

UNEXPECTED DEVELOPMENTS

Part One

By Cheryl Lynn

Harvey Adams stood in the drizzling rain grasping the handle of his umbrella tightly. It was a sad day and the miserable weather added to his depression. His beloved Aunt Mathilda had passed and was being buried today. She was his only relative and had raised him since he was fifteen. Mathilda had been a crutch that supported Harvey through all the bad times and a wonderful person. Now he wasn't sure how he could manage without her thoughtful guidance. He was all alone now and the weight of that loneliness was heavy.

"Come along Harvey. It's time to go," a deep voice said bringing him out of his troubled thoughts.

Turning his tear brimmed eyes towards the voice he noticed Alvin Finney. Alvin was tall, six foot two, in his early forties with short brown hair and piercing blue eyes. He had a bit of a beer belly and a hint of gray in his hair. Harvey didn't know much about the man only that he was his Aunt's lawyer. Alvin had recently taken over for Mathilda's long time attorney who retired.

Alvin reached out and placed an arm around Harvey's shoulders and guided him away from the grave site. "I didn't know your Aunt long but I know she was a wonderful person Harvey. I'm very sorry for your loss but you need to get out of this rain. There's a coffee shop a few blocks away where we can talk. Let's get a cup and you can tell me more about your Aunt," he said.

Harvey wanted to be alone in his grief but having someone to talk to about his Aunt seemed right. "Okay," he replied.

Over the next two hours Harvey spilled out his heart and soul. By the time they left the coffee shop, he felt much better and not so alone. He had no friends here and few back at school. When he lived with Aunt Mathilda he was home schooled. The big city's public system was horrible and she was a retired teacher. She taught him to be studious and a gentleman. She was loving but strict towards her ward. As a result he was very naive when he went off to college.

His university experiences were eye opening but he remained shy and socially awkward. His home schooling didn't prepare him for social interactions with his peers. About the only thing he had in common with most of the male student population was a strong attraction to the opposite gender.

The first week at school he attended a frat party and experienced alcohol for the first time. With emboldened ego he approached a pretty coed and made a total ass of himself. Laughed out of the frat house, Harvey retreated into his studies rather than face further embarrassment. In his sophomore year he met Doris, an equally shy young lady in the library. They dated but while Harvey wanted to lose his cherry she didn't. Plus other than being socially awkward they had nothing else in common. Again in his junior year he met another, Judy, and they dated for a while but nothing came of that relationship. He didn't do much better when it came to male friends either. He had several roommates but they weren't very compatible and most moved on to the frat houses. His only acts of rebellion towards his Aunt's training were to let his hair grow long and ditch the bow ties.

Now he was sitting at a table fingering a damp lock of hair as Alvin sat across from him. "Well I'm glad you confided in me Harvey. Your Aunt was indeed a wonderful person but we need to get down to your situation. I just can't let you go back to her house. This is no time for you to be alone especially there with all its memories. Look, I have an extra room that I would be more than happy to let you use. You will stay at my place until you decide what's best. No, I won't take no for an answer. Come on we both need to get out of these damp clothes," he stated.

Harvey wasn't all that comfortable with Alvin's idea but admitted that staying in his Aunt's place would be too painful. Staying at the hotel would be too expensive and Alvin seemed like a nice guy. He had two more days of classes before graduation and he could skip those. He had planned on moving in with his Aunt and getting a job but now that idea didn't seem likely. Like Mr. Finney said, he couldn't stay there now. He had no one else to turn to, so he reluctantly agreed.

"Sure Mr. Finney as long as it won't be an imposition," he replied.

"No, not at all my boy. I'm only too happy to oblige. Let's get your things from the hotel," Alvin answered cheerfully giving him a slap on the back.

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Alvin Finney lived in a three bedroom two bath brownstone apartment located in a near-do-well neighborhood. It wasn't the nicest or the worst of places to live in the big city. One of the bedrooms served as Alvin's office. One of the first things he did when he took over Aunt Mathilda's old lawyer's practice was close the office. It saved him major bucks and general practice attorneys didn't make that much. Having Harvey fall into his hands was his biggest break and richest client. A client he thought he could manipulate to his personal and financial advantage.

"For a twenty-one year old kid and college educated, Harvey is pretty lame. No real friends and a loner. I can take advantage of this. Plus he's anything but macho. All I need is some time," he thought.

Over the next two weeks Alvin became Harvey's best and only friend. They went to ball games, sport's bars and the movies. It was an important two weeks for Alvin. It was imperative that he gain Harvey's total trust and respect for his plans to work. It was during that time that he got to know just how malleable and naïve Harvey was. His initial hunch that Harvey was a submissive impressionable young man proved true. Now all he had to do was see how far he could push the boy's limitations.

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"Harvey why didn't you ask Silvia to dance last night at the bar?" Alvin asked one morning after a night at The Sport's Bar.

"Aw Mr. Finney I...I don't know how to dance an...and I would be embarrassed. Besides, a pretty girl like her wouldn't dance with me," he replied feeling awkward.

"Harvey my boy, you just need some confidence and...maybe update your look just a bit," Alvin responded.

"What do you mean, update my look?"

"I'm a bit old for it but didn't you notice most of the guys your age were wearing earrings? For starters you could get your ears pierced then we could work on your wardrobe. Right now you dress like your mother picked out your clothing. The girls here are used to a more sophisticated look. To feel confident you have to look confident. So what do you say? We don't have anything else planned for the day,"

Alvin suggested.

“Do you think that would really help?” Harvey answered not exactly sure he wanted to do it.

“Why not. If you don’t like it, you can always let the holes grow back. Finish your coffee and let’s go. I know a place not that far,” Alvin said smiling broadly.

Alvin took Harvey to “Max’s Tats.” The tattoo parlor was located in a seedier part of town. He was a bit anxious as they walked down the street. Harvey was glad Mr. Finney was with him.

“Relax kid. I’ve known Max for years. Does great work. We’re almost there,” he said trying to calm Harvey’s fear.

Max proved to be a middle aged, big boned woman with salt and pepper pixie cut hair. She was wearing black skin tight jeans and blue undershirt. The clothing did little to conceal her very large breasts or rotund behind. She didn’t seem to mind that her blue satin bra and waist band of her blue thong were visible. A blushing Harvey had to look very closely to see any skin not covered in some sort of colorful tattoos. Not only was she covered in tattoos but more piercings than he had ever seen before. He was intimidated as soon as she shook his small hand in an iron grip. When she suggested he get a double piercing, he wasn’t about to object. Harvey left the tattoo parlor with two pink studs in both ears.

On the way home, Alvin stopped in front of a window display. “Come on kid, let’s go in here. We’ll get you something to wear for The Sport’s Bar that’ll attract the girls’ attention.”

Before he could object Harvey was trying on a pair of pale blue skinny low rider jeans with colorful embroidery on the back pockets. To go with the jeans Alvin gave him a bright blue with white fringe nylon cowboy shirt. Harvey felt stupid but tried them on anyway. The jeans bit into his crotch, the back seam dug deeply into his ass separating and uplifting the butt cheeks. The shirt with its pearl snap buttons and shiny fabric didn’t feel like any of his other shirts. When he objected that he didn’t like it or the fit, Alvin told him to stop being a wuss.

“Look kid, the cowboy image is the way to go. It makes you stand out and get noticed. Anybody can get away with wearing a suit and tie but they all blend in with the crowd. Now if you want to get the gal’s attention you need to stand out. Trust me on this. If Silvia or some other hot chick doesn’t come on to you at the bar next time, I’ll eat my hat,” Alvin responded.

“But Mr. Finney these jeans are way too tight. My boxers are all jammed up an...and the..the crotch is...,” Harvey started to complain.

“No problem kid. We just have to get you some jockey’s. Go change and I’ll pick a couple of pair out for you. You’ll look and feel great when we go back there,” he responded ending any further complaint.

“I hope he’s right. I feel like a complete dork wearing this,” Harvey thought going back into the changing room.

If Harvey thought his cowboy outfit was too much, the jockey underwear Mr. Finney picked out was worse. They came in a three pack, made of a thick nylon and in red, navy and gray. The label was from a major men’s brand, looked like normal Y-fronts except there was no fly. He was reluctant to put them on but admitted that the jeans did fit better. When he presented himself to Mr. Finney before going to The Sport’s Bar, he was told to unsnap the top three buttons on his shirt.

“No, that won’t do kid. You need to undo those top three buttons and show off that chest of yours. Here let me do that,” Alvin stated unsnapping the buttons.

“Still doesn’t look quite right. You don’t have but a few scrawny hairs and that’s a definite turn off for the chicks. Go shave them off then we can be on our way,” he added stepping back.

Harvey wasn’t all that hairy to begin with but those few hairs were his pride. “Shave my chest? I can’t do that,” he replied shocked.

“Look, if you had a thick macho mat that would be different but that chest of yours shouts wimp to the girls. You will look so much manlier if you do what I say. Go shave,” he stated.

Harvey didn’t like it but did as Mr. Finney suggested. He wasn’t feeling the least bit confident as they entered The Sport’s Bar. Harvey noticed a few of the guys giving him strange looks and mentioned it to Alvin.

“Don’t worry about it kid. They’re probably just jealous that you’re drawing the girl’s attention away from them. Get that worried look off your face and chill. Remember, be confident and smile. If you feel confident you will be confident,” Alvin replied.

Harvey wasn’t so sure but what misgivings he had disappeared when Silvia came over and asked him to dance. Out on the dance floor he noticed a couple of guys seemingly dancing together to the fast song. One of them was wearing black velvet slacks and a white poet’s shirt. Seeing what that guy was wearing, eased his mind about what he had on. Not only did Silvia dance with him but flirted once the dance was over. When they left the bar much later Harvey was very happy and had a red lipstick imprint on his cheek.

***“Gee, Mr. Finney was right. I even got a kiss on the cheek from Silvia,”* he thought.**

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Alvin was pleased over how things had gone during the past month. Harvey didn’t balk when asked to help clean around the apartment, had his ears pierced and wore that gay get up without complaint. Giving Silvia a couple of twenties didn’t hurt either. Having Harvey call him “Mr. Finney” while he constantly referred to him as “kid” or “boy” reinforced Harvey’s submissive role. Now it was time to move to the next step.

That next morning Alvin placed a stack of legal papers in front of Harvey. “Kid, I’ve been thinking. We get along pretty well and I like having someone hanging around. I hope you feel the same way. So what I was thinking was that you move in with me until you decide what you want to do with your life. I can’t see you living alone in your Aunt’s place. You are the beneficiary of her estate and I recommend we go ahead and sell it. With the sale, you really don’t have to look for a job any time soon. It’s a lot of money, much more than you’re use to handling. If you’re not careful somebody will take advantage of you and the sale is a matter of public record. All the cons, men and women, will be looking for you as an easy mark. No, don’t get me wrong. I think you are capable but let’s face it kid, you’re gullible and young. You need my guidance and you know you can trust me. I only want what’s best for you. Just sign here and date it there.”

Harvey wasn’t expecting this. He knew he was the beneficiary and would have to sign some legal documents but public notice of his inheritance? Mr. Finney was right about it bringing out unwanted attention. He had heard rumors of the tribulations lottery winners went through when their names were published. He didn’t want any of that plus he didn’t want to move into his Aunt’s place either. That would just bring up too

many memories. On the other hand Mr. Finney was a bit demanding but had shown him only kindness. They got along well and he had no other place to go. Over the past two weeks Mr. Finney had become a father figure to him, something sadly lacking in his life. Without further thought he signed the documents.

While naïve, Harvey wasn't stupid and glanced over the documents before signing. The first was a sales agreement for his Aunt's place. The second was making Mr. Finney his financial manager. The third gave him pause.

"What's this Mr. Finney? It says you have power of attorney over my health care," he said.

"Well that's just a precaution kid. What if you get into an accident? You want someone you can trust to see that you're taken care of, don't you," he replied. "Sort like an insurance policy. You know kid. You don't ever want to use it but it's there if needed."

"Yeah, I guess so," he answered signing on the dotted line. He had no idea of just how much power he had just signed over to Mr. Finney.

The final document was a sub-lease that made his move into the apartment official. In small print was a notation that he would have to maintain his room in the manner prescribed by the lease holder, Mr. Finney. Harvey saw it but passed it off as nothing to be concerned about.

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Harvey had been gone most of the day. He spent the morning arranging to have his few belongings moved from his place back at school into storage. As his apartment back there was month to month had no problems cancelling the lease. He didn't bother to change his postal address as he never got any real mail. What bills he incurred were sent to his electronic account. Again, Mr. Finney suggested that the long drive back would be a waste of time.

"Look kid, it would be so much easier to put all that stuff into storage than driving twelve hours. You can always get new clothing here and you certainly don't need any furnishings. Which brings up the matter of your car. You don't need it. As your financial advisor, you need to sell it. The cost of parking and insurance just isn't worth it kid," Mr. Finney argued which to Harvey made sense.

At Mr. Finney's suggestion he stopped at several used car dealers to get prices for his car. Hot Rod Charlie's gave him a good price but not the best. However payment was made in cash another recommendation by Mr. Finney. He would miss his "Baby," a bright red with white leather interior Mustang but really had no use for it in the big city.

When he returned to the apartment later that afternoon, Harvey was surprised. His room had been repainted in a powder pink and new bright pink satin with white polka dotted drapes added. He was standing open mouthed in the doorway, Mr. Finney right behind him as he surveyed the room.

"Thought I'd brighten up the place for you kid. The man at the hardware store said this was the latest trend. Something about the new metrosexual or something like that look. Hope you like it. I spent most of the day getting it done for you."

Harvey hated the look but what could he say. Mr. Finney had gone out of his way and did all this just for him. "Gee Mr. Finney, you shouldn't have," was all he could think to reply.

"Don't mention it kid," a smiling Alvin said patting Harvey on the back. "By the way did you sell your car?"

“Yes, like you suggested I got it in cash, twelve thousand is all. I was hoping for more than that,” he responded pulling the wad of cash from his pocket.

“Better give that to me kid. I’ll put it away in my wall safe for now. You can’t go around with that kind of money. No, not in this town,” Alvin stated taking all but a few hundred of the cash. “What say we head to the stores and restock your wardrobe?”

Harvey had only brought two suitcases of clothing and quickly agreed. They went back to that same clothing store where against his better judgment let Mr. Finney select his clothing. Four more pair of skinny jeans in bone, navy, red and pale pink. Two of the jeans, the pale pink and navy, had floral embroidery on the outside seams from the ankle half way up the calves. All of the jeans had fancy embroidery on the back pockets and fitted skin tight.

Trying on the first pair Harvey complained that they were too small. “Mr. Finney these are way too small for me. They don’t even cover my ankles and tight in the crotch.”

“They look just fine to me kid. According to the salesclerk who helped me get them, are perfect for that metrosexual look so popular with the younger kids now a days. Didn’t Silvia climb all over you the last time you wore something like that? Trust me kid, you look great,” Mr. Finney exclaimed. “Here try this shirt with that,” he added handing Harvey a bright pink nylon cowboy shirt with white fringe.

Harvey looked skeptically at his reflection. He was wearing the navy jeans and pink shirt. While the shirt was somewhat loose fitting the jeans were molded to his body. The bright red, green, blue and pink floral decoration on the legs was most distracting.

“Errr, Mr. Finney are you sure about this?”

“With your thin frame I think you look great kid but if you want another opinion ask Shirley here. She’s the one who suggested it,” Alvin said nodding to the young blond standing next to him.

“I think you look fabulous in that. A lot of my customers buy similar outfits,” Shirley responded. “*Yeah but they are either girls or gays. He doesn’t strike me as being gay but what the heck, fifty bucks is fifty bucks,*” she thought. Then added, “Although I would suggest you buy some thongs to go under those pants. I can definitely see your panty lines.”

“I don’t wear panties!” Harvey replied in a huff.

“Pardon, just a figure of speech ya know. No offense but your underwear shows through,” she replied with a slight blush.

“Lighten up kid. Shirley here was just trying to be helpful and your underwear does show. Now say you’re sorry and ask her to show you some more appropriate underwear,” Alvin stated.

***“I feel like such a dork but I don’t want my underwear showing either,”* he thought then replied, “I’m sorry Miss would yo...you please help me.”**

Harvey left the shop wearing his new navy jeans, the pink shirt and a pair of peach colored thongs. The jeans felt weird digging into his ass but the nylon strip of the thongs gouging even deeper disconcerting. If there had been many more customers in that shop while he was sorting through a pile of thongs he would have been mortified. Fortunately it was just the three of them and despite Shirley’s assurances was embarrassed. It took a massive effort on his part to pick out a dozen pairs. All were brightly colored or had delicate patterns in nylon. Shirley’s insistence that there was nothing unusual about his selections didn’t help. He had never heard of or seen any

men wearing a thong. The closest thing was other guys wearing a jock strap. His pink blush turned scarlet when she told him to tuck himself under when he put on the peach thongs.

"This is so friggin gay but she said all the popular guys were wearing them now," he thought as they headed out of the store.

He was brought out of his thoughts when Alvin slapped him on the back. "Kid you're looking great. I bet when Silvia sees you, she's gonna go bonkers. All you need now is a pair of killer boots and a haircut. There's a store right around the corner."

Harvey left the shoe store wearing a pair of black leather ankle boots with a two inch block heel and pointed toe. The heel threw his balance off making him feel like he was falling face forward. With Mr. Finney supporting his elbow managed to walk in his new shoes after a few minutes. In addition to the ankle boots a pair of fancy cowboy boots was purchased. These boots had a carved bone colored upper and muted pink vamp with a three inch stirrup heel.

"Mr. Finney these cowboy boots fit fine but don't you think they are too errr...too girly? I just don't feel all that comfortable wearing all this pink," he said fingering his shirt.

"Kid don't let that color bother you. Guys wearing pink is sorta like when women began burning their bras. It's like making a statement. Casting off gender stereotypes you know. Women today want a sensitive man rather than that Marlboro macho man of the past. Wearing pink shows the gals that you're the sensitive type," Alvin responded.

"I still think all this pink is a bit much but he's probably right. I'd get clobbered back home wearing this shirt but this is the big city. Guess I'll give it a shot and see what happens," he thought.

More annoying than the shoes was the black leatherette purse swinging from his shoulder. Mr. Finney assured him that "man" purses were the latest and he did need some way to carry all his stuff. His new jeans didn't have any real pockets.

The final stop was a hair salon called Betty's Cut and Curl. Harvey was use to the unisex mall shops and this one seemed way too girly. Again Mr. Finney took over and he went along with his suggestions.

"Mr. Finney says I need a trim and I do but getting my hair streaked? He says that if I want to get the big city's girls, it's necessary. He's lived here all his life and I guess he knows best," he thought.

"Kid, I'm telling you, after today you're gonna knock the girls dead. Like I been saying, the metrosexual look is in and you have that down pat now," Mr. Finney said as they left the salon.

"Metrosexual? I've never heard that term before and I think I look more like a girl than a guy dressed with this stupid haircut," he muttered.

"My dear boy that's the look we're going for. The girls go bonkers over that look here. It doesn't mean you're gay or anything like that. Metrosexual is a term used to describe guys that are meticulous about their appearance and grooming casting off all that macho stereotype bullshit. Women today want a better groomed more sensitive man to share their life with. Trust me kid, by the time I'm finished you'll thank me," he said as they entered the salon.

"While we're here, get Betty to give you a body wax," he added as they stepped up to

the receptionist's desk.

"A what?" Harvey responded not sure of what he just heard.

"Yeah a full body wax. Like I said, you need to drop that macho look and what better way than to get rid of all that ugly body hair? Trust me, the girls love running their fingers across a smooth chest," Alvin responded.

Turning his attention to the pretty receptionist, "Young lady, what do you think about my friend here getting a body wax?"

"We can fit that in and, yes, I like men without all that smelly body hair," she replied. Actually she could have cared less but a full body wax meant a substantial charge.

It was late afternoon by the time they left Betty's. Harvey was left stunned by what Betty had done but Alvin was all compliments. Not only was his Chestnut hair streaked with auburn highlights but given a soft perm. Now his long hair had curls styled in an above the shoulder bob held in place with hairspray. Except for a small triangle of pubic hair, hairless from the neck down and had his first manicure/pedicure. It had been very embarrassing but the technicians were all complimentary, assuring him a lot of their customers had the same procedures.

By the time they got back to the apartment Harvey's calves and feet were aching especially his toes from the new shoes. As he was putting away his new purchases, Mr. Finney entered his room.

"You've had those keepers in long enough kid. Here I got you something to replace them with. They were a very dear friend of mine's and I would like it if you would wear them," he said handing Harvey two small velvet boxes.

Inside the first box was a pair of faceted gold hoops. In the second box was a pair of pale pink pearl studs not quite half an inch in diameter. He stood just staring down at them for what seemed like ages. Harvey couldn't believe that Mr. Finney wanted him to wear such feminine objects.

"Well what do you think kid? It would mean a lot to me if you do," Alvin said with a crooked smile.

"*Crap! How can I refuse to wear these? He's been so nice to me,*" he thought then replied, "Of course I'll wear them. Thank you so much."

Sure enough that evening when they went to The Sport's Bar Silvia and her friend Irene were all over him. If he heard them say he was "cute," "precious" and "darling" once, he heard it a thousand times before the night was over. "I just love your earrings," was mentioned more than once as well. He was so occupied by the girls' attention that he didn't notice the stares from the guys.

Harvey was having the time of his life until a young man came in. The only distinctive thing about him was a number of colorful tattoos. "Oh Irene there's Hesston. Let's see if he got that dreamy tat he was telling us about," Irene said walking off.

"In a sec, I want to finish my drink first," Silvia replied.

"Tat....err...what kind of tattoo?" Harvey asked.

"He promised Irene he'd get one just for her," she answered with a mischievous smile. "You know sweetie, I think it would be soooo romantic if you got one just for little ole me. You know a cute red heart with my initials, SLT, for Silvia Louise Tutt. You know that would really turn me on," she added rubbing his upper thigh and kissing him on his ear.

Later as they walked home Harvey mentioned the tattoo to Alvin. "Mr. Finney Silvia wants me to get a tattoo but that's so permanent. I don't know why anyone would want to do something like that to themselves."

"They do it for a number of reasons kid. Some to remember an important event in their lives, others because they want to make a statement. Nothing wrong in getting one or more. Most of the young men and women you see at the bar have them," he responded.

"I guess but she wants me to get a red heart with her initials in it. What if something happens and then I'm stuck like that forever?"

"No problem, you just get the initials covered up. Max does that kind of thing all the time. You've been wanting Silvia to take more of an interest in you, so why not? Who knows what will happen if you do that for her, so think about it."

Two days later Harvey was back at Max's parlor. He had convinced himself that if a small tattoo could get him laid, then he would get one. He doubted he wanted a long term relationship with Silvia as she was too free spirited but short term she was exciting. What Harvey wanted was a golf ball sized heart on his upper arm. He left with a tennis ball sized bright red heart with white lace frame and the black script, SLUT, running diagonally through it on his left shoulder blade.

He wouldn't notice the mistake until several days later. When he went storming back to Max's, he was rebuffed. She showed him his signed release and sure enough the letters, SLUT, were there. Demanding that she cover it up was told nothing could be done until the tattoo had set.

"Look kid, nothing can be done until that tat has a chance to set. If I went and tried to cover it up now all the ink will smear together. Unless you want a really ugly blob of red ink permanently etched into your shoulder, wait. In a couple of months, I'll fix it," Max informed him.

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Alvin sat behind his desk smiling broadly. *"So far so good. Silvia has followed the plan and Max will do whatever I want. That kid is so damn gullible I will soon get him to do whatever I want. I've got him looking like a cast member of The Village People and he's becoming more submissive. Got to keep things moving or he might leave. He can still revoke my legal authority if he wise's up. I can't let that happen. Time to move on to the next step,"* he thought.

His smile broadened as he looked out the doorway of his home office seeing Harvey cleaning the living room. Harvey was doing all the household chores now. His skinny jeans and cowboy shirt covered by a full pinafore styled powder pink apron. It had only taken a little persuasion to get him to wear the apron. Getting him to wear the three inch cowboy boots while doing so, a bit harder.

"Hey kid, come in here a moment," Alvin yelled over the roar of the vacuum cleaner.

"I think I know what the problem is in your relationship with Silvia. You stoop and slump your shoulders. Posture says a lot about a person and yours shouts loser. I know you're not a loser but as your friend, I have to tell you the truth. I know how to correct your posture but you won't like it. So, do you want to look like a loser or a confident young man? The kind of man women like Silvia are drawn too?"

"Of course Mr. Finney and I will try to keep my back straight and not slump like you say."

“Try aint gonna cut it kid. You’ve been walking like that all your life and doing otherwise unlikely. You can’t just stop doing sumptin that comes naturally. What you need is a good corset. No, don’t say anything until you hear me out. A corset will force you to keep your back straight, chest out and shoulders back. A lot of men wear them for their back problems and there’s nothing wrong with you wearing one either. I know a discrete corsetiere who can get you fitted and no one will know but the two of us. So what is it, look like a loser or show off the confidence I know is in you?”

Bertha’s Foundations was a short bus ride away and Harvey was stripped down to his emerald green thong blushing like a fire engine. Bertha was a bowling ball of a woman, large and stout as she took his measurements. She stifled a giggle seeing his tattoo as she measured from his shoulders down the middle of his back.

“Another sissy boy,” she thought, “I’m gonna have fun with this one.” Putting her cloth tape away she said, “You’re in luck. I just happen to have two in your size. A bit fancy you understand but otherwise it’ll be several weeks before I can fit you properly.”

“I don’t think the kid should wait that long and besides no one will see them will they?” Alvin piped up.

“Other than seeing him standing straight and tall shouldn’t be all that noticeable,” she replied.

When she brought him the two corsets Harvey was appalled. One was a plum colored satin with black floral lace detailing. The other was iridescent pink with white lace panels decorating the sides. Besides the color and fabric the bodices had underwire support and six garter straps. They were definitely not designed for a man to wear.

“I...I ca....can’t wear that!” he exclaimed.

“Look honey, they’re all I have at the moment and they will give you the support you need. No one will know unless you take off your shirt. Now hold still while I put this one on and lace it up,” she said putting the pink one around his torso.

It didn’t take her long to fasten the front hook and eye closure and not much longer after that to lace him up. When she tied off the laces, Harvey was panting for breath and complaining bitterly. His waist was nipped in four inches and his back ram rod straight. The underwire supports had pushed up his flesh forming a small cleavage.

“Please, take it off! It’s killing me,” Harvey complained.

“Honey they all say that the first time. Don’t worry after a couple of weeks you’ll never want to leave home without one on,” she said giving his bare rump a pat making him jump.

Even with the loss of four inches around his waist, his skinny jeans didn’t fall off like he feared. They were a bit looser but elastic enough to hold up. His cowboy shirt was fuller around the waist but tighter across his chest as he examined his reflection. Otherwise the corset didn’t show and he was somewhat mollified.

“I can’t believe they talked me into wearing this thing. I can’t believe anyone would wear it. I’ve seen pictures but never thought I’d be wearing one especially one so girlie or so restrictive. It does make me stand up straight though. Mr. Finney was right about that and it isn’t noticeable. Guess I can try it until she can get me a man’s style,” he thought looking into the mirror.

That evening at The Sport’s Bar he was squeamish as he danced with Silvia. He flinched every time she touched him fearing what she would discover. Fast dances were one thing but when she grabbed and pulled him close for a slow one, she froze

fingering his back.

“Sweetie are you wearing a corset?” she asked but didn’t give him a chance to reply as she popped some snaps on his shirt.

“Wow!” she said fingering the satin of the pink corset. “I love it! I’m almost tempted to pull your shirt off to get the full effect....but..not here. Maybe later once we get to know one another better,” she said leaning in and kissing his cheek. “I really really like a man who isn’t afraid to show his feminine side,” she added stepping back. Taking the lead, she smiling broadly began spinning him about the dance floor.

Later sitting back at the bar Silvia looked at his face, grabbed his chin and turned it this way and that. “Sweetie, your skin is all splotchy. Here let me fix it,” she said opening her pink hobo bag.

Harvey squirmed as she quickly began applying foundation telling him to hold still. His skin might have been splotchy at the start but quickly flushed an even red in embarrassment. Here he was sitting in a crowded bar while his girlfriend put makeup on him.

“Hey, stop it Silvia. What are you doing? People are watching,” he protested.

“Oh stop whining sweetie and who cares. I’m just evening out your complexion. You do want to look good for me, don’t you? Sit still. I’m almost finished,” she stated.

Holding up her compact mirror so he could see, she added, “Now doesn’t that look much better?”

His skin was smooth and even toned but didn’t seem all that different. He could feel the cosmetic and smell the slight floral aroma but otherwise didn’t stand out like he thought it would.

“I...I guess,” was all he could say.

“Sweetie it’s better than okay and I just love how it smooth’s out your skin. Promise me you will keep it that way. I do love a man secure enough to be able to wear a bit of makeup. Here take this, I have more at home,” she replied handing him the jar.

Then to his great surprise she kissed him for the first time right on the lips. “*Wow! How can I say no,*” he thought.

On the way back to the apartment Alvin made an observation. “Kid if you’re going to wear some makeup, you’re gonna need to know how to take care of your skin. No, don’t take it the wrong way. I think you look a hell of a lot better and obviously Silvia really likes it from what I saw. I even wear a bit of concealer now and then but you have to do things a bit differently. I know this Mary Kay representative and have her come over. She can show you how to do what’s needed in private.”

The next afternoon Julia showed up and spent three hours demonstrating facial care to a bewildered Harvey. As a Mary Kay rep, she worked on commissions and made sure he had learned and purchased much more than he needed. Everything from moisturizers, defoliants, night masks to concealers and foundations. She even talked him into using mascara telling him his long lashes demanded it.

“Darling, every girl dreams of having such gorgeous lashes. With a bit of emphasis using this mascara, your eyes will just pop. Trust me, it’s subtle and not too obvious but it will do wonders for your look,” she said selling him on the idea.

That evening both Silvia and Irene thought he looked fabulous. With two of the prettiest girls at the club hanging all over him, Harvey’s confidence swelled. “*Shit! If I get this kind of attention, I don’t mind wearing some makeup or this damn corset,*” he

thought.

It didn't bother him too much when Irene dug into her purse and removed a small circular container, dipped her pinky finger into it and brushed it over his lower lip.

"Press your lips together honey," she said. "It's just some gloss to make your lips look yummy."

Harvey wasn't sure he wanted his lips to look yummy but did as she requested. The gloss was slightly tacky, made his lips tingle and tasted of berries. He wasn't sure he liked it and picked up a napkin to wipe it off.

"Oh no you don't!" Silvia said grabbing his hand. "I like it. Don't you dare take that off, not if you want me to kiss you ever again."

Meanwhile at a nearby table two men were watching Harvey. "Oh my Gerald, he looks just so delish I'm nearly wetting my panties. What on earth is such a darling boy doing with those two dykes?"

"No idea pumpkin but he's definitely cute," the other replied.

##

Harvey had been living with Alvin Finney for a little over a month and was basically happy. He considered Mr. Finney to be a good friend but a tad overbearing. His insistence that he do all the household chores including the laundry wearing a pinafore apron was a bother. Harvey didn't really mind doing that and cooking the meals as Mr. Finney wasn't charging him rent. What bothered him was Mr. Finney's pushing him into a lifestyle that was totally unexpected. He was uncomfortable with it but his girlfriend, Silvia, seemed to really get turned on.

He didn't like the changes but if it made Silvia happy combined with Mr. Finney's enthusiastic support Harvey went along. They were constantly bombarding him with living the so called metrosexual life style. A life style he thought was too gay and he was totally heterosexual. Having to wear a corset was his biggest concern. The fact that it was an overwhelmingly feminine design didn't help or that Mr. Finney had to help him lace it up. It did make him stand straight and kept his shoulders from slumping but it was so girly. He had seriously thought about putting a stop to all the nonsense but feared losing the only two friends he had in the world.

"What kind of guy wears a plum lace frilled corset and a friggin thong? For that matter how many wear lip gloss, foundation and mascara," he muttered staring at his reflection. "*I would be totally humiliated back at school looking like this but here in the city it isn't so bad,*" he thought turning away from the mirror.

"Mr. Finney is a great guy but he's beginning to make me feel uncomfortable. The way he pats my butt after lacing me up and puts his arm around my shoulders when we watch television. Then he's been getting very bossy and demanding lately too. Yeah, it's not like I don't know how to clean a friggin apartment or washing clothes but now he wants me to iron. I've never done that before but Silvia said she'd come over and show me. So I guess I can't bitch too much. I like her a lot but so far she's only let me have a few hugs and kisses. Man, I really want to get to know her better. Mr. Finney says I need to step it up like get a navel piercing. What the fuck? A navel piercing? Says all the girls go gaga when a guy has one. Guess I'll ask Silvia what she thinks when she gets here," he thought getting dressed.

Later after Silvia had shown him how to first dampen then use the spray starch, he asked, "Silvia...errr..wha...what would you think about me getting a navel piercing?"

“Like sweetie that sounds just so hot. My last lover had one and I can’t tell you how much it turned me on just flipping it with my tongue,” she answered with a playful giggle.

Letting his imagination run wild at her comment, replied without thinking, “Really? I was thinking of going to Max’s place.”

“Great, hurry up and finish ironing Mr. Finney’s boxers and I’ll go with you. I know Max and she’s really good. She did my tat for me. Want to see?” she gushed pulling down her loose fitting tee.

At the base of her left breast was a multi-colored hummingbird with gossamer wings. She wasn’t wearing a bra and the gold ring piercing her nipple was in plain view. Harvey went instantly erect and blushed crimson.

“Oh, you like I see,” she exclaimed making him blush all the harder. “Maybe while we are there you’ll get that heart tattoo we talked about.”

“I...I already...already did that bu...but it came out wrong,” he stuttered not realizing what he said.

“Let me see, let me see,” she demanded like a school girl clapping her hands.

Reluctantly he lowered his shirt exposing his left shoulder blade. “Oh my, but I really dig that you did that just for me,” she said giving him a kiss on the cheek. “Still, you know you could get another one. Like, I know, how about a garland of flowers around your arm with my initials in it. That would be a real turn on sweetie. Oh, you’re wearing a corset. Come on, off with the shirt I want to see.”

Blushing scarlet, Harvey let Silvia unsnap his shirt and pull it down exposing his plum corset. Circling his waist with her hands, she leaned in and nipped at his exposed nipples leaving her lip print behind.

“Oh baby I could just eat you up,” she said smiling then pressing her finger into his exposed navel added, “I know just the thing for this cute innie. Come on let’s go.”

***“Crap! How did I get myself in this mess? I don’t want a navel ring and certainly no more tattoos. I was just joking and now I don’t have any choice, shit!”* he thought as they walked out the door.**

“Silvia don’t you think that’s a bit too much? I mean I don’t know of any guys that would wear that,” Harvey moaned seeing the navel piercing she had selected.

She gave him a wide eyed look and in her sexiest huskies voice replied, “But sweetie this is just puurfect. Why I’m getting all excited just thinking about licking this with my tongue. It’d be soooo hoooot. Please do it for me.”

***“Damn! I can’t believe I’m agreeing to this,”* he thought nodding his head. Visions of her pink tongue licking at his navel made his little man take full control of his brain.**

Three hours later they left Max’s place and headed over to The Sport’s Bar. The blush was still on Harvey cheeks as they walked hand-in-hand down the street. The garland of brightly colored flowers around his upper right arm stung slightly but what was hanging inside his navel completely occupied his thoughts. It was a pink rhinestone encrusted penis with scrotum. If anyone other than Silvia ever saw it he would just die. Unlike the tattoo he could at least remove the jewelry once he was home.

His hopes of keeping it a secret died as soon as they entered the bar. Silvia immediately called Irene over and before he could stop her, pulled the snaps of his shirt open. With his shirt wide open and pulled halfway down, his tattoos and navel ring were on full display. Harvey was too horrified to react and stood like a statue as

Irene and a couple of other curious folks drifted past.

“Ooohhhh myyyy godddd!” Irene screeched bringing her hands to cover her mouth. “That is so perfectly fuckin awesome.”

“Well kid you certainly made an impression tonight,” Mr. Finney stated putting his arm around Harvey and pulling him in close.

Normally Harvey would be put off by being held so closely by another man but tonight was different. He actually welcomed the contact and he was very drunk. The contact made him feel protected after the utter humiliation at the bar. The navel ring was bad enough but then someone pointed out that Max had spelled out, SLUT” inside the garland brought on the water works. Harvey hadn’t noticed the error as the letters were slanted together in that “code” form used at secure internet sites to log in. Now he had two permanent pronouncements that he was a slut. He was so drunk that he didn’t respond when Mr. Finney put him into bed and gave him a kiss on the lips.

Silvia was kneeling between Harvey’s legs, head lowered, her forked tongue was flicking at his penis pendant caressing the tiny shaft and balls. At the same time his sprang into full erection. He watched, as if hovering above the bed, as her head drifted down, slowly down to his erection. Harvey gasped in his sleep as that wet tongue ran up and down his stiff rod. He came in glorious bursts as it was swallowed all the way down to its base. Silvia raised her head from between his spread legs. Her face dissolving like candle wax. Staring up into his face was Mr. Finney’s. Harvey woke, the nightmare dissipating as his body shivered.

“What the fuck?” he croaked getting out of bed.

In the bathroom Harvey tried to remove the navel jewelry without success. No matter how he pulled or pried, the small decoration stayed put. “Crap!” he said giving up. “I can’t get enough leverage to unsnap the clasp until this thing heals. All I managed was to make it bleed.”

##

For the next two days Harvey wouldn’t go to the bar. He was upset that he let Silvia talk him into that hideous navel ring, the tattoo and himself. Instead he watched television sitting on the couch beside Mr. Finney. If he had his druthers would have stayed in his room but Alvin had insisted he watch the weekend baseball games.

On Sunday afternoon as Mr. Finney slid an arm around Harvey’s shoulders and pulled him in close, said, “Kid, get over it. Shit happens. So what if Silvia took advantage of you? You know it’s not entirely her fault. It’s just that you have no control over yourself. I know you have been sexually frustrated. Hell, it’s kind of hard not hearing you masturbating through the wall. Don’t tell me otherwise, you moan loudly enough. Trouble is kid, you let your dick dictate over common sense. If you don’t get control of it, and soon, no telling what you’ll do for that girl.”

Greatly embarrassed, he lowered his head and just above a whisper replied, “I....I can....can’t help it Mr. Finney. She does things to me.”

“Look, I know you want to impress the girls especially Silvia. After all, you have made great strides in your dressing and appearance. However, you’ll never be able to control the situation unless you can control yourself first. Am I right so far kid?”

“*He’s so right. Every time I’m around her she twists me around her little finger,*” he thought then replied, “Err, yeah, I guess.”

“Alright then, admitting you have a problem is a good start kid,” Alvin answered with a

big smile and squeezing Harvey's shoulder. "Now for the solution. I've been giving it a lot of thought you understand. I really care about you kid so don't take this the wrong way. What you need is a means to keep your dick under control. Since you obviously can't do that yourself, we need to do it externally."

"Wha...what do you mean Mr. Finney?" a startled Harvey asked. "What kind of external means?"

"It's just a temporary solution I'm suggesting kid. That is until you can learn to control yourself. Nothing really permanent but a couple of piercings. That's all," Alvin replied very seriously. "*Silvia manipulated the hell out of him just like we planned and now he's ripe to move on to the next step,*" he thought.

"Piercings? What kind of piercings could help me? I really have more than I want right now," Harvey replied confused.

"Like I said kid, nothing permanent. We have Max insert a ring into the head of your penis and one in the peritoneum. Then with a small lock hook them together. Don't look so horrified. It's not painful and will keep that dick of yours under control. I'll have the key and once you're not under her sexual influences, will set you free. Take out the rings, you're back to normal except you would have learned to control your impulses. Let's face it kid, you're over twenty-one but have the control of a pimple faced teenager. To become a real man, you have to master those bits between your legs. Other than having to sit to pee, it shouldn't be that much of a bother."

Harvey sat looking, mouth agape, not quite believing what he had just heard. "Look kid, trust me, this is the best solution and there's no time like the present to get it done. If you think too much about it, it will just make your head swim. Come on, let's get over to Max's before she closes," Alvin stated getting up and pulling Harvey upright.

If Harvey hadn't gone through a six pack might have offered some objections. Instead he found himself strapped with legs spread and Max sitting between them. The golden ring penetrating the head of his penis stung but didn't bring the pain he thought it would. The other ring between his scrotum and anus didn't hurt at all. It had happened so quickly that Harvey had no chance to refuse.

What he didn't know was that Max had used a new space age polymer that was harder than steel and almost impossible to remove. It also heralded unexpected developments in his lifestyle and his future.

To Be Continued

Part Two

By Cheryl Lynn

The next morning Harvey realized what he had allowed Max to do and that his penis was now locked tightly between his legs. He had severe misgivings. With all the changes and now this, he went ballistic. It was all too much too soon. Mr. Finney let him rant and rave for a few minutes before he lashed out with his open palm, slapping Harvey soundly across the cheek. The slap was hard enough to make Harvey take a step back as tears immediately flooded down his face.

"Now listen to me kid! I've had enough of your bitching and complaining. What's done is done and there is no turning back. You're the one with the problems not me. Hell, I'm tempted to kick your sorry ass right out onto the fuckin street. You're damn lucky

to have a friend like me and this is the appreciation I get? Everything I've done is in your best interests. So suck it up and do what I think is best. Either that or pack your shit and get out," Alvin lashed out.

Harvey was staggered and stunned by the blow. This was a side of Mr. Finney he never saw coming. It left him bewildered and cowering. "Yo..you hit me," he stammered.

"Yeah kid and I'll do it again if you show me any and I mean any disrespect," Alvin snapped back angrily. "From now on you do whatever I say without complaint, understand! You are forgetting that I have control of your money and your dick. So if I kick your sorry ass out on the street, where will you go much less how are you going to eat? You can forget about getting the key to that lock as well. Good luck trying to unlock it, without the key Max said it's practically impossible. My house, my rules unless you want to be homeless and dickless!" Alvin shouted spittle flying from his lips.

Harvey cringed back truly afraid for the first time in his life. No one had ever physically attacked him before. Not only was Mr. Finney much bigger but had control of his money and any chance of getting out of chastity. He had no friends other than Silvia and Irene, if he could really call them that, and no place to go or means to get there.

However there was still an ember of defiance as he haltingly said, "I...I'll go...go to the authorities. Yo..you can...can't do that."

Alvin stepped up to the cringing youth and backhanded him, sending Harvey falling to the bed. "Kid you just made another fuckin mistake. Yeah you can go to the authorities but that contract you signed is iron clad. You can tell them I hit you but it'll be your word against mine. You can't blame me for those tats or piercings either. You signed the releases. Now you either pack up or do everything I tell you no matter what. It's time you realized that I'm fuckin in charge! You do what I say! Under fuckin understood!"

"Y...ye....yes," Harvey replied truly horrified. For the first time since his Aunt's funeral realized just how stupid and gullible he had been.

"Yes what?" Alvin hissed.

"Yes, Mr. Finney I...I understand," Harvey said in defeat.

"Leave....I have no place to go and he's got the key. Other than Silvia and Irene I really don't know anyone besides Mr. Finney. I sold my car so can't go back to college or anywhere else for that matter. He has all my money too. I don't want him to hit me anymore. I've never seen anyone so angry. I....I thought he was my friend. What have I gotten myself into? Stupid! Stupid! Stupid!" he thought as he tried to make sense of what had just happened.

##

Harvey gasped as Alvin pulled the laces of the pink corset tight. "You need new corsets. This one seems too loose even with the seams meeting in the back. Plus I've noted that you still slump your shoulders when not wearing it. Finish dressing then go make us some breakfast," Alvin said giving Harvey's round ass a firm slap.

The slap was firm enough to leave a hand print and send a message. After what had happened earlier, Alvin wanted to make sure Harvey understood his new role. Any more complaints or refusals would result in physical punishments.

At Bertha's Foundations Harvey was fitted for new corsets. This time they were stiffly boned wasp waisted reaching from just below the bust to above the hips leaving his

belly button visible. As before the only ones available in his size were in brightly colored satin with lace frills. The most embarrassing was a sleep corset made of canvas and stiffly wire boned. It covered his torso from underarms down past his groin and crisscrossed with compression banding.

“This sleep corset is based on old Victorian designs and guaranteed to keep your back straight, chest out and stomach in. The purpose of this garment is to make your body automatically remember proper posture.” she stated as she drew in the laces. “Of course when you have it on, you will need to be wearing hosiery. Without stockings, the hem has a habit of riding up. In a few months or so we may be able to do away with corseting altogether. That is if you wear this every night,” she informed him as she tugged the laces.

“I wouldn’t want to spend one minute in this much less the whole night,” she thought. “In a way I pity this poor fool but Mr. Finney said money was no object and if this is what he wants this is what he gets.”

After the brief time he was in the sleep corset, his new scarlet with black lace decorated wasp waist corset felt almost liberating. If he had any kind of real breast development, Harvey’s torso would reflect a perfect “S” hour glass shape. He wasn’t happy but after Mr. Finney’s threat to kick him out kept his dissatisfaction to himself.

“I can’t believe I’m doing any of this but what choice do I have? This corset is killing me. I don’t even want to think of how I’m going to feel with that sleep corset on all night. If I don’t go along with what he says, I’ll be homeless or worse. I didn’t expect this when I agreed to move in with him and don’t want him hitting me anymore either,” he thought as they left the store.

“Time to get you some new clothes. With your new corsets, what you have is just hanging,” Alvin stated as they walked down the crowded street.

It was true. With his new corset Harvey’s waist band had plenty of slack despite its elasticity. The thin black belt holding them up was on its last notch and his nylon shirt felt more like a tent. They stopped in front of the store where he had gotten his jeans before.

“Listen up kid. When we go in there keep a big smile on that mug of yours. You look or act like you’re not happy, I’m going to put you over my knee and give you a bare bottom spanking that you will never forget when we get home. Understood?” he said gripping Harvey’s upper arm painfully.

“Ye...yes Mr. Finney,” Harvey replied almost in tears.

When they left the store Harvey was as red as his corset. He was wearing a pair of tight bright yellow Capri pants with a red Chrysanthemum floral pattern and pink shell blouse. On his feet were a pair of black strapped corked soled four inch wedged heels. He wobbled and his black “man” purse swung banging into his side with each step. If Mr. Finney hadn’t kept a firm grip on his elbow would surely have fallen. While the shoes were similar in height to his cowboy boots they felt totally different. Inside the bags Alvin carried were half a dozen pairs of tight figure hugging girl’s pants and blouses. With his hair style, minimal makeup and mode of dress, Harvey appeared to be a rather flat chested girl.

Harvey’s humiliation didn’t end with his mode of dress as they entered Max’s parlor. “Kid you need a reminder of exactly who is in charge,” Alvin whispered as Max came out the back room.

“Max,” he said, “my friend here has decided that he wants another tat. He’s decided to

honor my friendship by getting my face tattooed on his right deltoid. Maybe surround it with some nice hearts and pretty flowers. You got the time?"

Hearing that Harvey's mouth opened and closed but nothing came out. What Mr. Finney was suggesting was so far fletched and horrifying, he couldn't talk. Once he heard Max say she had the time, he found his voice.

"I....I don't wan....," he started to object when he doubled over in pain. Mr. Finney had punched him hard in the solar plexus.

"Looks like the kid is overwhelmed Max. Let's get into the back so you can use that amazing talent of yours," Alvin said pulling Harvey upright. "While you're at it why not pierce his tongue."

Max wasn't overly shocked by what had just happened. She had seen such scenes before and figured she would see similar encouragements in the future. As long as the customer signed the waivers and consent forms she didn't really care. She was running a business and money was money.

Several hours later Harvey had etched in ebony black ink a very good likeness of Mr. Finney's face surrounded by a vivid bouquet of yellow, pink, red and violet rose buds entwined in green briar with two small pink hearts at the crown.

Harvey didn't remember leaving the tattoo parlor nor walking back to the apartment. He was too stunned and traumatized by what had happened. What he did remember was the deep, tongue wagging, wet kiss he received once inside the door. When Alvin broke the kiss, he gave Harvey a slap to his butt and simply told him to put his new clothing away. Too distraught, horrified and confused by the events of the day, Harvey stumbled away. He spent what was left of the day in his room. He wasn't sure what was bothering him more, the new corset, the barbell inserted into his tongue or the utter helplessness he felt.

##

"That went better than I expected," Mr. Finney thought. "Thought the kid would have bigger balls than that but he just rolled over. Can't let up the pressure now. Most of the crew at the bar think he's gay but have to make sure there is no doubt in anyone's mind. Perception is everything. If everyone thinks he's gay then should he go to the authorities, I'll have backup. Got to keep pushing him to the point where he has absolutely no chance to ever go back. Better give Betty a call and set up another appointment for tomorrow morning. I'm thinking white hair with pink highlights done in a tight poodle cut would be the icing on the cake."

It was a little after eight that night when Alvin went into Harvey's room. Harvey was stretched out on his bed apparently having cried himself asleep. The shopping bags scattered about the floor.

"Gawd I can't wait to tap that ass but will have to wait," he thought removing his belt approaching the bed.

Harvey was jarred awake by a stinging burning pain in his butt. He literally jumped off the bed as another swipe of the belt connected. "Wha.....what? Stop!" he cried out.

"Kid I thought I told you to put that shit away. Get to it or I'll blister that butt of yours," Alvin yelled giving one of the bags a kick.

"Okay, okay, just don't hit me anymore," Harvey tearfully replied.

"As soon as you get that done, I'm putting you into that sleep corset and to bed. Since you also forgot about making supper you can do without. Kid, the sooner you learn to

do what I say when I say it, the better off you're gonna be."

##

That next morning Harvey wasn't about to offer any resistance or arguments. Spending the night in the vise grip of that corset and going over and over the events of the day, left him numb and sleep deprived. The forest green wasp corset with its lime green lace frills and ribbons left him gasping but not nearly as bad. Pulling up the skin tight black PVC leggings was exhausting but with Mr. Finney standing nearby dared not complain. The emerald green high collared halter blouse that left his navel bare was embarrassing. Again, dressed and minimal makeup looked like a flat chested girl.

With four inch black patent leather wedges on, Harvey still had to look up to meet Mr. Finney's eyes. That was something he couldn't bring himself to do. He spent the morning and early afternoon cleaning the apartment and preparing the meals. At three they left to go to Betty's Cut and Curl. He was admonished to behave and go along with whatever Betty decided. It was a little after five when they left. His hair styled into tight white curls with pink and lavender highlights formed into a puff ball. His sideburns were gone and his brows thinned and arched. A full body wax removed any stubble. A bright glistening red lipstick replaced the pink gloss. The small faceted gold hoops in his lower lobes replaced with six inch red plastic half inch wide hoops. Of all the things Betty had done, the worst was attaching vivid red one inch acrylic talons to his fingers. The long nails made his hands and fingers almost useless.

The only resistance he had put up came as they neared The Sport's Bar. "Please Mr. Finney, no...not here.....no....not like this," he begged.

"Kid we're going in. I need a drink and you need to loosen up. I'm sure Silvia and Irene will love your new look. You've been good so far but don't push my patience. I don't think you want to wind up homeless looking like you do and in this neighborhood. Now put a fuckin smile on your face and don't give me anymore static."

It was still early and not many people were in the bar but all eyes turned to stare. Harvey was well aware of who they were all looking at and blushed furiously. Sitting at the bar, Mr. Finney ordered a Pink Lady for Harvey and a single malt for himself. Harvey felt very self-conscious as he sat sipping through the cocktail straw at the overly sweet drink. He did his best to ignore what was happening around him.

Harvey was on his second drink when someone tapped him on the shoulder. He turned on his barstool expecting to see Silvia. He was a bit surprised that it was Gerald.

"I love your new look Harvey and just had to come over and tell you. Alvin would you mind too much if I took this delectable creature out on the dance floor?" Gerald asked.

"Sure thing Gerald, just make sure you bring him back in one piece," Alvin laughed then turning to Harvey added, "You go dance and play all nice nice with my friend Gerald."

A protest formed on his lips but the look Mr. Finney gave him made it quickly fade. He cringed as Gerald slid an arm around his waist leading him out onto the dance floor. It was a slow one and Harvey jumped as Gerald's hands grabbed his butt cheeks, pulled them close and took the lead. As they maneuvered around the dance floor Harvey kept trying to pull Gerald's hands away from his ass with little success. Making things more uncomfortable was feeling Gerald's cock pressing into his. As the song was coming to an end, Harvey was taken completely by surprise when Gerald kissed him solidly on the lips. He ran as fast as he could in the wedge sandals back to the bar stool and Mr. Finney.

Neither Silvia nor Irene showed up that night but that didn't keep Harvey off the dance floor. Between Gerald and his friends, Bruce and Dudley, he spent a lot of time dancing the night away. When Harvey first came to the bar, he had no idea of how to dance. Silvia taught him but what Harvey didn't know was that she taught him the girl's part. He danced the slow ones backwards and the fast dances with way more wiggle in his upper and lower torso than a man.

Harvey didn't mind the fast dances so much but the slow ones were very uncomfortable. The feeling of another man's dick pressing against him along with the groping hands on his ass bothered the hell out of him. Complaining to Mr. Finney did no good as he would simply laugh and tell him to get back out on the dance floor. The only good thing about this evening was that his dance partners bought him plenty of drinks. Harvey welcomed the mind numbing alcohol and was smashed when they left.

By the time Alvin had stripped Harvey naked, he was out like a light. Mr. Finney stood over him and pulled down his zipper. He had been aching for relief as he began rubbing the head of his eight inch penis over the boy's full lips. Harvey unconsciously parted them and darted out his tongue to lick them. When he did that Alvin pressed the mushroom head into the gap. Just far enough in that the lips surrounded it.

"Oh gawd I've been waiting for this," Alvin moaned as he felt Harvey begin unconsciously sucking.

Harvey was sitting beside Silvia in an ice cream parlor. They were surrounded in cotton candy pink and white puffy clouds. He watched mesmerized as Silvia dipped her finger into her banana split, scooping up strawberry sauce and whipped cream. He watched as she brought it to his lips as if from a distance. His lips parted and darted out his tongue to lick it off her finger. She pushed what seemed to be a very large fat finger into his mouth and he began sucking. His mouth filled with her offering. Not the sweet flavor he expected rather something slightly salty but he swallowed. He looked up as her fat finger pulled away. Silvia's face dissolved in a mist before his eyes...the dream fading as his mind went blank.

##

Harvey woke the next morning with a pounding headache, his stomach sour and churning. His tongue was slightly swollen and hurt from the new piercing. He was surprised that he wasn't wearing his sleep corset or anything else. As he looked down seeing the pink phallic navel decoration and his tucked pierced penis made his stomach cramp. Jumping out of bed he rushed to the bathroom. Alvin found him there slumped over the ceramic throne.

"Kid if you're finished paying the price for over indulging, get your ass up and hit the shower. I'll be waiting so hurry up," he ordered.

As Harvey left the bathroom, eyes bloodshot, he wasn't looking forward to his day. Being laced tightly into a baby blue with white lace decorated wasp waisted corset didn't help. Donning a pair of matching thongs, he looked around for the rest of his clothing. The only item remaining on his bed was a pair of baby blue sheer nylons and a bright blue organza tea apron with white floral lace trim.

The question on his lips was silenced when Alvin said, "Put on your heels and fix breakfast. I'll decide on what you're going to wear later but that will do for now."

"I've got him!" Alvin's mind shouted as Harvey complied wordlessly. "Finely all my planning is paying off. All I have to do is totally humiliate him in public. By the time this day is over everyone will know he is a submissive homosexual. He'll have nowhere to turn and I'll have more than enough witnesses to cover my ass. He's

mine!"

##

Harvey spent a miserable morning doing his chores. He had a hangover, his new lengthened nails almost impossible to deal with and he was practically naked. More distracting and humiliating were the slaps and caresses to his butt whenever Mr. Finney was near. The intimacy of those touches were very disturbing. He almost lost what little lunch he had eaten when Alvin kissed him deeply leaving his mouth filled with saliva. After lunch he wasn't sure if he was happy being told to get dressed as they were going out.

In his bedroom he selected what he hoped was the least feminine of his clothing choices. The navy blue nylon mid-knee length flare legged shorts he had hoped would pass as basketball shorts, looked more like a skirt when he put them on. The sky blue pull over ribbed cotton shirt didn't help his masculine image either. While his corset didn't have any cups the underwire support pushed up his man boobs. Thanks to his chastity piercing his front was as flat in the snug shorts as any girl's.

Examining his reflection Harvey was disappointed to see what appeared to be a young flat chested woman staring back at him. *"I thought he was my friend but he's a monster. Look what he's done to me! How did I let this happen? I've no choice now but to go along with this. I don't want him hitting me anymore but I've got to find a way out,"* he thought turning sadly away to put on his makeup.

Harold still wobbled on his four inch heels as he entered the living room. Mr. Finney looked him over, smiled and tossed him a pink feather boa. "Here," he said, "put that on and grab your purse. We're going for a walk. When we get outside, slide your left hand finger into the back belt loop on my pants and smile like you mean it."

For the next hour they walked side by side, Harold's finger wedged into Alvin's belt loop and Alvin's hand cupping Harold's right butt cheek. It was early afternoon, the sky azure blue, the temperature warm and people everywhere. They received a lot of stares, some giggles and a few obscenities but most people simply ignored them. Far out gay couples were not that unusual in the big city. Finally when Harold thought his feet and legs couldn't take it anymore, Mr. Finney stopped at a sidewalk café. He pulled out a chair and sat then had Harvey sit sideways in his lap.

"You know Harvey, don't get me wrong. You have fantastic legs but you really should wear nylons," Mr. Finney said loudly as he rubbed his hand up and down on Harvey's thigh.

Harvey was still blushing when the waiter walked up. The waiter, his obvious distaste apparent in his smile asked for their order. "Harvey here will have hot tea. Bring me coffee black, no sugar with one of those cinnamon rolls you're famous for," Mr. Finney replied then placed a wet sloppy kiss to Harvey's blushing cheek.

On the way back to the apartment they took a slight detour and entered a fetish shop. There Mr. Finney purchased a bright pink vinyl heart shaped purse with a gold chain strap. A dozen packets of seamed black hosiery were put into the shopping basket. He also had Harvey fitted for a pair of hot pink PVC six inch stripper boots. It took everything he had just to remain standing in the spike heels when he tried them on. Fortunately Harvey didn't have to wear them on the way home.

Making their way to check out Harvey's heart almost stopped. Mr. Finney had paused at a rack of traditional French Maid's uniforms and was fingering a bright lavender bridal satin one. The uniform had exaggerated pale lavender chiffon puff short sleeves, low rounded neckline framed in knife pleated chiffon and flare skirt. Alvin

looked at the price tag, mumbled something Harvey couldn't hear then moved on.

Harvey had been fighting back the tears from the moment they left the apartment. Leaving the fetish shop he couldn't stem the flow any longer. Salty tears of utter humiliation flooded down his cheeks as Mr. Finney just smiled and patted him on the ass. This was turning out to be the most humiliating and mortifying day of his young life.

As soon as they entered the apartment Alvin swatted Harvey hard on the ass. "That's enough of the water works! Get your ass in your room, put on a pair of those hose and your new boots. I don't care how long it takes or how much you hate it but you're gonna learn to walk in them. While I'm thinking about it, get a trash bag and put all your other shoes in them. You'll only be wearing stripper boots from now on."

"Walk in them? I can barely stand up with those boots on," he thought rubbing his stinging ass cheek.

Wearing a tight corset and trying to work a pair of seamed hose up his legs was near impossible. By the time the seams were straight and attached to the garters of the corset, Harvey was sweating and gasping. Picking up the glistening pink calf length boots, he groaned.

"How can I do this? I've seen girls wearing heels but not this high and he expects me to walk in these? I'm not a girl no matter what he's made me look like," his thoughts were broken hearing Mr. Finney yell, "Kid, get your ass in here."

"Crap! My butt still hurts where he slapped me. I wish I'd never met him! I wish I'd never had let Silvia talk me into that damn tattoo in the first place," he thought pulling on the first boot and zipping it up.

Clutching at the walls and furnishings for support Harvey managed to make his way slowly to Mr. Finney. The one inch platform sole eased some of the strain but the pointed toes and small heel tip threatened to topple him at any moment. In the living room, he clutched the back of a chair while Alvin examined him.

"That's much better kid. Those shoes make your legs look fantastic. Remember what that sales girl said, plant the toes first then the heels. Walk from the hips, one foot in front of the other. Small steps and try to keep your elbows at your sides. Now you just walk around for a while and get use to them," he said smiling broadly before going into the kitchen to get a beer.

Harvey didn't have the shoes on fifteen minutes and already his toes, ankles and calves throbbed. *"These shoes are impossible. How can anyone stand wearing them much less move anywhere fast? Gawd, they hurt and he's just sitting there on the couch watching with a shit eating grin on his face,"* he thought as he took another painful step.

After he had prepared and they had eaten supper, Harvey was sent to his room. Standing in his bedroom, Mr. Finney unlaced the corset before he was allowed to remove the hated boots. Harvey hadn't taken a bath since he was a baby but waited eagerly as Mr. Finney filled the tub with hot water and bubble bath. His feet and legs burning, Harvey couldn't wait to get in the hot floral scented oily water. At this point he didn't care if he came out smelling like a florist shop.

"Kid, from now on its only baths for you, understand, and make sure you use a lot of these bath salts and oils. You got an hour to finish up. I'll put something out for you to wear and be back to lace you up. We're going out later," Alvin stated then left him.

Coming out of the bath Mr. Finney quickly trussed Harvey up in a black satin corset

giving him a swat to the ass when he finished. Instead of leaving him to dress in private, Alvin stood off to the side, finger pointing to the clothing on the bed. Harvey looked at the clothing and stepped back from the bed shocked. Lying next to his black lace overlaid satin thong with its small bright red bow was a matching bra.

“Wha....what? Yo...you don’t expec..,” Harvey began only to be silenced by Mr. Finney’s glaring eyes.

“Put the damn bra on! Now!” Alvin hissed. *“If he puts that on without fighting me I’ll have him,”* he thought.

“A bra.....he actually wants me to put on a bra!” Harvey’s mind screamed. *“I don’t want to wear a bra! It’s bad enough what he has done to me already. I look too much like a girl as it is. What’s going on? Why is he doing this to me? Oh gawd, he looks like he’s really pissed and going to hit me. Better do what he says for now. I’ll figure something out later.”*

With trembling hand Harvey reached down and picked up the bra. The cup of the bra was soft to the touch, gleamed in the reflected light and felt spongy. He was familiar with a bra but had never touched one before believing such items to be taboo. Now he was not only holding this most feminine item but getting ready to actually wear it. Trembling all over he slid the thin satin straps up his arms. There was no way he was going to be able to fasten it, his hands were shaking too much and his fingers numb.

Alvin reached out, grabbed Harvey by the shoulder and spun him around. “I’ll hook your bra this time but you’d better learn how to do this yourself or else. Now finish dressing and put on your makeup,” he growled as he hooked the bra then left the room.

Harvey sat on the vanity bench, tears flowing down his cheeks. *“I’ve got to find some way to get out of here. He never lets me out of his sight and if I don’t do exactly what he says, he hits me. How did I let things get so out of hand? He’s taking me out looking like this. I can see the bra right through this shirt. If anyone sees me I’ll die. I look like a freak! Got to get away from him. He’s crazy! I don’t have any choice. Tonight, I’ll find some way to get away from him,”* he thought frantically.

##

Mr. Finney was waiting for him in the living room, drink in hand. He smiled broadly as Harvey stood literally shaking in his boots. *“Hot damn! The kid turned out better than I ever expected,”* he thought rising from the couch. Harvey was wearing skin tight white Dallas Cowboy cheerleader short shorts, a pale red polyester cap sleeved billowy blouse, black seamed nylons and his pink stripper boots. The blouse transparent enough to show the black lingerie underneath. Over his left shoulder hung the new pink vinyl purse. His makeup was subtle as Julia had taught him. The eyes lined in black with dusty grey shadow and red glistening lips. If it weren’t for the wild poodle cut and tattoos could easily pass as a typical young woman.

Alvin couldn’t help himself. He grabbed the cowering young man and kissed him full on the lips. “Fix your lipstick kid,” he said stepping back and gulping down his drink.

As they walked down the sidewalk Harvey’s hip kept brushing Mr. Finney’s. The stilt heels forced him to sway his hips and the arm around his waist pulled them together. Walking combined with the unnatural feel of bra straps, kept a bright blush on Harvey’s face.

“People are staring at me and I look such a total fairy. I’m not that way but

everyone seeing me must think that. I'm so embarrassed. I wonder where he is taking me now," Harvey mused as they walked.

His question was soon answered as Mr. Finney opened the door to Applebee's. "Oh no! He's not taking me in here. It's packed."

Standing under the lights along with several other people waiting for seating, Harvey was extremely nervous. It didn't help his nerves when Mr. Finney kept using his name as they stood in line. It seemed like every time he said, "Harvey," everyone would stare or snicker. They had a long wait as Mr. Finney made sure they got a booth that was well lit. He insisted that Harvey sit right next to him on the padded seat. As at the café, Alvin made sure everyone within hearing distance knew that Harvey was a boy and ordered for him. Harvey was so humiliated that he barely touched his Caesar Salad and dared not look up. He cringed every time Mr. Finney rubbed his upper thigh saying how great his legs felt in nylons. The three large glasses of white wine he gulped down did nothing to ease his mind. The end of the meal couldn't come soon enough. When it did, his embarrassment turned into full blown mortification as Mr. Finney insisted he go to the men's room and repair his makeup. He made the demand loud enough so that everyone seated nearby heard.

It seemed to Harvey that a hundred eyes followed him as he wiggled his hips to the men's room. Harvey was in panic mode as he approached the men's room. Mr. Finney had stayed seated in the booth and for the first time he was free to run. But run where? There was a door down the hall but it was a fire door and an alarm would sound as soon as he opened it. He gave it a brief thought then decided he couldn't do it. With his stripper heels he wouldn't make it half a block before Mr. Finney would catch him. More than likely he figured he would break an ankle before he got even that far. Signing heavily, he opened the door to the men's room. As he entered a man was walking out. The man stared daggers at him and muttered, "Damn fairies." Fortunately no one else was in there. He quickly repaired the damage to his lipstick and put fresh powder on his nose. All he could hope for was a hole to open up and swallow him. It was full dark out when they left the restaurant and Harvey felt a little better. Darkness gave him some anonymity but did nothing to ease his humiliation. As much as he didn't like the idea he clung to Mr. Finney's arm, the wine was making his head spin.

As they walked down the sidewalk Harvey kept going over scenarios of ways to escape. "If I see a cop I can get him to help me. That's what I'll do. He'll surely help me get away from Mr. Finney," was the best he could come up with.

A half block from the apartment Harvey saw his chance. A police cruiser was coming down the street. Without thinking, Harvey let go of Mr. Finney's arm and staggered, wobbling dangerously in the heels, into the street. The cruiser stopped and the driver's window came down.

"What hell lady?" the policeman yelled.

"Ple....please you ha...have to help me," Harvey answered slurring his words and placing his hands on the hood to steady his wobbly feet.

"Crap! This is all I need just as my shift is ending," the cop muttered getting out of his unit.

"Offi....officer ple..please. I...I've got to...to get away from him," Harvey said as the cop reached him.

"Another drunk. Worse yet, it's some faggot," the officer thought then said, "Get away from who? I don't see anyone."

“M...Mr. Fin...ney. H...he’s done th...this to me,” Harvey answered with a hiccup.

“Done what?” the officer asked.

“This!” Harvey said pointing with both hands to his chest.

“Okay, come on. Get in the back,” the cop said looking around and seeing no one. “I’ll let the Desk Sargent figure this one out,” he said under his breath as he opened the back door.

Harvey was surprised to see Mr. Finney seated in front of the Desk Sargent when he was brought in. “Ahhh, there’s my sweetie. Like I told you Sargent, we had a little fight cause he was drunk that’s all,” he said standing.

“What you got there Billy?” the Sargent asked.

“Like the man said, drunk and disorderly,” the officer said pushing Harvey to the forefront. “That’s about it.”

“Come on Harvey, I talked this good man into letting you off. Let’s go home,” Alvin said sweetly.

“N...no, I don’t want too,” Harvey answered very sober by now.

“Well if you don’t, it means a night in the drunk tank with the other winos,” the Sargent said.

***“Drunk tank?”* Harvey thought as scenes of old movies popped into his head.**

“Alright kid, either come home with me or I’ll let them book you. If they book you, your finger prints will be taken, you’ll be thrown into a cell with a bunch of smelly drunk men and your name will appear in the morning newspapers. Maybe get your picture taken by the press even. Then you’ll have to go before a judge. He will give you a fine that you can’t pay...then send you back to jail. You want that?” Alvin whispered taking him by the arm.

***“Oh gawd, I can’t let that happen. No, not like this!”* Harvey’s mind screamed.**

With no real alternative, Harvey bowed his head and let Mr. Finney lead him out of the station house. “You are going to owe me big time for this favor kid,” Alvin’s words reverberated in his mind as the taxi took them home.

To Be Continued

Part Three

By Cheryl Lynn

Harvey was sick both mentally and physically as they rode home in the taxi. The thought of what could have happened to him while stuck in a jail cell made his stomach churn. What Mr. Finney had in mind as a reward for getting him out brought beads of sweat to his forehead. He was naïve but not stupid and things were beginning to add up. Harvey never expected or thought possible how much things would change in a little over three months. He had gone from a nerdish heterosexual twenty-one year old to appearing to be a flamboyant gay young man. A lot of it he had to blame himself for but the drastic developments of the past week not so much.

Yes he had let his infatuation with Silvia go way too far. That relationship had gotten him his first tattoos and navel piercing. Going so far as to convincing him to wear makeup. Then Mr. Finney changed from being his friend and advisor to monster. He convinced Harvey to dress flamboyantly and get a chastity piercing. All that

supposedly to help him get into Silvia's pants. Ha! What a fool he had been. He had actually thought by doing that he would finally bust his cherry. Then everything changed. Mr. Finney turned into Mr. Hyde. Made him get that ridiculous poodle hair style, wear a bra and paraded him around town. Now even the police thought he was a flaming homosexual. Worse was his stupidity in signing over his wealth to Mr. Finney's control and selling his car. He had no money, no way to run and he strongly suspected that Mr. Finney was gay. That suspicion became fact as they entered the apartment.

As soon as they entered the house, Mr. Finney slapped Harvey hard on his round ass. "Kid, get to your room and fix your face. It's all streaked and smeared then get yourself back here," he demanded.

"Please Mr. Finney, no. I don't want to wear makeup anymore or these clothes. I.....," he was stopped by a stinging slap to the face.

"Kid when are you fuckin gonna learn. When I tell you something, do it!" he shouted.

Tears flowing freely down his face Harvey scurried as fast as he could in the stripper heels to his room. Sitting down at the vanity, he grabbed the cold cream and some tissues. It wasn't much of a vanity, more like a small table with a lighted oval mirror but it held all his cosmetics and hair brushes. Mr. Finney had gotten it when Harvey first started using makeup. "I should have stopped all this then," he sobbed smacking his fist on the vanity top. "Crap! I can't even make a proper fist with these long nails," he thought as fresh sobs wracked his body.

Mr. Finney was waiting, sitting on the couch with a brandy snifter filled with single malt scotch in hand. He was only wearing his green plaid boxers and white undershirt. The coffee table pushed off to the side. *"I couldn't have planned an ending to this night any better myself. Imagine, the kid running to the cops. The look on his face when he heard he would be spending the night in the drunk tank. Damn! That was priceless. You're mine now boy and tonight I get my reward,"* he thought.

Looking up he saw a trembling Harvey standing in the hallway. "Just don't stand there kid. Get your ass over here right in front of me," he barked.

Hesitantly Harvey did as instructed. Standing in front of Mr. Finney, Harvey was told to bend down. When he did, Alvin grabbed him behind the neck and pulled him in close then planted a big saliva filled kiss on his lips. When the kiss broke Harvey was gasping, swallowing down a wad of spit and his stomach churning. Alvin reached out his other hand, grasped Harvey by the shoulders and shoved him down to his knees.

"Alright kid, it's time to show all your appreciation for what I done for you," he snarled.

##

Harvey was in pain, his eyelids sticky when he opened them. He was wearing the sleep corset and his feet still in the stripper boots. He ran his tongue over his lower lip, it was swollen. His throat sore and mouth tasted of something foul. A dull ache seemed to radiate from all over his body. As he came to full awareness, the events of last night came back in appalling detail. Mr. Finney had bitch slapped him until he took that eight inch monster into his mouth.

"That's it bitch, suck my cock. Come on take it all. Hot damn you're a natural cocksucker. Swallow damn it! All of it, don't spill a drop!" echoed in his mind as he saw his nose pressed into Mr. Finney's thick pubic hair.

He was bent over the arm of the coach. His white shorts puddled around one ankle. Mr. Finney was behind him. The searing pain, the burning. He remembered every

painful humiliating moment.

“You’re a sissy faggot kid. A cock sucking sissy faggot,” reverberated over and over in his head.

The remembrance made him sick but what mortified him was what happened next. Mr. Finney had removed the lock and freed his penis. It was erect and when Alvin took it in his mouth, spewed like it had never done before. He came so hard, his back arched and he screamed.

“Kid you’re a natural sissy faggot and all that cum proves it. Only a sissy faggot screams and cums that hard. Come on, tell me you’re a sissy faggot. Say it!” the words filled his mind, echoing off the walls of his skull.

“I....I’m a....a...si...sissy faggot,” he mumbled as tears filled his eyes. *“Mr. Finney must be right. Only a sissy queer does that,”* he thought then grunted as the corset bit into his side.

It felt like he lay in misery for hours trapped in that horrid corset and boots before Mr. Finney entered to release him. He would have gotten out of bed as he needed to pee but the corset prevented him from bending and his lower legs were tingling with pins and needles. He doubted he could stand much less walk, so he just laid there weeping softly. Almost sounding like a whimper when Alvin entered.

“Good you’re up. Here, I have you’re morning wake up treat,” he said pulling his dick from his pajamas. **“This is what all you sissy faggots want in the morning.”**

He pulled Harvey so that his head was off the bed and pressed the head of his dick against Harvey’s lips. **“Come on, you know you want it. The sooner you make me cum and swallow every bit then thank me, the sooner you’ll be out of that corset and boots.”**

The smell coming from Mr. Finney’s unwashed cock was thick with musk, urine and sweat. Closing his eyes, he parted his lips. **“Keep those eyes open faggot!”** Alvin’s voice boomed as he shoved the head of his dick between the parted lips.

“You’re a natural kid. Now thank me and tell me what you are.” Mr. Finney said tucking his limp penis back inside his pajamas.

“What more does he want from me? Hasn’t he humiliated me more than enough? If I don’t do what he says he’ll keep me in this horrid corset and boots,” he thought then swallowing the last of his pride answered, **“Than...thank you Mr. Finney...it...it’s just wha...what this sis...sissy faggot wants.”**

The tears didn’t stop flowing until he was in the bath letting the hot steamy water ease the aches and misery from his body. He stayed there until the multicolored bubbles had disappeared and the water turned cold. Even then he was reluctant to get out and meet the day. He was very afraid of what awaited him once he left the privacy of the bath.

Mr. Finney was waiting for him holding a white satin corset with powder pink lace overlay in his beefy hand. On the bed was the matching satin thong with pink lace insert and a satin bra with pink lace decorated cups. Beside the bra was a pair of red satin short shorts and white poly bell sleeved crop top. On the floor were the hated stripper boots.

Harvey groaned and gasped for breath as Alvin drew in the laces as tight as he could. By this point in time, the corset could be drawn in to give Harvey a twenty-three inch waist. It was Mr. Finney’s intension to bring that waist down to eighteen inches. With

the corset fastened, he bent Harvey at the waist telling him to spread his legs. As Harvey waited trembling at the thought of what Mr. Finney intended, Alvin lubed a relatively small pink plastic butt plug.

“Kid you need to loosen up a bit,” he said as he pushed the plug home.

“Oooooohhhhhhh,” Harvey gasped as he felt the plug enter. To his mind he sounded just like a girl.

“Thought you’d like that. Most sissy faggots just love that feeling of fullness. We’ll move on to bigger ones later. Now finish dressing then make breakfast,” Mr. Finney said slapping Harvey’s bare ass.

“He’s just about broken,” Alvin thought. “Now all I have to do is finish it.”

##

Later that afternoon they went back to see Max. Mr. Finney wanted some more work done to completely break whatever hope Harvey might have of returning to normal. The first item on the list was a tramp stamp. The tattoo in bright colors ran the entire length across the saddle of Harvey’s back. It consisted of cute little bunny rabbits doing what rabbits are so well known to be doing, except they all had long pink penises. There were also flowers, blue birds and butterflies. At the center of the tat was a large Monarch butterfly with a distinct pink human penis and scrotum. Just above each ankle a garland of pansies was inked along with the words, “Sissy Faggot” in bright pink letters. Next the ears were pierced three more times and colorful rhinestone studs inserted. Harvey’s left nostril received a pink pearl stud. Pink penis studs, the penis shaft at the top and the scrotum at the bottom, were inserted at the corners of each brow.

Mr. Finney wanted more things done but would have to wait. Max was exhausted and Harvey, well Harvey was totally traumatized. So Alvin moved to the last item on his list, showing off his prize at The Sports Bar. Harvey didn’t realize where they were going until he saw the sign.

“No, I can’t let anybody see me like this. Especially there where everybody knows me,” he thought panicking.

Mr. Finney saw the look on the kid’s face and smiled broadly. *“Now I truly have him,”* he thought then asked, “What’s wrong kid? I thought you’d be happy seeing Silvia and Irene.”

“No! Not like this! Please Mr. Finney don’t take me in there. Please, I’ll do anything, anything just don’t take me in there,” Harvey pleaded tears springing from his eyes.

“Well I might consider your request but I have a powerful thirst kid,” he replied with an evil grin. “Maybe if you really wanted to have sex with me, I could forego the whiskey.”

“Sex! No way! But I can’t go into the bar like this,” he thought.

“Remember kid when I told you that people get tattoos for a reason. Like to commemorate an important point in their lives. Well what do yours say? I see two with the word ‘slut’ and that say ‘sissy faggot.’ That tells me you’re a sissy faggot who is also a slut. So tell me that you want to have sex with me or we go into the bar,” he gloated.

“Oh gawd no,” he thought. *“If I tell him I want sex, we go home. If I don’t tell him that we go into the bar. Its happy hour and it will be packed. I’ll die if they see me like this.”*

After a brief moment Harvey blushing said, “Please let’s go home.”

“Why whatever for? We’re practically at the door,” Mr. Finney replied wanting to make the moment as painful as possible for the boy. More importantly it would drive home Harvey’s new status in life.

Blushing even brighter, he haltingly replied, “S...so we....we can...can have....sex Mr. Fin....ney.”

“Sex means a lot of different things kid. Exactly what are you propositioning?” Alvin answered enjoying seeing Harvey squirm. “Come on kid tell me you want to suck my cock and get royally fucked. Once you do, I’ll have you right where I want you,” he thought.

“Yo....you know.....wha.....what we...we did last..last night,” he stuttered seeing a couple walking towards them.

The couple were getting closer when Mr. Finney said too loudly for Harvey’s comfort. “You’re asking me to let you suck my dick Harvey? You want me to stick it up your ass too Harvey?”

The couple was almost up to them and Harvey wasn’t sure they had heard but quickly responded, “Yes, yes anything you want Mr. Finney.” His eyes kept flickering back and forth from Mr. Finney to the man and woman coming down the sidewalk.

“If you’re sure you want to go back to the apartment Harvey and have sex, I’m game,” Alvin said as the couple started past them. The look on their faces when they heard what he said made Alvin smile from ear to ear. “Got him,” he thought. “Couldn’t have gone any better.”

##

It had been an agonizing mortifying night for Harvey. Instead of being the aggressor, Mr. Finney waited until Harvey literally begged to suck his dick and get his ass royally reamed. Of course Alvin had to coach him on how he wanted him to beg. By the time Mr. Finney was finished, Harvey was in pain and totally broken. His sleep was no better as he was in the sleep corset and stripper boots.

“Please, oh pretty please let this sissy faggot suck your beautiful cock. Mr. Finney. You have such a big manly cock Mr. Finney. This sissy faggot just has to suck it and drink its wonderful cream,” Harvey had been forced to beg.

“Thank you Mr. Finney for letting this sissy faggot suck your wonderful powerful cock and drink your delicious cum,” he had to say.

“Please, oh pretty please, let this sissy faggot get it hard again Mr. Finney. I can’t wait to feel it filling my boy pussy,” and so his begging and mortification continued.

##

After that night Harvey would never be the same. Between the heinous tattoos, piercings and capitulation to Mr. Finney’s sexual demands, he became a sissy faggot in his own mind. That next morning Alvin took Harvey back to the fetish shop. Three more stripper PVC boots with six inch stiletto heels in white, lavender and black were purchased. Harvey groaned silently as each boot was fitted. His agony didn’t end there as they stopped at the French Maid display. The lavender bridal satin uniform was found in his size along with all the accessories. Billowing white net crinolines, a frilly lacy cap, fishnet hosiery, wrist cuffs of overlaid tiers of lavender lace and a lavender satin choker collar. It wouldn’t have been so bad if Mr. Finney had just purchased the items. Harvey had to try on and model each and every item. Model them so every customer and staff member could see and take pictures.

From the fetish shop they went into a uniform shop and purchased several everyday maid's uniforms. Maid's uniforms in a grey pin stripe with white wing cuffs and stiff white collars. Of course Harvey had to try them on for fit where everyone could see him. What made this stop embarrassing for Harvey was having the sales lady alter the hems from below the knee to upper mid-thigh level. With crinolines, Harvey's panty covered bottom would be exposed with little movement. It would also make his bottom easily available to Mr. Finney's attentions. From the look on the face of the sales lady, it was obvious she thought the alterations were scandalous.

What made the sales lady's jaw drop to the floor was Harvey coming out of the change room wearing his French Maid's uniform. Mr. Finney had insisted he wear it under threat of a severe beating when they got home.

"Don't you think Harvey there looks the perfect sissy maid you ever saw?" Alvin said as the sales lady gawked with flushed face. "Yeah lady, that's Harvey Adams in that pretty uniform. Never would have guessed if I hadn't told you would you?" Harvey blushed scarlet hearing that.

"This is even more fun than I thought it would be," Alvin thought. "That old bitch will have something to talk about for the next several months. From the look on the kid's face he's mortified. Just the way I want him. I can't wait to get him back home and tap that fine ass. I haven't been this horny in ages."

The walk back to the apartment was the most embarrassing experience of Harvey's life. It was rare, even in the big city, seeing a pretty woman wearing a lavender French Maid's dress out in the open. The streets were crowded and he drew their attention as well as several cars. Almost causing a fender bender at one intersection as his petticoated skirt flared up revealing his ass. He was in tears by the time they reached the apartment. Once the door closed Mr. Finney had Harvey bent over, the thong strap pushed aside and his cock in to the pubic bone. It didn't take long to explode, screaming, "Take that you sissy faggot!" Then in a more normal tone, yet commanding, "Now suck it clean sissy."

They didn't go anywhere for the next couple of days. Harvey wore lingerie and his grey maid's uniform doing whatever chores were necessary. He was stopped several times to satisfy Mr. Finney's sexual demands. For evenings he wore the hated French Maid's uniform serving Mr. Finney dinner. Each night for dessert, Alvin had Harvey bent over the kitchen table, panty pulled aside and plummeting his round ass. At bed time he was trussed into the sleep corset, his stripper boots and a butt plug inserted. A final blow job and the lights were turned out. Harvey cried himself asleep each night.

##

With the arrival of Saturday night Mr. Finney decided it was time to take Harvey to The Sports Bar. Earlier he had stopped by the bar and passed out several hundred dollars. The money would ensure Harvey received only compliments and reassurances from the girls and loving attention from the guys.

Coming out of the bathroom Mr. Finney decided not to put him into a corset. He just pointed to an outfit he had laid out. On the bed were a pair of white with pink lace thongs and black seamed sheer hose. Hanging from the door knob on the closet was a mid-thigh white knife pleated full skirt and powder pink halter top. Beside the bed were his pink stripper boots. The only good thing Harvey could see about the outfit was the boots would hide his ankle tattoos.

Walking to The Sports Bar Harvey's ass had a very sexy sway to it thanks in part to the larger butt plug. He had argued and even cried when told where they were going but

bowed to the inevitable. As soon as they went in, Irene and Silvia ran up to a cringing Harvey and pulled him away from Mr. Finney. They dragged him off to a corner and began oohing and ahing over his tats, piercings and mode of dress.

“Oooooohhhh my gawd!” exclaimed Silvia, “I just love your new look sweetie. Those tats are awesome and that little pink pearl is soooo cute.”

“Wow girlfriend! You’re down right sizzling in that outfit. That tramp stamp is just so you,” Irene gushed brushing her big breasts against his arm while giving him an air kiss to the cheek.

“Yo....you...like this?” he stammered in shock.

“Oh yes sweetie! You’re adorable. This look is just so much better and you’ll drive all the guys crazy now,” Silvia said pressing her boobs against his other arm while reaching into his blouse and pinching his right nipple.

Harvey jumped back from her touch. “*Wha....what’s the matter with her? Doesn’t she know I did all this for her?*” he thought then trembling said, “Bu..but I...I did thi...this for you.”

“For me?” she said laughing. “Kid, whatever gave you that idea? I like you but always thought you were gay. I felt sorry for you. Just a country bumpkin that didn’t know how to express his femininity. Everyone knows that Irene and I are a couple and this IS a gay bar after all.”

“You’re a...a les,” Harvey began shocked at the revelation when Alvin walked up.

“Alright ladies, you’ve hogged my boyfriend long enough,” Mr. Finney said taking Harvey’s hand.

“You’re lucky Alvin. The kid is a real cutie,” Irene said.

Mr. Finney led the dazed young man over to the bar. “A gay bar! I didn’t know and *she..she’s a lesbian? How could I have been so blind? I let Mr. Finney talk me into all this shit because I thought that was what she wanted. I’m such an idiot. Now look at me! My life is over,*” Harvey thought.

At the bar Harvey had taken the first sip of his Pink Lady when George walked up beside his barstool. He gave a little jump as George slid an arm around his waist and kissed him on the cheek.

“Hot damn Alvin, you got all the guys’ soooo jealous. The kid is just plain H.O.T. Mind if I give him a spin around the dance floor?” George said giving Harvey’s butt a squeeze.

“Sorry George but the kid is mine....unless of course he says he isn’t. In that case, tell the boys he’s free game. He’s got a nice tight ass,” Mr. Finney said smiling broadly.

Hearing that Harvey got a panicked look in his eyes. “*Shit! I either tell him I’m his or I’ll have all these gay guys on my case. I don’t want that. Shit!*” he thought.

Blushing fiercely, Harvey lowered his eyes and said, “I...I’m with Mr. Finney.”

Despite Harvey’s admission, George leaned in and ran his wet tongue from the collar bone all the way up to Harvey’s ear. “Sweetie if you change your mind, you know where I’ll be sitting,” he said and walked away.

“That was so gross,” Harvey said grabbing a cocktail napkin and wiping his neck.

“Get use to that and a lot more kid if I’m not around to protect you. Some of those guys have pretty kinky ideas when it comes to girlie boys like you,” Mr. Finney admonished.

“Like what you make me do isn’t kinky,” Harvey thought. “What are you saying Mr. Finney?” he asked timidly.

“All I’m saying kid is that without my protection, every gay guy in this city will be chasing that cute ass of yours. With those tats and the way you look everyone will know you’re a flaming faggot slut. So if you don’t tell everybody that I’m your Daddy....well....then you can guess what will happen,” he replied grinning.

Harvey was getting angry. “I’m not a sissy faggot no matter what he says. All I have to do is shave my head and get my boy clothing. I’ll get a real lawyer and get control of my money back. Yeah, that’s what I’ll do,” he thought.

As he was about to tell Mr. Finney what he thought Geoffrey walked up to them. Geoffrey was big, hairy, his muscles seemed to have muscles and known lover of feminine men. Tonight he was wearing black leather jeans, vest and biker boots with a ton of golden chains around his thick neck.

“Yo sweet cheeks. What ya doing with this old man? Come on over to my table and let’s have a chat,” he boomed grabbing Harvey by the upper arm tugging him off the bar stool.

Looking up into Geoffrey’s leering face with its handlebar mustache and ice cold eyes, Harvey gasped. He’d heard some very scary things about this man from Silvia and wanted nothing to do with him. In a panic he blurted, “I’m with my Daddy! I....I don’t... don’t what to go anywhere with you.”

“Your Daddy? This ole man? Come on kid, I’ll show what it means to have a real lover,” Geoffrey demanded grabbing his bulging crotch.

“No! He’s...he’s my Daddy,” Harvey yelled pulling away scared to death of what Geoffrey might do.

##

When they arrived back at the apartment Mr. Finney was insatiable. Harvey’s bottom was pulsing and sore by the time Alvin was snoring loudly. Slipping out of the bed, Harvey made his way back to his room. There he grabbed a pair of scissors and headed into the bathroom. He was determined to get away. It took a while before he had shorn off his hair short enough to shave. Removing his makeup he was all smiles seeing his bald shining head.

“Once I get all this gunk off my face, I’m so outta here,” he thought. “Good thing I still have those skinny jeans and cowboy boots. I’ll still look like a freak but I got to get away from here. I’m sure I can find a lawyer who’ll take my case on a contingency in the morning. I’ve got to get control of my money first then I can think of some way to get out of this mess.”

Dressed in his powder pink skinny jeans and blue satin cowboy shirt, Harvey packed as much as he could into his lone suitcase. “I’m never going to wear these shoes and shit again but I need some money. I guess the pawn shop will give me enough until I get me a good lawyer,” he mused.

On the way out he stopped in Mr. Finney’s office. On the desk was an antique silver inkwell and matching fountain pen. Quickly he put them into his hobo purse and left the apartment. The sun was just coming up, the crisp morning air and freedom awaited Harvey. Now all he had to do was wait for the pawn shop to open and find a lawyer.

Harvey had enough money to stop at the coffee shop. He had a boring four hour wait

until the pawn shop would be open. Finally he stood, picked up his suitcase and headed down the sidewalk. He was, for the first time in ages, feeling happy as he minced into the pawn shop.

“I want to hock this,” he said plopping the suitcase on the counter top then the silver inkwell and pen.

Smiling happily, Harvey waited while the man rummaged through the suitcase’s contents and checked the silver. “Give me a minute or two. I’ve got to check the weight of this silver and current market price,” the man said.

Harvey waited impatiently as the minutes ticked by. “*What’s taking him so long?*” he thought.

Finally the man returned. “This is a real nice Tiffany set you got here. Took me a bit to verify it authentic. How much you looking to get out it?”

As they haggled over the amount, Harvey didn’t notice the police car pulling up to the curb. He was taken totally by surprise as he was handcuffed and taken to the police station. Harvey was horrified to hear that he was being arrested for grand theft and read his rights. He was booked and tossed into a holding cell. Unfortunately for Harvey the pawn guy recognized the silver set as one he sold to Mr. Finney and alerted the police.

Harvey had no idea how long he sat huddled into a corner of the cell crying his eyes out. It wasn’t until the cell door clanked open that he looked up. Standing at the door was an officer and Mr. Finney. Seeing them, Harvey tried to shrink back into the concrete walls of the cell.

“Well kid, this is one fine mess you got yourself in,” Mr. Finney said grinning from ear to ear. “Grand theft.....you know that could get you ten to fifteen. Fortunately, I convinced these nice men that it was just a lover’s quarrel and I’m not going to press charges. Now get up and let’s go home.”

On the way back to the apartment they stopped at Max’s. There Harvey had a large gay pride rainbow tattooed across the crown of his bare scalp with the words, “I’m So Gay” in black script.

“Kid, I think shaving your head was a great idea and we’ll keep it that way. You try and pull that crap of running again and I’ll see you spend a very long time in prison. When we get back to the apartment, you’re going to show me just how appreciative you are for getting your ass out of jail.”

Harvey let out a big sign of resignation. He had no choice now. Mr. Finney was in total control. A tiny tear rolled down his cheek as he went to his room to put on makeup and change into his maid’s uniform. He would be Mr. Finney’s sex toy and maid from now on after all, he had no real choice.

The End