

STELLA

Part One

By Cheryl Lynn

Ralph Wilson was feeling slightly light headed as he walked down the corridor at McCarran Airport. It was his first time in Las Vegas and he was meeting with his future brother-in-laws for his bachelor party. He had never been in an airport like this one either. The bright lights, slot machines and casino advertisements were almost hypnotic as he made his way to baggage claim. He was surprised at the baggage carousel as his suitcase was the first one off. That was something that had never happened before.

“Damn, that’s my bag,” he mumbled as he pulled it off the track. “This must be a lucky sign for me and luck is everything in Vegas,” he thought heading to the Avis counter.

“Let’s see, it’s a three hour difference, so that makes it ten a.m. here and the guys aren’t due in until two-thirty. Check in time for the Wynn isn’t until one, so that gives me three or four hours to kill. What’s that saying they have here, oh yeah, what goes on in Vegas stays in Vegas. Shit, I’m getting married soon so why not indulge in my fantasy one final time. The girl behind the counter said there was a nice mall almost directly across from the hotel. Think I’ll stop there first,” he thought as he got behind the wheel of his Lincoln rental.

In short order, Ralph was walking through the entrance of Victoria’s. It didn’t take him long to select an emerald green 36 B gel padded satin embroidered up lift bra, size 6 matching boy shorts and pair of black thigh high stockings. He was a bit embarrassed which helped convince the sales girl that he really was buying lingerie for his fiancé. She thought it a little weird that he didn’t want it gift wrapped but few things surprised her after living in Vegas.

Ralph had picked an out of the way spot when he parked the car. He looked around and didn’t see anyone close and hopped into the back seat. Quickly, he stripped off his grey slacks and boxers and stepped into the panties, shivering with perverse delight. The stockings were a dark enough shade to hide his hairy legs and felt wonderful as the welts fit snugly around his upper thighs. He looked around once more, making sure no one was about, before taking off his jacket and blue dress shirt. The bra fit perfectly and he enjoyed the tightness around his chest. He loved the bright color and the sensuous feel of the satin on his man tits. Soon he was dressed and behind the steering wheel. He checked the mirror to see if anything showed but being November his jacket covered any tell tail signs.

For the next twenty minutes he drove around taking in the sights of the famous Vegas Strip enjoying the sensations and sense of fear that his lingerie gave him. As he drove, he remembered that Pawn Stars show and decided to see if he could find it. He punched in the information into the on board navigation system and headed there. Down one street, he saw a theater advertising the best porn in all Vegas.

“What the hell, I can see that show on television but going to the movies will give me a chance to enjoy my lingerie and get in a little bit of play time,” he thought. Again luck was with him and he found a parking spot not more than fifteen feet from the theater.

Inside, it was almost empty which didn’t surprise him as it wasn’t even noon. He walked up the dark aisle to the back, passing a sleeping old man on his way. Taking

the third seat from the aisle, he sat and unzipped his fly. He could barely control his shaking fingers as he began rubbing the soft silky panties covering his small penis. He was lost in the sensations, his head tilted back not even seeing what was playing on the screen. He was brought back to reality when someone sat down beside him. He turned his head in fright while trying to pull up his zipper discreetly. Sitting beside him with a large smile on her face was an obvious hooker.

“Hi there sweetie, here let me help you there,” she said huskily.

Ralph was too scared to do anything as she reached over and began playing with his now hard dick. She placed her arm around his back and rubbed there as well. He had taken off his jacket figuring no one would see the slight mounds and now he seriously regretted that decision. His fear intensified as her hand brushed the band of the bra.

“Oh baby, you like to wear lingerie. I just love a man that’s into his feminine side. Don’t fret sweetie, Darlene likes, so sit back and let me relax you,” she said into his ear as she gave it a lick.

Shivers ran up and down his spine when she did that. It was one of his biggest turn on’s. One of his biggest unrealized fantasies was to be dressed in lingerie and have a real woman make out with him. His fear lessened but his hands were trembling as she continued to rub his groin and nibble at his neck. He was almost there, ready to come in his panties when she sat back still smiling broadly.

“This is going to be an easy mark. The fucking sissy will be too afraid to do anything. When he discovers that I took all his cash will say nothing about it either,” she thought as she dug into her large red hobo purse.

Ralph couldn’t believe this was happening to him. His fear of discovery had always taken prominence but this hooker didn’t seem the least bit phased. She wasn’t going to scream or out him but would want compensation. Compensation he could well afford. Back in New York he was one of the youngest players on Wall Street. Harvard educated, Masters in Finance and twenty-five years old with a very beautiful young lady waiting to be his wife. He had dedicated himself to his studies deferring his party time to after getting a good job. He was content during school to occasionally wearing lingerie and performing solo. As a result he had little experience with the ladies and until this moment never a prostitute.

“This must be the luckiest day of my life. My plane gets in on time, my luggage is the first off, found some lovely lingerie and now this. My wildest fantasies come true. I’ve never been so scared or thrilled in my life,” he thought as Darlene pulled a joint out of her purse and lit it.

“Here baby, take a hit on this. It will calm you down and I’ll make you all happy, happy,” she said offering him the marijuana.

He didn’t know it was laced with extasy or that it was weed. He had never smoked anything until now. He could not explain to him self why he even took it much less the deep drag. It just seemed right at the time. He coughed and choked but that first hit sent his brain wheeling. Four more puffs and he was feeling very mellow as Darlene bent down, her hand stealthily pulling his wallet from his back pocket, as her lips surrounded the head of his penis.

One minute Ralph was in heaven, the next he was out on the street under the bright lights of the marquee. His head was swimming, trying desperately to find understanding of what was happening. The old man from the movie was holding him tightly, squeezing painfully his upper arm and talking into a walkie-talkie. Ralph’s hands were handcuffed behind his back.

“Wha.....what’s going on?” Ralph managed to say.

“Finally coming out of it, huh, I’m Detective Lawrence and you are being placed under arrest. I just called the paddy wagon to get your sorry ass and take you downtown. Now I’m going to read you your Miranda rights,” the old man replied.

“Arrested...arrested for what?” he said taken completely off guard as the paddy wagon pulled to a stop in front of them.

“You’ll get all the charges downtown. Now get your ass in the back,” Detective Lawrence snapped.

Seeing the paddy wagon and three rough looking people sitting inside, Ralph panicked and tried to pull away. He had never done anything wrong, not so much as a parking ticket. It was scary enough being arrested but while wearing lingerie banished any sane thought. All he wanted to do was run as fast and as far as he could. He pulled with all his might, spinning as he tried to break the detective’s grip. All he got for his efforts was a night stick up side the head. Seeing stars he was roughly pushed into the wagon and his ankle chained to the floor.

At the station he was booked for solicitation of a prostitute, resisting arrest, possession and use of a controlled substance, impersonating a female and wonton misconduct. It was late Friday afternoon, his wallet and cash gone, his future brother-in-laws had no idea of his whereabouts. His only remaining items of value were his gold Rolex and smart phone both of which now resided in a brown sealed envelope out of reach and filed away. To make matters worse, he couldn’t see a judge until Monday morning. He would have to spend the weekend in jail. He could kiss his penthouse at the Wynn goodbye.

Ooo

Ralph sat at the metal table, wearing bright orange coveralls and shiny chromed steel chains at waist, wrists and ankles. His lingerie had been put into another big brown envelope and placed into evidence. The strip search and anal probe were the most mortifying experience he had ever gone through. He wasn’t even given a chance to contact a private lawyer or anyone else. A weekend in jail, fortunately for him in solitary, as it was policy not to mix transsexuals with the general population until conviction. Now he was sitting across from a court appointed lawyer.

“Mr. Wilson, I’m Nguen Cho, your court appointed lawyer. I’ve been assigned your case and did a little research on you. I think the best thing you can do is plead guilty to the charges. Now, settle down and hear me out. That detective took a photo of you smoking dope and getting a blow job. That, my friend, is very hard evidence. Now for the good news, the charges are all misdemeanors since all they got you with was less than an ounce of marijuana. If you plea on these, the judge will give you a hefty fine and let you go since you have a spotless record. Now you can go and hire yourself a high priced lawyer which will probably bring the media into play or you can let me represent you. It’s your choice,” Mr. Cho said.

“Media.....I...I can’t have that...It would destroy my marriage and my career if this ever got out. Plead guilty.....I guess I’m guilty but shit!” he thought as sweat broke out on his forehead.

“Errrr....you sure I can get off with just a fine?” he managed to ask.

“Like I said, you have no previous records, the charges are all misdemeanors and the jails are overcrowded. The prosecutor has nothing to gain and has agreed, so I guess the judge will go along with us on this,” the lawyer replied.

Ralph didn't like it but didn't seem to have any choice so agreed. Later that afternoon he was marched into the court along with several other criminals. When his case came before the bench, he pleaded guilty and professed to never doing anything like that again. Instead of getting let off with a fine the judge went ballistic at the prosecutor's suggestion.

"I, for one, am sick and tired of all you people coming into my fair and beautiful city thinking they can do as they fucking please. Well, that is not going to happen today. Dealing with prostitutes, taking illegal drugs and resisting our fine constabulary and figuring you can just pay a little fine and walk away. Well, young man, I'm sorry to say that not in my court. Two years with five years of probation! Next case," the judge almost yelled as he brought the gavel down.

Ralph was more than devastated by the judge's decision. As he was led away, he heard his lawyer saying something about an appeal but it came to his ears like an echo from down a long hall. Two years and five of probation kept repeating itself over and over in his mind. His mind didn't really accept what was happening until the steel cell door clanged shut at the state penitentiary. His only hope now was to contact some of his friends and see if they could get him out. His best friend, David, was a high priced corporate lawyer who had the necessary contacts and would help him out of this mess.

Unluckily, the judge was running for re-election and was basing his hopes on being perceived as hard on criminals. Four of his recent cases he reported to the local papers. One in particular, due to its perverseness, he sent to the National Inquirer. The judge figured that a bit of national exposure wouldn't hurt his cause. Ralph's booking picture and charges made national news. He would get no help from any of his old friends.

Ooo

His cell mate was a muscular heavily tattooed Latino with a number of ugly scars. Ralph was not a stupid person and it didn't take him long to learn how to stay alive and to some extent prosper. Jorge, his cell mate, protected him from the worst prison could offer but it cost Ralph dearly.

To survive he had to become Jorge's bitch. He could have paid for the same or even better protection but there was no way he was going to contact his fiancé or her brothers to ask for the necessary funds. He didn't even have access to his own finances as he was in prison. He tried but calling from a prison phone and being unable to produce any physical evidence to prove who he was ended that option. Once he agreed to become the cell bitch, Jorge took full advantage. He even made Ralph go on a vegan diet with his only protein coming from his partner's sperm. All he could do was bide his time and hope for his appeal or early release.

Two months into his hard time, he still hadn't heard from his court appointed attorney. When he made an inquiry, he was told that his appeal would take at least a year or more. Discouraged and despondent he had no choice but to apply for early release.

His early release had some stipulations to it. He would have to register as a sex offender, admit to being transsexual and agree to work for a court approved employer for the duration of his probation. The biggest caveat in the release document was his consent to be chemically castrated. After two months of being Jorge's and his friend's bitch, Ralph would agree to anything to get out.

Ralph's life as he knew it was over. His high paying job in New York long gone as was his beautiful fiancé. He had been abused both physically and mentally. The knuckles of his left hand had been inked with the letters J, O, R, G, and E, so agreeing to

chemical castration didn't seem all that big of a deal if it got him out of his living hell. He signed on the dotted line and had to wait another ten months before release. During that time the prison physician gave him monthly injections of hormones to begin his castration. The day of his departure, the doctor implanted slow release, long lasting hormone rods just under the skin at the back of his upper thighs. These injections had a much higher level of female hormones. The lower level drugs the doctor had been using were too expensive to continue on the outside.

The low level drugs had given him A cup breasts and a rounder fuller bottom. After almost a year on the drugs, Ralph had a 36 A chest, 24 inch waist and 36 inch butt. His weight was down to one nineteen and his dirty blonde hair reached past his collar thanks to Jorge. He was also weak. Jorge forbade him working out in the prison gym or doing any heavy work. The heaviest thing he lifted while in prison was a mop.

His day of freedom had arrived and he was given his old civilian clothing to put on. The slacks were extremely tight in the ass but he had to pull his belt well past its last notch to get them to say up. The blue dress shirt was hard to button thanks to the side effect of his castration drugs. The jacket still fit but there was no way for him to button it. He felt very awkward standing at the check out desk to get the rest of his personal items.

It didn't come as any surprise when his Rolex and phone were missing. The envelope with his lingerie, he tossed into the trash can. He never wanted to see those items or any lingerie ever again. The prison check for \$730 would at least give him a bit of a stake.

The warden looked him over after he finished at the check out. "Well son, I truly hope you learned something during your stay here. I trust I won't be seeing you again," the he said.

"Don't worry warden, I won't be coming back," he replied. "Yeah I learned a lot. I have nothing but a useless dick, a fucked up body that's all I got out of this. Shit! What woman would want me anyhow? At least I'm outta here. Maybe later I can change what they've done to me but now I just want out," he thought.

He was taken by bus back to Vegas and dropped off at a half-way house. There he would meet his parole officer and stay until employment was found. Again, it came as no surprise when they took his prison check and told him it would cost him \$35 a day for room and board. Sure enough, exactly 20 days later, his parole officer found him a permanent job.

Ooo

He was called into his parole officer's room that morning and introduced to Mrs. Thelma Anne Bates. Mrs. Bates had to be every bit of sixty five, about his height of five foot seven, one hundred sixty pounds with massive breasts and rear end. Her hair was dyed a bright vivid red and in an old fashioned big hair style. The bangs were two rows of horizontal flat tubular curls, formed a high bubble at the crown and flowed down to curl inward cupping her fat face. She wore tan culottes ending just below her fat knees and a lime green semi-transparent shell blouse that clearly revealed her black cross your heart Playtex bra.

"Mrs. Bates here has decided to offer you a job working at her motel in the city. You'll help with the laundry and housekeeping. If you take it, you will obey her as you would me. You fuck up and it's back to state prison. No second chances and you will serve out the rest of your time. She will bring you to see me every ten days other than that I

hope to never see you. If I do, you will be one sorry SOB, understood?" the officer stated.

"Yes sir," he could only reply. The officer scared him and he wasn't about to go back to jail. He hoped that this grandmotherly looking woman would be half way nice but five years of what amounted to indentured slavery did not appeal to him in the least.

"Alright then sign this employment contract. It guarantees you minimum wage plus a dollar with annual increases provided you meet her standards. Uniforms, clothing and meals will be furnished but deducted from your salary. It's for five years, the length of your parole time but can be reduced provided Mrs. Bates here gives you good annual reviews. She has a copy of your early release documents stating that you are transsexual, a sexual offender and agreed to chemical castration. She will ensure that you continue to apply to those terms. Now sign it and get the hell out of my office," the officer said.

"Crap, minimum wage plus a fucking dollar less expenses. I use to make a seven figure income now look what I have become. A fucking housekeeper.....well it's still better than being in that fucking cell with Jorge," he thought as he signed the paper.

"Alright sonny boy let's get things straight before we go anywhere. I give the orders you obey them. You call me Mrs. Bates or ma'am. You mess up and I call your probation officer. Another thing, I noticed you have breasts. Well, no one with breasts works at my motel without a bra. Going braless in my establishment is strictly forbidden. So the first thing we are going to do is get you some proper clothing. You have a problem with any of this? If so, we can march right back into that office," she sternly said.

"A br....bra...but I'm a man," he sputtered in disbelief.

"You don't listen well do you sonny boy. Maybe you should get that nice plump ass out of the car right now. I have your early release documents right here. It says you are a homosexual transvestite, sex offending piece of shit! As a matter of fact, I don't think Ralph is a good name for what that document says you are. From now on consider your name to be....to be...Stella. Yeah, that sounds about right. Now you either get out or shut the fuck up and do as I tell you," she snapped.

"So much for grandma's image, what did I get myself into? Stella that's a trailer park trash name, I'd rather be called Rachel or something more sophisticated," he thought.

"Alright Mrs. Bates I'll do whatever you say...errrr....just....just can I be a Rachel or something like that. Stella doesn't suit me," he replied.

"No! Stella is just fine for a dandy like you. Here put some of this on. It will make your face look happier," she said handing him a tube of plum colored lipstick.

"I don't know how. I've never done this sort of thing before," he said taking the tube with a trembling hand.

"Oh for lands sake, here give me that," she said taking it back, pinching his cheeks as she dabbed the bright reddish-purple lipstick on his lips.

He was taken to an outlet mall where she guided him into the Bali/Playtex outlet. There he was measured and fitted with several eighteen hour bras all in white or black and matching girdles. She purchased a dozen packages of Bali brief cut white and black nylon panties. Finally, she got him half a dozen nylon half-slips and full slips. From there they went to the Hanes outlet store where she got him two dozen pair of ecru support knee highs and two dozen pairs of support ecru colored pantyhose. Several stores later, he had a wardrobe of sorts.

Everything that she purchased was something only old women wore. Culottes, polyester stretch pants with flare legs, Capri's, and simple A line cotton house dresses. All the blouses were nylon, semi-transparent, frilled with lace or ribbon bows. Two pair of white Kids, a pair of black two inch wedge heeled sandals and a pair of brown square toed one inch block heeled pumps completed his shoe collection. At the cosmetics store she purchased several tubes of the plum lipstick, green eye shadow, black liquid eyeliner, foundation, concealer and powder.

By the time they left the outlet mall, Ralph was in tears. He was wearing tan culottes, a lime green shell blouse that revealed his old fashioned Playtex black cross your heart bra, very tight black girdle, ecru support knee highs and white Kids. A brown leather purse was slung over his right elbow. He was dressed exactly like Mrs. Bates. He was totally humiliated by the experience and had absolutely no say in the clothing purchased.

The next stop was Betty's Cut and Curl beauty shop. It was an old fashioned parlor with green and white checkered linoleum flooring, and smelling of ammonia, acetone and other noxious fumes. Mrs. Bates introduced Ralph as Stella to Betty and told her make him look right. He had no idea of what she meant but he was too far in to make a brake for it now. He should have run once they got to the mall and to hell with the consequences. It was too late now. He thought about it but dressed the way he was certainly wouldn't get far.

Three hours later he emerged from the salon totally changed. His fingers were given glamour length acrylic extensions painted a vivid plum. His hair was dyed the same bright red as Mrs. Bates and given the same big hair style. His eyebrows and body hair had been waxed off. High thin arched black eyebrow pencil replaced his brows. His ears were pierced and large gold hoops inserted. Betty had taken the makeup Mrs. Bates purchased and applied it thickly instructing him as she worked on half his face. He was then required to apply the makeup to the other side. It took many attempts but finally Betty was happy with the results. Adding to his misery, she sprayed a heady dose of overly sweet floral perfume on him.

Stepping back Betty smiled and said to Ralph's utter chagrin, "Why Thelma, if I didn't know better I'd swear this was your younger sister. The only thing missing to make you two picture perfect is the reading glasses."

"Yeah Betty, you sure did a marvelous job and you're right about the glasses. I guess we have one more stop to make before I can get Stella here home," she replied. Before they left the salon, Mrs. Bates made standing appointments for them every week.

It wasn't long after Ralph had a pair of bejeweled framed reading glasses hanging from his neck by a long golden chain. It was bad enough that he had to look like an old woman, especially like Mrs. Bates but these glasses were prescription and he didn't need them. She told him that in time he would adjust to them just as she had too.

They arrived at the Shady Palms Motel and Café in the late afternoon. The motel was in the older part of Vegas, built in the mid-fifties, had fifty rooms that could be rented either by day, week or monthly and catered to local street people and transients. There was a small pool near the entrance but it was green from disuse. Unlike the name there wasn't a palm tree in sight.

"We'll stop by the office to get your key and uniforms first. After you get settled, we'll come back and you can meet my son Carmine," she said.

His room was number 50 the last one on the end which would require him to walk the full length of the motel to get to the office. Inside, there was a sagging queen sized

bed with discolored yellow cotton bedspread, night table with alarm and lamp, four drawer dresser with large mirror missing some of its reflection and a trash can. An old nineteen inch television sat on the edge of the dresser. The typical motel bathroom, commode and bath/shower separated from the sink and vanity. The faded multicolored rug covering the floor was old and badly stained. The sliding door closet was surprisingly long but fairly shallow. The room smelled of age but not unwholesome.

They spent the next hour putting away all his new clothing. As they worked, Mrs. Bates kept looking over at him. He caught her doing it several times and it made him feel weird. "Crap, why does she keep looking at me like that? I know I look like a damn fool but she gives me the creeps. Man, I can't believe she's done this to me. That Betty was right. I kind of resemble her now. I even feel like an old woman. I don't know if I can do this but going back isn't an option. I don't care what I have to do to keep this old biddy happy but jail is worse," he thought.

With the last of his clothing put away she handed him three hangers covered in brown paper protective covers. Inside were his new uniforms. The uniform was white nylon with brown wing tip short sleeves and pointed double breasted brown collar. It buttoned up the front with large brown buttons going from the slim waist to the "V" collar. The white skirt was just below the knee and full cut. The nylon was sheer enough that his undergarments would clearly be on display. To complete the uniform was a brown apron with large pockets at the hip and tied behind the waist.

"You'll wear your brown pumps with that uniform Stella. Now come along, I want you to meet my boy Carmine then we get some dinner. Grab your purse," she said taking hold of his elbow.

Carmine was in the attached room to the office, sitting in an old fabric lounge chair, feet propped up on a wobbly table, watching wrestling on the television when they arrived. He was drinking beer and had a half chewed cigar stub in his mouth. He was fat, round faced with a hair lip, large hairy ears and balding salt and pepper oily hair. He was wearing a somewhat clean white tee shirt and well worn bib overalls. The smell of stale beer and cigar smoke filled the air.

"Carmine, get off your fat ass and greet our new parolee Stella," Mrs. Bates yelled.

"Yeth, mommy," Carmine replied with a lisp due to his hair lip.

Carmine was six foot plus and easily weighted two-forty. Most of that weight was in his beer belly. He shuffled over to where they were waiting and stuck out a big beefy hand in greeting after giving his mother a kiss on the cheek. Ralph noticed that Carmine was slightly retarded and most definitely a momma's boy by the time they finished eating. They went to the café, sat in a back booth for dinner. He was told that they would have all their meal in the café. An older waitress came over as soon as they were seated and passed out the daily menu without saying a word.

The menu was a black plastic backboard holding a single piece of paper with the heading "Daily Menu." As he looked at it, Mrs. Bates barked at him, "Use your new glasses Stella. I didn't spend good money for you not to use them."

He pulled the glasses up on his nose and looked through the lens. Everything was bleary and almost impossible to read. He tried pulling the menu close then pushed it away trying to make heads or tails out of what it said. He still hadn't deciphered anything by the time the waitress returned to take their orders.

"What's the matter Stella? Can't make up your mind?" Mrs. Bates asked.

"I'm....I'm sorry but...but I can't..." he began but she stopped him and grabbed the

menu from him.

“We aint got all night. Here, I’ll order for you until you can do it yourself,” she snapped.

“Give Stella here the bacon cheese burger, fries with cheese sauce, strawberry malt and a slice of cherry pie for dessert,” she told the waitress.

“Mrs. Bates, I’m really hungry but that is way too much. I couldn’t possibly eat all that. I’ve been on a vegan diet for a year and I don’t think....” he said in shock at hearing how much food she ordered.

“Vegan what, damn, Stella you are thin as a gnawed bone. Bout time you started putting some meat on those bones. Now you will eat everything and I mean everything I ordered for you and no more complaints,” she sternly replied.

By the time Ralph walked back to his room, he was feeling sick as a dog. The girdle was pinching his swollen gut painfully and he felt like he had swallowed a balloon. All he wanted to do was get undressed and into bed but first he needed something for his stomach. He scrambled around his meager belongings and found what he was looking for. Plopping the two tablets into a glass of water, quickly gulped it down. It helped but he still felt gorged and bloated.

He lay down on the bed wearing only his panties clutching his swollen stomach. “I think I’m going to die. I haven’t eaten this much in so long I feel positively stuffed to the gills. What have I gotten myself into? Prison was bad but what this crazy woman has done to me today seems like a horror movie. Her son Carmine gives me the creeps too. Kinda reminds me of that character “Norman” from that Hitchcock movie. How do I get myself into these messes? I had everything, now I have nothing not even my own life to live. All this shit because I wanted to indulge in a stupid, stupid fantasy. Why didn’t I just go to that fucking hotel to begin with?” he thought as he began to cry.

Ooo

Ralph was rudely awakened just as the sun was coming over the horizon. Mrs. Bates had entered his room using her master key and found him laying on top of his bed spread, makeup smeared all over his face, his hair a mess and wearing only panties. She went over to the dresser and found one of the thin leather belts they had purchased. Folding it in half, she approached the bed and began raining blows down on his exposed flesh.

His eyes popped open at the first stinging lash, brought his knees up to his chest at the second and third lash. Crying and trying to protect his exposed lower body, didn’t stop the harsh whipping he was receiving. When it did stop, his face was one big smear of makeup and his ass and thighs flaming red.

“Stella you ungrateful bitch! You worthless piece of shit! How could you do this? I told you wearing a bra at all times was mandatory. Not only that but you didn’t remove your makeup or bother to protect your beautiful hair do. Get the hell out of bed you stupid girl and get that bra on,” Mrs. Bates shouted.

For the next hour Mrs. Bates watched over him as he performed his morning toilet. He learned some painful new lessons as he went. He learned how to cleanse his face and prepare it for makeup application. He learned how to use the end of a rat tail comb to straighten his hair and how to sit to pee. Most embarrassingly, he learned to take a proper bath which she gave him. She kept admonishing him over and over about the necessity of proper hygiene, face and hair care. When he didn’t react promptly or eagerly enough, a swift, painful lash of the belt across his thigh were motivation.

While he was putting the finishing touches to his makeup, she was busy assembling his clothing. White full cut nylon briefs, white four hook and eye closure Playtex bra and girdle, support pantyhose, white half slip, brown pumps and uniform. He was using the hair spray to set his big hair into place as she came back and checked his makeup. She was mostly satisfied but made him put on a heavier coating of both green eye shadow and plum lipstick. Finally dressed and made up, with the exception of how they were dressed, could almost pass as sisters.

Breakfast was back at the café where Carmine was waiting for them. He got up and gave his mother a chaste kiss on the cheek then to Ralph's surprise did the same to him. Again, he was forced to put on the reading glasses and still couldn't read a word on the menu. Mrs. Bates ordered a tall stack of buckwheat pancakes with whipped cream and blueberry syrup, a rasher of bacon and two eggs sunny side up for him. He was still full from last night and wanted to protest but seeing the look in her eyes dared not refuse. He spent a very miserable morning cleaning rooms assisting the senior maid.

To Be Continued

Part Two

By Cheryl Lynn

Despite how uncomfortable and bloated he felt, he learned a lot. The maid, Gloriana, was in her mid-forties and a talker. She was also a stern taskmaster. He found out that Mrs. Bates had been raped as a young girl by her own brother resulting in Carmine. Her family when they discovered she was pregnant kicked her out and would have nothing to do with her from then on. Fortunately, her grandmother took her in and let her work at her motel. The Shady Palms which she eventually inherited. She worked hard and was a good mother but Carmine was treated as a misfit because of his hair lip and sluggish ways. She also informed him that Mrs. Bates could be a real mean bitch if she caught anyone not being nice to her baby.

"He's a bit thatched in the head and slow but mostly he's a good boy for his mamma. He's a real mamma's boy, that Carmine. Does whatever she done told him to do. All the kids at school done teased and picked on him so much he dropped out in the ninth grade. Poor kid, never had no friends or anyone to be with 'cept his mamma. No wonder he kinda weird, if you know what I mean," she told him.

"What do you mean kinda weird?" he had asked.

"Well, his mamma done found dis here box of...you know... porn...the kind where guys dress up like us girls...weird stuff like dat. She even found some of her panties and bras in dat box. Beat him good for dat but she'd do anything for dat boy, anything. Once, she caught two boys teasin' him bout his lip and she done whopped the both of dem. Gave em split lips just like her boy by da time she done finished. Oh, dis room here, we don't do till dis afternoon. This is Norma Jean's room. She works at dat all nude girls place downtown most nights. She doan like being woke," she replied.

Lunch was no better. She ordered an extra large slice of meatloaf with mashed potatoes and lots of gravy plus a couple of biscuits for him. The large slice of peach pie almost finished him off for the rest of the day. With lunch over it was back to cleaning rooms and talking with Gloriana. There were two gay guys living in room twenty-six, a wino in thirty, two whores shared number forty but were not allowed to ply their trade at the motel and they all rented by the month. The other rooms were let

to various transients too poor to rent a nicer place that usually stayed a week or two before moving on. He was also told not to venture out on the streets at night as it was a bad neighborhood.

“Da motel is safe enough at night. Mrs. Bates is in good with the local cops and they make damn sure no one fucks with her but.....dem streets can be mean at night Stella,” she instructed as they continued cleaning.

Once the rooms were cleaned, it was time to start the in-house laundry. There were two industrial washers and dryers plus ironing machine in the back of the motel. It was hot tiring work but all they had to wash were the sheets and towels. Occasionally one of the tenants would pay Gloriana extra to do their personal stuff and there was a clothes line out back for that. The washers could handle the extra load but not the dryers.

At dinner Carmine once again gave him a kiss on the cheek which sent shivers running up and down Ralph’s spine. He hated being touched by another man. He had only done what had to be done to save his life. Now that he was on the outside, he detested such attention even more.

“I’m no damn homo no matter what I had to do in there. This guy reeks and is ugly as sin. The last thing I would ever want is him kissing on me. It makes my stomach roll,” he thought flinching away from the kiss.

Mrs. Bates saw him flinch as Carmine kissed his cheek. “What’s the matter Stella? You too good for my little boy? He likes you, so be nice. Otherwise, if you two can’t get along, I may call your parole officer,” she said.

“I...I’m...errr....Carmine is okay...it.....it’s just....I’m not comfortable that’s all. We’ll get along as....as long as...” he stuttered scared by her threat.

“Stella, I said my baby likes you and I expect you to like him back! Get comfortable with it and play nice-nice or I’ll make that call. You kiss him on the cheek so he knows you like him too then sit down and let’s eat. I’m hungry,” she snapped.

Ralph fighting down the nausea, pressed his plum painted lips against Carmine’s bristly cheek. It was only a brief peck but it brought a broad smile to the hair lipped face. Before he could move away, Carmine’s fat hand patted him on the ass. Blushing, he quickly took his seat opposite his tormentors.

He still couldn’t read the menu but some of the letters did look clearer. She ordered a big meal for him and made him eat every single morsel. Mrs. Bates followed him back to his room and instructed him on how to properly prepare for the night. He was dead tired and the full meal didn’t help as he learned how to put bristle rollers in his hair. Small rollers for his bangs, larger ones for the bottom sides held in place with pink plastic pins and a hairnet. He went to bed with a facial mask, panties, bra and a faded pink flannel nightgown with a frill of lace around the neckline, wrists and hem she loaned him. She also gave him a pair of her old floppy pink terry slippers.

He was lethargic from all that food and tired from his maid duties but she wouldn’t let him go right to sleep. With the table lamp on she made him read a chapter aloud from a romance novel. Under normal circumstances it wouldn’t have been a big deal and he could have done it in a few minutes. These weren’t normal circumstances though as she made him wear his reading glasses and speak in a higher softer tone. He had a headache and sore throat by the time she turned out the light. Ralph was asleep within seconds.

He complained about having to use the glasses but she stated that she was tired of

reading the menu for him. Her tone made it very clear that he didn't have a choice in the matter. She was right about one thing, by the time he finished the chapter, the letters were clearer.

For the next month his routine didn't change much, big breakfasts, big lunches and bigger suppers, he assisted Gloriana in cleaning rooms, doing laundry during the day and learning his morning and evening toilet. The evenings were the most traumatic as she taught him how to behave in a more feminine manner. Not the graceful movements and poise of a young lady but rather those of an old woman. No heel and toe for him, it was a side by side shuffle. No straight back, chest thrust out proudly rather a slight slump shoulder movement. He read every night from one romance novel or another in a high pitched nasal tone while using the reading glasses.

When he wasn't wearing his uniform, Ralph was dressed and made up like Mrs. Bates. Weekly appointments at Betty's Cut and Curl made sure that his hair, makeup and manicure was a carbon copy of hers. Skin tight Capri pants in yellow, green, red, white and black were Mrs. Bates' favorites. She also favored semi-transparent chiffon cap sleeved blouses with ruffled hemming. She had a fondness for gaudy plastic jewelry especially big plastic hoop earrings, wide bracelets and the bigger and gaudier the rings the better. Ralph was forty years younger than Mrs. Bates but with each passing day he was becoming more like her. As a matter of fact, they were known around town as "the twins."

Ralph positively hated what he was becoming but could do nothing about it. When his parole officer saw him after ten days, he had a hearty laugh at Ralph's expense and told him to keep up the good work. One of the things he disliked the most was appearing out in the general public. There was no way he could avoid hearing the whispered comments upon their passing.

"OMG! Did you see those two? That red hair and outrageous style! Oh my, at least they could wear a dress or something to cover up those big asses," he heard on more than one occasion from the women.

"What fuckin' fat hippos" and worse he heard from the men.

This Saturday was no better as they shuffled down the aisles of the stores. He was wearing skin tight white Capri's with visible black panty lines, pink chiffon blouse which clearly showed his black Playtex cross your heart bra, support knee highs and white Keds. A large brown leather purse was slung over his right elbow and wide bright pink plastic bracelets clacked together as he walked. The ever present reading glasses were swinging from their chain around his neck. Wherever they walked they left a trail of very sweet floral scented perfume and baby powder. He was getting use to the innuendo and derogatory comments but was still embarrassed.

Today they were shopping to get him new foundations. He had gained over twenty pounds. He was overflowing his A cup bras and his stomach was bulging out and over his panty girdles causing the waistbands to roll down. The last place he wanted to be was the outlet store but he was too uncomfortable in his old bras and girdles. He was measured and surprised that he had gained a full cup size and an inch in his chest. He was now a full 36 B cup. His ass was no better gaining two inches plus another half inch on his thighs. At this rate he would be as big, or even bigger, than Mrs. Bates after another few months. His panties had gone from a size 6 to a size 8 in only one month.

While they were there, Mrs. Bates had him buy two new flannel nightgowns, one in pink the other white with small floral imprint, and a pair of pink terry cloth open-toed

slippers. All his new foundations were either white or black which she had insisted upon. There was nothing whatsoever remotely sexy about any of his undergarments. They were functional and the new open bottom girdles were not comfortable.

After an early supper of a large hamburger steak with mashed potatoes and lots of gravy followed by apple pie a la mode he was told she had a special treat for him. To celebrate his one month anniversary, Carmine would be taking him to the movies. He protested but Mrs. Bates was insistent as only she could be and accompanied him to his room to change for his date.

Completing his toilet, she had him dress in his black foundations and black support hose. As he was stepping into his full cut brief panties, he was told to wait a minute. Mrs. Bates pulled a package from her large hand bag and ripped the paper cover off of it. She handed a thick oval pad to him.

“Stella, put this in your panties. When I go to the movies, I sometimes laugh so hard or am scared so much that I leak a bit. This pad will catch any of that saving a lot of potential embarrassment. It’s amazing how much liquid these things can hold. Why, you can even let go without fear of any leaks, kept me from missing any of the movie a lotta times. You’ll thank me later. Hurry up, it’s getting late,” she said.

His cheeks glowed red as he took the incontinence pad and placed it in the crotch of his panties. For just a brief moment, he wanted to tell Mrs. Bates to shove that pad where the sun didn’t shine but an image of Jorge flashed in his mind stopping him. The thick pad was uncomfortable, feeling like a pillow pressing between his legs. For outer wear, she chose his green flare-leg polyester slacks, lime green chiffon blouse and black block heeled shoes.

“My Carmine has been looking forward to tonight ever since we first discussed it. Now I want you to show him a good time and be nice. He only wants to please you, you know. Just remember to stick close to him as those streets can be dangerous. No one will mess with you as long as you are with him. So come on, we’ve kept him waiting long enough,” she instructed as they walked out the door.

Carmine was waiting for them, a big idiotic smile on his face. He was wearing a neon blue disco era polyester suit with flashy blue and pink floral print polyester shirt with the top three buttons left undone. Ralph stood motionless, stunned by the image moving towards him. Before he could react, Carmine kissed him wetly on the cheek and took hold of his elbow.

“Wait a second,” Mrs. Bates said walking over to Ralph with a large square nylon floral scarf.

“Stella you’ll need this to protect your hair dear,” she continued folding the scarf into a triangle, putting the edge of the fold just about the bangs and tying it in the back under his hair.

“I can’t believe that I’m really going out on a date with a man that is old enough to be my father. Like everything else that has happened, I don’t have no fucking choice,” he thought bitterly as they walked down the street.

The bright Nevada sun had just dropped below the horizon as they left the motel. The streets were mostly deserted but the few drifters and homeless walking about didn’t look like someone Ralph wanted to meet on his own. Carmine had slipped a thick arm around his waist and was holding him close as they walked down the sidewalk.

“OMG no! This can’t be happening,” Ralph thought as Carmine led him up to the ticket counter at the same theater he had ventured into that faithful day. It was the same as

he remembered it, three separate screens, soft porn, straight porn and gay porn, none of which Ralph was interested in. He tried to tell Carmine to take him somewhere else but was told that there were no other theaters near by. Carmine purchased tickets to the soft porn show called "Hot She-male Delight."

As they walked into the movie, Ralph looked to see if that same old man was anywhere around. Relieved not to see him, he let Carmine escort him to the back and into a middle seat. He hated the movie, while soft core, brought back many bad memories of this time at state. He didn't see much of it, concentrating on eating his hot dog, large tub of buttered popcorn and drinking his super-sized cola. Carmine seemed to love it though and kept a big beefy arm around Ralph's shoulders the entire time. Occasionally he would lean over and give Ralph's cheek a wet sloppy kiss.

About three quarters through the movie, Ralph got the urge. Carmine was completely filling the seat and aisle with his bulk and there were a couple of unsavory looking men sitting off to his left. He was also afraid to go to the bathroom by himself. He tried to get Carmine to get up and go with him but he was too wrapped up in the movie to move. With no choice he tried his best to hold it in but a few minutes later felt a trickle. He pressed his legs tightly together and managed to stop the flow. He managed to hold out with only a couple more spurts till the end of the movie. With Carmine acting as guard, he ran into the Woman's restroom. It was dirty, smelled horrible with one stall but he wasn't about to use the men's room. Another tinkle of urine spurted before he could get his panties down.

Walking back to the motel, Ralph clutched closely to Carmine's big bulk as they made their way down the street. It was now filled with ruff and ragged men and a few washed out whores. Dressed and looking like he was, Ralph was more than happy to have Carmine close by. Carmine took full advantage of his fright, wrapping an arm around Ralph's back with his big hand cupping the right breast. Ralph tried to move the offending hand away down to his waist but each time, Carmine moved it back. With a resigned sigh, Ralph gave up trying to move it away.

When they got back to the motel's office, Mrs. Bates got up from the lounge chair and came over to them with a big smile. "Did you children have a good time tonight? Carmine, give Stella a nice good night kiss. It's late and I still have to help her get ready for bed," she said.

"Yeth, momma," Carmine replied and before Ralph could react, placed a wet kiss right on his lips.

It was the first kiss he had gotten since before his arrival in Vega so many months ago. That kiss, from his former fiancé had been indulgent, delightful and sensual. This kiss was anything but and turned his stomach. It was rough, tasted of stale beer and cigar, anything but sensual. It was the feeling of Carmine's hair lip on his that turned his stomach more than anything else.

When he stripped getting ready for bed, Mrs. Bates noticed the missing incontinence pad. "So you going to thank me or what?" she said.

Ralph wasn't sure of what she was talking about for a moment and blushed. "Please Mrs. Bates, this is embarrassing," he replied not daring to look at her.

"Nothing to be embarrassed about dearie, most us older women have that problem. I usually wear one all the time just to be safe. I'll get you a supply of your own in the morning. You never know when they will come in handy and you will feel secure wearing one all the time. Now get over here and roll your hair while you tell me everything about your date with Carmine tonight," she stated.

Ooo

Ralph stood before the full length mirror. He wasn't pleased over how much he had changed while working for Mrs. Bates. He'd been there a little over two years now and he was thinking maybe prison wasn't so bad after all. He had gained over fifty pounds of pure fat which settled mainly in his breasts, ass and thighs. His breasts, a size D cup, were flabby torpedo shaped lumps of flesh not the firm round mounds of a young woman. His round ass wasn't firm, more like bags of sagging jello, had deep dimples and the beginnings of cellulite on his plump thighs. He had to lift his stomach to see his groin but the sight of his shrunken useless penis sickened him. His face had fared no better. It had filled out giving him a double chin and puffy cheeks. By now the bright red big hair style and thick makeup were normal to his sight. His reading glasses now a matter of necessity.

"I'm twenty-seven and look like I'm over fifty. Between those fucking hormones I'm forced to take and Mrs. Bates my body is ruined. Damn, I even feel old. She's made me act and look like her, dress exactly like her and I even need those incontinence pads. Now she's insisting that I let Carmine make an honest woman of me. Its bad enough I have to go out with him every Saturday and spend all day Sunday with them. She did give me a good report to my parole officer which knocked a year off my parole time though. Don't know if I can make another two years of this," he thought turning away from the mirror.

Back in the bedroom, he pulled on a pair of black nylon full cut briefs after making sure the pad was firmly in place. The black Playtex bra with its four hook and eye closure was next followed by his eighteen hour open bottom girdle. He used plenty of baby powder to coat the inside of the girdle to absorb all the moisture created by the heat it generated during the hot day. White knee high extra firm support stocking and his black two inch cork heeled sandals with their frustratingly small gold clasp were put on with some effort. His pudgy fingers had a hard time getting that impossible small hook into the eye of the strap. He was huffing and puffing by the time he had both shoes on.

Back in the bathroom he applied a thick coating of liquid foundation, setting it with powder. Carefully he penciled in his none existent eye brows using a black liner into high thin arches. Next he lined his lids then filled the lids with the only shadow he was allowed to use, the bright green. Mascara, red blush and the only lipstick he had, the reddish-purple plum, thickly applied. With his makeup completed, he worked on his hair. Removing the small rollers from his bangs, he sprayed them with setting gel and patted them flat across his forehead. Using his hands, he patted his beehive styled hair into shape before using half a can of hairspray to set it. Mrs. Bates had changed their style from the bubble cut to this one more than two months ago and Ralph was already sick and tired of it. Spraying a heady dose of overly sweet floral perfume on, he went to finish dressing.

Today was special and Mrs. Bates insisted he wear a skirt for a change. It was a tight mid-calf black wool mini-skirt with a champagne satin lining, buttoning and zipping up the back. The blouse she had chosen for him to wear was a red see-through chiffon balloon sleeved affair with ruffled high collar and lacy jabot. A red patent leather two inch wide belt with large gold buckle completed the outfit. Why he had to wear the belt he didn't know as his stomach covered it for the most part.

Large eight inch red plastic hoops were inserted into his pierced ears. Two wide white plastic bracelets went on his right wrist and a small white leather banded woman's watch on his left. A white large beaded plastic necklace and reading glasses went around his chubby neck to complete his accessories.

He stepped back and checked his image in the dresser mirror before putting on the white nylon head scarf and picking up his white letter purse with its gold link chain. "Crap, I look like shit but Mrs. Bates should be happy," he thought as he turned and waddled out of the room.

Ooo

He was sitting at the kitchen table in Mrs. Bates two bedroom apartment which she shared with Carmine above the motel office sipping on a cup of tea. Carmine was standing off to the side, dressed in his only suit, the neon blue polyester disco suit he had worn on their dates. Ralph was both curious and afraid of what was going on. She seldom ever invited him up to their personal apartment and never once served him tea.

"Stella you've been here a little over two years now and we've gotten to know each other and I think of you more as a sister than a felon. My Carmine, as you know, likes you a lot too. You're scheduled for a parole hearing on Monday. They will decide whether or not to send you back to prison to serve out your sentence, let you stay on probation or set you free. At that hearing, my testimony will carry a lot of weight as you can probably guess. Well, I want to tell them that you are completely rehabilitated and should be set free. However, I don't think I can do that. No, don't say a thing until you hear me out. Like I said, I want to do that but don't think I can unless I'm convinced it's true. You can convince me provided you listen to what my Carmine has to say," she bluntly stated as she motioned Carmine over.

He walked over to where Ralph was sitting, bent down on one knee and held out his sweating palm. Resting in his palm was a small stoned diamond ring.

"Stel....Stella..errr....will you...err....err....marry me?" he stammered.

Ralph was afraid this was going to happen after all the hints Mrs. Bates gave him about becoming an honest woman. He just didn't expect to actually have to do it. Mrs. Bates was putting his chances of getting released from his parole and becoming a free man on the answer he gave to Carmine. If he refused, he was doomed to another three years of working and living as Stella or even worse sent back for a year of hard time. If he accepted, he was equally doomed but would be free of the prison system.

"Trading one prison for another isn't all that appealing but being free of the state system would give me some options. Nevada has a civil union policy and I would be legally married if I accept. I might be married but free to do as I please without this prison shit hanging over my head. Save a bit of money, wait just a bit more then I could walk away from here. I can leave this shit hole and with a bit of luck get back to being a man at least," he thought looking unseeing at the diamond ring.

"Well, don't keep my baby waiting long Stella. What's your answer?" Mrs. Bates' voice broke into his thoughts.

From the tone of her voice he had to respond. Without thinking, he whispered, "Yes, I guess so Carmine."

That next Monday Ralph was at the hearing wearing the same outfit he had when Carmine proposed and a small diamond on his ring finger. It wasn't exactly a unanimous decision but the panel agreed with Mrs. Bates that Ralph Wilson a.k.a. Stella Wilson seemed to be rehabilitated but some of the panel objected to his complete release. What Ralph didn't know was that the two objecting panel members were appointees of the judge that had sentenced him. The chairman of the panel over rode their objections somewhat. He decided since Ralph was going to enter a civil union that his probation should be maintained but another hearing would be held in a

year to make a final decision.

“When you come back before this panel, assuming your continued civil union and there are no adverse recommendations, I can assure you that a full release will be granted,” the chairman said. From the hearing room Mrs. Bates directed them to the clerk of court where Ralph officially signed for a marriage certificate and legal name change to Stella Wilson Bates.

Tuesday Mrs. Bates took Ralph to a bridal salon. There she selected a white bridal satin off the shoulder full skirted wedding gown with stiff white crinolines. The bodice of the dress was pleated satin and designed to amply display Ralph’s D cup breasts. There was a stiff large silver satin bow centered just below the bust with streamers reaching to his waist. To be more accurate, the streamers floated at the sides of his bulging stomach. The short skirt flared to mid-thigh revealing his fat legs and a lot of petticoat frills. Silver three inch stiletto heeled pumps were also selected along with white net veil and elbow length white gloves to complete his trousseau. The veil was attached to a large silver bow that would be pinned just above his bangs. Dressed in his wedding gown Ralph thought he looked like the bride out of some horrible horror show.

“I look like a fucking pig trying to pass as a silk purse in this outfit,” he thought.

He was surprised when Mrs. Bates purchased him bridal lingerie. It was the fanciest and most delicate lingerie he had seen much less wore. A strapless white balconet bra beaded with clear crystals in a floral pattern that would support and lift his breasts to maximum display, white silk tap panties with two inches of bone colored floral lace trim hemming the leg openings, a matching beaded garter belt with six garters and a pair of sheer white nylons with a rose patterned welt completed the lingerie set.

As Ralph looked and felt the delicate undergarments, he started crying. “These are beautiful but belong on a much thinner prettier girl. They aren’t for me. I’m nothing more than a fat pig stuck in a life I never ever wanted. This is something my fiancé should have worn for me,” his mind wailed.

The sales girl and Mrs. Bates mistook his crying as tears of happiness and made all the oohing and aahing placating sounds girls make to sooth an emotional outburst. Their actions only brought on more tears which left their tracks in his thick foundation. The sales girl, thinking to help, picked up a baby doll styled double layered white nylon and chiffon nightie with cute white chiffon lace ruffled and pink beribboned panties to show him.

“Stella, here look at this. If you think that lingerie is hot wait until your hubby sees you in this. If this doesn’t make your honeymoon night a success, I’ll eat my hat,” the young woman said with a broad smile.

She wasn’t surprised to see Ralph’s tears turn into a torrent. Most brides had emotional breakdowns when they came into her store. When Mrs. Bates told her to place the nightie along with the lingerie into a box, she smiled.

“I see all kinds in this place but that fat girl’s mother sure picked out the most unflattering dress in the shop. Why she selected an empire cut I’ll never know. It only makes her look fatter, should have chosen that slimming straight skirted dress. With that outlandish hair and all that makeup, I can’t believe she actually found someone to marry her. I don’t want to think of what her future husband must look like. Oh well, the commission is great and who am I to complain,” she thought taking the items to the checkout counter.

Two nights later Ralph found himself dressed in his wedding regalia standing at the

alter in the Elvis Chapel. Carmine wearing his neon blue suit was beside him smiling like the idiot he was. Just like his marriage, having an Elvis impersonator acting as both minister and entertainment seemed appropriate. He stumbled through the vows and cringed as Carmine lifted his veil to place a sloppy kiss on his lips. The ceremony was finished and the new Mr. and Mrs. Carmine Bates left the building.

As Ralph fought with his skirts and crinolines getting into the back seat with Carmine, Mrs. Bates was telling him that he should start calling her Mother. "Now that you are officially family Stella, I think it would be best if you start calling me Mother from now on. Don't seem right otherwise. Now, tomorrow morning we'll move all your things into Carmine's room. Tonight I left your new nightie on the bed and after we've had a sip of champagne to celebrate you two can head off to consummate your marriage," she said smiling broadly.

A wedding cake and bottle of bubbly was waiting for them on the kitchen table. With Mrs. Bates taking even more pictures than at the wedding, they shared the cake and drank the champagne. The alcohol was the first he had since being on the plane and gave him a slight buzz but it wasn't enough to dull his mind from what was to come. All too soon, Mrs. Bates grabbed his hand and pulled him into Carmine's room.

"Now Stella I expect you to perform your wifely duties for my baby tonight. He's never been with anybody and you will have to guide him. I don't expect to see virgin blood on the sheets but I'll be talking to him in the morning. I'll know soon enough if you have. If I don't get a very very happy reply from him, you won't have to wait a year to hear about your probation. All I have to do is tell your probation officer that you stole money from me and that would get you another five to ten at state. Understand?" she threatened.

Scared shitless, Ralph didn't have any choice but agree to make Carmine very happy indeed. He stood naked shivering in fright as Mrs. Bates pulled the nightie over his head then had him step into the panties.

"Hop into bed now sweetie and I'll go tell Carmine to come on up and join you after I've had a little talk about the birds and the bees," she said patting him on the ass as she left.

"OMG! I'm use to having to please Jorge and his friends but I don't know if I can handle this. I'm going to have to initiate everything. Before I was forced and beaten into submission and could justify what I had to do but this? Carmine is so grotesque and he slobbers. I wish I had never heard of Las Vegas!" his mind screamed.

Ralph's mind shuddered every time he thought about his wedding night. It was worse than he feared. First, Carmine came into the room and quickly stripped down to his white boxers and made the bed groan with their combined weight. Then he just lay there like a lump of clay waiting. Then when Ralph failed to do anything said, "Mommy said you should be kissing and licking me all over and give me a happy ending. Whatever that is."

To Ralph's surprise Carmine's dick was the biggest he had ever seen. It was at least nine inches long and over two thick. "Oh this fat fuck is going to split me in two with that thing. I don't even know if I can get that monster in my mouth much less consummate this," he thought fearfully.

Carmine further surprised Ralph in that he was docile and undemanding. He was the innocent virgin that Mrs. Bates said he would be. He lay on the bed moaning and groaning in bliss as Ralph took what he could in his mouth. He barely got the mushroom head into his mouth before the familiar taste of hot sperm filled it. Ralph

was more than happy with that as the smell of urine and musk was overpowering. He pushed off Carmine and settled back on his side of the bed hoping that would be all for tonight. His hopes were dashed when Carmine moaned out, "More, I want more. Momma said there would be more."

There was some blood on the sheets that next morning as Carmine's premature ejaculation only made his stamina for the feature act last a long long time. Ralph could barely walk that next morning and he was further horrified to see the bottom sheet hanging for all to see on the balcony railing. His mother-in-law making sure everyone knew her baby had taken a virgin bride.

Ooo

Another year was almost gone and Ralph was looking forward to his parole hearing. He was sure that this time, they would grant him a full pardon. He had gained another ten pounds in all the wrong places and aged ten years in the process. Carmine like the child he was in mind once tasting the forbidden fruits demanded it all the time. Ralph had been able to put him off for the first several weeks but that was all. Every night and sometimes during the day, Carmine would claim his marital rights. Mother, as he now called Mrs. Bates, wasn't any help as she encouraged her baby to have fun.

To make matters worse Carmine got the strange idea that Ralph could get pregnant and demanded he do so. When he complained about it to his momma, she just smiled and told Ralph to do what he could. From that time forward, after Carmine filled him with his seed, Ralph had to lay in bed with his ass raised high, ankles beside his ears letting the sperm settle into his none existent womb. Every week he had to take a urine pregnancy test and show the negative results to the both of them. Carmine's obsession had become so great that for the past six weeks he had been pounding Ralph's poor ass two and three times a day while shouting over and over, "Stella get me a baby."

After over two years Ralph had little money to call his own. Until he got married once all the deductions and expenses were taken out he still owed Mother. Married, his food and clothing expenses were put on the family's tab. Now he had almost three hundred dollars he could call his own. Still not enough to do anything with but it was a start. Once the parole board let him go, he only had a couple of months more before he could flee. Getting that freedom was what kept him going.

A week before the hearing, Mother placed some documents in front of him at the kitchen table. "Request of Adoption," the heading on the paper read.

"Wha....what's this?" he stammered in shock.

"My baby wants one of his own in a bad way. That's all he's been talking about for ages now and you haven't given him one," she replied.

"Mother, you damn well know that's impossible," he said exasperated.

"Yeah, I know, so that's why I want you to fill out and sign this. I paid a high priced lawyer to get this done for me and he assures me once it's completed and signed by you, it will be done. We can have our very own little baby and make Carmine a proud papa," she stated.

"I....I don't want this! Besides, we're a....a gay couple. Nobody will agree to give us their baby," he objected.

"Mr. Daggert assures me that won't be a problem and he already has one for us. Now sign the damn document," she snapped.

“I...I won't sign this Mother. I won't. I don't want to raise no baby,” he said with as much courage as he could.

“Stella you sign or I go before that panel and tell them I caught you stealing and using drugs. Just how hard do you think it would be for me to get a used syringe and some scum off the street to say the same? You don't want me to do that, now do you?” she sneered.

With shaking hand Ralph signed the paper. Again, he had absolutely no choice. Mother had him by the balls and he knew it.

Ooo

Stella sat in a rocking chair overlooking the motel's courtyard. A little three year old Asian girl snuggled into his ample lap. Lola was a cute little girl with raven black hair and a sweet smile only marred by her hair lip. She was spoiled rotten by her granny, daddy and everyone in the complex. Ralph had to admit through all his tribulations Lola was the best thing to happen to him. She gave him a purpose and emotional satisfaction that otherwise wouldn't have been there. He had dreaded the adoption but it resulted in him getting a full parole.

Changing diapers and getting shots to make him lactate was a major hurdle but the rewards he now felt were worth it. There was no way he could ever go back to being what he once was. He surrendered to the inevitable and now thought of himself as Mrs. Stella Bates. Carmine was a good man and treated his family well. Mother was still her cantankerous self but Lola had mellowed her out quite a bit. Still, his biggest regret was getting on that plane to Vegas.

The End