

NEWLY WED INTO MOTHER-IN-LAW

By Cheryl Lynn

Penny had been waiting all her life for this moment when she said "I do." She had always dreamed of wearing a beautiful white wedding dress and marrying the man of her dreams. She was a very pretty auburn haired young lady growing up and had many suitors who tried to get into her panties. Holding steady to her dream of keeping her virginity until that day arrived, she refused to give into their demands. Sometimes she had to resort to force to keep her maidenhead but not often. Her early experiences led her to learning martial arts and heightened her determination and confidence. As a result she entered college a strong willed, determined woman earning a law degree and easily passed the bar examination her hymen intact.

She was working at a large law firm when she met Martin Hathaway. Martin was working as a researcher and had impressed Penny with his abilities. He wasn't exactly Prince Charming being more of a geek but she wasn't looking for a dominant he man. She was sick and tired of macho attitudes and overbearing, ambitious control freaks. No, she wanted a man that would listen to her ideas, feelings and understanding of her needs. They worked together on many cases and over time built a relationship. The firm had the opinion that inter-office relationships were not acceptable, especially between lawyers and service staff. Since Penny was on the fast track to partner, they kept their dating a secret for two years. It wasn't until an aggressive younger man was promoted over her that she opened her own practice taking Martin with her. There the romance blossomed and it took several strong hints before he popped the question.

Penny and Martin were the odd couple. She hated doing housework and taking on the roles of a housewife. Martin was a neat freak and didn't mind doing household chores or cooking. Until Penny came along Martin's only escapes from his work were cooking and playing violent video games on the internet. What friends he had were fellow gamers. He was uncomfortable going out or doing the bar scene and had no real friends. He loved women and totally heterosexual but the ladies didn't seem to pay him much attention. They preferred the so called hunks whereas he was out of shape and didn't have an outgoing personality.

Penny was decisive to his indecision, self-assured to his tentativeness and enjoyed socializing where he was timid. She was taller in her heels and in much better shape. She was always immaculately dressed, her hair styled and seldom without makeup. He was sloppy when it came to his clothing despite being a neat freak. He kept his long brown hair tied off in a low pony tail and seldom shampooed. It got wet every time he took a shower and he believed that's all he needed. She was rich and he was poor. To say that people were surprised when they married would be an understatement.

They had a number of common interests and their personalities meshed. They both enjoyed classical music, she enjoyed being in command and he liked her making most of the decisions. Like most women she looked forward to changing what she thought of as a rough stone into a diamond. She wanted to change his coarseness into a more sophisticated style. The first thing she wanted to get rid of was his violent video games. So far she had little success but once married could stop it.

After four years together she decided to marry Martin. She was twenty-nine and he thirty-one. Her biological clock was ticking away and she had established her practice and tired of celibacy. Over the years she had heard a lot of sexually active women

saying how great it felt to have a big dick filling them. She now longed to experience those same feelings. Getting him to propose was like pulling hen's teeth but she succeeded.

Ooo

While her wedding didn't go exactly as she had always envisioned, there was no big crowd applauding or participation at the ceremony. She settled on one bride's maid and her maid of honor, a truly beautiful white wedding dress and a small chapel. A few of her friends and clients were there as she walked alone down the aisle. Like Martin, her parents were deceased and they had few living relatives.

The wedding and reception went well. The big disappointment came in the nuptial bed. Penny brushed out her auburn hair letting it flow in waves down to mid-shoulder, kept full makeup on and stepped into a white with pink floral lace frilled teddy, white seamed stay-up hosiery and fuck me white leather heels. Looking into the bathroom's full length mirror she was more than satisfied that one look would make Martin's cock rock hard. She had dreamt about this night for so long and now Martin's big manly cock was going to bring her such pleasure. Putting on a white with lace and pink ribbon detailing sheer chiffon robe opened the door and swished over to the bed.

She was surprised the lights were all off and Martin with the sheets pulled up to his neck. She was upset that all her efforts to look sexy were ruined and hoped he had at least put on the white silk boxers she had bought him. It was not a good start to her dream night. Shrugging off her disappointment, she stepped out of her shoes and slid under the covers. Again she was displeased that she had to instigate the love making. Her vision was of being ravished not the ravisher. She was further aggravated when she reached down and felt his cotton boxers. Her frustration grew exponentially when she grasped his erection for the first time. His entire erect penis did not extend past her small fist. Up until this moment she had only allowed him access to her pert C-cup breasts and never touched him below the belt.

She tried every trick she had read or heard about to get his member to grow but it didn't. She decided to do something she didn't think she would enjoy. She had heard about oral sex of course and thought it would be gross but if it worked worth the attempt. Sliding down her husband's torso, kissing as she went, took his small member into her mouth. That part didn't seem all that unpleasant but when he ejaculated almost as soon as she had it in her mouth. That was all it took to shatter her dreams and bring out an anger of such magnitude she had never felt before. Red heads are known for their anger and most of the hotel heard her rant that night. It was a very embarrassed Martin that checked out of the hotel the next morning.

Ooo

What had begun as a beautiful relationship grew quickly into an uneasy truce. During their first year of marriage, she accepted his feeble attempts at love making. Each experience left her completely unsatisfied and still a virgin. She called him all kinds of horrible names, like dickless, pansy and baby dick hoping she could humiliate him into lasting more than a minute without cumming. The only thing he could perform with any skill was oral sex. By the start of their second year, it was the only sex she would allow him and she was becoming even more frustrated and angry with him. She blamed herself for not discovering his shortcomings sooner and having serious second thoughts about macho men.

Shortly after their second anniversary, Penny met Dewayne. He had come to her

looking for representation on a minor drug arrest. He had been arrested for having two marijuana reefers and with his priors the Attorney General was bringing enough misdemeanor charges to put him away for at least two years. He was charming, good looking with a well defined muscled body. She got him off with fifty hours of community service and a promise to sin no more. Unable to pay her fee, Penny convinced the judge to let him work for her in her battered women's project. He would be used to help move them and their belongings to a secure location, act as chauffer and offer protection if needed.

It was during his community service that they became close and then lovers. Dewayne was not only good looking but had an impressive eight inch thick dick. Even more impressive was how he used it. In their first sexual encounter, Penny was completely sated and no longer a virgin. She was very surprised at just how much she was attracted to this man. He was everything that she had once thought unsuitable for a relationship.

Their sexual encounters started out slowly with once a week clandestine meetings in a motel. Once his community service was completed their sexual activity escalated to almost every day. Freed of the judge's and probation officer's scrutiny they were free to let their passions flow. She no longer had to go to some cheap motel to keep their affair secret but could take him home. There were two problems with that option, Martin and Dewayne. Martin was a minor problem but Dewayne refused as he didn't feel comfortable knowing her husband lived there.

Martin wasn't an idiot and knew something was going on between his wife and Dewayne from the way they behaved in the office. When they kept disappearing every afternoon, he confronted his wife. He was jealous, hurt and defiant but the results of his confrontation with his wife totally unexpected. He had expected her to beg his forgiveness and get rid of Dewayne.

Instead of being contrite, she lashed out at him, "If you were any kind of man with a decent prick none of this would have happened. Your baby dick could never please me or any other woman for that matter. I don't even have to tell you about your premature ejaculation problems either, do I? I need a real man in my life and you're certainly not it."

"Bu....but we're married?" was his only come back. Her tirade came as a total surprise. He expected to be asked for forgiveness not humiliated but her next comments left him mortified.

"Marriages need to be consummated stupid. Hell, you couldn't even keep it up long enough or big enough to take my cherry! Yes, we're legally married but you're no husband much less a man. You sound more like a mother-in-law with all your nagging and bitching about how much of a mess I leave around the house or that I don't show you enough respect."

"Bu...but sweetheart, I...I love you. I don't want to leave you. Isn't there some way we could work this out?" he replied crying.

"Oh my gawd, give me a break will you. You even cry like a girl. How friggin' pathetic. Let me think about it. Now leave me alone. Go cook something or whatever," she snapped angrily.

Ooo

After celebrating Dewayne's release from the court order, Penny laid back more than satisfied. Dewayne was leaning over her, putting a cigarette to her lips then lighting it. Dwayne was a smoker and she had picked up the habit. She enjoyed his Salem

Menthol Lights and inhaled deeply before slowly exhaling. One of the reasons she had decided to start smoking was because she knew Martin would hate it.

Penny had been thinking long and hard about what she wanted after she told Martin about Dewayne. Divorce immediately popped into her mind but that could be a messy affair. Yes, she had a prenup but he could challenge it. She would win but the resulting publicity could be detrimental to her law practice. She also considered that with him gone, she would have to clean the house, wash the clothing and learn to cook. If she had her old job that wouldn't be a problem, she could hire someone. She didn't have her old job or the income to hire help. She did have a very large retirement account but didn't want to tap into it. No, she decided, divorce wasn't an option. She would like him gone but she seriously doubted that he would leave voluntarily. It would be acceptable if he agreed to move into the guest bedroom.

"So tell me about what happened the other day with Martin. Whatever it was must have been about me. He's been giving me the evil eye ever since."

"Oh that? I've already told you about his little problems and I just admitted what we were doing. Like the wimp he is had a hissy fit, bitching and complaining. Not like a man would, more like a nagging mother-in-law confronting a wayward wife. I told him that I wanted you to move in and he could have the guest room. He broke down crying and bitching of course but he didn't want a divorce or leave. Besides with our prenuptial he'd be penniless, hahahaha, no pun intended darling. So we won't be having any problems with him. Come here and give me some more of those loving feelings."

"You mean that I'm going to have to put up with another man in the same fuckin' house? Your husband no less? Naugh, don't think I could do that baby even if he wasn't there. I mean all his shit would be around. No, this motel is just fine."

His response shocked her. She had to think fast. If Dewayne wouldn't go to her house, she would be stuck going to cheap motels like a common whore. Dewayne's place was out of the question as he lived in a public housing ghetto. Then she remembered something she said.

"Well...what if...what if you don't see another man in the house? What if there was just another woman?"

"Maybe another woman, I wouldn't mind doing a three some but having him watching and his things hanging around would really creep me out? I don't like that idea at all."

"Trust me darling, I'll figure some way out. I hate coming to these cheap motels. Now give me what I need," she replied.

"Three some, no fuckin way Dewayne. No, this woman won't be any kind of threat," she thought.

Ooo

Two days later Penny gave Martin completed divorce papers and a choice. Either he sign the documents, leaving him penniless, with no place to go or even a way to get there. His car was in Penny's name and this wasn't a community property law state. His other choice was just as extreme, maybe even diabolical. If he chose to stay it would have to be as her mother-in-law since he already behaved that way.

That idea had popped into her mind when she was with her lover. It was a hair brained idea but it would resolve her problems. Should Martin agree, she would have to

explain his disappearance and the sudden appearance of a woman that had similar features. The best way to solve that would be the arrival of a mother-in-law, one that moved in to console a forlorn abandoned wife. It would also explain their physical similarities. She figured he would never agree to such a stipulation and sign. She wanted him out of her life but at the same time didn't. She needed his services as maid and cook. If he agreed she would have the best of both worlds, Dwayne and a housekeeper.

She did feel sorry for him more out of pity than anything else. It had to be humiliating to have such a small package but even more so for a woman with needs. She only thought momentarily about giving him some seed money but quickly discarded the idea. Now that she had her own small practice money was tight. It wasn't generating near the bucks her old position paid and she didn't want to lower her living standards. The final decision was to get him out of her life. Some how she would figure out a way to deal with the household duties. The mother-in-law idea was more of a jest to humiliate him. No man would agree to such a mortifying stipulation.

When she presented the divorce papers Martin looked at them in disbelief. "How could she do this? I may have a problem but this?" he thought looking but not reading the documents.

"Penny I don't want to divorce you. I love you. Can't we work something out? Look I know...know I...I have some...some short comings but...this? Look...I...I ca...can understand that you ne...need things...things I can't give you. What if...I...I accepted that...yo..you know, let..let you have an affair? We...we can work this out," he stammered tears filling his eyes.

"No Martin, I want out. There is only one way you can stay in this house. Read paragraph 7 (B). It's quite clear," she replied.

Martin looked up from the paper, his face going through all kinds of emotions as he just stared at her. Finally he said, "You're serious about this aren't you? This the only way I can stay?"

"Yes, very serious. If you accept that condition, you will completely embrace the role you will be playing. You will have to dress and act just like a woman at all times. There can be no evidence of a Martin living here. All your clothing, personal effects everything will be given to charity. Of course I will provide everything you will need for your new life. You will maintain the house and do all the cooking like you have always done but in a dress. Not as a man in a dress either. I couldn't stand having such a gross parody in my house. I have some more paperwork you will have to sign if you agree."

"Yo...you're no....not talking...talking surgery are you? You can't be that serious," he gasped.

"Surgery? No but you will need some prosthetics, padding and such," she answered surprised that he was even considering the idea.

"Can I have some time to think about this?"

"You have until dinner to make up your mind."

"He's more of a wimp than I ever believed possible. He's actually thinking about doing it. I can't believe I married such a wimp," she thought as he left the room.

Ooo

Martin went out on the patio and sat down. He had tried to hold back his tears but

alone let them gush forth. When he cried himself out, leaned back on the lounge, closing his red and swollen eyes, tried to make sense of everything. He loved Penny of that there was no question but she didn't love him. He couldn't blame her for wanting the divorce but leaving him with nothing to show for it was mean. He could probably get his old job back or with another firm but only had twenty dollars to his name. How would he get by until that first paycheck arrived? Where would he live? How would he get around? He had no friends, not even his old gaming buddies since he gave that up over a year ago. Penny had absolutely refused to give him any kind of settlement. How could she be so nasty and vindictive?

He didn't know why Penny refused to give him the car and a few thousand dollars. Penny didn't even know why either. His request wasn't unreasonable, generous even. You would have to get into her subconscious to find the answer. Deep down she wanted him to accept the alternative. With work he would make a passable woman. She would have her maid and cook. There would be someone she could talk to or take to the symphony. Those traits that made her fall in love with him in the first place were still there. The biggest question was whether or not she could accept what he would have to become. How could she ever respect much less live with a man that would do that? Yes, she decided, she was being vindictive but he deserved it.

It was almost time to prepare dinner when Martin reached a decision. In reality, he didn't have much of a choice. He would take the easy way out even if it meant the loss of what little masculinity he had. He had no idea of what a mother-in-law looked like or behaved but wearing a dress couldn't be that bad. Dresses were just clothing after all, weren't they?

Here he had a roof over his head, food on the table and Penny. Penny was the downside. He didn't know if he could bear seeing her with another man. Another man who would always be there and doing what he had longed to do but failed miserably. Then there was Dewayne to consider. How would he react to having a feminized man around the house? He didn't know much about him except from what contact they had at the office. Would he become violent or abusive once he moved in? Martin didn't think Penny would allow that but one never knew. Shrugging his shoulders in resignation, he went into the kitchen.

While Martin was doing his thinking, Penny had to do some of her own. She hadn't expected him to actually agree to become her mother-in-law. Now that he was actually thinking about it she had to figure out how to accomplish it. She booted up her computer and began the necessary research. She was stunned by the amount of information there was about transsexuals and cross dressers on the web. After hours of going through the various sites was ready to give up. There was simply too much information to take in when she came across an advert, "Total Transformations Inc."

She had too think for a few minutes before sending off an e-mail and was surprised to get an answer after just thirty minutes. The reply stated that results were guaranteed or a full refund less supplies would be made. The services provided ranged from a simple make over to a full transformation including some surgical modifications. The full transformation would be expensive but not prohibitive plus there was that guarantee. It didn't take her long to send in her request and get an appointment.

Shutting down her computer, she frowned. "If he doesn't agree then I'm out a thousand dollars deposit. In a way I hope he doesn't. I don't know how I will react much less respect him if he does."

Ooo

Total Transformations Inc. was located in a nearby city less than two hours drive. It was located in a non-descript building with only a small sign over the doorway. Not the best part of town but not the worst either. Once inside there was nothing to indicate what kind of business it was. There was a receptionist's desk occupied by a middle aged woman. The walls of the reception area wood paneled with two doors to the sides and behind the desk. On the steel desk there was a business phone and ink pad. The woman sitting behind it looked a bit prim and proper but nothing outstanding.

"May I help you?" she asked pleasantly.

"I believe we have an appointment. I'm Mrs. Hathaway and this is my husband Martin."

"Yes, we have been expecting you. Please go through the door on the right," she answered pressing a hidden button opening the door.

Penny and especially Martin were skittish about entering. Seeing them pause the receptionist said, "Don't worry, we do this in case some unexpected people show up. Most of our clients don't care for other none staff watching. This way you are guaranteed privacy."

Penny wasn't totally satisfied with that statement. This place used too many "guarantees" to make her completely happy. They had come too far to back out now. She had to give Martin a shove to get him moving. As soon as they stepped through the door an older woman wearing a lab coat greeted them.

"Hello you must be the Hathaway's welcome. I'm Jessica and your personal assistant. It's my job to see that all your desires are met and exceeded. Please follow me and we will get started."

She took them into a small office. There she went over everything that Penny had submitted and what needed to be done. Hearing that Martin began to have second thoughts and Penny was surprised at the amount of detail her changes would require. What they were planning was a hell of a lot more than just wearing a dress or having his hair done.

In the end he signed all the necessary release papers except one. He wanted a better explanation as to what "minor surgical procedures" meant. Jessica told him that it meant such things as ear piercing, a few injections and nothing requiring a hospital operating theater. He wasn't totally satisfied but signed it.

Putting all the consent forms into a folder with his name on it, Jessica smiled. This project would be difficult but not impossible and would be most profitable. Penny really didn't seem to have an idea of what all the changes entailed but had signed the extended payment form. One thousand dollars over thirty-six months plus interest was agreeable and signed.

"Yes, I knew it was going to be expensive but spread out over time sounds acceptable even if I have to use my retirement fund," Penny thought as she signed. What she failed to note was the twenty percent per month interest rate. Something no good lawyer should have missed but in her anxiety failed to.

"Now Mrs. Hathaway," Jessica started to say but interrupted by Penny.

"Please from now on call me Penny. I don't think after what we just agreed that the Mrs. is appropriate."

"Of course, now Penny, this will take approximately seven to eight hours. Most of the process is boring. You know typical beauty shop procedures, makeup application and

a change of clothing. Perhaps you would rather spend the time touring the city or shopping? It would be a great opportunity for you to buy...errr...what name did we decide on for your future mother-in-law? Oh yes, Mrs. Margaret Anderson Hathaway. Anyway, here are the measurements Margaret will have when we finish and the address of a couple of stores that cater to the older woman.”

“Yes, I do need to get hi...her some clothing. Thank you and Mart..Margaret do as you are told and I’ll be back to pick you up.”

Ooo

The first thing Penny did when she got into her car was look at the paper Jessica had given her. There were the names of two stores, his measurements which weren’t that different except for the D-cup breasts. Below his measurements was a brief note which read.

“I know we didn’t discuss some issues but for the best most reliable results Margaret must look like a fifty-plus year old matronly woman. I am not aware of any mother-in-law that isn’t considerably older than her off spring. These stores have been notified of your arrival and prepared a selection of appropriate styles for you to choose from. They will also give you a fifteen percent discount on your purchases. We live up to our guarantees. When you return you will have a passable looking mother-in-law or your money back less expenses.”

“Wow, these guys think of everything. Well it’s too late to change my mind and best get this done,” she thought punching in the address of the first shop into her navigation system.

“Ardenwood’s Fine Clothing” was located in a strip mall in a nice suburb. As Penny gazed through the window it seemed more like a vintage clothing store as what she could see seemed old fashioned. “Okay, let’s get this over with. Guess mother-in-laws don’t go in for the latest fashions. Hopefully I won’t have to spend all morning here or spend too much.”

Jessica was right. Mrs. Ardenwood had a number of complete sets of clothing waiting for Penny’s approval. There was everything from lingerie, foundations and outer wear including some hats, gloves, purses and other accessories neatly laid out on a number of tables. The majority of the clothing was vintage, some slightly used but mostly new. When Penny questioned the proprietor about the old styles was informed that the clothing selected was both appropriate and common among older women. Penny had no bases to argue what she was told and began sorting through the various piles.

It took three trips back to her car to get all the clothing stored. She didn’t think Martin rather Margaret would like most of what she purchased but she really didn’t care. Not only did she have to spend a minimal amount of time shopping but Mrs. Ardenwood put the purchases on her account with Total Transformations. Again, the offer of monthly payments made the cost acceptable.

The second shop was a shoe store, “Annie’s Orthopedics.” Annie proved to be an elderly gentleman wearing a brown plain cotton apron. He had a number of shoes for inspection. He recommended that she select at least five pairs assuring her that these shoes were what older women wore. To Penny they all looked comfortable but certainly not elegant. She quickly selected three pair of pumps with a three inch block heel in black, navy and white. One pair of black soft leather oxford styled shoes with an inch and a half block heel and a pair of white with pink piping tennis shoes. The bill was less than two hundred dollars and Annie paid in cash.

As she dumped the shoes into a very full trunk was happy to have that over with. Now

she could go and buy something for her self to welcome Dewayne into her home, have a nice lunch at a fancy restaurant then enjoy an afternoon at the matinee performance of the local orchestra. She was very pleased that things were working out. She would have a real man in her bed, a maid, cook and possible confidant. Yes, she spent way more than she wanted but the results would be worth it.

Ooo

Martin's experience was mostly unknown as he was in a stupor for the majority of it. Jessica led him back to a waiting/change room telling him to strip completely and it would be about thirty minutes before he was called by the stylist.

"I know its early Martin but I think a glass of white wine would ease those nerves of yours. Would you like one or would you prefer coffee or tea?"

He opted for the wine. She left him sitting in just a pink nylon robe and white terry slippers. Martin was surprised at just how nervous he was, almost spilling the wine in a very shaky hand. He gulped down the first then poured another from the carafe. He had no idea the wine was drugged. When the stylist arrived he was out cold just the way she wanted him.

Calling two aides into the room had him taken to the waxing room. There all his body hair was removed including his groin. A realistic faux vagina with a thick thatch of brownish-gray pubic hair was molded to his body and using special glue firmly attached. He was taken into another room where he was given a perfumed bubble bath, his hair shampooed and conditioned. His entire body was liberally coated with a chemical that would age his skin, causing it to dry out, wrinkle and develop some age spots.

From there he was taken into another brightly lit room and placed on a surgical table. Martin was vaguely aware of a man wearing a green hospital gown and wearing a mask inserting a needle into his arm. When the doctor was finished Margaret Anderson Hathaway had sagging wrinkled D-cup breasts with short fat nipples and large brown areoles.

The stylist gave him an older lady's short pixie cut and dyed it gray leaving brown highlights. With his hair done she waxed off his eyebrows and penciled in new thin high arches. She used a special liquid that would shrink his lips slightly while creating wrinkles before giving them a coat of vivid red lipstick. A heavy pale foundation and coating of powder was followed by a rose red blush. Black mascara and blue eye shadow completed his makeup. As a final touch she doused him with a lavender scented perfume.

He was turned over to another technician who pierced his ears and inserted small cameo studs. With the ears done, she proceeded to manicure his nails. She left them no more than an quarter inch beyond his finger tips and painted them in a matching vivid red before doing his toes. Before he was taken to get dressed, another technician injected him with a booster shot that would make his aging skin permanent.

It took four assistants to get him dressed. A pair of white semi-sheer nylon full cut panties were pulled up his legs, the white cotton stiffly supported long line bra was already in place. Ecru extra firm support panty hose held padding for his hips and bottom were kneaded up his legs. It would be the only padding he would need unless Penny decided to put him on hormones. A white long-line Playtex eighteen hour girdle took all their efforts to pull up to just below his navel. An unadorned white nylon full slip, simple A-line just below the knee baby blue with white polka doted cotton dress and a pair of white Ked's completed his dressing. For accessories some simple white

plastic bangles, a cheap wedding set for the ring finger, an inexpensive woman's gold toned wrist watch and a pair of gold wire rimmed granny glasses was added as the final touch. The glasses were prescription just strong enough to somewhat blur his vision.

He was slumped on the couch in the waiting/changing room when Jessica gave him a close inspection. She was more than pleased with what had been accomplished by her staff. No one would believe that sitting on the couch was anything but an older married lady. The aged, wrinkled and age spotted skin would smooth and fade some but all in all exactly what she envisioned before accepting this project.

"Might have gone a bit overboard but she should be pleased with the final result. If she isn't doesn't really matter and his certainly doesn't count. Our guarantee only refunds our labor costs. All the prosthetics, waxing, hair and cosmetic supplies, the clothing will have to be paid. That and the interest is where the profit is in any case," she thought as she placed an ammonia capsule under his nose and broke it.

Martin slowly came out from under the drug induced stupor. Everything felt wrong as he opened his eyes. He brought his hands up to rub his eyes but someone grabbed them saying, "No, no dear, you'll ruin your makeup."

He looked at the face so near his own and shook his head hoping to clear his vision. Recognizing Jessica, he asked, "Wha...what hap..happened?" in a croaky voice.

"Here have some water Margaret. You were asleep for some time."

He was thirsty, very thirsty and gratefully accepted the glass. When he looked back at her, she was still a bit fuzzy. "My eyes, what did you do to my eyes?" he asked in a panic.

"Nothing really, we just put a pair of glasses on, that's all. Remember you agreed to be made to look like a fifty plus year old woman. As one ages the eyes lose some of their acuity. Don't worry, you'll get use to them soon enough."

Besides these glasses what else have you done? I hurt all over. Like my chest hurt's so damn much."

"Nothing more than necessary to create the older woman that would meet your wife's criteria. Remember, Total Transformations guarantees complete satisfaction and your wife will be more than satisfied. Also, you signed the authorizations and releases."

"Yeah, I know but you still haven't answered my question."

"We aged your skin with a chemical process for starters, gave you a complete makeover, a realistic vagina and pair of real breasts. We can't afford for your secret to ever be exposed so those last two changes were necessary. The vagina can be removed with a special solvent but the breasts will need minor surgery to remove. Your wife will be here shortly to pick you up and I'm going to leave you here. Use the time to adjust to the changes."

He got up and went into the changing room where there was a full length mirror. Standing before it he was too shocked at seeing his reflection to do anything for several moments.

"That can't be me! That's an old lady! Oh my gawd, what did I get myself into. This has to be a dream. A very vivid and bad one, oh shit, these tits feel real. I can feel my hand on them! Fuckin' implants. I don't remember agreeing to this. They said no surgery, shit!"

Ooo

Tears were streaking his face when Penny and Jessica entered. "Oh dear, I was afraid this would happen." Turning Jessica called out, "Becky, bring the makeup kit. Margaret has ruined your beautiful makeup job."

When Penny saw the crying Margaret she wanted to ask Jessica who this woman was. Hearing Jessica call out to the stylist, realized who this person was. Staring wide eyed in disbelief that this woman could in any possible way be her husband, she raised her hand, pointed at Martin and said, "Thi....this is really...Martin? I can't believe it."

"Please Penny let me introduce you to your mother-in-law Margaret Anderson Hathaway. Your husband Martin no longer exists," Jessica said handing her a brown envelop.

Still shocked, she took it and pulled out the contents. The contents proved to be identification, driver's license, social security card and birth certificate all in Margaret's name. Looking up at Jessica asked, "But how?"

"All part of our services. You asked us to provide you with a mother-in-law and that's what you get, outwardly at any rate. Mentally there's been no change. You or perhaps a professional will have to teach her how to be and think like a lady. Included in that packet I just gave you is a list of recommended professionals. They can produce the needed mannerisms, poise, voice and behaviors necessary to make our dear Margaret completely convincing."

"I've spent so much already....more than I planned....but....from what I see certainly worth it," Penny said more to herself than anyone in the room.

"Our professionals can put their charges on our loan agreement and spread the payments over time dear. You will need their expert assistance if you really want to pull this deception off."

"Oh very well, like they say in for a penny, how soon can we start?" she replied giggling at her pun.

Ooo

Martin definitely wasn't happy about how things transpired. They had gone too far but there was nothing he could do about it. He had tried unsuccessfully to remove his vagina and while he may have a small dick, longed to find some kind of sexual release. The intense training he had had over the past four months was grueling and exhausting. Four different consultants taught him makeup application, how to act, fashion awareness and voice.

He spent a tiring five days a week, six hours a day learning to be, act and talk like an older woman. When he wasn't practicing, he was doing most of the housekeeping and cooking. With the end of each day he was completely spent. The weekends were no better as he had to practice for four hours then spent the rest of the time cleaning whatever he hadn't been able to do during the week. Usually that meant doing the laundry and spending hours over a hot iron.

The first several weeks had been the most traumatic as he wasn't use to his new body or the clothing especially the tight girdles and bras. He was brought to tears every time he saw his reflection in the bathroom mirror for over a month. There was nothing sexual about his body or the clothing he was forced to wear. It was pointed out that he was now a poor widowed woman with no desires to attract another husband dependent on her daughter-in-law. Such older women didn't wear bright colorful and sexy lingerie, they liked short easy to care for hair and preferred casual clothing to flirty skirts and dresses. All his lingerie was plain white nylon with few lace frills. His

foundation garments were likewise white and utilitarian, mostly Playtex or Bali long-line girdles and long-line support bras. He did have one complete set in black for special occasions like holidays and such.

The only positive in his life, if you could call it that, was being near Penny. He kept pretending that he loved her so much that he had willingly given up his identity. Now after almost a year, he wasn't sure if he had any love left. Seeing her constantly with Dewayne, having to endure listening to their strenuous love making through the thin walls of the guest bedroom had pretty much killed any affection. Being nothing more than a maid and cook didn't help matters either. As a result his housekeeping and cooking duties began to slump. He didn't mind doing those in the past but that was in the role of husband. Being cuckolded and ignored for the most part except for Dewayne's belittling comments were no incentive. Even Penny seemed to be avoiding him as their excursions to the symphony or a museum happened less and less often.

Making matter worse was his ever growing sexual frustrations. One day as he was coming out of the master bathroom he ran into Penny. She was wearing a vivid blue satin bra and matching high cut panties. She was changing to go out with Dewayne. He was immediately aware of his severely restrained penis. In frustration he demanded that she take him back to that place and have his vagina taken off. She gave him a strange look, then with a laugh went over to her bedside table, removed her vibrator and tossed it to him.

He caught it without thinking then stared in disbelief as she snickered, "I won't need this now that I have a real man. Maybe you can find something to do with it."

Tears flowing he ran to his room, tossed the vibrator into the trash can and flung himself across the bed bawling his eyes out. She had totally humiliated him and what love he still had evaporated with his tears.

Ooo

Things really began going down hill after that. Penny began giving him a hard time about his messy cleaning and burnt or cold meals. Dewayne became more vocal in his criticisms as well. He never wanted Martin around no matter what he looked or acted like. Not only that, Penny was starting to take out her aggravation with Martin on him. When he confronted Penny about the situation, she mentioned that Margaret was just acting out because she was sexually frustrated.

"I'm sorry darling but Margaret has gotten so sloppy lately that it drives me nuts. She's just sexually frustrated and having one of those feminine mood swings. It'll pass and I promise that I won't take my anger out on you."

"Just how do you plan to take care of hi...her sexual needs Penny? I told you before, I don't like having her here and if you think you're...."

"Dewayne, don't even think that! I don't intend to do anything. All Margaret is or ever will be is our maid and cook. So what if she's frustrated? She'll just have to deal with it," she interrupted.

"If something doesn't change and soon, I'll take matters into my own hands," he yelled and left the house slamming every door on his way out.

"Oh crap! Things were going so nicely and now she cops an attitude upsetting all my plans. Plus she's costing me an arm and leg paying off Total Transformations. I can't believe I didn't see that outrageous interest rate. Margaret's got her head up her ass and now Dewayne is royally pissed at me. What am I gonna do? I still need her cooking and cleaning no matter how sloppy. It's still better than me having to do it. It

would be best if I could get rid of her for a few days so I can get Dewayne in a better mood. Wait a minute; didn't Joanne say something about needing a maid? Maybe I could hire Margaret out a few days a week and make some money to pay off some of that debt? Let me give her a call. Hopefully that will get things a bit straighter around here."

Ooo

It was set. Monday, Wednesday's and Saturday's Margaret would work for Joanne. Margaret only needed some maid's uniforms but that was easy enough to take care of. It wasn't the best solution but she'd be out of the way while Dewayne was home. She stopped on the way home and bought three standard uniforms, one each in black, navy and pink with matching bib aprons. Margaret might bitch and moan but she would do it. Margaret had always been skittish about going out of the house but it didn't matter. She acted as a maid and might as well be one.

Martin raised a fuss but when in a burst of anger Penny said that if he didn't do it would find herself in a home for the elderly or out on the streets. She didn't care which. The idea of being placed in a home or on the street scared him to death and he agreed.

Joanne was a tough taskmistress and worked Margaret's fingers to the bone. She went through a lot of different maids because of her demands and had a very difficult time finding one. Penny had promised her that her mother-in-law was desperate to earn some spending cash and wouldn't desert her. After meeting Margaret, wearing a proper uniform, she agreed to take her on. She agreed to pay Penny \$200 a month in cash that way she wouldn't have to file any documents with the government. It wasn't much but would help pay Total Transformations and better yet, Margaret wouldn't be in the house all day Saturday.

Martin hated it especially having to take the bus. He knew he could completely pass as an elderly female from his experiences doing the grocery shopping and other excursions Penny took her on but on a public bus by herself. Having to work for a strange woman he had never met was also traumatizing. About the only good thing he could think was that he would be away from Penny and Dewayne. Dewayne was beginning to scare him. Lately when alone with him, Dewayne hinted that what he needed was to get laid and would find him a man that liked his kind of faggot.

Between the threats of being put into a home for the elderly, out on the streets and getting fucked Martin was shaken to the very core. It would have been difficult as his old self but looking like he did now those options scared the living daylights out of him. He kept asking himself why he didn't get out when the getting was good. Now he was trapped totally dependent on the whims of his two tormentors.

Ooo

Dewayne's unhappiness even though Margaret was gone three days didn't improve. "That damn faggot is still around and Penny won't do anything about it. I'm sick of it and that fuckin' queer hanging around. For the money she sunk into that faggot I could be living on easy street with my bros. I've got to find some way to get rid of him permanently. Once he's gone I will get her to marry me and then I'll have access to her money. Fuck! I've been with that honky broad for over a year now and no closer to her cash. I've got to do something and fast."

He put the word out and it wasn't long before he had the information he needed, Old Ike. Old Ike was a fifty-nine year old black man who loved feminine men. Age hadn't been kind to him and he no longer was able to get a love interest. He was still strong

of body but without Viagra even had a hard time paying for it. The she/male prostitutes didn't want to waste time on a limp dick which took forever to reach climax. There were faster ways that made more money.

When Dewayne met with him, Old Ike was willing to buy Margaret and take him across town to the projects. Five thousand was agreed upon and Old Ike was told to pick up his prize Sunday afternoon. Dewayne would make sure Penny was out of the house. The deal was struck and money changed hands.

Sunday after Penny had left to run some errands, Dewayne told Margaret to pack her things and to hurry. When Martin asked him why, he received a strong back hand to the face.

"You want more of that faggot? Then do what I said. You're leaving here for good and I got a man coming to pick you up. You're no longer wanted here and if you knows what's best, you'll get that fat ass in gear. Now move it!"

"Please you just can't put me out on the streets like this."

"You aren't going out on the street. Like I said, I have a man coming to take you to his place. You'll have a roof over your head and food on the table. What more can a fucked up faggot like you expect? I don't see you moving faggot! He'll be here in less than an hour so get your ass ready or I'll beat the living daylight out of you!"

"But....but Penny...."he started but another hard slap shut him up.

"Don't you worry about Penny. It seems that her mother-in-law eloped to be with some man she met at the grocery store."

Ooo

Martin stood in the corner of his room, two suitcases sitting off to the side. Dewayne and Old Ike were in the room and talking about him as if he weren't even there.

"Ya tellin' me this here bees a guy? Ya pullin' my leg De'Wayne?"

"Yeah that's a real live faggot standing there. My old lady has his plumbing tucked away in a phony vagina but I promise that there is a guy under all that."

"I gotta try out da merchandise fore I agree to take da bitch if'n ya want da rest of da cash. Not dat I doan trust ya De'Wayne n I's got a hard on dat won't quit."

"Go ahead but be quick about it. My old lady will be home soon and she can't find you here."

With that Dewayne closed the door on his way out, muttering, "Damn faggots."

Martin was already backed into a corner as the big black brute of a man advanced. He did the first thing that came to mind and lashed out with his foot. Instead of catching Old Ike in the groin it glanced on his upper thigh.

"Feisty bitch aren't ya? I like my bitches with a bit of spirit but I'll tame ya."

Ooo

Penny stood in the open doorway, mouth agape, staring at the scene that was taking place on Margaret's bed. Margaret had her ass up in the air, dress and slip flipped over her back and there was some old black man bucking like a wild man screaming, "Come on bitch wiggle dat ass. Ya knows ya wants it. I'm gonna fill dat stomach with so much cum ya won't have ta eat fer a week."

Stumbling back out into the hallway, she went to find Dewayne. She found him on the couch with a drink in his hand. "You want to tell me what the fuck is going on in

Margaret's room!"

"Huh! I...I didn't hear you come home. Oh shit, I forgot about them. Look baby, it....it's just Old Ike...errrr....he's Margaret's boyfriend. Uh, they met at the grocery....errrr....and..and are lovers an...and she invited him over. What was I suppose to do?"

Ooo

Martin's ass was sore and burning, Old Ike was off to his side snoring up a storm. Slowly, somewhat painfully, he rolled out of bed and headed to the bathroom. He could feel his slip sticking to his backside and had to clean up.

"OMG! I can't believe this. That old man and what he did to me. I didn't know sex like that would feel so good. It hurt like the dickens at first but...but it felt so good to finally get my rocks off. I was scared at first but he was so gentle and took his time. He couldn't get this damn fake vagina off but managed to cut my dick free. Damn, he must have sucked a gallon of cum out of me," he thought waiting for the shower to warm up.

After he cleaned up, woke Old Ike up. "You said you would take me away from here. Did you really mean that?"

"Yeah, hell bitch I done paid De'Wayne two grand fer ya n owes another three. Why wouldn't I?"

"Well I'm ready, so get up and let's go and you aren't paying him another cent. I don't want to live here a minute longer. I don't ever want to be reminded of this place."