

# STALKER

## Part One

By Cheryl Lynn

James Allen Walker was a senior and looking forward to graduation and going to college. College was his escape clause. A chance to change everything that he hated about his current life. Ever since grade school he was a loner, bullied and loser. In his small town everybody knew everybody's business and he was thought to be a little "off." His slight build and small stature kept him from playing sports especially football. Like most small towns in the South, high school football was the premiere social event of the year followed only by baseball. If a boy wasn't participating in those activities, the pretty girls ignored them. In school James was considered "not cool." He always had been the nerd, dweeb or dork due to his serious lack of social skills. As a result he had very low self-esteem and very shy.

James spent most of his free time locked in his room either studying or masturbating to pornography. Jerking his chicken while watching some bimbo get reamed by a big stud was his only way to handle his raging hormones. He would have much preferred getting sexual relief from a real girl but that was not in the cards. Small town, small school and there were only forty kids in his senior class. Not only was the class small, the boys outnumbered the girls. As a result even the fat ugly girls had their pick of the boys and James was not one of them.

Going to a big university, he hoped would change that. Frequently in his imagination while masturbating, would picture a pretty co-ed going down on him. While in reality he realized such pleasures unlikely, they would be possible. Living in a big city and going to a big school James would feel re-born and start life afresh. He would get a good degree, get married and have a family something impossible where he lived.

Then there was Mindy. Maranda "Mindy" Evans, the most beautiful girl in school with dreams of becoming a nurse then marrying a doctor. She was also a very "Material" girl with expensive tastes. Her parents were middle class, divorced and it would be difficult for them to pay for her nursing school education much less designer outfits.

She hated living in the town almost as much as James. Mindy at least was popular and dating the football team's quarterback. Unlike James, her social life was filled to capacity and spoiled rotten. However she loathed living in what a small town had to offer; especially, the lack of upscale shopping. If her dream of marrying a doctor came true, then she could buy the fine designer clothing she loved so much.

She was pinning her hopes on getting a scholarship. Mindy might have looked like an airheaded bimbo but was intelligent and studious. She knew how to use her looks and mind to get pretty much whatever she wanted. Mindy was also very selfish and would do whatever necessary to get what she wanted. To get her scholarship she had to have at least a "B" in biology. The class work would be a no brainer but the laboratory requirement very difficult. The idea of dissecting a frog was disgusting but doing a cat impossible. Mindy had to find a way to get past the lab portion. The solution she reached was to partner up with that dweeb James. Back in junior high she had gotten him to do a lot of her math homework so it wouldn't be that hard. It would only take a little flirting and he would do all the work.

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The last semester before graduation had arrived and Mindy made her move. When the biology teacher asked his students to partner up she surprised everyone by asking James to be her partner. No one was more astonished than James.

*“Mindy only dates the varsity football players and dresses really hot,”* he thought. *“Why did she pick me? It doesn’t matter. Just to be near her is enough.”*

It took only a couple of classes before James found himself hopelessly in love and doing all the lab work. From the way Mindy brushed her ample bosom against his arm or back, James was convinced she really liked him. The exotic aroma of her perfume seemed to cling long after class was over. She used a lot of perfume to cover up the smell of formaldehyde in the lab. It took all his will power not to run into the boy’s bathroom and masturbate after lab. He was happy, he was in love all because of Mindy. Not only that but he had convinced himself that she loved him too.

*“Mindy must really like me from the way she keeps brushing up against me in lab. If she wasn’t with that stupid jock right now, I bet she would go out with me. I think the only reason she’s dating him is cause he scares her. Yeah, that must be it. Once we graduate she can drop him and we can go out. Maybe even go to the same college,”* he dreamed.

Mindy didn’t think much about what she was doing or the effect it was having on James. All that mattered was him doing the work and getting her at least a solid “B.” The lab score was fifty percent of the grade. She was willing to go so far as to kiss him if necessary to insure that grade. It would be degrading to be seen kissing him but she would do it. When the semester came to a close and she received an “A” she did kiss him. A very quick chaste kiss to the cheek. Unfortunately, that kiss totally convinced James that Mindy was in love with him. Other than his Mother, no girl had ever kissed him until that magic moment.

*“Ohmygawd! She kissed me,”* he thought rubbing his hand over the spot she had touched with those full bright red lips. *“She does love me.”*

With that kiss James became obsessed. Thoughts of Mindy completely filled his mind and constantly dreamed of all the wonderful things they were going to do this summer. There were still two weeks of school before graduation and he hated waiting for his beloved to break free of her boyfriend. Since they couldn’t be together at the moment he took to going over to her house at night. The urge just to be near her was too overwhelming. He would stand for hours hidden away in some bushes just looking at her window. James didn’t think he was doing anything wrong, he just wanted a glimpse of his beloved.

Occasionally he became brave enough to walk up to the house and actually peek into her window. Once he caught her with her blinds open and almost fainted seeing her in blue satin panties and a matching bra. Needless to say that night back in his room, he had a most active imagination and great climax. He was addicted and if he felt this good he knew she had to feel the same.

After that night James was convinced Mindy had purposely left those blinds open just for him. There would be no holding him back from expressing his devotion now. He just had to tell her that he had gotten her unspoken words of love.

*“She knew I was standing there all along. That’s why she left those blinds open. I just know it. She was telling me that she wanted me. I just know it! If it weren’t for that stupid jock forcing her, she’d be with me,”* James’ mind shouted.

James had her cell number from biology class. He texted her telling her of his undying love but got no response. When he went to her social media pages he was

dumbfounded to see that it was blocked. She had cut him off completely. Now with graduation, she didn't look at or talk to him. He was devastated.

"This can't be right! No, she wouldn't cut me off like that unless....unless it's her boyfriend's doing. Yeah, that's got to be it! I know she loves me. She kissed me. She let me see her. I'll show that SOB that he can't keep us apart," James fumed.

James began going over to Mindy's house every night. Now he was determined to keep an eye on her. Finally one night he couldn't take it any more when she came home from a date. As her boyfriend drove off he jumped out of the shadows and nearly scared Mindy to death. She screamed as only a young woman can, loud and piercing.

Her Mother rushed out to protect her only child hitting the speed dial calling the police. Doris was very protective of her baby more so since the divorce. Whenever Mindy went out at night, she always stayed close to the front window or door, cell in hand. Her over-protectiveness was the reason Mindy never let her boyfriends walk her to the door. Hearing the scream Doris rushed out and seeing the shadowed male form hit the speed dial. When she saw that it was that "James" boy felt some relief. He was such a weakling she knew Mindy could handle him. Still he was that "odd" little boy and she was happy to see the police car pull up.

Mindy had just about peed her panties when James jumped out of the bushes. Once she realized who it was became upset more at herself than him. *"That little twerp! I can't believe he scared me like that. Now he's babbling on about being in love. Where did he get that lame idea? Oh god, here comes Mother and she's probably called the police,"* she thought.

"What the hell is going on here?" Doris screamed as she reached the couple.

James seeing Doris rushing at him, froze. He didn't know what to do. All he wanted was to talk to the love of his life. All he managed to do was get Mindy's Mother all riled up at him. Not only that, he saw Officer Jones drive up. He could only wonder why she had called the police.

*"I haven't done anything wrong,"* he thought.

It was a small town and since Mindy decided not to press any charges Officer Jones read James the riot act and took him home. A Peeping Tom incident report would be filed but no charges pressed. There he confronted James' parents who promised to keep a better eye on their son. His father gave him a hard look, said he was grounded and that was that. James went up to his room and locked himself in.

"I didn't mean to scare her like that. Gees she almost busted my eardrums. If I hadn't done that she would have talked to me. I just know it. Next time I won't scare her," he said turning on his computer.

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Obsessed as he was James couldn't resist going back to Mindy's. He had been grounded for a week and he had to see her. So what if Officer Jones and his parents had forbidden him to never do that again, his need was over whelming. He snuck up to her window. The blinds were pulled up a few inches and he had a great view into her bedroom. She wasn't there at the moment and he had flashbacks to the time he caught her in her underwear. Pulling his dick free, he began slowly masturbating letting his imagination run wild. James was so engrossed, he didn't notice Mindy's neighbor putting garbage into their trashcan. The woman quickly went inside and called the police.

Officer Jones didn't use his lights or sirens as he coasted to the curb. He could plainly see a male figure standing with his pants down by the side window. The officer made his way slowly to close the gap. James gasped in fright as the bright flashlight lit him up. He was in mid-stroke, in plain view of whoever turned on the flashlight. Blushing scarlet he bent down to retrieve his pants but was told to "freeze."

His humiliation was overpowering as Mindy, her Mother, the neighbor and Officer Jones surrounded him. His pants were still around his ankles. At least the officer had let him put his penis away back inside his boxers.

This time he was arrested for indecent exposure. The news would probably be all over town even before he got to the city jail. Mindy's neighbor was the town gossip after all. If he was embarrassed by getting caught with his pants down the booking process was mortifying. A rectal exam was a required step before a prisoner was confined to a cell. Bond was set but his parents couldn't come up with the money until a week later.

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It was a long week, a very long week for James. He was eighteen, classified as an adult and sexual predator and didn't qualify for protective isolation. Besides the small jail only had one and it was occupied. James was put in the communal holding cell. A holding cell with four other Biker gang members. Plus Officer Jones wanted to make sure his short stay would insure that James would never want to get arrested again.

"Guys this perp is a real creep and sexual predator. He's been stalking Mindy Evans and scaring her Mother half to death. While he's here let him learn a lesson. Hopefully he'll never want to be incarcerated again," Officer Jones said to the jail's staff. What he didn't say was that he was secretly having an affair with Doris. Doris could be a real bitch when she was mad and she was as mad as a wet hen at the moment.

James learned some very hard lessons of the treatment sex offenders got while incarcerated. Taking his first morning shower in the communal bathroom, he was cornered by the Bikers. Hidden from the sight of the officer-in-charge, James lost both his oral and anal virginity. By the time he was bailed out, he had a new prison name, "Trixie" and very sore bottom. A name that was mentioned in official jail records of his brief stay there. An incident report had to be filed as Trixie had to have medical attention. James had been too scared to name his attackers.

After being released, his life went further downhill. Due to his arrest, he lost his college scholarship and his job at Radio Shack. He was lost but he still had his love for Mindy. That love was the only thing keeping him going. Even though he sent her two hundred text messages the first day he was out, he received no reply. He drove by her house every day. The only thing keeping him from actually stopping to visit or sneaking over at night was the thought of prison. By the end of the second week of his freedom, the need became overpowering. He had to see his beloved Mindy.

What James didn't realize was that Officer Jones or his backup was keeping track of his activities. One of the things the police required was Mindy's cell phone. Mindy didn't mind as that meant she could now get the latest i-Phone. The overwhelming number of texts and his frequent drive-byes were duly noted. The police had more than enough evidence to arrest him as a felony stalker but Mindy was on vacation with her mother. They needed an official complaint before they could arrest James.

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It was a moonless night. Near midnight when James snuck over to Mindy's house but found it empty. There were newspapers stacked up by the door and no car in the carport. They were gone and he was devastated. It was that feeling of loss than made

him do something very rash. The next day, he purchased two small cameras and the necessary data link to transmit images to his computer. Once he had those cameras installed he wouldn't have to make the dangerous trip to her house.

"Officer Jones is out to get me but with these I won't have to go over there. I can watch everything right here on my computer," James said as he checked out the cameras.

That night he broke in through a back window. One camera he put in her bathroom the other in her room. The intoxicating smell of her was everywhere in that room. James stood transfixed just breathing in the heady aroma of Mindy's perfume.

He had an overpowering urge to have something personal of his beloved and went to her dresser. For a while he stood fingering through her panties. Her beautiful panties that had been in intimate contact with her fantastic body. While he was imagining Mindy nude, preparing to step into those very same panties, he held the crotch of the panties to his nose. Then he crumpled to the floor as the Taser hit him. He had unknowingly triggered the silent alarm Mindy's mother had installed. He came to as Officer Jones was handcuffing him called to the house by the security guard.

The charges were devastating. Home invasion, theft, planting photographic recording devices and felony stalking. The felony stalking charge the more damaging as the courts were cracking down harshly. A man was given two and a half years for drilling a hole into the hotel room of Erin Andrews. The Chicago man had filmed the reporter getting dressed and undressed then posted on the internet. That case combined with recent Hollywood stalking cases, made punishing such crimes a priority. Only in James' case, it was much worse as he had a prior record. It didn't help his case when Officer Jones who had Mindy's cell provided evidence of his repeated texts. Mindy's mother had made her give it to the officer out of fear of James. Combined with the other charges he would face serious time in an adult prison.

James was denied bail, preliminary trial date set in six months' time and his parents abandoned him. A "For Sale" sign went up and leaving it in the agent's hands moved away. There was no way they could continue living in that small town with such shame. James had always been a disappointment but his recent activities were more than they could bear. James no longer had a family and a very uncertain future.

Until his trial James was sent to County jail and assigned a cell block containing mostly Hispanic inmates. All the inmates had prison tattoos. Most gang members and very intimidating. Large cob web designs signifying a lengthy sentence were usually on elbows or necks. A large five pointed crown on the back of the neck with the accompanying letters, ALKN, was a symbol of the notorious Latin Kings gang. There were also a lot of inmates with either dots or tear drops near their eyes.

*"Ohmygawd! These are all hardened criminals. I thought I would be placed with all the other non-violent prisoners,"* he thought then asked, "Officer why here? I'm not a violent criminal like these guys."

The guard escorting him down the corridor gave him a slight shove. "You're here and we decide everything you do and when you do it from now on. I don't give a shit about you other than making sure you don't cause any fuckin trouble. Man up and do as you're told," the guard barked.

James was given a cell with Hector as his cell mate. Hector was tall for a Latino, muscled with a lot of black prison tats and a demeanor that scared James to his bones. He wouldn't meet the other cell block members until he went to eat. If they were as imposing as Hector, he knew he had been sent to hell. Later, in the cafeteria,

he became even more frightened. Most of the others were just like Hector except for a table off to the side. The inmates seated there were smaller and feminine looking compared the rest of the population. He didn't have long to look around as Hector gave him a sharp push.

"You sit over there with the rest of the Punta's. I'll bring over your chow," he stated giving him another push.

James had no idea of what a "Punta" was but too scared not to go over and sit with them. The inmates sitting at that table made room for him. As he had a chance to look at them, he shuddered. They all had long hair and long oval painted nails. Some were even wearing makeup. Instantly James knew his fate and that he was going to be Hector's girl. That is unless someone bigger and meaner took his place.

He noticed a brief struggle at the mess line between Hector and another prisoner. Then Hector brought James his tray and placed it in front of him while glaring at the other in-mates. Soon after, James learned that being served his meal, Hector was laying down his claim. James' ass would be his.

His worst fears were realized that first night. Hector is rough but not brutal. As he moves back to his bunk orders James to grow his hair and polish his nails. James' days are spent in the day room with his fellow Punta's. From them he learns a lot and not just hair and nail care. His nights are spent keeping Hector happy. A happy Hector means James will be safe from the other inmates for at least another day.

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One day his court appointed attorney visited. It was his first visit since he was incarcerated. The attorney informed him that the judge had ordered James to undergo a psychiatric evaluation. He recommended that James do his best to cooperate and say anything that might mitigate his misdeeds. He is also told the trial date would be delayed until the psychiatrist had made her report.

"Oh that's just great. I've already been here two months and I'm gonna be stuck here even longer. What am I gonna do? I'm not crazy and I certainly don't belong in this place. I should have been sent to a minimum security prison. I'm not a violent offender. Can't you do something about getting me moved out of here?" he asked the attorney.

"Sorry kid but the system doesn't work that way. Maybe if you can convince this psychiatrist, she can do something but don't get your hopes up," he replied.

*"Like I got the time to fuck around with this kid. He's guilty as sin but while I have to defend him, I don't have to mollycoddle him,"* the lawyer thought leaving the cell.

James had mixed emotions after the lawyer left. *"I'm not crazy. Why do I have to talk to a shrink? Damn, I hope the psychiatrist gets here soon. Maybe when he hears about what's happening to me he'll get me out of that cell block,"* he thought going back to the day room.

##

Doctor Hellen DeGeneres was tired and it had been another long day. Despite putting in long hours, her case load seemed to be getting bigger instead of smaller. On many occasions she wondered why in hell she ever got into public service instead of a real practice. Today was one of those days. She had spent most of it with one Mindy Evans. Hellen needed background information on her latest court appointed client. She wasted the morning trying to track down his parents. They were long gone and no one knew where. At least her interview with Mindy provided most of what she needed.

Mindy had insisted during her deposition that she sincerely believed James was gay. The only reason she asked to be his lab partner was because she felt sorry for him. She had no idea he would become so obsessed with her except he needed her.

“If he is gay like you think, why is he obsessed with you?” the doctor asked.

“Oh yes! He has to be gay Doctor. I mean, like, when we had lab he was always asking me questions about how it felt to be a girl,” she stated.

“What kind of questions?”

Mindy sat back thinking. She was lying through her teeth but she couldn't tell Hellen she used James to get a grade. Plus she was still pissed that he would go through all her panties. Sniffing them and not telling what other horrible things with them before he was caught. Some of those panties were her favorites and hated throwing them out.

*“No, that dweeb deserved what he got and more. If he was pawing my unmentionables he had to be a perv and gay at that,”* she justified before answering.

“Well questions like, did I like wearing a bra and whether or not it was comfortable. He wanted to know the brands and styles that I liked and why. Like, he even wanted to know about my makeup. Like, which colors and brands I thought best. James asked me once how it felt being with a boy. He even had the nerve to ask me what oral sex with my boyfriend was like. Of course I wouldn't go there. You know, I think he was seeing me as a role model instead of a potential lover. At least that was the way I felt at the time,” she replied sounding sincere, she was an accomplished liar.

“Mindy before we conclude this I have a question. I understand he was caught masturbating while looking into your room on his first arrest. At least Officer Jones indicated that in his report. If that was the case, would a gay boy be doing that?”

“Oh....I was wearing my most favorite Victoria's Secret bra and panty set. The same underwear he was caught holding when the security guard zapped him. I think he was doing it because he wanted my underwear,” she replied.

The next day when Hellen went to the county jail to talk to James she was more tired than the day before. As she was leaving the office, she was informed that the court assigned her two more cases. She wasn't surprised when the jailer brought him into the small room. James' hair was in tight curls, his finger nails filed into ovals and painted a vivid plum. She had seen it before and was more evidence backing up Mindy's testimony. Hellen had to ask him if he was gay and a bit surprised at his vehement denial.

“Gay! How could you ask me that question? I like girls. Always have but...but they don't seem to like me,” he angrily stated.

“What is it about girls you like the most James?” she asked.

Her question confused him for a moment. *“How can I answer that? I can't tell a woman that I want to fuck them,”* he thought before replying. “I...I like the way they..errrrr... the way they dress an....and how they look and smell.”

“Have you ever had an intimate relationship with a girl?” she responded.

When she asked him that, James lowered his head blushing, answered, “No, I've...I've never done that.”

“James, I have to ask you this. Have you had sexual relations with other men?” she questioned already knowing the answer.

Blushing even harder, he whispered back, “Ye.....yes.” Then raising his head yelled,

**"I'm not gay! I....I..ne.....never wanted that."**

***"I think he's protesting too much. From everything I've found out, plus there is no mention in the prison records of him complaining, he is in denial. He's definitely OCD, definitely has gender issues....admits to never having a heterosexual relationship. My guess he's transgendered and unable to come to grips with his actual sexuality,"*** she thought as she walked out twenty minutes later.

**A few days later she filed her official report. Dr. DeGeneres stated that James Allen Walker was a non-violent stalker. He is suffering from OCD, was in denial about being gay and had serious gender issues. It was her professional opinion that given the proper counseling would embrace transitioning into being a full time female.**

**"In conclusion, it is my professional opinion, that if allowed to transition, any desires to stalk would disappear. His obsession with the victim was due to a desire to be her rather than of a sexual nature. With the severe overcrowding in our prison system, it is recommended that: The accused be provided the necessary counseling and started on a sexual reassignment program,"** the judge read from her report.

**This was a peculiar case as the victim had refused to press charges although her Mother did on the home invasion, invasion of privacy and thief charges. It was an election year and the public was demanding stricter sentencing. At the same time, there was a public outcry about putting non-violent criminals in jail. The County was already undergoing a significant budget shortfall and looking at increasing taxes. If he put James in prison it would cost the County over \$70,000 a year. Suspending the sentence and remanding him over to mandatory counseling and treatment only half that amount or less. It was a dilemma and the judge called the prosecuting attorney to get his advice.**

**"Maybe a plea deal will make this problem go away,"** the judge thought as he dialed the number.

**##**

**After a couple of continuances James was finally brought to trial. Fortunately a plea deal had been reached between the prosecuting, defense attorneys and the judge. All that was left was to get James to go along with it. James when his pro bono attorney informed him of the deal, was not happy.**

***"Crap! What kind of deal is this? I have the choice of going back to the county jail for five to ten or I can take this offer. I would never make it in that hellhole but...but agreeing to this?"*** he thought.

**"Look James I know you don't like it but it's the best offer you're going to get. Plead guilty to all charges, make a public apology for what you have done and you get a suspended sentence. Yes, I know the fine print is harsh but not as bad as going back into the joint for maybe ten years if you refuse. Registering as a sex offender (indecent exposure), get guidance counseling and participate in a State sponsored work program aren't that bad. I admit the chemical castration is out there but you're not in a position to argue. It's either accept the plea and have just five years of supervised probation or....well...you know where,"** his attorney said.

***"He makes it sound like being castrated is like dropping your ice cream cone. I have never had a girl before but maybe when this is all over I can get one. All I wanted to do was get a good degree, find a good woman, get married and have a family. Like that will ever happen now. I can either be some thugs' girl or I can have some freedom with a bit of hope at the end. Five years doesn't sound so bad and I won't be locked up in a cell,"*** he thought then told his attorney he would take the plea.

The trial didn't last an hour. He plead guilty and made a sincere apology to the court. Remembering all that he had been though while incarcerated was more than enough to make his apology sound very sincere. Now he pinned his hopes on the judge agreeing to the plea deal. He was greatly surprised when the judge added another proviso to the deal. James would have to ask the court, in a written Notarized statement, to participate in the State's gender reassignment program.

This new addition caused James to pale, his face turned the color of ashes and he fainted. When he regained awareness he was being carried into a nearby conference room.

As soon as he and his attorney were alone he gasped, "What the hell? I don't want to do that! You have to do something," he said frantically.

"Settle down and take a deep breath James. I was caught off guard as much as you were. It seems that physiatrist you talked to has convinced the judge that participating in gender reassignment is very important to your rehabilitation. She is highly respected by the judge and values all her recommendations. The fact that you didn't get your long hair cut or removed that cherry red polish off your nails doesn't help your case."

"Look it can't be any worse than being chemically castrated, can it? Accept the amendment to the bargain and in five years you can go back to being yourself. It's not like we have much choice here," his lawyer advised then continued, "Would you rather go back to prison and I'm not talking County but State maximum security at hard labor? I didn't think so but you have to admit to being gender confused to qualify for the State paid program otherwise.....," he left the rest unsaid.

"I'm not gay and I don't want to change my sex. I like girls," James cried.

"Remember you've already plead guilty. It's either take the plea or go back. If you don't, the judge won't be pleased. Upset enough to give you the full ten at hard labor," the lawyer responded.

Back in the court room James said he would agree to all the terms of the plea deal. Tears were still flowing down his cheeks as the court clerk processed all the paperwork. It took much longer to process the paperwork than the actual trial. Along with the request to enter the gender reassignment program, the clerk had him sign a name change request. The clerk had noted that he had been referred to as "Trixie" in a report from his first incarceration. When he left the clerk's office, James Allen Walker no longer existed. He was now officially Trixie June Walker.

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With the paperwork completed, Trixie June was introduced to his probation officer, Ms. Eva Sanchez. Eva was a twenty year veteran, divorced with two teenaged girls. She is overworked and underpaid no longer the zealous young woman bent on rehabilitating felons. She is hardened and with little sympathy especially for sex offenders like James. Looking at his record Eva wasn't happy with the judge's ruling. As far as Hellen's assessment, that was all a crock in her opinion. It was her experience that felons would lie to anything to get out of doing hard time. James belonged in prison where he couldn't molest other young girls. Other young girls like her daughters. Still she was an officer of the court and had to do her duty. However she didn't have to make his rehabilitation easy.

From the court house she took him directly to the County Hospital. There he was introduced to Dr. Jenny Howard. The doctor was an older but robust woman, six feet tall and large framed. Her primary field of work was with rape patients and she had

less love for sex offenders than Eva. Dr. Howard did her best to make Trixie June's rectal exam as humiliating as possible without violating hospital protocols. Before doing that examination, Dr. Howard ordered a cleansing enema. A procedure not required but not unheard of.

Wearing a ridiculously short hospital gown, had James blushing. Having to bend over, hands on the floor while a rotund black nurse's aide stuck a large nozzle into his rectum had him beet red. The aide didn't stop until James was groaning, his insides cramping. She disliked sex offenders more than most. She had been raped more than once. The aide didn't let him discharge the fluids until he was begging.

His rectal exam was mortifying as the doctor performed it with Eva and the aide watching. When all the testing was completed, other than for some minor tearing in his anus and bruising in his mouth and throat, he was pronounced healthy. Before he was allowed to leave, James was given an implant in his upper thigh that would in time castrate him. Another implant would release female hormones at a specific level over the next 60 months.

While the doctor was finishing up with James, Eva had made some calls. Due to the recent high level of deportations, she knew the service sector was in dire need of workers. It was her job to find a suitable employer willing to take James. She was determined not to find him an easy one. No, she hoped he would either be fired or quit, then she could send him to prison where he belonged.

From the hospital they went to The Safe Haven for Men. Known simply as "The Home." It was a State supported facility for elderly men with no economic capability to support themselves. After filling out more paperwork which further entrenched him in his new identity of Trixie June, he was hired at minimum wage. He would work in the kitchen peeling carrots and whatever else the cook wanted. It was a job with little or no chance of advancement. Perhaps if he excelled and pleased the cook, could hope to become a waitress but not much else.

His salary wouldn't be much after uniform costs were deducted leaving little to pay for housing and living expenses. After he was measured, The Home issued him four uniforms. They were made of a semi-transparent white nylon in a simple double breasted A-line with short winged sleeves and sharply pointed collars. He was also given a pair of white nurses' shoes with a slightly elevated gum sole.

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Eva could have, if she called in a few favors, had James placed in a newer inexpensive government housing unit. Instead she made arrangements to put him in Section 8 government subsidized housing. That was their next and final stop of the day.

The studio apartment was located in a blighted neighborhood and owned by a slum landlord. The landlord was a local politician who used his influence to by-pass the city's building codes. He even had a "tenant fee" tacked onto monthly rent charges. This fee he used to pay off building inspectors. The apartment complex had mostly ex-cons as tenants who couldn't afford to complain about the "fee." It was also over run with cockroaches, fleas and bedbugs. The walls seemed to be as thin as paper and loud rap music permeated the building day and night. This would be Trixie June's home for the foreseeable future.

Once in his room Eva gave him the standard lecture and left. She would be back in the morning to take him to get whatever clothing and personal items he needed. It wasn't something she had to do. He could have easily taken the bus and bought whatever but she wanted to do it. If left unsupervised, he might buy men's clothing and try to

escape. She wasn't going to take any chances. She was going to make sure he dressed appropriately as a transgendered person.

"I'm going to file the required sex offender information for you this time but that will be your responsibility from now on. You are required by State Law to notify them of your current address for the next six years. While your probation is for five years, failure to comply will send you right back where you belong. There's a bodaga around the corner. You can get your groceries there but remember no booze. I catch even the faintest hint of alcohol and I'll send your sorry ass back to the State pen before you can even blink. I highly recommend you do that before the sun goes down. Now, I'll be back first thing in the morning to take you shopping for new clothing and whatever else you need. Understand?"

The only good thing James could say about this day was that he had some money. The court clerk had given him his prison pay, \$ 2.00 per day of actual incarceration. After giving the landlord a security deposit and paying the first month's rent he had about \$500.00 left. He wouldn't get paid by The Home until the end of the month, two weeks away. As much as he wanted to put some money aside for when he was freed, it would be nearly impossible.

##

With Eva gone James checked out his apartment. There were a few dented pots and pans, some dishes and utensils in the kitchen. In the so called living room was a three legged dirty couch, coffee table and side table. The television was an old standard nineteen inch with rabbit ear antennas. The reception was poor at best. The bed was more like a cot with a thin musty smelling mattress. The linens weren't much better and the blanket had seen better days. The only beside table held an windup alarm clock, shadeless lamp and the single dresser with peeling mirror completing the furnishings. The bathroom was the smallest he had ever seen. Though "clean," and that was being kind, smelled of mildew and urine.

The trip to the bodaga was scary but he made it without encountering any trouble. On the way he noted a Laundromat where he could do his laundry. It, like the rest of the neighborhood looked seedy. He also noted that most of the area was Hispanic and that he was probably the only white there. He recognized most of the gang tattoos and a shiver ran up and down his spine.

*"Too much like prison,"* he thought.

Inside the bodaga he quickly picked out some food staples and cleaning supplies. He hadn't checked the small refrigerator to see if it was working, so limited the perishables. The store had a lot of cheap liquor and wine with stacks of beer but he never was a drinker. He paid the clerk and made a hasty retreat back to his apartment.

When he got back he was happy to discover that the refrigerator worked but the small freezer compartment frozen solid. After some cleaning up, he prepared a simple meal. It was still early but he was both mentally and physically exhausted. He made the bed with the yellowed sheets, stripped to his boxers and tried to go to sleep. Between the loud music, the roaches and everything that had happened to him real sleep impossible. He tossed and turned all night long and was more tired in the morning than before he went to bed.

To Be Continued

By Cheryl Lynn

Besides the clothing that he had worn, James had his toiletries. After taking a lukewarm shower, he did his business and redressed. Clothing that he had on when he was sent to County and barely fit now. However he relished sitting at the kitchen table drinking hot fresh made coffee without having to look at or converse with his fellow Punta's. His new life wasn't anything to remotely brag about but it was much better than being locked up. At least that was what he was hoping.

Eva showed up shortly after he finished breakfast and took him to a nearby Thrift Store. There she led him over to the women's foundations.

"I thought we had better start here Trixie June as you don't have anything remotely conforming to your transgender declared status. You definitely need some firm control foundations to get a proper figure. I think some good firm support girdles, preferably with hip and butt padding, and full coverage bras are necessary here. Once we have you completely outfitted, I'll take what you have on. You certainly won't be needing them anymore," she stated.

"Br....bras.....girdles....errrr...but..but I don't...don't have breasts," he stammered confused.

"Look Trixie, I don't have all day to explain your situation. You did tell the court you wanted sexual reassignment, didn't you? I believe I have a copy of your notarized statement to that effect in my brief case. If you lied about being gender confused, we can leave here and go straight to the State pen. In my opinion that's exactly where you belong. So which is it?" she demanded.

"No, not back there," he relied horrified and shaking like a leaf. "I...I was...was...I don't know. I've...I've never done this before."

*"Ohmygawd! The State pen is a hell of a lot worse than County. I can't let her take me there. I wouldn't last a day in that place but wearing bras and dressing completely as a girl? Crap! Like I have any choice but to agree with whatever she says,"* he thought.

"You know Trixie June, I think all this gender crap is just a ruse to get your sorry no good ass out of doing time. I don't like you or your kind but the court decided so I have to go along with your little plot. You give me one excuse or show me that you are not fully committed to becoming a full-fledged member of the female sex, it's straight to the State penitentiary. Now which is it?" she demanded.

*"Oh shit! She hates me. If I don't convince her that I'm transgendered I'm truly fucked. I just can't face anymore jail time. I've got to do this and do it like I like it. Shit! Shit!"* he thought then answered, "Look Ms. Sanchez I just have never done... done something like this before....err...I really want to be...be a girl. I just don't know how it...it's done."

"I still have my doubts about you but we'll see. I'll get the sales clerk over here and get you measured. Your first lesson, girl's sizes are completely different than men's. Oh, as we get you more things, I'd better see some enthusiastic smiles, understood?" she replied.

"Yes ma'am," he answered then quickly added, "Thank you Ma'am."

When the sales girl came over suppressing her giggles at seeing what they wanted,

took a cloth measuring tape and jotted down measurements. It was humiliating especially getting measured for a bra but he forced a big smile. She, at the urging of Eva, helped him pick out several slightly used and lightly stained Flower Bali bras. The nylon cups were seamed and molded into rounded points. The band had boned supports and the straps were wide. A bra unfit of a flat chested nineteen year old boy. However, the clerk assured him, the store had the necessary gel padding to fill them out.

“Look honey, I’ve had a number of customers just like you and they all swear by this brand. You’re also lucky that I still have some padded girdles in stock. They don’t stay on the shelves long once the ‘girls’ hear about them,” the clerk replied when he asked why she didn’t give him one of the more stylish and smaller bras. Bras similar to the ones he had seen in Mindy’s dresser drawers.

James was going to protest again but seeing the look in Eva’s eyes decided to keep silent. His first bra was not what he expected. Mindy’s bras were all colorful satin with elastic straps and bands. There were plenty of that style displayed on nearby tables. They certainly looked a lot more comfortable than the one he had on with much smaller cups. However it was obvious those bras were not the ones Eva favored for him.

The girdles were all new factory seconds in black, beige and white. The long leg style had rear pockets with removable pads and a gathered rear seam to enhance the fullness and shape of the derriere. A tear drop front panel gave strong tummy support. The mid-thigh legs had an elastic floral hem. The clerk recommended that the foam pads be replaced with gel inserts.

“Honey, foam deteriorates much quicker than the new gel pads. They turn yellow, don’t have the natural feel and pick up body odors. Plus you have the advantage of a natural looking wiggle when you walk with the gel pads. Believe me all the ‘girls’ get them,” the woman asserted. She might work in a thrift store but a commission was a commission.

“Trixie June doesn’t have much money to spend and a lot of clothing needs,” Eva jumped in. “I think it best to stick with the foam pads that come with the girdle.”

While it was true James didn’t have a lot of money, Eva didn’t want him looking too realistic. The foam pads as they aged would accomplish that and make him feel uncomfortable.

Before he could try on the girdles for fit, he had to have panties. If he had to have them then he wanted the kind Mindy wore. That was not to be as Eva insisted on full cut brief styled granny panties. Nothing colorful, no, he was limited to white, champagne, black and pink nylon briefs that came in three packs. They were all translucent which James found disconcerting. When he complained about their transparency, Eva smiled, “*good,*” she thought.

James stood extremely uncomfortable wearing nothing more than his slightly yellowed white bra, white panties and his new white girdle. The restraints caused by both the girdle and bra were constantly in his awareness. His relative nakedness embarrassing. Eva did allow the clerk to stuff his bra with the D-cup gel inserts. The only reason she did that was because she knew the weight and movement would be more noticeable and painful.

Now he was trying on full nylon slips with very lacy bodices and hems. These were needed to wear under his uniforms. Again, Eva wanted them to be visible under the thin white nylon of his uniforms to create maximum embarrassment. Four full slips in bright scarlet, black, aqua and pink were in his cart. He was wearing the only white

one but it had much more lace and embroidered detailing on the bodice. To complete his underwear purchases, James added a dozen packets of service wear white support nylons.

His final purchases of the day were one black woolen skirt, white polyester blouse and a cotton A-line dress in a paisley print. A pair of red patent leather three inch spiked heeled pointed toed pumps with a bow on the toe. A pink leatherette hobo purse, couple of nylon scarfs and some costume jewelry. It was the beginning of summer and he could get a coat later.

James left the store wearing the underwear, nylons, red shoes and the pink paisley dress. His pink purse slung annoyingly over his arm. The used shoes were broken in but hurt his feet and almost impossible to walk in. Eva spent half an hour teaching how to walk in a short mincing heel and toe stride. Placing his toes down first and swinging his leg from the hip seemed very unnatural but it made sense. With that thin heel, if he tried to plant it first would have disastrous results.

##

He was down to his last two hundred and eighty-six dollars as they entered the beauty salon. Chi Chi's was a full service salon catering to the local Hispanic community. Maria, the owner, greeted them warmly. New customers were always welcomed with open arms and given special discounts to make sure they came back. Poorer women often cut back spending money in a salon, doing their own hair care. To encourage them to return sooner, tried to get them to agree to a perm and color. She made that easier by only charging them a third of what her normal charge would be. Perms and coloring required a professional to achieve good results. Maria also ran a side business selling Merle Norman cosmetics on consignment and did ear piercings. Anything to make an extra buck.

Under Eva's encouragement, James got the works. By the time they left it was early evening. His hair had been dyed auburn and permed. His hair had been down to his shoulders but Eva instructed Maria to cut and style it into a poodle cut. His face had been slathered in cosmetics and combined with his late 80's hair style looked a lot older. The heavy use of makeup was at Eva's strong suggestion. At this point he didn't dare offer any resistance to her suggestions.

His ears were pierced twice. Cheap six inch red plastic hoops were inserted into the bottom lobe and a large fake pink pearl in the upper. His nails sported three quarter inch extensions varnished a bright purplish-red which matched his lipstick. Even with the generous discounts, he was one hundred and fifty dollars poorer. His purse did contain all the cosmetics that had been used earlier.

Maria's cosmetologist had taken her time and carefully instructed James as to what and how she was applying the makeup. After she did something, she removed it and had him copy what she had done. It was a tedious process and required all his attention. When they left the salon he wasn't sure if he could duplicate what the girl had done. There was just so much to put on.

Eva did help Trixie June carry all the bags of clothing up to his room. Before she left instructed him. "Okay, that's it for now. I expect you at work first thing in the morning and don't be late. You're scheduled from five in the morning till three so you can work the food lines. Make damn sure you set your alarm earlier enough to make yourself presentable. Until you learn how to quickly apply all that makeup, set it for no later than two. Do whatever you want between shifts. I think time spent learning makeup

application then would be beneficial. I will be checking with the home so don't screw up."

"You catch the Madison Street bus on the corner then transfer to the Columbus Avenue bus. That will get you to The Home. I expect you to be social and get to know your neighbors and workmates. Just remember, no bars, no drugs and no alcohol. You're scheduled to attend the Banner Street YWCA LGBT meeting every third Tuesday night, seven p.m. and call me every Thursday afternoon before five. You lost your right to have a cell phone due to your history of stalking, so either use the one at work or a pay phone. Any questions? I'll be keeping a close eye on you. I strongly suggest if you want to stay out of prison, live, act and look like the transgender you say you really are. Got it!"

"Yes Ma'am," he said gulping down the bile that formed hearing what she said.

*"Damn! I'm living in the roach motel, dressed and looking like a woman and working as one in a friggin nursing home for horny old farts. Shit! It's almost worth it to go back but that's stupid. At least I'm not on my knees sucking cock or getting it up my poor behind. No, I don't ever want to do that disgusting shit ever again,"* he dejectedly thought.

It had been a long strenuous day and he decided to see if he could get some sleep. Wearing his "new" red with small white heart decorated satin pajamas he was totally wiped out and bleary eyed. Removing the heavy coating of makeup took his last ounce of strength. Even the loud pervasive music couldn't keep sleep away.

##

The ringing of the alarm plus a loud bang coming from the apartment above roused him from a deep dreamless sleep. Groggily, he staggered out of bed. After drinking a pot of coffee, went to get ready for his first day at The Home and dressed fully as a female. Fortunately he had little facial hair and no body hair. One of the first lessons he learned while in County, was to keep his body hair free. Every few days the Punta's would get together in the showers to help each other shave those delicate areas.

Most of his time was taken up applying all the unguents and pigments to his face but managed to do a reasonably good job. The poodle cut made fixing his hair a breeze, he just had to blow dry it. Now it was time for the hard part. He had to dress for the second time as a full-fledged female. Shivers of disgust ran up his spine as he pulled the black translucent granny panties up his legs then hooked the matching bra. Again the girdle was the worse undergarment he had to put on. It retained heat and the constriction at groin and waist almost intolerable. He fumbled with his new longer nails to roll his hose up his legs and fasten them to the garter tabs. Slipping the black slithery nylon full slip over his head, he grimaced.

*"Damn, I hate this. Why did I ever agree to this gender shit?"* he thought stepping into the uniform.

With the dress settled and buttoned, James stepped into the white gum soled shoes. "Well at least these feel comfortable" he mumbled.

Looking into the dresser's peeling mirror James decided he looked good enough to pass. That is if you discounted his dated hairstyle and overly made up face. Noticing the time, he grabbed his purse, slung it over his shoulder and headed for the bus stop.

There were about a half dozen other women and two men waiting at the stop. The women varied in age and appeared to be dressed as maids. The men wore dirty

overalls and obviously unskilled general workers. They all gave him a once over but didn't say anything. One of the men gave him a crooked leering smile which bothered James.

*"Crap! That guy gives me the creeps. I just know he sees my slip through this stupid uniform. I don't even want to go where I think his mind is right now. Come on bus, get here,"* he thought.

James didn't get halfway down the hall when one of the patients slapped him on the butt. It made him jump and more embarrassing, he let out a feminine, "Eeek." In the kitchen the head cook had him breaking eggs for the morning's scrambled eggs. After breakfast, he became the dish washer. At nine he was given a break. The kitchen break room was large, with some tables and lounge chairs. One side was dedicated to storage lockers for the employees.

During the morning breakfast rush there was no time for idle chit chat but now he would have to face the "new guy" interrogation. He dreaded having to go and sit at one of the tables. Ms. Sanchez's warning to socialize however didn't leave him that option. There was no way he was going to sit where most of the men were and picked one where some of the younger women were seated.

"H..hi, mind if I sit?" he managed.

"You the new bitch, huh? Yeah plant ya keyster. What's cha's name?" one woman of color asked.

"Ja...errr..Trixie June," he stuttered realizing at the last second to use his new name.

For the next thirty minutes James was grilled and humiliated. It didn't take but a couple of seconds for the women at the table to realize who and what he really was. Fortunately, they were mostly tolerant but the questions became even more embarrassing. The fact that he was a convicted felon didn't bother them. They either had been around or were former felons themselves. The women were particularly interested in how he ended up impersonating a female. They were surprised to learn that this was only his second day at being "dressed." As one of them noted, he had the booty but didn't walk-the-walk or talk-the-talk.

"Trixie June, ya gots da look at first glance but ya needs help girl. You doan gots no attitude, if'n ya knows what I mean. Right girlfriends?" the black girl, Tanisha said.

His first day wasn't all that bad. He found a few friends and didn't seem to make any enemies. Plus none of the male staff members bothered him. They didn't want to have anything to do with "the faggot". When it was finally time to go home, he was pleased that some of the girls also used the bus stop. Having some co-workers around gave him a sense of security. A sense he wouldn't have by the time he got off at his stop. James had a forty minute bus ride provided it wasn't late or broke down. The very idea of walking the block to his apartment and in that neighborhood frightened him.

##

James made it through the first month basically unscathed. His parole officer, Eva, did make several unannounced visits both at his work and home. Her questioning was always embarrassingly intrusive and leaving him scared. Eva criticized his commitment to feminization each time. She didn't like the way he carried himself, how little his makeup application improved and his lack of attention to the way he dressed. During one of her tirades while at The Home, Tanisha stepped up and offered to help

**Trixie June do better. James was both astonished she would volunteer and upset at having to appear even more like a girl. When Magdalena, a Hispanic LPN offered to give him some of her old clothing, he was more appalled. Magdalena when not in hospital greens dressed like a hooker.**

**“Look here boss lady,” Tanisha interrupted Eva. “Break time bees boring most da time. I kin help Trixie here with sum of dat. I’s sure sum of da other girls will help. He....I mean she’s trying.”**

**“And I can give her some old clothing I no wear so much,” Magdalena added.**

**Eva was taken a bit off guard by the interruption but pleased when she saw the look on James’ face. “I know you’re trying to pull a fast one but you’re not fooling me Trixie June. Alright girls, I’ll lay off petunia here but I want to see results,” she demanded.**

**After that visit, James was stuck in the break room with his volunteers. Tanisha helped him with his makeup application and decided that deep reds and plums were the perfect colors for his lipsticks, nails and eye shadows. Evalinda, another Hispanic didn’t like James as much as the others but volunteered to teach him feminine mannerisms.**

***“I’m going to have some fun with this gringo. Thinks he can be a woman, ha! That what he want, den I see hem do it like a street walker,”* Evalinda decided.**

**By the end of the second month, the girls had done a pretty good job of correcting his feminine short comings. Trixie June could put on her heavy layered makeup on in half the time it had taken. When he walked there was a definite sway in his hips. His overall body language had lost most of his old male mannerisms. His voice had taken on a softer and higher tonal register. Georgina, The Home’s speech therapist, had been recruited to work with him. Due to her efforts he not only sounded like a woman but using a feminine vocabulary.**

**Magdalena followed up and gave him a pile of clothing. Most of it very short mini and mico-skirts with frilly low cut blouses and crop-tops. She did give him one piece of lingerie. It was a shimmering claret color with black lace trim teddy with a low V-neck and high cut legs. Holding it up by the thin satin straps he looked at her questioningly.**

**“Oh that leetle theeng,” she said to his unasked question. “Eet was a gift. I no wear it cause I no like hem no more,” she replied. “Maybe you ken get some good use from eet.”**

***“Good grief, like I would wear this for that reason and the rest of this...no way I’m going to wear any of it,”* he thought then replied, “Magdalena, I really appreciate all this. Thank you so much.”**

**##**

**James was becoming more and more paranoid as the months went by. Every day during the long bus ride to and from work he is pestered by the older men who make the ride. They all know what he really is and take great pleasure in teasing and tormenting him. During his walks to and from the bus stop some of the gang bangers hanging around the street are so bold as to expose themselves. Their intent obvious. Their comments hurtful to James’ ears. His complaints to Eva are ignored.**

**“Ignore them,” she simply stated. “It’s nothing more than what all real girls have to put up with.”**

***“So the little shit is getting some retribution and doesn’t like the unwanted attention.***

**Good for him," she thought.**

**"Bu...but they...they all know wha...what I really am," he rebuked.**

**"That's not my fuckin problem. Considering you're gay, I would think you would enjoy the attention," she snapped back.**

**One night as he entered his bathroom before he switched on the light noticed light coming from a hole drilled in the thin wall. The idea of his neighbor watching him from the other side, sent shivers of revulsion up and down his spine. After taping over the hole with some duct tape, checked out the rest of his apartment. Sure enough he found two more holes coming from the other apartment adjoining his. He realized that he had his own stalkers and it made him feel ill.**

**"Ms. Sanchez, please, you have to find me some place else. I found holes drilled into my apartment and those pervs living next to me scare me. You've got to do something," he begged at her next on site visit.**

**"What? Hell Trixie June what are you complaining about? Isn't that exactly what got you in trouble in the first place? So, how does it feel to have your privacy violated like that girl you were stalking? I think spending time being the stalkee will teach you a valuable lesson. So don't come bitching to me," she stated.**

**There was no way James was getting any sympathy from his parole officer. However he was beginning to understand one thing. How it felt to be a single woman living alone and a victim of predatory men. James didn't like that feeling of vulnerability at all.**

**Another thing that heightened his paranoia was his last visit to the clinic. The doctor confirmed what he feared the most. He had his very own real tits. The hormones implanted on his first visit were working wonders changing his body. He now had full C-cup breasts. According to the doctor he must have a very well-endowed Mother and Grandmother to have developed so fast.**

**"Trixie June I should think you'd be very pleased about your development. All my other patients dream about one day having their own breasts. I wouldn't be surprised if you developed D or DD breasts as your body chemistry adapts to the hormones," the doctor informed him.**

***"That's all I needed to hear. Like how am I ever going to hide something as large as that,"* he thought leaving the clinic.**

**It would be a long bus ride back to his apartment and as he waited couldn't stop the tears from flowing. The doctor's words had a hard impact on his psyche. He had to face a reality he didn't desire or ever wanted. He was stuck for four more years of constant supervision. He was in a "going nowhere job peeling carrots and subbing on the food line. The smell of stale urine and dirty old men a constant irritation at work. Monthly appointments with Maria at Chi Chi's was draining what few dollars he saved.**

**"I should be entering my sophomore year in college not working in a kitchen going nowhere. I'm stuck living a life style I never wanted and hate. I have no life really and bored to death. I don't know how I will make it through the next four years without making more money," he lamented as he sat alone at the bus stop.**

**##**

**On her last official home visit, Eva was surprised at how much he had improved. *"I still think this is all a ruse on his part. Well, I need to push him a bit harder,"* she**

thought then said, "Okay, I admit you have really improved your impersonation over the past year. However, I still think you're pulling a fast one to stay out of the State pen. You've made some girlfriends but I expect, since you did officially state that you were gay, you to be dating. It's been a year now and way past time you had some man to take care of you. I don't put up with slackers or felons trying to pull a fast one. You've had enough time, so don't try my patience on this one."

"But I'm not gay...errrr....that was all a misunderstanding. I really like girls," he protested weakly.

"Personally I don't give a rat's ass whether or not you're gay. However I have sworn affidavits that say you are. You either start dating or I will find you in violation of your parole. It's strictly up to you," she snarled. *"I knew he was faking it all along and what he said about not being gay proves it. To damn bad his denial of being gay isn't enough to send him back. However, if he doesn't follow through then I'll have all I need,"* she thought gleefully.

James was shaken by her demand to start dating other men. He was in no way gay and hated the things he had to do while imprisoned. The only thing that had made life outside bearable was that he didn't have to do that. If he didn't find some man to date, and soon, he knew she would make good on the threat to send him back. The only upside he saw in Eva's demand was that he would only have to please one man and a man of his choosing.

##

There were a number of men at James' LGBT Banner Street meetings with a smattering of lesbians and other transsexuals like himself. It had been almost two weeks since Eva had read him the riot act about dating. He was getting desperate and forced himself to approach several of the men. Unfortunately for him, none of the ones he talked to wanted to date what appeared to be another woman. One had brushed him off telling him to go see one of the lesbians.

His Parole Officer was due for an update on his next mandatory telephone call. James had no idea of what to do after being turned down at the meeting. *"Ms. Sanchez is going to have my ass if I can't tell her I have a date. What am I going to do? I'm desperate now. Shit! Think of something! Damn, this has turned out to be one of the worst days of my life,"* his mind screamed.

Earlier that morning on the way to work, surrounded as usual by horny older men, the bus hit a big pot hole. The ensuing bounce caused his heavy gel DD-cup inserts to react causing one of his bra straps to break. His parole officer insisted he keep padding his bras even though he had natural ones now. The new inserts gave him a full DD size covering his C-cups. This accident allowed the one insert to partially fall out of the bra's cup.

Of course the men around him saw and guffawed loudly at his predicament. By this time they all knew what he really was and had a wonderful time embarrassing the shit out of him. Often they would gang up on poor James, pinching or rubbing their groins against his padded ass. More often it was just crude suggestions or gestures. Today they had a ball relentlessly teasing and prodding him. Many had tears in their eyes from laughing so hard at his misfortune.

At work Tanisha gave him a safety pin to fix the errant strap which solved that problem. However during lunch the waitress staff was missing two and he was pressed into service. While bending to place a bowl of tomato soup in front of a

wheelchair bound old man, someone reached a hand up Trixie June's skirt and rubbed it across his crotch. This made James jump and in so doing splashed the hot soup all over the front of his uniform.

Again he was fortunate in that Magdalena had a spare to loan him. Her uniform was tight across the bodice (she was a B-cup) and an inch shorter in the hem allowing the red lace of his slip to show. Then later the top two buttons popped off. That brought laughter from the guys but sympathy from the girls. They all had had similar situations in the past.

Now, none of the "safe" gay men he had hoped would go out with him and had outright rebuffed his attempts. His day had been totally trashed and he had to come up with a date soon. Back home he threw himself onto his bed and cried himself to sleep.

##

The next morning when Trixie June got on the bus he noted that the driver was new. As he bent to deposit his tokens into the machine, the driver had a good view down James' dress. He also noted her red rimmed sorrowful eyes. James didn't notice the driver's interest. His mind was preoccupied over his upcoming miserable day and more importantly, where was he going to find a date. He took his favorite seat (when he could get it) right behind the driver. This was the one seat that offered him the most protection from the filthy men that liked to abuse him.

As the bus pulled off into the light traffic, the driver decided to talk to the sad looking young woman. "I couldn't help noticing that you seem sad. Do you mind talking about it? Oh, by the way, my name is Dewayne, Dewayne Jones and I would like to help if I can."

Dewayne appeared to be in his early fifties, obese with male pattern baldness. His broad nose the most prominent feature on his face. They made small talk all the way to the transfer point. He seemed nice but more importantly relatively harmless. James didn't want to talk at first but conversing with Dewayne did make him feel better. It was nicer than having to listen to the abusive shit he usually had to endure. As he was exiting the bus, James accepted his offer to meet at the coffee shop across the street after work. James could always catch the next bus home.

James was on the bus heading to the transfer point after work. He was having second thoughts about meeting DeWayne. *"I don't know why I'm doing this? I'm sure the other riders have told him everything about me by now. I doubt he'll even be there. Plus he's more than twice my age, fat and black. We have nothing in common. Shit! I'll at least see if he's there. If nothing else I can count this as a date and maybe Ms. Sanchez will ease up,"* he thought.

James was startled to see Dewayne at a table in the back corner standing and waving at him. "Well he either hasn't heard about me or doesn't care. Can't back out now, he's seen me. Gosh he's big. Must be over six foot and weighs at least three hundred pounds," he thought walking over to the table.

Over the next two hours James found out more than he thought he wanted to know about Dewayne. He had lived all his life with his recently departed mother and never married. Had been with the bus company for twenty years and collected comic books. Yes, he had even heard all about Trixie June and didn't mind.

"I's never got out much. You know with momma and all. Now that she's gone I's been really lonely. You seem like a very nice person and if I's hadn't been told about you

never would have guessed. Sides, you seem to be as lonely as me. So, I's figure maybe we could go out. Nuthin' serious. What do you think?"

James was a surprised being asked out but other than being an old black man didn't seem to be dangerous. Being never married, living his whole life with his mother would have sent most real women running. Which in Dewayne's case they did. Hearing Ms. Sanchez's voice telling him he better start dating in the back of his mind, he accepted.

"Su..sure I think I would like that. As you can guess, I don't get out often myself," he answered.

"Great!" Dewayne said happily. "I'll pick you up Saturday at seven. There's an all you can eat diner over on Davenport that's fantastic."

James wasn't exactly sure if he had done the right thing but a free meal was a free meal. Plus he'd call Ms. Sanchez from work tomorrow and hopefully she would get off his back. He had a date. A date with another man which is what she had demanded. Well, he got one.

Saturday night's date was tolerable, the food mediocre and Dewayne was pleasant. He had picked up James in his mother's old 98 Oldsmobile, even opened the door for him like he was a real lady. He didn't say much, letting Dewayne do all the talking. Although James felt he had to tell him that he was on parole. Again Dewayne dismissed it as being no problem.

"Trixie June, I's like you and most folk around here have been in trouble so it don't bother me none. Sides, I's like the company," Dewayne remarked.

That night turned out to be one of the most enjoyable in James' recent memory. He gladly accepted another date for the next weekend. For their next date Dewayne took him to his house. That made James feel uncomfortable but Dewayne was enthusiastic about showing him his Momma's place. He came across as a "Gentle Giant" and James agreed to go see it.

It was old, weather worn but in good shape. Three bedrooms with two baths and nicely furnished. The over-stuffed sofa and chairs were covered in protective plastic. There were knitted lace doilies scattered about on the furniture and table tops. There was a distinct "Old lady" smell to the house. The most impressive thing James saw in the house was the new large HD TV with cable.

*"Damn! I've missed watching television so much and he has a new one. That piece of junk I have in my room aint worth turning on. I've almost forgotten how much I miss watching it,"* he thought on seeing it.

Dewayne wasn't a cook and had picked up Chinese take-out for their meal. He offered James a cold beer but he refused explaining his parole officer would have a hissy fit. Other than having to suffer through Dewayne showing him his extensive comic book collection, the night turned out pleasant. Another date was accepted for the coming weekend. This time James insisted on being taken to a theater. He hadn't been to a real movie since his last arrest. There had been days when the mere thought of tasting movie popcorn made him salivate.

That date as the previous ones was for the most part enjoyable. The only uncomfortable moments were when Dewayne placed his arm around James' shoulders. Laying his head against Dewayne's massive shoulder wasn't as bad as he thought either. He was happy that when he was brought home, Dewayne settled for just a kiss on the cheek. James hadn't wanted to kiss another man but a little peck to

the cheek okay. It was his third date and Dewayne had paid for everything so far. A reward had to be given and a kiss to the cheek not like other things he had been forced to do.

To Be Continued

### Part Three

By Cheryl Lynn

Besides getting out of his dump of an apartment dating Dewayne, James got some additional good news. Maria at Chi Chi's asked him if he wanted an afternoon job working as her shampoo girl. Business had picked up and she needed the help. It paid minimum wage but a thirty percent discount on all services made it worthwhile. He leaped at the chance to both earn and save some extra money. Money he desperately needed to save for when he got his freedom. Plus with his increasingly changing body, needed new foundations and other clothing. His breasts were now a full D-cup, his rear and hips greatly expanded. The only thing good he could say about having big boobs was that Ms. Sanchez no longer required him to wear those gel enhancers.

##

James had been dating Dewayne for seven months and working at Chi Chi's for six. He was still miserable living in the roach motel and kitchen duty at The Home but not as much as he had been. Working at Chi Chi's was much more pleasant, rewarding and he had a chance to advance. Recently, Maria had her manicurist/pedicurist, Jonelle, teaching him that profession. She needed someone to sit in for her when she took time off. James was looking forward to the day he could do that. It meant the same pay scale but then there were the tips. Tip money he was in dire need of

Jonelle was happy to oblige as there were times when she had a big back log. Customers having to wait were not happy ones and the tips smaller. Plus most of her customers demanded intricate, time consuming manicures. They left the biggest tips and she could shuffle off the easier ones to Trixie June. Maria's idea was a win-win for everybody.

With him settled into living the life of Trixie June, dating and working, Ms. Sanchez pretty much stopped her unannounced visits. She still insisted on the weekly calls and occasionally paid him a visit. She still had her suspicions but James had given her no evidence to the contrary. He continued making regular trips to the gender clinic, hadn't missed calling in or done anything than act like the female gender he had claimed to desire.

Life was becoming good for James. As good as it could get considering he hated being Trixie June. He wanted to be James Allen Walker again and away from this city. He was also getting fed up living in "that damn bug infested" apartment. Yet his meager income and little savings didn't allow for a move to a nicer place.

One evening James was sitting on the couch in Dewayne's living room watching television. It had become their typical Friday or Saturday date night by this time. Dewayne would pick him up and they would go over to his house. James would cook supper and then they settled down to watch television. He didn't mind having his boyfriends arm around his shoulders or that their hips were touching anymore. So far he hadn't made any intimate demands on James which was great. The hugging and occasional kisses tolerable. It seemed to James that this arrangement made it seem

like he could have his cake and eat it too. When Dewayne suddenly asked him to move in with him, the idea didn't seem all that bad.

*“Dewayne is nice enough and he hasn't tried to take advantage of me since we've been dating. I just gotta get out of that damn apartment. I'm sick and tired of the noise and delousing it every week. Well that and those perverts who keep sticking holes in my walls. I won't have to pay rent either and that means I can finally start saving for when I'm freed. I can cut way back on my other expenses as well. So why not?”* he thought then answered, “Sure, I would love too.”

James had no idea using the word, “love,” in his acceptance that Dewayne would get other ideas. James had been prompted to use a feminine vocabulary for so long it didn't even register. That word conjured Ideas very similar to the ones James had had with Mindy in Dewayne. It was too late to change his mind once he moved in when his boyfriend insisted they get engaged.

*“Look Trixie June, Momma would never approve of me living in sin like this. If you gonna stay, you have to agree to marry me. Look, I's bees given you my dear Momma's engagement ring to prove my love for you,”* he said on bended knee.

James sat on the couch stunned and wide eyed in disbelief of what he had just heard. Dewayne was kneeling in front of him holding out a ring with a very small stone winking at him. His mind in turmoil as he tried to make sense of what was happening. Dewayne's proposal was completely unexpected. Something James had never contemplated or ever expected.

*“You've got to be kidding me! This is just so humiliating but what am I gonna friggin do? I can't go back to the roach motel now that I've gone to all the trouble of moving. Shit! I don't want to be engaged to another man. That's just sick. Damn! If I had known this was coming I never would have agreed to move in with him. Where did he get the crazy idea that I would marry him in the first place?”*

*“Crap! Like I have any other choices this time either. I can't go back and there's just too much money involved. Living with Dewayne I'll be able to save most of my earnings and I desperately need every penny. I guess I can live with being engaged. It isn't like being actually married. If he insists on that, I'll have to find some way to put him off.”* he thought then with a thin strained smile agreed.

He had to wrap some tape around the ring to get it to stay on. Apparently Momma was a much larger woman than James was. He had seen her pictures, there were plenty enough of them all over the house. However the full body shots were mostly with her son. When compared together, she didn't seem that big.

*“I'm beginning to wonder if I have just made one of the worst, if not the worst decisions in my life,”* he thought winding the tape onto the oversized ring.

##

Over the ensuing days James settled in at Dewayne's. Initially James had fears that he would be expected to sleep with Dewayne but that issue was put to rest the very first day. He was given Momma's room. Dewayne was obviously upset about doing that but the spare bedroom only had a couple of old dressers for furnishings. Momma's was the largest bedroom and stuffed with her clothing and knickknacks. The closets and draws were over flowing, full of her old things. When he entered it for the first time, the room gave James an icky weird feeling. The door hadn't been opened or anything touched since her passing. It needed a good dusting and gave off a strong aroma.

***“This room looks and smells sorta like my grandmother’s. It’s a good thing I don’t believe in ghosts otherwise I’d think it was haunted. I feel like an intruder coming in here. Gosh, I’ve got goose bumps. It’s my room now so guess I better check it out. These aren’t going to move out by themselves, I’ll get some garbage bags,”*** he thought as he gazed into the overly stuffed closet.

**“Dewayne, I need to make space for my things. Where are the garbage bags?”** he asked walking into the living room.

**“What? You aint tossing none of my precious Momma’s stuff out! You got some nerve bitch, Momma’s things aint garbage! You need space, then put her stuff in the other bedroom,”** Dewayne yelled, his face turning furious.

James didn’t expect that reaction and took a step back. **“So...sorry...I...I didn’t mean to make you mad. Look, I...I’ll put them in the other room,”** he stammered in fright.

***“Wow, I didn’t expect that kind of reaction. On second thought I think I can understand. His Momma has only been gone for six months and he’s still upset but he scared me. That’s a side of him that I didn’t expect or see. Boy, I hope I didn’t fuck up again,”*** he thought making a hasty retreat.

Making James feel even more uncomfortable Dewayne watched his every movement as he packed away Momma’s things. The third bedroom had been used for storage but there was ample space to neatly stow Momma’s clothing. Just touching her stuff made James shudder but made sure to either carefully fold or hang each item. Dewayne was still obviously upset and he didn’t want to make matters worse but disrespecting his Momma’s stuff.

**##**

The next morning Dewayne took him to the bus yard to get on his bus and eventually to the transfer point. Walking into the break room the girls gave him silly grins. Then as one greeted him teasingly. They all knew he had moved in with that bus driver.

**“First comes love, then comes marriage and then a baby carriage,”** they sang using little girlish voices.

**“Ha ha girls, very funny,”** he replied. **“You have no idea. That’s most definitely not in the cards.”**

**“Chill out girlfriend we’re only having a bit of fun. Say, what’s dat I’s see on your finger. Oh my god! Is dat an engagement ring? Sheet, I’s guess the only thing not in the cards is you getting pregnant girl,”** Tanisha exclaimed as they all gathered around to check out the ring.

***“Damn, I forgot to take it off. Shit, how am I going to explain this?”*** he thought.

James wasn’t sure the girls bought his story about Dewayne’s ideas of living in sin or that he had only said yes to have a place to stay. However they stopped kidding him. It didn’t stop them from demanded all the details about his move and his boyfriend though. He was relieved when quitting time arrived and he could go to Chi Chi’s. His relief didn’t last long as all the staff at the salon had to check out the ring and demand answers.

Jonelle made a big fuss over his engagement and insisted that he let her give him a fresh manicure to celebrate. When she had finished, James had one inch acrylic extensions varnished in a rich reddish plum with horizontal white and pink lines. The pink lines slightly broader than the white.

**“Jonelle thank you so much. You did a fantastic job as usual. I just hope I can be half**

as good as you are one day,” he complimented while thinking, “*Gosh, how am I going to be able to do anything with these long talons?*”

Dewayne came when the salon closed to pick him up. “Got your nails done I’s see. Nice, I’s like ‘em. Real pretty. You know, I’s bees thinking. I’s would like it a lot if you would get your Afro dyed black like my Momma’s,” he said on the drive home.

“It’s not an Afro Dewayne. It’s called a poodle cut,” he replied. “But I am tired of this color. My hair is naturally Brunette but, if it will make you happy, I’ll see about getting it dyed,” James replied.

At first thought, as far as James was concerned, getting his hair dyed black really wasn’t a big deal. He didn’t care one way or the other. The auburn color was Ms. Sanchez’s idea along with the poodle style, so changing it to black actually an act of rebellion. He liked that and decided tomorrow he would have Maria do it. There were few things he could do to defy the dictates of his probation but this was one of them.

The next day he approached Maria and asked what she thought about getting his hair dyed black. “Yeah, Dewayne wants me to get it dyed and I was hoping you would have the time today. I was also thinking about straightening out this mess too. Dewayne called it an Afro but I think I’d like a different style as well. So what do you think?”

“Well today is a slow one and I have the time but straightening your hair? It would be much easier if we kept it in tight curls. Your hair has loosened since we last styled it but with the dye, I can’t use the much harsher chemicals required to do that. No, your boyfriend had the right idea. Let me shorten it and put it in tight curls. You’ll look cute and find it so much easier to maintain in a short Afro. Just use a hair pick after you shower and you’re all set for the day,” she advised.

James decided to agree with her recommendations. Having it cut short would make it that much quicker to get ready for work in the mornings. It was bad enough having to slather on all that makeup and struggling with the wild bush he had took time. Time he’d rather have for sleep not that he was getting much of that. He not only had to get dressed for work but make breakfast for two every morning. If nothing else, he wouldn’t feel as rushed.

When Dewayne picked him up that evening, was all smiles as he brushed his large hand over the very short Afro. “Just like Momma’s,” he said smiling broadly.

##

Over the course of the month everything settled down into routine. James went to work, came home, cleaned and cooked then sat on the couch with Dewayne and soon after went to bed completely exhausted. There was only one problem that arose during that month.

Dewayne hadn’t made any sexual advances other than some hugging and kissing. James could live with that. All in all everything seemed to be going just fine. He just wished he could find some way to rid his room of the smell of old woman that permeated everything. That first week it was almost overpowering but lately not as bad. Fainter but it was still there, hanging in the air, that hint of liniment and muskiness of age. He tried those plug in deodorizers but had to remove them.

When Dewayne came into the room, sniffed, wrinkled up his nose and asked, “What’s that smell?”

“Oh, don’t you like it? I used one of those floral scented deodorizers called, “Summer Breeze,” he replied.

**“Get rid of it! Momma never had no smelly things like that in the house,” he firmly stated.**

**##**

**When James informed his parole officer of his new living arrangements, he didn't get the expected reply. Instead, he got the riot act for not immediately reporting his change of address to the sex offender's office. By the time Eva had finished with him, he was white as a ghost and sweating profusely. He was lucky this time, Ms. Sanchez decided not to haul his ass off as a parole violator.**

**“Trixie June just thank your lucky stars that I'm up to my ears with new cases right now. For two cents I'd pack your sorry ass off to State but don't have the time. I don't allow my cons screwing up but for once, I'll let you skate on this one. This is the only break I'll give you. Make another one and you won't even pass Go, understand?” she had said.**

**After she got off the phone with James, Eva went to her computer. *“Surprise, surprise, he's not only living with but engaged to a man. Guess I was wrong about this one but better check if this Dewayne character checks out,”* she thought.**

**“Dewayne Jones....eeemmm...single black male, age forty-two, three hundred twenty-five pounds, six feet two, never married, twenty plus years with the bus company...one aggravated battery charge five years ago, one restraining order five months ago,” she read.**

**“I wonder why and who put a restraining order on him,” she mumbled then punched some more keys. “There it is, Mildred DeCortez, sixty-nine. Claims he kept following her most afternoons and pestering her. Weird, oh well, sounds like a great future husband for my little felon,” she mused.**

**##**

**After that first few months, it quickly became obvious to James that he had indeed made a seriously bad decision. It was getting near the first anniversary of Momma's death. Dewayne demanded that he wear his momma's old clothing including her undergarments. That demand came as a complete surprise. He wasn't sure what brought it on.**

**James had just asked for some money to get some new clothing. James had packed on some weight from eating the fried foods and potatoes Dewayne liked so much. He didn't expect such a reaction. It wasn't like he was asking for a lot of money and he needed new bras. Love handles were forming around the band of his bras and over the top of his girdles.**

**“There's no need to buy anything. There's plenty enough clothing in this house as it is. Momma's been gone almost a year now and I's wants you to bees wearing Momma's clothes. I's needs to have a reminder of how much she done loved me. You will do it to let me know you love me too,” he demanded.**

**Wearing a dead woman's old and smelly dresses and stretch pants was one thing but her old underwear was something altogether revolting. Momma had been in her seventies when she passed and not much of a stickler when it came to laundry.**

**He soon had another more powerful reason to rue his decision. That revelation came when James outright refused to wear his momma's clothing. Dewayne slapped him silly for that. Now James understood how just how terrible a choice he had made and how nasty Dewayne could get. James' excuse that her clothing was too large for him didn't make any difference.**

**“You’ll grow into them,” was all he said.**

**“What the hell have I gotten myself into now!” his mind screamed in fear.**

**Holding up a well-worn baby blue house dress with small white flower decoration James noted that it was a size sixteen. “Man, I’ll have to gain twenty pounds or more to fit into this,” he complained.**

**“So, just eat more and soon nough it will fit. I’s like my women looking voluptuous. Just like my momma,” his only comment.**

**“Crap! I can’t get a break,” he muttered then said more loudly, “Dewayne, if I have to wear this then get out of the room. I’d like some privacy when I dress and undress.”**

**Examining the well-worn, scuffed black, blunt toed shoes with a two inch block heel James saw that they would fit. “I can’t believe I’m doing this. I swear, this housedress must have been made by Omar the Tent Maker and smells just like my grandmother. These shoes are just like everything else in the closet. They scream old woman. At least they look comfortable,” he mused walking out of the room.**

**“Dewayne, I look ridiculous in this. Just look at me! You can’t be serious about me wearing your momma’s clothes? I feel and look like I’m wearing a tent,” James declared entering the living room.**

**“I’s think you look fine. Give it time. You’ll fill it out proper like. Now go fix us something to eat,” Dewayne stated.**

**James was actually looking forward to wearing his uniform. At least it fit and didn’t make him look like Old Mother Hubbard. It was also one of the few items Dewayne hadn’t thrown out in the garbage last night. It all happened when James decided to switch back into one of his own dresses after supper. Dewayne went into a rage, backhanding James across the face before charging into Momma’s bedroom and ransacking the closets and dresser drawers. Tossing, in a fit of rage, all of James’ clothing onto the floor.**

**“You don’t understand I need these to go to work. I can’t wear your Momma’s things out. They don’t fit and I’ll be a laughing stock. Dewayne be reasonable?” James pleaded, tears flowing heavily down his face. His right eye beginning to blacken.**

**“You disrespected me and have all of Momma’s things that I’s want you to wear! So I’s not giving you any choice and you don’t need these!” he yelled while giving James another backhand across the top of his head.**

**Fortunately Dewayne recognized that James had to wear the regulation uniform of The Home. James went to work that next morning with his royal blue lace embellished full slip partially visible though the thin material. Until today, he had hated wearing his uniform but it was better than one of Momma’s old smelly housedresses.**

**At three he changed out of his uniform into the one he wore at Chi Chi’s. Only this time it was one of momma’s old black just below the knee woolen skirts. He had to use a safety pin at the waist to keep it on. The white sleeveless blouse was obviously too large, made of chiffon with a full billowing lace jabot tie. The old fashioned off white bullet bra on display through the translucent material. Unlike Momma’s other clothing, her bras did fit relatively comfortable. The cups matched his DD-cup. The band was snug but James no longer had those love handles poking out. Underneath he was wearing a pair of momma’s granny panties, held up with another safety pin. He was used to wearing that style but the stains in the crotch sent shivers up his spine.**

**When the staff at the salon saw him wanted to know why he was wearing that old**

outdated outfit. He was blushing, embarrassed to be seen out in public, trying to come up with a logical explanation.

“Oh..this..I..I,” he began then thought, *“I can’t tell them Dewayne threatened to beat the shit out of me if I didn’t. I’ve got to come up with an explanation. Retro...that’s it. I remember that article from that fashion magazine at The Home. Something about a ‘Retro’ movement. That’s it.”*

“I’m just experimenting that’s all. There was...was this fashion article in that magazine, ‘In Style,’ that said the old styles were being brought back. I don’t remember all the details but thought I might try it. Besides....Dewayne kept a lot of his Momma’s stuff... an...and I thought I could stretch out my clothing budget,” he managed to come up with as an excuse.

##

Over the next six months James had gained another twenty pounds and easily fits into Momma’s size sixteen dresses. A combination of fried foods and stress didn’t help in his desire to keep the fat off. His friends at The Home and salon, weren’t concerned about Trixie June as she packed on the pounds as they all had at one time or another done the same.

According to them, Trixie June was just going through one of those “chunky” periods. What bothered the girls at The Home was how James looked. In their eyes, he looked much older than his actual age of twenty-two. They were shocked one morning when he came in, his Afro streaked with gray. Gray just didn’t appear overnight and Tanisha had to ask him what was going on.

“Hey girlfriend what’s with the hair?” she probed.

“Oh nothing. It was Dewayne’s idea. He said if I streaked it he’d feel more comfortable being seen when we go out. Said some of his work buddies were teasing the hell out of him for dating a girl he pulled out of her baby carriage or some such nonsense,” he replied.

What he said was true enough but not all of it. Dewayne had been harping on Trixie June to look older. James hated wearing Momma’s clothing and definitely didn’t want to look like her either. He managed to put his boyfriend off for a couple of weeks but when he threatened bodily harm, had Maria do it.

“What? You’re not serious are you Trixie June? You really want me to streak it gray?” Maria questioned in disbelief.

“Yes Maria. It would make me feel better about living with Dewayne. He is catching a lot of hell at work about robbing the cradle. So I...I decided if I looked older all the hazing would stop. The other day someone at work substituted his thermos with a baby bottle filled with milk. It had to have been embarrassing you know,” James said coming up with the only plausible excuse he could contrive.

Later when James mentioned that he needed some new makeup during a casual dinner conversation, Dewayne asked if there wasn’t a big pile of Momma’s in storage he could use.

“Dewayne, I can’t use that. Besides being your Momma’s, it’s not really my colors and dated. It’s also not my brand. Her makeup is mostly old drug store brands and I use Merle Norman,” he replied. “It comes out of my paycheck, so what’s the big deal?”

“I’s just hate to see it go to waste, that’s all...an...and I’s liked how she looked when she got all fancied up. You’re not wearing hardly any makeup any more. Not like you

use to when we first met,” he groused.

“Look, I work two jobs and putting and taking off all that gunk takes a lot of time. Time I could be doing something else. Ms. Sanchez, my parole officer, made me wear all that back then to test me. I only did it to get her off my back,” James answered.

“Well I’s don’t care! You will start wearing all that makeup like you used to or I’ll think you don’t really care about me. I think, maybees you just using me and that’ll make me very mad,” he said loudly slamming his beefy hand hard down on the kitchen table. “Go get Momma’s stuff and put on some of her lipstick right now before I’s do get mad!”

James sorted through the pile of cosmetics. Most of it totally unusable but the cold cream and some of the other skin care products okay along with a tube of scarlet fire engine red lipstick and brick red rouge. He took those into his room and quickly applied the rouge after putting on a thick foundation from his collection. Slashed some reddish-purple eye shadow across his lids then applied the bright red waxy lipstick of Momma’s.

*“Wearing even this little bit of his Momma’s makeup feels really weird. Her lipstick is that old waxy kind that comes off in no time at all. All her cosmetics are cheap drug store brands. Guess I should look on the bright side. Those brands will save me a bunch even with the little I’m buying now. I’ve got a good nest egg built up over the last two years but still not enough. I only have a year and half before my probation is over and I will need every penny to get back to my old self. I can’t wait to be me again and forget all this shit,”* he thought.

Standing up from the vanity, James checked himself out in the full length mirror hung from the closet door. “Ohmygood! I look like shit! If I were black I’d look like a slightly younger version of Momma. With her yellow polyester Capri’s and chartreuse chiffon top with those big red flower imprints, I do look like an older fat woman. Maybe forty or even older. These damn Capri’s of hers makes my ass look huge too,” he gasped not liking the image that was reflected back.

##

The girls at The Home noticed Trixie June had gone back to wearing heavy makeup but didn’t say anything. They just figured James was doing it to keep his man happy. However it was a different story when it came to his fellow workers at the salon.

“Trixie June what on earth made you to decide to wear all that makeup again? I thought we decided a long time ago that a more natural look was better for you?” Agnes asked when James walked into the shop.

Agnes was the store’s registered cosmetologist and Merle Norman representative. She had only slathered on the makeup when they first met as Ms. Sanchez talked him into it. Agnes was from the school of cosmetology that believed “that less is better” concentrating more on skin care and skin health. For Trixie June to suddenly go back wearing heavy makeup came as a big surprise.

James was expecting the cosmetologist’s response. He had prepared what he hoped was a reasonable explanation. “Agnes I know we agreed on that but Dewayne. You know how men can be and I’m getting tired of his constant complaining about how plain I look. His Momma always wore heavy makeup and I guess he’s used to that. Since I’m stuck having to live with him, I’ve decided it was easier to go along with him. I have enough problems in my life than to have to keep listening to his bitching when a bit of makeup will shut him up.”

**“Maybe so but...that looks like pretty cheap makeup you’re wearing. You know I have better cosmetics that are far less damaging to your skin,” Agnes commented.**

**“I didn’t want to mention this but Dewayne put me on a very strict budget. Things are a bit difficult at the moment for us. You know with the wedding coming up,” he said hoping to drop the subject.**

**There were no wedding plans but Dewayne was really starting to push for him to set a date. In a way James could understand his demand but there was no way he was going to actually marry Dewayne much less any man. He still believed it possible to return to his former identity and manhood. So far he had managed to keep things at home on a pretty much puritan basis. However, he realized that a man could be pushed only so far when it came to sex. He had been associating with and acting like a woman far too long now not to have learned something.**

**“Well if that’s the way it has to be then I can give you my samples. I’ll feel a whole lot better if you use them than that drug store stuff,” Agnes said giving in.**

**“Thank you Agnes but I know you’re not that much better off than me. No, you keep them for yourself. Really, I’m okay with this,” James replied.**

**“Alright, but you do know that look is just so wrong for you. It makes you look years older. If you change your mind, you know I’m always here to help,” she said going back to her station.**

**##**

**James is now starting his fourth year of probation and enforced feminization. He still believes strongly that once all this is over he can return back to being James Allen again. He had managed to stash over five grand in his savings account over that length of time. He had even looked up breast reduction surgery. That was his highest priority to get back to normal. The results of his research were not that comforting.**

**There were serious risks in getting a reduction mammoplasty such as noticeable scarring, shape irregularities and permanent pigmentation changes to name only a few. The good news was that it could be done in a short stay ambulatory hospital setting. The really bad news was that it was expensive. Almost twice the three grand for breast augmentation. James didn’t have that much saved but close.**

**Dewayne was getting more forceful in demanding that they get married. James can’t look to the Law for any help. The State Legislature was one of the first to pass a gay marriage act. Holding down two jobs combined with his household duties and stress from pretending to be someone he wasn’t, James was exhausted. Exhausted physically but more so mentally, constantly depressed over how his life turned out. Somehow it seemed easier to go ahead and get married. As soon as his parole ended, he would dump Dewayne in a heartbeat, get a quickie divorce and hopefully enough of a settlement to get him back to being James Allen.**

***“I so friggin tired. Dewayne is constantly harping on us to get married. Even the girls are giving me crap about not being married already. I’m surprised I’ve been able to put him off this long. I have a little less than a year on my parole now. I’ve made it this long so maybe I should go ahead and give in and marry him. Of course I will divorce him the day after I’m free and the money from it would go a long way in paying for all I need to get done. The big downside is that everyone will know that I married another man. Something I swore never to do but I’m so tired of fighting this,”* he thought after Dewayne had lambasted him over it all night long.**

**That next morning wearing one of Momma’s old ratty calico robes, her white with pink**

rose bud flannel nightgowns and fuzzy slippers, Dewayne lit into him again about setting the date.

Overwhelmed, James didn't even bother to look up from his morning coffee said, "Alright you win! Just promise me that you will stop yelling at me. Go ahead pick a date any date. I don't care."

"Bout time Trixie June. I's bees a patient man and respected my Momma's wishes that I's save myself till I's got married. It bees a very trying time for me Trixie June a waiting all this time. Momma, she bees married on May fifteenth, so I's think that a good day," he replied smiling broadly. "You kin even wear her wedding dress. Check the back of the closet. I's think it bees stored there in the guest room," he added.

That evening James, still not quite believing he had agreed to marriage, checked out the closet. Sure enough, there was the plastic enshrouded wedding dress crammed all the way in the back corner. Unzipping the plastic protector, James carefully removed it and held it up. It was his size as far as the height went but the waist was at least six inches smaller than his current waistline.

It was an off ivory, kind of like a pale yellow but with more brownish undertones. Cut in an old style with straight mid-calf length skirt and fitted bodice. The dress was satin with overlapping layers of cotton knitted floral lace. He guessed it might be from the mid-to-late fifties. The mid-arm satin length sleeves would be skin tight on James' fatty arms but he thought he would be okay. The shoulders were heavily padded to present a straight line with a high Mandarin stiff satin collar. The bodice was heavily embroidered again in a floral design with a scattering of pale pink seed pearls. The below the shoulder veil was attached to a stiff dark cream colored satin angular box hat.

Putting the veil off to the side, he hung the dress on the back of the closet door. "*That thing is ancient,*" he mused. "*Looks like, with some altering and a corset, I can probably fit into it. I guess it will all depend on how much excess material a seamstress has to work with. I wear enough of that old woman's clothing, so I guess I can do this. I know I will hate it though.*"

##

That next morning back in its protective covering, James took the dress to The Home. They had a full time seamstress, Mrs. Randolph, there for fitting uniforms and other needs. James had used her many times over the years as his body kept transforming. He hoped she could do something with the dress especially around the waist line.

Bringing a wedding dress to work naturally roused the attention of all the women. If James lived to be a hundred he would never understand why women placed so much importance on weddings. He was asked a million questions of which he had few answers. Bride's maids? Maid of Honor? What was the color theme? He had no way to respond.

"*How am I supposed to know any of that? I'm a guy and never gave much thought to weddings. The only feminine thing I know about is that bride's maids only wore their dresses that one time. I know that because Mom bitched so much about it when she was one,*" he thought as the questions kept coming.

If he had to get married, he wanted to keep it as simple, quick and private as possible. By the time he dropped off the dress with Mrs. Randolph, Trixie June had one bride's maid, Magdalena, and a Maid of Honor, Tanisha. He had tried to tell them "no" but they wouldn't hear of it. The last thing he wanted was for his two best friends witnessing his humiliation.

**“Look girlfriends, I appreciate the offer but I know both of you don’t have much money. I can’t let you spend money on dresses you’ll only wear once,” he argued.**

**“No sweat Trixie June. We were in the same wedding party a few months back and still have our dresses. Besides there bees no way we’re gonna miss this,” Tanisha stated.**

**Mrs. Randolph took a lot of measurements then carefully examined the dress. “Trixie June I think I can help but there simply isn’t much here I can work with. The arms, I can let out a bit and the waist maybe an inch. I’m afraid that’s all I have to work with. With a good firm corset, I think I can make enough adjustments so you can wear it. Provided you don’t go trying to swing from a trapeze,” she ended with a laugh.**

**To Be Continued...**

#### **Part Four**

**The day was fast approaching and James was standing in Mrs. Randolph’s small room. He was struggling getting into his pale pink satin with white lace detailed corset. He felt like Mrs. Randolph was cutting his waist in two as she tugged at the lacing. With each tug, the stiff boned corset bit painfully into his torso but his waist narrowed. Gasping for breath, almost fainting, she finally tied off the laces.**

**“Take shallow breaths and breathe from your diaphragm dear. I know it hurts but unless you lose some more weight by Saturday, I’m afraid you’ll have to endure it. Now be very careful stepping into this dress and I’ll pull it up for you,” she said.**

**The wedding dress was a size 18 and a tight fit even with the corset. Still tight around the waist and very snug on the arms but it fit. The stiff collar was also snug at his throat and forced him to keep his head erect. He let out a moan as he looked at his reflection.**

***“I look like an old woman wearing a very dated dress in this,”* he thought.**

**##**

**Early Saturday morning James made his way into Chi Chi’s to get the works. All the girls in the salon, most anyway, were more than happy to make this a beautiful day for him. Saturday was their busiest day and none of the girls could attend the wedding. Maria, when she found out about the wedding, volunteered the full services of the salon as a wedding present. Four hours later he left the shop. James had a full body wax for the first time. It had been painful but his skin felt soft as velvet. His Afro had been re-dyed, gray streaked and permed. His makeup was slathered on heavily against Agnes’ strong objections.**

**From the salon he caught the bus to Tanisha’s house where the final preparations were to take place. Tanisha had insisted and James had agreed. Someone would have to do the lacing on his corset and the groom had no business seeing his bride before the actual wedding.**

**It was getting late but between Tanisha and Magdalena they had him ready for the three o’clock ceremony. The girls had already dressed while they awaited James’ arrival. Their bright emerald green satin dresses were almost scandalous. Their dresses had very low cut sweetheart necklines, backs open almost to their big round booties and mid-thigh length straight skirts. The dresses clung like a second skin over their well-endowed frames. For accessories they wore a bunch of gold bangles on each wrist, thin golden necklaces and emerald green satin box hats with ruffled net veils.**

The service was held in the Court House and presided over by a Justice of the Peace. Tanisha and Magdalena were witnesses and as soon as all the documents, including James' new wedded name, Emma Julia Jones, was completed they headed for the reception. Emma Julia Jones had been Dewayne's Momma's name and he had insisted that Trixie take it. The only other people there were a few of the groom's friends and Ms. Sanchez. She had filmed the event.

Before Mrs. Emma Julia Jones could leave, Eva pulled him aside. "Well Emma, you really fooled me. I don't often make a mistake in judging convicts but looks like you may have pulled this off. So, I'll make an exception today and allow you to drink alcohol but just this once. I'm still going to check up on you and I still don't quite buy it. You noticed that I filmed everything and will be posting it on the internet. Seems you really impressed the Gender Reassignment folks over at the clinic. They want to use you as their poster child so to speak. You already have several thousand views from what they have posted so far."

"Wha....what? No, you can't do this. I don't want the world to know what happened to me. Please you can't do this!" he replied shocked and scared to the core.

"Sorry, but you have no say in the matter. When you signed up for the gender reassignment program, you also signed a waiver allowing the clinic to use your case however they wanted. They seem to think your case will get them extra funding and more acceptance in the community. Looks to me like you pulled off your charade just too damn good. Even changing your whole name. Now that was a hoot. I can't think of any woman willing to change her name to her mother-in-law's no matter how well respected," *she said with a wicked grin. "Have fun on your wedding day."*

*"I'm so fucked! That bitch and the clinic have just destroyed me. How can I ever live this down? The internet of all things. This will haunt me forever,"* he frantically thought.

Leaving the court house, Emma was surprised to see everyone getting on a public bus. A bus with tin cans and streamers attached everywhere. In bold white shoe polish letters, "Just Married" were painted on both sides. Off to the side, James could see Ms. Sanchez filming. James just wanted to die at that moment.

The small reception was held at Dewayne's best friend, Bubba's lodge. It was located in a rundown strip mall not too far from where they lived. Like the rest of the neighborhood it was run down, smelled heavily of liquor, beer and tobacco smoke. With the promise of free beer a lot of Bubba's friends were there. They were all similar to Dewayne, old, fat, smelly and obnoxious. James knew that his butt would be black and blue by the time he reached the head table and sat down. It seemed like all Dewayne's friends just had to pinch his butt.

A big boom box was blasting the air in hip hop and rap music. There were two kegs off to one side sitting in tubs of ice. For the first time in his life he happily accepted the plastic beer filled cup. He had heard getting drunk would kill the senses and was more than ready to become oblivious. This was positively, most definitely, the worst day of his miserable twenty-three years of life.

James flinched every time a flash went off, knowing that more proof was added to document his downfall. *"I'm totally heterosexual yet here I am stuck in a gay relationship, married even. How can I ever get back to being who I really am?"* he despondently thought.

James had wanted to get drunk, drown himself in his misery but that never happened. All it took was one trip to the lady's room. The lodge's restrooms were in no better

shape than the building itself. The lady's room looked like it served more as an alternative for the men's. There was no stall only a rusted sink and commode. However that wasn't the worst part. The worst was getting situated to actually pee. It was a major project to get his dress up and panties down. After that, he strictly limited his liquid intake.

The reception seemed to last forever and his feet were killing him. He had never been a good dancer but doing it in heels something else altogether. It only took a few dances and James was exhausted and hurting. The tight corset which retained heat made his torso ache. The shoes becoming vices crushing his toes. As much as he was hurting James wasn't looking forward to its end and being alone with Dewayne.

Soon after the cake was cut, Dewayne grabbed James around the waist and led him out the door. They were headed home, a moment in time James dreaded. There would be no putting off the consummation. At the house Dewayne picked up Emma in his arms and carried her through the threshold. Inside he gave his new wife time to prepare herself.

James took as much time as he thought he could get away with but eventually he had to face the inevitable. The consummation was as bad and degrading as he thought it would be and worse. The preliminary blow job was difficult as Dewayne's hygiene wasn't the best and his stomach kept getting in the way. The first assault on his back passage nearly suffocated him when his husband collapsed on top, forcing James into the mattress. If nothing else James learned a lesson and rode Dewayne cowboy style after that. It was a sexual position he detested. It made him feel like he instigated the sex and if he didn't hold his breasts painful. Having DD-cup breasts with all the bouncing being on top really hurt. The second and third time that night left him in agony as Dewayne was not a small or even average sized man.

When Dewayne was finally sated and rolled over in sleep, James tried to get up. He was lying in a very wet spot that was getting larger the longer he stayed there. Attempting to get out of bed, Dewayne reached out a beefy arm and pulled James in close. He was forced to snuggle for the rest of the night, listening to the loud snoring and feeling the cold wetness surround his ass. The night seemed to go on forever and James didn't get a wink of sleep. The ripe smell of sex that filled his nose was a constant reminder of what his life would be like for the foreseeable future.

A very bleak future as sex didn't stimulate him. At best, produced a slight pounding like sensation in his head and a thin watery small discharge. The chemicals flowing through his body had done their job all too well. His body only good for the pleasure of someone else. The only small pleasure James received was when Dewayne suckled at his breasts. His nipples were sensitive but performing that role drove home the fact that he was forced into femininity.

James spent Sunday paying the price for Dewayne's pent up sexual appetite. If he wasn't giving blow jobs he was getting royally reamed. By Monday morning he could barely walk, his anus stretched unmercifully, burning and sore. His lips swollen and his mouth and throat battered and bruised.

"Just my luck! I married a horse instead of a man and I look like I've been rode hard and put up wet. Oh gawd, I've got to go and face the girls at work today. That's going to be really embarrassing," he lamented putting a sanitary pad into his panties.

##

It had been a very hard five years. James had changed drastically both physically and mentally. He had natural full DD-cup breasts, thirty-nine inch hips and struggled to

keep his waist from disappearing. If it weren't for Momma's high waist long line girdles, her clothing would be confining. Soon after his marriage, at Dewayne's insistence, he had a tramp stamp tattooed across the saddle of his back. It was an ornate rose floral design with "D+E" in black script centered over it with a golden ring above that. The meaning all too clear. That tattoo guaranteed James would have a hard time explaining should he ever become a man again. That was still his desire but even he was beginning to doubt that it was possible. He even thought of himself as "Emma Julia Jones most of the time."

Dewayne's lust had diminished over time as in most relationships. However, he did demand daily oral sex to rid those morning erections. Actual intercourse was usually confined to the weekends. Dewayne's large penis has done its damage to James' backside requiring the constant use of maxi-pads. The worst thing Dewayne forced James to do was get dentures. The wide girth of his penis made oral sex difficult and he had gotten fed up with the bite marks.

Getting dentures probably aged his face more than anything else. Working two jobs, coming home to clean and cook, then satisfy his husband's sexual needs had added many fine lines into his face as well. Without any makeup, James indeed looked much older than his true age.

It is finally Independence Day for James. His parole expires in just one week and he is nervous. Ms. Sanchez has called him into her office. He hadn't seen her since the wedding all those long months ago. Then out of the blue when he had phoned in, she told him to come to her office today. James couldn't think of anything he had done wrong but that didn't ease his nerves.

Emma stopped in the hall outside Ms. Sanchez's office, pulled the compact out of his black patent letter purse. He quickly checked his makeup and hair. The pale foundation, painted on black arched eyebrows, brick red blusher and bright scarlet lipstick were fine. Other than a few small beads of sweat on the brow he didn't need to freshen it.

*"I'm twenty-four and I look like I'm forty-four but this will all be over soon. I hope when I get out of all this, my brows will grow back. I still can't believe Dewayne made me shave them just so I'll look more like his Momma,"* he thought removing the multicolored nylon scarf from his short heavily gray streaked Afro.

Fluffing out the black and white checked cotton skirt of his housedress, he knocked on the glass paneled door then entered. Ms. Sanchez was sitting at her desk with another older woman sitting in one of the two wooden chairs. That woman stood as James entered. She was wearing a brown tweed business suit, crisp white blouse, ecru nylons and brown pumps. Her face had a serious look to it and she was wearing black horn rimmed glasses.

"Right on time Emma. Come on in and meet Doctor Watson. She will be your psychologist doing your release evaluation. As of Monday you will no longer be subject to the legal system's requirements. You will, of course, still report any change of address to the Sexual Offenders Office. However, every parolee ready for release into the general population must be evaluated. Now go along with her and I expect you to fully cooperate. Remember, you're not free yet," she informed him.

*"Crap!"* he thought. *"Now I have to talk to a shrink. Why can't they leave me alone? They've destroyed my life and probably any chance I will have at being normal."*

Emma met with Dr. Watson twice. The first session primarily a "meet and greet" one in which he was informed his chemical castration was permanent. His body no longer

producing any testosterone. That didn't come as a shock as he couldn't remember the last time he had an erection. The second session was more intense. He told the doctor his plans for dumping Dewayne and how much he hated sexual intercourse with any man. He confided that he still had hopes of returning to who he once was. The doctor chuckled at that and told him to basically suck it up.

“Look Emma you need to face up to reality. If you objectively step back and take a good look at yourself, you'll have to admit there's no going back. You're a woman now despite retaining your male parts. You have no family or old friends to go back to or support you. As far as the sex goes, you're no different than most married women. You have to face it. The only family you have is Dewayne and your only friends are your co-workers. Accept it and you will not only feel better but be a happier person.”

##

“I'm free! I can be my own person now without anyone looking over my shoulders,” James' mind screamed as he walked out of Ms. Sanchez's office for the last time.

He had used the past week to plan for this moment. James discarded Doctor Watson's suggestion that Dewayne was his family. He'd had more than enough putting up with Dewayne's weird “Momma” fetish and shit. No, his first stop was a lawyer's office. It would take a few days to process the paperwork and James would had to stay with Dewayne until he could make other living arrangements. His second stop was the salon to talk with Maria. Maria made some extra income renting out three small efficiency apartments occupying the second story of her salon. He was fortunate one was available and Maria more than happy to let him have it. She even gave him a discount.

“Sure I have one for your Emma. I'll even give you a discount as you'll be close in case I need you in the shop,” Maria happily agreed.

“Maria that's wonderful. You have been a good friend and boss but please, call me Trixie. I want to do everything I can to forget I was ever married,” James replied.

“Yeah, sure, no problem Trixie. Come on, I'll show you your new home,” Maria said taking his hand.

The final stop was The Home. As much as he hated leaving Tanisha and Magdalena he couldn't stand working in that place. Maria had promised to take him on full time and even help him get his beautician's license. It was an offer he couldn't afford to lose and he could still see his BFF's after work. Being State supported, James didn't have to give a two weeks' notice to retain accrued benefits.

##

Another year has gone by and James, now Trixie June in both name and mind set, is getting by. One of the first things she did upon moving into her small apartment was have a complete makeover. Maria, after some discussion, shaved Trixie's head as it was the quickest, easiest way to get rid of the Afro and gray streaks. Trixie June wore an auburn wig in a shoulder length body wave style until hers grew out. The old makeup discarded for a more natural modern day look. The next step was to get a new wardrobe and lose the weight she had gained to fit into Momma's clothing.

Trixie June had achieved that and her hair was now long enough to do away with the wig. After a lot of effort and some pain, she was down to one hundred twenty-five pounds. She had used most of her savings getting dental implants. That was painful but the procedure removed another bad reminder. The biggest disappointment came when told the tattoo was too big to remove. She had to settle for a cover up of the

**“D+E” lettering. Soon she would be taking the test to be a full-fledged beautician.**

**Life was bearable but there were times when Trixie had bouts of depression. He did pass his licensing examination but the work was long, hard, and standing most of the day in heels. He used what was left of his savings and meager divorce settlement to purchase a used car. At times he wished he hadn't quit his job at The Home. At least he would have major health insurance and other benefits not available at the salon. Having to purchase the medicines to maintain his reassignment were expensive. The clinic, thanks in part to his media participation, provided free treatments and counseling.**

**While he went out frequently with his BFF's, they were looking for eligible guys. He still hadn't totally embraced his womanhood. The men that approached him when they went out were only interested in copping a quick feel or sex. He didn't enjoy going to the LGBT meetings in the past but now found some comfort there. They were creatures like him, only they weren't forced and enjoyed same sex intercourse. Here he didn't feel so alone.**

**At one of the meetings he met a new comer, Joyce. Joyce was about Trixie's age, height and weight with Chestnut colored hair and green eyes. She was a bookkeeper for a major business and, to his surprise, a forced fem just like he was. In time, Trixie learned that Joyce's Aunt had taken him in as a young teen. His Father and Mother had been sent to prison for working a meth lab. His Aunt, Jennifer, was a diehard lesbian but took him in. She owed her sister big time and felt an obligation plus he was on the effeminate side.**

**While he wasn't at all macho to begin with he was all boy at that time. Slowly, using harsh punishments and rewards, Jennifer erased most of the boy. He learned quickly that life was easier if he was perceived as being a girl. Enrolling him in high school as Joyce, further compelled him to adopt the female persona she demanded. Giving him her birth control pills, a diet heavy in soy and other high estrogen containing foods changed his body. He developed nice firm C-cup breasts, slim waist and tight round ass. Confined in tight gaffs twenty-four seven ensured a very low sperm count. Eventually his testicles had atrophied leaving his body chemistry mostly female.**

**By the time he graduated from community college, Joyce had pretty much forgotten that he had been Jacob. He knew that he was different which kept him from having normal relationships but he had his Aunt. Their relationship developed over time. They spent a lot of time together, shopping, keeping up the house and even as lesbian lovers. With her recent death, he was left alone with a nice house. He had heard about the LGBT meetings and decided to attend one. Joyce hoped to find the support and emotional shoulder to lean on that his Aunt had provided. She found that in Trixie.**

**As the months went by they began spending more and more time together outside of the meetings. They had many things in common other than their forced womanhood. Much to Trixie June's surprise he discovered he was in love with Joyce and even more stunned when she felt the same. Joyce filled that gap Trixie had in her life. Life wasn't perfect but together they could make the best of it. James did something he thought never would happen again. He asked Joyce to marry him and she agreed.**

**The End**