

Part One

By Cheryl Lynn

Carl entered the work force during the height of the recession. The only reason he was hired was due to his Native American blood. While he was a relatively good graphics designer, he didn't get along with the boss' secretary. He winds up paying dearly for that animosity.

Mrs. Crump

Carl settled down in his chair, flipped the power on his computer and began his workday. He was twenty years old, with shoulder length thick raven black hair tied in a low pony tail. He had inherited a lot of his great grandmother's Indian heritage. He was five foot eight and weighed one hundred and thirty pounds with little body and no facial hair. He had graduated after two years of community college with an Associate of Arts degree. It took him three months to find this job and was surprised by getting it. It was the height of the recession and no one was hiring. Later he would discover that Mr. Wilson hired him strictly for his Indian blood line. Carl was 1/8th Cherokee and had the documentation to prove it.

Wilson Contractors was a small general contracting firm that focused on obtaining government contracts. The private sector was all but non-existent and what was available highly competitive. It didn't take Mr. Wilson long to discover the finer points of gaining more lucrative government contracts. Government contracts paid union scale wages. Pricing wasn't the key factor in obtaining those all important jobs. Government agencies not only looked at the price but the number of employees and how racially diversified they were. Preferences were given to small companies with a history of diversity especially if they had minority ownership.

Mr. Wilson made his secretary, Mrs. Crump, a five percent owner just to get his first government contracts. She had worked for him almost thirty-six years and was a proud woman of color that took pride in her appearance. Even though menopause hit her hard causing a significant weight gain, she still wore skirts or dresses, nylons and heels to work. She was in her late fifties with grey crinkled hair, five foot nine and weighed two hundred eighty pounds. Her body shape was that of a pear with EE breasts which she tried to control with sturdy foundations. Her foundations were very old school and she would never think of going anywhere without them.

Over the years they had developed a unique relationship that went beyond employee/employer. She could pretty much read his mind and her work greatly assisted Mr. Wilson's business ventures. At some point they had a brief fling after his wife died but with her weight gain he lost interest. However she had a wonderful mouth and provided him with relief after a hectic day. At her age it was getting a bit tiresome but she still gave Mr. Wilson a blow job when he was tense.

"He's gotten more tense over the years but I owes him," she was prone to mutter as she left his office.

Mrs. Crump didn't enjoy performing oral services but she felt it was payback for all he had done for her. She was married with two kids when she first went to work for Wilson Contractors when she was seventeen. Over the years one tragedy after another seemed to disrupt her life. First her so called husband ran off then her oldest, Jerome, got into trouble. If Sam hadn't paid for the lawyers and rehab, she didn't know what she would have done.

Jerome got into the drug culture, raped his girlfriend and did other miscellaneous crimes. The rape charge got him seven years and it would have been a lot more if Sam hadn't stepped in. While he was in prison he developed a strong taste for prissy white boys. He's thirty eight, occasionally spends a night or two in jail and doping up with his bros during his free

time. Jerome was over six foot five, weighing a solid two hundred sixty five pounds. He was carried on the books of the company as a black ex-con (more points) in its community outreach program. He never shows up at work and his salary keeps him from stealing from his mother. They live together in a modest three bedroom in a racially mixed neighborhood.

Ooo

Mr. Sam Wilson was sixty three years old, standing over six feet tall with an overhanging beer belly. He was as bald as a cue ball with blotchy skin. His nose was deeply lined in red and blue veins, his face pocked with dark age spots and a heady aroma of cheap cigar smoke followed wherever he went. When Carl first came into his office, Sam didn't particularly like the scrawny and shy long haired kid. He remembered the sixties all too well and the damn hippies that turned society upside down. He was about to tell him that there were no openings when he spied the 1/8th American Indian on his application.

Mr. Wilson hired from the minority community. He had plenty of Afro-Americans, Orientals and Latinos but no Indian American. Carl filled that ethnic slot even without practical experience would prove a good addition to the staff. Despite his initial dislike for the boy, he hired him on the spot.

Ooo

Carl was an only child raised most of his life by his mother. His father died when he was ten and she never remarried. It could be said that he was pretty much a momma's boy. As a youngster he was used to seeing her in long line bras and girdles. She had a habit of wearing just those items and a thin short white robe with embroidered roses on the hem when she made them breakfast. It wasn't until he started high school that she began wearing a long pink terry robe. For some reason he missed seeing her in those utilitarian foundations. She died from breast cancer when he was a senior. He was devastated at her loss. When it came time to get rid of her possessions couldn't bring himself to throw away that old white robe and a set of her foundations. They reminded him too much of her.

Every now and then, when he really missed her, he would gather her robe and foundations in his lap and cry. It wasn't until his first year at college after an evening of binge drinking that he actually began wearing them. Learning to appreciate the wonders of sour mash and Jack Daniels had been one of his better achievements. Waking up the next morning with a throbbing headache wearing a Rago open bottom girdle, Playtex long line bra and the robe he felt disgusted, quickly disrobing.

"What's gotten into me?" I shouldn't be wearing this. She will be turning over in her grave if she could see me now. I'll never ever do this again. Oh, but I miss her so and they are comforting," he thought. He was about to toss them into the garbage, hesitated and then went to put them back into the dresser.

"I can't just toss them into the garbage but I won't ever put them on again," he muttered.

A couple of weeks later Carl was feeling very depressed. He had made few friends at school and Beverly, his first real girl friend, dumped him. Seeking solace, he turned to the dresser drawer. He wasn't drunk but after a few Jack Daniel's and coke, the urge to put on his mother's foundations overwhelmed him. Like the first time he felt comforted but silly as the garments were way too large for his frame. With each passing week, his need became stronger and stronger.

Upon graduation he left his small hometown, what few friends he had and headed to Chicago. There he rented a small one bedroom furnished efficiency apartment. He had enough money to last him a year from the sale of his mother's house. Besides her clothing, Carl kept her nineteen eighty Cadillac. It had more than its share of dents and scrapes but ran. Its big V-eight was a gas guzzler but being in the big city he didn't plan on driving it much. The only reason he kept it was because it belonged to his mother. He settled down and vigilantly began a job search. After two and a half months he was on the brink of giving up when Wilson Contractors hired him.

Ooo

Carl was put to work revising the company's web site. It was pretty much a no brainer but it kept him busy. There were six other employees working in the small office. Jose was the estimator, Bill, Julie and Nugen did the blue prints, Elaina was the general secretary and Mrs. Crump. Everyone had their own cubicle except for Mrs. Crump. She had a small private space next to the boss' office. They had all been with the company for at least twenty years and much older than Carl. With the age difference and being the "new" guy they pretty much left him alone. He just didn't fit into their circle.

One day Carl was looking out of his cubical, thinking about where to go for lunch, when Mrs. Crump walked by. He couldn't help himself from mumbling, "Damn, she sure has a big ass." Unfortunately for him she overheard what he had said. "Dat boy shur has some nerve. No respect. I knew I doan like him from da start. Da way he stares at me all da time. I doan like him one bit. Someone shud teach him ta be respectful," she thought.

What she didn't know was that his comment wasn't meant cruelly. She was wearing her usual office appropriate apparel of knee length straight skirt and ruffled blouse. It was the visible bra and girdle lines that drew his attention. Ever since college he had developed an internal demon. That demon was an irresistible interest in full figured women and their foundation garments and clothing. Not the frilly, lacy creations today's women wore but the old school styles. His demon had only gotten worse since his arrival in Chicago. He had absolutely no friends and was too shy to go out on his own. He came from a relatively small city and the huge crowds in this one scared him.

More often than not, Carl would find himself sitting at his computer, a Jack and coke off to the side, going over old ads from Playtex, Maidenform and other similar sites. As he browses, has a few more Daniel's, he gets more excited. He wouldn't admit it but as the alcohol took control dreamed of wearing a full figure girdle, long line bra, nylons, half-slip, dress and heels. In the mornings he hated what he had done the night before but with each passing day his demon grew stronger.

His demon got control to the point where with enough encouragement from alcohol, he put on his mother's old foundations under his male clothing. He obviously couldn't go out like that as their baggy looseness was clearly visible under his slacks and shirt. By now they were stretched and worn to being more like rags. One evening as he was stepping into the girdle, it ripped leaving him both pissed and at a loss. He remembered seeing an advertisement on line as a tag to his Playtex site. It was called "Foundations by Lois," located right there in Chicago and not more than thirty minutes away. Under the main caption of the ad was a statement that the shop was transgender friendly. Tossing down the last of his Jack and coke, pulled on his parka and left the apartment.

"The ad said the store closes at six so there shouldn't be that many customers by the time I get there. I hope not. I'll just poke around a bit and if I draw attention get the hell out," he thought.

Ooo

Lois Cantrell saw the young man staring into the window. There was a light snow falling and it was getting close to closing time. She was a short dumpy woman, a pair of gold framed reading glasses and a cloth measuring tape hung from her neck. She turned her attention back to the box where the white Rago long line girdle awaited. Internet sales were keeping her small business alive. Awhile back she realized that her bread and butter customers were dying off. The neighborhood was changing and she needed to find a new niche. Her website now accounted for over half her sales. Not only had her customer base broadened but new unexpected clients came as well. The majority of her internet sales were to men. Transvestites to be exact and they didn't mind paying top dollar.

Like all good businessmen, she did all she could to accommodate her new clientele. With every purchase she tossed in a freebee, a pink satin perfumed sachet. When one of her

special customers actually came to the store, she went out of her way to treat them with respect. Personally Lois detested the little fairy faggots but business was business. So when one entered her shop she fawned over them and made sure their in-store experience was a happy one. More often than not her service resulted in a much larger purchase than the customer came in for. After he left the store, Lois would regale her women customers with tales of those transactions.

Occasionally one of her women clients would be present when a special customer came to shop. Lois found it hilarious when the woman would come out of the changing room in only a girdle and bra to ask the man his opinion of her choices. That always brought a bright pink flush to their cheeks but Lois would ease the embarrassment by telling them that it was just us girls here. Later they would have a good laugh at their expense.

Carl was too shy to enter the shop that night but decided to go ahead and place an order with her via the internet. A week later he received his package from UPS. He was more than thrilled with the sparkling white Rago open bottom girdle with its bright white satin diamond center panel. The Black Goddess bra, thigh high hosiery and black padded panty girdle made him giddy as he put them on. Unlike his mother's, these new ones really constrained his body. Between the booze and foundations, Carl's demon was in seventh heaven. Once he had satisfied his demon, he felt a lot of guilt. Of course as with all demons, they had to be fed. Now that he had better fitting garments, that need to feed only grew the stronger.

As time went on Carl found that wearing foundations was not enough to satisfy his demon. He was perusing Lois' website one night and noticed she had a bra and panty club. He had never considered wearing panties or other lingerie but felt a strong urge to do so. Gulping down another stiff drink, he signed up for the club. He also ordered three pairs of brief style nylon panties in bright colors and three pair of tap panties with two inches of floral lace trimming at the hems. With that initial purchase, a free half slip in a chocolate nylon with two inch hem of white lace was included.

His hands were shaking as he removed the half slip which matched a pair of his tap panties. Silently he kicked his ass for not ordering the matching camisole. Carl's body shook with anticipation as he stripped then put on the beautiful garments. As the panties caressed his groin, his penis erected so strongly that it was almost painful. His hands were shaking so much it took him forever to hook his bra closed behind his back. When he pulled the Rago up his body, hooking the side closure and zipping it almost made him ejaculate. As the slip settled about his waist and brushed across his nylons, he erupted. With that he was totally addicted.

Ooo

It was a late Saturday afternoon and the Bears had won a tight playoff game. His head is buzzing from both the booze and adrenaline rush from the game. He was wearing his Black Goddess bra stuffed with several pairs of his sports socks, emerald green briefs, padded girdle and thigh highs. By now he was getting use to the constriction and touch of his undergarments. His demon was stirring demanding something new. Carl pulled on a pair of tan woolen slacks barely and had some problems that he didn't expect. The waist was four inches too loose but pulling them over his ass had been difficult. The girdle had shrunk his waist yet filled out his hips and butt. A heavy sweater and his parka would conceal any evidence of his undergarments. Leaving the apartment it was getting dark and a cold wind was blowing off the lake. He shivered but his demon drove him on and it wouldn't take the car long to warm up. As he slid his ass onto the seat, the padded girdle made it feel like he was sitting on a pillow. The pull of bra straps and constriction around his groin brought his little man to a full but painful erection.

Stopped at a red light, Carl reached into the glove compartment and pulled out the green and gold case of Revlon lip treatment. It had the flavor and texture of regular lipstick but clear of any color. It had been one of those "freebies" Lois sent with his last purchase. He didn't intend to use it when he saw what it was but to stop temptation, tossed it into the glove box.

The dry cold air had made his lips chap so he decided to put just a little bit on. Just as he finishes primping, he glances from the fold down mirror to see a car full of teenaged girls next to him laughing and pointing at him.

“Crap, that’s all I need, a bunch of girls watching me put on lipstick. Man, I think I had one drink too many but shit, they don’t know me,” he thought as he drove through the intersection.

Foundations by Lois was not in the best part of the city and located in an older strip mall. At least the mall is fully occupied with a Seven Eleven as the anchor, a Pay Day Loans was next to a tattoo/piercing parlor, and an old fashioned beauty salon next to Lois’ shop. The parking lot was well lit and Carl had no problem finding a parking spot close by. As he got out of the car a cold mix of sleet and snow began to fall.

“Oh don’t let me chicken out. Come on feet move before I change my mind,” he thought as he dashed into Lois’s shop.

By now Lois could spot her special customers a mile away and Carl was no exception. She could see he was very nervous trying to act nonchalant as he approached her. She put on her brightest smile.

“Yes sir how may I be of service to you?” she asked.

“I...I errr....I am looking...looking for...for a gift,” he stuttered.

“Well come with me dearie and I’ll show you some excellent new arrivals but first let me put the closed sign up. It’s just bout closing time anyway. That way we can have some privacy,” she said.

Lois led the much calmer young man over to the counter where she displayed her new arrivals. She knew better than to spook him by asking questions, so all she did was pick up an item describe it and place it back on the counter top. Her low pressure sales tactic worked and he selected a matching Venus Cortland white bra and girdle. She also talked him into purchasing a new Maidenform lacy half slip.

“You know dear that matching ones foundations was a big thing back in the sixties but now women don’t seem to pay much attention to that. It’s perfectly alright to mix and match brands today. Like its okay to wear a Rago firm control girdle with Goddess full figure bra. However I subscribe to the old school. I think it’s much more feminine if all my foundations either match or are color coordinated if wearing different brands. You know, like wear white foundations but coordinating with more colorful lingerie,” she said as she arranged his purchases on the counter.

As he was checking out, Mrs. Crump walked out of the dressing room wearing nothing but a matching beige colored bra and long leg girdle. She wasn’t surprised to see Carl standing there as she had recognized his voice. She didn’t know he would be there this night but decided to have some fun. She casually strolled over to the counter and fingered the white bra then picked up the slip.

“Oh my Carl, are you buying these for your mother or a girlfriend? Lois don’t you find it strange that any young girl would want to wear these old fashioned styles. Odder still, that you could be buying these for your mother,” she stated as she looked him over.

Carl had taken off his parka in the warm store and Mrs. Crump could easily make out the visible girdle lines in his tan slacks. She also noted the strange bumps on his chest. To confirm her guess, she stroked his back feeling the four hook and eye closure and wide band of his bra.

“Are you wearing a Goddess bra Carl?” she asked with a giggle.

Carl was shocked to his very core when Mrs. Crump walked out of that changing room. As soon as he saw her he went scarlet totally mortified. He wanted to bolt and run but was frozen in place. When she asked him who he was buying the clothing for and then rubbed his back, he panicked. Blubbering something incoherent, he fled the store pulling on his parka

as he fled, tears filling his eyes.

Lois figured that would be the last time she would see him, so she fills Mrs. Crump on the details of his earlier purchases. She had recognized his name from her mail order list. As they are talking and laughing, the loud crunch and bang of metal hitting metal fills their ears. They rushed out of the store and stared at the damage done in the parking lot by the large Cadillac.

Blinded by his tears and the icy conditions, Carl lost control of the big car as he tried to flee the scene of his humiliation. He rammed two cars parked behind him and when he over corrected slammed into Mrs. Crump's car. He freaked out and tried to head out of the parking lot clipping another car which killed his engine. In full flight mode, he opened his door and fled on foot. All he wanted to do was get away and out of his undergarments as fast as he could. He had never been so humiliated or embarrassed in his life. As he ran down the street his heart was pumping a mile a minute, the icy air burning his lungs. He was forced to slow down to a fast walk.

The entire event had been captured on surveillance cameras and in his rush had left his wallet on Lois's counter top. A police cruiser caught him six blocks away. He was arrested and taken to jail. There he was booked for DUI, leaving the scene of an accident, resisting arrest, expired insurance, and failure to produce a valid driver's license. Amended to the list of charges was one for impersonating a female. He would spend the next two nights at the Cook County Jail until his court hearing on Monday.

Ooo

Mrs. Crump told Sam everything that had transpired that Saturday evening. Initially he was pissed at Carl for his stupidity and probable loss of that minority slot on his payroll. However Mrs. Crump convinced him that this was even better.

"Sam, look at it this way. Carl was only worth a couple a points but now if you can step in and get him off, you will be able to claim a whole bunch of points. Just look at the arrest report, it has him as a transsexual. That's worth two points just by itself. Now if he is a homosexual then even more points. Having a gay transsexual American Indian on the payroll will guarantee even more government contracts," she told him excitedly.

Smiling Sam picked up the telephone and called his lawyer. Getting Carl out of jail would be worth the price if he could fill all those minority slots. Monday afternoon, the lawyer dropped Carl off in Mr. Wilson's office. He had gotten the trial date postponed for ninety days and could easily get it pushed back even longer if desired. All he had to do was post bail and Carl was released into his custody.

Carl was a real mess when he got into the lawyer's car. He hadn't slept the entire time he was incarcerated, had several bruises and a cut lip. His clothing was disheveled and the button on his slacks had popped off. Wearing women's undergarments and lip gloss in that jail wasn't conducive to maintaining ones dignity. It had been a horrible excruciating two nights for poor Carl. He was determined to never go through that ordeal again as he was ushered into Mr. Wilson's office.

A very somber looking Mr. Wilson and an excited Mrs. Crump were waiting for him. On the desk were displayed the clothing he had purchased Saturday and his wallet. Carl stood on wobbly legs and visibly shaking as Mr. Wilson glared from the clothing to focus on him. The expression on his face changed from one of disgust to very serious.

"Alright Carl get this straight, Mrs. Crump has a new employment contract for you to sign against my better judgment. It so happens that under Federal and State hiring regulations government contracts are not awarded based on just the lowest bid. Rather they look at a company's size and more importantly the diversity in the workplace. If you agree to sign this new contract, it will give Wilson Contractors a decided advantage in those bidding negotiations. An employee who is not only an American Indian but a gay transvestite awaiting sex reassignment will give us a decided advantage," he said.

“I’m not gay and certainly don’t want any kind of sexual reassignment! Whatever that is,” he interrupted as tears flowed down his cheeks.

“Look here Carl, you need to get a grip. You just spent two nights in Cook County wearing female undergarments. You have been charged with impersonating a woman among other more serious charges. After your short visit in that institution, I don’t think anyone would believe that you are not gay,” Sam continued.

“But I’m not that way!” he cried as fresh tears flowed. Yes, he had been sexually assaulted. He was forced to suck and have his ass reamed but that didn’t mean he was queer. He had tried to defend himself but they were much bigger and forced him to do those terrible things. Being forced to do something wasn’t the same as wanting to do them.

“I really don’t give a rat’s ass if you are or aren’t! But you will adhere to the terms of this contract,” Sam said loudly pounding his desk with a broad hand.

“Bu....bu...but I’m not,” Carl was so scared it came out as a whisper.

“Okay, here’s the deal. Sign this five year contract and I will pay all your legal bills, whatever costs are involved with the damage you did, any fines assessed and write a letter to the court saying you are an excellent employee and necessary for the running of the company. I’ll also throw in a bit extra on your pay check to offset some of the costs for your lifestyle change. You don’t sign, your bail will be revoked and you will have to face the full force of your indiscretions all by your lonesome. According to Jim here you face as much as fifteen to twenty in the joint,” Sam paused to point to the attorney before continuing, “Now what will it be?” Sam responded harshly.

Carl read over the new employee application and contract that Mrs. Crump had drawn up. It stated that he was of American Indian descent and a transgender homosexual awaiting sexual reassignment surgery. Through flowing tears, he reluctantly signed the document. When he did that he was given another legal document changing his name officially to Clarissa Love Simpson.

Still shaken by the events, Mrs. Crump took a very subdued Clarissa to the company doctor. Sam wanted to make sure he hadn’t contracted any nasty disease while he was in jail. There he was tested for STDs, blood and urine samples taken. The complete physical was embarrassing but nothing compared to his weekend experiences until the nurse demanded to do a rape kit on him.

Ooo

When Carl had showed up in Mr. Wilson’s office Mrs. Crump almost wet her panties she was so excited. “Call me a fat ass and stare at me when you think I’m not looking will you. No telling what that little perverted mind of yours was thinking. Well after today your ass is mine,” she thought.

“Oh yeah, sign it bitch. By the time I’m finished with you. You are gonna regret the day you stepped foot in dis here place. You’re moving into my place once we done finished here. My Jerome will flip out when he sees you. He jest loves prissy boys like you. When I done tole him you was coming to live with us, he was sum happy. Oh, yeah, he owes Mr. Sam big time. He gonna help you get into shape in no time,” she thought as Clark signed the final document.

“Come on Clarissa I have to get you to the doctor ta make sure you’re healthy den we’re gonna move you into my place,” she said as she signed as a witness and the lawyer notarized the documents.

“Wha....what do you mean move into your place? I have a nice apartment of my own. I’ve got all my stuff there too. Why do I have to do that?” he asked perplexed. He could understand the need to see the doctor but moving in with her made no sense at all.

“Cause as of now, you’re on probation. It’s my job to make sure you does like you promised in dat contract. You give me any lip and it’s back to Clark County. Now come on, we don’t

have all day,” she answered.

Carl didn't like the sound of that one bit and looked to Mr. Wilson to help him. What he got was a wave of dismissal as Sam turned to talk to the lawyer. Grudgingly, he followed Mrs. Crump out the door and to her car. He hoped the doctor would give him something to relieve the pain radiating from his bottom.

“All I wanted was to be out of that fuckin prison and take a very long very hot shower. Now look at me, I've signed my life away, going to see some strange doctor and moving in with my boss' secretary. I had no choice. It was either that or go back to that horrible place. I wouldn't make it another night in that hell hole,” he thought as he fastened his seat belt.

As they left the doctor's office Carl still had tears in his eyes. Getting a rape exam had been mortifying. He had been so embarrassed that he didn't hear the nurse refer to it as a “sexual history profile.” The only good thing about that exam was the nurse applying a soothing cream to his aching butt. The doctor's visit would have been even more humiliating if he had heard what the doctor said to the nurse.

“Doctor, his anal ring had a small tear that looked like it might need a stitch. I gave him an anesthetic cream but wondered why you didn't stitch it?” she asked.

“Oh, that, well, his personal information says that he is a gay transgender awaiting SRS. I could have given it a stitch but what's the point? This way when he has another sexual encounter, it won't tear again. Besides it will heal well enough by itself. When you send that sample make sure the lab notates how many different sperm donors where involved. I'll want a history of his activity for the company's personnel files,” he replied.

“Mrs. Crump, where are we going? My apartment is the other way,” Carl asked.

“My place,” she replied.

“Wha....what about my stuff? My clothes, my personal things? I have to get them,” he said feeling agitated and afraid.

“I'll send Jerome over to get ya girly things. The rest, don't matter none. Mr. Sam he's given you an advance and tomorrow off. We'll get you new clothing then. Jest remember, ya on probation. You do everything I done told you and behave else you goes right back into da joint. You understands me?” she answered in a no nonsense tone.

“I'm so fucked. This is like the worst nightmare come true. I certainly don't want to do any of this but what fucking choice do I have. It's either be Mr. Wilson's gay transvestite or go back to prison. I just don't understand why I have to move in with her. If I were in my own place at least I could be me at home. Living with her I get the feeling that I'm going to be dressed all the time. I've never met her son Jerome either and that scares me. I heard he did some hard time but that's all I know about him. If I had never gone to that place, if I hadn't been drinking none of this would be happening. Shit! I don't have a gay bone in my body. I agreed to this so I would never have to do that ever again. I only wear women's things when I miss my mother and been drinking. I don't know if I can do that all the time. I'm so fucked,” he thought.

Carl sat wide eyed as he stared out the side window. The neighborhoods were becoming seedier looking with every passing block. When Mrs. Crump pulled into a space in front of an old brownstone, he guessed it was where she lived. It wasn't dilapidated but looked its age as he got out of the car and looked around. A mustiness and hint of garbage hit his nose as he followed her into the building. She stopped at a steel door with 2 C on it, opened it and pushed him in.

The living room had fairly recent furnishings. There was a comfortable looking couch, coffee table, one overstuffed recliner all facing a 50 inch HDTV. The kitchen was off to the side, dirty dishes, pots and pans stacked in the sink and a small kitchen table with four chairs. The entire area was littered but not filthy. He was led down the hall. The bathroom was the only door on the left. It was a typical bathroom, ceramic bath/shower, commode, linen closet and

sink counter with a wall mirror above. His room was the middle door on the right and the smallest. There was a small twin bed with night stand and lamp, eight drawer dresser with peeling veneer, straight back chair and small walk-in closet. The walls were a yellowing white and the floor covered in an old orange shag. It had the smell of mothballs, disuse and old clothing.

“Dis be yours. I got some of my old clothing in the closet. You can pack it up. I’ll get you some plastic bags. Shame you can’t wear none of it but if you had some weight on you....hummmm....Forget dat you need a whole new wardrobe and dats expensive. Those are my older skinny clothes and once I fatten you up a bit could come in mighty useful. Now you seen da house so come on and help me in the kitchen,” she said.

She marched him into the kitchen where he spent the next two plus hours doing the dishes and cleaning up. When he finished cleaning to her satisfaction was allowed to take that shower and nap.

Ooo

Carl was rudely awakened by a painful slap to his ass. He didn’t have any clean clothing to put on after his shower, so slept nude.

“Get ya ass outta dat bed faggot. Jerome done brought ya shit. For a girlie-boi you don’t have much but it’ll have to do till tomorrow. Put this on and I got you a pair of my old mules. I doan ever want to see you naked agin. You will always be properly attired,” Mrs. Crump stated.

Carl looked at the clothing then back at Mrs. Crump. “Please, where are all my clothes? Didn’t he bring them? I can’t wear this,” he said tears beginning to form.

The vicious slap almost knocked him out of the bed. “You be Clarissa now and I expect you to dress appropriately. You can forget wearing boxers and pants. From now on you bes in tight foundations and dresses just like me and the other women at the office. As a matter of fact I expect you to be wearing a proper girdle and bra all the time. The only exception is when you take a bath. So get ya white ass up and get dressed or I’ll smack you again. You got ten minutes,” she harshly demanded and left the room.

Wiping the tears away, he got out of bed and began dressing. He stepped into a pair of plum colored nylon briefs, tucking his penis down between his legs as he settled them at his waist. Next he worked the white Playtex high-waist panty girdle up his legs. Its bright white satin diamond front panel glistened in the overhead lighting. Then he fastened the four hook and eye closure of his white Playtex long-line bra. Over his foundations, he dropped a white nylon full slip over his head. The slip’s bodice was heavily frilled with floral lace and the hem had three inches of matching lace trim. He looked for something to put over his lingerie but the only thing left were a pair of clear plastic 2 inch block heeled mules with a white puff decoration on the open toe. They were a tight fit, mashing his toes painfully but he had no other choice. Reluctantly, feeling very foolish, he left the room.

He had never worn heels before and it took a bit of effort to walk. He normally walked heel then toe but these shoes became unstable when he did that. The block heel would wobble when he planted his foot. With each step he was afraid he was going to fall down or worse yet sprain his ankle. Another problem he experienced was the constant feeling that he was falling forward which forced him to pull his shoulders back. When he did that, it thrust out his chest making his bust line more prominent. Carl didn’t get any pleasure out of wearing the binding foundations or shoes but the soft nylon swishing across his thighs did feel nice.

“OMG, I’m going to have to dress like this all the time. Once every now and again was one thing but having to do it all the time and in public. This isn’t the least bit fun and I’m going to be a laughing stock. How do women walk in these things? My feet and calves are killing me already and I haven’t been in them more than five minutes,” he thought as he entered the living room.

Entering the living room, Carl froze. Standing in the kitchen was a big bald headed very black

male with tattoos running up both massive arms. He expected to see Mrs. Crump forgetting about Jerome. Having Jerome or any man see him dressed like this was mortifying and he blushed scarlet as they stared at him.

“Dat the faggot Clarissa ya told me about?” Jerome asked in a deep baritone.

“Yeah, with some work I think we can make a proper girlie-boi out of him,” she replied.

“Just don’t stand there Clarissa. Get ya ass over here and meet my boy,” Mrs. Crump shouted.

Awkward in his shoes, Carl clomped his way into the kitchen. Moving from the rug onto linoleum, his ankle gave way and would have fallen if Jerome hadn’t grabbed his arm. Jerome easily pulled him up and pressed their bodies together. Carl’s senses filled with the smell of sweat, beer, cheap cologne and marijuana as his face was pressed into Jerome’s massive chest. It took him a few more seconds to feel and recognize the hard flesh pressing into his stomach. Jerome held the contact for less than a minute but it seemed like a year to Carl.

“Clarissa ya walks like a damn cow. Give Jerome a welcome kiss for saving ya,” Mrs. Crump said laughing.

Carl could only look up at him, frozen in both fear and disbelief. It was as if in slow motion that Jerome moved his face down before enveloping Carl’s lips with his. The thick tongue invaded his mouth, working around like a slimy snake before retreating. The kiss had left a bitter taste in Carl’s mouth. The taste of tobacco and stale beer along with a dollop of spit made him want to vomit. He managed to stop the reflex by wiping his hand across his lips.

“You sure do need a lot of work pussy boy. Momma’s gonna have her hands full teaching ya manners and such. I’ll teach ya other things like how to give a great kiss,” Jerome’s deep voice echoed in his ears. Carl felt the room spinning and had to steady himself by leaning up against the refrigerator.

“I don’t want him teaching me how to kiss or anything else,” he thought as he regained his focus.

Mrs. Crump tied a gingham apron trimmed in white lace around his waist and set him helping her to cook dinner. The dinner was eaten mostly in silence except when she barked at him to take daintier bites and keep his elbows off the table. When the meal was finished, she set Carl to cleaning up the mess while she and Jerome sat on the sofa watching TV. When the kitchen was cleaned and the dishes put away, Mrs. Crump spent the next two hours teaching Carl how to walk in heels.

“That’s it Clarissa toe first then the heel, one foot in front of the other, swing from the hip. Dang it child, how many times do I have to tell you to keep them elbows in and wrists limp. Come on, now shake that booty,” she kept repeating as he made his way up and down the hall. When he thought he couldn’t take another step she told him to go sit on the sofa next to Jerome. He didn’t want to do it but his feet and calves were screaming in agony.

“Make damn sure you sweep ya hands under ya bottom fore you sits,” she barked as she went into her room. Carl didn’t like the look in Jerome’s eyes as he swept his hands across his butt and sat down on the other end of the couch.

“Come on bitch, scoot dat booty over here next to me,” Jerome demanded. Carl didn’t dare refuse. Once their hips were touching, Jerome placed a big beefy arm around Carl’s shoulders and pulled him in even closer.

“There, aint that much better bitch? Now lay your head on my shoulder and pretend ya is happier than a bear stuck in a honey jar,” he demanded.

As he complied, shivering and scared over what would come next, there came a loud knocking on the door. Jerome uttered “Fuck,” got up and told Carl to sit tight. He checked the peep hole, turned back to Carl and told him “get the fuck out.” He was more than happy to comply and scurried as fast as his heels allowed back to his own room.

MRS. CRUMP

Part Two

By Cheryl Lynn

Carl is stuck as Clarissa and living with Mrs. Crump and her son Jerome. He had to comply with Mr. Wilson's employment demands or go back to jail. It was Mrs. Crump's job to see that he became the gay transgender awaiting SRS that his employment called for. It didn't matter if he liked it or not.

Mrs. Crump II

Carl was awakened by a sharp stinging slap to his girdle covered ass. Mrs. Crump was staring down at him wearing a floral patterned house coat and pink slippers. For a moment he didn't remember where he was. He had been in a deep sleep and disorientated as his eyes flew open.

"Wha....what?" he mumbled.

"Clarissa get ya ass up. You have breakfast to cook and then we goes shopping. I put ya clothing on the chair. You got thirty minutes or I'll bust ya ass," she exclaimed turned and left the room.

Slowly Carl got out of bed, moaning in despair as memories cleared his sleep clouded mind. As he got out of bed, groaned in pain as his girdle and bra made their presents felt. He had never worn his foundations for so long and his body hadn't adapted. His entire body ached but his calves and feet hurt the worse. He walked over to the chair to get the clothing she had selected for him. Bright orange polyester sweat pants, floral Hawaiian styled shirt, his Ragu long-line girdle and Goddess full figure long-line bra, ecru hose and the heels from yesterday were stacked on the chair.

He decided to put the shoes on figuring Mrs. Crump would want that and he didn't want to walk barefoot. He clomped his way to the bath and placed his clothing on the counter top. The room smelled like a flower shop. Mrs. Crump had drawn him a bubble bath and used a lot of bath beads and oils. There was a pink lady's razor, can of feminine shave gel and a note.

"Shave ya legs, pits and any other body hair. Girlie-boi's like ya must be hairless. Use the pink body lotion when ya done that," the note read. Mumbling and cursing under his breath, Carl began another humiliating day.

Stripping off his foundations, he noticed with a worried look the deep red trenches embedded in his skin. The bra and girdle's outline was plainly visible. Red lines that only a woman could have. Grabbing the razor and gel, he stepped into the lukewarm water. He had never shaved before and his legs showed several nicks and cuts. He was more careful as he did his underarms and finally his pubes. He wasn't sure about shaving off his pubic hair but the note did say "hairless." The pink lotion had a heady floral scent but it did ease the irritation. As he was putting the lotion bottle down, there came a banging on the door.

"Hurry up Clarissa, ya time is almost up. Ya shaved all dat body hair like I done told ya? " Mrs. Crump's voice yelled.

"Yes ma'am, all of it just like you said," he meekly replied.

He quickly dressed and clomped his way into the kitchen. Even after all that practice last night, he had difficulty wearing heels. The nylon floral shirt was at least two sizes too large and the orange poly pants sagged on his frame. Fortunately the pants had a rope tie which kept them from falling to his feet. Mrs. Crump snorted when he walked in and tossed him the gingham apron.

“Get over here and start scrambling those eggs,” was all she said.

Carl seldom ate a full breakfast preferring a cup of coffee. When he did eat a full breakfast it was either late morning or early in the morning after doing a lot of Jack and coke before heading to bed. This morning he had a heaping plate of grits, scrambled eggs, hash browns, bacon and toast. He had protested but she silenced him.

“Ya need to put some flesh on that boney body of yours. How else do ya think ya going to fit in my old skinny clothing? Ya eat every bit of that or I’ll have my Jerome turn ya over his knee,” she instructed.

With the kitchen cleaned and Carl feeling like the Goodyear blimp, Mrs. Crump grabbed her purse and led him out the door. Their first stop was the hair salon next to Lois’. Three hours later Carl had a new very feminine old fashioned hair style. It had been piled up in a big puff do with pin curled bangs and the back twisted into a fat vertical curl. His hair had also been dyed a very brassy blond. The style required the use of a whole can of hairspray. The smell of shellac and sweet perfume filled his nose for hours afterwards.

While his hair was being worked on, his nails received one inch oval extensions painted a vivid plum color. His toe nails were also varnished in the same color. With his hair and nails done, his earlobes were pierced three times. A pearl stud filled the upper lobe, a small golden hoop the second and the bottom with a five inch gold hoop that had several small golden bells attached. Every time Carl moved his head he could hear the tinkling of those infernal bells. It took a few weeks before they were no longer a distraction. As a finishing touch, his lips were painted in a wet looking plum to match his nails. The lipstick was put on so thickly that every time his lips touched, it felt like they were going to stick together.

When he was allowed to look into the mirror Carl almost fainted. Staring back at him was definitely his face but with bright purplish-red pouting lips and a ridiculous brassy puff ball of very stiff hair. Dressed as he was there would be no doubt in anyone’s mind when they saw him that he was a flaming faggot.

“OMG! Look what they did to me. I look like a fucking drag queen,” his mind shouted.

“I can’t go out looking like this,” he gasped.

“Why not? Ya did say ya were a gay transsexual and now ya looks the part. So don’t give me any lip,” she snapped.

They stopped for lunch where Carl was forced to eat a double meat double cheese burger, large fries and tall shake. By the time he finished, he was groaning in discomfort. Between all the food and girdle he was in misery but she wanted him fattened up. She didn’t want the fat to go to his belly. She wanted it to form on his hips, butt and chest.

“Ya done stare at my big butt all the time. Wonder hows ya gonna like it when that big butt is on ya fat ass,” she thought handing him an oval shaped plastic dispenser.

“Ya don’t look so good. Here take des here pills. Take one now and another afor ya goes to bed,” she ordered.

Carl took the strange package and noted it had a ring of small white and a few pink pills stuck inside plastic bubbles. The back of the container was a pale blue with white floral decoration. He didn’t like to take any pills but punched one out and swallowed it down with the last of his shake.

“Wha....what are they?” he hesitatingly asked.

“Jest something to help ya digestion, ya don’t want all dat food going to ya belly,” she responded.

Before they left the restaurant Mrs. Crump took him into the lady’s room. He was reluctant but looking like he did definitely didn’t want to go into the men’s. It was a two stall set up and she told him to sit like a lady. At the sink she handed him a golden tube of plum lipstick. He looked confused as she did that but realized she wanted him to apply his own lipstick. His

fingers shaking he managed to smear another thick coat to his lips. Mrs. Crump made him wipe it off and reapply it instructing him how to do it right.

“Ya keep fucking dat up and we’ll be here all day. Ya want some other woman to come in here and out ya? Maybe if she done yell’s loudly enough, ya’ll get to see dat jail again. Now do it right,” she said.

That threat was enough to make him concentrate. The lipstick was a bit clumped but as he rubbed his lips together, smoothed out enough to please her. The weight, tackiness and taste were sensations he was going to get use to but at that moment were very noticeable.

“Nana’s Relics” was the next stop. It was located in an old store front with racks and tables filled with used clothing. It was run by a grandmotherly looking woman and a pretty teenaged girl. The older woman was corpulent with her grey hair cut in a pixie cut. She was wearing a simple A-line dress in a paisley print cotton and sensible block heeled shoes. The young girl was pretty, dressed in skin tight pink jeans and white cotton blouse that complimented her figure and bubbly personality.

“Hi there, I’m Jeanna, would you like me to help you today,” the young Latino girl asked.

“Perhaps, we bees here to get Carl a whole new wardrobe. I want to start with skirts and blouses,” Mrs. Crump stated.

“Errrrr...skirts and blouses...yeah sure...come this way. We won’t have a problem with that,” she replied with a giggle as she looked Carl over.

“Dios, another drag queen and this one with that hair. Oh well, a commission is a commission,” she thought leading them to the vintage racks.

As they followed Jeanna, Carl couldn’t help but see the look of disapproval coming from the older woman. It wasn’t hard to read her lips as they formed the words, “fucking faggot.” He quickly turned his attention to the swaying heart shaped bottom of the young girl. Watching her bottom took his mind off what was happening for a moment.

Hoping to stop any further humiliation, Carl said, “I don’t think that older woman wants me in here.”

“Oh, don’t mind my tia. She’s a bit old fashioned but a sale is a sale and I don’t mind. Here we are. What size are we looking for?” she answered.

Carl had no idea of what size skirt but Jeanna pulled a cloth measuring tape from around her neck. He blushed hotly as she bent slightly to get his waist measurement. Her exotic sweet spicy perfume filled his nose and the loose neckline of her blouse exposed the tops of her firm round breasts encased in a bright pink bra. His embarrassment would have been a lot greater if his hardening dick wasn’t tightly confined by his long-line girdle.

“Twenty-six, might as well get your chest measurements while I’m at it,” she said standing and moving behind him.

His face turned crimson as she pulled the tape around his chest while pressing her firm breasts into his back. He was embarrassed but her breasts felt wonderful pressing into his back making him smile. Mrs. Crump noted his expression, harrumphed with a frown and turned to sort through the skirts.

“He might be dressed like a faggot but dat look says something different. Got to find a way to kill any of those thoughts, the pills and Jerome will help but I need something else. We can’t have any unsightly bulges forming when he wears skin tight leggings or pants. I’ll have to have a talk with Lois. She knows all about des perverts,” she thought.

Any sexual thoughts Carl had disappeared as Jeanna placed the tape around his chest. There was no way she couldn’t tell that he was wearing a bra. Even without padding Jeanna was sure to feel the bra through his baggy Hawaiian shirt. He was mortified as her hands cupped his chest and she let out a loud snorting laugh.

“Not much there,” she giggled, “but I have something that will help you fill out if you want.

That is a full figure bra isn't it?"

"N....no...no," he started but Mrs. Crump interrupted.

"Of course something to fill out his feminine figure would be helpful and yes, he's wearing a Goddess bra under that blouse. Normally he just stuffs a few pairs of his socks in the cups but anything would be better than that," she said.

"Please Mrs. Crump can't we go now. I don't think I can stand much more of this embarrassment. Please, we have enough stuff now," he begged as Jeanna left to get more appropriate stuffing.

"Don't be silly Clarissa, we've barely started and ya do needs something better dan old stinky socks to fill ya out like a proper gay transgender person," she replied.

"We got these in a few months ago with an estate sale we picked up. Didn't think we would ever sell them, so I'll give you a good deal on them if you decide to buy," Jeanna said upon returning.

She was holding the biggest pair of artificial breasts Carl had ever seen. They looked surprisingly realistic with large brown areolas and generous thick brown nipples. The outer covering of the silicon breast was a darker hue than his own skin but Mrs. Crump said some time under a tanning booth and the skin tone would be very close. Jeanna happily filled the cups of his Goddess bra with the E-cup prosthesis. When they were inserted Carl leaned forward unaccustomed to the significant weight of the two breast forms.

"In case you're interested you can buy some surgical glue over at Harold's Pharmacy. It will take you some time to get use to wearing those big girls and gluing them will help," Jeanna offered.

By this time Carl was praying that Jeanna would stop offering suggestions. With every suggestion so far he was getting in deeper than he ever wanted. Two hours later after many trips to the changing room, Carl had six tight fitting straight skirts in black satin, navy wool, grey silk, pink wool, tan linen and forest green cotton. Most of the skirts were mid-calf while two were mid-thigh. He hated all of them. The mid-calf length hobbled his stride and the mid-thigh exposed way too much flesh. He didn't care for the blouses Mrs. Crump selected either.

Most of the blouses were billowy, translucent, frilled with fancy lace detailing and ruffled necks. Wearing those blouses would expose his lingerie to anyone who cared to look. A few were form fitting in bright satin with balloon sleeves and floppy bow ties. Some of the skirts were satin lined but the others required either a full or half-slip. Mrs. Crump chose only the frilliest laciest slinkiest slips in the shop.

While there he was fitted with three business suits. One was black with white pen stripes, a traditional navy and the last a powder pink wool with champagne satin lining. The skirts on each suit didn't reach mid-thigh and if he wasn't very careful would reveal his stocking tops. The jackets were double breasted with satin lapels, reached down to upper thigh and a single button at the waist. To go with the business attire Mrs. Crump found several old fashioned box hats with net veils, three leather purses one of which was an outdated large patent leather letter purse in a cream color.

Carl was exhausted both mentally and physically as he was led over to the shoe department. Mrs. Crump insisted that he needed a pair of shoes to match each of his outfits. Two pair of ankle boots in faux leather with three inch heels, three pairs of strappy sandals with four inch spiked heels, one pair of pink and white trainers and four pair of pointed toed satin pumps with four inch spiked heels completed that purchase.

In addition to the shoes Mrs. Crump got him a pink rabbit's fur jacket with matching ear muffs, some thin leather belts, colorful nylon scarves, three pair of cotton gloves in white, black and navy, two vintage baby doll nighties, a large number of shiny metal bangles for his wrists, several pair of skin tight leggings and a dozen pairs of support hosiery.

The baby doll nighties were double layered nylon and chiffon in a bright fuchsia with pink

floral lace trim at the puff sleeves and hem. The other was in a lime green with a knife pleated overskirt dripping with emerald green satin ribbon bows and delicate lace. Matching rumba styled full cut panties were found for the nighties.

He thought they were finished when the nighties were piled into the cart but she still wasn't done. Back to the dressing room where he tried on half a dozen polyester/spandex peddle pusher and Capri styled pants. She selected three for him to wear around the house in a bright florescent pink, black and green.

Before leaving the shop, she had him change into a black satin pencil skirt, pink chiffon blouse with full long sleeves and a very fluffy lace jabot and his black ankle boots. His black Goddess bra was clearly visible through the thin material of the blouse. A gold toned chain belt was fastened around the waist. Half a dozen thin metal bangles dangled around both wrists. He blushed scarlet as he viewed his image in the full length mirror. It was impossible to ignore the black bra stretching the fabric with its cups filled to capacity. Before they left, she handed him his fur coat and a pair of black gloves to put on.

The final stop was back at Lois'. This was his most humiliating stop of the day as there were four other full figured women in the shop. When they saw him, they stopped what they were doing, stared then broke out in gales of laughter. Lois was probably laughing the hardest. They gathered around him picking at his blouse, pointing out various features from his bell hoop earrings to his bust and generally making fun of his retro look. One woman even bent down and lifted the hem of his skirt to reveal the heavy lace trim of his black half-slip. He was mortified to the point of tears when Lois told the women to leave him alone and finish their shopping.

While the women shoppers were making fun of Carl, Mrs. Crump and Lois were talking. "Lois I needs to do something about Clarissa. While he professes to be gay it seems dat he still gets a thrill being around women. I've told ya often enough about how government contracts work. We have him listed as gay and if the auditor's ever find out that he might not be.....ya gets the idea. Can ya help me?"

"No problem but the cure may be painful for him. There is this little shop over on the East side, run by a real strange dude, all covered in tats and piercings. From what I heard he caters to the BDSM crowd and has a rep for making really fine stuff. Heard all bout him from one of my queer customers, let me check his file and give him a call," Lois replied.

They left Lois' shop with Carl the proud possessor of five wasp waist corsets and two night time training corsets plus a dozen pair of brief styled nylon and lace encrusted panties. The wasp waist corsets were all in bright satin with a soft cotton liner and close spaced wire boning. The hook and eye front closure was lace frilled and laced up the back. His girdled waist was already pulled in two inches but these would bring his waist in to twenty two inches. The sleep corsets were full body, reached from just above the breast down to mid-thigh, made of heavy canvas with cotton lining and wide shoulder straps. Close spaced steel boning would make bending impossible and even movement would be difficult once tightly laced. Carl hated those corsets even before he was put into one. These corsets would bring his waist in to a tiny twenty inches.

"Please Mrs. Crump why do I have to have these?" he asked when she held one up to his body.

"Clarissa ya bees a girlie-boi and everyone knows dat girlie-bois exaggerates their feminine side. They like big boobies and thin waists. The bigger the boobies and the thinner the waist the better they likes it. Sides, I don't want ya gaining weight in ya waist and these will help prevent that. We got to make sure the weight goes to ya boobies and bootie," she crisply answered.

As soon as they got home, he was instructed to remove all the labels and tags from his purchases. That evening after his bath, Mrs. Crump had him lie on the bed and glued the E-cup breast forms to his chest. He complained that the weight of the forms made his lower back hurt and begged her not to do it.

“Don’t worry Clarissa ya’ll get use to it and dose corsets we done got will keep ya back straight and help support ya new girls. Gluing them will make it a lot easier and get ya use to dem quicker,” she answered.

Carl could only move his lower legs and arms. Even that movement brought pain as the sleep corset dug into and reshaped his body. His waist was brought in by six inches, his shoulders forced to slope by the wide straps and his ribs crushed making breathing painful. If it hadn’t been for some of Jerome’s pain pills, he wouldn’t get a moment’s sleep.

As Mrs. Crump helped him get out of bed that next morning, the pills had worn off and the slightest movement caused him severe pain. It was with great relief when she unlaced him. The red lines and gouges left by the corset would last for hours. By comparison the wasp waist corsets were a blessing but still agonizing. He was forced to consume large amounts of food and the pressure on his stomach was painful. Instead of a single large helping he had much smaller ones but given candy bars and sodas between meals such that he always felt bloated. By doing that, Mrs. Crump made sure he had lots of calories but not enough volume to cause real pain due to his corseting.

Ooo

For his first day back at work, he was dressed in his navy business suit with a cream colored chiffon long-sleeved blouse with lace jabot tie. A white straw box hat with veil was pinned to the crown of his head. The way the bodice stood out was embarrassing and when he looked down couldn’t see past his magnificent breasts.

Under his outer wear Carl had on his blue Playtex full coverage bra, blue satin corset, blue eighteen hour girdle and blue support hose. Unlike bras girdles most often came in only white, black or beige. Mrs. Crump wanted his foundations to match so they spent most of Sunday dying the ones that he had pink, blue, lilac and orange. Finally he slipped his feet into a pair of black satin four inch spike heeled pointed toed pumps. The shoes were killing his feet even before they left the house. He had practiced with them for three hours last night and didn’t know how he was going to make it through an entire day.

He groaned in dismay as he looked at his reflection. The eyes were first drawn to the thickly coated plum colored lips then down to the immense bust and the barely concealed blue bra underneath. He couldn’t believe how short the tight fitted skirt was and how much leg it revealed. He would have to be very careful whenever he sat or his stocking tops would be revealed. He hoped that he would remember to keep his knees pressed tightly together. He hadn’t that much practice and if he wasn’t really careful could expose more than his stocking tops.

Mrs. Crump told him to get his white gloves and purse. She checked his purse to make sure he had his lipstick, tissues, new pink leatherette wallet, hair brush, hair spray and heady floral perfume she insisted he wear. Satisfied they grabbed their coats and headed to the office. It was a cold blistery day but at least it wasn’t snowing. By the time he minced to his desk, his cheeks and nose were red. The cold wind gusting up his skirt was a new and very uncomfortable feeling.

For the first time since he started working at Wilson Contractors, everyone in the office seemed to have something for him to look at. Jose, the Latino estimator, came by several times asking him inane questions. Carl didn’t like the fifty year old Mexican for several reasons. First, Jose was ugly. He face was a dark reddish brown, pock marked and his large flat nose looked squashed on his face. His salt and pepper hair was greasy and looked like it hadn’t been washed in months. His breath stank of cigarettes and coffee. He was also short, fat and only had eyes for Carl’s bosom.

Mrs. Crump came by only to make sure he had eaten a candy bar or drunk his soda. At lunch she took him to a fast food place and ordered a small cheese burger, fries and shake for him. On the way back to the office they stopped and she bought him three boxes of chocolate candy bars telling him he had to finish off one of the boxes by quitting time.

Around four thirty Mrs. Crump came and fetched him chasing Jose out as she entered. “Now listen up and pay attention. Mr. Sam bees really tense dis afternoon. I usually gives him some oral relief but since ya are legally “gay” ya can do dat for me. He’s getting his coffee so while he’s gone, ya scoot under his desk. Ya knows what ya have to do when he sits back down. Ya do it or I call the police to take ya back to Clark County. Understood!” she instructed.

“OMG! No I can’t do that,” he squeaked.

“Oh yes ya can and ya better do a real good job or I promise, ya’ll bees doing more than dat before the nights over,” she snapped. Carl didn’t notice Jose standing off to the side within easy hearing distance smiling from ear to ear.

He was cramped squatting under the desk. His lip was quivering in fear but had little choice about what was going to happen. “OMG! I can’t believe she would make me do such a thing. I’m not gay no matter what anybody thinks or says. I guess it’s better than going back there. What’s one blow job? I....I can handle it,” he thought with tear brimmed eyes.

After work, Mrs. Crump didn’t drive them straight home. Instead she drove to the east side of town and parked in a run down neighborhood. Telling him to get out of the car, she led him down a nearby ally and banged on a metal door. It was opened and a deep voice asked who they were.

“I bees Mrs. Crump and Lois called about what I need,” she replied.

The door swung open and was filled by a giant of a man in a tee shirt and jeans. He was at least six three, weighed three hundred pounds of solid muscle, bald and had more piercings than Carl had ever seen before. Not only that but every bare inch of skin was covered in elaborate tattoos including his skull. He moved aside and beckoned them in. Carl stood open mouthed as the door was locked behind him. The room looked like a medieval torture chamber. There were stocks, shackles, an iron maiden and all kinds of restraints everywhere he looked.

“Welcome to my little shop of horrors. If I understood Lois right, you need something for this purty little thing here. I have two ways to fix your problem. One, I can do a bit of piercing and fasten everything together or I can fit him with a stainless steel belt. The piercing is a bit more hygienic but will be difficult to ever remove. The tube has small blunted pins that will, in time, make an erection difficult but can be easily removed. So what will it be?” he asked.

“What do ya recommend?” Mrs. Crump replied.

“Well usually the top partner decides how he wants it done. If his partner wants access to those tid-bits, would chose the chastity tube. If not, then the piercing. They cost about the same and it’s just a matter of desire,” he answered.

“We’ll go with the chastity tube. He don’t have a life partner yet so I think it best to leave some options open,” she said.

Carl was bawling his eyes out as they left the shop. Not only was he glued to a pair of humongous artificial breasts but now his penis was hidden away. His penis was trapped in a short narrow sleeve of stainless steel that forced it back between his legs. A steel “V” shaped plate pressed his balls back up inside his groin and was locked on. Unless Mrs. Crump gave him the key would be impossible to remove. He was beginning to doubt his decision not to go back to jail.

Ooo

Two weeks later Carl was back at the doctor’s office. He was given another physical and blood work and urinalysis tests. To say that the doctor and nurse were surprised to see him with E-cup breasts and metal chastity tube would be an understatement. When asked why, Carl repeated what Mrs. Crump demanded.

“I....errrrr....I had to do it. I....I want...wanted to...to feel like the woman I am on the inside,” he stammered in explanation.

“You’ve been dressing as a complete woman since I last saw you. You have altered your appearance and put yourself in chastity. Plus from your urinalysis test, I see you are taking low level estrogen therapy. Self medicating....you should know better. From what I see you are definitely a candidate for reassignment but you need to be under a proper psychiatrist’s care. I’ll give you a reference before you leave and make an appointment to see her. Now I’m going to give you a shot of hormones that will begin to change your body chemistry. That means you will give me whatever pills you have been taking and stop self medicating, understand. Probably the reason for all that weight gain,” the doctor said.

“Pills, self medicating? The only pills I take are what Mrs. Crump gave me,” he answered digging into his purse to extract the container of pills.

“Birth control...geez....the levels are low in these things nowadays but you should not take any more of these things. I want to see you every two weeks for follow-ups. Now get dressed,” the doctor exclaimed.

“Hormone pills, why did you give me those things? I don’t want any female hormones in my body. Even if I don’t look much like one now, I don’t want that,” he exclaimed when they were back in the car.

“It’s my job to see that ya conform to your employment contract. Dose pills were to help do dat. I’m getting a bit fed up with ya pigheadedness and bitchen. I’m really tempted to send ya sorry ass back to dat prison. If I hear any more complaints or resistance, that’s where the fuck ya is going. Get it through ya thick skull that ya bees a gay transsexual awaiting reassignment surgery. We got state auditors coming in next Monday and ya had best pass their muster or else,” she coldly said.

“Ye.....yes ma’am,” he meekly replied.

“Oh and another thing, I’ve noticed old Jose hanging around ya a lot. I want ya to keep encouraging him. If dose state auditors see dat it will help convince them ya what ya say ya is,” she added.

“Oh no, please Mrs. Crump, he gives me the creeps,” he said shocked.

“I don’t give a tinker’s damn how ya feels about dat, just do it!” she snapped.

“Oh shit, what have I gotten into? First it’s the clothing, the corsets, all the poise and mannerism lessons, putting up with Jerome and now this. Jose is such a fucking slob. Crap, I’m so fucked. I just hope after the next four and a half years, I’ll be able to get back to normal,” he thought.

Ooo

Being nice to Jose was a lot harder than he thought it would be but he did his best. Mrs. Crump’s threat was enough encouragement to make it happen. At first Carl would give Jose a smile and pretend to listen to whatever he was talking about. At the beginning of the week when the auditors were due, Jose brought him a big box of chocolates.

“Clarissa I thought you might like these,” Jose said Monday afternoon.

Carl wrinkled his nose as the smell of sweat and stale tobacco filled his nose. Jose had been out on a job site and apparently didn’t bother to clean up when he got back. There were large dark sweat stains under his arms and chest. He forced a smile, stood and as much as he hated doing it, gave the old Mexican a quick hug saying how much he just loved the candy. He wouldn’t have done that except an auditor was in Mrs. Crump’s office and could see him. As he started to pull away, Jose grabbed his hands.

“Clarissa I...I know....errr....Know your situation....errr...but I don’t care. You go out with Jose after work. I know a great cantina not too far from here. They have the best gabrito taco’s you ever put into your mouth,” he said loudly enough to be heard by most of the office crew.

The office suddenly became very quite except for a giggle coming from where Julie and

Elaina had their cubicles. Carl looked around anxiously trying to figure out what to do. The last thing in the world he wanted was to go out with Jose or any man for that matter but he noticed Mrs. Crump and the auditor looking his way.

“Shit, I don’t want this, especially having to go out with a man old enough to be my father much less a wet back. That damn auditor is watching. He thinks I’m a gay transvestite. What would he think if I turned Jose down? Mrs. Crump would be mad but I don’t know about him. Damn, I’ve got to remove any doubts he may have, shit!” he thought.

“Yea....yeah sure Jose....errrr....I would love to,” Carl responded. Some where off to the side of the office he heard, “Awe how cute” but wasn’t sure if it came from Elaina or Julie’s cubical. He almost lost his lunch when Jose pulled him close and kissed him full on the lips.

“Thanks Clarissa, I’ll see you at five,” he said, slapping Carl on his rump and walked out of the cubicle wearing a great big shit eating grin.

Carl was too shocked to do anything for a moment or two but could feel his face blushing hotly. “Damn it, he kissed me then slapped my butt. It’s damn lucky he walked out or I would have kicked his ass across the fucking hall. Son of a bitch, he’s got some nerve,” he thought then sat back down to work. Without thinking, he reached over and pulled a piece of chocolate from the box.

There were two auditors in Mrs. Crump’s office when he went to clock out. As he passed her door she sang out, “Clarissa have fun tonight but I want you home no later than midnight. Remember no matter how much fun you are having tomorrow is still a work day.”

What else could he say but, “Yes Mrs. Crump.”

Bill, Elaina and Julie were standing in line in front of the time clock as he walked up. Julie gave him a big smile as she turned from putter her card back into its slot. Bill and Elaina both had shit eating grins on their faces. Carl could feel himself blushing as he stood in line. As he stepped up to the time clock, he felt an arm go about his waist. The aroma emanating from the person standing so close identified Jose immediately. Carl turned to face him and opened his mouth to tell him to step back when Jose’s lips pressed tightly against his own. Carl’s head began to swim, he was so disgusted by the kiss he felt sick. As the kiss broke he became aware of clapping. Opening his eyes he saw Bill, Elaina and Julie standing in a semi-circle around them applauding.

“I can see you two are going to have a wonderful time tonight,” Julie said smiling broadly.

“Yeah, man you two make some couple,” he heard Bill sarcastically say.

“Get a room,” Elaina stated rolling her eyes.

“Okay you guys, so what if I like my boys on the feminine side. Come on baby, let’s get away from these clowns,” Jose said grabbing Carl’s hand.

“Wha.....what...you’re gay?” a very flustered Carl said as he was pulled along.

“All my life, you don’t have a problem with that. You’re gay even if you want to be a woman. So until you get that surgery, why shouldn’t I take you out? Come on, we’re gonna have some fun tonight,” he replied.

The cantina was packed but the only woman there was behind the bar. Jose guided him to a rickety wooden table covered with a white and red checked oil cloth. Telling him that he would be right back left Carl to ponder his fate. As soon as Jose was gone, Carl thought seriously about getting up and running but he had no real idea as to where they were. Being out on the streets dressed as he was, Carl discarded that idea almost as soon as it formed. So he sat fidgeting until Jose returned carrying two beers and two shot glasses.

It wasn’t until later that Carl found out that the cantina was a Latino gay bar. After several beers and tequila shots, Carl excused himself to go to the restroom. There he witnessed a young Latino giving a blow job to some other man. He decided it would be the better part of valor to go into a nearby stall. When he came out there were two other men swapping spit

over the urinals.

“That is so disgusting,” Carl mumbled as he headed back to the table.

There was a fresh beer, shot and plate of tacos waiting when he sat back down on the bench set. Jose put an arm around him, pulling them closer together before planting a kiss on his cheek.

“I got the tacos while you was gone baby. Eat up. Like I said they’re the best in town,” Jose stated.

The goat tacos were good and ate all four on his plate. The picante sauce topping was extra spicy and Carl finished off two beers and two shots before he was finished eating. As the evening progressed Carl was getting drunker and drunker. Jose was getting more and more familiar with his touching and soul kissing.

Carl woke up with a pounding head, bleary sight and squeamish stomach. It took all his will power to make it to the bathroom and toss up what was left in his stomach. When he finished, he was weak in the knees and sat quickly on the commode seat. Sitting, his butt hurt but it took a moment or two before the pain registered. Fearing the worse, he stood and with difficulty pulled down his girdle, the panties seemed to stick to his bottom as they came down as well. With shaking fingers he probed his bottom. It felt crusty and sticky then he felt something strange hanging out of his back passage. Grabbing it he pulled and with a snap removed a red condom from his asshole. Looking at it, he groaned, plopped his bottom back onto the seat then passed out.

Mrs. Crump found him sitting there sometime later. He had left the bathroom door wide open in his rush. She stood over him taking in the sorry state he was in before she nudged his shoulder.

“Clarissa, wake up. It’s late and we needs to get to work. My ya a sorry piece of work dis morning aint ya? Thought I done told ya to bees home early. Clean yaself up and get dressed. I doan want to be late. Dem auditors have been crawling up my ass and I aint in no mood to put up with any ya shit today. Now hurry up,” she said but couldn’t hide the mirth in her voice.

To be continued

MRS CRUMP

Part Three

By Cheryl Lynn

Carl was feeling miserable as he settled down in his cubical. His head felt like it was stuffed with cotton, his tongue like it needed a shave and his girdle felt like it was cutting him in two. To make matters worse he didn’t remember much after eating those tacos last night. The fact that he had no clear memory of last night bothered him more than anything else. He had a good idea from his morning’s discovery but everything else was a blank. He was sick in both body and mind as he brought his coffee cup to his lips.

A flash of memory hit him as the cup touched his lips. Jose was laughing as he led Carl into the men’s room. There was a dirty open stall. He was bent over, elbows planted on the toilet seat, his skirt and slip scrunched up around his waist with Jose pumping away behind him. He almost spit out his coffee as the memory faded and his stomach rolled threatening to heave out his breakfast.

“Oh shit,” he mumbled bringing his hand to his face. “I’m going to be sick.”

Dashing to the bathroom, he passed a red eyed disheveled Jose. “Hey baby,” he heard but didn’t stop in his rush.

Later a much embarrassed Carl stood along with Jose in Mrs. Crump's office. "Alright ya two, listen up. I doan mind ya dating and whatever but let dis bees the last time ya do it on a work night. Both ya look like shit dis morning and we got auditors here. How's dat gonna look? Now get outta here and get some work done," she fumed.

"Oh this will never happen again. I'm never going out with him ever again," Carl thought as they left the office.

Carl almost jumped out of his heels when Jose slapped his bottom. "Hey that wasn't so bad. I thought she gonna dock us a day's pay. See you Friday night baby," Jose said smiling from ear to ear.

"Look, Jose, last night....last night was it. I'm not going out with you ever again and if you slap my butt one more time I'm going to slap you silly. Got it?" Carl snapped angrily and stomped to his office.

Jose stood watching Carl's swaying ass as he marched off. "Chiquita, that is the sexiest ass I've ever seen and I'm not giving up. I think I'll have a talk with Mrs. Crump and we'll see about you going out with Jose again."

As usual Carl and Mrs. Crump went to lunch at a nearby fast food joint. Today she ordered a two piece fried chicken dinner with mashed potatoes extra gravy and large soda for him. She had a simple chicken salad. When he complained about how stuffed he felt and that his girdle was cutting him in two, she smiled.

"Good, soon ya'll bees able to get into my old stuff. Still need a few more pounds but I'll take ya to Lois's tonight and get ya some better fitting foundations. So, how ya feeling? Ya looked like shit dis morning. Dat auditor, Miss. Chaves noticed n mentioned it. Told her ya done had a late night with Jose. She the one dat went over ya file. So ya keep seeing Jose, understand. I doan want her wondering if ya bees gay or not," she said.

"Wha...what, I don't want to ever go out with him again. Please Mrs. Crump, I'm really not like that. He....he forced me an...and....," he began.

"Shush up, I doan want to hear dat. Doan matter what cha want. Ya does what I say. The auditors bees here another week and I doan want no questions. Ya bees real nice to Jose, all lovie dovie like so ya rouse no suspicions. After dat, I doan care beside I think my Jerome kinda likes ya. Too bad he had to leave but he'll bees back in a couple of weeks," she interrupted.

"Oh shit, oh shit, she wants me to go out with him. He's horrible and embarrasses me. Maybe if he were half way decent and treated me nice it would be different but after what he did.....Man, I'm so screwed. What was that she said about Jerome? Oh no, Jose is bad enough but she said he likes me. He scares me more than Jose. Jerome is a gang banger and mean," he mused forcing a fork of potatoes into his mouth.

Ooo

That evening Carl was standing in the changing room of Lois's Foundations wearing his new pearl white Cortland Venus padded girdle. It had a high waist wide control band that nipped his waist in to twenty four inches. His previous girdles kept his waist much smaller but with the weight gain of twenty pounds he needed the larger size. Lois had replaced the pads that came with the girdle with much thicker ones. With it on his body could only be called full figured. In addition to his new girdle he was wearing a white Cortland Venus long-line lace soft cup bra. Lois and Mrs. Crump made him pirouette with his arms raised above his head so they could check the fit. As he slowly turned, his face flushed, they were whispering.

"With that brassy big hair and everything, I think he would make a great model for my web page. He reminds me of those old eighteen nineties erotic pictures that pop up every now and then on the internet. You know those full figured women with their Gibson Girl hairdo's and corsets. Do you think he'd mind if I took a few pictures? If they come out like I think they will, the bra and girdle are on me tonight," Lois whispered.

“Yeah, sounds great but you don’t need his permission. Let’s do it,” Mrs. Crump answered.

Carl was forced to join them out in the common area of the changing rooms. Under the bright lighting and mirrored walls, he had to poise under Mrs. Crump’s direction as Lois took picture after picture on her digital camera. After an hour, they were satisfied and let him go into the change booth to get dressed.

Inside he removed the plastic carry bag that held his new outfit. It was one of Mrs. Crump’s older skinny outfits, a peach translucent chiffon peter pan collared blouse with long sleeves and peach satin three inch cuffs. The black satin mid-calf straight skirt barely covered the leg hems of his new girdle and hugged his larger bottom and hips like it was sprayed on. Looking into the mirror Carl grimaced at his reflection.

“OMG! I’m all tits and ass,” he thought.

Back at the check out counter Lois was showing Mrs. Crump an eight by ten glossy of the picture she decided would be the center piece on her web page. It showed Clarissa in profile bent at the waist, holding a compact in his left hand while touching the tip of the plum lipstick to his lips. The other picture showed him bent slightly, head turned towards the camera with hands crossed over on the knees, wiggling his backside at the camera. Another photo showed him in full frontal poise, legs slightly spread twirling a parasol over his head. The final photo was a close up of his face and upper torso.

Looking closely at this picture you could tell that the figure was actually a male. The face only adorned with a glistening reddish-purple lipstick was obviously a guy’s face. With full makeup it was feminine enough to probably pass but the close up put away any doubts. There was a hint of Adam’s apple, the cheek bones not quite prominent enough and too square chin. Features full makeup could hide.

“These came out marvelous. I’m going to use them all and I’ll throw in three more foundation sets when he signs the release,” she was saying as Carl walked over.

Back at the apartment, Carl stood before the sink, wearing rubber gloves as he dipped one set of foundations into the purple dye. Another set was drying over the shower rail in a bright pink. Mrs. Crump decided that his foundations should have a little color besides the normal beige, black and white they usually came in.

“You’re a young girlie-boi and ya foundations should have a bit of color to attract ya boyfriends. When ya get my age, den those off the rack colors bees just fine,” she told him.

As Carl sat rolling his hair onto bristle rollers for the night, he was dead tired and miserable. He was wearing a black nylon baby doll with matching rumba full cut panties over the sleep corset. Mrs. Crump didn’t get him new larger ones saying that his body still needed training. When she first put him into one, it was both uncomfortable and very restraining. Now it felt like a vise cutting into his shoulders, waist and groin. It forced his shoulders to slump while keeping his spine arrow straight and his stomach severely reduced forcing flesh up to his breasts and ass. The only thing that allowed him any relief was the two pain pills she had given him. All he wanted to do now was finish with his hair and go to sleep.

Ooo

When Clarissa showed up for work the next day, Jose was more than happy with the fuller figure. Mrs. Crump made sure he showed it off by having him wear a tight pink woolen mid-calf length skirt and white chiffon blouse with balloon sleeves and frilly lace jabot. The new white Venus bra was very visible through the translucent blouse. Having massive E-cups made it impossible to button the matching jacket. She also made Carl go into Jose’s cubicle and ask him how he like his new looks.

As Carl tentatively entered Jose’s cubicle, Jose got up and pulled him into a tight embrace, kissed his heartily on the bright plum colored lips before placing a resounding slap to his big rear end.

“Oh Chiquita you look wonderful. I can’t wait to play with that big booty of yours. Come on,

give Jose another big kiss. Show him how much you missed him,” Jose demanded. Of course when Jose said that the other people in the area heard and watched as Carl humiliated him self.

For the first time since he became officially Clarissa, Mrs. Crump told him to have lunch with Jose. Carl tried to no effect in getting her to change her mind. Instead, she rebuked, “Ya go with Jose and ya do whatever he wants while on your lunch break or else. Ya seem to forget who and what ya are and I won’t allow that.”

Jose was more than happy to take him back to the cantina. As they finished eating, Jose nodded in the direction of the bathrooms. It was the moment Carl was dreading and haltingly tried to decline the invitation.

“Errrrr.....Jose....it’s broad daylight....errrr...and....we...we have to get back to work. Please, I ha...have a lot to do.”

Jose stood, reached down and grabbed Carl’s hand. “Bitch, I bought lunch so it’s time for you to pay me back. Now come along or I’ll tell Mrs. Crump you weren’t cooperative. Yeah, she told me what you said about me and that wasn’t very nice of you. She also told me you would do whatever I wanted. So now, I’m not so nice a guy. Come on or I tell,” he said between clinched yellow teeth.

Carl sat on the toilet seat in the same dingy stall he vaguely remembered from before. This time he was stone cold sober and would remember every humiliating detail. Jose was standing in front of him, slapping his blushing cheeks with an immense thick dick berating him for telling Mrs. Crump how ugly and creepy poor Jose was.

“You think Jose doesn’t have feelings? You think Jose is ugly? You think I’m not good enough for you? Huh Chiquita, that what you tell the boss lady? I though we had a good time and you say those horrible things about me...me...Jose Esquervera Maria Mendez. I work hard, I have my citizenship, I make good money and you think I’m dirt. Well, Chiquita things are going to change. I know the boss lady for a very long time. I know what she has planned for you. She gonna cut that dick off and give you a pussy. Then she gonna give you to Jerome. He likes you prissy boys but she no like that. So she gonna make him marry you once your cahones are cut off. She says so, believe me. Jerome is one bad hombre, mean son of a bitch I know. So you have a choice. You can become my girl or Jerome’s slit bitch. Once you have that slit, Jerome he’s gonna pimp you out, you no good to him with a cunt. So you start treating Jose right and show me the love or I won’t be around to protect you.”

For the hundredth time Carl knew that he was royally screwed. He also didn’t doubt a word of what Jose told him. The sex reassignment was already on the books, he was forced to take hormones and Jerome had started teaching him things before he left. Jerome had been rough, mean and demanding. The second night staying with them there were no interruptions when Mrs. Crump went to bed. Jerome had made him strip naked by arm twisting and a couple of brutal slaps. To add to his mortification made fun of his chastised little penis and balls going as far as taking a picture with his camera phone and sending it to his bros. Jerome didn’t bother using a condom or lubrication. When Jerome took him that second night, he stuffed his boxers into Carl’s mouth to keep him quite. It had been a horrible and demeaning night. The lessons didn’t happen every night but enough times so that Carl dreaded being alone with him.

“Al....alright Jose....I’m sorry....I....I didn’t mean....please...forgive me. You have to help me. I don’t want to be anywhere near Jerome....but...Mrs. Crump. He really scares me....I’m not gay and....and don’t want to be a woman. She’s done this to me. You have to know that...” he cried as tears spilled down his cheeks.

“You tell me that you want to be my lover. You tell me and anyone else that Jose is your man now and forever.....then maybe I’ll forgive you. I like you like this with that big ass and don’t care what you want. You beg me to forgive you then I will protect you. Once everyone knows you’re mine then boss lady can’t force you on Jerome or cut your dick off. I want you to keep

that. Who knows maybe I might want to play with it sometime,” he replied with a victorious smile.

“I’m caught between a rock and a very hard place. Shit, I don’t want my dick cut off. I don’t want to go back to jail and I certainly don’t want to have anything to do with Jerome. He’s left me with no choice. I have to beg him to forgive me and let me be his....his whore,” he thought as larger tears ran down his cheeks. Giving up, Carl bent his head forward and took Jose’s penis between his lips. For a second, just a split second, he thought about biting down hard.

They walked into the office with Jose’s hand firmly planted on Carl’s plump rear. Before leaving Jose’s cubical, he planted a deep passionate kiss on his lips.

“Get a room,” was shouted out from Ben’s cubicle.

“Naughty, naughty,” came from Elaina’s.

“Ya’ll get back to work. Clarissa get ya butt in here,” came from Mrs. Crump’s.

“Yes Mrs. Crump,” a blushing Carl said as he entered the small office.

“Mr. Sam is really tense from all dem auditors’ questions. Get under his desk so ya can relieve dat tension when he gets back,” she stated.

Mr. Sam’s desk was big but it was all Carl could do to get marginally comfortable. He had about a fifteen minute wait before Sam settled in his large padded chair. He was not alone and Carl tried his best to scrunch as far back under the desk as he could. There were at least two other people in the room as Sam reached under and pulled Carl’s head into his crotch.

“You’ve got to be kidding me? He can’t possibly want me to do it with other people in the room,” Carl thought but a jerk on his hair said otherwise.

Carl reached out and slowly lowered the zipper then sliding his fingers into the fly of Sam’s boxers extracted the flaccid penis. Sam pushed his chair in a bit closer as he felt slick lips enfold his dick. The conversation was loud enough to cover up the sounds of what was happening. The aroma of sweat, piss and heady musk filled Carl’s nose as he slid his lips down the growing shaft. He wanted to be sick but was resigned to his dismal fate.

“I’ll never get use to doing this. Those guys at Clark forced me, Jose and Jerome forced me and Mrs. Crump is making me do this for the boss. I hate it. As long as I’m forced that doesn’t make me queer. I’m not gay. I’m not a faggot. I’m forced to do this shit,” he thought in justification but that didn’t ease his degradation.

Thursday, Jose told Carl to pack an overnight bag for their date Friday. When he told Mrs. Crump what Jose wanted, he was hoping that she would tell him no. Instead, she gave him a crooked little smile and told him that was fine with her.

“Look if ya wants to spend the weekend with ya lover boy dats fine with me. While I doan particularly care bout ya two getting together, as long as ya complies with ya employment contract, I doan have no problem. Ya jest be sure to be home by Sunday,” she said.

That weekend hadn’t been as bad as Carl thought it would have been. Yes, Jose used him sexually but otherwise tried his best to show him a good time. Friday night Jose took him to a Latino Rotisserio for a quite dinner. The restaurant featured a large open pit fireplace with a rotating grill work strung with whole chickens, pork and beef cuts. The grilled food was delicious and the beer very cold. Wearing his new girdle Carl was able to eat all of his half chicken, black beans and rice, plantains and yucca. From there he was taken to a Latino bar where the beer with tequila chasers mixed nicely with the loud salsa music.

He was feeling very mellow by the time Jose took him back to his apartment. Jose’s apartment was in a predominantly Latino neighborhood, relatively neat and clean. Jose showed him into the bedroom so he could store his suitcase and the bathroom.

“Clarissa, why don’t you get into something more comfortable while I get the tequila ready,” he said giving Carl a sharp slap to his round rump.

Carl knew that it wasn't a request and began disrobing. "Like I have a choice, still it's better than being with Jerome. Jose did treat me real nice tonight and didn't take me back to that filthy cantina. I guess I kinda owe him," he thought.

Ooo

After that weekend, things settled down into a routine for Carl. Mrs. Crump still held him on a tight leash but no longer told him to stay with Jerome when she went to bed. Jerome still made demands occasionally but seemed content leaving him alone. With the auditors gone Mr. Sam wasn't tense and Carl's under-the-desk duties were required about once a week. He still was humiliated by having to perform those duties but like everything else in his life accepted them. Almost every weekend was spent at Jose's which he also accepted as a price he had to pay. At least Jose was gentle and kind to him.

Carl was continuing to gain weight and saw both the company doctor and gender psychiatrist every two weeks. During those company doctor visits, he received booster shots to maintain his hormone levels and checked for STD's. The psychiatrist was pleased that he had a single partner relationship. Additionally the psychiatrist was using hypnosis to ease Carl's anxieties. What Carl didn't remember about those sessions were the doctor's suggestions on how to cope in his sexuality. Those subconscious instructions over time had a profound effect on Carl's thought processes. After six months, Carl no longer thought of himself as queer or his sexual practices perverted. Yes, he knew that he was different but accepted what he had become.

During the ensuing months Carl kept gaining weight. After a year working under his employment contract, his weight was a little over two hundred thirty pounds. His chest measured forty-six with a DD-cup, the waist thirty inches and his butt forty eight inches. When Mrs. Crump removed his falsies for cleaning a few months back, they were both surprised to see how much his breasts had grown. Lois measured them and announced that he was a natural C-cup. With his new physical measurements, his natural breasts seemed too small. The company doctor was contacted over Carl's half-hearted objections and within a week he had implants to bring his cup size to DD. Mrs. Crump wanted them a full F-cup but the doctor refused.

The only thing that really bothered him by then was his imprisoned groin. It wasn't that he hadn't been able to touch it or use it in a sexual manner as it had been on for so long. It was the idea that he didn't have access that bothered him. So when she removed it almost a year after it had been put on, he was greatly relieved. It was much smaller than he remembered and his testicles never descended back into his scrotum.

He had been wearing reinforced foundations and women's apparel for so long that there were no sexual connotations associated with his dressing. They were just clothes. When dressed, all he cared about was how he looked in them. He wanted to look his very best and sometimes felt really bad that he couldn't wear more feminine and stylish clothing. When your panties are a size 3 XXX and your bra a 46 DD, it became impossible to get sexy flattering dresses or lingerie. If he wanted lingerie in other than white, beige or black he had to dye it. When it came to his outerwear his choices were also very narrow. Jose liked him wearing stretch pants that emphasized his big butt and showed off his girdle lines but they drew disdainful glances from the general public. If he had to be feminine, Carl would rather be like other girls his age rather than the fat hippo he had become. Unfortunately, both Mrs. Crump and Jose liked his full figure.

With the weight gain, Carl's face had filled out and developed a double chin. At Jose's insistence, Mrs. Crump allowed Carl to begin wearing full makeup. She still insisted that he keep his big hair brassy blond hair style but began teaching him how to put on makeup. Like most big women, she had him learn a heavy makeup regimen using bright colors for his eyes and lips. With the makeup and rounded face, Carl could easily pass as a full figured woman.

Ooo

Carl sat uncomfortable in the too tight chair in front of Mr. Sam's desk. "Clarissa you been

with us over a year now and have kept up your part of our contract. You have contributed to my company's success in getting those government contracts. According to the company doctor and your psychiatrist you meet all the requirements for completing your transition. So I'm prepared to go along with Mrs. Crump's suggestion that you have your SRS surgery at company expense. I know it will take time for you to recuperate and will keep you at full salary. Things are slow this time of year so you taking time off will not be disruptive," he said.

Carl forgot about his discomfort and tried to sit up a bit straighter in the chair. "Mr. Sam I don't want any surgery. I don't care what our contract says, I'm not that way. I admit that....that my....my package doesn't well isn't....isn't errr....like it was but it's what I really am. Please, don't make me do this...I....I want to keep it. You forced me to change my name to Clarissa Love but I'm still Carl no matter what I look like. I don't want any surgery," he replied.

"Funny I would have thought by now you would welcome the change. Perhaps if you had a real pussy you could find someone else to spend your time with besides Jose. There's got to be a lot of guys out there that would love a full figured woman such as yourself," Sam said with a snort.

"I....I don't want....I don't want no guys. I'm satisfied with Jose. At least he treats me like a human being and not some chattel. He likes me just the way I am. Despite that damn contract, you don't own me," Carl replied vehemently.

"Now don't take that tone with me missy. I paid all your legal expenses, fines and got you off with three years probation. All I have to do is tell the court you fucked up and you will go back to Clark County. Now I have a good friend that works at DPW and he has expressed a desire to get to know you better. Unfortunately he thinks you're a real girl. He's in a position to do this company some real good in the future. So unless you agree to have this surgery, it's back to County. I'll call the doc and have him make the arrangements for the first of the month," he coldly responded.

Carl left Mr. Sam's office shaking. He was terrified of what Mr. Sam wanted him to do and the implications of a future relationship. Feeling desperate, he went into Mrs. Crump's office. He had a faint hope that she would be sympathetic and would help him.

"Mr. Sam bees use to getting what he wants Clarissa. Ya should know dat by now. Ya need to go through with dat surgery so the company can keep dem employee points. Plus Mr. Jacobs over at DPW likes ya. He's in a position to steer a lot of work our way. Sorry, but ya gonna have to get use to the idea of having a pussy," she informed him.

Carl spent an entire month in Colorado with Mrs. Crump where he had his surgery. It had been a painful and embarrassing procedure and recovery. The team of doctors that worked on him was good. He was surprised at how much feeling came from his newly formed vagina and clitoris. The humiliation came when he had to dilate his new sex as Mrs. Crump always had to supervise. To make his mortification all the more she made him use an eight inch long three inch thick black dildo instead of the smaller plain white plastic rounded tube furnished by the clinic.

Ooo

Back in Chicago his life as a transgender continued except that Jose no longer wanted to have anything to do with him. Without Jose to watch over him Jerome took a new interest in Carl. Only that interest was not sexual, he was seeing a potential income source. The only thing keeping him from pimping out Carl's booty was Mrs. Crump. It was the only thing she ever did that he was thankful for.

Shortly after their return, Mrs. Crump laid out Carl's clothing. She selected his purple long line girdle and bra set, a violet lace frilled camisole and matching half slip, black seamed hose with lace welts, pink balloon sleeved chiffon blouse with a high ruffled neck and red satin mini-skirt. The skirt barely covered his stocking tops and hugged his ass. For accessories

she gave him four inch stiletto heeled open toed pumps, black patent leather purse, white cotton gloves, bangles for both wrists and a thin five strand gold chain.

She seldom told him what to wear anymore and her actions made him ask why. "Mr. Jacobs is coming to the office this afternoon and I want ya to make a good impression. Ya bees real sweet to him ya hear. Ya fuck dis up and ya gonna find yaself working for Jerome on the weekends," she answered.

Mr. Jacobs was in his mid-thirties, average height but flabby and neither ugly nor handsome. His sandy blond hair was receding and had light grey eyes. He was just an average Joe with nothing particular that stood out. He appeared to be nervous when Clarissa served him coffee that afternoon. Carl had been given specific instructions to serve the coffee then engage the man in conversation while Mr. Sam was detained.

Following instructions, Carl sat on the conference table letting his thick thighs part as wide as the tight dress would allow as Mr. Jacobs sat in the chair. Mr. Jacobs couldn't see Carl's crotch but the lace welts with the beribboned garter tabs were plainly visible. Mr. Jacobs was surprisingly shy and awkward but couldn't take his eyes off Carl's legs. When Mr. Sam walked in, Carl slid off the table top allowing his skirt to ride up exposing a quick squirrel shot for Mr. Jacobs' benefit.

Before he left the room, Carl bent down close to Mr. Jacobs' ear and said, "James it was certainly nice to meet you." All James could see was the ample bosom displayed in front of him as he smiled back. Mr. Sam didn't miss Mr. Jacob adjusting the front of his pants as Carl walked off.

Despite having to act like a hussy, Carl enjoyed talking to James. He was funny in his own sort of way and pleasant. "Well at least he's not some old bald headed fat fart. Actually he was sweet. I just didn't like having to display myself like that in front of him. No telling what he must think of me," he thought returning to his cubicle.

The next day Carl received a phone call from James asking him out on a date for Saturday. He knew he couldn't refuse and it was a good excuse to get away from Mrs. Crumb's apartment. Since it was for a dinner and movie Carl wanted to dress modestly but Mrs. Crump had other ideas. Instead of the grey crepe de chine pants suit he wanted to wear, she selected a more seductive outfit.

She laid out a cap sleeved red velvet above the knee dress with a low rounded neckline. His foundations consisted of a black Edith Lances extra support full lace underwire bra with five hook and eye closure and a matching Va Bien Hi Waist nylon spandex brief. Sheer black seamed hosiery, heavily embroidered and lace frilled black silky full slip and four inch black patent leather stilettos completed his dressing. His makeup was equally seductive and heavily applied. Using metallic blues and greens his lids took on an eye of the peacock look. The lips were thickly coated with a reddish-purple lipstick containing a plumping agent.

"Now dat lipstick gave ya nice cock sucking lips Clarissa. Ya lips have always been too thin for my liking but dat stuff fills out nice and plump. Ya make sure ya show Mr. Jacobs a good time now ya hear," Mrs. Crump commented when he was ready.

James Jacobs was a gentleman throughout their date. He took Clarissa to a nice Chinese place then to the movie. Carl was surprised when James didn't make a move on him during the movie. He waited until it was mostly over before daring to put his arm around Carl's shoulders. When he pulled up outside Mrs. Crump apartment, it was Clarissa that made the first move and kissed him soundly on the lips as they stood in front of the door.

"I don't know exactly why I did that. I guess in case she was watching through the peep hole but I really enjoyed myself tonight," he thought as he went to his room.

Clarissa had several more dates with James over the ensuing weeks. With each date James became a little bolder but never demanded a more intimate relationship. It wasn't until their eighth date that he asked her up to his place. Over a glass or two or three of white wine, James clumsily unbuttoned Carl's satin blouse and with some effort unhooked the bra. He

was content to just nurse at Carl's DD's and play a lot of tongue tag.

With the ice broken, their dates became more intimate. James never was demanding or rough with Carl which was a very new experience for him. Jose and Jerome were both aggressive and sometimes brutal when it came to sex. Carl never felt intimidated or forced when he was with James. The first time they had sex Carl had his first climax in almost two years. It wasn't the same earth shattering eruption he was use to. It was subtle, rising like a wave before crashing into a rocky shore. From that night forward Carl stopped thinking of himself as Carl. He became Clarissa Love that night.

Carl was in the bathroom getting ready for bed. He was naked, standing in front of the full length mirror on the back of the door. "Just look at me and what they have done to my body. I look like the Goodyear blimp with breasts. Once I wore foundations just to feel close to my mother but now I have no choice. They even cut off my manhood. What good am I now except to provide my boss with government contracts? The only good thing that has happened since this began is meeting James. He is so sweet and caring but I'm still who I am inside. I can't change what has happened and will have to live with it. I have to accept being what I am and James brought out something I haven't felt before. Is it possible for me to fall in love with another man? Damn, he thinks I'm a real girl. How can I tell him the truth? I should but don't have the courage. What if he goes ballistic on me? What if he cancels those contracts? My life wouldn't be worth a plug nickel and Jerome would have me working the streets," he thought.

Ooo

They were out on the lake on a bright spring afternoon. Clarissa sat on the beach towel feeling very self conscious wearing a bikini. It was purple with pink stripes. The bottom was full cut but still revealed a large amount of her round ass. The top was also full coverage but did little to hide the DD's. He clutched a terry wrap to his chest wanting only to go home. A couple of teenagers walking by a moment ago were laughing as they looked at them sitting on their towels. Clarissa couldn't help but hear,

"What a bunch of fat slobs. Lucky for them Captain Ahab aint around."

"They're right. I'm a blimp and I said pretty much the same things back when. I don't know why I said I would come to the beach with James and now all I want to do is go home," he thought with tears glistening in his eyes.

"Hey darling, don't let those assholes bother you. They don't know how beautiful you truly are. Look I have something that should cheer you up," James said pulling Clarissa in close and kissing his nose.

Clarissa couldn't help it and let out a little giggle as he looked at James. Carl's eyes popped wide open and his mouth dropped seeing what James held in his chubby palm. It was a diamond ring, not just any ring but an engagement ring.

"Look Clarissa, I love you and want to marry you. Please say yes. It would make me the happiest man in all of Chicago if you agree," he said. The proposal was totally unexpected and Clarissa broke out in full fledged tears. With mascara running down his chubby cheeks, he turned his face away from James and tried to bury it in his towel.

"OMG! He wants to marry me....but...but that is insane. No matter what I look like or how I feel, I'm still a guy. I should have told him when we first started dating....oh why me.....What am I gonna do?" he thought.

"Look Clarissa I love you and want to marry you. All you have to do is say yes," James said putting an arm around the quivering Carl.

"Ple....please James just take me home. Take me home right now," Carl said shaking off his arm and standing.

Ooo

Clarissa avoided James for the next week. He called the office and the apartment several

times a day but Carl refused to answer. Mrs. Crump was getting impatient with him and demanded an explanation. "Clarissa, what's going on? I told ya how important Mr. Jacobs was to us and ya avoiding him. I want to know why?" she demanded.

"Mrs. Crump, I just can't see him anymore. Please, I don't want to talk about it. Just let me be," he replied teary eyed.

"No, I want answers and I want them now," she angrily snapped.

"He...he..wants to marry me, alright!" Carl answered as tears flowed down his cheeks.

"Well, well, aint dat something. Never planed on dat but maybe dat bees good. I need to talk dis over with Mr. Sam," she mused then dismissed Carl back to his cubicle.

"Mr. Sam we need to talk. Mr. Jacobs done asked Clarissa to marry him. Dat can be good or bad for us. With him married to dat boy, we might be able to fandangle more contracts but we could lose it all. Right now Clarissa done told him no but dat could cause us problems as well. What if Mr. Jacobs gets upset with us cause she said no?" Mrs. Crump said.

"What...proposed marriage? Shit, didn't plan on any of that but we still have a valid employment contract so she can't quit. As long as Clarissa works for us, I don't see any problems but you could be right about him taking it out on us if he refuses. You've got to make him say yes. I don't want to take any chance of reprisals," he replied after giving it some serious thought.

"But Mrs. Crump he thinks I'm a real girl. If he finds out that I'm not...," Carl complained when she told him what Mr. Sam said.

"Clarissa, ya thinks he doan know what ya are? Hell, he's the one issuing dos contracts. Ya think he doan know all about dem minority reports? So, ya call him and tell him yes," she instructed.

"Oh crap! I didn't think about that. I can't say yes though. I don't really love him or at least I don't think so. He's nice and charming but still it's got to be illegal and what if he doesn't really know? Oh damn it, I really care about him if I'm honest with myself but enough to get married," he thought.

"Look Mrs. Crump, I really don't know if he knows about me but in any case it has to be illegal. No matter what I look like, I'm still a guy when you get down to it," he said.

"Clarissa when ya had dat sex chance ya legally became a woman. So it aint illegal and so what if'n he doan know all about ya? What's the big deal?"

"Not illegal? I didn't think about that....maybe I should say yes then I could be out from under her control. No, I have to tell him the truth. If he winds up hating me I don't care. My life is shit as it is and maybe he's the way out. I'm stuck like this and maybe James can make life a little bit better," he thought.

"Okay, I'll call him," he replied.

Ooo

James did know about Clarissa's background and confessed that he still loved her very much. The first few times they dated he admitted was out of curiosity but once he got to know her fell in love. What he didn't know were the circumstances surrounding Clarissa's transformation. Carl had to tell him everything from the tormented beginnings through his final transition. After everything was out into the open, Carl felt a great weight lifted off his chest but James was irate.

"I can't believe that they forced you to do that? That's revolting and all that just to get a few more government contracts. Well I'll put a stop to it. I won't let them get away for making you do that," he raged.

"James, sweetie, it's alright. I'm what I am now and nothing you or anybody else can do anything to change it. Yes, I didn't want this but I have to live with what happened. I do care

deeply about you and to be honest, don't know if I love you. I've never been a woman before and the feelings I have for you are very confusing to me. Perhaps it is love but I truly don't know," Carl said though a burst of tears.

Some how they wound up in bed and in the morning Carl felt better than he had in years. James' arm was flopped across his chest, his groin pressing into Carl's round backside. He felt many different emotions as he laid there, comforted, safe and at peace. He rolled over and planted a kiss on James' cheek then reluctantly got up.

He examined his body in the mirror and saw the hickie on his neck. The afterglow of the nights round of sex was there as well. "Crap, I may be a blimp but James doesn't care. He really loves me which is more than I deserve and today I feel surprisingly content. Yes, I'm going to marry him if he will still have me," he thought.

The wedding was a small civil service ceremony and they honeymooned in a suite at the Knickerbocker hotel. Once Clarissa was moved into James' apartment and his safety assured, James paid a visit to Mr. Sam. When he returned with Clarissa's employment contract in hand Clarissa was thrilled. His ordeal was finally over and he was free from Mrs. Crump and Mr. Sam forever.

The End