make unscheduled visits to the diner to check up on your progress. I had better see you working there and living full time as a woman. For the next five years you’re going to be living under a microscope. You fuck up and it will be my real pleasure sending you to state. Understand? Good, now get out of my office.”

The visit to the Gender Clinic was humiliating. After cutting off his chastity device he was given a complete physical. According to his blood tests he was already taking a form of hormone replacement. Cindy had been giving him “vitamins” for the past three months. The doctor was a bit upset that Alex would take such drugs without medical supervision but not unusual. It only confirmed his gender issues. Alex left the clinic after setting up monthly appointments and signing a medical release so his P.O. Ms. Garcia could access his file.

Alex was severely distressed and shocked by the morning’s events. The meeting with his P.O. had been like an episode of “Scared Straight” and the clinic visit just mortifying. Never in a million years did he want to be a woman much less date men but five years at hard labor in the state prison far worse. The only positive for him that day was Sophia stepping up to help. She and Stavros kept him from going to prison by paying his fines and providing a job. He didn’t try to hide his tears as Sophia drove them back to the motel.

“Hay Lexie, cheer up. Look five years aint that bad and it could have been a lot worse. You’ll only be twenty four when this is over and you will have your whole life in front of you. Living as a woman aint all that bad either and I should know. You’ll learn to adjust. You need some cheering up and you know what cheers me up, shopping. Come on you need a lot of stuff and my brother won’t mind helping out,” she said trying to help.

Her first stop was Toula’s House of Beauty located in an old framed building about two blocks from the motel. The pink paint was peeling off the siding and a yellowed sign in the widow offered a wash and set for \$10. It was a no frills operation that catered primarily to older ladies. Sophia instructed Toula to give Lexie extensions, dye it black and give him a high volume perm.

She knew that her brother loved the film, “My Big Fat Greek Wedding” and when Toula finished with him he would look like the bride in that movie. What she hadn’t yet told Alex was that Stavros had a mean streak and liked feminine boys. He had served time for two felony assault charges. She hoped that Lexie would settle her brother down and it didn’t matter if he was straight or not. One way or another she was determined to have Lexie keep her brother happy and out of trouble.

When Toula began working on his hair Alex loudly protested but Sophia put a quit stop to his tantrum. “You remember what Ms. Garza said Lexie? She said you would begin your full transition today. If you fight me on this then I will have no choice but to take you back. Understand? You’ll do what I say without complaint or that’s it. Stavros and I have gone out of our way to help and this is the gratitude we get? Good, your apology is accepted. Now put

a smile on that face and let Toula do her job.”

Alex wasn't happy with this turn in events but faced with the inevitable gave in. He had already gotten two shots into his butt at the clinic, injections that stopped testosterone production and increased his estrogen levels. He figured what Sophia demanded couldn't be any worse. Still he couldn't stop the tears from flowing as bit by bit his remaining masculinity was taken away.

As Toula worked Alex found it hard to believe that women would put up with such treatments. The strong stench from the perm solution made his stomach nauseous, the waxing that removed his eyebrows painful and the one inch acrylic nail extensions made his hands useless. Even the smell of the plum colored nail varnish bothered him. Yes, he had gone to the spa with Cindy for facials and hair styling but they were nothing like this experience.

Sophia was very pleased as Toula was finishing up. With his dated perm, drawn on eyebrows, dark plum lipstick and nails Lexie looked twice his age. The high maintenance look would also require weekly visits to the salon. Lexi didn't know it but the cost of those visits would be coming out of his salary.

The next stop was Bab's Bra Shoppe. The tiny sign in the window said that TV's were welcome. Until today Alex would have wondered why a bra shop would welcome televisions. Now seeing that sign, sent a shiver of fear up his spine. He didn't have to ask why they were stopping here.

Babs had to stifle a laugh when she saw Lexi came thru the door. Sophia was definitely in charge as the cringing young man came up to her. Sophia quickly told Babs that Lexi would be starting her new career as a waitress at her diner tomorrow. To help her get the best tips she needed some great curves and hoped she could help. By the time they left the shop, Alex was wearing a D-cup Goddess underwire bra, heavy silicone bra inserts, and a padded girdle that made his ass look like it belonged on Kim Kardashian.

The girdle was designed with sleek diamond panels to flatten the tummy, and a wide, comfy waistband prevented rolling at the waist. It featured removal derriere and hip pads that cupped the cheeks and fit securely in each pocket to prevent shifting. The pad pockets were hidden to prevent visible pad lines and ensure the padding was undetectable. The derriere silicone pads were a 4 XL the largest Sophia could find. Each pad was two inches thick and seven and a half wide.

Obviously Lexi could no longer fit into her tight skinny jeans as her padded hips were too large. Fortunately Babs had some old clothing stored in the back and found a pair of lime green stirrup pants that would fit. The pants were a bit on the small side and made his ass look huge. She also found a pale yellow thin cotton shell blouse that would fit over his new assets. The top didn't ease his embarrassment as his heavy inserts bobbed and jiggled even in his full coverage four hook and eye bra.

When he thought things couldn't possible get worse they arrived at Working Girl Uniforms. With the size of his breasts and bottom only a size twelve would fit. The waist would have to be taken in and Sophia wanted the mid-thigh skirt hem raised so one inch of his Vanity Fair half slip would always be exposed. The uniform was horrible enough as it was a sheer pink nylon with gull wing white cuffs but the alterations made Alex sick. Danskin nude tights and closed toe, pink wedge heeled sandals completed his look.

“I know you don't like your new uniforms Lexi. If you want to make good tips so you can pay off your debt sooner that uniform will help. Our customers are mostly truckers, dock workers and drunks. You're gonna have to learn to laugh at their crude jokes, insensitive remarks and shake those tatas and ass if you are to survive. You'll be working double shifts as it is, so learn to please your customers real fast.”

The shopping trip finally over Sophia took them to the motel. There he was given one of the trashier rooms with the understanding he would provide his own maid service. She told him that he would be charged \$6 a day for the room and he would get two free meals while

working at the diner. He was to report to the diner at five thirty the next morning and work until seven that night. The last thing she showed him was where the maid's cart and linens could be obtained.

They had a late lunch and eaten since early that morning. Alex's stomach churned as he ingested the greasy slab of lasagna but he managed to get most of it down. With lunch over he spent the next four hours scrubbing the filth out of his room. With the room clean he began putting away all the clothing Sophia had bought for him.

The pine four drawer dresser had an old model Television set on top. He quickly filled it with his new lingerie. Seven Goddess bras in white, black, burgundy and beige, three heavily padded panty girdles, five half slips in bright nylon colors with two inches of frilly lace hemming, a dozen pair of brightly colored nylon full cut panties and two dozen pairs of support hose in nude. His makeup and hair care products all went into the small bathroom. The sliding glass mirrored door closet held his uniforms. Sophia promised him they would go to the thrift store on Saturday to get him some every day wear. He could get by with what he already had until then she assured him.

Ooo

It was Friday and Alex was thoroughly exhausted. It had been one hell of a week and the next promised even more humiliation and degradation. Sophia was a tough task master and didn't let up on him for one minute. Getting slapped and pinched on the ass were degrading but the padding prevented physical pain. Equally embarrassing was being talked to his breasts by the customers. They seldom looked him in the face except for the more daring ones when they planted a sloppy kiss on his cheeks. Sophia had removed the top two buttons on his uniforms to reveal more of his D-cup cleavage.

The twelve hour shifts left him drained of any energy by the time he got back to his shoddy little room. By now he was use to seeing the cockroaches fleeing across his room when he turned on the lights. He still wasn't use to the noises that came through the thin walls. For most of the night the squeaking of bedsprings, banging of headboards and loud moans kept him awake. He was still exhausted when his alarm went off at four thirty each morning.

Sophia had spent an hour with him every night after his final shift to teach him how to apply makeup and do his hair. He was getting better but still took too long in the mornings to get ready for work. Sophia spent every morning before the six a.m. opening to correct his many mistakes. She chided him for not doing better, kept reminding him to fix his face during the workday, to swing that booty and keep smiling.

What had bothered him the most that first week working as a diner waitress was his clothing. He wasn't use to wearing hot, confining girdles that were hard to put on and harder to take off due to sweat built up during the day. The stiff underwires of his bra cut and bit into his tender skin leaving hideous red gouges in his skin. The heavy silicone inserts left his back aching and the shoes pinched his toes unmercifully. There wasn't a single thing about his situation that he liked but completely helpless to do anything about it. He just prayed that he would live until his twenty fourth birthday.

He had to work only the morning shift on Saturday then Sophia was taking him shopping. He wasn't looking forward to that but he was sick and tired of only having a pair of lime green stirrup pants and that shell blouse. One of the things he was desperate to get was a pair of comfortable shoes. The pink wedges were killing his feet and calves.

To Be Continued...

Part Two

By Cheryl Lynn

They arrived at the thrift store shortly after one and it was fairly crowded. Most of the customers were like him, poor as church mice. He wasn't all that happy by the time they left two hours later. Yes, she did purchase a couple of nice dresses, skirts and blouses but had insisted on him wearing heels. She also bought him a nice but used pink leatherette hobo purse, a brown rabbit fur jacket and a hooded pink plastic semi-transparent raincoat.

"Yes, most women have at least one pair of flats and running shoes but you need the practice. Until you can manage in four inch or higher heels even in your sleep we'll stick with them," Sophia instructed.

From the store he was taken back to Toula's to get a shampoo and set. It was the first time his hair had been washed in a week and he enjoyed having that done. When Toula had given him that old fashioned style it came with a warning not to get it wet. If it got wet the shellac holding everything in place would wash out. He wasn't so pleased when Sophia decided to give him a gift for his hard work. His ears had already been pierced and held large gold hoops but Sophia had Toula put pearl studs above the hoops.

The rest of Saturday he spent cleaning his room and bath. It was hard work some performed on his knees but hopefully it would keep most of the roaches away. With the cleaning done, Alex stripped and took a leisurely bubble bath. He didn't start taking baths until he came to the motel but now looked forward to them. The scent of lilacs and jasmine relaxed him as the heat pulled the aches and pains from his sore body.

Saturday was the busiest night for the motel and as a result Alex didn't get any sleep until almost morning. The only good thing about that was he didn't have to work Sundays and slept in. He arose Sunday around ten and took another bath and applied his makeup before getting dressed. With a groan he stepped into his lavender long-line padded girdle with its bright satin diamond panels and a black Goddess bra. These didn't bother him as much as they had a week ago but still didn't look forward to the red indentations and heat build up. A black half slip trimmed with four inches of floral lace completed his lingerie. He had put on his black support hose before donning his girdle. For outer wear he selected a black chiffon cap sleeved blouse with ruffled jabot and a red woolen straight skirt. He let out another soft groan as he slipped into a pair of black patent leather pointed toed four inch stiletto heels.

Now all he had to do was wait. Stavros had invited him over to his house for dinner and would pick him up shortly. Alex wasn't looking forward to this "date" but Stavros and his sister had been good to him when no others came to his aid. Having to eat all his meals at the diner for two weeks had been most difficult on his vegan conditioned stomach. So he had two good reasons for accepting plus another bigger reason.

Ms. Garcia had paid him an unannounced visit and before leaving asked if he was dating. Her question had shocked him. Like he would ever consider going out with another man and what girl would go out with him. She noted his expression. With a smug smile she said that if he wasn't dating some man or men by her next visit would know his gender issues defense had all been a lie. So he really had no choice but to agree to go out with Stavros.

Ooo

Stavros was always working the front desk during the week and visiting Alex at the diner. At first his visits seemed out of concern but soon became too personal. It started with a kiss to the hand, then one to the cheek, a playful slap to his padded butt and finally a peck on the lips. That kiss was Friday and while Alex felt he owed him something kissing him on the lips was a bit much. He was feeling queasy about going to his house but with Ms. Garcia's recent demand he had little choice. It was better to date a man he knew versus one he didn't.

Hearing the old truck pull up Alex grabbed his rabbit fur jacket and purse.

“Oh well here goes nothing. I just hope I don’t have to kiss him again.”

His hopes were dashed the moment he hopped into the truck. Stavros reached out a beefy arm and pulled Alex up close beside him. Turning his face in startlement looked at Stavros. Alex was kissed full on the lips. It was certainly no peck. He tried to back away but Stavros’ hand was on the back of his head.

Breaking the kiss, Stavros with a huge smile stated, “I’ve wanted to do that since the day we first met.”

Alex was left sputtering as the truck was put into drive and off they went. He shivered a bit when the beefy arm went around his shoulders and he was pulled tightly against the big man. Alex wanted to protest and move away but felt helpless to act. Stavros was a big strong man and Sophia had told him that he could be dangerous when mad. He had witnessed him once when mad at some pimp. The pimp had to be taken to the hospital once Stavros was finished with him. The shivers that ran up and down his spine were not from the cold.

Stavros didn’t live too far from the motel but in a slightly better neighborhood. His house wasn’t that big but much larger than that dumpy room Alex inhabited. After taking his coat and purse Stavros indicated for him to sit on the couch while he poured them a drink. The drink was sweet, tasted of liquorish and he wasn’t sure if he liked it or not but it did make his tummy warm. Stavros sat next to him but not too close and threw a casual arm across Alex’s shoulders.

The conversation mostly by Stavros was about how nice it would be to have someone to share his home. When Alex asked why his sister didn’t live with him, he laughed loudly. “I lived with that old shrew most of my life and now that I have my own place she certainly has no place in it. It’s a nice house, yes? You would like it here much better than that dingy room you are renting. No, don’t say anything just think about it. I would like to have someone as pretty as you sharing it with me. Come, let’s eat the lamb should be ready.”

The kitchen wasn’t very big almost filled by the kitchen table and four chairs. The china was already laid out. Stavros took the lamb from the oven and placed it on the table. As he was doing that he had Alex put out the side dishes. The dinner was surprisingly good and Stavros did most of the talking mostly about himself. When it was over, he surprised Alex by handing him a frilly white bibbed taffeta apron.

“Here Lexi put this on and clean all this up. Since I did the cooking the least you can do is the clean up.”

As Alex did what he was told Stavros sat at the table sipping more of that liquorish flavored drink. By the time he finished cleaning the kitchen and placed the dishes into the dishwasher, Stavros was in very friendly mood. Alex was uncomfortable while he cleaned as he could feel Stavros staring at him. As he went to take off the apron and hang it on the kitchen door, Stavros reached out and pulled Alex onto his broad lap with a loud laugh. Holding him tightly, planted a deep wet tongue twisting kiss on Alex’s lips. When the kiss finally broke, Alex was left gasping and swallowing spit as Stavros laughed, hugging him even tighter. Before he could do anything he was entangled in another deep wet kiss. The first time Alex had tried to break away but this time just let it happen. Stavros was too strong and too demanding to stop. Again when the kiss broke he was left gasping and swallowing but now he had a new worry. Stavros’ big hand was moving up Alex’s thigh. He wanted to shout “no” as he tried to push the big hand away but all that came out was a whimpering “nooo.” Fortunately, Stavros laughed loudly and pulled his hand away.

“Maybe it’s too soon for you but remember this Lexi, I will eventually have my way with you.”

Ooo

It had been a terrible year for Alex. Between the Gender Clinic, the greasy food from the diner, his parole officer and working two shifts he had undergone major changes. The

comfort food served at the diner has ravaged his figure. His once slim frame had gained over sixty pounds most of that in his ass and hips. His face is chubby but still pretty. Ms. Garcia's continued doubting of his true gender leanings made him keep dating Stavros.

Stavros proved to be a most demanding date. After he was forced into having oral sex with him, Alex tried to break it off. If he had to date then he would have preferred dating Bill one of her steady customers. Bill was a trucker and actually treated Lexi as a young woman should be. Sophia of course stopped that as soon as Lexi mentioned it. Date anyone other than her brother and Alex would be fired.

Making matters worse Stavros had given him an unwanted first year anniversary present-breast implants. Thanks to the Gender Clinic he had natural B-cup breasts but both Stavros and Sophia said he needed much more. Under threat of being fired which would send him immediately to state prison he agreed to get the DD-cup breasts. Stavros really enjoyed titty fucking Lexi's new assets. Lexi hated the implants as they were heavy and unless constrained by a good support bra bounced and jiggled painfully.

Now that his breasts were healed he needed new foundations. After working a whole year Alex still didn't have more than one hundred dollars to his name. Everything he earned went to pay off his debts. His old bras had never been comfortable leaving deep red lines in his shoulders and chest. Now those bras were making him miserable. While he no longer needed the padding in his girdles they needed to be replaced as well as the rest of his meager wardrobe. The only way to get them was to humiliate himself by giving in to Stavros' sexual demands.

Up until now he had been satisfied having Lexi give him a weekly blow job but lately was demanding anal sex and that Lexi move in with him. Alex justified giving in by deciding it was only a matter of time before he was taken by force. For a brief moment he considered going to the state pen but then he would be forced by a lot of men, many much worse than Stavros.

Sophia was more than happy to hear Lexi's decision to move in with her brother. Not only would her brother be kept out of trouble she would have an additional room to rent. Babs Bra Shoppe was very busy that Saturday afternoon when they arrived. Several older women were walking around in various stages of undress near the back. Babs saw them recognizing one of the women but not the other.

"Hi Sophia haven't seen you in awhile. Who's this....OMG! Is that you Lexi with those big girls? I almost didn't recognize you with that figure of yours. You have really developed since the last time I saw you. Come on back and I'll measure you."

Alex was very uncomfortable being around so many women some only wearing bras and skirts or slacks. Taking off his ruffled blouse and red skirt both of which were stretched to the limit, he blushed. Sophia and Babs were talking about how busty Lexi had become when Ms. Garcia his P.O. came out of a dressing room. She was wearing a black sports bra and needed a mirror to check the fit. Seeing Lexi covering up his huge melons with his hands amused her.

"Well, well if it isn't my parolee acting all modest like. Those must be new since you didn't look so well endowed the last time you showed up. Maybe you were gender challenged before but there is no doubt now. With those puppies and big bubble butt you could never be a man."

"Hello Officer Garcia and yes our Lexi has come a long way over the last month. According to Toulia Lexi is now a forty-two DD, thirty-four, forty-two. He...errr...I mean she is even moving in with my brother, Stavros. We're here to get her some new lacy bras and firm control foundations. See," Sophia said holding up a neon pink satin full coverage underwire bra with white lace detailing and a matching long-line girdle.

"Very girly but you'd never catch me wearing that stuff. Lace is stiff and scratchy, underwires pinch and girdles trap heat and moisture next to the skin. Hey, what are those black and blue marks on your upper arm and waist?" Ms. Garcia said looking more closely.

“Oh those aint nothing, you should see her ass. Our customers at the diner are always pinching the girl’s butts and such,” Sophia said bringing a brighter flush to Alex’s cheeks. They left the shop with two bags full of bras, girdles and nylons and a warning from Babs. “Unless you want to wind up looking like a fat cow you’d better start watching your weight honey.”

They stopped at the thrift store to pick out some new housedresses, pants, tops and shoes. The housedresses were simple cotton A-line styles in a floral print. Sophia insisted that the dresses just had to have stiff net petticoats to make the skirt look right. Alex wasn’t given any choice and wound up with a dozen nylon yoked net petticoats all in bright colors. Six stirrup pants in gold, silver, sunshine yellow, florescent pink, red and black were added to the cart. Three pair of Capri pants, one white with large red hibiscus floral design, one black with a silver fern decoration and the last pink with white floral design quickly followed. Most of the tops selected were shell or halter styled blouses but the others were semi-sheer nylon with lots of ruffles and lace trim. Sophia found two delicious nylon and chiffon peignoir sets, one in chocolate lavished with lace and ribbon detailing and another similar one in emerald green. Two pairs of strappy sandals with four inch spiked heels, two pair of flats and several brightly colored nylon scarves completed their purchases. Lexi hated the low cut tops and skin tight Capri’s Sophia insisted she wear when not at work but remained silent at the check out.

Instead of going back to the motel Sophia took him to Stavros’ house. “Might as well unload all this stuff here since you are moving in. Come on and I’ll help getting you settled then we’ll get the rest of your stuff.”

Inside Alex headed for the unused bedroom but Sophia grabbed his arm and pulled him into the master bedroom. “Oh no you don’t sweetie, when my brother asked you to move in he meant into his bedroom. I don’t give a crap if you’re not gay. You knew what would happen once you agreed to move in. Now be a good little fairy and make him happy. Believe me you don’t want to piss him off.”

Ooo

Another year has passed and Lexi is now twenty-one. He only has three more years to go before being released from probation. By now he thought of himself as a woman named Lexi. Thanks to the monthly injections from the Gender Clinic and living totally as a woman Alex pretty much disappeared. Alex was buried after that first night sharing a bed with Stavros. He had tried to object to being anally penetrated but too weak to stop it. It had been excruciating and totally demeaning. After that night Lexi accepted Stavros’ demands without complaint. It was much less painful that way.

Ms. Garcia is convinced that Lexi has followed the rules for her probation. She has stopped making unannounced visits and sees him only once a month. Instead of working twelve hours a day Lexi works between six and ten at the diner. The rest of her time is spent taking care of the house and Stavros. Getting dressed, putting on makeup and wearing at least four inch stiletto heels are now normal everyday experiences more habit than actual thought. That is unless Lexi thinks about once being Alex. Fortunately between work and home Lexi has limited time to dwell on his situation.

For Lexis’ second anniversary Stavros proposed marriage and before Lexi could respond, placed his mother’s ring upon Alex’s finger. Lexi wasn’t sure how he felt about getting married. He only had three more years under probation but marriage is until death do us part. As the submissive bottom partner in the relationship, Lexi is rarely asked her opinion or desires. She does whatever it takes to keep Stavros happy. It only took one good beating for Lexi to make sure she never upset him again. Working in the diner is just mind numbing not requiring much thought. Finally Lexi decided that being a fiancée was not like being married and hoped to drag out the engagement for three years. If he refused Stavros’ proposal it would definitely drive him into a rage. A rage that could easily put Lexi into the hospital or

worse.

The hoped for long engagement was quickly gone as all of the other hopes Lexi had. As soon as Sophia saw the ring she began making wedding plans. No longer use to thinking fast or making decisions, Lexi was just confused by how quickly events were moving. Sophia just took over and wouldn't listen to any requests or concerns Lexi had. The wedding was scheduled thirty days later.

“Lexi you have been living with my brother for a year. So you should know how to please him by now and waiting would only make him mad. You'll love your wedding I promise. It's gonna be just like the one in that movie “My Big Fat Greek Wedding” only smaller.”

Ooo

As the wedding day approached, Sophia took him back to Toula's. At the salon all the customers wanted to see his engagement ring. Of course they all wanted to know about Lexi's sex life and whether or not her fiancée was big enough. While the crowd of women had a good laugh, Lexi did his best to keep a smile on his face. He was being treated just like any other engaged woman but he was crying on the inside.

Lexi had reluctantly agreed to change his looks to appear older. Sophia recommended that he adopt a sixties retro style so family members wouldn't think Stavros was robbing the cradle. When Lexi left Toula's his hair was dyed auburn, teased into big hair flip with curly cue bangs. One inch acrylic extensions were put on his fingers and painted a vivid deep purple. His makeup had been switched to a darker foundation with eye shadow and lipstick matching the nail polish.

From the salon they went to the bridal shop for a final fitting. The white bridal satin dress had a low neckline that exposed a lot of cleavage. Like all his other outfits it clung to his curves tightly and a boned corset had to be used in order for it to fit properly. Even with the corset he was warned to stick to a diet or he wouldn't fit into his dress.

It was late when they got back home and Stavros wasn't there. “Don't worry about Stavros. I sent him away until the wedding tomorrow. It's bad luck to see the bride before her wedding anyway. You get some rest and I'll be back to help you get ready in the morning.”

Lexi didn't get much rest as he spent most of the night crying and lamented his sorry unwanted life. His LGTB Alcoholic meetings had taught him that he had to take responsibility for his own actions. He had no idea that he had been set up and accepted the fact that his DUI and other charges were his own fault. Everything that had happened over the past two years he only had himself to blame. Yes he hated being in a homosexual relationship and having to live as a woman but he could have been in jail with much worse consequences. Yes Stavros was a big hairy ape that could be brutal when provoked but he had stepped in to help when no one else would. In the early morning hours he accepted his fate and finally fell asleep.

Lexi found it a bit ironic that he stood before the same judge in the same court house where Cindy had jilted him. The ceremony was brief and wedding bands exchanged. A small hall had been rented with the food and drinks supplied by various family members and guests. By the time Lexi and Stavros walked in, it was already crowded. The room was filled with laughter, loud conversation and the sound of a small band playing Greek music. Lexi stumbled and almost fell. Only Stavros' strong grip on her arm stopped the impending face plant. Walking up to the couple was none other than Cindy and some shy, meek looking young man.

The young man had a pixie hair cut similar to Cindy's. From the way he was dressed other men would assume he was a wimp. Women, if they looked closely, would notice the shaped waxed brows, clear polish on longish nails, mascara and that his pants didn't have pockets.

Cindy rushed up to Lexi giving her a big hug and air kiss. “Oh Lexi that was the most beautiful wedding and your dress is fabulous. This is my fiancée Dani. We're getting married soon and I hope you and your new husband can come. I'll make sure you get an invite. We'd

love to stay but we have to be at a real estate closing. My Dani just sold the apartment complex he owns and will be moving in with me. Such a beautiful wedding but we must be going. Tata sweetie.”

As she watched the two people going out the door, Lexi for the first time wondered if she had been set up. Was her husband in on the scam? With the way she looked and acted who would believe her story and who would she tell it to? All that didn't matter now. She was twenty-one, married and her future already determined.

It was early morning and as they cuddled in the warm bed, Lexi briefly wondered what would happen to Dani. That line of thought evaporated as Stavros' meaty hand clamped the back of her head and pushed it down between his thighs.

“Oh well like that old Dunkin Donuts commercial said, ‘it's time to make the donuts.’ Just another day in paradise,” was Lexi's last thought.

The End