

THE MULE

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Ethan's trip to Mexico was supposed to be a support mission for his girlfriend's breast augmentation surgery, but a sudden abduction turns it into a shocking path of survival and transformation. Unwittingly, Ethan becomes the patient, receiving not only the breast augmentation planned for his girlfriend but an entire catalogue of feminizing alterations. As he grapples with this harsh new reality, the truth about his situation unfurls in a terrifying slow reveal. He finds himself trapped in the very situation he once tried to avoid, ensnared by a vengeful net of subterfuge and betrayal from his past. As Ethan's identity blurs and shifts, he fights not only for his life but for his very sense of self. Join Ethan on this harrowing journey, as the line between salvation and oblivion becomes perilously thin.

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Chapter 1

"Ethan, wake up!" boomed a deep voice with a hint of a Spanish accent, shattering the silence of the room. "It's time to rise and shine, Sleeping Beauty."

Ethan's eyes snapped open, expecting to be blinded by the light of a new day. But to his surprise, everything was pitch black. "What the hell? Where am I?" he growled, disoriented and groggy as he tried to make sense of his surroundings.

"You don't remember?" the man asked, his voice wavering as he walked around the room. "You're in a hospital, of sorts."

"I can't move!" Ethan exclaimed, panic rising in his voice. "What's happening? Where's Ava?"

"She is being taken care of," the man replied, his footsteps echoing through the silent room. "It's good to see that you care about someone else, but perhaps, for now, you should focus on yourself!"

"Why?" Ethan demanded, panic rising in his voice. "Was there an accident?" He tried to move his body but found tight restraints around his legs and arms holding him in place.

"No," the voice replied firmly. "There was no accident. You are exactly where you are supposed to be. Think, Ethan! Do you know which country you're in?"

"I'm... I'm in Mexico!" Ethan replied, struggling against the restraints with all his might before finally giving in to exhaustion.

"Yes, that's correct," came the reply. "Tell me about the last thing you remember."

Ethan screwed up his eyes beneath the blindfold covering them and felt a sharp pain behind his blinded eyes before it oscillated back and forth. "I was on the beach with Ava. We were having fun," he gasped.



The man hummed loudly, his voice dripping with contempt. "Your life is all about the pursuit of pleasure, isn't it? Taking what you want, when you want it, without a care for the feelings of others."

"What? No!" Ethan exclaimed, his voice rising in protest. "I do care about others. The only reason I'm here is to support my girlfriend while she has her boobs done. I'm even paying the bill."

"I see," the man replied, his voice laced with scepticism. "And I'm sure you hate the idea of your girlfriend having larger breasts, right?"

"I... I... who are you? And what do you want?" Ethan groaned as another sharp pain shot across his cranium.

The man breathed out heavily through his nose. "Well, if you insist," he said before letting out a short, growling chuckle. "You see, Ethan, your vacation in Mexico is over! And you now find yourself in a very precarious situation - one that will likely define your future path."

Ethan's mind raced as he tried to comprehend the situation. Who was this man? Why was he restrained? And where was Ava?

"Please, just tell me what's going on," Ethan begged, desperation lacing his voice.

"All in good time, Ethan," the man replied, his voice dripping with amusement. "First, I need to know that you are ready to listen and understand the gravity of your situation."

Ethan nodded fiercely in the general direction of the man's voice. "I'm ready. Just tell me what's going on, please!"

"Very well," the man said as he edged closer to Ethan's bed. "You see, Ethan, you and your girlfriend have been kidnapped. And not just any kidnapping - you have been taken by a group of highly skilled and dangerous individuals who have very specific demands."

Ethan's heart raced as the full weight of the situation hit him like a ton of bricks. "Kidnapped? What demands? Who are you?" he exclaimed in utter horror.

As Ethan felt a set of fingers run up his face, the mask covering his eyes was suddenly ripped off, causing a blinding stream of light to assault his senses. Lying flat on his back, he squinted up at the perfectly aligned grid of tiles covering the ceiling as a fluorescent light in the centre flickered. As his eyes adjusted to the light, he strained his neck to take in his surroundings and started to panic. The sterile white walls, the shiny steel headboard of the bed, the smell of antiseptic in the air, the thick leather restraints he could feel binding his arms and legs! He was clearly in some kind of medical facility, but he had no idea where he was or how he had gotten there. The fear pulsing through him as he frantically searched for answers was paralyzing, and his mind raced with possibilities while his heart pounded in his chest.

"Do you recognize me, Ethan?" the man asked in a sinister tone as he moved his head into Ethan's line of vision.

With his eyes darting around to take in the features of the dark-haired Mexican man looming over him, Ethan felt that something about the man was familiar, but no matter how hard he thought, he just couldn't place him.

"Disappointing," the man said as he pulled back. "But I guess it has been a few years, and we only ever met once. Perhaps I can jog your memory. You were sitting across the table from me, telling your entertaining stories as my whole family listened intently.



You were a hit that night - even Nana liked you, and she usually doesn't like anyone. But as you spoke, I couldn't help but focus on the smug, arrogant look on your face - a look that told me all I needed to know about you. That you were a man not to be trusted!"

Petrified, Ethan struggled against his restraints as his breathing quickened and the feeling of someone sitting on his chest became even more prominent.

"Don't hurt yourself now," the man said with a deep chuckle. "I can assure you they are not going to break."

Ethan stopped struggling, but the panic he felt in that moment only continued to rise. "Hector?" he croaked.

"Bingo!" the broad-shouldered man exclaimed with a sinister glint in his eye as he clapped his hands together with glee.

"Please, Hector," Ethan begged, his voice trembling with fear as the full weight of his situation hit him. "I was young and stupid back then. We can work this out. I have money. I can pay!"

Hector paused for a moment, his lips curling into a wicked smile as he let out a stomach-churning cackle. "Oh, you are going to pay for what you did to my family - but not with money. In fact, the process has already begun."

"What do you mean?" Ethan gasped, his voice hoarse and strained as he fought to speak through his dry, parched mouth. "What process?"

Hector stepped forward; his face twisted into a malevolent smile as he met Ethan's panicked gaze. "You'll find out soon enough," he snarled, his voice

sending shudders down Ethan's restrained spine. "Let's just say that Ava never got her breast augmentation surgery, but the operation went ahead with a few added extras."

Ethan's mind raced as he struggled to decipher the cryptic message. And then, in an instant, understanding dawned on him, a realization so disturbing and horrifying that he almost choked.

"Shush, mi hermosa florcita," Hector cooed, reaching out to stroke Ethan's forehead with a twisted sense of affection. "Sleep now," he whispered, turning a dial to start the flow of liquid through the clear plastic tube attached to Ethan's wrist. "There will be plenty of time to chat when you are fully healed," Hector spoke in a menacing tone, the words dripping with threat.

"Hector!" Ethan gasped, his eyelid growing heavy as he tried to speak. "Hector, please! You..." Falling back into a deep slumber, Ethan's sentence trailed off. Not that his words would have changed anything. For Ethan, there would be no escape, no reprieve. His destiny had been decided long ago.

Chapter 2

"Is he unconscious?" The woman's voice was hushed as she and Hector entered the room.

"Yes, it was necessary to sedate him while he recovered from the surgeries," Hector replied, his tone low and grave. "But now that he has fully healed, he's all yours. I trust you know what must be done?"

The woman nodded, her gaze fixed upon the sleeping figure in the bed at the far end of the room. A man with a pair of full breasts and a feminine figure peacefully slumbering. "He will need time to adapt to his new proportions, and if what you have told me is true, the mental toll on him may be great."

"Everything I've told you is correct," Hector growled. "Can you do it or not?"

The woman sneered. "Of course. Just leave him with me. I'll have him ready in a month."

"Very well, Karla," Hector declared, nodding his head. "I eagerly await the results."

"As do I," Karla replied, clicking her long manicured fingers together. "Now, how do I wake him up?"

Hector strode over to Ethan's bedside with a grin, his eyes sparkling with excitement. He reached out and firmly turned the dial, the sound of liquid flowing as he did so. "There! He'll be awake soon," he declared triumphantly. "Call me if you need anything."

"Alright," Karla replied as Hector left the room. She then approached Ethan's bed with a sense of nervous anticipation, her heart racing as she reached out to gently remove the tube from his wrist. She waited anxiously; her gaze fixed on Ethan's face for the first signs of his awakening.



Ethan's eyes slowly fluttered open, and a groan escaped his dry lips as recognition dawned on him. As he twisted his neck to take in his surroundings, he was met with the sight of a stunning Latino woman smiling down at him.

"Shhhh," Karla whispered soothingly. "Take it easy. You've been asleep for a long time."

But as the fog of sleep lifted, Ethan's eyes widened in shock and horror as he was greeted with the unfamiliar sight of two massive mounds jutting out from his chest. With the restraints that had held him in place removed, he could finally see the extent of the damage done to him. A strangled cry escaped his lips as he attempted to lift his arm.

"I know you must have a lot of questions," Karla said, a sly smile playing at the corners of her lips as she held a cup of water to Ethan's lips. "But try to relax. I'm here to help you."

As Ethan's eyes filled with hope, he sipped the water before coughing. "You're here to get me out of here," he croaked, his eyes darting down to his huge chest with desperation and stress etched on his face.

"Yes," Karla replied with a hint of mystery in her voice. "But first, let's see if you can stand. Take it slow, ok. Your body has undergone some major changes, and it's going to take a while for you to adjust to them."

"What changes? Who are you? Where is Hector?" Ethan frantically asked, fear evident in his voice as he reached down to feel his crotch.

"Don't worry, that's still down there but secured away. I'm Karla, by the way," the dark-haired woman replied as she reached out to place her arms around Ethan. "And don't worry about Hector, he's not here. Now, let me help you sit up. But be prepared. Your new body is going to feel a little top-heavy."

As Karla's surprisingly strong arms lifted Ethan into a sitting position, the young man experienced a variety of new and disturbing sensations. Thrust forward, his chest jiggled and threatened to pull him over due to its weight before a sharp jolt of pleasure pulsed through his body as his modified nipples brushed against the material of his stretchy pink top. Below, obscured by his massive new breasts, Ethan let out a yelp of discomfort as he felt his tender waist constrict from the tightness of the corset surrounding it.

"Oh my God," Ethan panted as he looked down to see fleshy mounds filling his vision. Their weight causing him to pull his shoulders back to compensate.

"You'll adjust," Karla declared as she expertly fastened a shoe on Ethan's foot. "Is that too tight?"

"What- huh?" Ethan mumbled, absorbed in his own thoughts, barely registering Karla's actions.

In a flash, the other shoe was on, and Karla stood up, offering Ethan her long-nailed hands. "Come on, take my hands."

Ethan took her hands, and as Karla pulled him upright, he quivered as he felt his cumbersome body jiggle and wobble in all the wrong places. Feeling his feet touch the ground, his knees instantly buckled, but luckily Karla was there with her strong grip to keep him upright.

"What's wrong with my...?" Ethan's sentence trailed off due to shock as he swivelled his head to look down at his expanded backside in horror. "My butt!" he exclaimed, his voice quivering. "It's enormous!"

"A Brazilian butt lift," Karla declared as if revealing a dark secret. "And a large one at that. That's the reason you were kept sedated for so long, I hear. To allow your skin to stretch and accommodate the new curves.

"I think I'm going to be sick," Ethan exclaimed, his body overwhelmed by the shocking revelation.

"Now, come on, snap out of it!" Karla urged, shaking Ethan firmly. "We don't have time for that. Do you want to get out of here? Do you want to save Ava?"

"Ava!" Ethan cried out, realization dawning on him. "That bastard took her too."

"I know," Karla said, her gaze locked onto Ethan's. "But if you want to help her, you first need to help yourself. Starting with standing on your own."

With a surge of determination, Ethan nodded. "Okay," he determinedly declared, locking his knees, and taking the weight of his new body.

Karla helped steady Ethan before stepping back. "How does that feel?" she asked.

Ethan's emotions were a tumultuous storm, raging within him. Anger, fear, disgust - they all swirled within him, threatening to consume him. But despite it all, he tried to put on a brave face, determined to hold his own. "I can manage," he forced out, his voice shaking as he drew a ragged breath. "Very well," Karla said, her voice neutral as she moved towards the door. "Let me know if you need any support."

Ethan's chest felt heavy and tight as he shuffled forward, the weight causing him to sway on his feet and almost drag him down. He pushed back his shoulders, trying to bear the strain of supporting his newly enlarged mounds and pushed on. Despite the discomfort of his skin being stretched taut and the sensitivity of his nipples to the slightest touch, he moved towards the exit, where Karla was waiting. "Good," Karla called out as Ethan reached the door. "Now follow me."

Ethan followed Karla out into the white-tiled corridor, his eyes scanning the empty hallway for any signs of danger. He knew he had to stay alert, as every closed door was a potential threat. Taking a deep breath, he braced himself for whatever might come next.

"Are you doing okay back there?" Karla called over her shoulder as she turned to check on Ethan. He responded with a nod and a grunt, focusing on the task of maintaining his balance. "Coming," he panted, his breath coming in short gasps as he fought to stay upright. The weight of the large breasts and buttocks made it difficult for him to walk steadily, causing him to sway and lurch with each step. It was a strange and unfamiliar sensation,

and Ethan couldn't help but feel self-conscious as he struggled to adjust to the changes in his body.

Ethan felt as if an eternity had passed when Karla stopped for a second time, this time in front of a doorway. "Ok, in here," she declared, holding the door open. Exhausted, Ethan trudged inside, only to be met with a shocking sight. A room that was completely, unabashedly pink. A pink carpet, pink curtains, a pink bed, it even had a pink chandelier hanging from its pink ceiling!

Stunned, Ethan turned to Karla. "What? Huh? Did we take a wrong turn?"

"No, wrong turn, Chica. This is your new room. It'll be much more comfortable than the other one, don't you think?" Karla said with a smile.

"But...I... I thought you were going to get me out of here?" Ethan cried.

"Oh, baby. Is that what you thought?" Karla said with a chuckle. "I meant out of that other room. I have a job to do, and I can't do anything with you in a hospital bed."

"A job?" Ethan cried, trying to catch his breath. "What job?"

"I'll explain everything later, but first, I have to run some errands," Karla declared as she grasped the door handle firmly. "Explore your new surroundings and get familiar with the place. I'll be back in a few hours."

"Wait! What about Ava?" Ethan shouted, desperation creeping into his voice as the door began to close. "You can't just leave me here like this! Please!"

The door slammed shut, cutting off Ethan's pleas. He frantically reached out and grabbed the handle, trying to open it, but it was locked. Alone in the room, he stood by the pink door, yelling and pounding with his fists until his voice was hoarse and his legs were shaking uncontrollably.

Exhausted and defeated, Ethan turned. That's when he spotted the mirror on the wall, and a cold shiver ran down his spine. With heavy footsteps, he approached the mirror, unsure if he even wanted to see the horror that its mirrored surface would reflect back. But he had to look. He had to know the full extent of the damage.

Ethan froze in place a few feet in front of the mirror, his heart sinking as he stared at his reflection. With a guttural cry, he brought his hands to the sides of his head and let out a bloodcurdling scream.



Before seeing his feminised body, the young man had an indication of what he might find in the mirrored surface, but the sight that greeted him was more shocking than he could have ever imagined. Like his new room, he was covered in pink. But it was the body inside the constricting outfit that left him breathless. With basketball-sized breasts jutting comically from his chest and an obscene amount of junk in his trunk, the body he saw was the most ridiculously voluptuous he had ever encountered.

Overcome with despair, Ethan collapsed onto the carpet and curled up into a ball, rocking back and forth as the realization that he now had a body to rival most Playboy models hit him like a freight train. He was lost and broken, not knowing where to turn or what to do.

Chapter 3

With a flicker, Ethan's eyes snapped open, only to be assaulted by a riot of pink. Disoriented and confused, the realisation of where he was suddenly hit him like a sledgehammer - he had been kidnapped and surgically altered, imprisoned in what appeared to be a little girl's bedroom. His heart sank. As he laboriously rolled onto his side, a soft, furry pink carpet cushioned his stiff body. But the most overwhelming sensation was the sense of having too much mass - his body jiggled and wobbled as he moved, filling him with alarm.



Lowering his head, Ethan was confronted with the astounding, yet terrifying, sight of his own cleavage - two massive, spherical mounds of soft pink flesh, partially covered by stretchy pink fabric. In the center, commanding attention, were two prominent bullet-sized nipples, straining against the material. Tentatively, Ethan raised his arm and reached out to touch one of the rigid lumps. As his thumb and forefinger closed around it, a jolt of electricity shot through his body, and a moan escaped his lips.

"Having fun?" Karla exclaimed from her position on the bed, causing Ethan to spin around in shock. "You!" Ethan growled. "You did this to me!" He yelled, struggling to sit up.

"Well, it's good to see you've regained some strength," Karla replied, shaking her head. "But watch your tone. I haven't done anything to you yet, and I won't without your consent. I'm just here to do a job, ok?"

"What's going on here?" Ethan moaned, overwhelmed with emotion. "I don't understand!"

Karla grinned from her spot on the bed. "Well, I don't know what you did, but you've clearly angered some very powerful people. They have a special role in mind for you."

"And what's that?" Ethan asked, taking a deep breath as his bottom lip quivered.

"I'm sorry, I can't say," Karla replied, standing up and flipping her hair. "But if you and your girlfriend want to make it out of here alive and in one piece, I suggest you do as you're told."

"Ava! Is she okay?" Ethan asked as Karla approached him.

"She's been well taken care of, I'm told," Karla replied coolly. "But I've also been told that they'll start cutting pieces off of her if you misbehave." She offered her arm to Ethan. "Here, let me help you up."

Ethan accepted her arm and was again surprised by the strength in her grip as she pulled him to his feet. Leaning on Karla for support, Ethan was then led over to a nearby chair. Once seated, he looked up at Karla with pleading eyes. "What happens now?" he asked.

"First, we'll build your strength back up so you can move in your new body. Then, I'll teach you how to move gracefully in it," Karla declared with authority.

"You mean like a woman," Ethan exclaimed glumly.

"Yes. My job is to train you to move and act like a woman. And I'm very skilled at my job, Ethan, so if you listen to me and do as I say, this will be much easier for everyone," Karla stated with a confident nod.

Ethan slowly closed his eyes and felt nauseous, knowing that he had little choice. He would have to listen to this woman, at least until he regained his full strength.

The next few days were tough on Ethan, up at the crack of dawn, he was now a prisoner to the relentless routine of his supposed mentor, Karla

while she subjected him to a crash course in femininity, teaching him how to move and act like a woman in their windowless, clockless pink room.

Each morning began with a long, luxurious bubble bath, scented with sweet-smelling lotions. There, Karla showed him how to look for and shave unwanted hairs from his body (not that he ever found any).

He was then expected to scrub his skin until it shone, a task that left him feeling raw and exposed. The bath was a source of both pleasure and pain for Ethan. On the one hand, it was a welcome respite from the crushing confines of his corset, allowing him to soak his aching muscles. On the other, it was a stark reminder of the changes that had been inflicted upon him, with his wobbly breasts and jellied backside staring him in the face, filling him with rage and resentment.

After his bath, Ethan was forced to apply moisturizer to his reddened skin, a task that brought with it a range of conflicting emotions. You see, part of him liked the act of lathering up his skin, especially in more sensitive areas, that felt particularly good. But then there was part of him that just felt sick, the smoothness of his skin was unfamiliar and unsettling, serving as a constant reminder of his predicament.

Next, Karla helped him to don his corset once more, a necessary item for his recovery after having two ribs removed, and helpful for maintaining proper posture. He was then dressed in a stretchy, usually pink outfit provided by Karla.

Breakfast was a hurried affair, consisting of fruit and a glass of orange juice, a far cry from the waffles and eggs Ethan longed for. Afterwards, it was off

to the chair to practice his sitting, following Karla's precise instructions on how to turn, bend, and position his legs and back. A task made far more difficult by the introduction of heels on day two that seemed to get higher by the day.



After a light lunch that left Ethan hungry for more, it was time for walking practice. For hours, he strutted up and down his pink room like a professional model, while Karla barked commands in his direction. "Shorten your strides! Swivel your hips! Smile!" she would scream as Ethan stumbled and wiggled about, fighting the inner voice urging him to collapse onto the floor.

The addition of high heels only heightened the challenge. It was already difficult enough to move with the feeling of an extra twenty kilograms of weight on his chest and another twenty in his buttocks, but having to do so while on tiptoes just made things even harder.

However, as the days passed, Ethan did show some signs of improvement. Though he remained ungainly and uncomfortable in his own body, he was at least able to walk for longer than five minutes before needing a rest.



On the fourth day, needing answers, Ethan looked up at Karla and demanded to see Ava. "I have to see her!" he said fiercely to Karla, feeling more energetic. "I won't continue until I know she's safe."

Karla shook her head. "Ethan, you need to focus on your recovery. You'll see her soon enough."

"No!" Ethan insisted. "How do I even know she's still alive?"

Karla sighed. She was stubborn, but she could see the determination in Ethan's eyes. "Fine," she said. "I'll see what I can do. But if I do this for you, you have to really put in the effort in training. Do we have a deal?"

Ethan nodded eagerly. "Deal. Thank you, Karla."

"Don't thank me yet," Karla warned. "You still have a lot of work to do." But both of them were pleased with the agreement they had reached.

Chapter 4

As he sat down at the table the next morning, staring blankly at his meager breakfast, Ethan's heart began to race with anticipation. Karla approached, tablet in hand, and with a mischievous grin, she passed it over. Ethan snatched the tablet from her with quivering hands. With a tap of the triangle in the centre of the screen, Ethan's lip began to quiver as the video of Ava started to play. Her tears were evident as she spoke, her voice trembling with emotion. "I miss you, Ethan. I want to go home," she said. But the video cut off abruptly, leaving Ethan with a sense of overwhelming frustration and despair.

"Where is she? I need to see her!" he exclaimed, dropping the tablet to the ground. "

You just did," Karla replied coolly, leaning down to pick up the tablet.

"But... She's upset. I need to help her," Ethan pleaded.

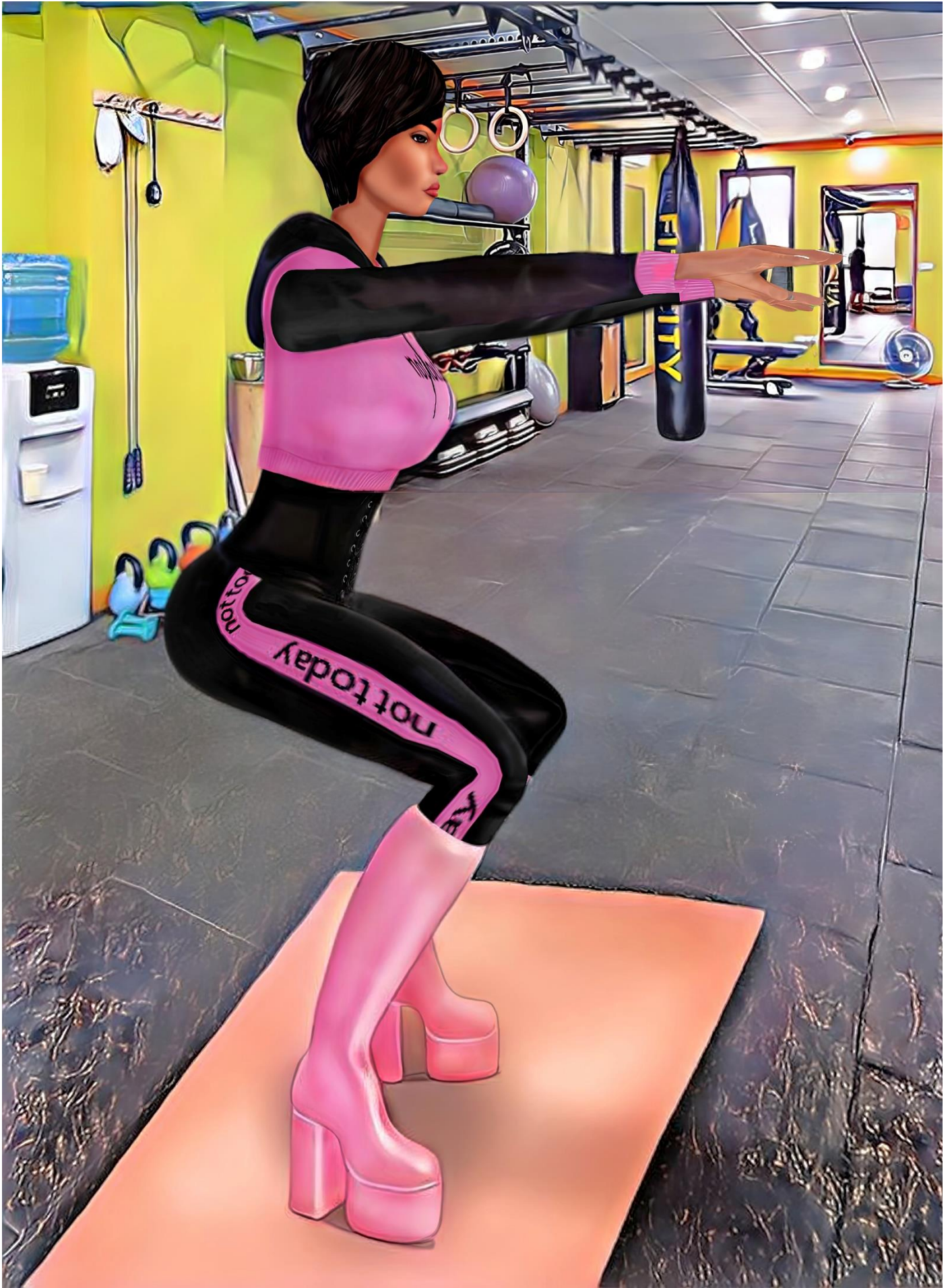
"There's only one way to do that, Ethan," Karla said sternly. "And that's by holding up your end of the deal. You've seen that she's alive, now you need to focus on your training. Because if you can't do what Hector needs you to do, he will kill you both!" The weight of her words hit Ethan like a ton of bricks, as he lowered his head in defeat.

Silencing the voice of doubt in his head, Ethan pushed forward with relentless determination. He refused to let the urge to argue, run, or fight take control. Instead, he zeroed in on the one thing he could control - his training. Each day was a living nightmare as his surgically enhanced, heavy,

and cumbersome body was pushed to its absolute limits. But he knew that the only way forward was through perseverance.

Despite the endless pain and exertion, a glimmer of hope remained within him. He knew that given time and information; opportunities would present themselves. He just had to play along and wait for one to appear.

As time ticked by, Karla ramped up the intensity of his training, introducing new activities and environments. At first, the gym facility seemed like a godsend for Ethan after what seemed like an eternity of staring at the same bright pink walls. But the respite was short-lived as the workout routines quickly became more intense. Leg lifts, squats, Pilates, each day pushing his tired muscles to breaking point. But somehow, he endured every trial presented to him, even as the heels on his feet got higher, and the corset restricting his waist grew tighter. He knew that every drop of sweat, every moment of pain, brought him closer to his ultimate goal - freedom."



The days raced by in a dizzying blur, making it almost impossible for Ethan to keep track of time. Each passing day brought new and unexpected challenges, like the addition of glue-on nails that extended past the tips of his fingers. "Your hand gestures are too masculine," Karla had said, "longer nails will remind you to be more delicate and dainty in your movements." To his dismay, the nails actually worked, making him focus more on what his hands were doing.

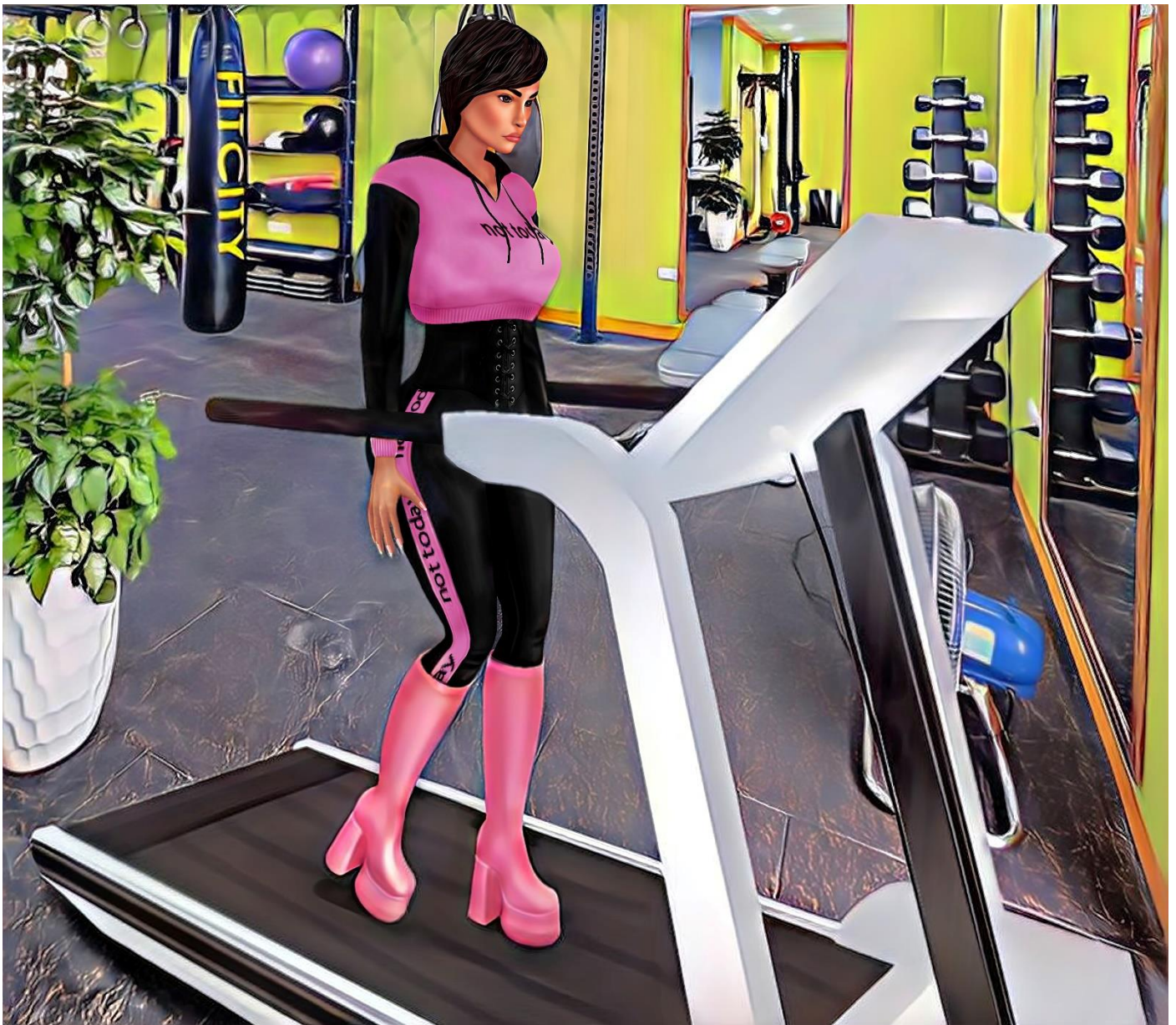
But worryingly, it wasn't just his hand gestures that were changing. The transformation was happening all over his body. Forced to speak in a high-pitched, feminine register at all times, his once deep and growly voice was sounding more and more feminine by the day. His body, once a source of pride, was now a source of disgust as he found himself unconsciously moving with a femininity he couldn't control. His hips swayed, his butt wiggled, and his posture was that of a woman's.

Karla was a master at her craft, introducing each new aspect at a pace that challenged but didn't overwhelm. Always calm and friendly, but with a firm authoritarian streak, Karla dealt out punishments for even the slightest mistake. Any sign of rebellion was quickly quashed. After a few skipped meals and a night of pop music blasting into his room, Ethan soon learned that life was easier if he just did as he was told. But deep down, Ethan refused to give up. He observed and waited for an opportunity, focusing on the one thing that mattered: getting himself and Ava out of there.

That resilience was tested to its limits, when during a moment of frustration, Ethan refused to get on the treadmill during a gym session,

earning a harsh reminder of the reality of his situation. As he lifted the cloth covering his plate that evening, instead of the usual low-calorie meal, he was met with a sickening sight: a severed finger! It was a cruel and clear message: "Do as you're told! You are not in charge here!"

Motivated by a mixture of stubbornness and fear, Ethan returned to the gym the next day and got on the treadmill. He put one high-heeled foot in front of the other without complaint, battling to stay upright on his high-heeled boots as the whirling sound of the belt beneath hummed loudly throughout the room.



As Ethan huffed and puffed, Karla watched from the sidelines, a smirk of satisfaction creeping onto her lips. Her latest student was progressing at a lightning-fast rate, and putting up far less resistance than her previous subjects. The threat of the finger (permanently stored in her freezer) had been a timely and effective way of quelling any further outbursts. She was almost surprised that it had taken this long for her to need it. Her methods may be cruel, but she knew they were necessary in order to achieve the results her clients demanded. Each student was just a means to an end, and she would stop at nothing to mold them to her client's specifications.

Chapter 5

With a spine-chilling image staring back at him in the mirror, Ethan examined every inch of himself, in awe of the human brain's ability to adapt to new situations.

Starting at the bottom, he gawked at his feet, encased in a pair of gleaming white ankle boots, perched at a precarious angle. At the rear of the tendon-stretching footwear, a towering five-inch chunky heel extended down to the pink carpeted floor to support his increased weight while a one-inch platform at the front elevated him further from it. The fact that he could not only stand comfortably in the tight high-heeled boots but actually jog in them was genuinely mind-blowing.

Scanning upwards, his smooth shapely legs were hugged by a stretchy white fabric with a ribbed design. It was a daring one-piece jumpsuit that went from ankle to shoulder, designed to showcase and emphasise every one of his surgically enhanced curves.

Taking a deep breath, Ethan looked down at the flat crotch and shook his head. His manhood was still there. He could feel it squashed between his legs and covered with a disturbingly realistic-looking vagina, which according to Karla, would be removed at a later date if he continued to follow instructions.

Further up, the amount of skin on show increased dramatically as the jumpsuit changed from a solid piece of material covering his expanded hips and buttocks to two daring vertical strips that barely contained his perky,

mammoth breasts that jutted out from the centre of his previously chiselled chest, weighing what felt like a ton.

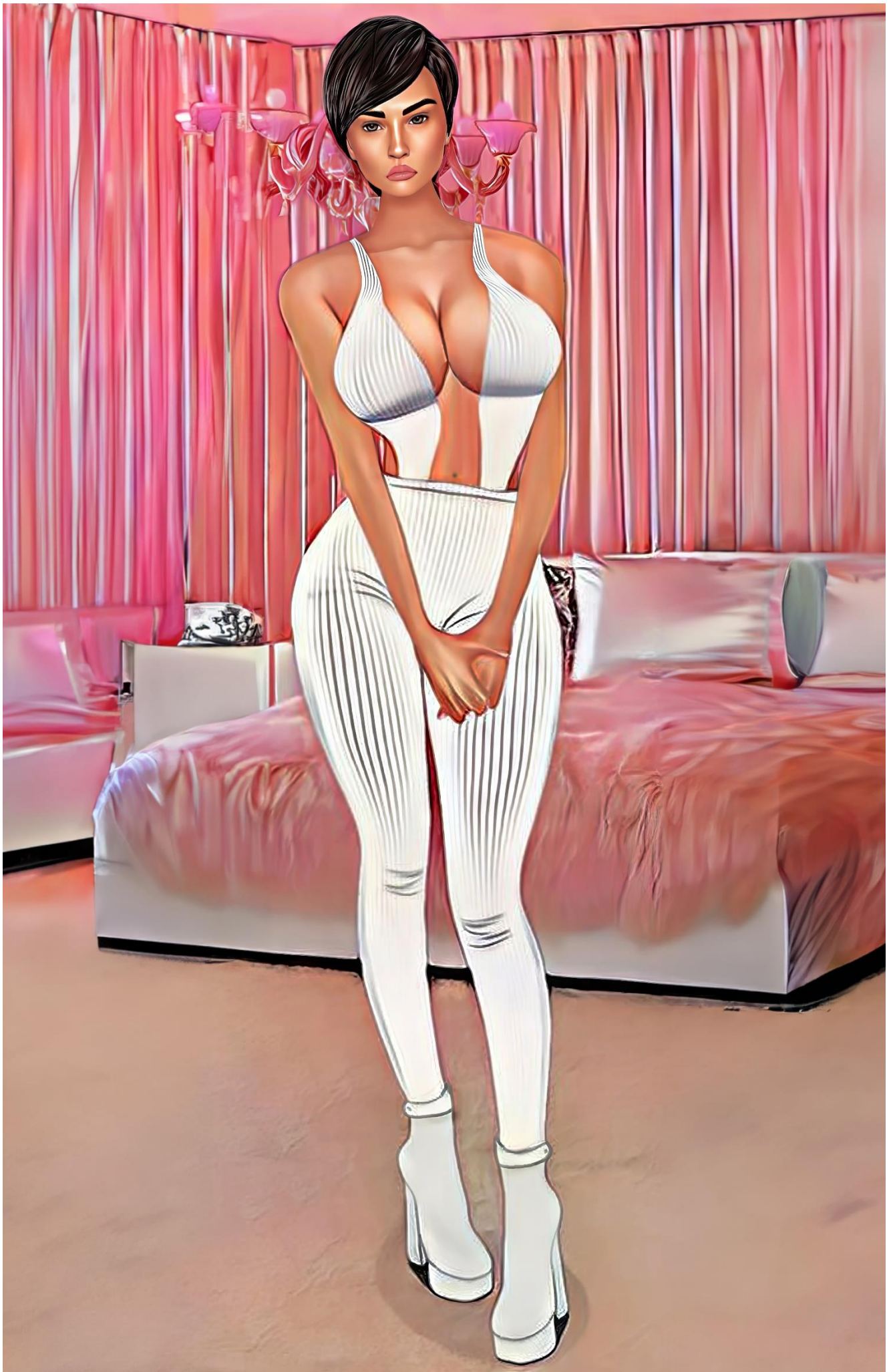
Seeing his belly button peeking back at him was both unsettling and strange, but at least his days of wearing the uncomfortable rib-crushing corset were behind him, with Karla claiming he had healed enough to go without it. It was a relief to be free of the constricting torture device, but with his waist now looking cartoonishly thin, the damage had already been done.

Reaching the top of his body was perhaps the most jarring of all! Before him was the face he'd seen all his life, but now perched atop the shoulders of a voluptuous, buxom babe! The sight was unsettling, to say the least. The only minor difference was his hair, now longer than it ever had been thanks to the time in captivity and the caffeine shampoo he used daily.

"Ok, are you ready?" Karla said, her voice cutting through Ethan's daze, bringing him back to his awful reality.

With a pout, Ethan slowly turned to face his captor, unconsciously standing tall thanks to all the posture training, bringing his hands together in a very feminine manner. "I'm not sure this is a very good idea, Karla," he muttered hesitantly. "Won't people stare at me?"

"That's something you'll need to get used to," Karla replied with a sly smirk, "You have a very attractive body. It's natural for people to want to take a closer look."



"But...what about above up here?" Ethan said, gesturing towards his face with a look of uncertainty. "Don't you think it looks out of place?"

Karla curled her top lip and scoffed, "I don't think many people are going to spend long looking at your face," she said. "But if it concerns you that much, there's perhaps something we can do to correct it."

"What does that mean?" Ethan exclaimed, his pleading eyes filled with regret over the comment.

"Never you mind," Karla replied, stepping towards the bedroom door. "It's time to go."

"But what if someone recognizes me and calls the police?" Ethan expressed, desperately trying one last time to sway Karla into changing her mind.

Karla chuckled before breaking into a full-blown laugh. "No one will recognize you, and no one will call the police. Now, come on. Let's go." She added in a stern tone that told Ethan there was no more room for argument.

With a jiggle and a wobble, Ethan strutted out of the pink room like a supermodel on tall high-heeled boots, while Karla followed closely behind in a much more modest outfit. As they turned left down a corridor of closed doors, Ethan's nerves began to heighten. It was the same route he took to the gym each day but today they would be venturing past the third door on the left into the unknown!

With Ethan's nerves reaching a fever pitch, Karla suddenly commanded him to stop. She marched ahead, her determined strides taking her to a

sturdier-looking metal door. With a jangle of keys, she unlocked it and with a clunk, the door swung open. Karla then gestured for Ethan to enter, his heart pounding in his chest as his fear threatened to consume him. But as he was marched down another corridor and through another set of doors, he forced himself to take note of his surroundings, building a mental map of the facility that he hoped would one day prove useful.

As Ethan stepped outside, the bright mid-morning sun momentarily blinded him. But as his eyes adjusted, he couldn't help but be awestruck by the lush green grass, vibrant flowers, and towering palm trees surrounding him. But the idyllic scene was interrupted as two large men dressed in overalls and berets, with handguns holstered on their belts, turned to investigate. The closest one stood only a few feet away, nodded before looking away, while the one at the far end of the garden held his stare.

With a firm grip on Ethan's hand, Karla led him up the garden path. With his head lowered in embarrassment, the scantily dressed man struggled to take in his surroundings as the guard by the gate smirked and stared. As they approached the heavy-set man with the defined goatee beard, Karla gave him a nod, signalling for the gate to be opened. With a press of a button, the large metal gate swung open, and Karla led Ethan out to a waiting car.

In the back of the luxurious car, Ethan again tried to gather clues about his whereabouts, but the passing scenery consisting mainly of scrubland and palm trees offered little information.

After a twenty minutes ride, Ethan emerged from the vehicle with a sense of trepidation, his blocky heels sinking into the sandy dirt-covered road beneath, only adding to his discomfort. Taking a deep breath, the smell of salty sea air filled his lungs as he surveyed his surroundings. His eyes were met with a picturesque scene of colourful houses and storefronts lining one side of the road, while on the other lay a stunning white sandy beach, dotted with palm trees and quaint huts with straw roofs. The last place he remember being was an all-inclusive resort in Cancun, but he was clearly far away from there now, with not a tall building in sight.

With Karla gripping his arm tightly, Ethan stumbled across the road as he nervously scanned his surroundings. Not accustomed to navigating such a soft surface in a pair of high heels, his increased bulk and altered centre of gravity threatened to pull him to the ground.

"Be calm and enjoy the sun. You could use a little colour," Karla barked as she noticed how tense and on edge Ethan was, his head swivelling from side to side.

"I can't!" he replied through gritted teeth. "People are staring at me!"

"Who? Her?" Karla replied, pointing to a young Mexican woman about thirty feet away, sitting outside a hut and gazing in their direction. "Ah! Perfect! Let's say hello."

Ethan tried to protest, but Karla was relentless as she practically dragged him towards the hut. When they arrived, the woman gawked at Ethan, unsure of what to make of the large-breasted man with the voluptuous

figure. Karla, calm as always, introduced herself before informing the woman that Ethan was feeling a little self-conscious about his appearance.

"I can help with that," the woman replied, pointing to a sign that had been driven into the sand.

Looking in the direction of the woman's extended arm, Ethan's eyes widened as he read the services on offer. "I don't think..." he started to protest, but Karla cut him off. "Perfect," she said in a commanding tone. "Give him all of them," she continued, "Perhaps you'll feel more relaxed once your head matches the rest of your body."

Jumping up from her chair with a beaming smile plastered across her face, the woman took a moment to examine her newest client. After a few seconds, which felt like an eternity to Ethan, she turned to Karla and nodded. "No problem," she announced. "When I'm done, he will look beautiful! I have a friend who does nails too. If you're interested, I can call her?"

"Yes, call your friend," Karla replied, having squashed Ethan's brief protest and pushing him down into the chair vacated by the woman. "Tell her to bring some nail tips. I'll be over there catching some sun. Do what you feel is necessary and find me when you're done."



Chapter 6

Ethan glared at Karla, who lounged under a palm tree down the beach, her smile and wave only fuelling his frustration. He shook his head in disbelief, causing Karla to giggle before she looked away. Shifting his enormous backside, Ethan tried to find a comfortable position on his plastic chair. He was outside a straw hut on the edge of a picturesque white sand beach, the slight overhang of the straw roof provided shelter from the scorching midday sun. The sound of gentle waves crashing against the shore in the distance created a serene atmosphere, one that Ava would have undoubtedly adored. However, as he looked up, his peaceful surroundings were interrupted by the chatter of two young Mexican women speaking Spanish - a language Ethan fluently understood.

"This is a man!" the newly arrived girl, Elena, exclaimed as she gave Ethan a thorough inspection. "What's going on here?"

"Quiet down, Elena," her friend, Carolina, whispered, trying to pacify her. "That woman over there is Karla Perez," she added, nodding in the direction of a woman lounging on the beach.

"Who's that supposed to be?" Elena asked, glancing over at Karla before turning back to Carolina.

"Let's just say, she's connected to some pretty powerful people and she's the type of person that when she asks you to do something, you do it," Carolina replied, her expression deadly serious.

"But she's paying us, right?" Elena questioned, tilting her head to the side.

"Oh, yes," Carolina said with a sly smile. "If we do what she wants, she'll pay. Oscar did some work for her last month and he made a killing."

"Wow!" Elena exclaimed excitedly. "Let's get to work then. What kind of nails does she want?"

"She didn't say, but she requested nail tips," Carolina responded. "Just make them long and gorgeous."

"Got it," Elena nodded. "Do you have a favourite colour, Chica," she added, looking down at Ethan, who had been nervously listening in on the conversation.

"No, Espanyol," he mumbled, thinking that the experience might be slightly more bearable if he wasn't forced to speak with these two women. Also thinking that these women might give away some information if they thought he couldn't understand.

With a fierce determination, Elena opened up her toolbox and pulled out a nail file. She got to work on Ethan's right hand with precision and skill. Meanwhile, Carolina moved to the other side of his chair and began brushing through his hair with practised ease. As they worked, Ethan sat there like a statue, listening to their lively chatter about the previous night's events. Elena was asking Carolina's opinion on whether she should return to the bar to see the guy she had hooked up with, unsure whether it would appear desperate.

All the while, Ethan's eyes darted around frantically, searching for a possible escape route. But as logic set in, he knew it was futile. He would

have to flee across the sand in heels, and Karla would undoubtedly spot him. Even if he could outrun her, where would he go, and what would happen to Ava?

Resigning himself to his fate, he looked up at the board of treatments and exhaled loudly. The options written on the wooden board in childish handwriting sounded horrific, but he knew he had no choice but to sit there and allow these two women to beautify him.

As Elena and Carolina worked in perfect harmony, they chatted away about mind-numbingly boring topics, giving Ethan no useful information. Elena meticulously trimmed back his cuticles and filled the top of his nails, while Carolina expertly sectioned off the hair on the left side of his head, wrapping it up into tight balls before securing them tightly. As they switched positions and repeated the process on the other side, Ethan glared at Karla with a burning desire to kill her.

The sun had lowered and moved to the other end of the sky by the time Ethan was finally shown a mirror. Gazing at his reflection, he couldn't help but gasp in amazement. He had felt every one of the braids being attached as his head began to feel heavier and heavier. He had also felt every tiny pinch as Carolina took a thin piece of string and threaded his eyebrows. But even so, seeing his feminized reflection was a shock to the system.



A week later, Ethan lay upon the scorching sand of the very same beach, he'd had to endure the beauty treatments, his body wracked with pain as

the merciless sun bore down upon him. The heat was intense, searing through his bikini-clad form as he lay there, exposed and vulnerable. But despite the discomfort, this newly added daily ritual (to give his skin some colour) brought him a sense of calm and peace.

The journey to the beach was a trial in itself, as he was forced to wiggle past the leering guards, their gazes drawn to his half-naked form. He stumbled across the sand, his impractical shoes sinking into the soft, yielding surface as the local people pretended not to stare. But once he reached his spot, he could relax. He could forget about the sickness that consumed him, the sickness of having to lug around this feminized, voluptuous body.



With his eyes closed, he lay there, letting the sun beat down upon him. At least while sunbathing, he wouldn't need to use his hands, which were now

practically useless, thanks to the long orange talons that extended from his fingertips. Long nails made even the simplest of tasks a chore and he couldn't fathom why anyone would ever get nails like this by choice.

Silencing the turbulent thoughts within his mind, Ethan forced himself to push aside the overwhelming discomfort of the braids, tugging mercilessly at his head, and the gnawing hunger that clawed at his emaciated stomach. It was exhausting having all his thoughts constantly consumed with fear - Fear of what fate would befall Ava if he disobeyed Karla, or the terrifying thought of how different his life would be with his current form even if they were let go.

The constant weight of worry was a crushing burden, and yet, despite the overwhelming odds stacked against him, he knew that he had no choice but to continue to follow the commands of his captor. For to do otherwise would be to give in to despair and consign both himself and Ava to a fate too terrible to contemplate.

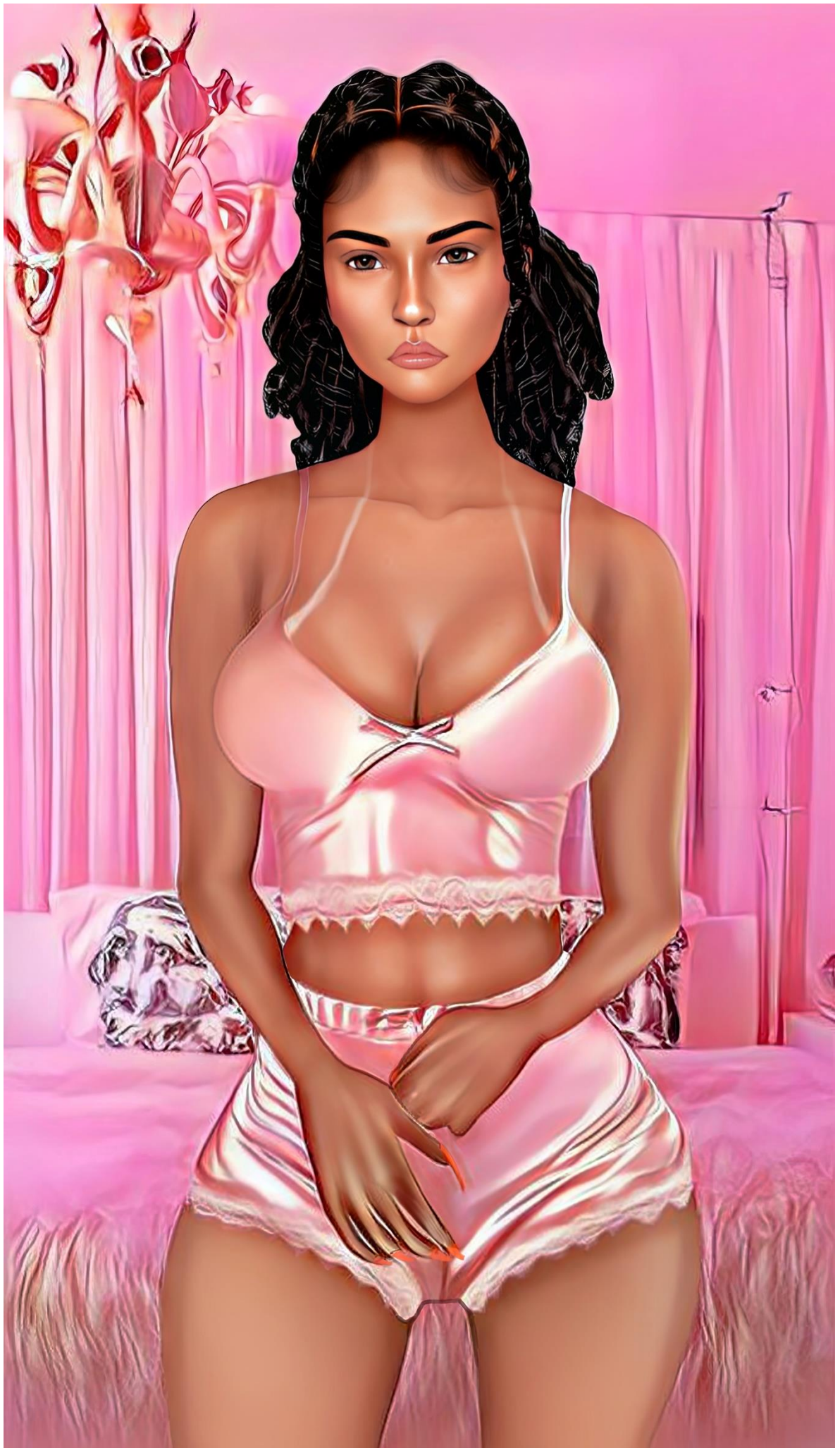
Chapter 7

With a deafening buzz filling the air of Ethan's vibrant pink bedroom, he lunged for the source of the noise, only to be met with a searing pain as his long nails slammed into the alarm clock. Yowling in agony, Ethan cradled his throbbing hand and let out a string of curses.

Looking over with bleary eyes, Ethan glared at the glowing neon numbers of the clock on his bedside cabinet and groaned in frustration. '5:50 AM!' he thought, 'time to start another day in hell.' Heaving himself into a seated position, he groaned again as he felt his flabby backside squish beneath his weight and the unsettling jiggle of his ample bosom, making him cringe with disgust. Even the simple task of sitting up had somehow become a chore in his never-ending routine of misery.

With a heavy sigh, Ethan slowly hoisted himself to his feet, shuddering as the feeling of the silky material of his tiny sleep shorts glided across his smooth buttocks. He trudged towards the bathroom, knowing he had only a few moments to prepare himself before Karla arrived. Being late was not an option, as the consequences only added to his already unbearable existence.

6 AM on the dot, the jangle of keys sounded throughout the room, reminding Ethan of the frustrating lack of control in his life. Shuffling over, Ethan resignedly took his position in the centre of the room just as the door swung open, his massive breasts hanging heavy on his chest and the silky fabric of his pyjama top tickling his sensitive nipples beneath.



"Good morning!" Karla chirped as she strode into the room, coffee in hand to find Ethan standing to attention. "How did you sleep?"

"Good morning, Karla," Ethan replied with a strained grin, as he fantasized about strangling the life out of the smiling Latino woman. "I slept well, thank you."

"Fantastic!" Karla exclaimed, taking a sip of her coffee. "I'm thrilled to hear that, because today, we start a new activity!"

At her words, Ethan's gut lurched with dread. Every new addition to his routine meant more feminization to his appearance and more work to do on top of his already busy schedule. "A new activity!" he repeated, his eyes narrowing in frustration as he struggled to conceal his irritation.

"Yes indeed!" Karla declared, nodding her head decisively. "But first, let's fuel up and hit the gym. I'll fill you in on the details later."

"Okay," Ethan muttered dejectedly as he turned to get dressed in his figure-hugging attire and towering heels, steeling himself for the gruelling workout ahead.

Ethan's heart raced as he stepped out of his bedroom, freshly showered and dressed in his signature pyjama-like outfit. The skimpy pink garb, worn around the house when not working out, had been deliberately chosen to act as a constant reminder of his feminized form and his new place in the

world. After a short journey, Karla stopped and looked up at Ethan with a knowing smile. She opened a door and stepped aside, gesturing for Ethan to enter.

Tottering into the room, Ethan felt the familiar burn of exhaustion pulsating through every muscle in his depleted body as he surveyed his surroundings. The plainly decorated space, located beyond the second door on the right from his bedroom, had only a few notable features. The back wall was accentuated by a tropical plant that added a touch of lush greenery. While the centrepiece of the room was a table with two shining mirrors and a large top-opening case displayed on its surface.

Karla, ever the confident leader, gestured for Ethan to take a seat. Without a word, he struggled across the room on his weary high-heeled encased feet and plopped down onto the cushioned chair with a satisfying thud. Karla rounded the table with her eyes fixed on the nervous Ethan as she took her seat across from him.

"Don't look so scared, Ethan!" Karla exclaimed, sensing his unease. "Just pay attention, and this will be a piece of cake!"

"What exactly are we doing here, Karla?" Ethan asked, his curious eyes examining the items on the table.

"Makeup!" Karla declared, getting straight to the point. "Today, I'll show you how to enhance your features to look their best."

Ethan inhaled deeply, briefly considering objecting, yelling out that he was a man and that she was sick for torturing him like this, but he held his tongue.

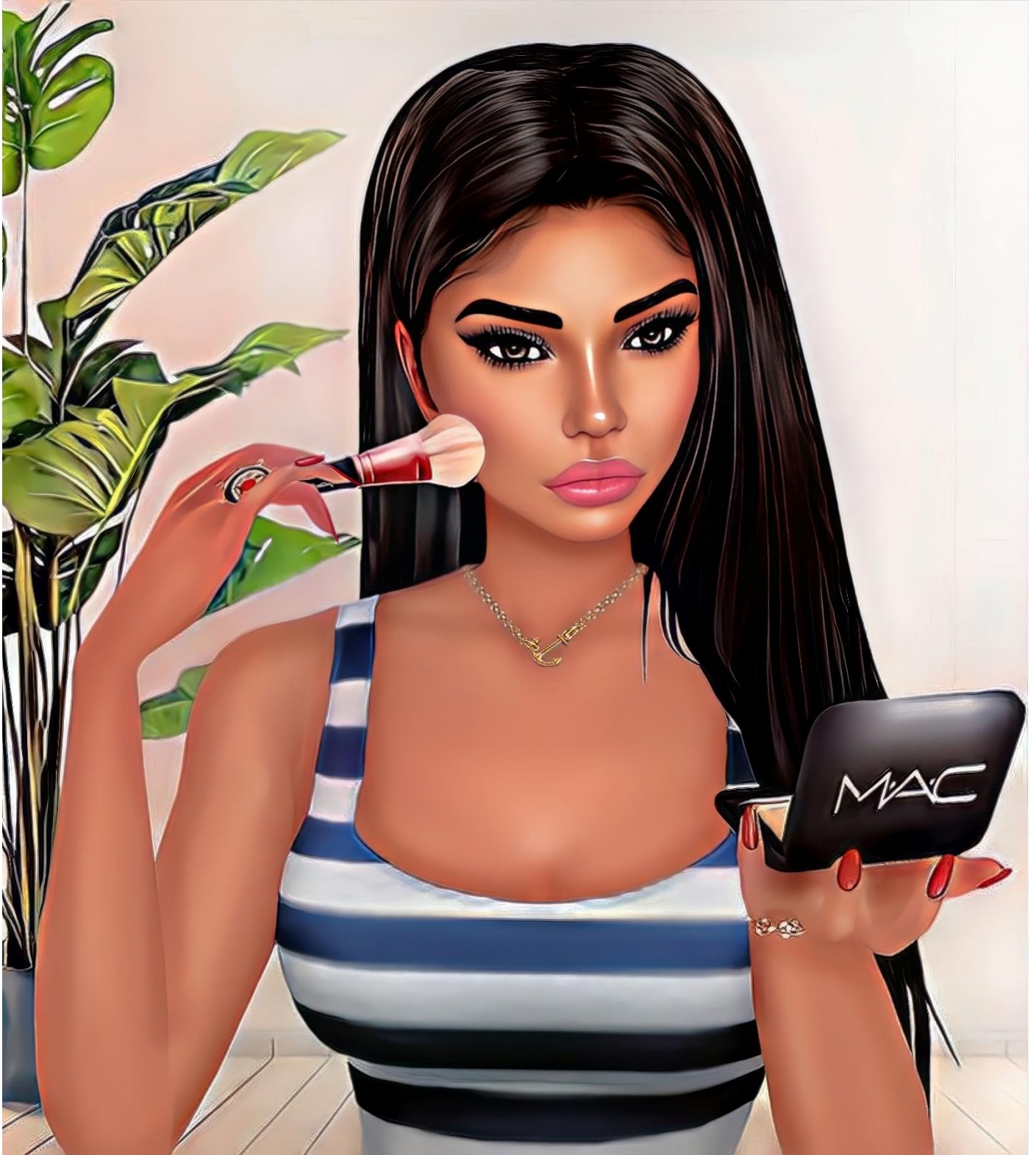
Karla beamed, seeing no resistance. "Perfect!" she cheered, reaching for the toolbox-like case in the centre of the table and flipping it open to reveal a dazzling array of tubes, powders, and brushes. "Just mirror my moves, ok?" She added, picking up a pot and getting ready to start.

Ethan dipped his hand into the box, his long acrylic nails clicking against the lid as he attempted to grab the duplicate product inside. It was like playing one of those claw games at the arcade, but after a few tries, he finally clutched the pot and removed it from the case. "This is primer," Karla explained with a smirk. "It's like the base for your makeup. You use it to prep your skin before applying the rest of your cosmetics. You could use moisturizer beforehand, but this product has it all built-in."

Ethan scowled at Karla, feeling as though she was mocking him. Ignoring his reaction, Karla dipped her finger into the pot before dabbing a dollop of the creamy liquid on her forehead, cheeks, and chin. "Your turn," she said, starting to rub it in.

Ethan watched Karla's actions with care, trying his best to keep up with her clear and detailed instructions. It was a slow process, with his unfamiliarity with makeup application and his long nails making it challenging. But Karla remained patient, gently correcting him when he made a mistake and starting over. Finally, Ethan sat back, staring at his reflection in amazement as he took in his scarily feminine appearance.

"This powder will set the look," Karla declared, sweeping a brush across her cheeks as Ethan gazed into his mirror in disbelief at the flawlessly blended eyeshadow, expertly lined eyes, and luscious lashes coated in mascara staring back at him.



Frustrated by Ethan's lack of action, Karla suddenly snapped. "Hey!" she yelled before quickly regaining her composure. "Take your brush, dip it in the powder, and run it along your cheeks. It will set the look and keep it in place all day long," she instructed in a more relaxed tone.

Ethan's sticky, lipstick-covered lips fell open in shock as he slowly looked up, taken aback by Karla's sudden outburst. He wanted to scream no, place his long-nailed hands under the table, and toss it into the air in protest. But looking down to see an eyeful of cleavage overflowing from his silky top, he took a deep breath and calmed himself! With a trembling hand, he picked up the brush, dipped it into the powder, and started moving it across his contoured cheeks, repulsed by the image reflecting back at him.

Chapter 8

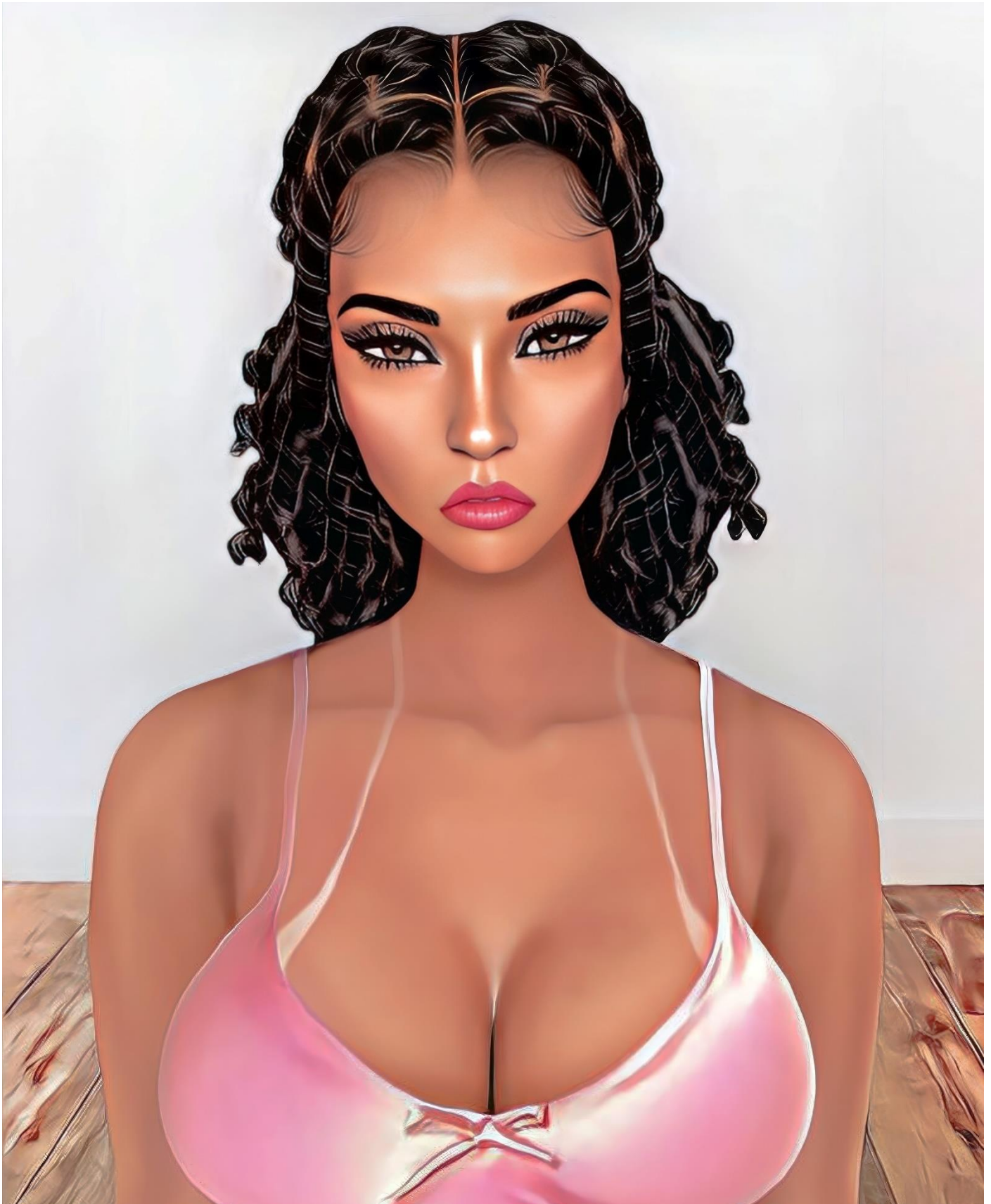
"Close your eyes," Karla announced as she extended a small bottle clasped in the palm of her hand. "This is setting spray. Trust me, you don't want to get this in your pretty eyes!"

"What?" Ethan exclaimed. Fortunately closing his darkly lined eyes just in time as a mist enveloped his heavily made-up face.

"Excellent, we're all set," Karla exclaimed with pride, observing in amusement as Ethan coughed a few times, having inadvertently ingested some of the spray. "That wasn't too bad, was it?"

After catching his breath, Ethan peered down at his reflection in the small, round mirror, exhaling heavily as he contorted his makeup-laden face in disgust. The realization that he had voluntarily subjected himself to the indignity of a makeover filled him with anger. Ever since he'd woken up in the recovery room to find his once-masculine physique drastically altered, he had attempted to remain optimistic, hoping to escape. Even during the rigorous training sessions, during which his feminized body was further sculpted, he had observed and taken note of any and all details he deemed important. However, gazing now upon his current image, complete with brightly painted lips, vividly coloured eyes, and fluttering lashes, Ethan's resolve began to falter. He resembled a woman, and an ominous thought struck him - Karla may not have finished with him yet!

Ethan raised his head slowly, gazing at Karla, whose expertly applied makeup mirrored his own, only more flawlessly executed. "Karla," he inquired, his voice trembling. "Am I ever getting out of here?"



Karla paused, appearing to contemplate his question as she narrowed her eyes. After a moment of silence, she curled her lips into a sinister smirk. "If you continue to do what you're doing," she declared in a frigid tone. "Then yes, you'll be leaving soon. Our time together is almost over."

Ethan's alluring eyes widened, uncertain how to interpret Karla's statement. "But I'll be leaving like this?" he stammered, gesturing to his feminized physique with his long-nailed hand. "Looking like a... a..."

"A woman," Karla interjected, completing Ethan's unspoken question. "Yes, that is the goal we have been striving towards."

"But what happens after I leave? What then?" Ethan asked, his voice growing shrill as he wiped his sweaty palms on his tiny shorts, feeling his throat constrict with dryness.

Karla smirked in response. "Well, that's up to my employer," she replied cryptically. "He didn't say, and to be honest, It's none of my business."

Ethan's agitation grew as he shook his head, muttering Hector's name. "Why is he doing this to me? I know I messed up, but this is insane!"

"Ok," Karla declared in a commanding tone, her voice echoing through the room. "That's enough questions. Now, since you're all made up and looking lovely, it's time you learned how to interact with others. Return to your room and get dressed. Afterwards, you're free to wander the premises as you see fit. If a door is open, you may enter."

"You're letting me go?" Ethan replied, sounding bewildered. "But why?"

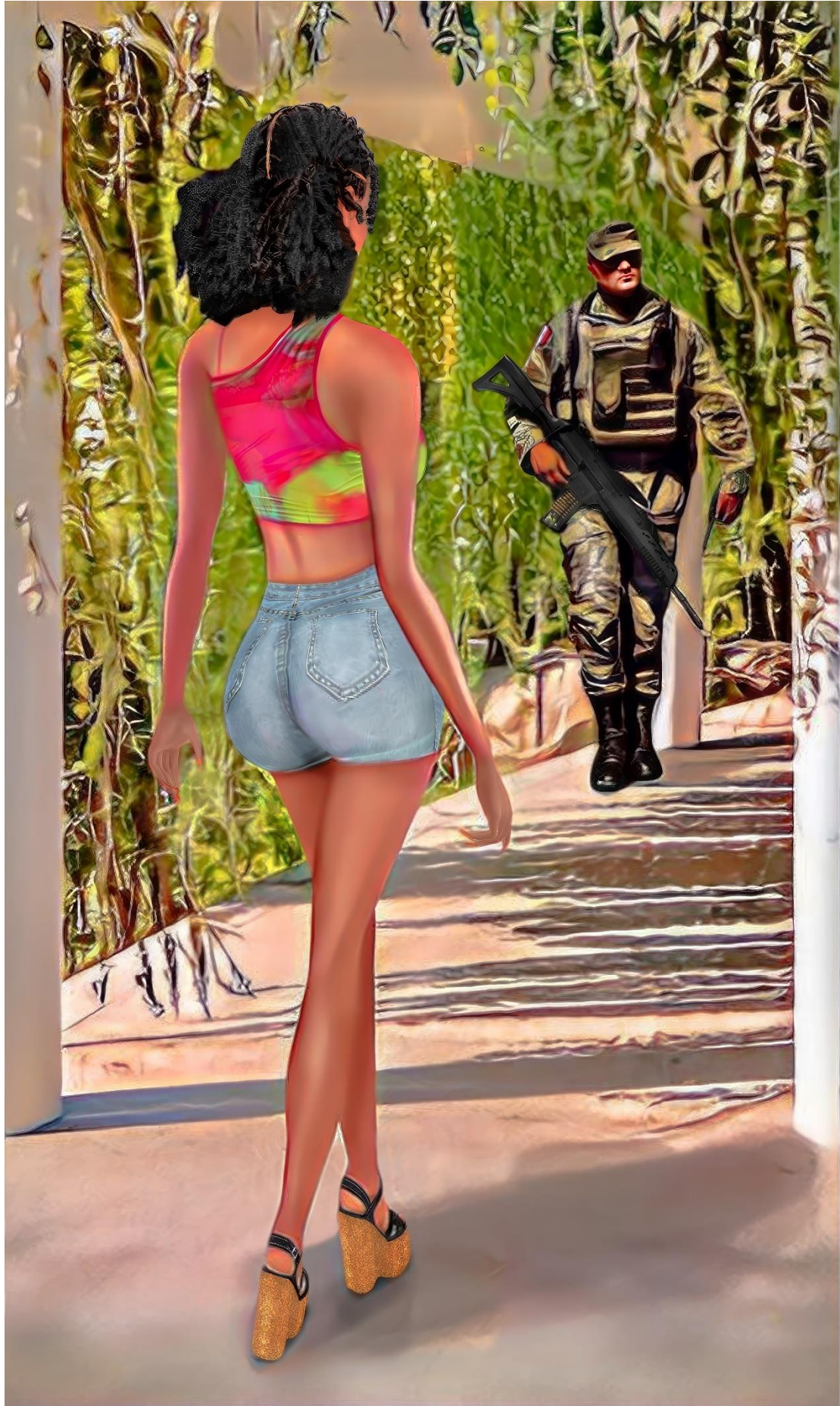
"No, you're still a prisoner here, albeit with more liberties. When you leave here, you must be comfortable with your appearance. That means you'll have to get used to people staring at you, even lusting for you," she added, causing a shiver to run down Ethan's spine. "The guards have been instructed to interact with you. So, if you really want to get out of here as you say, chat and be friendly!"

Ethan strolled through the lush gardens of the complex; his cork sandals securely strapped to his ankles. His foot placement had become so natural that he didn't even have to think about it these days. Walking on towering platforms had once seemed like a daunting task, but now, with his head held high and his large backside swaying, he strutted with ease.

The mid-afternoon sun hung high in the sky as Ethan surveyed the diverse range of tropical flora on display in the well-tended gardens. The cacophony of exotic birds chirping added to the peaceful ambience. For the past few days, he had been exploring every nook and cranny of the house and grounds, hoping against hope that Ava was also being held captive there. In his mind, finding her might be their ticket to freedom. However, the doors that were open to him were familiar ones, and the outside windows were tinted to prevent prying eyes, leaving him feeling just as lost as ever.

As Ethan turned the corner, he caught sight of Miguel, one of the more talkative guards patrolling the property. The tall, stocky man was dressed

in full camouflage uniform and held an assault rifle by his side, creating an intimidating presence.



Even if Ethan wasn't wearing a crop top and a pair of micro mini shorts, with his hair in braids and his face covered in cosmetics, Miguel's presence would still have been imposing. His presence was a stark reminder of just how much Ethan had changed. While he may not have been as muscular or fit as Miguel before all this, he was still a far cry from the jiggly mass of tits and ass he had been transformed into - a walking embodiment of sex appeal.

As Ethan approached Miguel, he did his best to keep his composure and appear friendly - not easy, given the circumstances. Miguel looked at him curiously for a moment, then gave him a broad smile. "Hey there, Chica," Miguel said, his Spanish accent thick. "How you doing?"

"I'm doing okay," Ethan replied, trying to keep his voice from shaking. "Just enjoying the gardens."

"Yeah, they're pretty nice, aren't they?" Miguel said, nodding towards the trees and bushes. "I like the sound of the birds. So peaceful."

Ethan nodded, trying to look relaxed as Miguel looked him up and down like a ravenous dog eyeing a juicy steak.

"You know, you look really pretty today," Miguel said, his eyes staring at Ethan's large chest. "That top is really working for you."

Ethan tried to smile, even though he felt his stomach churning with revulsion. The thought of Miguel or any of the other guards looking at him that way made him feel sick. "Thanks," he said, his voice barely above a whisper.

Miguel leaned in a little closer, his breath hot on Ethan's face. "You know, I was thinking," he said, his eyes glittering. "Maybe we could have a little fun together sometime. You and me, alone in one of the empty rooms..."

Ethan's heart raced as Miguel's proposal sank in. He placed a long-nailed finger to his lips, pretending to consider the offer for a moment. "Hmm...perhaps," he said, gulping at the sight of the lustful guard licking his lips. "But are you sure we won't get caught? I mean, all those rooms can't be empty, can they? There must be other prisoners here. I can't be the only one, right?"

"Don't worry, Chica. You're the only guest here right now. No one will catch us. I know where to go," the guard assured, reaching over to run his hand along the side of Ethan's head.

Ethan couldn't help but feel a shiver of revulsion as the man's large sausage fingers traced along one of his tightly bound braids. But somehow maintaining his composure, he coyly pulled away, his soft voice adopting a flirtatious tone. "Let me think about it, okay?" he said, giving the man a playful wink. "See you around, Miguel."

As he strutted away, Ethan's heart pounded, feeling the man's eyes drilling into his back. He felt disgusted by the way he had just acted, but it had been a means to an end. And he now knew something he didn't earlier: Ava, unfortunately, wasn't here!

Chapter 9

Throughout the following week, Ethan experienced an ongoing series of frustrations and humiliations. Each day, his physique grew leaner and shapelier due to the rigorous exercise regimen and low-calorie diet. He was now up to ten kilometres per day on the treadmill, a modest accomplishment for some gym enthusiasts. However, knowing that Ethan was jogging on an incline while wearing six-inch heels makes the achievement all the more impressive.

His skin was now exquisitely smooth and entirely hairless. However, as he had discovered a few days ago, this was not merely the result of the daily creams and moisturizers he was told to apply. He had undergone a series of full-body laser treatments, unbeknown to him, the first few of which had occurred while he was unconscious following his surgery. However, during the most recent session, he had been fully lucid. For what felt like hours, he had endured the agony of tiny, continuous pricks moving slowly over his body, with the acrid scent of singed hair filling his nostrils.

With plenty of time to practice, the imprisoned man had also grown reasonably proficient at using his hands these days, despite the long, talon-like nails sprouting out from the end of each finger. He could even apply makeup to Karla's high standards, a feat that had taken him quite some time to master. But with his progress tied to the amount of food he was given, it had served as a powerful motivator. Over time, he had honed his skills, learning to line his eyes and lips with precision, and blend his eyeshadow like a seasoned pro.

On a typical morning at the complex, Having just completed another arduous gym session, Ethan settled into a pink armchair in the corner of his room after showering, dressing, and applying his makeup. His long, lean legs were crossed in a feminine fashion, and his hands were neatly placed in his lap, just as he had been taught. He waited patiently for Karla to arrive, looking down at his outfit and shaking his head from side to side as he felt his stiff braids brush against the back of his neck.

Each day, Ethan's outfits were entirely dependent on what was left for him while he worked out at the gym. They were typically tight and revealing, but today's choice was particularly egregious. His pink and white top was cropped at the waist, with a cutout design above his breasts that emphasized his toned abs and cleavage. Worst of all, the words "drama queen" were emblazoned across his chest, making him cringe with embarrassment.

Moulded around his gigantic backside was a pair of Spandex, pink shorts, which, despite being uncomfortably tight, were still preferable to a skirt. An indignity that Karla had thankfully not yet thrust upon him.

To complete the outfit, he had fastened his tired feet into a ridiculously tall pair of strappy sandals. The blocky heel must have been seven inches tall, but with a two-inch platform at the front, they were at least more manageable than they appeared, particularly given all the training he had undergone.



As Ethan heard the familiar jangle of keys, he looked up to see the door swing open and Karla enter his room.

Finding Ethan sitting there like a little pink doll, a grin spread across her painted lips. "You look perfect as always," she said, complimenting Ethan on his put-together appearance.

"Thanks," Ethan replied glumly, rolling his eyes.

"Oh! Don't look so miserable, Chica," Karla shot back as she strode across the room. "I've got some exciting news for you."

The announcement piqued Ethan's interest. A part of him didn't want to hear it, as news always meant change, which would only make his life more difficult. But then again, he knew that change was necessary if he ever wanted to get out of his current predicament.

Seeing that she had Ethan's full attention, Karla stopped in front of the feminized man, looming over him. "Today will be our last day together," she announced, feigning sadness.

"You mean... I'm free?" Ethan stammered, sitting up straighter in his chair.

"What about Ava?"

"Well, not quite," Karla quickly replied with a chuckle. "Tomorrow, you have a special appointment before a very important date. What happens next is up to you and how you behave. But you won't be coming back here; my job is done."

Ethan's eyes widened in disbelief. "A date!" he exclaimed, a sense of horror creeping up on him. "With Hector?" Karla, with a smile confirming Ethan's

suspicions, simply nodded in affirmation. "You have been an absolute pleasure to train, Ethan. Your transformation has been one of my greatest ever pieces of work," she declared, beaming with pride.

"Take the rest of the day for yourself, do whatever it is that relaxes you. Tonight, we will have one final dinner to celebrate all that we have accomplished here together." Karla's words of praise left Ethan feeling somewhat uneasy. He gulped, at a loss for words, as he watched her turn and exit the room.

Trembling with apprehension, Ethan sat in what appeared to be a hotel suite while observing a young woman unpacking a suitcase filled with supplies. The entire experience was unsettling, exacerbated by the woman's initial reluctance to engage in conversation as she shushed him several times when he attempted to ask questions.

Surveying his surroundings, Ethan noticed that the room was tastefully decorated in a minimalist style. It consisted of three areas: a bedroom, a bathroom, and a spacious living room where he and the enigmatic woman were situated. The woman who stood in the centre of the room was dressed in a smock-like uniform; her raven tresses pinned up in a neat bun atop her head. On the central table, she meticulously arranged various boxes and bags in a specific order while ticking each one off on a list as she went about her work.

Ethan squirmed in his seat, feeling his anticipation mount along with the butterflies in his stomach. For an entire month, he had yearned to escape from the complex where he had been held. However, now that he had been blindfolded and driven to a city many hours away only to be deposited in an unknown location, all he could think about was how much he longed for the comfort of his familiar routine.

"Okay, we're all set," the woman announced, looking over at Ethan, having finally finished setting up her equipment.

"Ready for what?" he responded, his voice betraying his nervousness.

"Ready to make you a new person," the woman replied, moving over to examine Ethan's braids.

Flinching as her outstretched hand touched his head, Ethan gave the woman an unimpressed glare. "Please calm down, miss," the woman retorted, giving Ethan a stern look in return. "We're going to remove these braids, but you need to sit still. I don't want to chat, and I don't want any resistance from you. Do you understand?"

"And what if I refuse to cooperate?" Ethan retorted; his tone laced with anger.

"Then I'll send a message," the woman replied in a cold, detached voice.

"They made it very clear that someone you care about will get hurt!"

"Ava!" Ethan exclaimed. "You monster! Where is she?"

"I don't know," the woman replied with a shrug. "I'm just here to do a job."

"Please, they're going to hurt her. You have to help me," Ethan pleaded.

"I'm sorry," the woman responded, with a hint of sympathy in her smile.

"I'm being paid a lot of money for this, and I have people I care about too.

The people who hired me are not people you mess with. Now, please just make this easy. Be quiet and let me work."

Ethan took a deep breath and nodded slowly. "Okay," he replied, resigned to his situation. The woman acknowledged his compliance with a curt nod and pulled out her phone, deftly pressing a few buttons. Soon, loud reggaeton beats filled the room, drowning out any potential conversation.

With the music playing, the woman worked efficiently to remove the braids from Ethan's hair. He sat there looking miserable, occasionally wincing in pain as she tugged at his scalp. But the worst was yet to come! After finally removing the last braid, the woman brushed through Ethan's hair before opening a case to reveal a terrifying sight. Watching in stunned silence, Ethan's eyes bulged as the woman removed little plastic packets one after another before laying them out on the table - each one containing what appeared to be a needle!

The woman silenced any potential protest from Ethan with a stern look. He hesitated for a moment, mentally weighing his options, before finally looking down at his heaving bosom. Taking a deep breath, he resigned himself to the situation, knowing that his body had already been mutilated beyond repair, and resistance would most likely only cause Ava more physical harm.

As Ethan sat with his back pressed tightly against his chair, he could only watch in a state of shock and confusion as the woman approached his face with a pencil and began drawing dots across his face and lips. He glared at her, feeling violated and powerless, trying to process what was happening to him, unsure how to react.

As the woman approached his bottom lip with the first needle, Ethan closed his eyes only to quickly open them again as he felt a sharp, piercing pain followed by a strange sensation of pressure. He cried out in anguish as the needle slid in, but the woman shushed him sternly, warning him to stay still and not move. As she continued, he shuddered as he felt his bottom lip being filled up and stretched out, the sensation so intense that tears began to form in the corners of his eyes.

Balling up his hands, Ethan's long nails dug into his palms as he watched on helplessly as the expressionless woman selected a new needle before pressing down the plunger once again, sending another syringe full of filler into his bottom lip. The sensation was unlike anything he had ever experienced, and he could hardly bear it. However, the woman was relentless, meticulously completing the job on his lips before moving on to his cheeks, forehead, and even his nose!

Each injection caused a sharp, electric-shock-like pain and a strange pressure-like sensation as the Botox was deposited beneath his skin. Like a prisoner trapped in his own body, he allowed the woman to work her magic, transforming his face with each passing moment. Finally, after what seemed like an eternity, she stepped back, surveying her work with a critical

eye. Ethan couldn't see the changes, but he feared the worst - that his bloated feeling face was now unrecognizable!



Chapter 10

"Can I see?" Ethan asked, his voice tinged with nervousness.

The woman paused, a slight smile tugging at the corners of her lips. "Not yet," she replied, shaking her head. "We're not done yet. You'll see when we're finished."

Ethan's heart sank at her response, and he couldn't help but feel a sense of anguish. "We're not done?" he muttered, his face contorting with disappointment. "Haven't you already done enough?" he asked, desperation creeping into his voice.

"No," the woman replied with a firm tone of voice. "The groundwork has been completed. Now I'll build up your new look."

Ethan's perfectly arched brows furrowed in confusion. "What look?" he demanded; his eyes narrowed in suspicion. "And for what purpose?"

The woman's lips curved into a slight smile. "A look that matches the pictures I was sent," she explained, sounding frustrated. "Your face has the perfect shape, and your lips are now perfectly full. But there's still more work to be done on your hair and eyelashes."

"Or, you know," Ethan suggested, desperation creeping into his voice. "You could just go into the other room for a few minutes while I make a run for it. I'll take the blame if I get caught. I'll say I overpowered you or something."

The woman furrowed her brow, unimpressed. "And how do you propose getting past the man guarding the door?" she retorted.

"Look, I'm an American citizen, and I've been kidnapped," Ethan retorted, his voice straining to sound intimidating. "Do you have any idea what kind of charges will be filed against you once I'm found? You don't want to mess with the US government."

For a moment, the woman froze, her face contorting with indecision. But then she shook her head, dismissing Ethan's words with a flick of her wrist. "If people come asking questions later, I'll deal with it then," she replied calmly. "Right now, I'm more concerned with what will happen to my family if I upset the people who hired me."

Ethan opened his mouth to protest, but the woman cut him off with a booming voice that made him jump. "Stop, please," she commanded, her tone brooking no argument. "No more, or I'll send that text message. You don't want that, do you?"

Knowing that he had failed in his attempts to persuade the woman to help him, Ethan bowed his head in frustration, feeling utterly defeated.

"Okay," the woman said, her voice softening. "Let's get you to the bathroom, so we start on your hair."

Ethan slumped in the chair, feeling utterly exhausted as he glared at the woman standing in front of him. It was impossible to tell how much time had passed, but it felt like an eternity. After their final argument, there had been little conversation between them, apart from a few terse commands.

"What now?" Ethan asked, sensing that his ordeal was almost over. He had just had his hair blow-dried and styled, and he couldn't help but feel a small glimmer of hope that the worst might be over.

"Now you get dressed," the woman replied, starting to pack up her equipment.

"I'm already dressed!" Ethan retorted petulantly, feeling the strangeness of his puffy lips as he spoke. The numbness had subsided, leaving him with a peculiar fullness in his mouth and a tightness across his entire face.

The woman chuckled at Ethan's pouting expression before shaking her head. "I can't argue with that," she said. "Perhaps I should have said 'get changed'."

"Get changed for what?" Ethan asked, his mind feeling as numb as his face as he blinked a few times, adjusting to his heavy fluttering lash extensions that had taken the woman nearly two hours to individually attach.

"I don't know," the woman replied, motioning for Ethan to stand up. "They didn't tell me."

Ethan stood his ground, his defiance palpable as he glared at the woman. After enduring the trauma of being assaulted with needles and the hours of

discomfort he had endured having his lashes done while the smell of bleach filled his Botox-filled nose, he had reached his limit.



A Mexican standoff ensued as the two of them locked eyes, each refusing to back down or look away. That is, until the beautician reached for her phone, tilting her head to one side in a threatening gesture.

With a heavy sigh, Ethan slowly lifted himself to his feet, his Botox-filled face contorted with disgust. He couldn't believe how far he had come from the confident, self-assured man he used to be, and he hated himself for it.

The woman's voice was tired and monotone as she instructed Ethan to go to the bedroom and get dressed. "Your undergarments and outfit are in the closet," she said before adding, "I'll be in shortly to do your makeup."

Ethan's mind was in turmoil as he shuffled out of the room. Anger and frustration battled for control, but he knew he had to keep it contained, if not for his sake, then for Ava's.

Ethan gazed into the mirror in front of him, running his freshly manicured nails along the smooth satin material, his face frozen in a stunned expression, and not just because of the vast amounts of Botox pumped into it. The sight of his pink-tipped talons dancing along the shimmering fabric was a disturbing sight, nowhere near as disturbing as earlier when he had first seen his bloated, transformed face, framed by extended, blonde highlighted hair, but disturbing nonetheless.

For the first time in his life, he was wearing a dress - the very symbol of femininity! But to make matters worse, this wasn't just any dress, it was one he recognized - not immediately, as the shock of opening the closet to find the shining gown had sent him spiralling into panic. Only after squeezing his hourglass figure into the body-hugging garment and slipping his feet into the dangerously tall high heels that accompanied it, did he make the connection. It dawned on him as soon as he saw the completed look staring back at him in the mirror. He was wearing the outfit Emiliana had worn the night he met her!

The realization hit the feminized man like a sledgehammer to the chest, stealing his breath and nearly buckling his knees. Tottering over to the bed,

he hardly even noticed as the woman from earlier entered the room. As she began working on his makeup, defining his eyes, and making his lips pop, Ethan barely registered her presence, lost in thought as he tried to make sense of what was happening.

He had always felt guilty for having left Emiliana so suddenly all those years ago, but he had been put in an impossible situation. It had been too much pressure for his young shoulders to bear. At the time, running away had seemed like his only option.

"Come with me," the young woman declared, reaching out to grasp Ethan's long, impeccably manicured hands. With no resistance left in him, Ethan allowed himself to be lifted up onto his high-heeled feet and led back over to the full-length mirror hanging on the wall. As his thoughts lingered on the past, the woman positioned Ethan in front of the mirror before stepping aside to give him some space.

For a moment, the image staring back at him didn't seem to register as himself. But then it clicked, and rather than reacting dramatically with screams of despair or collapsing in a heap, Ethan simply stood there, staring at his reflection in stunned silence.

Ethan stood there like a stunning statue on his seven-inch platform pumps, his left leg exposed through the slit of his shimmering one-strap gown. Traumatized by his current situation, he couldn't help but get lost in thought.



As he pondered, he struggled to comprehend how his past actions could possibly warrant the cruel and twisted punishment he was now enduring. Why was Hector so infuriated? Ethan had heard of men being protective of their younger sisters, but this was beyond extreme. From his blond highlighted hair framing his dramatically made-up face to his feet teetering atop ankle-breaking pumps, he was dressed identically to Emiliana on that fateful night when he had approached her in the nightclub. In fact, as much as he didn't want to admit it to himself, with his impressive rack and voluptuous curves, he may have even looked better than her.

Chapter 11

Ethan's eyes widened as he caught a glimpse of the woman who had drastically transformed his appearance, exiting the room. With a sense of urgency, he turned to face her and asked, "Are you leaving?" His eyes were startled, but his facial features were expressionless.

With a warm and genuine smile, the woman turned to him and replied, "Yes, I am done here. But I wish you good luck." Ethan felt a pang of desperation in his chest, suddenly not wanting to be alone. "Wait!" he yelled, stumbling forward a few steps as his calf muscles stretched uncomfortably due to the height of his heels. "What happens now?"

The woman nodded her head in understanding, "Someone will join you shortly. Until then, perhaps you could check the minibar. Seeing how fancy this place is, there's sure to be some good stuff in there."

It didn't take Ethan long to work out who this "someone" might be. The horrible realization felt like taking a baseball bat to his augmented chest, knocking the wind from his lungs and leaving him at a loss for words. He managed to stutter out a few syllables before his voice trailed off, leaving his pouty lips hanging open and his eyelashes fluttering wildly in front of his distress-filled eyes.

With nothing left to say, Ethan watched in silence as the woman collected her equipment and left the suite, leaving him alone and afraid. With a deep sigh, he minced over to the sofa and sat down - his training having become second nature at this point, causing him to do this in a very ladylike

manner. Bringing his hands up to his face, Ethan dug his long nails into his scalp, unsure of whether he wanted to scream out in anger or break down and cry.

Catching a glimpse of a strand of blonde hair in his peripheral, Ethan reached over to grasp it between his pink-tipped talons. He gave it a little tug, confirming it was firmly attached before slowly shaking his head in amazement, finding it hard to believe how much his appearance had changed in such a short space of time.

The silence in the room was broken by the sound of muffled voices on the other side of the suite door. Snapping his head around to locate the source of the noise, Ethan's heart raced as he braced himself for what was to come. Then, in what felt like slow motion, the door suddenly swung open.

In strode Hector, dressed in a pair of tailored pants and a shirt with the top few buttons undone. The sharply dressed man took a few steps forward before stopping in his tracks, looking surprised for a moment to see the blonde bombshell on the sofa glaring back at him with hate-filled eyes. However, he quickly regained his composure as a huge smile broke out across his handsome face.

Meanwhile, as the man responsible for all the misery he had endured over the last month strode confidently over to join him on the sofa, Ethan remained motionless despite the feeling of fury building within him as he noticed the satisfied look on Hector's face.



Hector's sly smile only widened as he greeted Ethan in a patronizing tone. "Hello, Ethan," he said as if nothing were amiss. "You look well."

Ethan was flabbergasted and infuriated by Hector's comment. He stuttered for a few moments before finally managing to let out an angry puff of air through his nostrils. "Fuck you, Hector," he spat out, his voice filled with venom. "You sick bastard."

Hector seemed to take the insult in stride, chuckling to himself. "Now, now, that's no way for a lady to talk," he replied, his tone laced with condescension.

Ethan's arms flew through the air in an animated fashion as he yelled back at Hector. "Don't you fucking laugh at me, you son of a bitch! Why did you do this to me? Why put me in Emiliana's clothes? Why give me her hairstyle? Is this your kink - dressing men up as women?!"

Suddenly, Hector's whole demeanour changed. "Enough!" he roared, pointing his finger menacingly in Ethan's face. "Don't you dare say her name! And after what you did, you have no right to call yourself a man. You're a coward and a rat."

Ethan's plump bottom lip began to tremble, and he lowered his head in defeat. Once, he would have stood up to Hector and argued his case with more authority, but now, sitting there in a tight-fitting gown with his hair and makeup done up like he was on his way to prom, his confidence was at rock bottom. He felt utterly humiliated and powerless, like a passenger in his own body.

"Do you know what your father asked me to do?" Ethan's voice trembled as he spoke.

With lightning-quick reflexes, Hector seized Ethan's chin with his strong grip, turning his face to meet his own. "He asked you to serve the family," Hector replied, his tone unwavering and authoritative. "The same family you sought to join when you proposed to my sister."

Ethan's face was trapped in Hector's hold, and he began to panic. "But you betrayed us, didn't you?" Hector continued, his voice unyielding. "You vanished two days before the wedding, leaving without a word. Emiliana was devastated and convinced that something terrible had happened to you. For weeks, she searched for you, pleading with our father for help and defending your character."

As Hector finally released Ethan's face, the trembling man quickly scooted away across the sofa, trying to put some distance between himself and the imposing figure. "I'm sorry," he muttered, his voice shaking with fear.

For what Hector had to say next, his tone shifted to become calmer, but his words still carried a weighty impact. "Those were the same words Emiliana spoke to our father when we found out you were safe and back in the United States," he explained. "As punishment, she was disowned and cast out. Instead of living the life you promised her - Treated like a princess in the United States, she lost everything."

Ethan's voice cracked as he begged for forgiveness. "Please, I'm sorry," he pleaded, holding back tears. "Just tell me what I need to do to make this right. But please, let Ava go. She's innocent in all of this."

Hector's lips twisted into a small smile as he crossed his legs casually. "I'm glad to hear you say that, Ethan," he said, his tone deceptively calm. "Very

well, in two days' time, you'll return home to America, but not as Ethan Morgan, the liar and cheat. From this moment on, you'll be known as Penelope Reyes - a girly girl who expresses her femininity through her actions and appearance. To atone for your sins, you'll experience the life you once promised my sister - the life of a princess."

Ethan was stunned and horrified as the full weight of Hector's words hit him, causing him to start hyperventilating. "If I do this..." he gasped out, struggling to speak. "You'll... let Ava go?"

Hector rose to his feet, his answer slow and deliberate. "Once your penance is complete, she'll be released," he confirmed. "Until then, she's our insurance - just in case you decide to do something foolish, like go to the police."

Ethan's voice was barely audible as he asked his next question. "And how long will this punishment last?" he stammered, looking up at Hector, feeling fear unlike he'd ever experienced before, even if his Botox-filled face remained frozen in place.

Hector's smile widened as he spoke. "That will depend entirely on you," he said, eyeing Ethan up and down. "While you're in the States, you won't just be pretending to be Penelope Reyes. You must fully embrace her - every breath you take through those luscious new lips, every thought that crosses your pretty little head must be about fashion and looking your best. No one can suspect, even for a moment, that you're anything other than what you appear to be - a vapid, possession-obsessed bimbo who lives for the approval of others, especially men."



Ethan felt sick to his stomach, every word of Hector's speech like a sharp knife twisting in his gut. Every sly smile, every gesture, felt like torture. The thought of actually doing what Hector was suggesting - going home to America and acting like some brainless bimbo - felt like a fate worse than death.

With Ethan staring blankly into space, Hector took a few steps towards the exit before turning back to face the traumatized man. "Come along, Penelope," he commanded, a devious smile playing across his lips. "I'm starving, and since you've dressed up so nicely, you can accompany me to dinner."

Ethan gulped, feeling a wave of anxiety wash over him. He wanted to refuse, to tell Hector to go to hell. But instead, he just bowed his head and took a deep breath, wishing that the ground would open up and swallow him whole.

Chapter 12

As a loud ringing sound bore into his blonde head, it took Ethan a moment to work out where he was. He had been lost in a dream, indulging in a decadent feast with an infinite bounty of succulent meats and mouth-watering desserts. The sudden awakening felt like a jarring intrusion.

Cautiously, Ethan extended his arm before gradually slowing his reach, mindful of the lengthy acrylic talons that impeded his hand movement. He had no desire to feel the pain they caused when knocked once again. "Hello," he whispered, lifting the receiver.

"Good morning, Miss Reyes," announced the voice on the other end. "This is your wake-up call as requested. A car will arrive in one hour to escort you to the airport. Is there anything else I can assist you with this morning?"

"No, thank you," Ethan mumbled, hanging up the phone with a heavy sigh. Cradling his head in his hands, he realized that he had once again awoken to a living nightmare.

Aware of the expectations placed upon him, Ethan carefully shifted his cumbersome frame to the edge of the bed as his ample backside and generous breasts wobbled. With a resounding grunt, he hoisted himself onto his feet and lumbered toward the shower. Although the prospect of grooming himself for the undoubtedly distressing day ahead was far from appealing, the threat that Ava would face dire consequences if he didn't comply left him feeling cornered.

Peeling off his sleepwear, Ethan entered the shower and activated the water. The warm jets provided a soothing sensation against his taut skin. Glancing down, a voluptuous feminine figure dominated his field of vision—an eerie and unsettling sight he knew he'd never get used to seeing. Squeezing a generous dollop of shower gel from the wall-mounted dispenser, Ethan massaged the lather into his chest and emitted a faint moan from his full lips. The recent pain and stretching sensations had given way to heightened sensitivity. Despite wanting to explore these peculiar feelings further, Ethan knew he was up against the clock that morning. There was much to accomplish: washing and styling his hair and applying flawless makeup. One hour was hardly enough time, and he had been sternly warned against being late.

"Do you have any bags to check?" the cheerful woman behind the check-in desk inquired, as a petrified Ethan stared vacantly at the wall behind her.

"Miss Reyes," the woman repeated, raising her voice slightly.

"Huh!" Ethan responded, jolted out of his stupor. "Sorry, what?"

"Do you have any bags to check?" the woman asked again, her smile vanishing.

"Erm... yes," Ethan replied, glancing down at the suitcase near his elevated feet, which had emerged from the trunk of the car that had brought him to the airport.

"Place it on the scales," the woman ordered, her tone now tinged with annoyance, as she assumed she was dealing with a scatterbrained individual.

Ethan carefully threaded his long nails through the suitcase handle and hoisted it onto the scales. Then, he shuffled back and offered a tense smile driven by sheer terror. He was about to board a flight to the United States on a counterfeit passport, disguised and masquerading as a woman, a thought that made him feel nauseous. He didn't even know his final destination!

Doing his best to avoid eye contact, Ethan squirmed within the tall wedge-heeled sandals fastened around his feet, as the straps dug into his ankles and toes. Dreading what the other passengers might be thinking, he cringed with embarrassment. With his blonde highlighted hair, strikingly made-up eyes, and glossy pink lips, he resembled a living Barbie doll—an attractive one, judging by the numerous smiles and lustful gazes he'd garnered from men during his brief walk through the terminal.

"Okay, you're all set. Have a pleasant flight, Miss Reyes," the check-in attendant said as she returned the passport Hector had given Ethan during their painfully awkward dinner the previous evening.

Clasping the passport between the claws of one hand, Ethan swiftly grasped the enclosed piece of paper and pulled it out. Inhaling deeply, he glanced at the boarding pass. "Denver!" he exclaimed, shaking his head in disbelief. "Is there a problem, miss?" the check-in lady inquired.

Realizing he had spoken too loudly and noticing a throng of people staring at him, Ethan panicked. "Erm... no," he hastily replied, bending down to pick up his handbag and feeling the taut denim material of his skirt stretch across his enlarged backside.

"No, no problem," he added while straightening back up, casting a quick glance downward through his long eyelashes to ensure his ginormous breasts hadn't accidentally slipped out of his tiny spaghetti-strap top during the motion.

Spotting a sign indicating the security checkpoint, Ethan offered the woman a smile and hurried away as swiftly as his encumbering footwear allowed. He strutted across the hall with the poise of a seasoned runway model before stepping onto an escalator, his thoughts consumed by the journey ahead. "Colorado!" his bewildered mind pondered. "Why Colorado?"



After an agonizing journey, one that the feminized young man would never forget, Ethan sat motionless in the back of a car as the engine fell silent. Gazing out the window at the snow-dusted sidewalk, he shuddered at the prospect of quite literally freezing his tits off.

The skimpy outfit he had been given that morning had been nothing but trouble all day. The tiny denim skirt had been a persistent annoyance—restrictive to walk in and uncomfortable to sit in. Not only had it exposed his legs throughout the four-hour flight and the equally lengthy drive afterwards, but it was about to leave them vulnerable to the frigid landscape beyond his cosy ride. His minuscule top had been equally problematic—constantly shifting, making him think he was inadvertently revealing himself while attracting the attention of every man, woman, and child he encountered.

As the door swung open, ushering in a blast of icy wind, Ethan shuddered. He tried to concentrate on the driver's words, but his terrified mind couldn't help but wander. After remaining petrified in the seat for a few moments, the driver extended a hand.

Resigned to his fate, Ethan took a deep breath, placed his manicured fingers between those of the driver's, and allowed himself to be lifted from the car's back seat.

Struggling to find balance as the soles of his wedge heels sunk into the fresh layer of snow, Ethan gazed at the driver with pleading eyes, feeling the frigid white substance rapidly chilling his exposed toes.

"Here, let me help you with your bags, Miss Reyes," the driver declared, extending a set of keys. "These are for you."

"Wait," Ethan gasped. "What happens now?"

"Well, I suggest you get inside your new apartment and out of this cold," the driver replied with a knowing look. "You'll freeze to death out here dressed like that!"

"I... uh..." Ethan attempted to speak as he took the keys but found himself at a loss for words. The driver smiled and walked over to retrieve the mysterious suitcase from the car's trunk. Ethan observed as the man effortlessly hoisted the case, making him feel frail and powerless. Not long ago, he would have insisted on doing it himself, but teetering on six-inch wedge heels with more of his transformed body exposed than covered, the task would have been painfully awkward.

The journey to the apartment was brief, with Ethan following the man while fixating on the words 4B written on a tag attached to the keys. The thought of what he would discover behind that door filled him with apprehension.

Upon reaching the door, the man stepped aside, allowing Ethan the honour of unlocking it. His trembling fingers somehow managed to insert the key, and with a terrifying click that made Ethan gulp, the door

unlocked. Taking a deep breath, Ethan opened the door and hesitantly stepped inside, revealing, to his surprise, a rather ordinary-looking hallway. Encouraged forward by the driver and uncertain of what to expect, Ethan steeled his nerves and took a few cautious steps forward. His eyes darted around, and he breathed heavily as he scanned his new surroundings. Suddenly, his gaze was drawn to something astonishing. Tottering over, what he saw took his breath away. Atop a cabinet lay a selection of pictures—pictures of him as he looked now. Gasping, he picked up one of the frames and scrutinized the image of himself wearing a sexy little dress in an unfamiliar location.

"Amazing what you can do with image editing these days," a woman's voice chimed in, startling Ethan and causing him to drop the picture frame.

As the hairs on the back of his neck stood on end, Ethan's dramatically made-up eyes widened. Slowly turning, he discovered an opening to a living room area behind him, and in the centre of the room, with a smug look of satisfaction on her face, stood perhaps the last person in the world he wanted to see.

"Emiliana," Ethan uttered in shock, his words trembling before his mouth hung open.

"Welcome home, Penny," Emiliana announced with a playful lilt in her voice. "How was your flight, Babe?"



Chapter 13

Ethan gaped at his former fiancée, shock coursing through his veins as his weary legs quivered, struggling to make sense of the bewildering scene before him. "Emiliana! What is all this?" he managed to choke out, his breaths becoming shallow and rapid.

Emiliana's eyes sparkled with mischief, a sinister grin spreading across her crimson-stained lips. "What's what, Penny?" she taunted, her voice dripping with malice. "Why don't you take a seat and tell me about your trip? I heard you went on a date with Hector. How did that go? As much as it pains me to say it, given he's my brother, I've heard he's quite the charmer."

To check that he wasn't hallucinating, Ethan's gaze dropped to his undeniably feminine form, wrapped in its minuscule outfit. He blinked a few in disbelief as the flutter of his voluminous eyelashes sent a waft of air across his makeup-caked face. Lifting his eyes back up to meet Emiliana's, he shook his head in fury. "Have you lost your damn mind, Emiliana?" he snarled, his anger and frustration boiling over. "What have you done to me? Look at me!"

Emiliana scoffed, her head swaying in mockery. "Oh, I'm looking, darling," she retorted, her voice dripping with venom. "And I have to say, you look better than I thought you would."

Ethan's chest tightened, his breaths coming in shallow gasps as the weight of her words crashed into him like a freight train. "But why all this?" he

panted, gesturing to his altered body with a hand adorned by long, flashy nails. "This is too much!"

A sly smile crept across Emiliana's lips. "Oh no, this is perfect," she countered. "Remember when you said you loved me, Ethan? Remember when you said you'd do anything for me? Then, on the first opportunity you had to prove it, you failed. Well, now you get a second chance to fulfil that promise."

"I did love you," Ethan protested, his voice wavering. "But your father wanted me to become an international drug trafficker. I had no choice but to run. I messaged you, but you never replied."

Emiliana's expression darkened. "I didn't reply because I was wandering the streets, lost and alone. When my father discovered you'd taken his money and disappeared, he turned on me. After I vouched for you and brought a thief into the family, he cast me aside like yesterday's newspaper. I warned you about the kind of man he was, but you still chose to be with me. You promised me a new life, but instead, I lost everything."

Ethan stuttered, grasping for words. "I... I... didn't want the money! It wasn't about that!"

"Enough with the whining!" Emiliana snapped, her voice steely. "A real man would have faced his problems head-on, whatever they were. But you ran away like a frightened little girl. So, until you can prove to me that you're a man, I'll treat you exactly as you appear to be - a whimpering, privileged brat."

Ethan's eyes brimmed with fear as he watched Emiliana's lips twist into a sinister smile. "But it's not all doom and gloom. In two weeks, Penny is scheduled for a little surgery," she added, her grin widening across her stunning face.

"You mean, to get rid of these?" Ethan inquired, tentatively cupping his ample bosom, his voice lifting with a glimmer of hope.

"That's one possibility," Emiliana responded, toying with him like a predator with its prey. "As I said, Penny is scheduled for surgery, not Ethan. From this moment on, you must convince me at all times that you are her - my ditzy roommate, utterly consumed by fashion and men. Succeed, and those watermelons on your chest will be removed. Fail, and... well, let's just say you won't like the consequences."

Ethan's mind raced, grappling with the horrifying reality of being ensnared in Emiliana's twisted game. She had the upper hand, leaving him with no other option but to comply. "What happens now?" he murmured, his head drooping in resignation.

"Tomorrow, we'll do a bit of shopping, maybe visit a cocktail bar or two," Emiliana suggested, her tone suddenly more amicable. "But first, you seem to need some rest after your journey. Your voice is entirely off, Penny. It's nowhere near as bubbly and girlish as it typically is!"

The crunch of snow compacting beneath his high-heeled boots served as a stark reminder of Ethan's altered reality. However, as he tottered along, he tried to push aside his fears, concentrating on the one glimmer of hope he had: that if he complied with Emiliana's demands, he would soon be freed from his feminine nightmare.

With his heavily made-up eyes fixed straight ahead, he avoided making eye contact with the numerous onlookers who frequently stole glances in his direction. Determined, Ethan strode toward his evening destination - a bar nestled in the heart of the bustling ski resort town.

With each careful step on the slick surface, Ethan felt his calf muscles stretch as his pantyhosed legs slid within the confines of the thigh-high boots encasing them. As much as he despised the towering footwear, they offered more warmth than the sandals he had worn upon his arrival in Aspen. The same could be said for the rest of his ensemble, purchased earlier during a shopping trip with Emiliana. Every garment seemed deliberately chosen to maximize his humiliation. The miniskirt that fluttered around his thighs barely concealed his plump, panty-clad rear, while the mesh-like top, wrapped around his enhanced chest, clearly revealed his bra beneath. The soft fur jacket draped over his shoulders couldn't even close!



But despite the litany of tribulations plaguing his existence, Ethan understood that, for the time being, the part of his mind that wanted to scream, shout, and surrender needed to be suppressed. He had already messed up once that day when he inadvertently mentioned something about Emiliana and his shared past while shopping.

"That's strike one, Penny!" she had retorted, a malevolent grin playing on her lips. "Two more, and you're out."

Standing outside the changing room of a chic downtown boutique, clad in an extravagantly feminine dress and teetering atop a pair of sparkling pink platform pumps, Ethan's heart had skipped a beat. He had grumbled about the dress, questioning where she expected him to wear such attire in snowy Aspen, and drawing a comparison to a photo he'd once seen of her at her quinceañera celebration.

"Oh, like, sorry, Emi," Ethan hastily responded in his most exaggerated feminine voice, cringing inwardly. "I don't know what I was thinking. I love the dress and meant to say it would be perfect for a quinceañera party."



Seeing a smile spread across Emiliana's lips, Ethan fought the overwhelming urge to sprint across the store and punch his former fiancée right in her smug-looking face. However, with Ava still held captive god knows where and the possibility of him regaining some semblance of normalcy if he could just get through a few weeks of his ex's twisted game, Ethan mustered a smile on his glossy pink lips.

"You're a bit old for that, Penny," Emiliana remarked, maintaining her grin, clearly revelling in the feminized man's suffering. "But you're right, that dress is perfect for a party. We'll take it."

Chapter 14

"Wow, it's so beautiful here!" Emiliana exclaimed with delight, her gaze sweeping over to a seemingly cheerful Ethan. "Remember how we used to dream about skiing together, Penny?"

Ethan's smile, however, was merely a facade concealing the truth that Penny was a forced alter ego. Left with no alternative, Ethan endured his humiliating punishment. "Uh-huh," he responded, grinding his teeth while maintaining the charade of a smile, his eyes roaming across the breathtaking winter landscape that enveloped them.

The idea of taking Emiliana to a ski resort, a place his parents often took him during his childhood, had been a topic of conversation years ago. At that time, he had envisioned dazzling the sexy Mexican girl with his prowess as they glided down the slopes together. Now, clad in a vivid pink snowsuit and waddling along like a bimbofied ski bunny, he realized the only individuals he'd be impressing were the numerous men who couldn't seem to tear their eyes away from his surgically altered hourglass figure.

"Well, I've been practising," Emiliana shared enthusiastically. "I recall you boasting about your skills, and I didn't want to embarrass myself." Unsure of where Emiliana was headed with her tale, Ethan chose to remain silent.

"I'm most likely still not as good as you, given your years of experience," she continued as a playful grin crossed her face. "But just for fun, I thought we could have a little competition. The last one to reach the bottom of the slope must face a little penalty - winner's choice."

Ethan instinctively brought his long-nailed to cover his mouth, nearly voicing his protest before biting his tongue just in time. "That sounds like an awesome idea, Emi," he declared, inwardly wincing as he fed her the response she sought.



Ethan knew he was destined for defeat, but he suspected that was the entire point. With his long nails hindering his grip on the ski poles and his wobbly backside coupled with an extraordinarily heavy chest, maintaining balance on skis would be a formidable challenge. Moreover, his snow boots featured a 4-inch hidden wedge, a feature he suspected was far from standard for skiing.

"Great! I knew you'd love the idea, considering how competitive you've always been," Emiliana said, her grin broadening. A brief silence ensued as Ethan worried his strained, smiling expression might become permanently frozen in place.

"Well, what are you waiting for, girlfriend?" Emiliana called out, grabbing her skis before trudging off through the snow. "Grab your skis and let's go!"

Ten days later, Ethan teetered on towering heels while music resonated through his ears, which felt heavier than before. Following his anticipated loss in the ski race, his penalty involved getting his ears pierced - not the worst thing ever, given the other changes his body had already been subjected to. Nonetheless, with three piercings in each ear, the lowest pair adorned with massive hoops, another fragment of his masculinity had been chipped away.

With a forced smile on his glossy red lips, Ethan swivelled his head to survey the room as the aforementioned earrings jangled noisily. Having somehow withstood the torment of the past few weeks, he was now merely a day away from the surgery he hoped would mark the beginning of the journey to reclaim his life. After all, Emiliana, as unhinged as she was, had surely had her fill of amusement.

The mere recollection of his recent actions made him shudder. He had paraded around like a living Barbie doll in the most revealing of outfits and the highest of heels, adopting a bubbly voice and embracing the imposed persona. He had visited countless bars and clubs where he was compelled to flirt and dance with other men, even sharing a kiss on the dance floor on more than one occasion at Emiliana's insistence.

Reaching down, Ethan pulled at the minuscule hem of his glittering black dress, his acrylic-coated nails gliding across his silky, pantyhose-clad thigh - a sensation that, while once utterly foreign, had become an alarmingly familiar sensation! Suddenly, in the corner of the room, he caught sight of Emiliana through his weighted lashes. Locking eyes with her, he stared, imploring her to come over with a pleading gaze and pouting lips.



As Emiliana's eyes met his, the corner of her mouth lifted into a smile - a smile that filled Ethan with the hope that after everything she had subjected him to, she was about to finally deliver the news he yearned for most. As she took a step forward in her heels, Ethan held his breath. Almost as if in slow motion, she glided toward him, past the huge "Happy Birthday Penny" sign hung on the main wall of the room that evening. Ethan continued to watch her approach, trying not to dwell on the sheer mortification he had experienced all evening, being the centre of attention while all dolled up as strangers greeted him with birthday wishes, kisses, and hugs.

Pausing in front of Ethan, Emiliana's smile widened. "Hi Penny," she chimed. "Are you enjoying your party?"

"Of course, it's like super fun," Ethan responded, forcing the words through his grinning lips. "Thanks for, like, organizing all this for me, Emi."

"You're welcome, gorgeous," Emiliana replied, apparently satisfied with Ethan's answer. "But if you're having fun, why aren't you dancing? You love dancing."

Struggling to conceal the hatred he felt toward her at that moment, Ethan clenched his fists and gritted his teeth. He had been dancing for half the night in his excruciatingly painful shoes as random men caressed his slender waist and groped his ample backside. With his feet now numb from the pain, he could barely stand, let alone dance another song. "I'm just taking a breather," he announced in his unnaturally high forced voice. "I don't want to fall over and cause a scene."

"Oh, don't be silly, girl," Emiliana responded, laughing. "You're a pro on those stilettos, and there's a line of men waiting to dance with you. I know that hunk in the blue shirt over there has quite the crush on you. I'm sure if you play your cards right, he'll give you a birthday smooch."

Swallowing hard, Ethan felt repulsed as he glanced over to see a dark-haired man with a perfectly groomed beard wink at him. "Or I could go home and rest up for my operation tomorrow?" Ethan suggested with hope in his voice. "Surely, I shouldn't be out too late with such an early start."

"Nonsense," Emiliana countered, "It's still early. You go and have some fun with that man. You'll still get plenty of beauty sleep before your op."

"You mean it's really going ahead?" Ethan exclaimed, genuine happiness in his voice. "I'm finally going to be rid of these," he added, lifting his long-nailed hands to cradle his large breasts in a very unladylike manner.

"Why wouldn't the operation go ahead, Penny?" Emiliana asked, feigning confusion. "It's been booked for weeks. Oh, and don't look now, but you've got Mr Blue Shirt all worked up. Seems like he's got a bit of a monster down there."

Glancing at the man and noticing a bulge at the top of his pant leg, Ethan let out a small squeal before looking down at his hands cradling his breasts and releasing a louder one. In a panic, he quickly dropped his hands and lowered his head, feeling his cheeks heat up beneath the layers of makeup.

"Well, after that show, I guess you like him too," Emiliana declared gleefully. "You go and enjoy yourself, birthday girl. After all, if this is going

to be your last night as Penny, you might as well go out with a bang." Laughing, Emiliana turned and walked away, leaving Ethan at the mercy of the grinning man striding over with a look of lust in his dark eyes.

Chapter 15

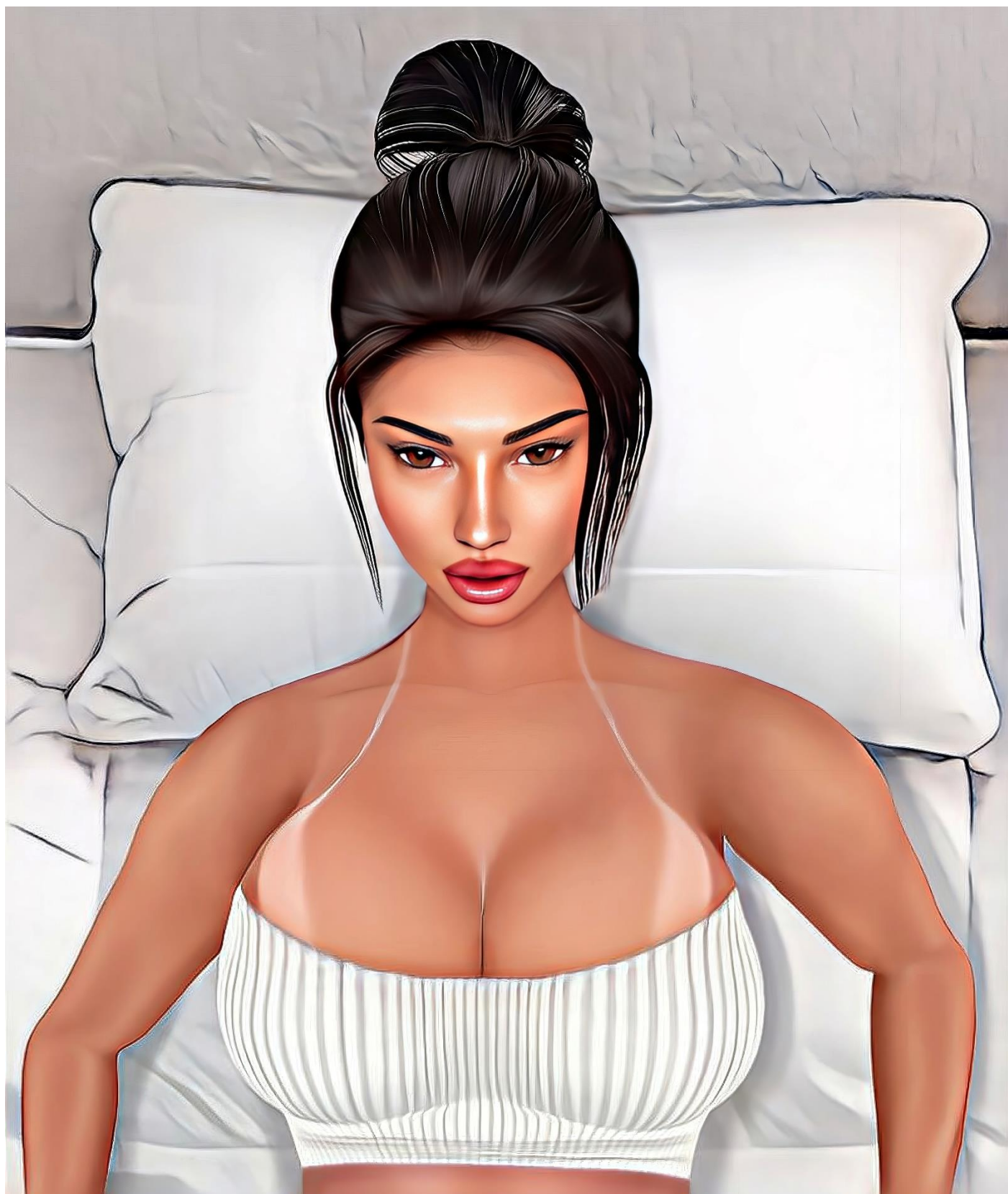
As Ethan's eyes fluttered open, a figure loomed overhead. For a split second, he couldn't remember his surroundings - until it hit him: the hospital. A faint smile graced his lips as he recalled the surgery to remove his implant, finally granting him the chance to get back Ava and resume his life.

However, his flicker of hope rapidly disintegrated when the mysterious figure came into focus. The first thing he observed was a chilling grin on what seemed to be a woman's face. As the backdrop materialized, Ethan realized he wasn't in a hospital recovery room at all - instead, he found himself in a hotel room.

A chilling realization struck him as he recognized the sinister smile belonged to Emiliana. Something was terribly wrong. His face felt rigid and peculiar, as though frozen in place, and his skin felt taut around his nose and cheeks.

Summoning every ounce of strength, Ethan pressed his palms into the plush mattress, managing to elevate his weary body by a few inches. Horror washed over him as he confirmed his worst fears - the colossal implants on his chest remained, and from what he could sense, so did the ones in his buttocks.

"What...? Why...?" Ethan croaked, his words emerging raspy and parched.



"Welcome back, Ethan," Emiliana purred, her voice dripping with smugness. "You seem disoriented, sweetheart. Don't worry, I'll catch you up on what's been happening while you slept."

Ethan's eyes widened in terror as he stared at Emiliana, his heart pounding. "You lied," he uttered, his voice lacking the force he intended. "You said these were going to be removed," he added, staring down in horror at his large chest.

"But they were, my dear Ethan," Emiliana declared, her tone laced with amusement at his anguish and bewilderment. "Once you regain your strength and can examine yourself, you'll find your new implants are slightly smaller and much lighter than the previous ones."

Emiliana paused, her grin fixed on Ethan, whose exhausted mind raced to comprehend the unfolding situation. "You see, Ethan, I'm not a liar, like you. The contents of your chest and backside were indeed removed and replaced with standard implants."

"The contents?" Ethan echoed, a dreadful sensation sinking in the pit of his stomach.

"Drugs!" Emiliana revealed, her laughter deep and sinister. "Isn't it poetic? I've transformed you into the very thing you fought so desperately to escape. I've made you a mule - a large vessel hidden in plain sight to transport our product to the North American market. To everyone else, you'll appear as a rich, privileged bimbo - the last person a customs agent would suspect or think to search."

"What?" Ethan's voice barely escaped his lips as a knot tightened in his stomach. It was challenging to grasp Emiliana's words as his mind desperately searched for any silver lining.

"Oh, sweetheart," Emiliana taunted, her voice dripping with mockery. "You seem a bit stunned, but don't worry, there'll be plenty of time for it to sink in as we get you ready for your trip."

"My trip?" Ethan stammered, his gaze locked on Emiliana in terror.

"Yes, your trip back to Mexico," Emiliana retorted, smirking. "We need to restock. Most of the preparations are done," she continued, delighting in revealing the intricate details of her plan that had unfolded while Ethan had unknowingly complied. "While you were unconscious, we saved time by dyeing your hair and modifying your face to match your new identity."

"My new identity? What have you done to my face?" gasped Ethan, raising his hands to explore his altered features while too appalled to even notice the striking red fingernails adorning each hand.

"For this trip, you're Fernanda Diaz," proclaimed Emiliana nonchalantly. "After all, we don't want to raise suspicions on your way back. A new identity is the simplest solution."

Prodding a sharp nail into his cheek, Ethan was at a loss for how to respond. His mind felt as numb as his face. Everything he had ever worked to achieve in his life had seemingly just been snatched away.

"Come now, Fer," commanded Emiliana firmly. "It's time to get you ready. If you're a good girl, when we get back, we'll release your girlfriend."

"Ava!" exclaimed Ethan, the memory of why he had tolerated this insanity for so long suddenly flooding back. "How do I know you're telling the truth?"

"When have I ever lied to you?" retorted Emiliana, her glare piercing her feminized former fiancé.

Unable to conjure an example, Ethan heaved a heavy sigh and lowered his gaze. He felt sick to his stomach and yearned to collapse in tears but knowing that the only thing it would achieve would be further humiliation, he somehow resisted.

Ethan sat motionless, his eyes staring blankly into space as he focused on not breaking down and giving Emiliana the satisfaction of seeing him cry. After showering and changing into a bright pink mini skirt and tube top set, he was now sitting in the centre of the room where he had awoken, waiting for the woman who had just painstakingly applied a set of eyelash extensions to his weighty eyelids to return with her curling iron.



In the corner of the room, Emiliana sat scrolling through her phone. Ethan refused to look at her; his revulsion for her had reached a level he never

thought possible for another human being. She had utterly destroyed his life! Not only transforming his body to a point of no return but also turning it into a living drugs container. Hell, he didn't even recognize the person in the mirror when he entered the bathroom earlier! With further facial fillers and Botox, his face now appeared rounder yet somehow more defined, while his nose was broader and more prominent. The cascade of dark hair flowing from his scalp completed the image, making him appear, to the eyes of an onlooker, every inch the sexy little Latina girl he was, for all intents and purposes, supposed to be!

Chapter 16

With a gentle touch, Rita, the skilled beautician hired by Emiliana, removed the towel from Ethan's head and began to style his long, dark hair, running her fingers through the silky strands. Emiliana, seated on the other side of the room in a luxurious armchair, glanced up from her phone, her lips curling into a wry smile as she observed his unwilling transformation.

"You know, Ethan," Emiliana said, relishing in her words, "once you get back to Mexico, you'll be staying in the house we were supposed to share after getting married. The charming, picturesque house in the town where I grew up, surrounded by all my loving family."

Glaring at his former fiancé through the mirrored surface, Ethan's eyes narrowed in anger and frustration. "I can't believe you're doing this, Emiliana. Please, I know I hurt you, but this isn't you. This isn't the woman I once loved."

"Oh, they're all looking forward to seeing you again, my dear," she continued, delighting in his discomfort and ignoring his pleas. "They've been asking about you for years, and now they'll finally get to meet the new and improved version of you."

"Please, Emiliana, stop this madness! It's not too late to release Ava and leave us alone," Ethan begged, locking eyes with the Latina woman through the mirror, his voice trembling with desperation.

Emiliana laughed at his plea, her voice cold and cruel. "Oh, it's far too late for that, Ethan. Your fate was sealed the day you left me at the altar to face the wrath of my unforgiving father."

As Rita started on Ethan's makeup, applying dark eyeshadow and thick mascara to emphasize his eyes, as well as contouring his cheeks and nose to further feminize his face, Emiliana revealed more of her plans for him. "Once your makeup is done, you'll dress in the sexy little outfit I've picked out just for you. It's a tight, curve-hugging dress with a floaty little skirt that will leave no doubt about your new identity. You'll totter your way to the car waiting downstairs in your high heels to take you to the airport and board a flight back to Mexico. And I'll be there to see you off, taking immense delight in witnessing your departure."

Ethan's chest tightened with anxiety, his breaths growing shallow, but he remained silent, listening to her every word.

"Perhaps then," Emiliana continued, her voice cold and unforgiving, "you'll finally understand what it's like to be betrayed by the one you loved and trusted the most, and to be thrust into a life you didn't want without choice."

Placing down a tube of lip gloss, Rita stepped back, signalling the end of Ethan's makeover. As he stared into the mirror, he didn't recognize the person looking back at him. His eyes were dark and defined, his lips glossy and red, and his hair full and shiny. The tight, pink tube top squeezing his augmented chest into an eye-catching cleavage only intensified his sense of vulnerability. The forced femininity Emiliana had imposed upon him was now complete, and the physical transformation only intensified the mental

turmoil he was experiencing, leaving him feeling helpless and trapped in his new body.



Ethan, now Fernanda Diaz, moved through the airport with an air of exhaustion. His body was heavy, wrapped inside a dress that clung to his curves, and his mind was a whirlwind of emotions. He was mentally and physically drained from the entire ordeal. His every step was shaky as he struggled to balance on the towering blue platform pumps that Emiliana had chosen for him. His ankles wobbled, and he occasionally had to hold onto walls or railings for support. Each step was a painful reminder of his transformed body, his calves aching, and his toes numb from the position they were forced to reside in.

He had just passed through security, feeling more distraught than ever. Ethan had been hoping that they would have stopped him with his fake passport. He had prayed they would see through his disguise and false identity, refusing to let him fly. But instead, it had been a quite straightforward affair as he checked a suitcase containing who knows what and passed through security. The only inconvenience had been that he was forced to remove his embarrassingly high shoes to plod through the x-ray machine on his pantyhosed feet for a pat-down. Normally, the stares of the people would have been humiliating, but the memory of Emiliana smiling and waving him off was seared into his memory – the evil look in her eyes, the beaming smile on the lips he used to fantasize about kissing.

Ethan's heart pounded in his chest, the now familiar sensation of his enhanced breasts rising and falling with every breath. He stopped, pushing a strand of dark curled hair out of his face, struggling to see through the bulk of his fake, fluttering eyelash extensions. His injected, pouty lips fell into a frown as he looked up at the flight information screen, reading the gate number for his impending flight to Mexico. The reality of his situation was sinking in, the uncertainty and fear overwhelming him as he imagined the unfamiliar faces and places awaiting him in Emiliana's hometown, all while trapped in this new, feminine identity.

As he continued on through the crowded airport, he couldn't help but feel the gazes of strangers on him, scrutinizing his appearance. He wished he could just disappear, but there was no turning back now. Every step was a step closer to the nightmarish future Emiliana had designed for him, and he couldn't help but wonder how he would survive the ordeal.

The sounds and smells of the busy airport added to Ethan's discomfort and stress. Overhearing whispers and seeing the expressions on the faces of other travellers, he felt more exposed and vulnerable than ever. Alongside the fear and uncertainty, he experienced anger, resentment, and despair as he contemplated his situation.



As he fought against the releasing a tear from his heavy, makeup-covered eyes, one faint glimmer of hope kept Ethan moving forward, the hope that Emiliana would keep her word and release Ava. He had been put through so much, and if there was even the smallest chance that Ava could be free, he was determined to endure his punishment, no matter how humiliating or painful, for the sake of Ava's freedom. It might be too late for him to regain his old life, and he knew he couldn't change his past mistakes, but he could still try to make things right for the woman he loved.

Chapter 17

Ethan and Hector walked through the lush gardens surrounding the house, the vibrant colours of the flowers almost blinding. The warm Mexican sun beat down on them as they navigated the uneven paths. Ethan's long black hair, piled atop his head in a messy bun, swayed gently with each step in his challenging cork wedges.

"So, Fernanda," Hector began, a smirk on his face as he addressed Ethan by his forced feminine name. "How are you today? Do you have everything you need?"

Ethan played along, trying to keep his tone light. "Oh yes, I have everything a girl could possibly want," he replied, sarcasm dripping from his words.

Hector eyed Ethan's new appearance, a tight spaghetti strap black mini dress with a poppy design and a plunging neckline that showed off his surgically enhanced chest. He couldn't help but notice the slight pinkish hue of Ethan's plump lips, a result of the treatments he had been forced to endure. "You know, you've become a stunningly beautiful woman," he said, trying to rattle Ethan further.

Ethan couldn't help but fire back a defiant retort. "You're rather handsome yourself, Hector, if you're into that '90s boyband trying to look tough look," he said, a smile playing on his plump lips.



Hector's smile faltered, and he warned Ethan, "Watch your tongue, Fernanda."

"Or what?" Ethan replied, chuckling, unafraid. "What more can you possibly take from me that you haven't already?"

Since arriving in Mexico ten days ago, Ethan had become accustomed to his daily walks with Hector. He wasn't sure what the Mexican man got out of it, but for him, it was at least an opportunity to have a conversation even if it was with a man he despised.

After being greeted at the arrivals gate by a large, bearded man and driven three hours into the Mexican countryside, he was now a prisoner on Emilia and Hector's family estate on the outskirts of an averagely large city, a place he had visited many years ago as Emiliana's fiancé. His living quarters weren't exactly your typical barred cell; in fact, the small apartment in the bottom half of the gardens contained everything a young woman could dream of: a femininely decorated space with luxurious furniture and modern gadgets, a closet full of designer clothes and shoes, and a private pool to lounge by. However, Ethan, with his different set of chromosomes, didn't want to be surrounded by feminine décor, he didn't want a closet full of tight-fitting clothing and torturously high heels that painfully reminded him of his transformation, and he certainly didn't want to reinforce his feminine tan lines while security guards stared on as he sat by the pool, feeling the tight fabric of his swimsuit cling to his reshaped body.

Unfazed by Ethan's defiance, Hector continued, "In a few days, there will be a gathering at the main house. All the family will be there to greet you."

Ethan grunted and nodded, focusing on carefully navigating a set of steps on his angled feet, the brightly coloured straps of the ramped shoes biting into his skin with every step, a sensation he was used to at this point.

"You'll meet with the boss," Hector added, "And you'll learn what you'll have to do next."

"And how is your father? Still as grumpy and mean as ever?" Ethan asked, nervous to be put on display in front of everyone but happy that his days of aimlessly wandering the ground weren't seemingly coming to an end.

Hector chuckled. "Look at this beauty," he said, pointing to a delicate, vibrant bloom. "It only appears once a year. You should be grateful to witness it."

In the living room, Ethan paced nervously, the towering green platform pumps biting into his sore feet with every step, feeling utterly ridiculous in his current outfit. The black dress hugged his curves tightly, the red belt accentuating his narrow waist, while the floral design on the flap covering his breast and the hem added an extra touch of femininity. His silky black hair, voluminous and reaching the centre of his back, was adorned with colourful ribbons that seemed to mock him with every sway.

He couldn't shake the memory of the day's embarrassing events, where he had been dressed up by a maid and then paraded around the outside patio

area to meet and greet all the family members. Many of them he had met before, back when he was Emiliana's fiancé and still a man. The humiliation was palpable, their smirks and mocking gazes boring into him as he tottered along the row, his heart pounding in his chest.

As if that wasn't bad enough, he was now alone in the family living room, waiting to meet the boss, Hector's father. Would the man berate him for running away all those years ago, leaving not only his daughter but also taking a significant amount of the man's cash? Ethan's immaculately manicured hands trembled, the dramatic makeup on his face - long, dark lashes and plump, shiny pink lips - doing little to conceal his fear.

The door to the living room creaked open, and Ethan turned, bracing himself for the appearance of a bald-headed Mexican man with a large, curled moustache. But instead, he was met with a shocking revelation: the figure that entered the room was not the imposing patriarch he expected, but a woman he knew all too well - Emiliana!

Ethan stared at Emiliana, his face a mixture of confusion, surprise, and fear. His long, sultry lashes fluttered in a mix of disbelief and anxiety, while his, shimmering pink lips trembled as he spoke. "What are you doing here?" he asked, his voice quivering.

Emiliana smirked, her eyes shining with amusement as she crossed her arms, clearly enjoying the control she had over the situation. "Isn't it obvious, Ethan? I thought you were smarter than this. How do you think I was able to organize this incredible transformation for you, turning you into the stunning, feminized version of yourself?"



"No, it can't be," Ethan stammered, his eyes darting around the room, searching for an escape from the reality he faced. "You're the boss of the family now?"

Emiliana confirmed it with a slow, deliberate nod. "Yes, that's right."

Ethan's mind raced, his heart pounding in his surgically enhanced chest. "Where's your father?"

"Dead," Emiliana replied nonchalantly, her eyes cold as she recounted the story of how the old man had died of a heart attack. "With Hector not interested in handling the family affairs directly, I stepped in to take over."

Shellshocked and unsteady, Ethan stumbled on his towering platform pumps, the thin stiletto heel catching on a rug as he struggled to regain his balance.

Emiliana commented on Ethan's shoes, a wicked grin spreading across her face. "I know those are difficult to walk in. They're the same ones I wore the evening you came to this very house to meet my family, all those years ago. Do you also recognize your dress? It's also the same one I wore that evening. When I came out of the bathroom wearing it, you told me that I looked gorgeous. But I knew you'd look equally as gorgeous in it. In fact, you probably look better than I ever did." She laughed, her eyes sparkling with mischief.

"No," Ethan wailed, his fingers gripping the smooth fabric of the dress encasing his feminized body, desperation in his voice. "This can't be! Emiliana, what the hell have you done? This is beyond sick!"

"It's poetic, that's what it is," Emiliana replied, chuckling. "And things are about to get a lot more fun. Fernanda still has a few things left to do before I'm done with you and your vain girlfriend."

Ethan screamed, his silky black hair with colourful ribbons flying around his face as he moved. "You promised to let Ava go! Where is she?"

Emiliana's expression remained cold, her eyes narrowing. "I'll keep my promise if you keep yours. Starting with going back outside and being the perfect little guest at our family dinner. You'll listen to grandma's stories and laugh at Hector's dumb jokes."

Distraught, his full, glossy lips trembling, Ethan looked Emiliana in the eyes. "Then what?" he mumbled, breathing in deeply.

Emiliana smirked, the corners of her mouth curling up with cruel satisfaction. "Hector will explain that tomorrow over dinner, he has a lot to discuss with you. But that's a future conversation, so take a moment to re-gloss those lips, slap on a smile and get back out there, girl. There's still lots of fun to be had tonight."

Chapter 18

In the quiet solitude of the detached cottage at the garden's bottom, Ethan prepared himself for the night. The cottage, a constant reminder of his new reality, served as both his sanctuary and prison. It was an echoing chamber of solitude, filled only with the sound of his resigned sighs and the dull clacking of his heels on the wooden floor. His room, a cocoon of imposed femininity, housed a vanity mirror that bore witness to his transformation.

The shower ritual was a surrender, a bitter acceptance of his altered state. Warm water cascaded down his transformed form as he meticulously shaved every trace of masculinity away. His skin, now soft and smooth, felt foreign beneath his fingers, a grim reminder of the enforced feminization.

After patting himself dry with a plush towel, Ethan moved to moisturize his freshly shaven skin. Each stroke, each application of lotion, was an intimate acknowledgement of his altered form. The fabric of his thong-like panties was both unnerving and all too familiar, a constant reminder of his loss and submission as it nestled uncomfortably between his enlarged cheeks.

The tight black leather skirt came next, its hem flirtatiously brushing the tops of his thighs and leaving a vast expanse of bare, smooth leg exposed. A matching leather top accentuated his feminized form, putting his enhanced chest and exposed midriff on full display.

Before the vanity, he studied his reflection. His eyes, adorned with long, thick eyelash extensions, stared back at him. His hands, guided by the muscle memory of numerous forced transformations, moved with a

practised ease he detested. He defined his arched eyebrows, added depth to his eyes with shadow and eyeliner, and enhanced the lashes with mascara. The makeup was expected, demanded of him. Under a light dusting of rouge, his cheeks blushed, and his lips bloomed a dark pink with the application of lipstick and gloss.

His hair, once a symbol of his masculinity, was now a flowing, waist-length symbol of femininity. As he brushed the black locks, they shimmered under the light, while the heavy hoop earrings swung with his movements, their weight a constant pull against his lobes.

The final touch was a pair of black platform sandals. Their towering heels added to his discomfort and insecurity. Despite the biting straps and precarious height, he knew he had no choice but to wear them.

Turning to face the mirror, the reflection staring back was no longer his own. It was Fernanda, the feminized version of himself that he'd been forced to become. His heart ached with the loss of pride, independence, and identity. The pain of losing his masculinity was raw and biting. And yet, he couldn't tear his gaze away. The transformation was horrifyingly complete. His heart throbbed with an overwhelming sadness. This wasn't just dressing up; it was a complete surrender, a surrender to a reality he could no longer evade.



A sharp knock on the door interrupted his contemplation. "Come in," Ethan called out, his voice soft and feminine. A burly security guard, a face he'd seen around but whose name he'd never learned, pushed the door ajar. "Time to go, miss," the guard mumbled, his eyes pointedly avoiding Ethan's.

"I'll be right out," Ethan replied, his voice steady despite the whirlwind of emotions within him. The guard grunted in acknowledgement, closing the door behind him as he retreated.

In the sudden solitude, Ethan took a deep breath, filling his lungs to capacity and holding it for a moment before exhaling slowly. His nerves thrummed like live wires beneath his smooth, moisturized skin, but he drew strength from the silent solitude of his room.

His gaze fell upon the black leather handbag hanging on the back of the door. A small act of defiance bubbled up within him. The bag, an accessory he didn't need as it housed no keys or money, was only there to accentuate his feminized appearance. Deciding to leave it behind was a tiny rebellion, but one that ignited a spark of confidence within him.

Tossing his glossy black hair over his shoulder, Ethan straightened his posture, feeling the pull of the tight leather top against his enhanced chest. The click of his platform heels echoed loudly in the room as he tottered towards the door, his heart pounding like a drum against his ribcage.

Leaving the handbag hanging on the door, he stepped out of the safety of his room, ready to confront whatever the night had in store for him.

Bathed in the glow of the city's twinkling lights, Ethan and Hector were deposited at an upscale cocktail bar nestled in the heart of the city by their chauffeur-driven car. The bar exuded polished elegance with its sleek, marble countertop stretching seemingly endlessly, reflecting the dim, atmospheric lighting. Rows of tall stools draped in rich brown leather stood tall and intimidating, as if challenging the pair to ascend them.

Their solitude in the room hung like a suspenseful whisper, suggesting an exclusive reservation - a characteristic display of Hector's extravagance. As Ethan manoeuvred to mount one of the stools, the constraints of his tight leather skirt became glaringly obvious. His movements were restricted by the minuscule skirt and towering platform heels, creating a clumsy dance of painstaking effort.

The transition from standing to seated was a series of tense, careful adjustments, made considerably more difficult by the extensive transformation Ethan had undergone. Each restrained gesture amplified his femininity, from the swish of his glossy, long hair to the reluctant bend of his shapely legs constricted within the skirt's snug embrace.

Hector, in stark contrast, embodied masculine ease. His dark blue shirt moulded to his muscular frame, enhancing his commanding presence. His hair, slicked back neatly, radiated an air of self-assuredness that was all too typical of him.

Settled at last, Hector offered Ethan a glance of amused interest, his smug expression mirrored in the marble bar top. "You're looking...exceptional tonight, Fernanda," he smoothly complimented, his voice an undercurrent of insinuation.

Ethan met his gaze with a glare, his thick eyelashes fluttering in quiet defiance. "Enough with the flattery, Hector. Can we cut to the chase?"

Laughing softly, Hector replied, "Can't a man simply enjoy an evening with his...date?" He let the last word linger, an open challenge to Ethan's poise.

Although shaken, Ethan maintained his steely exterior, returning Hector's gaze unflinchingly. "Quit the games, Hector."

Hector merely laughed in response, retrieving a small, ornate box from his pocket. He placed it onto the bar, his gaze locked onto Ethan's. "Open it," he instructed.

Ethan's gaze dropped to the box, an uncomfortable unease gnawing at him. His acrylic nails scraped against the box's glossy surface as he fumbled to pry it open. The clasp finally surrendered, revealing a glistening engagement ring. Its diamond seemed to taunt him, its sparkle mirrored in Ethan's shocked eyes. Looking up at Hector, he asked, his voice barely above a whisper, "Is this some kind of joke, Hector?"

The silence that enveloped the deserted cocktail bar was deafening as Ethan stared at the engagement ring nestled in the box before him. It was hauntingly familiar, a cruel reminder of a time when he had knelt before

Emiliana, Hector's sister, and offered her the same ring. A memory now distorted into a terrifying parody as the same ring was presented to him.

"Why give me this, Hector?" Ethan asked, his voice barely a whisper. "I'm... I don't understand," Ethan stammered, his hands trembling. His long, acrylic nails clicked against the bar, their rhythm a chaotic mirror to his fraying nerves.

Hector's smug smile deepened as he leaned back in his stool, his muscular frame highlighted by the tight shirt he wore. "I'm offering you a choice, Fernanda," he said, emphasizing Ethan's new name.

Ethan blinked, his thick eyelashes fluttering. "Choice? What choice?"

Hector's top lip curled into a cruel smile. "Two options," he began. "One, you marry into the family. Become Fernanda for good, deliver our goods back and forth across the border, using your... well, your new attributes. Ava will be released, and she can live her life."

Ethan felt a tremor run through him, the fear evident in his wide eyes. His breath hitched, his chest - now large and feminine - rising and falling in sharp jerks. The prospect of continuing this life indefinitely made him sick. "And the other option?" He finally managed to ask, his voice breaking.

Hector nonchalantly placed the plane ticket on the bar. "The ticket is for you, Fernanda. You use it and you're free. But in doing so, you condemn Ava to a life of hardship and misery."

His words hung in the air, their weight pressing down on Ethan as he tried to digest them. He looked from the ring to the plane ticket, his mind racing

as he grappled with the implications of the choice he was being forced to make. His feminine exterior, the tight leather skirt hugging his hips, the platform sandals encasing his dangling feet, felt like an oppressive shroud, amplifying his vulnerability.

Ethan's chest tightened, a knot of fear and dread constricting his breathing. This was madness. He looked at Hector, his expression mirroring his disbelief. "This is sick, Hector. How am I supposed to choose between these?"

Hector merely shrugged, motioning to stand up, "Well, Fernanda, it's up to you. You can be selfish, like you were with Emiliana, or you can put Ava first."

As Hector stood up, Ethan felt a wave of panic wash over him. "Where are you going?" He cried as he spun around on his stool.

"Just to the bathroom, Fernanda," Hector chuckled. "Want to join me?" He added with a grin, making Ethan blush. "Why don't you order yourself a strong drink. It will help calm your nerves."



Left alone in the dimly lit bar, Ethan was left to face the cruel dilemma before him. His feminized body, encased in its tight clothing, felt heavier as he grappled with the reality of his situation. His future laid bare in front of him - sacrifice or freedom.

Chapter 19

The morning sunlight bathed the quaint, stone building nestled within the church grounds in a warm glow. In the distance, the ominous spire of the church pierced the clear blue sky, a daunting reminder of the impending ceremony.

Standing before the stained glass windows of the small building, Ethan was a reluctant spectacle of bridal beauty. He clutched a bouquet of blush-pink flowers, their soft petals trembling slightly in the early morning breeze.

The day had begun at dawn, with a squadron of determined women intent on transforming him into the picture-perfect bride. Their seasoned hands skillfully applied layers of foundation, blush, eyeshadow, and lipstick. Others teased and pinned his long black hair into a sophisticated updo. A sparkling tiara held his veil in place, and his freshly manicured nails, each an inch long in a square-tip, French style, shone brightly against the bouquet.

His dress, a mermaid-style gown of white lace and taffeta, clung to his feminized form, its low-cut bodice showcasing his artificially enhanced cleavage. The bridal lingerie, replete with lace stockings and a delicate garter belt, accentuated his figure further. Towering, strappy platform sandals bound his feet, forcing him to totter with each step.

Hector, donning a dark blue suit, stood by his side, his stern features softening as he took in Ethan's transformation. He looked every bit the proud escort, ready to walk Ethan down the aisle and give him away.

The familiarity of Hector's presence brought no comfort. Rather, it amplified the cruel irony of the situation. Ethan now stood dressed as a bride in the same church grounds where he was supposed to marry Hector's sister Emiliana years ago. Yet this time, he was about to wed a man he hadn't met.



As he glanced through the door, the looming church, about a hundred meters away, felt alarmingly close. His heart pounded in his chest, its slow, steady rhythm a stark contrast to the whirlwind of emotions swirling within him.

A gust of wind breezed in, slightly lifting the hem of his dress and tugging at his veil, pulling him back to the present. With one last look at the distant church, he turned to Hector and nodded before taking the first step towards the unknown.

Each step in his towering stilettos was a challenge, but Ethan moved with as much grace as he could muster, the sound of his heels clicking against the stone pathway echoing in his ears. His heart pounded relentlessly in his chest, the reality of the situation weighing heavily on his shoulders.

Inside the church, a congregation waited, oblivious to the fear gnawing at the heart of the beautiful bride. As Ethan approached the entrance, a soft prayer slipped from his painted lips, a plea for strength to face what awaited him at the end of that aisle.

As the ancient wooden doors of the church creaked open, Ethan, guided by Hector's unyielding grip on his arm, stepped into the sprawling expanse of the sacred sanctuary. Immersed in the warm glow of sunlight streaming through stained glass windows, an array of pews stretched out before them, sparsely populated by a sea of largely unfamiliar faces interspersed with only a few recognizable individuals.

The rhythmic click of towering stilettos echoed harmoniously against the marble aisle, resonating in tandem with Ethan's rapidly pounding heart. He

navigated the path with a meticulous grace, the whisper-thin layers of his skirt rustling faintly with each measured step. His veil, neatly tucked behind a sparkling tiara, framed his elaborately adorned face for the curious onlookers.

A hushed silence blanketed the congregation, their intrigued gazes fixated on Ethan. The grandiose architecture of the church, the distinctive scent of aged wood mixed with incense, and the subdued murmur of the organ music melded into a moment imbued with surreal eeriness.

Hector's low voice sliced through Ethan's whirlwind of thoughts. "Breathe, Fernanda," he advised, the straightforward directive infusing a fleeting sense of calm into Ethan's escalating anxiety.

Inhaling the musty scent of the antiquated church, Ethan refocused his attention on the looming altar. Its sight triggered a flood of dread, the stark reality of his situation pressing down on him. There, in the dim light of the church, stood the priest, a familiar face from a past life. Beside him was a man who was about to become an intimate part of Ethan's future.

The stranger was of an average stature, dressed in a well-tailored suit. His shoulder-length black hair was slicked back, and a stereotypical Mexican moustache framed his stern mouth. As Ethan's eyes locked with his soon-to-be husband's, his heart pounded in his chest. His grip on Hector's arm tightened, his knees threatening to buckle under the enormity of the situation.

Upon reaching the altar, Hector relinquished his arm, leaving Ethan to make the final steps towards the stranger under the intense gaze of the

congregation. The strain of maintaining his balance in the sky-high stilettos made his legs tremble, the towering height adding to the weight of the surreal moment, yet he stood tall. His posture was a testament to his resilience, a silent defiance despite the uncanny circumstances.

As Hector receded into the crowd and the last notes of the bridal march echoed around the vast church, an oppressive silence descended. A collective intake of breath filled the space as everyone awaited the commencement of the ceremony. Ethan, adorned in a stunning wedding dress and clutching a bouquet of pink flowers, stood ready to marry a man he'd just met.

The echoes of the priest's solemn voice reciting the marriage vows ricocheted off the stone walls of the church, the sanctity of the words a stark contrast to the cacophony of emotions roiling within Ethan. Standing in front of the altar, trapped in a body he did not recognize, about to marry a man whose name he did not know, felt grotesque.

His heart pounded like a war drum, the beat keeping time with the flow of the vows. Dressed in his tailored suit, the man beside him, a stranger with slicked-back hair and a moustache that twitched as he spoke, declared his intent to honour and cherish him. The man's voice was a gravelly contrast to the priest's, a raw edge to his words as he said, "I, Rafael, take you, Fernanda..."

Ethan shivered, hearing his new name echo in the vast expanse of the church, each syllable seeming to cement his new reality further. The man,

Rafael, finished with a firm, "I do," his dark eyes never wavering from Ethan's.

The priest then turned to Ethan, repeating the sacred vows again. Ethan felt his throat constrict. He was next. His eyes darted from the priest to Rafael and finally to the crowd.



Among the sea of unfamiliar faces, one stood out. Emiliana. Her face was a tapestry of emotions, the corners of her lips upturned in a bittersweet smile.

A silent plea for strength slipped from his painted lips as the memory of a simpler time with Emiliana flashed in his mind. They were supposed to be standing here together, as a man and woman, their lives entwined by love, not this cruel trick of fate.

His eyes flitted shut for a moment, Ava's innocent smile illuminating his mind. The memory of her laughter, her joy, bolstered him. This was not just about him anymore. It was about protecting Ava, about doing whatever it took.

Opening his eyes, Ethan nodded at the priest, who patiently waited. His heart felt heavy in his chest as he echoed Rafael's words. He felt the breath catch in his throat as he finished, "I, Fernanda, take you, Rafael..." The final words, "I do," came out as a whisper, a sorrowful acceptance of the path his life had taken.

The priest's proclamation cut through the tense silence, "I now pronounce you man and wife." The words hung heavy in the air. Rafael turned towards him, a triumphant smile playing on his lips. He reached out, grabbing Ethan, pulling him into a kiss that echoed through the stunned silence of the church.

Rafael's moustache scratched against his smooth skin, a harsh reminder of the reality he was now wedded to. A wave of disgust washed over him, but

he stood there, enduring the forced kiss as the crowd erupted into applause.

His face flamed as he pulled away, his painted lips smeared by Rafael's aggressive kiss. He blinked back tears, taking a deep breath as he realised that his transformation was complete. With a new set of veneers, his fingerprints burnt off, and an officially changed name, no one would ever again identify him as Ethan Morgan. He was Fernanda the married woman!

Chapter 20

As Ethan inked his new name onto the official documents, his fingers trembled. Each stroke was a final farewell to his former self, a tragic yet necessary act for the protection of Ava. With the last stroke of the pen, Ethan Morgan faded into the past, and Fernanda emerged from the illusion's shroud.

The chilling echo of applause following the signing of the papers permeated Ethan's heart. The wedding guests' jubilant faces became a blur in his vision. Rafael tightly gripped his hand. Their fingers intertwined in a paradoxical symbol of unity—Rafael's rough, calloused hand starkly contrasting Ethan's delicate, freshly manicured ones.

They emerged from the church, sunlight spilling over them, casting the scene in a bittersweet light. Ethan glanced downwards, attempting to see where he was stepping, his towering, strappy sandals concealed by the brilliant white skirt of his wedding gown.

The crowd's murmurs dwindled as they neared a vintage car adorned with tin cans and a banner proclaiming 'Just Married.' A hollow laugh slipped from Ethan's painted lips, the irony piercingly sharp.

Before entering the car, he was stopped, reminded of a lingering tradition—the bouquet toss. With a deep sigh, Ethan pivoted towards the crowd, holding the blush-pink bouquet aloft, his heavily made-up eyes catching sight of Emiliana's smiling face.

With a swift motion, Ethan hurled the bouquet towards his former fiancée. The crowd gasped, trailing the trajectory of the flowers as they somersaulted through the air, landing flawlessly in Emiliana's outstretched hands. Their eyes met across the sea of spectators, a silent conversation transpiring between them. If only circumstances were different, she would have been the one standing by his side.

Ethan turned back towards the car, feeling the bridal dress rustling around his legs, the delicate lace brushing against the stockings—a sensation strange and unfamiliar. His heart pounded rhythmically in his chest, keeping time with his heels clicking against the stone pathway.

Ethan leaned down to enter the car, his corset doing its best to prevent his entry. As the car's engine roared to life, the feminized man's thoughts circled back to the wedding, the vows, the kiss, and the applause. He shivered, recalling the feel of Rafael's moustache against his chin, his lipstick smeared in the aftermath of that forced kiss. His eyes landed on his reflection in the car window—Fernanda, the bride. No longer was it Ethan staring back, but a woman in a bridal gown, with cascading curls, a tiara, and a face artfully painted with makeup.

The once bustling crowd of the church had dispersed, replaced by the solitude of an ornate bedroom. The bright afternoon light streamed in through the glass door leading out to the balcony, illuminating Ethan

standing in the room's centre, his reflection mirrored back at him from an opulent, full-length mirror.

The women assisting him in preparation for the impending reception party downstairs in the family house stood around chatting, one of them gently placing his exquisite wedding gown on a hanger. This left Ethan balancing on his sky-high heels in nothing but his lingerie. The exquisite undergarments, fashioned from delicate lace and silk, adhered to his feminized form. The corset, cinched at his waist, highlighted his curves, creating an hourglass silhouette. His stockings, sheer and pristine white, were fastened to a garter belt encircling his prominent hips. Ethan was a vision of bridal elegance, yet the reflection that stared back at him felt like a stranger's.

His heart hammered relentlessly in his chest as he scrutinized his image. His long, mascara-coated lashes cast long shadows over his pronounced cheekbones. His lips, painted a soft shade of pink, held a matte finish, while a sprinkling of blush graced his cheeks, adding to the illusion. His hair, styled into loose curls, was arranged in a sophisticated updo, with a few tendrils framing his face.

Every detail screamed femininity, a stark contrast to the man he once was. The thought made his stomach churn. He felt adrift in this sea of satin and lace, overwhelmed by a reality he had not chosen.



The click of heels against the wooden floor disrupted his introspection. He turned to find Emiliana approaching. Dressed in a short black dress with a crisscross design that showcased her midriff, her dark hair gleaming in the light, she was a sight to behold. Her smile held an ironic twist, a knowing smirk that Ethan found inscrutable.

Asserting her commanding presence, she gestured for the women to exit. Like disciplined soldiers, they scurried out of the room, leaving him alone with Emiliana. A heavy silence draped the room as the door shut behind them, the tension in the air thick enough to slice through.

Emiliana's heels clicked once more as she sauntered towards him, her eyes sizing him up, her smirk never wavering. She began to circle him slowly, taking in the entirety of his transformation.

Ethan's heart pounded even harder, the silence suffocating him. His life, as he knew it, was over. The harsh reality of his situation crashed upon him like a tumultuous wave.

Emiliana shattered the silence, her voice reverberating through the room. "You look beautiful, Fernanda," she said, her voice low but clear, laced with a hint of satisfaction.

Ethan took in Emiliana's appearance, the smugness painted across her stunning face. "What are you doing here, Emiliana?" he asked, suspicion creeping into his tone. "Have you come to gloat?"



Emiliana laughed, a rich, melodious sound that bounced off the room's walls. She motioned towards a nearby white armchair, the antique design exquisite in its craftsmanship. "Sit, Fernanda," she instructed, emphasizing his new name.

Ethan glanced at the armchair and then back at Emiliana, a glimmer of defiance in his eyes. But, his aching feet won the internal battle. With an elegant sway of his hips, he moved toward the chair, the clip-clop of his heels punctuating each step. The relief washing over him as he sank into the plush cushion was nearly enough to distract him from the situation at hand.

Emiliana pulled a sleek tablet from her black handbag, the silver finish reflecting the sunlight streaming in from the balcony. She extended her arm, offering the device to Ethan.

He took the tablet, his long, manicured nails creating a stark contrast against the dark screen. His heart pounded in his chest as he contemplated the implications. "Is this about Ava?" he asked, his voice barely a whisper.

Emiliana simply replied, "Press play and you'll find out."

So, with trepidation prickling his skin, he did. His breath hitched, chest tightening as Ava's image filled the screen, looking disturbingly healthy and unharmed. Her hair once blonde now dark swept up into a high ponytail, her eyes devoid of the warmth he used to bask in, replaced by a serious stare. She was a vision of cold beauty, composed and distant, unlike the Ava he knew.

She started to speak, her voice as smooth as ice, holding no hint of the woman who once claimed to love him. A look of confusion crossed Ethan's beautifully made-up face.

"I'm sorry, Ethan," she began, her tone remarkably calm, almost as if she was reciting a rehearsed speech. His heart twinged at the mention of his real name, the past whispering like a ghost. "You were always such a sweet, naive man."

A harsh chuckle followed her words, her indifference rubbing salt into his fresh wounds. Ethan could feel his throat constricting, a heavy rock settling at the pit of his stomach. Each word was a cold blade, carving out pieces of his heart.

"I wasn't kidnapped, I wasn't in danger," Ava continued, her gaze unmoving, unfaltering. "I was offered the chance at a job, one with a life-changing sum of money attached to it. And, well, I took it."

Ethan's world spun, his reality crumbling around him. The confession felt like a brutal punch to his gut, knocking the air out of his lungs. The woman he had altered his whole existence to save was the architect of his downfall. His fingers tightened around the tablet, the sharp edge digging into his skin as if anchoring him to the cruel reality.

"Don't take it personally, Ethan. I never wished you any harm, it was just business, that's all," Ava finished, her voice frigid. Then she tilted her head, offering a chilling, insincere smile. "Have a nice life, Fernanda?" With that, the screen faded to black.

The finality of her words settled heavily in the room. Ethan was left grappling with the harsh reality, the bitter sting of betrayal coursing through his veins. His body felt numb, the echoing sound of Ava's cruel confession reverberating in his ears. The world seemed to slow down, every detail suddenly sharp, cutting deep into his soul. His eyes stung, his vision blurring as the magnitude of the betrayal overwhelmed him. The Ava he loved was never real, just a mercenary masquerading as a damsel in distress.

Ethan looked up from the screen, his vision blurred by the thick, mascara-laden lashes. His gaze fell upon Emiliana, her triumphant smile sending chills down his spine. The reality was bitter, a cruel twist of fate he hadn't expected.

He stuttered, struggling to form coherent words. The shock had gripped him, rendering him speechless.

"Oh, poor baby," Emiliana cooed, her voice laced with faux sympathy. "It doesn't feel nice being let down by the ones you love the most, is it? But don't you worry. After marrying my cousin Rafael, we're family now. And family looks after family." She paused, a devilish glint in her eyes. "So, why don't you change into your pretty party dress and finish getting ready? I'll see you downstairs in a few where we can discuss your new role in the family."

Her words hung in the air as Ethan clung to the tablet, his mind racing to comprehend the earth-shattering revelations. As Emiliana sashayed out of the room, Ethan was left to grapple with his new reality, the anticipation of the impending party amplifying the tension. He glanced at the mirror one

last time, his reflection staring back at him - the new version of himself, he was now forced to embrace.

Chapter 21

Ethan stood at the top of the family house's grand staircase, his heart pounding in his chest. Below, the murmur of voices, clinking of glasses, and occasional laughter echoed - all signs of a celebration he was central to, yet felt detached from. He turned his gaze towards Rafael, his new husband—a stranger in a sleek tuxedo and bow tie.

He had donned tuxedos before, but seeing one on Rafael stirred a deep longing. He yearned for the comfortable masculinity of tailored lines and silk ties, imagining a reality where he stood confidently in such attire, holding Emiliana's hand.

Yet, the present contrasted sharply with his imaginings. He was adorned in a breathtaking royal blue ball gown, a beacon of femininity in a reality that felt increasingly surreal. Glancing at his hand, the French manicure on his long, acrylic nails caught the light, as did the diamond ring gracing his finger. His fingers, once rugged, were now gentle and graceful.

When he placed his hand in Rafael's, the rough texture against his soft, manicured hand felt jarring. The diamond ring on his finger glistened, its light dancing around the room.

He could feel the light, elasticated mesh material of his gown encasing his arm, extending up to his almost bare shoulders. His ample breasts, the result of enhancement surgery, were on display due to the gown's deep V-neck. The dress clung to his naturally trim waist, cascading past his thighs

and flaring out in a mermaid style over his stockinged legs and down to his seven-inch platform pumps.

His feet throbbed in the towering heels, the uncomfortable angle a reminder of the transformation he had undergone. The soft fabric of the stockings against his legs, the garter belt resting gently against his hips, his entire body was an embodiment of femininity, each detail meticulously crafted to portray bridal beauty.

“Are you ready, Fernanda?” Rafael's voice, polite and indifferent, snapped him back to the present. Ethan nodded slightly, feeling the weight of his styled hair and the tiara nestled securely amongst the strands. He wasn't just dressed as a woman, he was a bride—Rafael's bride.

Ethan's breath hitched, caught in a vice of apprehension and fear, as he tentatively placed a foot on the first step of the grand spiral staircase. His hand was firmly ensnared in Rafael's grip, a secure yet cold anchor in the daunting descent that lay ahead. The towering heels that adorned his feet added an intimidating height, amplifying the grandeur of the staircase, making each forthcoming step feel as precarious as a tightrope walk. With each deliberate, measured movement, he could feel the shoes bite into his flesh, a constant reminder of the transformation he had undergone.

His heart pounded in his chest like a war drum, a rhythmic echo of his mounting anxiety. As he carefully manoeuvred down the grand staircase, his breathtaking royal blue gown billowed around him like a vast ocean wave, its vibrant hue amplified by the room's opulent chandeliers.

The grand ballroom came into view as they rounded the curve of the staircase. A sea of elegantly dressed guests, a sea of unfamiliar faces, their chatter a symphony of anticipation that suddenly died down to a respectful murmur. And then, it happened. The applause erupted, cheers reverberated around the grand hall as all eyes, hundreds of them, turned towards the newly married couple.

A crimson blush crept up Ethan's neck as he arrived at the bottom of the staircase, colouring his cheeks under the weight of the sudden, intense attention. A sense of vulnerability washed over him, chilling and inescapable. His heart pounded even harder, an erratic metronome in his chest. Each clap, each cheer, felt like a piercing reminder of the ruse he was living. The jubilation was not for Ethan, but for Fernanda, the beautiful bride he portrayed, a radiant image that was admired, celebrated, yet felt alien to him.



The next hour felt like an eternity, a dizzying whirlwind of unfamiliar faces offering their congratulations. He was paraded from guest to guest like a prized possession, toasting to a blissful union he never wished for, never imagined. His painted lips curved into a forced smile, a mask of joy and happiness painted over the torment beneath. The rehearsed gratitude flowed from his lips like a well-rehearsed script, but each uttered thank you felt like a betrayal of his true feelings.

The discomfort in his feet amplified with each step, the heels transforming into torturous devices. His feet throbbed, cried out for relief, but he was offered none. The gown felt heavy, its weight pulling on his shoulders, the constriction of the bodice making each breath a deliberate effort.

After a seemingly unending parade of polite small talk and forced smiles, he was finally led out of the room. His tired feet protested against the burden of his weight and the unnatural posture the towering heels imposed. The welcome respite came in the form of a grand office, a room noticeably cooler and quieter than the bustling ballroom.

Awaiting his arrival were Hector and Emiliana. Their presence filled the room with an electric tension, a sense of anticipation that threatened to strangle the remaining vestiges of Ethan's composure. His heart pounded once more, his breath hitched, and he prepared himself to face the next phase of this grand, elaborate charade.

"Sit down, Fernanda," Emiliana urged in a voice as smooth and deceptive as silk, masking her satisfaction with a pretense of politeness. With a grace that had become an ironic part of his being, Ethan complied, sinking into

the comfortable leather chair. The relief that flooded his feet was short-lived, overshadowed by the heaviness in his heart.

Emiliana cast a glance at him, a condescending smile curving her lips. "Oh, you really do make a beautiful bride, lover," she drawled, her words thick with mockery. Ethan remained silent, his apathy slicing through the room like a cold winter breeze. His heart was heavy, hopelessness echoing in his chest.

Emiliana, thriving on confrontation, couldn't bear the silence. "What's wrong, Fernanda? Cat got your tongue?" she asked, her tone sharp.

Ethan glanced at her, his face void of emotion. "What else is there to say? You've won, Emiliana. You've broken me... stripped me of everything."

Suddenly, Hector's voice, rough in contrast to the room's otherwise polished ambience, cut through the tension. "Had you thought twice before betraying the family, we wouldn't be here. Some aren't fortunate enough to live through such treachery!"

Hector's words hit Ethan like a punch to the gut, leaving him speechless. His eyes gravitated towards his glittering ring - a cruel reminder of the day's torment.

Emiliana's voice broke the silence, falsely cheerful. "I have to hand it to you though. You went through all this to save someone you loved and I respect that. Therefore I'm going to give you the chance to buy your freedom."

Ethan looked up, his gaze vacant. "And what's your price?"

Emiliana leaned back, her smile predatory. "A million US dollars."

Ethan barely reacted, a hollow laugh echoing in the room. "You find amusement in my misery, don't you?" His voice, barely audible, bore the mark of his defeat. "You know I don't have that kind of money."

Hector's deep baritone sliced through the charged atmosphere. He leaned forward, elbows resting on his knees, and looked at Ethan. The lamplight reflected off his dark eyes. "You're going to earn it," he announced, his severe certainty sending a chill down Ethan's spine.

Ethan's breath hitched, his gaze locked onto Hector's. "What?"

"You heard me, Fernanda," Hector said, his use of Ethan's new feminine identity underlining the severity of his words. "You're going to work for your freedom. You're going to become a mule for the family."

Ethan blinked, his mind reeling. The implications of Hector's words sank in - he was being asked to cross the US border, his body laden with narcotics. A stunned silence ensued.

"Each trip you make to the US and back will earn you twenty thousand dollars," Hector continued, his tone clinical. "The quicker you do it, the quicker you're free."

A torrent of thoughts rushed through Ethan's mind, each more horrifying than the last. His stomach twisted with fear and dread as the reality of his predicament landed with full force. The flutter of his lavish eyelash extensions, the unyielding platform heels that imprisoned his feet, and the swish of his tailored gown against his enhanced derriere - all these sensations felt sharply intensified.

His mind spun with thoughts that clashed like waves in a tumultuous sea. Self-pity, remorse, fear, and a sense of growing isolation gnawed at him from the inside. His lips, puffy and taut, remained in a firm line. His mind was a whirlwind of the repercussions of his choices, the drastic transformation of his life, and the daunting tasks ahead. He was not just Ethan anymore but Fernanda - a feminized drug mule caught in the ruthless whims of Emiliana and Hector.



Before Ethan could gather his thoughts, Emiliana's voice sliced through his stupor. "We'll start in a few days," she said nonchalantly. Her blood-red lips curled into a cruel smirk as she added, "After all, you'll first need time to get to know your new husband. If cousin Rafael is anything like the rest of the men in our family, you'll need some time to recover."

Emiliana's words cut deep, each implication stinging like a whip. His painted face, a canvas of carefully crafted femininity, masked the storm of horror beneath. The satisfaction mirrored in Hector's and Emiliana's eyes twisted the knife deeper. The magnitude of his new life bore down on him, a terrifying nightmare from which he couldn't escape. This was his reality now - a twisted game where he was the pawn. Emiliana's chilling laughter echoed around him, a grim reminder of the daunting path ahead. The knot in his stomach tightened as the shadows of his new existence loomed.

Chapter 22

Under the harsh fluorescent lights of the airport, Ethan queued at the check-in counter. His heart resonated as a hollow echo in his chest, the pulse a relentless reminder of the harsh reality he was compelled to endure. His once vibrant eyes were glazed over, reduced to dull, lifeless vessels. Every step he took required effort, every breath was a struggle. His feet, perched atop six-inch platform sandals, protested against the weight they bore, their straps gnawing into his flesh with an unyielding grip.

He glanced down at his figure, a surreal spectacle. Underneath a tiny denim jacket, a black stretchy minidress clung to him like a second skin. Its fabric emphasized the artificial curves that had been thrust upon him. His hands, delicate and femininely manicured, held the handle of a leather handbag. Their gentleness served as a mockery of his grim reality. He was the facade of a woman, an unwilling actor in a dark charade, his body made into an unwilling instrument for drug smuggling.

For the past year, his life had been an exhausting whirl of airports, customs officials, tense border crossings, and unending journeys between Mexico and the United States. Each trip represented a gamble, a risk of imprisonment. However, he found his fear of potential danger waning. Each successful journey, each stack of cash earned towards his supposed freedom, felt more like a chain constricting his soul.



The body enhancements, the transformations forced upon him, had begun to feel eerily normal. His body was becoming a perfect instrument of disguise and deception. Despite the meticulous concealment of the drugs, each journey brought a measure of dread. Weariness and numbness had become his constant companions. The once lively Ethan was now Maria, or Sofia, or another alias, a weary traveller on a desolate journey. The fear of capture had been replaced by a peculiar sense of resignation. He found himself yearning for discovery, craving the relief of exposure and the prospect of an end—even if that end was a prison cell.

The conversations around him faded into a monotonous hum, the bright lights dimmed, and the world beyond his personal purgatory grew increasingly distant. Every breath tasted of regret, every heartbeat was a countdown to an uncertain freedom.

All that was left of Ethan was Fernanda, the beautiful, feminized mule. Yet, underneath the perfectly contoured makeup, beneath the lustrous lipstick, behind the long, fluttery eyelash extensions, his haunted eyes told a different story. A tale of a man trapped in a life he never desired, imprisoned in a body that wasn't his own. The narrative of a spirit shattered by a cruel twist of fate yet, clinging onto a sliver of hope.

Ethan advanced towards the check-in counter, his platform sandals clomping loudly on the polished tile floor. His face wore a practised composure, concealing the internal upheaval. He handed over a glossy passport, its interior embossed with the name Ximena Garcia, to the

woman behind the counter. The name felt as alien to him as the woman in the passport photo, yet it was the only identity he had left.

"And where are we flying today, Miss Garcia?" she inquired, her professional smile as unreadable as the cold, tiled floor.

"Miami," he answered, his voice delicate yet firm, honed to perfection in its feminine lilt.

"And how long will you be staying?"

"Indefinitely. I'm... going home," he voiced, the fabrication sliding effortlessly from his lips. Yet, was it truly a fabrication? After all, he had spent more time in Miami over the past year than in his actual home.

The woman evaluated him from top to bottom, her scrutiny causing his skin to prickle. He held his breath as he noticed her eyes slightly narrowing.

"I'm afraid I may have some concerns about your ability to fly, Miss Garcia."

Ethan's heart thudded against his ribcage. Had they finally been caught? Emiliana and the family had been pushing the limits, demanding he transport more with each trip. It was inevitable their audacity would catch up with them, and it seemed that moment had arrived.

Maintaining a composure he didn't truly feel, Ethan opened his handbag, his lime green acrylic talons reflecting the harsh overhead lighting. He retrieved a folded piece of paper - a meticulously forged doctor's note - and handed it to the woman. As she unfolded it and began to read, Ethan's heart momentarily halted. Would it be sufficient to deceive her?

She examined the paper for what felt like an eternity before her features softened into a smile. "Okay, Miss Ramirez," she responded, sliding a boarding pass across the counter. "You are cleared to fly. However, should you experience any discomfort during the flight, be sure to inform a flight attendant immediately."

Ethan managed a relieved smile, the corners of his painted lips barely twitching as he thanked the woman. "Of course. Thank you," he said, collecting his passport and boarding pass.

The fleeting sensation of relief was quickly overshadowed by a shroud of despair as Ethan turned away from the counter. His smile vanished like a vapour trail. He trudged towards the gate, the rhythmic clack of his six-inch platform sandals echoing cavernously beneath the airport's high ceilings. Each step felt leaden, his mind weighed down by thoughts heavier than the illicit cargo he carried.

His long, glossy hair, as dark as a moonless night, swayed freely with his movements. The strands twirled around his neck, sending a light tickle along his collarbone. His backside, once flat and unassuming, now jiggled with every stride he took, laden with illicit substances. His surgically augmented breasts, each filled with their illegal quota, bounced as he walked, their motion creating a chafing sensation against the synthetic material of his dress. His sensitive nipples, rubbed raw by the coarse fabric, throbbed in protest.

The most disconcerting sensation, however, stemmed from the distended bulge of his abdomen. Its rounded form protruded like a grotesque

imitation of pregnancy designed to deceive the untrained eye. His stomach was packed to capacity, stretched to mimic a woman in the late stages of pregnancy—just beyond the 36 weeks cut-off for flying and nearly the cause of his detainment.

His hand instinctively caressed the curve of his artificial belly, an alien sensation under his manicured fingertips. He felt like an outsider within his own body, the man known as Ethan fading under the strain of his transformation.

His new feminized form stood in stark contrast to the man he had once been, each modification a grim testament to his survival. From his expertly contoured face, filled with Botox and framed by lush, plump lips, to his hourglass figure and manicured fingers, Ethan had become a masterpiece of reluctant transformation. Each reflection in the mirror presented a harsh reminder of the choices he had made, an incessant echo of a life he never desired.

Regret left a bitter taste in his mouth, the acidic sting of guilt gnawing at his conscience. He yearned for the simplicity of his past, a life devoid of tight minidresses and throbbing feet, a life where his body was truly his own.

The airport lights flickered as he trudged towards his gate, the worn-out fluorescent tubes humming a melancholic tune. With each passing month, Ethan sank deeper into this contrived persona, the man he used to be fading like an old photograph. Yet amid the barren landscape of his existence, a faint glimmer of hope cut through the foggy haze of regret.



A few more years, he thought, a few more years of playing the feminized mule, and he could reclaim his freedom. It was a grim price to pay for a life forfeited and then recaptured, but it was the only path he saw before him. His heart throbbed dully against his ribcage, laden with unvoiced dreams. But as he boarded the flight, Ethan clung to the fragile thread of hope, steeling himself for the turbulent years ahead.

The End