

## Ultra-Right vs. Ultra-Left

Theodore Emerson Smith, Theo for short, was nineteen and the son of Maximillian Stuart Smith or Dr. Max. Dr. Max was a self-proclaimed ultraconservative preacher known for his intense hatred of just about everybody not a staunch right wing WASP. His sermons of hatred were aimed primarily at the gay community and mixed race marriages. He claimed they were abominations before the eyes of God and should be eradicated from the face of the earth. It was not uncommon to see him and his small congregation picketing and demonstrating at veterans' funerals or outside gay or mixed race weddings. Due to Dr. Max's ravings and hate mongering, Theo found himself paying the ultimate penalty. He didn't pay with his life but death might have been preferable. This is his story.

Ooo

Theo stood next to his father, Dr. Max, clapping his hands to the sounds of the choir. He was much shorter, fatter and had little confidence compared to his six foot two, stout and ever confident father. Dr. Max wanted him to take over his duties during the Wednesday night services so he could concentrate on the more lucrative Sunday televised meeting. Early on Dr. Max was greatly influenced by the likes of Jimmy Swaggert, Jim and Tammy Baker. Using religion as a tool, he could amass a large amount of basically tax free dollars. Getting an on-line pastoral degree was all too easy, called himself Doctor and the rest history. All he had to do was find that special niche of people and preach to their beliefs. Being anti-gay and a racist, it didn't take him long to find the right and more importantly well to do congregation. The gold Rolex and two carat diamond pinky ring on his left hand proved he was successful. He was only there that night to watch his son give the sermon. A sermon he had written lambasting the latest court ruling overturning the State's gay marriage ban.

Sometime earlier a secretive group met to discuss Dr. Max and his vile teachings. His last demonstration had resulted in one of their own getting hit by an anonymous rock thrower. No one was arrested but the victim lost his right eye. This group consisted of a radical mix of very well to do gays who had more than enough of Dr. Max's interference and malicious behavior. They needed to come up with a plan that would bring that man down. So far down that he could never rise up again like some phoenix. After several meetings they finalized a way to achieve that goal.

Ooo

Thursday, one of the few days Theo could get away, he was unusually happy. He was going to see his steady girlfriend, Cheryl. She wasn't the smartest girl on the block but stacked like a brick shit house. Plus she loved to party and have fun. They had been dating at least once every week for the past three months. Tonight he hoped he would get lucky. The last time she let him do anything he wanted except penetrate her. She had told him she had scored some good weed and wanted to party.

Up until he turned nineteen his father kept a tight rein on his only child. Dr. Max wanted to make sure Theo understood what could happen if he was caught doing any kind of mischief. With Theo turning nineteen six months ago and finally ready to assume a major role in the family business, he eased up. Theo was mature enough not to get some local girl knocked up or other such foolish nonsense. What he did in the big city could be hushed or covered up if need be.

"I think tonight is going to be the night I lose my cherry," Theo thought getting into his old Chevy.

Theo, like his father was a dyed in the wool hypocrite and fraud. He couldn't take a chance on any of the congregation finding out about his personal life. As a result found his outlet in the next county where he could party, get drunk or stoned without discovery. While his folks had a modest 2,200 square foot house, they had a larger high rise penthouse where he was going. He had his own much smaller apartment in the same building and a new Corvette Stingray in its garage. He didn't need to be back until Friday afternoon to help his father with his Sunday sermon. All day Saturday would be spent setting up, refining the sermon and rehearsing for the big day. Yes, the big day, Sunday was telecast live nationwide on cable. Their stage director was a very talented showman and really gave the audience a show. It wasn't unusual to bring in half a million in donations after one of those shows.

It was almost a two hour commute but Theo didn't care. He loved the big city and its nightlife. As he drove down the highway, he kept imagining how great a night he was going to have. With Cheryl sitting in his Vet, the top down, her long blond hair flowing around her pretty face. He hoped she would be wearing that powder pink angora sweater that clung like a second skin over her big DD boobs. Later they would be back at his place, smoke some weed and then...and then. His musings were cut short as he felt some idiot bump into his rear end. Looking into the rearview mirror, he was blinded by the very bright headlights. It was pitch black outside and on a fairly deserted stretch.

"What the fuck!" he yelled rolling down his window and motioning the car to go around.

Instead of passing the car pulled up beside him, paused, then rammed into his front fender. He lost control and the Chevy crashed into a post holding up a three stranded barbwire fence. The air bags deploying was the last thing he remembered.

Ooo

Theo woke firmly restrained with tie wraps on wrists and ankles to a heavy oaken chair and his head covered in a black sack. He had a serious headache but otherwise felt okay. He struggled momentarily realizing it was hopeless, sighed.

"Help! Somebody? Anyone!" he yelled as panic set in.

"Silence!" roared a voice followed by a wooden mallet hitting a wooden surface.

**"Theodore Emerson Smith, you have been brought before this court to be tried, judged and sentenced for racist and anti-gay slurs of the vilest nature. How do you plead?"**

**"Wha...what the fuck?" he screamed in true fear.**

**A vicious slap to the side of the head left his ears ringing.**

**"How do you plead?" the deep voice demanded.**

**"What is this? Some kind of kangaroo court?" he was scared but not a coward.**

**That got him another slap. This time he replied, "Not guilty, just don't hit me again."**

**"Very well, Deputy please read the charges and witnesses' statements."**

**It was a typical ultra-radical set up with one sided evidence and hearsay testimony. Theo had participated in most of the demonstrations but never violently. Yes, he had made that one sermon against the court's decision on gay marriage but that was it. Most of it could be laid on his father but even then Free Speech was a given right. A cherished right, no matter what the belief or how unpopular. Needless to say he was found guilty on all counts and his fate sealed.**

**"It is the finding of this court that Theodore Emerson Smith is guilty on all counts. You are therefore sentenced to two years of community service and a public apology. That service to be as a gay transsexual and if any man of color deems you worthy, as his wife for no more than one year. Bailiff clear the court," the voice stated followed by the banging of the mallet.**

**Immediately after that pronouncement, Theo's bindings were removed and two burly men pulled him up. His hands cuffed behind his back, he was led away. He was helpless stuck between two large men half carried half dragged along to who knew where. He felt fresh air, then a pin prick on his upper arm. Theo didn't take more than two more steps before he was out.**

**When he opened his eyes there was complete and utter blackness. Theo quickly discovered that he was immobile. Making matters worse, he couldn't feel anything. It was as if his whole body had been numbed. He screamed but heard nothing. Long moments went by, his panic rising by the second. None of his senses seemed to be working. He strained his eyes and ears trying to see or hear anything. Theo sniffed the air but smelled only air. He had absolutely no idea how long he lay there. Finally exhaustion and mental fatigue overtook him and he began to drift off to sleep.**

**As he reached deep REM sleep, soft barely audible words began forming in his mind. "You are a gay transsexual. You have always been gay and attracted to older black men. You can't help it. That is who you are. The touch of sleek, soft feminine fabrics against your skin is**

irresistible. The smell and colors of cosmetics draw you like a moth to the flame. You want to be as feminine as possible. You must look your feminine best to attract the older black men you adore. Your fondest wish is to marry an older black male and be as feminine as possible."

Ooo

Dr. Latasha Washington and several men stood observing the sensory deprivation tank. "How long will this take Doctor?" the tall man standing to her right asked.

"I estimate about two months to make sure the programming takes full effect. I've already preformed some minor adjustments to his body. Oh, nothing serious. Just a few to make him fit his new identity better."

"Dr. Latasha I know your reputation. Just don't go overboard. Remember, he was only sentenced to two years. In the end, we want him to remember fully who and what kind of bigot he was. With his sentence over, he should be able to rejoin society as a much better man."

"Not to worry. When he is told the implanted code words, he will remember everything."

"Very well Doctor Latasha as long as we understand one another," the man replied then turning to the others indicated it was time to go.

"Justice! Bah! Those old fogies know nothing of justice. That kid and his so called church was responsible for my baby sister's suicide. He's going to pay for that. When I'm through with him there will be no going back to being the man he was," she bitterly thought.

Ooo

There was light, there was feeling, he could move and smell perfumed air. Theo struggled to sit up. He felt as weak as a kitten. Memories of blackness and terror faded quickly as nightmares often do. Slowly he got out of bed, slid his feet into the pink fuzzy slippers and staggered to the bathroom. His need was great as he slid the full cut chocolate colored nylon down his hairless legs and sat. He moaned softly as the overly full bladder let go. As the bladder emptied, he became more aware. The little tickling around his neck, the soft sensual caress hugging his torso and a strange pulling around his chest. Looking down he saw two bulges poking out the chocolate colored nylon and chiffon nightie with its white lace decoration at neckline and hem. A hint of darker chocolate showing through at his chest. His hands came up and pressed against the two mounds collapsing them.

"I wish these were bigger," flashed through his somewhat clouded mind.

Finished, he wiped, flushed then went to the sink. He washed his hands noticing the magenta colored oval nails then splashed his face. Pulling the hand towel away, looked at the reflected image. His lips seemed fuller, puffer than he remembered and much pinker. From his lips his eyes moved up noticing the black eyeliner on lower and upper lids, the high feminine arched brows and the hair. There were three small gold

hoops in each ear.

"My hair? I don't remember having blond wavy hair much less these puckered pink lips or the earrings," he thought reaching up and touching his lips.

Back in the bedroom he was surprised to see a tall woman of color wearing a white lab coat and black above the knee skirt.

"Hello Theo, it's good to see you up and about," she said in a deep resonate voice.

"Wh...who are you? Where am I?" he gasped.

"I'm Dr. Latasha and I have been helping you recover from your accident. I'm not surprised you don't remember. That was a pretty nasty concussion. Please sit so I can check your vitals."

"Accident? Oh, I remember someone driving me off the road...but...not much else."

"The loss of memory shouldn't bother you. After all you were in a coma for some time. Amnesia is a common side effect and probably short term. Now, please sit here on the bed and let me get your vitals."

"Ho...how long?"

"Well, it's Wednesday morning now. You were brought here Thursday evening dear."

"Oh," he said stunned. What he wasn't told that two months had gone by since his accident.

As she was checking his heart, Theo was fingering the hem of his nightie. "Uh doctor, uh, where did...did this...I don't remember wearing something like this before."

"Why from your suitcase dear. The ambulance brought it."

"My...my suitcase?"

"We assumed it was yours. It was found in the backseat of your car. You do feel comfortable wearing it, don't you?"

"Errr, why yes. It feels delightful. It's...it's just I don't remember ever wearing one."

"Don't worry dear, it will all come back in good time. Your vital signs are all good but I want to keep you here a while longer for observation. Your clothing is in the closet and your makeup kit on the shelf. Why don't you take a shower then get dressed. I'm sure you would rather spend some time in the solarium than stuck in this room. I'll be back after lunch to give you a check. In the meantime if you need any help, just press the buzzer and someone will be right with you."

**"Makeup kit?"**

**"Yes, it was in the back seat as well. Oh, guess you don't remember how to apply it but don't fret. I'll send Aaron in to help. He's a wonderful cosmetologist on our staff. You'll just love him, everyone does."**

**In the bath he was reluctant to take off the sensual nightie and panties. The bra wasn't as soft or as comfortable but it too made him feel sexy. The shower cleared his mind of the lingering fog. Standing nude looking into the full length mirror on the back of the bathroom door Theo was confused. Somehow the image just didn't look right. His body was hair free except for a butterfly shaped trimmed pubic area. The chest a bit flabbier, the waist thinner, the hips and butt bigger than he thought they should be. Shaking his head, he slipped into the pink terry robe and went back into his room.**

**Standing before the open closet, Theo shook his head again bewildered at his clothing. Try as he might he couldn't remember wearing them.**

**"Oh well, the doctor did say they were mine," he said selecting a blue flare mini-skirt and white poly blouse with capped sleeves and lace tiered jabot tie.**

**Putting the clothing on the bed moved over to the dresser. "Need some clean boxers," he thought.**

**Instead of boxers he found half a dozen pairs of nylon high cut panties in colorful pastels. Next to the panties were three satin uplift bras in scarlet, purple and white. For some reason he couldn't stop himself from picking up the purple panties with white lace inserts at the hips and pressed them to his face.**

**"Ooohhh, these feel so soft," he said softly.**

**Stepping into the panties, chills of delight ran up and down his spine. The bra gave him a bit of trouble but he put it on just like he had taken it off. He hooked it in front, then pulled it until it was in the middle of his back. Slipping his arms through the thin satin straps made him tingle.**

**"I know I don't need a bra but it's just so feminine. I wish I had big boobies to fill the cups instead of these gel pads," he mused.**

**Dressed he went back to the closet and put on a pair of black ballerina flats. Reaching up he grabbed the pink makeup case and sat on the bed. Opening the case, he looked dumbly at its contents.**

**"Gosh, there's so much stuff in here. I have no idea of what to do but the smell is giving me tingles. I wish I knew what to do," he thought fingering through the contents.**

**Closing the case in frustration, there came a knock on his door and a young slender black man entered. He was pushing a cart with a large oval mirror and other stuff on it.**

**"Hi there sweetie. Doctor Latasha said you might need some help with your makeup. I'm Aaron," the young man said cheerily.**

**Three hours later, Aaron packed up his stuff and left telling Theo he'd be back in the afternoon to continue the lessons. Theo's face was a pale color, done in a heavy evening style. The eyes were done in a dramatic peacock look. The lips coated in a glistening reddish plum. Every step of the process was carefully explained as Aaron would apply the makeup, then remove it. Theo would then try to copy what he had done. He definitely needed a lot of practice but he would learn. Taking the instruction book Aaron had left him, Theo headed to find the solarium.**

**Ooo**

**Back in her office Latasha was emailing an update on Theo's conditioning. "The subject has been brought out of the deprivation tank. Preliminary results show the subject is progressing according to the Council's findings. Subject had no problem accepting or wearing the feminine apparel provided. While the Council didn't provide specific instructions, I made some minor physical changes. The lips were enhanced slightly, breast implants to create A-cup breasts and larynx shaved. I believed these minor changes necessary to achieve overall goals. Other than permanently altering the voice, all changes are reversible."**

**"Over the next month the subject will be taught proper behavior demanded by the Council. Aaron is presently teaching subject cosmetic application and skin care. Deportment and other basic mannerisms will begin tomorrow. Subject should be ready to join the regular population in about two months."**

**She double checked to make sure if this email was compromised, nothing damaging would be revealed. Satisfied, she hit the send button.**

**"They won't like the surgical procedures especially the larynx shaving or the lisp but fuck them. Two years was too damn lenient. It was his family that made my sister commit suicide and he's going to pay for that in spades," she thought as she sat back in her chair.**

**Ooo**

**Theo was sitting in the solarium reading his cosmetic instruction book when an elderly black janitor came in. As he bent to empty the trash can, Theo couldn't take his eyes off the janitor's blue overall covered ass.**

**"He's got a great ass," he thought biting his lower lip.**

**Theo's eyes followed the old man until he was out of sight. "Gosh, he's definitely cute. Too bad he was wearing a wedding ring. Oh well, maybe when I get out of here I can find someone like him."**

**Looking up at the clock on the wall he noticed it was time to get back**

to his room. Lunch was waiting along with a small paper cup with two pills in it. Removing the metal cover from the plate wrinkled his nose as the strong smell of broccoli and cauliflower hit his nose. Other than the vegetables there was a bowl of beans and sliced apple. Besides the pills on the tray was a saucer of green gelatin.

"I heard hospital food was horrible but this....how can you call this food? I'll have to ask the doctor for something more eatable like a nice juicy steak," he mumbled not hearing the doctor enter.

"What's the matter Theo? Don't you remember you're a vegan? Now eat up then I'll need to check your vitals," she said startling him.

"Vegan? No...errr..I don't remember whatever that is." He replied confused.

"Vegetarians don't eat meat, fish or poultry. A vegan carries it a bit further. They don't eat other animal products such as eggs and dairy products. Instead eat a lot of fruits, vegetables, leafy greens, whole grains, nuts and such. You need to get down to one hundred fifteen pounds and this is the quickest safe way to get there. Now eat so we can get to your exam."

"That doesn't sound appetizing at all. I...I'm sure...sure I eat meat. One fifteen? I'll be as thin as a rail," he replied scrunching up his face in thought.

"Theo you are a vegan, TRUST ME and you want a sexy sinewy body," she said emphasizing the 'trust me'. They were a hypnotic key. When only she spoke them, Theo would immediately believe whatever Latasha had told him.

Theo stuck a large broccoli spear on his fork and brought it to his lips, his expression not a happy one. He was stopped before he could put it into his mouth by the doctor telling him to put smaller pieces on his fork. His first lesson in etiquette had begun. When Latasha left, Aaron returned and they began another lesson that lasted until almost dinner time.

Dinner wasn't any tastier than lunch but included a bowl of almonds and walnuts. Latasha came in and checked his vitals one more time and made sure he took the pills. Before she left the doctor told him that a physical therapist would see him in the morning."

"A physical therapist? Aren't they supposed to help handicapped people?"

"Yes, but this one is a specialist. He's going to teach you proper deportment and mannerisms. You're not aware of it but that accident must have thrown off your motor skills. Jeffery will correct that. Trust me, you need his help. Get a good night's sleep and I'll see you in the morning."

The old Theo would have been appalled when Jeffery walked in. Jeffery could only be described as a flaming faggot. He walked with a

pronounced swish and his clothing was very feminine. Skin tight fuchsia flare legged slacks and a bright floral nylon puffy sleeved shirt. A white silk scarf was loosely tied around his neck. Because the doctor said he needed to learn what Jeffery came to teach, listened and did his best to copy everything. He wasn't bothered by the frequent touching and personal contact but young white men didn't appeal to him.

By the end of the month Theo could flawlessly put on his own heavy makeup. His shoulder length hair had been tightly braided into dreadlocks peppered with colorful glass beads. The woman that pleated it said the style needed minimal upkeep and would last months. He minced when he walked with a pronounced swish to his hips. His elbows tight by his sides, wrists limp. When he sat he kept his knees together and legs tucked back. The only difference between Jeffery and Theo's demeanor was that Theo wore complete female attire. While Theo could have passed as female, his exaggerated makeup and manner yelled "Drag Queen" plus he answered to the name "Theo."

He spent the next month reading women's magazines such as "In Style" and "Elle", learning about women's clothing, how to coordinate an outfit and create his own style. Dr. Latasha assigned him a personal shopper to assist with this learning process. He was definitely a girlie-girl and his new wardrobe and makeup reflected that look. A speech therapist taught him a feminine vocabulary using "adorable," "sweet" and "love" frequently and with a slight lisp.

For amusement he had plenty of gay magazines all featuring mature black men. While highly stimulated by these magazines, Theo couldn't achieve an erection. The daily low dose female hormones and testosterone blockers had seen to that. However he did have a pink vibrator and could eventually spurt a thin clear glob or two. His weight was at its goal of one fifteen down from his original one seventy five. Thanks to two months in the tank and diet, he had the strength of a fifteen year old girl. Theo would need the help of a man to do a lot of things he used to do himself.

Ooo

Theo felt very antsy sitting in front of the camera. For the first time he wasn't wearing any makeup and it made him very uncomfortable. He was also wearing a men's white cotton dress shirt instead of one of his frilly blouses. His hair had been pulled back into a low pony tail. All of which contributed to his nervousness. Latasha wanted him to look as much as possible like his old male self for this filming. Today he would be making his public apology and begging for forgiveness. She planned on ending the exposé with him in full feminine attire. If the first part didn't crush Dr. Max's black heart, his transgendered gay son would.

Given his cue, Theo began reading from the teleprompter, "My name is Theodore Emerson Smith, son of Doctor Maximillian 'Max' Smith. I'm here today to renounce and expose him and his so called church."

The taping went on for two hours in which Theo named names, dates of the "church's" deeds and questionable accounting arrangements. Accounting

manipulations siphoning off millions for Dr. Max's personal benefit. He also cataloged Dr. Max's physical assets including a house on Maui and another penthouse in San Francisco. Probably the most damaging was the fact that his father had fathered a child with an underage parishioner. The poor girl was forced to have an abortion. An abortion that left her unable to ever bear children. The last half hour was spent with Theo in full female regalia and makeup. He explained that he had always wanted to be female and couldn't wait to find a handsome black man to be with.

Needless to say when the tape aired making it into the national news, all hell broke loose for Dr. Max and his church. Federal authorities moved in from the FBI to the IRS. Even before the feds moved in, his church collapsed around him like the house built upon sand. Despite a dramatic plea for forgiveness on his television network, donations disappeared. He had filed for bankruptcy just before being arrested on wire fraud charges. Shortly thereafter, he copped a plea bargain and sentenced to ten years in a federal prison. He was lucky that the authorities couldn't locate the young girl he had impregnated. However she was listed as the cause in his divorce papers. His wife, Marge, had been arrested on a weaker fraud charge but she cooperated. She received a five year suspended sentence. Walking out of the courtroom in his orange jump suit, Dr. Max was a changed man. He seemed to have aged ten years and there was no hint of arrogance or confidence.

With the properties and remaining assets confiscated, Marge had no home, no expensive jewelry, no fancy car and practically only the clothing on her back. In her prime she had been a rising star in the town's social elite. Now she was a social outcast, living in a beat up one bedroom rented trailer. Her Neiman Marcus wardrobe replaced by thrift store hand-me-downs. She use to think nothing about spending \$80 or more on a Wacoal bra. Marge loved the luxurious fabric and how the cups were detailed in either floral or lace patterns. The Playtex bra she was wearing now with the thick shoulder straps and four hook and eye closure reminded her more of the bras her grandmother use to wear. In a way she was lucky to have even that depending on your viewpoint. A former member of the church and known as a 'lecherous dirty old man' had taken pity and set her up. Of course nothing comes free and she paid with her body and what was left of her self-respect.

Ooo

Six months have passed since the tape's release. Theo is sitting on a pink satin covered bench seat before his vanity. He is expertly applying his makeup. He is wearing a pink nylon robe that does nothing to hide the black Goddess lace underwire bra. Theo is easily brushing on mascara despite his glamour length acrylic plum lacquered nails chatting away about how much he loves being a girlie-girl.

Dr. Latasha is sitting nearby listening to him carry on and on with a broad smile. "The Council wanted to wait until his sentence was up before I released his mind and let him regain control. However that is just not good enough. No, where is the suffering and penitence in that? I think it's time to wake a part of his mind now. I want him to experience in real time what he has become but not able to stop any of it," she thought then said the magic word, "Calliope."

Instantly Theo stopped in mid-stroke. "What the fuck! What the hell happened? Where am I? What's going on?" flashed through his mind as his hand resumed applying mascara.

"Shit! That's me in the mirror! What...I look like a damn girl. Why can't I stop my hand? I don't want to wear makeup! I want it off! Stop! Damn it, stop!" his mind screamed but his hand kept brushing on the mascara.

"Keep applying your makeup Theo, you have a lot to do before your date comes by to pick you up. Yes, Theodore I know the real you is in there. A little part of you but not enough for you to have any control over your body. So stop fighting it. Once you calm down you'll remember everything up until this point. You will then understand that I do control you completely. In time I may release you. Until then, take a back seat and enjoy the ride," she said as the real Theo screamed in absolute terror.

During those six months Theo was living in a small apartment in a declining mixed race neighborhood. The apartment complex was relatively small and catered to the gay population. Doctor Latasha had gotten him a job selling cosmetics in a nearby drug store and found the apartment for him. The job paid minimum wage but his cosmetic needs were free. His weekly paycheck covered his rent but not much else. Luckily, he qualified for food stamps. He was still conscious of his diet but modified it once he reached the one hundred fifteen pounds. Occasionally he would treat himself to a real hamburger patty but kept mainly to soy products and a lot of vegetables.

Latasha wasn't satisfied with turning the once straight ultra-right young man into a gay transsexual who had a fetish for older black men. No, her revenge required much more. Using her talent as a hypnotist, she implanted obsessive compulsion desires in Theo's mind. The first, was his desire to not only date but have sexual relationships with older men, fifty years or older, of color. Doctor Latasha's HRT drug program had given him the body chemistry of a fifteen year old girl. Erections are a thing of the past but with the doctor's hypnosis, had the lust of a teenager. Whenever an older black man came into sight, Theo immediately pictured how big his cock might be and taste.

The next obsession was to maintain his femininity as if he was participating in a beauty pageant every day. He actually had tremors if his face wasn't fully made up soon after awakening. Another was a craving to have bigger beasts. Latasha gave Theo one of those plastic spring loaded bust developers to use daily. Of course it wouldn't help but it kept Theo's mind focused on having bigger breasts. What girl doesn't have a shoe fetish? Theo would soon be able by just looking at a woman's shoe, know the style and who made it. What spending money he had left went to purchase new shoes.

When he was working he spent his free time reading women's and gossip magazines or trying out a new nail polish. At home, he couldn't wait to watch the "Real Housewives," "Dancing with the Stars" and similar shows. In bed he would relax with his small vibrator while looking at his gay

magazine. He often dreamed of what it would be like to have an older black man for a lover. When he awoke after one of those dreams there would be a small dark stain on his panties. He could still ejaculate but without any oomph like his old ones and small in quantity.

Ooo

Latasha decided now that she was ready to awaken a part of the real Theo, it was time to find a future mate. Jerome, she decided would be the perfect first date. He was fifty-five, with salt and pepper short kinky hair, slight beer belly and liked young feminized white men. Finding a gay male that preferred very feminine males isn't easy. Most want another male who at least dresses and acts mostly male. He owned a gay bar called the "Jack & Jill" located just a few blocks away.

Theo looked closely at his reflected image in the vanity mirror and was pleased. The high gloss purple lipstick glistened and the elaborate eye of peacock feather makeup really made his eyes stand out. His honey blond hair was in pleats. The glass beads sparkling in the light with every movement of his head. He wished that he could have gone to the salon and had it tightened but he was short this week. He had spent the few extra dollars on a new pair of silver four inch stiletto strappy sandals.

Satisfied it was the best he could do, he got up and slipped off his pink nylon robe. He was wearing a black Exquisite Form long line bra with back closing hooks and stretch boned panels. The cups were seamed and pointed satin. Getting those hook and eye fasteners done gave him holy fits but the pointed cups would give the dress the crisp "V" he wanted. The black Bali firm control high waist thigh slimmer was much easier to wiggle into. The black sheer hosiery was difficult to roll up with the tight constriction of the body shaper but he had the foresight to knead them above his knees before donning the girdle. The new silver sandals with the four inch heels would be painful if he had to dance a lot but worth it. They made his feet look so sexy. The dress was a purple satin sheath knee length with colorful Chrysanthemum floral pattern decorated hem and Mandarin collar. Now all he had to do was wait for the knock on his door.

He didn't have long to wait and went to the door to meet his blind date. The doctor had set it up and Theo was very nervous as he opened the door. Jerome was wearing a dark red suit and purple satin shirt with the top buttons undone revealing a hair covered flabby chest. There must have been a dozen heavy gold chains around his neck and gaudy rings on most of his fingers. When he smiled two gold upper teeth glistened.

Theodore was horrified but Theo was thrilled as he checked out the gorgeous older black man. Theo didn't hesitate as he slid his arms around Jerome's thick neck and kissed him on the lips. If Theo's cock could harden, it would have been an iron rod as Jerome filled his mouth with tongue. Theo couldn't help it he was in full lust. Theodore was nauseated and tried his best to break the contact. The couple swapped spit a bit longer before the kiss broke.

Jerome held Theo by the hips as they parted. "Hot damn! Latasha was

right. You one fine bitch. I can't wait to tap that booty but right now I'm gonna take you to my bar to party. I wanna see that booty shimmin' n shakin'," he exclaimed.

The Jack & Jill was dark, loud and smoke filled. The smell of stale beer and liquor blended with that of tobacco. Jerome easily lifted Theo onto the barstool and ordered brandy Alexander for Theo and Hennessy VS for himself. The bar was about half full with three black male couples dancing on the small wooden floor. One black female was dancing with a younger Hispanic girl. Theo noticed one waiter, a young white boy wearing hot pink short-shorts and white tuxedo styled ruffled shirt and pink bow tie serving drinks to two older black men. Theo found himself wondering which of the two had the biggest dicks.

They left the bar around one, staggering a bit. Jerome had his arm possessively around Theo's waist. They paused frequently to swap spit before moving on. Theo was drunk but it took his mind off his aching feet. The sweet girly drinks had his stomach churning but he didn't care. What he wanted was to get Jerome home and suck what he knew to be a big dick. It would be his first but Theo couldn't wait to see if the real thing was better than his imagination.

They were barely in the apartment when Theo dropped to his nylon clad knees and undid Jerome's pants. He was in full lust and quickly had both pants and silk boxers down around the ankles. He was not disappointed seeing a python sized one eyed snake staring back at him. Theo might have been drunk but Theodore was completely sober and scared out of his mind. As Theo pulled back the foreskin and stuck out his tongue, Theodore was appalled. When Theo's enhanced lips encircled the large mushroom head, Theodore shuddered in horror. Theo moaned in delight, the real thing was so much better than his imagination. He was thrilled pulling back and seeing his purple lipstick midway down that shaft. Reaching up with his free hand cupped the large hairy ball sack and plunged back down, swirling his tongue as he went. It wasn't long after that Theo received his reward. Gobs of thick hot viscous goo filled his mouth which he swallowed as fast as he could. Some trickled out of the side of his mouth but he sucked every last drop out. Theo kept the velvety head between his lips even as it began shrinking back. He wanted the feeling to last as long as possible. He loved cock especially black cock.

Reluctantly he let that black snake fall from his lips as Jerome pulled him up. Planting a hot wet French kiss on Theo's lips, Jerome lifted him up and carried him into the bedroom. There he tossed Theo face down on the bed, pulled up the satin skirt and froze seeing the black girdle.

"Damn bitch what cha wearing that thing for?" he said reaching with both hands and began tugging it down.

It didn't come off easily and Theo was tossed about almost painfully as the elastic material rolled and bit into his flesh. With it hanging off his left foot, Theo's legs were spread as Jerome wedged himself between them. Without preamble or lubrication, Jerome aimed and thrust. The first thrust rebounded but the second penetrated. Theo couldn't help it and screamed loudly as burning pain seared through his mind. Jerome's

dick was so much longer and thicker than his small vibrator, his anal passage wasn't ready for the onslaught. Jerome paused only long enough to stuff Theo's mouth with some wadded up sheet.

Theo had no idea how long he lay there in pain. His poor anus burned, throbbed and left agape, as Jerome dressed and left. Gathering his energy, stood on wobbly feet and waddled to the bathroom clasp his cheeks as tight as he could. In the morning it still hurt and burned so he called Latasha. She didn't show much sympathy as he related what had happened. Then scolded him for not taking the proper precautions of douching and lubricating before going on the date in the first place. She put in a couple of stitches and by the time she left, Theo was convinced it was his fault and that with more practice would love being penetrated by an older man of color. Later when he checked his backside, he noticed it looked like a rose bud had blossomed around his anal opening.

Ooo

It has been one year since Theodore's kangaroo trial and time for the final part of his sentence. Since his deflowering, he had dated Jerome a couple more times before moving on. Latasha convinced him that he needed to experience a wider variety of black men. He dated the apartment manager for a while then last month found true love, Joshua Washington, a janitor. Joshua was sixty, bald headed except for a bristly fringe of white hair and missing his front teeth. He smelled strongly of cleaning compounds and sweat. For an engagement ring Joshua gave Theo a cigar band. One of Joshua's trademarks was that he always had a cheap cigar in his mouth, chewing it, never smoking until it was a stub. Another trademark was that he always had one strap of his overalls hanging loose. Theo didn't understand the attraction but he couldn't help it. He was in love.

What Theo didn't know was Doctor Latasha had hypnotized him to fall in love. If the Council wanted him married in a mixed race public wedding then it most certainly wouldn't be to someone of social standing. It was the Council's desire to have Theo married to a nice gentleman of color. Living a year in a relationship with an understanding and loving black man could prove valuable. It was hoped that when the sentence was over, Theo would be empathetic and forget his conservative ways.

That might have been the Council's goal but not Latasha's. No, she made sure the once rich, spoiled white male would live in an abusive, poverty stricken lifestyle. A life that many poor black women suffered through. Latasha was just sorry Theo couldn't get pregnant. Having five or six rug rats to deal with would serve him right. She would be satisfied knowing that the real Theodore would be aware yet helpless. Needless to say the Council was upset with the pending marriage but Latasha said she had been helpless to stop it. Theo was just too much in love. They also didn't know that the doctor had manipulated Joshua. When they interviewed him, he admitted being deeply in love with Theo.

Because Theo was the son of the infamous Dr. Max, his wedding made the headlines on the town papers' two social pages. It was so scandalous that it caught the attention of one of the local television stations.

When Dr. Max saw the paper, then the news broadcast, he attempted suicide. His life in federal prison had been bad but this news took him over the edge. He slashed his wrists but recovered. His bunkmate and current lover, Bubba, saved his life. His mother had a nervous breakdown seeing what her only child had become and how low he had fallen. Her benefactor had enough of putting up with her depression and kicked her out of the trailer. Now she was homeless and pushing a grocery cart around with all her worldly goods. At night she slept with whoever would be willing to share a bottle of cheap wine. She was only thirty-six but looked sixty. Within the year she would have a baby and have no idea who the father was.

Now that Theo was married to a much older man, Latasha convinced him that he should look older. "A May to December marriage can be very embarrassing especially when it's a gay couple. You will be subjected to a lot of ridicule and hate mongering. If you began dressing like an older woman Theo, you could reduce a lot of that. Now that you are married I can no longer provide for you either. Your husband has that responsibility but I will be here for any medical problems. I know you don't want to embarrass Joshua so I have set up an appointment with Sally at the Rainbow Thrift Store on Jefferson. You know the place. Sally will assist you in gathering a new wardrobe that won't break Joshua's bank account. You are a mature woman now and no longer that girlie-girl. Trust me!" she instructed and snapped her fingers.

Sally was waiting as Theo walked into the store. Latasha had given her very explicit instructions and she had gathered a large pile of clothing for him. By the time he left he would be changed from the skin out to look very mature. The first thing she had him do was strip naked behind a tattered curtain. As he stood nervous and shaking from the chill, Sally began handing him his new lingerie. The Playtex underwire full coverage bra was used but in good condition. There was some yellowish staining and it had long ago lost its bright white color. The long-line firm control girdle also showed some staining but the center and side satin panels still shined. The tan support hose he was given were new and felt totally different from the nylons he was used to wearing.

Dressed in just the lingerie the curtain was pulled back and he was told to come out. Over the next hour Theo tried on a lot of used but good clothing. Sally had him try on polyester above the ankle stretch pants in vivid colors, stirrup pants in black, gold, silver and yellow and a pair of culottes in khaki. Most of the tops he tried on were cotton shell blouses in a floral print for every day wear. A couple of vintage polyester blouses with lots of ruffles and frills in red, black and cream were added for more dressy occasions.

Finally he was handed an off white nylon full slip with lace cups. The lace on the slip had seen better days. He did need some dresses. Three gingham cotton A-line dresses in pale pink, blue and yellow ended up in his cart. The last dress was for more formal occasions. It was a pink and white checked wool vintage coat dress. It featured a slim fit body, notched double breasted lapels and front buttoning. It was knee length and padded short sleeves with two flap closure front pockets.

Left wearing the coat dress, Sally handed him a coat to try on. To

Theo's eyes it was hideous but put it on. It was a faux fur patchwork of bright orange, white and black. The sleeves reached down to mid-forearm and longer fur covered the patch pockets. The final item was two pair of orthopedic shoes in orangish-tan and one in black.

"Gosh! If it weren't for my face I'd look like some old woman," he said looking in the mirror.

"Of course Theo. That is the look you and Doctor Latasha wanted isn't it?"

"Welllllll, I guess but it's such a frumpy look. I'll get used to it though. I certainly don't want to embarrass my Joshua."

"Great, come over here with me and have a seat. I have some cosmetics and let's see what we can do with that face of yours."

"My...my face....what's wrong with my face?"

"Well you just said so yourself dear. Your face doesn't go with your new outfits. I used to do theatrical makeup in my earlier years. Let me see if I can give you a few ideas."

When Theo left the store wearing his last outfit minus the coat, he looked much older. Sally had applied a heavier paler foundation. Using an eyebrow pencil deepened creases around his eyes and added some around his lips. A red blush applied to the cheeks, green eye shadow and vivid red lipstick to complete the look. He was informed that older women used only either blue or green shadow, always bright red lipstick and blush. Sally also informed Theo that he needed to go to the salon and have his dreadlocks removed and get a short Afro style.

"You might consider having it dyed black with lots of gray streaks. Now that would complete the look you're going for," Sally said as he walked to the door.

Ooo

The next year of Theo's life was anything but good. Joshua proved to be very demanding and condescending. It wasn't unusual for Theo to have some bruises on his arms or thighs. Once when he accidentally nipped Joshua's dick with his teeth, was forced to get dentures. Joshua was also a slob and Theo spent much of his time cleaning and picking up after his husband.

By the end of the year, he felt as old as he looked. He was almost twenty-one but looked and moved as if he was sixty. He had gained sixty pounds most in his hips and ass but in his chest as well. Doctor Latasha made sure he kept taking his low dose estrogen and testosterone blockers. He had real C-cup breasts but they were spongy from the abuse taken from Joshua. Joshua seemed to get off tying hemp ropes around the base of Theo's breasts making them bulge out. Since Joshua had no need for Theo's limp dick, it had been kept glued back between his legs. He had also abused Theo's backside with his Viagra enhanced stamina just about every chance he got.

Today was the last day of his sentence. He was standing in front of Doctor Latasha wearing gold lame stretch pants, white with floral print shell blouse and his black orthopedic shoes. The black Playtex bra and girdle lines clearly visible. There were some people standing off to the side, shocked and disbelief written on their faces. They found it very difficult to believe that this person was Theodore Emerson Smith. This was not the way they had wanted events to play out. They wanted a white boy who had seen the errors of his conservative ways and would appreciate and sympathize with the tribulations faced by gays and mixed marriage couples.

"Are you sure you want me to bring our prisoner to full awareness and control? Considering his current circumstances, I see no way for him to ever be what he once was or what you desire. I think it would be in the best interests of our brotherhood, to let things stand as they are," the doctor said addressing the small group.

With a single word, Theodore became fully aware and in control. He was standing in the doctor's office and looked around. He had been aware for over a year but could do nothing. He had endured for no other reason than to hopefully get control over his mind and body. Now he had it. He saw a number two yellow pencil on the desk. He grabbed and before anyone could react, plunged the sharp point into Doctor Latasha's jugular vein. Blood spurted everywhere as someone screamed in the background.

Joshua took Theo's elbow and led him out of the room. "Looks like I done gots my wife back," he said.

"Nooooooooo, nooooo," Theodore's mind screamed. He had been planning how to get even for so long. "They have to release me so I can kill that bitch.