

A MOST HUMILIATING LIFE

By Cheryl Lynn

Jaylin Conners was the last one out of class. He was a new transfer student to Jefferson High and he already hated it. He much preferred his suburban school but with a nasty divorce came a move into the city. His mother Judy had to find employment as her indiscretion had cost her dearly in the settlement. About the only thing she got was custody of Jaylin and child support. Jaylin had pleaded to stay with his father but he was always on the road and couldn't provide the necessary guidance an eighteen year old boy required. So now he was stuck in a declining neighborhood's two bedroom apartment and a marginal school. It was a school where if you didn't belong to a gang you were dead meat.

Jaylin wasn't a big macho man by any means. Plus he grew up in suburbia. Both of these combined to make him an easy mark for the various gangs within the school. He didn't have the strength to fight nor the behavior to protect himself. Five days a week he had a target on his back and he was smacked up against the lockers, punched, tripped and otherwise bullied. The first day he reported the abuse but the school councilor gave him a sad smile and told him to man up. It didn't take long for everyone to know he was not only a wimp but a snitch as well.

"TGIF," he thought stepping out of the classroom into an empty hall.

Slowly he made his way to his locker, checking often to see if anyone was sneaking up on him. As he neared his locker he noticed a group of girls in the hall. It was a mixed group of Black, Caucasian and Hispanic girls. They were all wearing black jeans or short black skirts, white blouses or men's styled dress shirts. Their hair styles varied from short crop or pixie styles to long flowing tresses. The makeup ranged from none to elaborate evening styles. As he looked more closely he noticed that the girls in skirts all had long hair and makeup and those in jeans short styles and no makeup.

"Just my friggin luck! That's the toughest female gang in school. I'll pretend they're not here and grab my books so maybe they'll just walk on past. They're just a bunch of lesbians anyway from what I hear," he thought reaching his locker.

As he was putting some books away and grabbing others needed for homework, he thought he heard something but ignored it. Putting the last book into his backpack, locked his locker and turned around. His eyes were staring directly into a pair of massive breasts covered in a white dress shirt. Before he could react two strong hands gripped him under his arms, hoisted him off his feet and slammed him hard into the steel lockers.

"You little shit, when I does talks ta someone I's expect an answer. Specially when I talks to a little shit like you," the big black girl said as she let him drop to the floor.

"I...I'm sor...sorry," he mumbled for which he got a punch to his stomach making him gasp for air.

"Doan you disspect me runt! I'll kick da shit outta you! Now answer my question."

"I...I don't mean to...to disrespect you. I...I did...didn't hear the question."

"I's asks you if'n you was a little faggot."

“No...no I’m not that way. Please just leave me alone. All I want to do is go home.”

“Well you looks like you bees one. With dat long hair and thin little bootie, you sure you aint one?”

“No, I’m sure as hell not one. I don’t even like them. Now I’ve answered your questions so please let me go.”

“Whoa, did you girls here what da little shit jest said. He doan like gay people. What’s say we take him to da house n teach him some respect.”

“No, no please, I just want to go home. I didn’t really mean anything by it,” he said before doubling over in sever pain. The girl had kneed him hard in the nuts.

“Naugh, you commin’ with us girly boy, get him girls then let’s go have some fun.”

He was quickly surrounded, both his arms held tightly and pulled into the center of the group. His balls still aching and powerless to stop them, he was dragged to whatever fate had in store for him. He was dismayed when they entered one of the project apartments and hustled up five flights of stairs.

The apartment was cluttered, the walls spay painted with various gang symbols. The frayed and old carpet never would have been in any of the homes where he came from. There was a musty, smoky smell in the air. There were a couple of well worn couches and a few chairs scattered about the room and a boom box on the floor of the living room. A well used and dirty kitchen was off to the side and an open door way to another room. Jaylin didn’t have much time to look around as he was dumped onto the floor surrounded by the girls.

“Please,” he started to say but quickly curled up into a tight ball as feet began kicking him all over.

“Gonna teach you some spect you little shit right now. Den maybe you will keep dat gap of yours shut till we tell you to talk.”

He was crying begging them to stop when he heard, “Dats nough.”

He lay on the moldy carpet crying loudly as the girls backed away. “Ha he even cries jest like a little girlie. Proves I was right about him bein’ a little girlie boy. Come on girls, let’s git his clothing off n see if’n I’m right.”

Despite his weak struggles he was soon as naked as the day he was born. He stood sniveling, hands protectively covering his groin as a dozen girls looked on. Some were laughing and pointing others had grim looking faces. Suddenly he was pushed strongly in the back forcing him stumbling forward and arms flailing. He landed on his knees in front of the big black girl.

“What’s your name girlie boy?” she demanded.

Looking up, tears running freely, he lowered his head and whispered, “Jaylin.”

“Speak up faggot, I couldn’t hear you,” she demand prodding his groin with a boot covered foot.

“Jaylin,” he said loudly.

“Jaylin, what kinda name is that? That sounds like a girl or faggot’s kinda name.”

“It...it means Bird of Light....my....my mother...she thought it was modern and cute. I go by Jay. I...I don’t like it.”

“See girls I doan told you he even has a girlie name,” she laughingly said as the others joined in.

Giving him a nudge with her foot, told him to get up. Slowly he rose from the floor, the tears still running down his blushing cheeks and trying to cover his nakedness. Laughter and giggles filled his ears making him blush even harder.

“Hot damn, little Jaylin cries more than any of you girlie girls. Come on move those hands. Let’s see if you’re any kind of man. Come on or I’ll beat you some more.”

Reluctantly he moved his hands to his side resulting in even louder laughter and finger pointing. Suddenly a black hand engulfed his penis and balls and squeezed making him blanch in pain.

“My name is Latisha and I run this gang. Now tell me you nothin’ but a faggot. With that small thing, no bigger than a baby’s, you can’t call yourself a man much less ever please a woman. Come on; tell me you’re a faggot and cocksucker. Let me hear it loud and clear or I’ll rip this tiny thing right off you.”

“I’m a faggot!” he screamed in agony.

“Not good nough, I doan said tell me you’re a faggot and cocksucker.” She said squeezing harder.

“I’m a faggot and cocksucker!” he screamed as more tears flooded down his face.

“Now dat’s more better,” she said releasing her grip as he slipped to the floor gripping his genitals.

“Now that he done admitted he bees a faggot and cocksucker what are we gonna do with him now?” Latisha asked.

“I think we should just throw his ass out on his naked butt. I’m sure he’ll get more cock sucking than he can handle on the way out.”

“Yeah, and probably a very sore ass besides,” another laughed.

“No, no...please...no...I’ll do anything...just please...not that,” Jaylin screamed above the noise.

Latisha smirked down at him and pointed a finger at him. “Suck my finger like your life depended on it faggot. I’s want to see if’n you’re a good cocksucker.”

Jaylin didn’t waste any time, shuffled forward and took the proffered finger into his mouth. As he sucked frantically he was aware of flashes going off.

“OMG! As if this isn’t mortifying enough they’re taking pictures. Maybe now they’ll be satisfied and let me go. I hope they give me back my clothing. I’ll do anything if I can get out of here in one piece.”

The finger came out of his mouth with a loud pop bringing more laughter. “I’s right, you make a good cocksucker, you just doan look quite right though. You look too girlie to be going out dressed likes you been. Git your ass off the floor and let’s see what we kin find for you to put on.”

Turning to one of the Latino girls she said, “Maria you bees about his size. See if’n you and the others can get our girlie boy here sumthin’ spectable to wear.”

“Joanne you n Natasha get him cleaned up real nice like,” she ordered then turned her attention back to a cowering Jaylin. “You does what day tell you or dat little worm is getting’ cut off.”

At that he broke out in even more tears but followed the two girls into the other room and into a filthy bathroom. There he was told to get into the shower and wait for them to come back. Jaylin stood shivering, hands covering his groin for what seemed like hours but only minutes went by.

“Why don’t they just let me go? They’ve had their fun beating me up and humiliating me. What more do they want to do to me? Hell, I’ve never done anything to them. Why would a bunch of lesbians want a man hanging around? Oh gosh, I hear them coming back.”

“Here rub this all over your body except your face,” Joanne said handing him a large jar containing a pink paste.

When he had covered as much of his body as he could reach, Joanne covered the spots he couldn’t reach. He was forced to stand spread eagled, his body burning and a horrible smell filling the air for fifteen minutes. He was more than happy when they turned on the cold water and let him stand under it. His happiness was short lived as he noticed all his body hair going down the drain including his pubic hair.

Stepping out of the shower his manhood shriveled from the cold Joanne quickly dried him off. Natasha grabbed a roll of white surgical tape from the counter and knelt between his legs. When she rose all Jaylin could see was a flat groin covered in the white tape.

Bent over the sink his hair was shampooed with a scented soap followed by scented conditioner. Finished with his hair smelling strongly of strawberries, they poured and worked another liquid into his brown collar length hair. Keeping his head over the sink all Jaylin could see out of the corner of his eye was a box. The label read, “Clairol, Honey Blond.”

Reading it he tried to stand up straight and uttered a loud, “Noooo” but a stinging slap to his naked ass and strong push down on his neck stopped any further protests. His hair was washed and conditioned again then a towel wrapped around the damp hair. He was frog marched over to the commode and told to sit facing the wall. The towel was placed around his shoulders and someone began cutting his hair. Whoever it was didn’t take long only cutting off the split ends and straight across the bottom. His head was pulled none too gently back and the hair parted across the forehead. The scissors sliced just above his brows leaving bangs in their wake.

“What’cha think?” Natasha asked looking at Joanne.

“Oh I think it’s adorable but you over did the dye. That looks more brassy than honey if you ask me.”

“Yeah, I kinda let it sit too long but it suits the little fairy.”

“Wha...what did you do to my hair?” Jaylin squeaked in fright.

“Shut da fuck up! I aint done yet cocksucker,” Natasha said giving the back of his head a hard slap.

“I’m not a cocksucker,” he mumbled only to get another slap.

“Ya say another word and Latasha gonna cut dem balls right off. Now shut up and stay still.”

Coming out of the bathroom Jaylin’s hair was indeed a brassy blond and tightly wound in medium sized bristle rollers. There wasn’t a hair on his torso or legs and his eyebrows had been shaved off. He blushed a beet red as the girls first looked at his face then his bandaged groin. The girls broke out in hysterics seeing what had been done to him. Amid the laughter could be heard many derogatory comments.

“Alright dat’s nough, let’s get da faggot dressed,” Latisha shouted bringing instant quite.

Maria and a couple other girls stepped up each carrying a load of clothing in their

arms. The first item held out to him was a purple nylon with lace overlay thong. Jaylin took a step back shaking his head “No” only to be shoved forcing his face into the held out panties.

“OMG! Look at dat fairy pervert. He likes to smell panties. Wynona take yours off and give him a real good sniff.”

“Latisha you know I’m on my period and using a pad.”

“Dats why I picked you. Now make sure the perv gets a real good sniff. Jest put them panties over his head.”

Jaylin turned white as a sheet as the girl approached holding up a pair of bright red brief cut panties, the thick pad attached to the crotch very visible. He wanted to run but was held tightly by his arms. The two large girls at his sides holding him were grinning wickedly.

“No, please no, I’ll wear anything but please not that.”

“Wynona hold on. Okay faggot but you’re gonna half ta beg us to dress you real slutty like n make it sound like you mean it.”

“Yes, please, please I...I want to be dressed like a real slut. It’s all I ever wanted.”

“Now why would you want us to dress you like a slut? You want to dress like dat to attract boys?”

“Errrr....ye...yes I want to dress slutty so I can attract boys.”

“What cha gonna do when you get one?”

“I...I want to....to...suck his....his cock.”

“So you telling us you doan like girls but likes to dress slutty n suck cocks.”

Jaylin was looking around wildly seeking any possible way to escape as the girls holding his arms released him and stepped back. Wynona was still holding up her red panties and took another step closer. He was scared to death, trapped and had to submit.

“Please...I want you to help me look slutty so I can suck boy’s cocks an...and I don’t like girls. I only...only want to be a slut that sucks cock. Please dress me all slutty so I can find a..a boyfriend.”

“Since you asked so nicely I guess we can help you out. Wynona put your panties back on n help Maria n da others dress our faggot.”

Jaylin sighing in relief took the purple thong and quickly pulled it up his hairless legs. He needed help with the purple satin push up bra and black stretch lace garter belt. Maria was more than happy to pull the garters through the thong and roll black fishnet stockings up his legs. Grabbing a stiff black net petticoat, she had him step into it and settled the nylon yoke around his waist. A black vinyl tube top and lavender satin flare skirt finished his dressing. He was handed a pair of purple faux leather ankle boots with a four inch spike heel and half inch platform sole and black leatherette hobo purse.

Two girls had to help him up once he had the shoes on. Standing, ankles wobbling threatening to collapse was told to walk one foot in front of the other planting toes first then the heel. He was guided around the room until he could at least stand without falling over.

“I think you better tell Maria and Wynona how much you love how they done dressed you up.”

“Ye...yeah....errrr....thank you ever so much for dressing me like this. I love the look.”

“You can do better n dat.”

“Thank you girls for dressing me so slutty. I know I’ll be able to get me a boyfriend now. I just love this outfit soooo much.”

“Faggot what else does a slut need to attract dem boys?”

“Errrrr....mak...makeup, I guess.”

“Dat’s right so you know what to do?”

“Please would you help me? I want to look like a real slut. Cou...could I have some makeup?”

It took an hour but when the girls finished with Jaylin even he had a hard time recognizing his face. His eyes were colored to look like the eye of a peacock feather. His lips painted a brilliant wet looking frosted lavender and had ebony black painted on arched brows. His hair had been brushed out and stiffly lacquered into a bouffant curly page boy. The nails were given two inch extensions and varnished brilliant lavender. A very cheap floral perfume was liberally sprayed over his body to finish off his whorish look.

Jaylin spent the next fifteen minutes telling them how much he loved his look and how he couldn’t wait to suck some cock before Latisha was pleased. He had to repeat what he said several times as the laughter was too loud for him to be heard. The heavy foundation he wore kept his fierce embarrassment from showing.

“Okay pervert we done did all you asked now get da fuck outta here.”

“Wha...what l....I can’t leave looking like this. I..I wouldn’t last thirty minutes looking like this on the street. Please don’t...don’t do this to me. You’ve had your fun now please, I beg you, don’t make me walk out like this.”

“Tell you what faggot, you suck one cock for us n you won’t hafta walk home. You agree n den I wanna see a really eager look when you do it.”

Jaylin gulped hard. “Crap, I certainly don’t want to do that but I can’t let them kick me out looking like this. Sucking one cock is better than getting killed or worse,” he thought before agreeing.

He was surprised to see a mannish looking Latino girl walk up to him and begin undoing her black jeans. He was even more surprised when out popped a nine inch long two inch thick pink gel erect penis. He stared in wild eyed disbelief as the girl forced him to his knees.

“Go on bitch start sucking and make it good or I’ll shove this monster up your panty clad ass.”

He wasn’t shoved off until he had taken all nine inches and given Pat at least one orgasm. His mouth and throat had been stretched to their physical limits but his ego was damaged far worse. His only comfort was the girls applauding his efforts meant he would get his clothing back and set free. He was sadly mistaken. Latisha kept her promise in that he didn’t have to walk home. She had him driven to his house and pushed out of the car half a block away.

Ooo

He was lucky in a way as it was dark out and not too many people around. Walking in the heels was killing his feet and legs. Having to take mincing steps made it seem like years before he reached his apartment. His hand was shaking so much he could

hardly get his key into the door. Entering he slammed the door behind him and collapsed on the floor.

“Jaylin is that you?” he heard his mother call out.

“Oh shit! She’s home. I can’t let her see me like this,” he thought just as his mother walked into the room.

“What the, who are you and how.....Jaylin....is that you?” she gasped.

“Ye.....es,” was all he could respond before breaking out in tears.

She stood over him, hands balled into fists on her waist. “What is the meaning of this? And why are you dressed and looking like a cheap whore?”

“I...I...I didn’t...didn’t expect...you to be...be home,” he sobbed.

“My date canceled at the last moment but I’m waiting for an explanation. Now tell me why are you...you like that?”

“It....it was...was just...just a joke. I....I wan...wanted to see..see what it felt like....n....n..and some girls..I met at school...they...they helped me.”

“OMG! Are you gay son?”

“No....it...it was a...a one time thing.”

“Well they certainly did a number on you. You look like a common street walker. I hope you’re happy. Now get to your room and clean that stuff off this minute! I’m not finished with you young man...or whatever you are.”

She helped him stand and slapped his butt as he minced off to his room. She noticed the purse on the floor where he had forgotten it. Looking inside she found his wallet, some makeup, the cheap perfume. It fell from her hands when she saw two used condoms. Turning she stomped off a look of utter disgust on her face.

“What am I gonna do now. I can’t tell her the truth. Those bitches had pictures and if I say anything. Crap! These nails are too long and I can’t get this damn bra off. Where did I put those nail clippers or better yet where are some scissors.”

With the clothing cut off he dashed into the bathroom and took a long hot shower. While in the shower managed to rip the offending white tape from his groin. His hair hung limply but the brassy color remained. Most of the makeup had come off but there was still some left. It was humiliating having to ask his mother for help. She showed him how to get it off but told him a lip stain had been used. He would be stuck with pinker lips than found on a boy for awhile. The rest of the weekend passed in awkward silence. On Monday he tried to get his mother to call him in sick for school but refused.

Jaylin thought about skipping but figured he would have to go back some time. His hopes of being left alone vanished almost as soon as he reached the school. Maria and that Latin girl with the pink penis saw him about half a block from the school grounds. Maria was wearing a sassy pink pleated flare skirt and crisp white blouse with short puffed sleeves. The one that scared him silly was named Pat and wore black jeans and men’s white dress shirt. Jaylin couldn’t help but stare down at Pat’s crotch as they met.

“Want some more of this faggot,” Pat said grabbing her crotch.

Jaylin hung his head in shame and didn’t reply. “Well faggot, how come you’re not wearing your pretty clothes today? I thought you just loved them and my Maria went to so much trouble finding them for you.”

“Look you all had your fun. Please just let me get to school.”

“Nada, we can’t let you go to no classes looking like that. Come on, Maria has some things in her gym locker I’m sure you will love,” Pat replied grabbing his upper arm and pulling.

Pat was both bigger and stronger giving him no choice but to meekly follow. Inside the girl’s locker room he told to strip quickly before other girls came in. Maria handed him a pair of high cut nylon white panties with lace inserts on the sides. As he pulled them into place Maria fastened the bra band behind his back. Reaching to put his pants back on, Pat slapped his hand away.

“Aint right, the faggot don’t look right with that bulge. His panties should fit better than that. Drop em faggot the other girls will be here any second,” Pat ordered grabbing a nearby roll of white adhesive tape.

Pushing his balls back inside his body rather painfully, she taped then pulled his small penis down and taped over it. When she was done, Jaylin was flat as any doll. Redressed, Maria grabbed his chin and reapplied a fresh coat of the pink lip stain then sprayed him with her floral perfume.

“Better faggot but tomorrow you better bring your purse so you can do that yourself. How you gonna get that boyfriend if’n you don’t look pretty,” Pat said as Maria tied off Jaylin’s hair into a high pony tail.

As he was escorted down the halls towards his first class he was met with lots of stares and giggles. No one gave him any trouble seeing who his escorts were. His teachers were a bit startled by his appearance but otherwise paid no mind. There were very few teachers that really cared and most rather be anywhere but in this school.

He had a difficult time concentrating on his studies and constantly distracted by a poke in the back or having his pony tail pulled. Someone even had the nerve to snap his bra as he went to his next class. He had worn a white collared pull over shirt and the outline of his bra clearly visible. It took all of his will power not to break out in tears as the school day continued. What kept him from getting pounded into the dirt was his new gang affiliation. According to school gossip The Dykes had taken him in as their mascot. He skipped lunch and huddled in the library trying to figure a way out of what was happening. By the end of the hour he had no ideas.

At the last bell he waited until everyone had left before venturing out. He had a lot of homework but decided not to go to his locker. All he wanted to do was run for home. He went out a side door far from the main entrance hoping to avoid detection. He didn’t get more than a few yards before he ran into Wynona and Mat.

“Just where do you think you’re going faggot? You know Latisha is pretty pissed you didn’t show up for lunch. If you know what’s good for you better come with us now. The last thing you want to do is make her feel like you are avoiding the gang,” Mel stated.

Latisha was sitting on the stoop with the other gang members standing around as they approached. “Well, well look who’s finally here. Where da fuck you been all friggin day? You trying to avoid us faggot? After all we done did fer you. Get dat skinny booty over cher right now n apologize.”

“I’m sorry bu...but I...I wasn’t. I...I mean everyone was making fun of me. Poking me and pulling my hair....and stuff.”

“Dat’s why you need to stay with us faggot. We protect our own. No one gonna give you any shit if you stick with the gang. The gang done voted to make you our mascot.

Didn't you know dat? All your begggin' bout wanting to be a slut cocksucker plucked our heart strings being gay n all. So we decided to take you in, protect you as you become what you begged fer. Okay everyone up to the room we got work ta do."

"But I'm not like....," he started to protest but a sharp stinging slap to the face shut him up.

Up in the room Jaylin was stripped down to his panties and bra. Again his hair was put up in bristle rollers and in full makeup. His lips were thickly coated with the frosted lavender lipstick and reeked of cheap perfume. He was sitting in a straight back wooden chair while Nikki finished piercing his ears. Like all the other girls in the gang he had five piercings in each ear. The lowest piercing had a four inch gold hoop, the next a two inch hoop, the third a pearl stud, the fourth was a gold clip and the highest a sparkling pink rhinestone stud. Tears were flowing freely down his cheeks as Nikki stepped back to admire her work.

"Guess we shudda waited til after I did that before we put dat makeup on. Looks like a sad little raccoon."

With his makeup repaired he was given a white tube top and plaid pleated mini-skirt to put on. They all watched, some giggling and some commenting, as he rolled white stay up hose with lace welts up his legs and stepped into three inch stiletto heeled black pumps. The top made his sock filled bra stand out and left the bra straps exposed. The skirt was so short that a fast movement would expose his panty covered ass.

Latisha was standing over him smiling evilly, "I think it's time you thanked the gals partners fer all dat day done did fer you. Pat, Mat and Gene come on over n get your reward. Faggot here needs the practice n wants ta thank you. Gene you go first since Nikki did all dat piercing."

"Faggot I's wants to see you enjoyin' yourself n den thank dem fer lettin' you suck their dicks."

Poor Jaylin was on his knees for over an hour sucking one large double headed dildo after another. He wasn't allowed to stop until he had swallowed each one all the way down to where it entered pussy and the dyke had an organism.

By the time he was dropped off a half block from his apartment, it was dark. He was glad to see that his mother wasn't home when he staggered in. A note on the table said she would be home late and not to wait up. The first thing he did when he got to his room was pull off those horrible shoes. His feet were throbbing and his toes cramped.

In the shower he wanted to pull off the surgical tape but had been given strict orders. "Take dat tape off n I'll cut it off," she had said. The threat was a strong incentive to leave it. He also had those painful curlers in his hair and instructed to leave them until morning.

"Crap what am I going to do? Mom will see me for sure in the morning and is bound to ask questions. How am I going to hide these damn earrings or what my hair is going to look like in the morning? No matter how hard I scrub my lips are pinker from using that damn stain all day. No two ways about it, she's going to think I'm as gay as a three dollar bill."

Ooo

The next morning Jaylin got up earlier than normal. He put on the white panties and bra from yesterday, bushed out his very curly hair into a full bodied page boy and

applied a coat of pink lip stain. He didn't like using the stain as it not only stayed on but tingled. He didn't know that this stain was designed to puff up the lips. Pulling on his boy clothing rushed out of the apartment before his mother could see or question him. He got a lot of strange looks as he took the public bus to its stop near the school. Getting off the bus someone let loose with a wolf whistle bringing a brighter flush to his cheeks. Laughter rang in his ears as the bus doors closed and drove off.

He met up with The Dykes near the school grounds. Latisha gave him a hard look but then smiled seeing he had followed her orders. Naomi who had done his makeup yesterday walked up and handed him a small white plastic compact and a tube of scarlet lipstick. He didn't have to ask as he applied it to his slightly swollen lips. Today he made sure to stay with at least one of the gang members and joined them for lunch. Through out the lunch hour he was constantly getting up and fetching something one of the gang wanted or taking their trays to be cleaned. By the end of the day everyone in school knew he was the new mascot of The Dykes and not to be messed with. A few of the students even felt sorry for him. Being a mascot of that gang was nothing to brag about.

Back at the gang's club Jaylin spent his time dressed like a slut and practicing. Under different girl instructors he was made to walk, sit and move like a girl or learn how to apply makeup or style his hair. When he was dropped off this time, it was just getting dark. His mother wouldn't be home for at least another hour. When she got home she gave him a withering look before going to change out of her waitress uniform.

Jaylin was in his boy clothing, makeup scrubbed off as best he could and hair hanging straight. He was preparing dinner when she came in hoping she wouldn't notice his earrings. She gave him a sad smile taking a bottle of white wine out of the fridge.

"So what's with the earrings? It's kind of hard to hide those big hoops you know," she said sitting down at the kitchen table.

"Oh...errrrr...these...I...errr...I had them done as a silly joke. I'll get rid of them once the holes heal," he stammered.

She gave him a hard look, her lips turning into a frown but said nothing. She filled her wine glass almost to the rim and quickly emptied it. Supper was eaten in silence. As soon as he finished he headed to his room saying he had a ton of homework to do. He didn't notice that he had a swish to his walk but his mother did.

"OMG! I have a gay son. When my shitty ex finds out about this I can kiss off any hope of getting more child support. The only reason he agreed to pay me anything was to keep his son out of the poor house. With the lousy salary I get I'll have to start hooking all the time to make ends meet. Shit! What did I ever do to deserve this?"

Ooo

Over the ensuing weeks nothing much changed other than Latisha demanding he lose weight. She gave him several pills to take twice daily as one of the members watched. He was told they were diet pills but actually a diuretic, appetite suppressant and birth control pills. Jaylin still spent hours after classes learning feminine poise and mannerisms, makeup application and hair styling at the gang's apartment. At lunch in the cafeteria he was constantly running errands for the gang and had little time to eat. Fortunately he was dropped off before his mother got home so he had time to get back into boy mode. He left in the mornings before his mother woke.

During that same time period his home life only got worse. His mother would come home exhausted from her long shift and give him a cursory look before going to change. He did his best to try and hide his increasing femininity but it was becoming

much harder. At first it was easy to turn back except for the brassy blond hair and earrings. However his intense practice in feminine body movements wasn't so easy to switch off. While his mother didn't say anything or confront him about it, he knew she was not happy. As soon as supper was over with he would head to his room to study while she finished off a bottle or two of wine. She was also going out more and coming home later which limited their contact time. Their relationship never really close had turned into a cool indifference.

Another thing that occurred to weaken their relationship was his six weeks report card. At one time he was a straight A student on a path to acceptance in a good college. The one thing his mother and he had agreed upon was keeping his grades up. His school was an academically failing one and his grades reflected that statistic. In practically no time he went from a four point to a two point five grade point average. Being in the gang and spending so much time at their apartment destroyed any chance he had of keeping up in classes. When his father found out gave him a sever tongue lashing over the phone. His mother got a much more profane filled demand. The point of the conversation was that if Jaylin didn't get his grades up then no more money.

The last six weeks of classes started and Jaylin tried to get his grades up. At first his mother would check his homework but with work and going out soon gave up. She always had a strong sexual appetite and whoring brought in more than what her ex paid. She was also getting tired of having to go to cheap hotels. A week into the new grading period she told Jaylin to start looking for a place to live.

"Look Jaylin you're eighteen and I need the space. So I think it best if you find some other place to live. I don't like what you've become since we moved here, your father will disown you once that next report card comes in and well...I can't see you staying here. Find some place and soon."

He knew they weren't getting along but her demand was a severe shock. He only had a few dollars and no real friends to fall back on. All he had were The Dykes and he hated them and what they forced him to do. At least he could get away from them and try to return to normal at home. Her demand would only result in him being constantly with the gang. He had only one option and that was to call his dad.

He made the call and his father agreed to pick him up Friday evening. Jaylin tried to talk him into coming Saturday but to no avail. His father had to be in Brussels by Saturday night. Jaylin had to figure a way to get away from the gang before his dad arrived.

Friday arrived and Jaylin was frantic. Latisha had decided that the gang was going out for the evening. When she said the gang that also included Jaylin and his pleas to go home ignored. He had another reason for not wanted to go anywhere, his mode of dress. He was wearing bright purple high cut nylon panties, matching frilly garter belt, a wonder bra and black seamed hose for lingerie. His lilac blouse was a semi-sheer nylon with short balloon sleeves that left his navel bare. The purple satin flare skirt didn't quite reach mid-thigh and his five inch platform spike heeled patent leather pink ankle boots were already killing his feet.

His makeup equaled that of any hooker and his hair was pinned up high on his head. The four inch hoops were replaced with a pair of dangling chandelier earrings and he had new navel jewelry. Latisha gave it to him to celebrate the end of the last six weeks of classes. A pink ball sat just above his navel and a double male symbol locked together covered it.

His dad had said he would pick him up around nine o'clock and Jaylin had to be home long before then to change. Some how he had to figure a way to get away from the gang long enough to escape. Once home he would be rid of his ridiculous attire and gone for good. He would finally be free and back with his old friends.

Looking at his feminine watch, a gift from Maria, he noted that it wasn't quite seven. "I got less than two hours to get away and have a little over twenty bucks. That should be more than enough to get a taxi. I wonder where we're going?" he thought following the gang out onto the sidewalk.

When the gang stopped in front of the local gay/lesbian bar he felt relieved. None of the gang was over twenty-one so there was no way they would be allowed in. He watched as Latisha handed the bouncer some money hopeful it would be refused. It wasn't and he soon found himself in the dark interior. It was no different than any other bar in the neighborhood. Loud rap music, small dance floor, a number of tables and booths in dark corners. There were small signs on every table expressing the need for safe sex. Except for the big bouncer all the staff appeared to be openly gay men or women.

The gang pushed three tables together and they all sat as a waitress rushed over. Jaylin intended to sit as close to the exit as he could. However, Latisha had other plans and had him sit next to her. She ordered pitchers of beer and jello shots for the girls.

"I'll just have to wait until they get a bit drunk then maybe I'll be able to slip out," he thought as the drinks arrived.

He was startled when he was handed a test tube filled with a lime green colored liquid. He didn't have any experience with alcohol except beer and didn't know what to do. He watched as Latisha stood beer mug in hand to give a toast.

"Here's to The Dykes and too its favorite mascot," she said guzzling down the brew.

He was nudged by the girl, Dana, who was sitting beside him. "Drink it," she said then turned her drink upside down and swallowed. It tasted just like lime jello and went down easily. He figured it would taste totally different at least some kind of alcoholic taste anyway.

Jaylin had four shots over the next half hour and getting a very good buzz from them. During that time the club filled up and the noise level mind numbing. So far he just sat and talked with Dana about the latest makeup trends and otherwise ignored. He was surprised when the waitress placed a strawberry daiquiri in front of him and gave the other girls another jello shot. Latisha also noticed the difference and pulling the waitress close spoke to her. It was too loud to hear what they said but seeing Latisha break out into a great big grin bothered him.

He leaned over to her to ask what was going on but she only said, "You'll see faggot. Now drink your girlie drink."

Taking a sip he actually liked it. What he didn't know was that by taking the sip sent a signal. Soon a very big muscled Blackman was standing beside him. Jaylin looked up and saw a wide grin on his face and a hand reach out to grip his upper arm. He looked frantically over to Latisha seeing her laugh and make a "go on" motion with her hand. Literally swept off his feet, Jaylin soon was in the tight embrace of the man and moving around the dance floor.

"Names Billy Dee n you must be Jaylin I done heard so much about. Latisha says you give the best head but I thought we should get to knows each other fore I takes you in

the back room," he shouted into his ear to be heard over the music.

At that Jaylin tried to break away but all his struggles didn't faze Billy Dee. Instead he pulled him in close and kissed him full on the lips forcing his tongue in. Jaylin frantically looked to where the gang had been seated but the tables were empty. He was trapped and scared to death. When the kiss broke he had a mouth full of Billy Dee's spit and being whisked off the dance floor to the back of the club.

He yelled and screamed as he was pushed from the back and into a narrow hallway but no one could hear over the pulsing music. They went out the back exit and he saw The Dykes formed into a semi-circle around a battered old mattress. His fear spiked and tried harder to break the strong grip holding each of his arms. It was futile and he was soon on his knees in the middle of the mattress with Billy Dee's immense cock staring him in the face. It appeared even bigger than Pat's pink dildo and was slapping against his cheek.

"Okay faggot," Latisha said, "You done been practicing long nough to be a slut. Now show us what a hot little cock sucking faggot can do."

Jaylin was kneeling on the mattress cum leaking down his chin with Pat holding a hand over his mouth telling him to swallow. He did and almost tossed it all back up including what little was in his stomach. Pat didn't release her hand until she was sure nothing would come back up. He was crying and burping tasting cum and vomit as he did.

"Dat a good start faggot but you'll get better swallowing in time. Billy Dee here gonna be your new boyfriend dat is fer sure. He's the leader of the Purples n you should count yourself lucky. We done signed an agreement to have his studs provide more protection fer our gang. Nows all wees gotta do is seal it in blood. Go ahead Billy Dee take his maidenhead."

Pat stuffed several pairs of panties into Jaylin's mouth as Billy Dee flipped him onto his back and painfully forced his knees beside his ears. Pushing Jaylin's panties to the side began inserting his revived dick up his ass. It was the most painful experience in his life and he screamed into his gag until he passed out. When he came to he was in the girl's bathroom being tended to by several of the girls.

"Sheet! Dats a lot of blood, almost as much as when Pat took my cherry. Donna hurry up n get that super tampon in there," he heard Maria say as he felt something enter his burning hole.

After cleaning him up everyone except Maria left the bathroom. Jaylin was beginning to get his crying under control as Maria tried to comfort him. He was totally emasculated and in some pain as he stood trying to get control of his emotions.

"Look Jaylin I know that must have really hurt. I know I did when Pat took me but you'll get over it. Sheet, I'm willin' to bet you gonna really like it in time just like I do having Pat fill me. Billy Dee aint so bad for a dude, you could have done worse you know. Besides, the gang is better off. With their added protection no one, not even the Reds will mess with us now."

"Okay, okay....please...just let me be for now....I want to be alone now. I don't want anybody to see me like this," he stuttered amid soft sobs.

As soon as she left he looked down at his watch. It was a little past eight. "Crap! I've got to get out of here," he mumbled grabbing his purse and stuck his head out the door.

Seeing no one around he quickly walked back out the exit and down the ally to the

street. It took less than five minutes to catch a gypsy cab. He couldn't wait to get home and kept glancing at his watch. He wanted to wash the terrible taste out of his mouth and change into his boy stuff. He would worry about the damage done to his ass when he got to his father's place.

He paid the driver and walking as fast as his sore ass let him to his apartment. His mother wouldn't be home as she was seldom there at night anyway. He was surprised to find the door unlocked. As he entered fainted dead away seeing his father standing next to his mother. The last thing he heard was his mother shouting, "See what he's done to him self!"

He awoke on the floor his mother pressing a cold towel over his forehead. "This is one fine mess you got yourself into. Your father stormed out of here like an erupting volcano. Shouting cuss words loud enough to be heard two blocks away. I hope you're proud of yourself now. Go to your room and I want you out by the end of the weekend."

Jaylin stiffly got up and wobbled to his room tears almost blinding him. Dropping his purse on the floor beside his bed, fell down on it and cried him self to sleep. His life was over and he was stuck in one he never wanted much less knew existed.

He woke late the next morning feeling only slightly better. The burning in his rosebud was just an ache but his head pounded with a severe headache. Makeup was smeared all over his pillow and he was still dressed. The hot shower did little to make him feel clean but was refreshing. He didn't notice the tampon until he stood to flush and he broke out in a fit of dry heaves.

Back in his room he wasn't sure what to do. His first inclinations were to cut off his long hair, dress in his boy stuff and get out of the city. Then he remembered that his father had disowned him. No where to go and no money to get there left him with only one option. He packed what he could into a large duffle and left the apartment with tears streaking down his face.

The End