



Robert Wilson, a wealthy executive, sitting at the airport after humiliating his fiancée, Debbie, by leaving her at the altar in front of thousands of guests. He wasn't proud of his actions, but he felt at peace knowing that he won't be tied down to one woman for the rest of his life.



Debbie, standing in front of all the guests and bridesmaids, promises to get revenge and ruin Robert's life. Her anger was out of control.



Three weeks after the ruined wedding, Robert was relaxing on vacation in the Bahamas when he got calls from his lawyer and his father. Debbie had publicly filed a huge lawsuit against him, asking for millions in damages for emotional distress. Robert was stunned and had to end his vacation early to deal with the court case



With the public on her side, Debbie was fully in control of the case. The judge, who had recently gone through a divorce, gave Robert no chance to defend himself. Although Robert was prepared to pay some compensation, Debbie wasn't just after money — she wanted reparations from his whole family. She even demanded full ownership of his family's entire estate. As crazy as it seemed, the judge ruled in her favor



Robert sat stiffly in the private conference room, flanked by his lawyers, expecting to negotiate a quick and quiet settlement with Debbie. But as she slid a thick 50-page contract across the table, the smug grin he wore faltered. His lawyers skimmed the document, their expressions shifting from disbelief to discomfort, and when they explained the terms, Robert felt the blood drain from his face. Debbie wasn't asking for money or property — she wanted ownership of *him*. For one full year, Robert would belong to her, forced to live under her roof, obey her every whim, and endure crossdressing and feminization as she parades him publicly as her personal sissy. His name would be legally changed to *Roxy Valentine*, and every humiliating detail was laid out, including events where he'd be introduced in frilly outfits as Debbie's "sissy"



Stunned, Robert scoffed, laughing nervously, but his father — when called — offered no escape, helplessly telling him that surrendering to Debbie was the only way to save the family fortune and reputation. Panic rising, Robert begged Debbie for another way out, but she simply checked her watch and coldly informed him he had two minutes left to sign or face utter ruin. In a final collapse of pride, Robert sank to his knees, pleading, but Debbie only smirked and called him *Roxy*, twisting the knife. His hands shaking, cheeks burning, Robert signed the contract, sealing his fate.



NAME CHANGE CERTIFICATE

FORMER NAME:
ROBERT ANDERSON

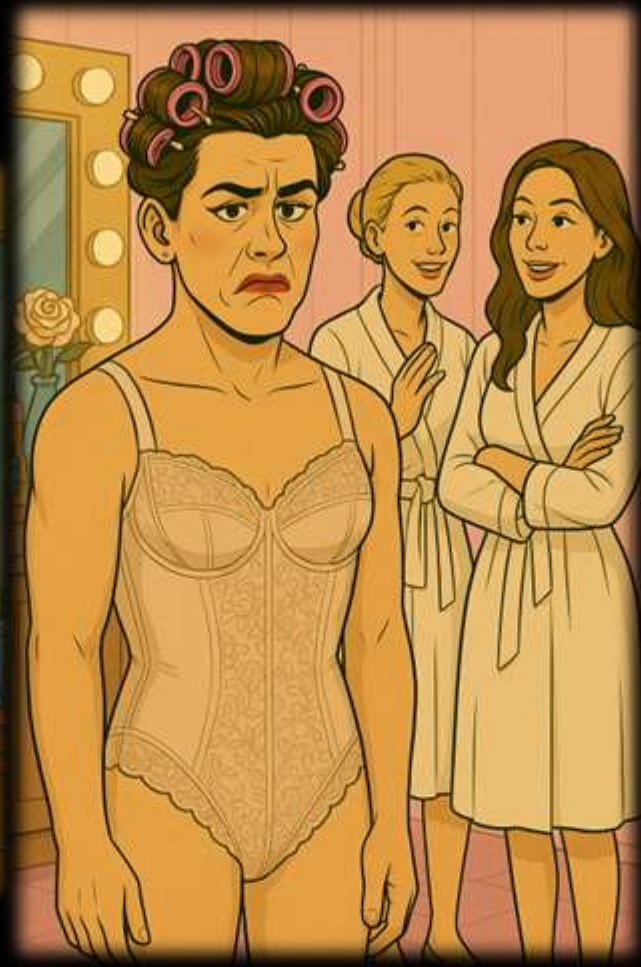
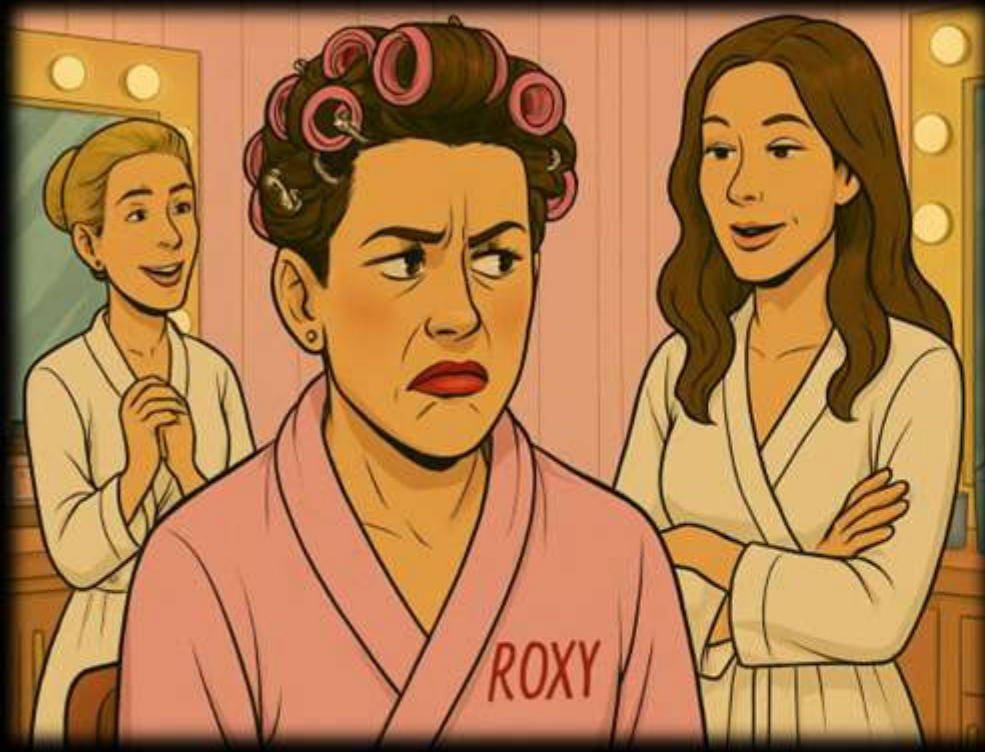
NEW NAME:
ROXY VALENTINE

SIGNATURE:
Robert Anderson

Moments later, his secretaries — the same women he had belittled for years — handed him a small duffle bag with only essentials, grinning as they told him all his expensive suits and belongings would stay behind. His parents gave him a final, emotional hug, while Debbie and her friends waited at her apartment with cameras ready, name changing certificate on the table and a decorated living room to welcome him. Swallowing hard, Robert signed the certificate as girls cheered and bursted in laughter as Robert officially becomes *Roxy Valentine*



After spending the night at Debbie's house, Robert—now officially "Roxy"—woke up in a state of panic. The previous day had been a surreal nightmare, but as he stirred in the soft satin sheets, the crushing reality set in. Debbie and the girls wasted no time in continuing his ordeal. That morning, they whisked him away for his first salon appointment, a critical step in crafting his final bridal look. The girls debated for hours over the perfect combination of curls, soft makeup, and delicate accessories, all while giggling at his expense. Debbie was determined that Roxy's first major humiliation would be an unforgettable spectacle.



They handed him a special pink robe with custom name “Roxy” to begin his transformation. Once the salon session was complete, Roxy was dressed in an elaborate bridal gown, the weight of the luxurious fabric adding to his growing sense of helplessness. The towering high heels forced him into an awkward, mincing gait, and Debbie wouldn't stop clicking pictures, savoring every moment of his humiliation. As if this wasn't enough, she made the ultimate power move—calling the press and inviting a crowd to witness “Roxy's grand debut.”



When the moment arrived, poor Roxy had no choice but to step out into the streets. The crowd erupted into laughter as he tiptoed forward, his balance wavering with each forced, hesitant step. Cameras flashed from every angle, reporters barked out questions, and the sheer volume of jeering voices filled his ears.



By the time the ordeal was over, Roxy was utterly drained. His feet throbbed from the relentless strain of the heels, and his head spun from the sensory overload. That night, he collapsed into bed, exhausted beyond belief, the rustling of his pink silk nightie serving as an unwelcome reminder of his new reality



The next morning, Lying beside him on the bed was a freshly printed newspaper. His heart pounded as his eyes fell on the bold headline: "LOCAL BUSINESSMAN BECOMES A BRIDE". Below the headline was a mortifying cover image—him, teetering in his bridal finery, mouth slightly open in horror, frozen in a moment of sheer humiliation. The nightmare wasn't over. It was only just beginning



Debbie had completely remodeled Roxy's bedroom, turning it into a pastel-colored, ultra-feminine space. Pink bedsheets, lace curtains, and delicate decorations filled the room, making it clear that there was no escape from her new reality. Poor Roxy barely had time to process last night's humiliation before rushing to the sink to wash off the thick layers of bridal makeup. Just as she started scrubbing her face, Debbie appeared at the door, makeup kit in hand. She shot Roxy a warning look. "Never remove your makeup without my permission," she said firmly. Before Roxy could even protest, Debbie had already set up her kit and began carefully reapplying a fresh layer of blush, lipstick, and eyeliner. Roxy just sat there in shock, helpless as Debbie transformed her once again.



To make things worse, Debbie placed a pink tiara on Roxy's head, giggling as she called it the "sissy's crown." It was just another reminder of how powerless Roxy was in all of this. With nothing else to do, her daily routine became a cycle of prancing around in ridiculous girly outfits and doing household chores. According to Debbie's rules, Roxy had to apply her own makeup every evening and change outfits three times a day—each one worse than the last. Some were frilly, others overly seductive, showing off his smooth legs and barely covering his butt



As if that wasn't bad enough, Debbie's friend group had a tradition: each of them would send Roxy a different "**sissy crown**" and customized outfits as a gift.

Every time a new one arrived, Debbie made sure to take plenty of pictures, ensuring that Roxy pouts and poses like a sexy chic, gleefully sending them to her girlfriends—just to make sure Roxy's humiliation was shared with as many people as possible



Roxy was struggling to cope with all the changes. She tried pleading with Debbie, begging her to stop and promising to do anything to make things right. But Debbie wasn't interested in slowing down. Instead, she put Roxy on a strict diet and secretly added estrogen pills to the mix. Slowly, the effects started kicking in—her muscles weakened, her body softened, hair growing quickly and even her thoughts felt different.



At first, Roxy kept complaining and resisting, but after a few weeks, she just... stopped. It was like her fight had faded away. She got used to her new routine, doing her makeup without argument, slipping into frilly, revealing outfits without much fuss, and floating around the house doing chores like it was second nature.

Meanwhile, as Roxy adjusted to her new reality, Debbie was secretly planning something even bigger. She had no intention of stopping here—Roxy's transformation was far from over.



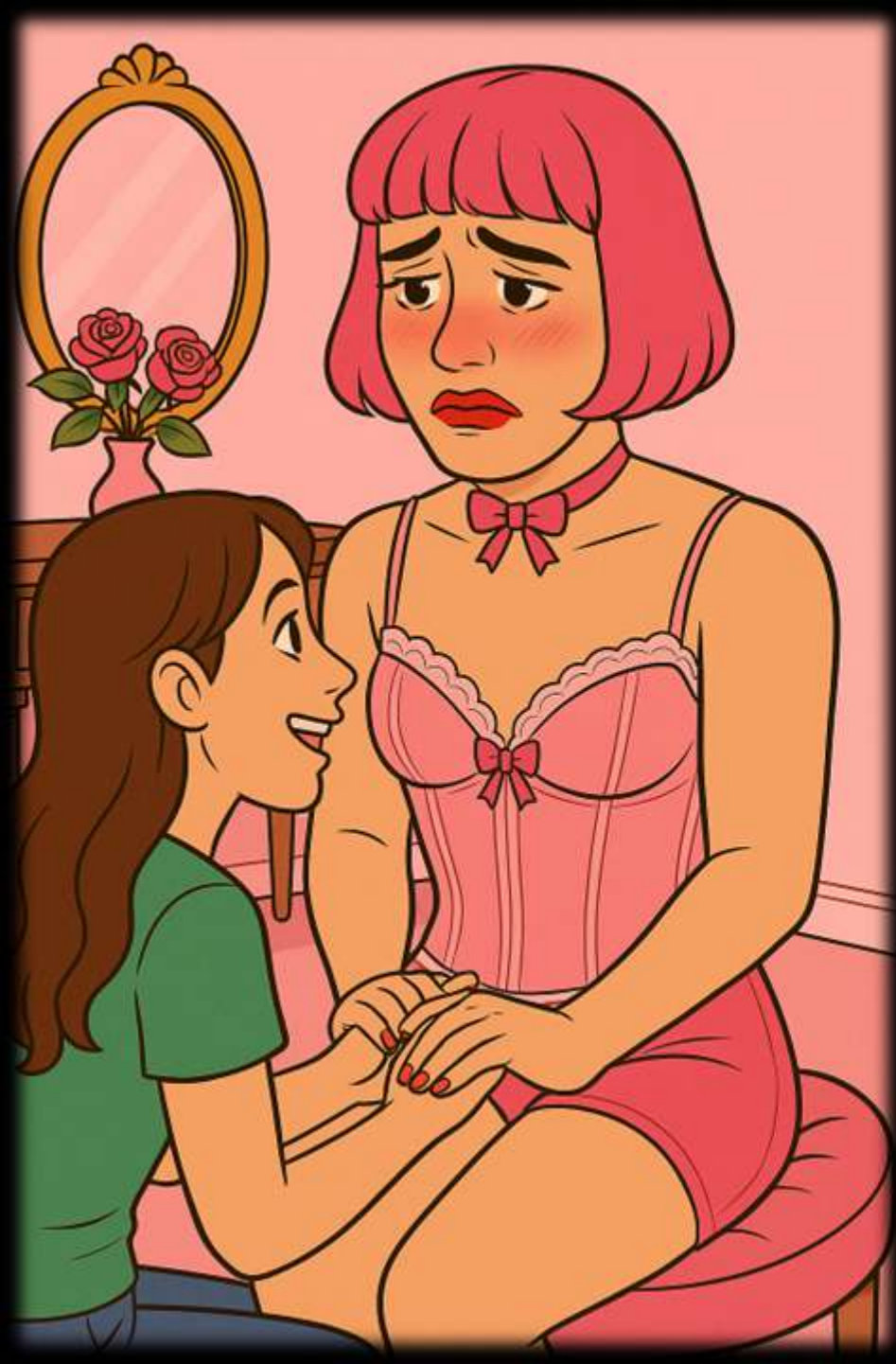
By the third month, Roxy had settled into her humiliating routine, but the fight inside her hadn't completely died. One day, Debbie handed her a bouquet of flowers, smiling as she announced that they were from one of Roxy's "**male admirers.**" That was the breaking point. Roxy snapped, throwing the bouquet across the room and launching into a full-blown tantrum. "I'm NOT Roxy! I'll NEVER be a woman!" she screamed, her face red with fury.



Debbie, however, had expected resistance—but not quite this much. She realized it was time for a harsher lesson. Smirking, she reminded Roxy about the legal agreement she had signed. Then, without another word, she dragged her back to the salon for another round of “beauty treatments.” This time, Debbie gave the beauticians strict instructions: make Roxy look as comically **feminine** as possible. They happily obliged. Her short hair was styled into **two cute ponytails**, tied up with soft ribbons.



She was given a new **pink corset**, sparkling **earrings**, and a **lace choker**, further pushing her into an ultra-feminine look. When Roxy saw herself in the mirror, she lost it again. **“Cut it off! Cut it all off! I don’t want this!”** she demanded, furious and humiliated. The beauticians, amused by her reaction, gladly agreed—but with a cruel twist.



Instead of cutting her hair short, they trimmed it into a stylishly feminine look... and then dyed it pastel pink. Just when Roxy thought it couldn't get any worse, Debbie pulled out a folder and handed her the legal papers. In black and white, it stated that if Roxy resisted or fought back, Debbie had the right to extend the contract to over three years—and even claim financial damages from Roxy's family. The fight left Roxy's body instantly. Her knees buckled, and she dropped to the floor, begging Debbie not to do it. "Please... I swear I won't resist anymore... Just don't extend it!" she pleaded, tears running down her freshly made-up face. Debbie crossed her arms, pretending to consider it. "Fine," she finally said. "You have one week to prove your loyalty. If you behave, I might be merciful." Roxy had no choice. The last bit of defiance inside her had crumbled.

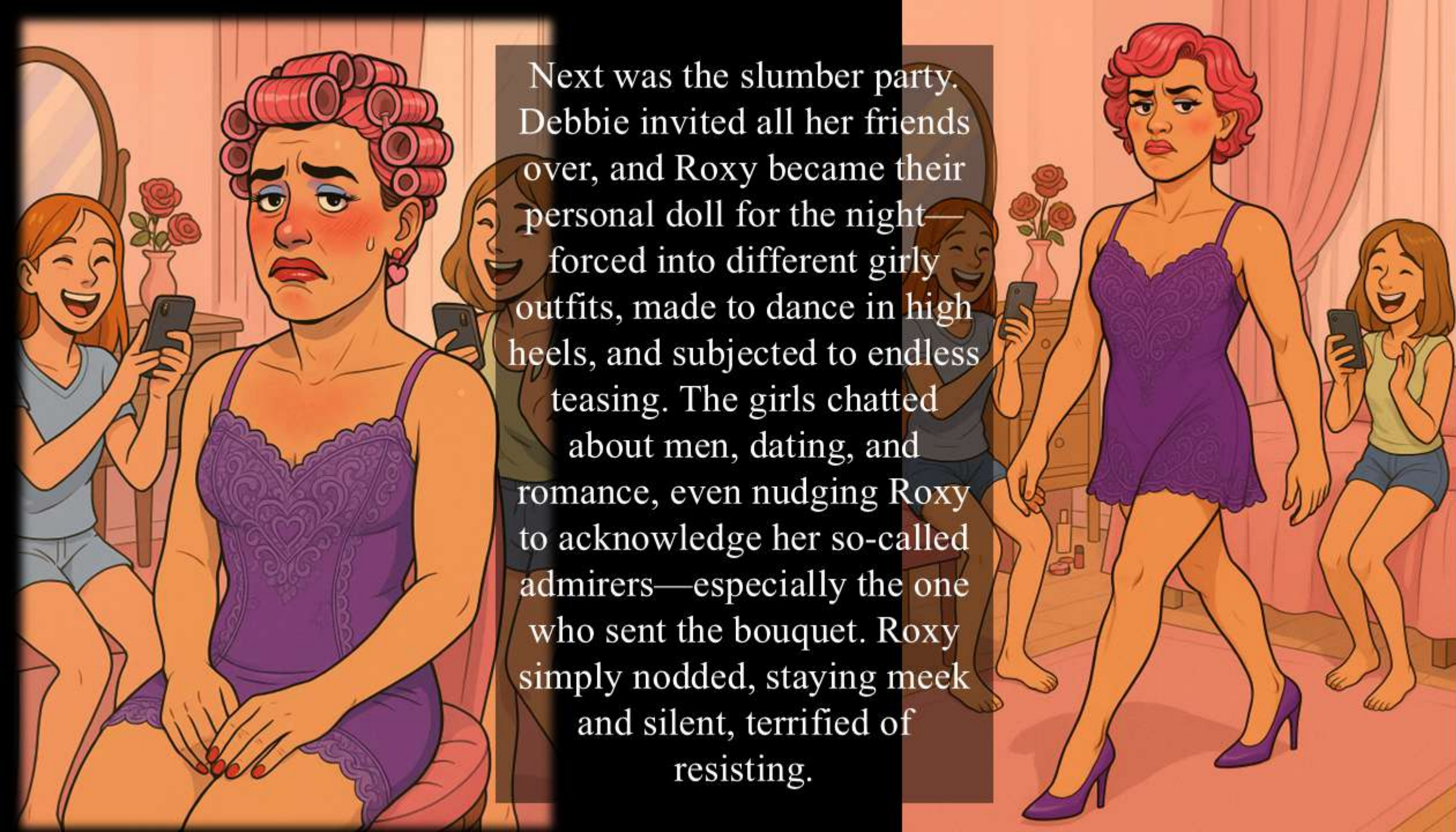


That week was pure agony for Roxy—the most humiliating and soul-crushing experience of her life. It shattered whatever remained of her fading masculinity, pushing her deeper into her new feminine fate.

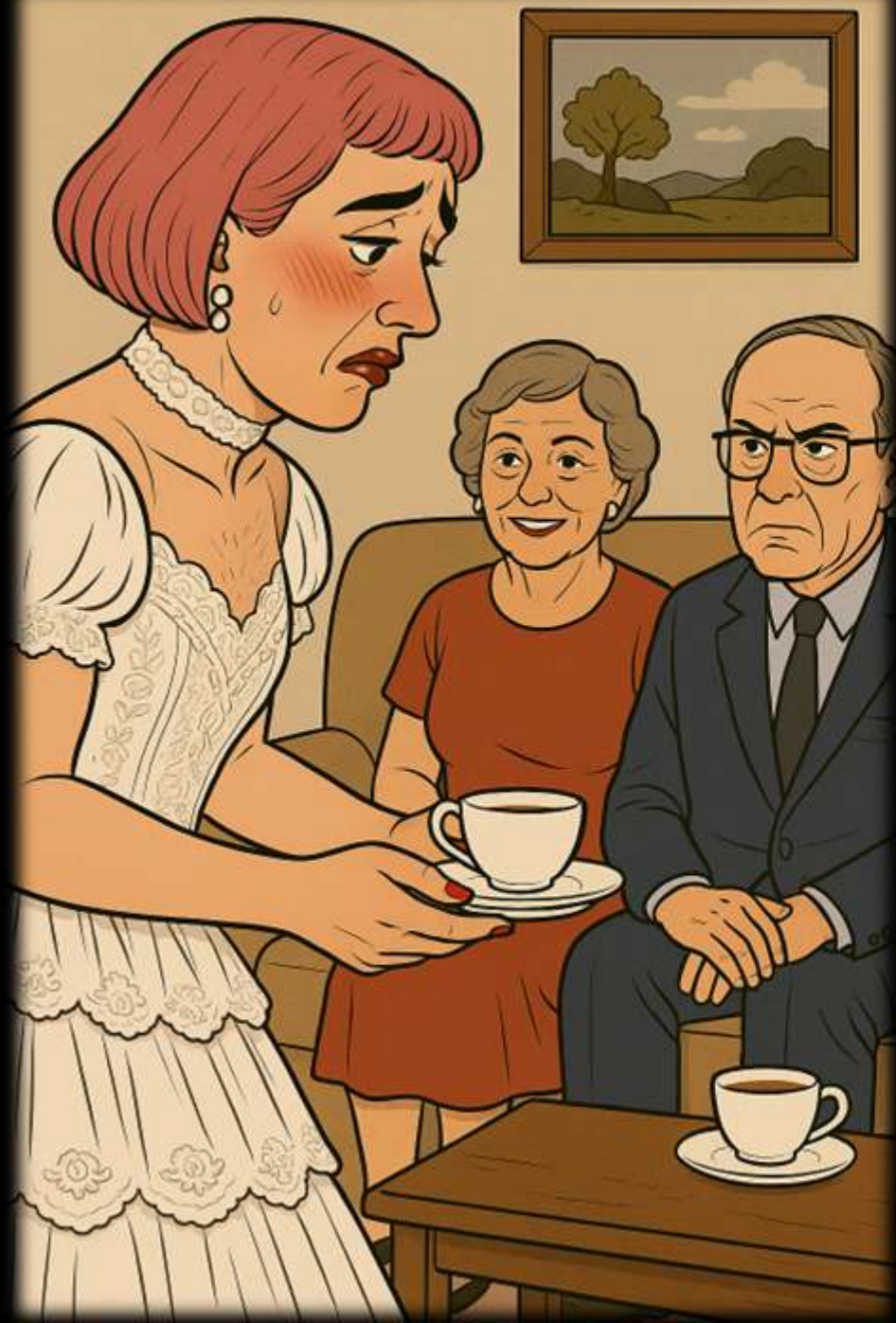
It started with **Debbie personally shaving every inch of Roxy's body.** There was no escape, no privacy—she took her time, making sure Roxy's skin was silky smooth. Every stroke of the razor felt like another piece of her old self being stripped away.



Then came ballet lessons. Dressed in a tight white ballet dress and delicate heels, Roxy was forced to twirl, prance, and stretch alongside graceful women who giggled at her expense. She swallowed her pride, holding back tears, knowing she had to behave perfectly if she wanted to avoid an even worse fate.



Next was the slumber party. Debbie invited all her friends over, and Roxy became their personal doll for the night—forced into different girly outfits, made to dance in high heels, and subjected to endless teasing. The girls chatted about men, dating, and romance, even nudging Roxy to acknowledge her so-called admirers—especially the one who sent the bouquet. Roxy simply nodded, staying meek and silent, terrified of resisting.



But nothing—nothing—could have prepared her for the grand humiliation at the end of the week. Debbie invited Roxy's parents over for afternoon tea. Roxy's stomach twisted into knots. She wanted to beg, but she knew it was useless. With pleading, teary eyes, she looked at Debbie, silently asking her to stop. Debbie just smirked. When the moment came, Roxy stepped into the room, wearing the frilliest, most over-the-top gown yet. Her face was painted in heavy makeup, a lace choker wrapped around her neck, and dangling earrings jingled with every step. Her parents sat frozen. Their mouths hung open in absolute shock. Her father's face drained of color—he was no longer looking at his son. Then came the final blow. Roxy was made to introduce herself. With her voice trembling, she whispered: "H-Hello... I'm Roxy Valentine."

Debbie wasn't done. She played recorded videos of Roxy's worst humiliations, forcing her parents to watch as their son pranced around in frilly dresses, danced like a doll, and meekly followed orders. They didn't say a word. No anger. No comfort. Just stunned silence.



When they left without looking back, Roxy felt something inside her break. She wanted to disappear. Debbie, seeing the pain in Roxy's eyes, leaned in and whispered, "Relax, swaeetheart. I won't be extending your punishment... for now."



By the time Roxy reached the sixth month, Debbie decided she was finally ready for public appearances. At this point, Roxy was unrecognizable. Months of estrogen had done their job—her body was soft and slender, her muscles completely gone, and her facial features delicate and feminine. Her once-short hair had grown long and silky, dyed a beautiful shade of pastel pink. She had become so used to her heels, makeup, and styling routine that getting dolled up every day felt second nature.



Debbie no longer confined her to the house. Now, Roxy had a new routine—going out in public.

Debbie instructed her to visit malls, high-end boutiques, and lingerie stores, buying new outfits and undergarments while fully embracing her new role. She was expected to try on different lingerie sets, admire herself in the mirror, and even ask for assistance from the shopkeepers, further deepening her humiliation.

The good news? Almost no one recognized her as the former male businessman. Roxy could walk through the city, shopping bags in hand, without drawing suspicion. But once in a while, someone with sharp eyes would notice. A camera flash, a hushed whisper, a giggling couple snapping a picture—these rare moments sent chills down Roxy's spine, but there was nothing she could do.



Public events soon became a regular thing. Debbie wasn't satisfied with just shopping trips—she started taking Roxy to nightclubs. Dressed in sensual, revealing outfits, Roxy was forced onto the dance floor under Debbie's watchful eye. The music pounded, the lights flashed, and all eyes were on her. The male gaze followed her every movement, some admiring, some amused, others outright predatory. Debbie made sure Roxy didn't just stand there—she had to dance, move her hips, and “put on a show.” Every night out, Roxy died a little more inside. But by now, resisting wasn't even an option.



We're almost nine months into Robert officially becoming "Roxy," and even though she's gotten used to this new life, she's counting down the last three months before she can go back to being a man. She knows Debbie's going to make things miserable until then, so she's just trying to get through it quietly without making things worse.



At another embarrassing night out, Debbie introduced Roxy to Benjamin—the guy who'd been sending her all those flowers and gifts. Debbie told her to thank him and dance with him as a way to show appreciation. So, forcing a smile, Roxy joined Benjamin on the dance floor. She kept her eyes on the ground, too embarrassed to look up at the tall, intimidating man, barely able to make eye contact as they danced.



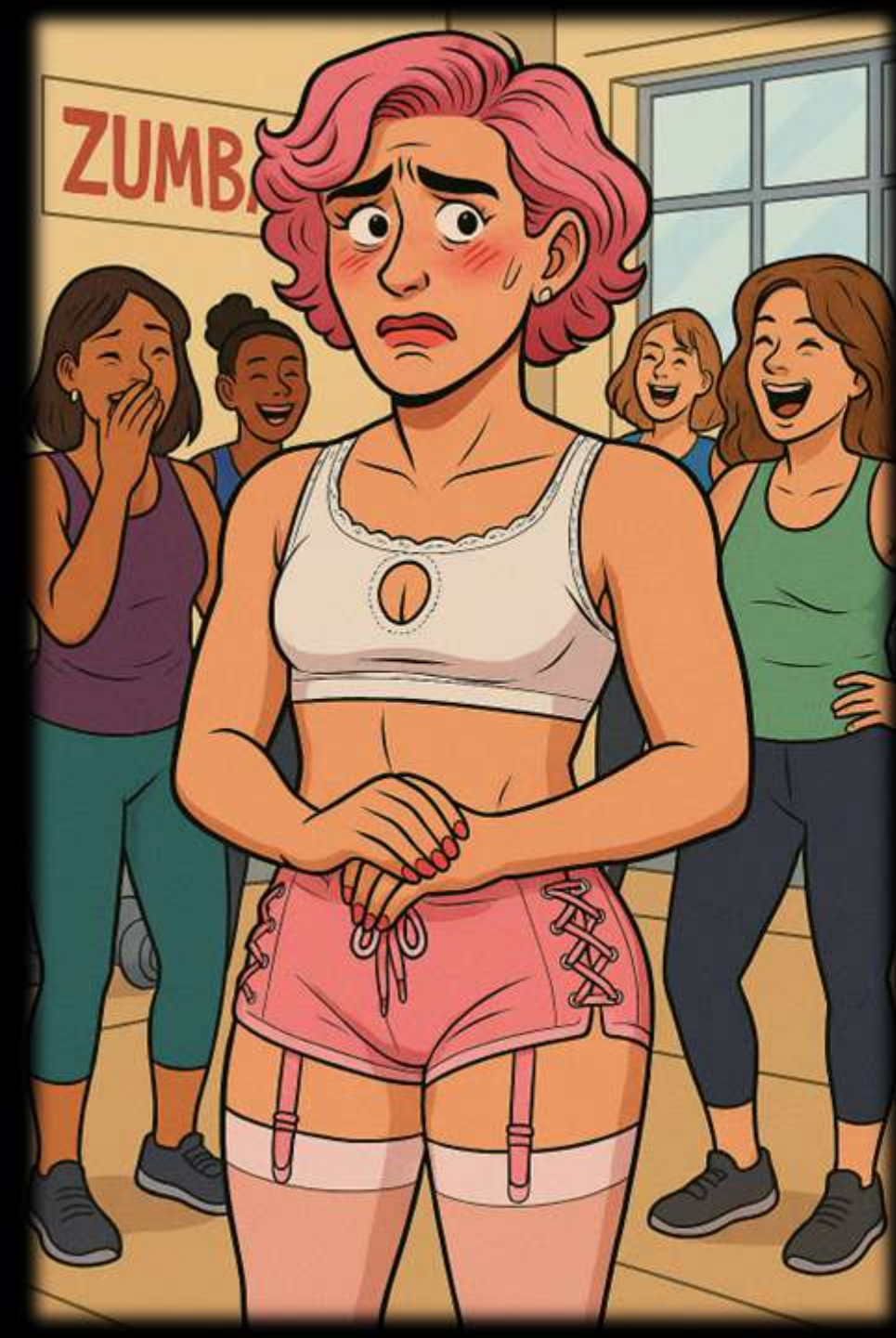
Debbie left the two of them alone for a while, clearly trying to make Roxy uncomfortable—and it worked like a charm. Benjamin got a bit too cozy, while Roxy just powered through the awkwardness, trying to survive the moment. Thankfully, nothing serious happened. After a while, Benjamin took off, but not before leaving his number with Roxy.



Roxy thought that was the end of it—but of course, it wasn't. At her usual slumber party, the girls started teasing her about Benjamin and pushed her to message him and ask for a real date. Roxy knew she couldn't really say no, so she gave in and did what they said—sending flirty texts with heart and devil emojis. The girls were having way too much fun with it. Then they made her pout and snap a sexy selfie in her black lingerie to send to him.



Benjamin definitely took the bait—he called right away and started flirting. Roxy just cringed and gritted her teeth while the girls laughed uncontrollably in the background. The call ended with Benjamin officially setting their date for next weekend.



Debbie figured it was a good idea for Roxy to hit the gym and get in shape for her upcoming date. So, for the whole week, Roxy joined the girls for Zumba sessions—wearing whatever ridiculous outfit Debbie picked out, which always got a good laugh and left Roxy totally embarrassed.



To make things worse, Debbie even made her walk past the men's gym and film their reactions. Some guys laughed, a few made jokes, and a couple actually whistled and flirted. Roxy couldn't decide what felt worse—the teasing or the fact that some of these guys were genuinely checking her out.



It was finally time for Roxy's official first date. The girls spend the entire evening getting him ready. The red dress was the same dress Roxy gifted Debbie during their dating days. Debbie always thought it was revealing and sexist, and never wore it...making this the perfect occasion for Roxy to wear it for her first date. The girls left him outside on a cold night, as Roxy waited for Benjamin to pick her up.



After waiting nervously for a while, Benjamin showed up on his bike, annoying Roxy as she struggled to sit on the bike in her high heels. Benjamin purposely hit the accelerator, leaving Roxy no choice but to cling on to his waist as they head over to a movie theatre for their movie date.



The theatre was nearly empty, playing *Fifty Shades of Grey*. Just a few couples were tucked away in the back, already making out. As expected, Benjamin started getting a little too touchy, leaning in closer. Roxy sat there tense and uneasy, just trying to get through it. Then came the kiss on her cheek—soft, unexpected. She froze, eyes shut, overwhelmed and unsure how to feel.

On the ride back, clinging to Benjamin's waist on the bike, her mind was spinning. Thoughts she couldn't quite pin down—and unfamiliar sensations she didn't know how to process—ran through her the whole way home.



As Benjamin pulled up and let Roxy out, Debbie was already standing there, phone in hand, totally ready for drama. Benjamin leaned in like he always did, but this time—bam—straight on the lips. No cheek kiss. Full-on kiss. Roxy froze, eyes wide, heart hammering. Debbie, of course, caught every second, grinning like she won the lottery. Benjamin's hand slid around Roxy's waist, pulling her in closer, kissing her like he meant it. Her brain short-circuited. This wasn't some silly goodbye peck—this was her first real kiss with a guy, and it was on camera, and it was *him*. She didn't even move at first, just stood there melting into it, her body way too hot, her mind nowhere near catching up.

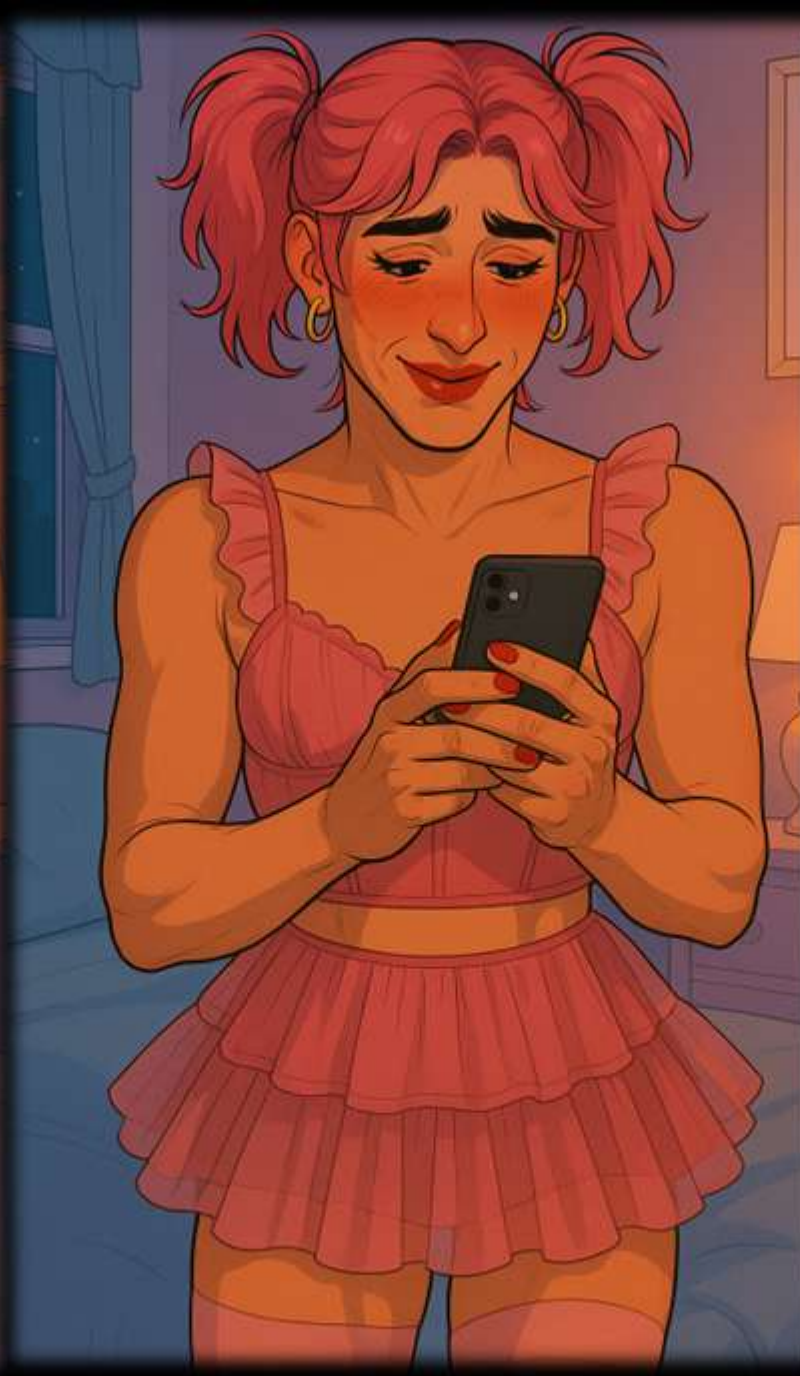


As soon as he let go, Roxy bolted inside. Debbie shouted something like “Congrats!” but it barely registered. She slammed her bedroom door shut and stood there, burning up. It wasn’t just the kiss—it was how much she liked it. And that pissed her off.

She stripped out of her clothes, threw on a comfortable pair of white lingerie, trying to cool off. But then she noticed it—her cock had leaked. Just from that kiss. A soft stain on her panties, sticky and undeniable. She stared down, stunned, heart racing harder than before. What the hell just happened to her?



Over the next few days, Roxy couldn't keep it together. Her body was betraying her every night—sheets damp, thighs slick, her cock twitching from dreams of Benjamin's lips, his hands, his voice. She'd wake up breathless, grinding into her mattress, biting her pillow to muffle the soft, desperate moans she never imagined she was capable of. That kiss had cracked something open in her, and now everything inside was heat and ache and craving.



Benjamin didn't help. His messages came often—casual at first, playful, teasing—but every time her phone buzzed, her stomach flipped and her cock stirred. Even without Debbie nudging her to reply, Roxy found herself texting back, smiling like an idiot, fingers flying with every ping. Their chats stopped being flirty small talk and turned into real conversations—about dreams, fears, random stories from their lives—and that somehow made it worse. It made her feel close to him, safe with him, even when her thoughts about him were anything but innocent.



She started dressing up just to take pictures for him. Nothing too wild at first—just a tight top, good lighting, a pouty smile. But he noticed. Complimented her. Called her cute, sexy, irresistible. She flushed, warm between her legs, and wanted more. He started sending pics back—selfies at the gym, sweaty and shirtless, towel slung low, or lying in bed with that look in his eyes like he was thinking exactly what she was. Then one night, it happened. Her phone buzzed. She opened the chat and there it was—Benjamin's cock, rock hard, thick, veiny, inches from the lens. No caption. Just him, bold and turned on. Her breath caught. For a second, she didn't move, just stared, heart pounding, mouth dry and she bit her lip so hard it hurt.



She didn't hesitate. She stood, slipped into the sheer black lingerie and turned to the camera. The lace clung to her like a second skin, her cock tenting the fabric, ass round and exposed. She posed—one hand tugging at the strap on her hip, a teasing smile—and snapped the picture. Then hit send. No caption. Just her, raw and wanting.



Roxy wasn't as nervous this time. It was their second date, and she felt a little more confident. The girls still teased her like always and dressed her up in another revealing outfit. They also picked the location, a popular local gay resort they thought matched Roxy's new vibe.



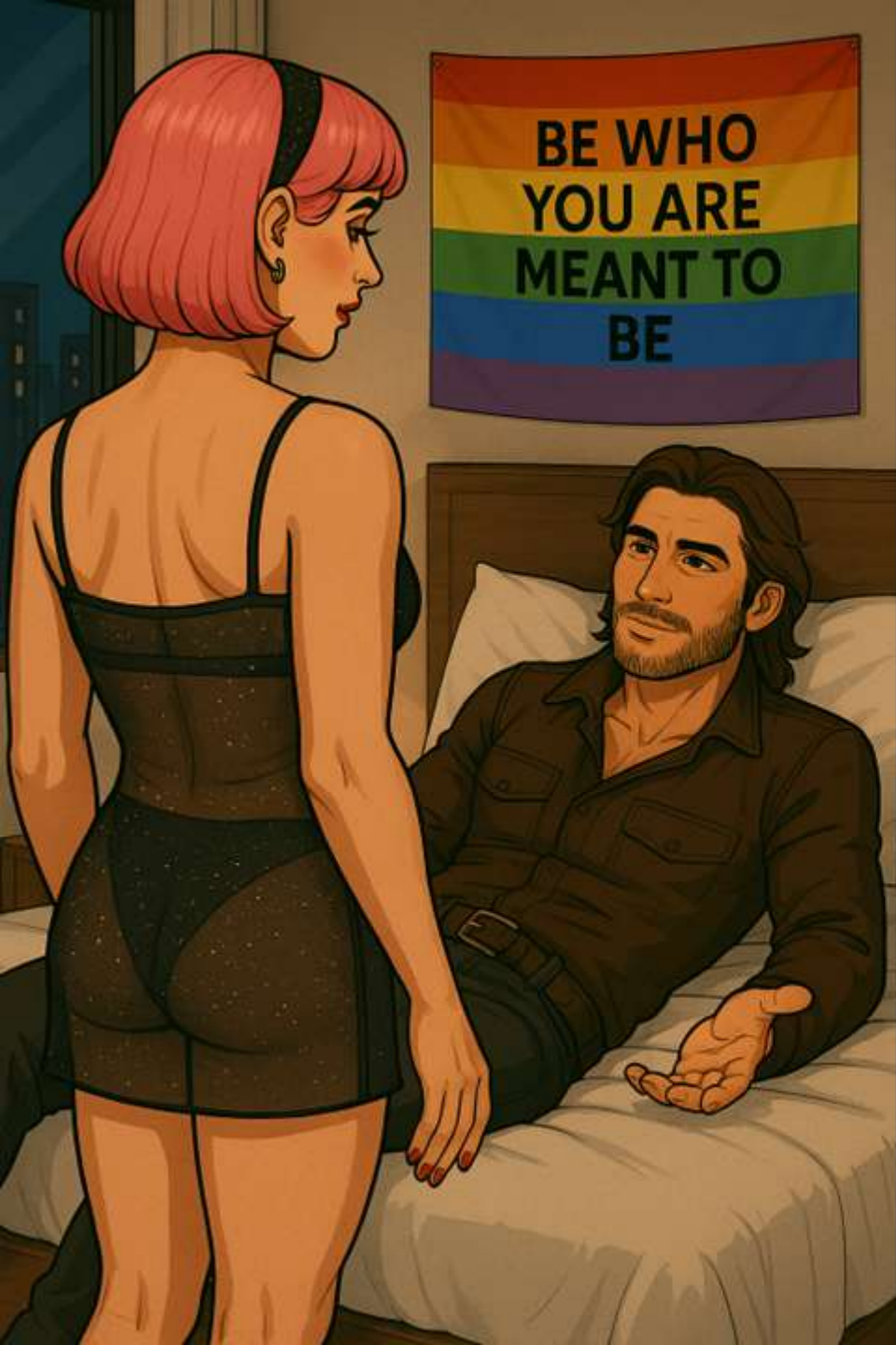
They dropped her off, and Roxy carefully walked into the restaurant, trying not to look too nervous while waiting for Benjamin. For the first time, she looked around and saw people like her—former men in drag, trans women, gay couples holding hands. No one stared, no one laughed. Just acceptance. It felt safe.



Benjamin arrived after a bit, looking really good in a cowboy hat, which turned Roxy on instantly. They talked for a while, joked, flirted, and even danced a little. Eventually, Roxy leaned in for a kiss but he stopped and got serious. He told her the truth—Debbie had only set up these dates to embarrass her. But Debbie didn't know how things had changed. She didn't know about their private talks, the flirting, or that Benjamin was actually falling for her.



He told Roxy he didn't see it as a joke anymore. He really liked her, and he didn't want to hurt her. Roxy was shocked, but his honesty only made her want him more. They kissed again, and Benjamin led her to a motel room decorated with pride flags and LGBT themes.



He looked at her, a little out of breath, and asked softly, “Are you ready?”

Roxy didn’t say anything. She just gave a slow, sure nod. Her heart was racing, but there was no fear in her this time—only want. She stepped closer, put her hands on his chest, and gave him a firm push back onto the bed. He let out a surprised laugh as he hit the mattress, and she climbed on top of him, straddling his hips.



She leaned down, kissed him slow, letting her lips drag against his. Her hands slid down his chest, unbuttoning his shirt, then moving lower to undo his belt. He watched her the whole time, eyes dark, breathing heavier. She could feel how hard he was under her, pressing up against her.



They kissed deeply, hungrily. He rolled her over, took control, undressed her down to her lingerie, took off her panties and began fucking her with steady thrusts, breathing her name against her neck. She moaned into the pillow, legs spread wide, letting him in deeper. His cock slid in and out of her ass, slick with lube and sweat, each thrust harder than the last. They kept going all night—fucking, touching, gasping, bodies tangled and soaked with sweat. No words, just moans and skin and the sound of the bed creaking under them.

By sunrise, they were finally worn out. She lay curled up beside him, their legs still tangled, his hand resting on her hip. They were both covered in sweat and still catching their breath. Roxy closed her eyes, head on his chest, and smiled.



Benjamin dropped her off, gave her one last kiss, and Roxy walked inside with a big smile on her face—but her chest was full of mixed feelings. As soon as she was alone, everything hit her at once. She sat down, thinking back on everything—her choices, her mistakes, all the things she'd done to Debbie.

Tears started falling and just wouldn't stop. For the first time, she really *felt* it. The guilt. The regret. The way she had thrown away their future without even realizing it.

As soon as morning came and Debbie was awake, Roxy didn't wait. She went straight to her, folded her hands, eyes full of tears, and apologized—really apologized. No excuses, no pride. Just raw, honest regret. She promised she'd never make those same mistakes again.



Debbie stood there, quiet for a moment, watching her. And for the first time, she saw something real in Roxy's eyes—humility. Without a word, Debbie walked off, came back with the contract, and tore it right in front of her. No speech. No drama. She just looked at Roxy and said she was free to go back to being a man if she wanted. Free to leave this life behind. Roxy stood there in shock, then let out a scream—half laugh, half sob. She was overwhelmed. But that burst of joy didn't last long. It got crushed under the weight of last night—the memory of Benjamin, the things they did.



But deep down, with a heavy heart, Roxy knew she couldn't keep drifting in that soft, feminine world. As much as part of her had grown into it, she felt like she was losing herself. She needed to take control again. She needed to be Robert Wilson. So she made the call. Booked an appointment at a local men's salon. The process took all day. They stripped away nine months of work. Hair was chopped off, nails cut down, lashes pulled, brows reshaped. Layers of polish and foundation washed away. The stylist didn't ask questions. Just worked in silence while she—now *he*—sat still, watching it all go. By the end of it, he didn't quite look like the old Robert. Not yet. He was thinner, with subtle curves that clung to his frame, and his face carried soft traces that hadn't fully faded. Androgynous. Somewhere between. But it was a start. Not the man he was... but maybe the man he could become again.



To avoid the drama—and to put some distance between himself and Benjamin—he packed up and moved to a different town. Somewhere quiet. Somewhere nobody knew him. He needed a fresh start. A place to figure things out. To rebuild. He wanted to feel like himself again. Like the man he used to be. But even as he walked down the street, something felt off. His stride was still too soft, his gestures too delicate. Months of moving like a woman had changed the way his body worked, and now every little habit felt like it didn't belong. But he was trying. Every day, he reminded himself to walk differently. Stand straighter. Move like the old him.



He checked into a hotel, dropped his bag, and stood in front of the mirror for a long time. Then he cracked open a beer, like he used to back in the day. He took a sip, expecting that old familiar comfort—but it tasted awful. Too bitter. Too flat. He grimaced. He was used to rose wine now. Fruity cocktails. Things that were light and sweet and didn't burn going down. Still, he forced another gulp. He wanted this. Needed this. A reminder of who he was. Even if it didn't taste right anymore.



He slipped into a suit, checked himself in the mirror, adjusted the collar, tried to carry that old swagger he used to have. Then he headed out to a nearby nightclub. The place was loud, full of music, lights, and energy. He leaned against the bar, ordered a beer, and tried to fake the confidence—chin up, eyes scanning the room, pretending like he still had that same pull. To his surprise, a blonde woman approached him. Stunning. Tight red dress, heels, and a smile that made his stomach tighten. She leaned in close, flirted a little, touched his arm. For a moment, his heart jumped. *Maybe he still had it.* Maybe this was exactly what he needed—proof that he could still be desired as a man. But then she laughed lightly and said, “I’m actually here with a friend—he’s kinda crushing on you. Would love to dance with you if you’re up for it.” And behind her in the background, a feminine man was dressed in a burgundy lace suit...staring at Robert with a hopeful smile. That’s when it hit.



His chest tightened, and the fake confidence cracked like glass. He forced a polite smile, mumbled something about needing to step outside, and walked out before she could see his face fall apart. He made it back to the hotel without a word, walking fast, head down, fists clenched in his pockets. When the door shut behind him, the silence broke him. He dropped to the bed, suit still on, and cried. Not just a few quiet tears—he sobbed, body shaking, the kind of cry that left him gasping for air. He hated it. Hated how easy the tears came. Hated how natural it felt to fall apart like that. He tried to stop, wiped his face with trembling hands, tried to breathe. But the weight was too much. Without thinking, he grabbed his phone. Scrolled to Benjamin's name. Hovered for a second. Then tapped it. He needed someone. Needed to hear his voice.



The next morning, there was a knock at the door. Robert didn't move at first—he hadn't expected anyone. But when he opened it, his heart nearly stopped. It was Benjamin. They stared at each other, neither saying a word. Just silence and heavy eyes. Then Benjamin stepped forward and pulled him into a hug. No judgment. No questions. Just warmth. And in that moment, everything inside Robert loosened up. The tightness in his chest, the confusion in his head—it all softened.



He buried his face in Benjamin's shoulder and broke down. Told him everything—how he ran away, how he thought he had to “fix” himself, how hard it's been trying to be a man again.

“I'm trying,” he whispered, voice cracking. “I really am. But it's... it's fucking hard.”

Benjamin didn't interrupt. He just held him tighter, rubbing his back, whispering things like “You're not broken” and “You don't have to prove anything to me.” Somewhere during all of it, Robert found himself smiling, cheeks heating up. He felt it again—that feeling. The way Benjamin always made him feel. Soft. Wanted. Like Roxy. They sat for hours, talking about everything. Benjamin said he'd stand by him, no matter what he chose. Man, woman, somewhere in between—it didn't matter. But before they parted for the night, Benjamin made one thing clear.

“I fell in love with Roxy,” he said gently. “And yeah... I miss her.”

After Benjamin dozed off on the couch, Robert sat in silence, staring out the window. His mind spun. He'd tried to go back. To be Robert again. But nothing had felt real—until Benjamin showed up.



By afternoon, he stepped out for a bit, saying he needed to clear his head. Benjamin nodded, not pushing him. An hour later, Robert returned, arms full of shopping bags and a look on his face Benjamin couldn't quite read. "Give me an hour," he said with a small grin, then disappeared into the bedroom and closed the door behind him. Inside, he set the bags down and took a deep breath. Pulled out white lace lingerie, a makeup kit, and a pack of razors. He moved slowly—shaving, freshening up, taking his time with the makeup, slipping into the soft fabric that hugged his body just right. When he looked into the mirror, she was there. Roxy. The curves. The face. The way the straps hugged her hips and the bra cupped her just so. It didn't feel forced anymore. It didn't feel like pretending. It felt like home.



She stepped out of the bedroom, skin warm, smelling like jasmine, wrapped in soft white lace lingerie—and Benjamin just stared, mouth hanging open like he forgot how to breathe. Roxy smiled shyly, walked up to him, and wrapped her arms around his waist.



They didn't say much—didn't need to. Their lips met, slow at first, then hungry. They kissed, touched, curled into each other.



They tore into each other like they'd been starving. All that emotion, all that longing—they let it out. The walls shook. Their cries filled the hallway. Her lips, her ass—he filled her completely, over and over, until neither of them could speak. That night, something shifted for good. Robert was gone. Only Roxy remained. They stayed at the hotel for another week—barely dressed, barely leaving the bed. Just touching, tasting, loving like the world outside didn't exist.



Six months later, they'd made a new life in a quiet town, tucked far from the past. Benjamin bought a little house, nothing fancy but filled with warmth. Roxy never had the heart to go back—never called, never wrote. Her family had cut her off long ago. The man she used to be—just a headline now, “Local businessman who became a sissy for a year has gone missing” Nobody was talking about it anymore. Just another weird story people forgot.



Benjamin worked at a nearby factory, slowly building a name for himself. Roxy stayed home—cooking, cleaning, making their house feel like home. Her hair was long now, soft and dark. She'd finished her estrogen therapy. No more back-and-forth, no more pretending. She was Roxy, fully and completely. Life in the new town was simple. Quiet. She had a few friends. Nobody knew the whole story—and she liked it that way. No whispers. No eyes watching. Just peace.



But the one thing that was *never* quiet was the way Benjamin touched her the moment he got home. That fire hadn't gone anywhere. Not even close.



It's been over a year since Roxy and Benjamin started their relationship in a quiet, faraway town. Roxy never thought she'd go back to her hometown—until something big happened. Out of the blue, during their regular beach walk, Benjamin got down on one knee and proposed. It completely caught her off guard and brought her to tears. He promised to help her reconnect with her past and do everything he can to make sure their wedding is surrounded by the people they love.



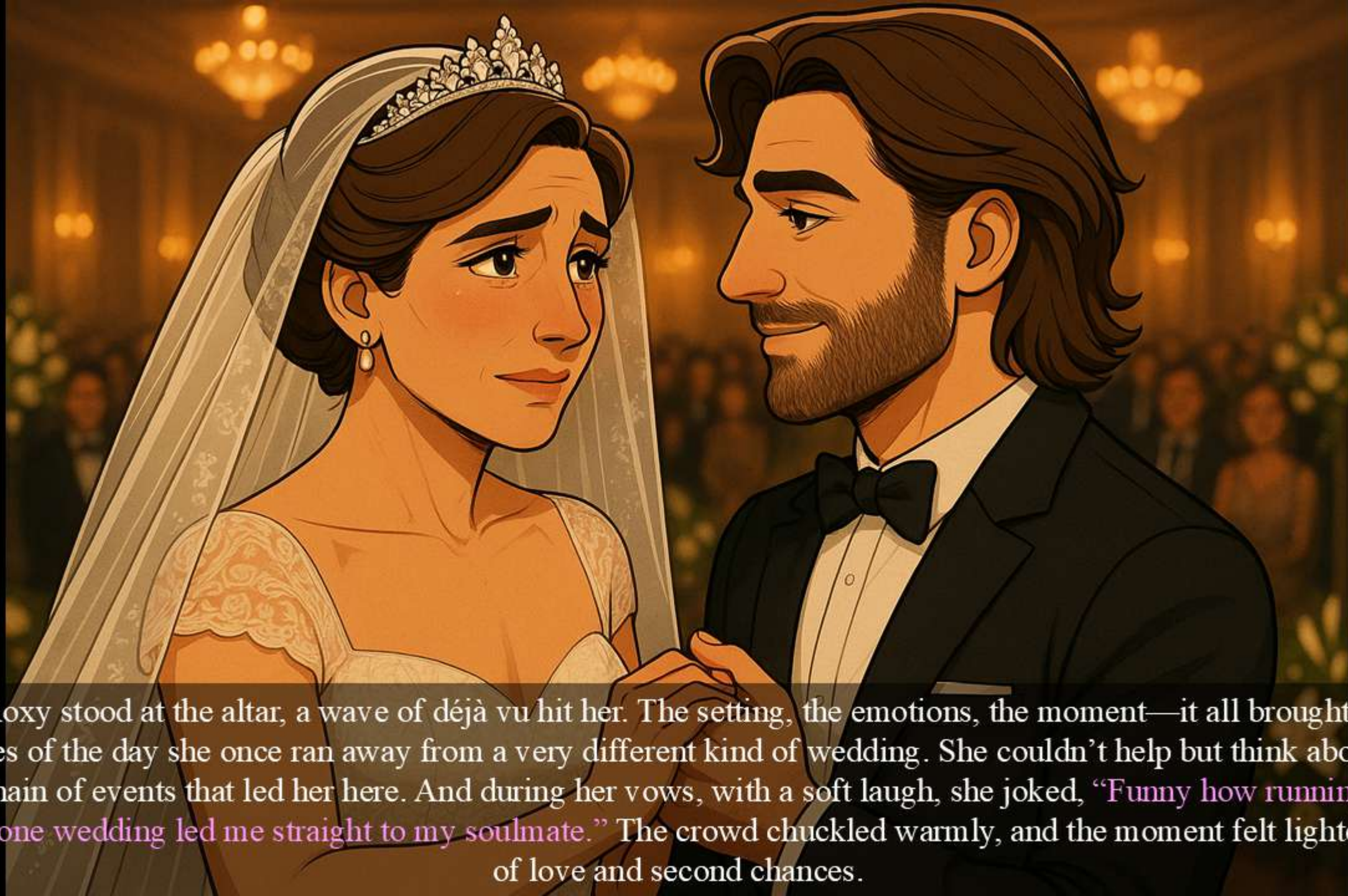
When Roxy arrived home and saw her parents for the first time in a year, it was emotional and a little tense. And when she and Benjamin shared the news about their marriage, her parents were stunned and didn't know how to react.



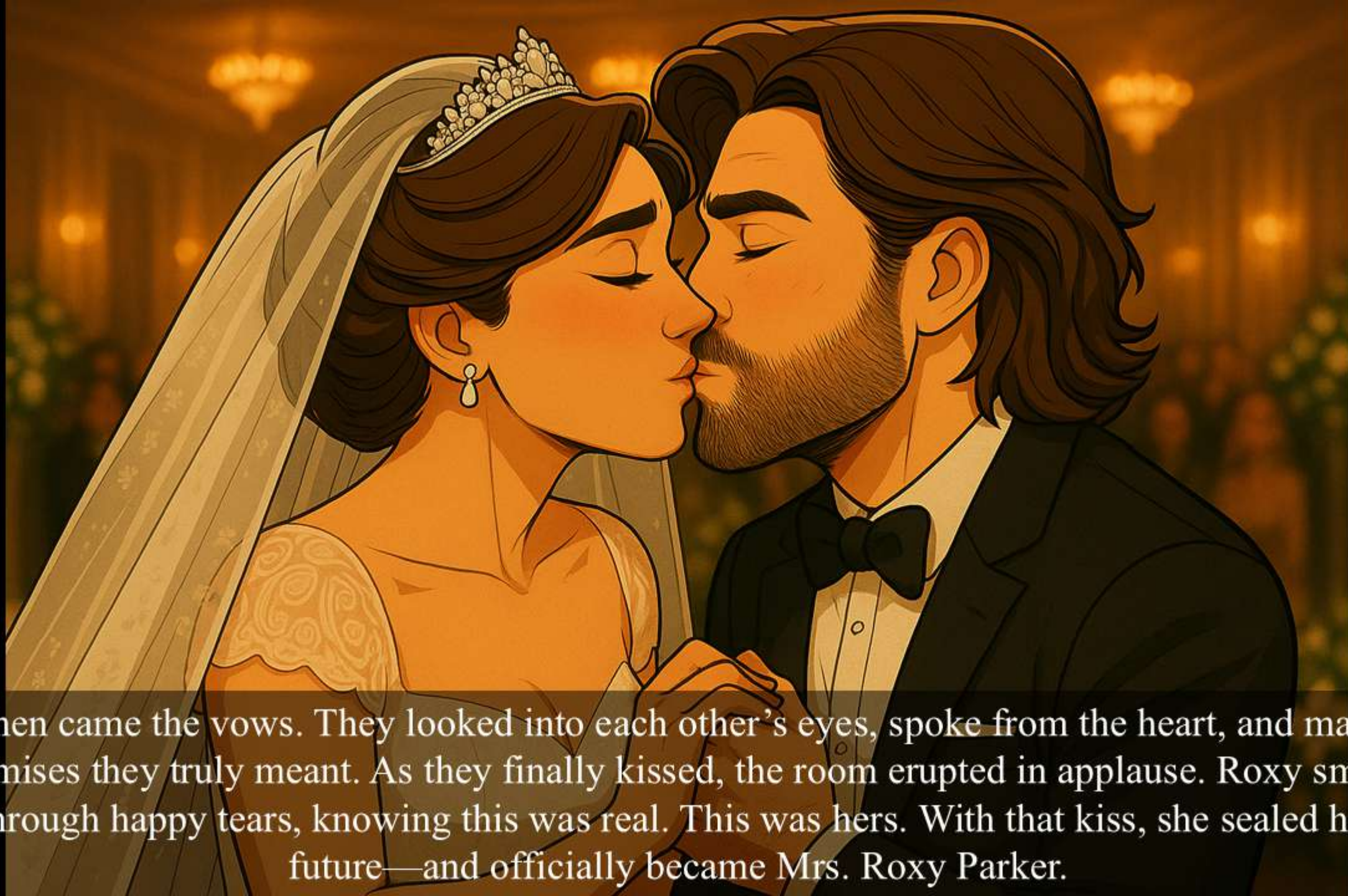
Benjamin gently stepped in, explaining Roxy's journey—how she found the courage to come out and start a new chapter, even with all the challenges. In that moment, her father, who had always been the strong and silent type, finally broke down. He pulled Roxy into a big, heartfelt hug, and they both cried. The room filled with warmth and love. That moment gave Roxy the strength she needed to finally face her past without fear.



Next up was Debbie. She still carried some guilt over Robert's disappearance and often blamed herself for pushing things too far. So when Roxy and Benjamin showed up at her apartment, Debbie was completely stunned. She couldn't believe Robert was still living as "Roxy" after all this time. When Roxy nervously handed her their wedding invitation, Debbie just stared at it—shocked, frustrated, and a little angry. It felt like something out of a dark comedy: her ex-fiancé, who once ran away from marrying her, was now about to marry another man. And deep down, she knew she had played a part in it. But Roxy didn't hold anything against her. In fact, she thanked Debbie. Without her, none of this would've happened. Roxy said she would've still been stuck as a lost, playboy sexist man with no direction—just a rowdy mess.



As Roxy stood at the altar, a wave of déjà vu hit her. The setting, the emotions, the moment—it all brought back flashes of the day she once ran away from a very different kind of wedding. She couldn't help but think about the wild chain of events that led her here. And during her vows, with a soft laugh, she joked, “Funny how running away from one wedding led me straight to my soulmate.” The crowd chuckled warmly, and the moment felt lighter, full of love and second chances.



Then came the vows. They looked into each other's eyes, spoke from the heart, and made promises they truly meant. As they finally kissed, the room erupted in applause. Roxy smiled through happy tears, knowing this was real. This was hers. With that kiss, she sealed her future—and officially became Mrs. Roxy Parker.