



**A Month of Feminization!**  
**Male to Female...the trap is sprung**

**Grace Mansfield**

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## PART ONE

“You want to get the door, honey?”

“Okay,” I grumped. I was working and hated to be interrupted. But Mia was getting ready for her flight. Ah, well. I pushed my swivel chair back and headed for the front door.

A small package lay squarely in the middle of the doormat.

I looked up and down the street. A box truck was just going around the corner, so it was probably Amazon, or UPS, or whatever.

I picked it up and looked at the address. It was addressed to me, Roger Amis, at this address. There was no return address.

Huh? I wasn't expecting anything. I closed the door and took the package back to my office.

“Who was it, hon?”

“Nobody,” I called back. “A delivery.”

“Oh.”

I could hear her humming from the bathroom as she dried herself off.

I went into my office and opened the package. I took out what looked like a shaver. No, something else. A shaver in the front, a ring in the back, weird shape.

A piece of paper was in the bottom of the box and I picked it up and read it.

Happy Birthday, honey.

Put me on.

Now, I should have suspected something. My birthday wasn't for a couple of months. But I didn't.

Hey, everybody likes to get a gift.

So I examined the thing, then saw another piece of paper in the box. A small square of shiny paper. Instructions.

I looked at the instructions and blinked.

It was a chastity belt.

WTF?

I stood up and walked back into the bedroom.

Mia was sitting at her dressing table. She was wearing her traveling duds, a pair of slacks and a blouse. Under the blouse, easily noted, were her world class boobs. Above the blouse, on her face, she smoothed creams and put on powders.

Mia is a stunning woman. I'm lucky I met her, let alone that she married me. I sat down to appreciate her fine form and flawless face.

"What is it?"

"Oh, a package. I got a package with the weirdest thing inside."

"What's that?" She pulled an eyelid down and shadowed her eyes gently.

"It's a...God, it's almost embarrassing."

"You? Embarrassed? Ha!"

*Okay, I thought, you asked for it.* "It's a chastity device."

"Yeah. Right. I love a joke, hon, but, seriously, I have to—"

"I'm not joking."

She stopped and looked at me. "Prove it."

I went back to my office and returned with the device.

Her mouth opened and she touched it with a finger. "Oh, my God!"

"It's called a Cellmate, according to the instruction sheet."

"Who sent it to you?"

"I thought it was you, at first. There was no return address, and the note inside said, 'Happy Birthday.'"

She gave me a look. "Your birthday isn't for months."

"I know. But I figured maybe you were joking with me or something." I shrugged.

“So who could it be?” she mused, staring at the thing. She looked up at me. “It’s Randy, from work. He’s messing with you.”

“No way a guy would send this to another guy. I mean, that’s sort of gay.”

She tilted her head slightly, thought about it. Then directed a gaze at me, “So what girl could send it to you?”

“Oh, come on,” I blurted. “I don’t know any girls. Except your girlfriends.”

“None of my girlfriends would ever send you such a thing!”

“How about Rhonda?” Rhonda was her wacky bestie, and she would certainly be up to playing a trick on us.

“No.”

“Well, somebody did!”

Suddenly she smirked.

“What?”

“Maybe that will stop your little masturbation problem.”

I grimaced. That was a sore point with us. I got horny more than she did and I liked to masturbate. Which meant going on the net and staring at porn, and jacking the contents of my balls into my greedy, little hands.

She turned back to her make up and chanted in a low voice, “Roger likes to play with himself, play with himself, play with himself.”

“Okay, that’s enough.”

“Probably, but it’s a catchy tune. Maybe I should record it and send it to our friends.”

“Not funny,” I groused.

“No. It’s not. It’s not funny to waste yourself when you should be saving all your love for me.”

“Okay,” I sighed.

A moment of silence. She knew she was pushing me, I knew I was wrong, but life has to go on, you know?

“So are you going to put it on?”

“What? Why would I do that?”

“I don’t know, a kinky thrill?”

“I’m not putting it on.”

She smiled into her mirror. “Honey, I know you. You’re a sexy, little pervert. You love your cock, and you like to play with it, and...” she shrugged.

I looked at the device. The odd thing was...I was thinking about it.

“It doesn’t even have a lock on it.”

“There you go. No harm no foul.” Then she grinned. “I’d like to see you in it. Your peeny all strangled and caught, no way to beat your meat, forced to wait for...for whatever.”

“For somebody to unlock the cock lock that has no lock. Yeah. This is really making sense.”

I stood up and went to my office and tossed the thing into my wastebasket.

A half hour later Mia sauntered out of the bedroom. God, was she gorgeous. Statuesque body with big tits, red lips, her hair long and wavy. I stood up and went to her, and she put a hand on my chest.

“Whoa, lover. Don’t mess me up.”

“Heysoos in a phone booth with no phone. You look like that and I’m expected not to touch?”

“Well, I could pull down my pants and you could lick me for a while.”

“What?” Oral sex was not my favorite. Licking somebody’s private parts? Ew!

She laughed. “You know, it’s not all about your dick.”

“Yes, it is!”

We both laughed. We both knew what a horny goat I was.

“Okay, well, I’ve got to head for the airport...” she looked through the window. “Uber is here.”

I looked out the window and, sure enough, a grey Prius pulled up.

“Bring my bags, boy,” she chuckled.

“Yas...ma’am,” I mocked her back. She had a suitcase and a carry on, and I rolled the suitcase and toted the carry on down to the waiting Prius.

“Airport, ma’am?”

“Yes.”

The driver put the bags in his trunk, held the door open and waited.

Mia gave me a peck on the lips. "I'll call you when I get there, and..."

"What?"

"Never mind."

The devilish grin on her face. The spark in her eye. I knew what she was thinking.

"I'm not putting that thing on."

She laughed and stepped into the Prius. The driver closed the door, and in a handful of seconds the Uber was zipping down the street.

I went back into the house. Time to get to work. I don't need to work, but I like to work. Finances, and I've got lots of money, certainly enough to retire on, so what else was there to do?"

I sat down, shuffled some digital paper, and read some dry reports.

After a while I got up, went and poured myself a drink. Coke with a splash of bourbon.

I sat down and worked some more.

And became aware of my dick.

Of course. I'm a jacker. Shit. And I had promised.

My gaze passed over the trash basket. The box sat in the bottom. Visible through the criss cross of wires.

I jerked my gaze back to the computer. More reports. But I was aware of that box. That damned box. Cardboard. About eight inches in a cube.

I finished my drink. though about having another one, but didn't... then did. Hell, I was horny. And when I'm horny I like to sip a little.

Damn it! Mia and I had just done it the night before. We always did it before she left on a business trip. Two weeks was a long time, and she wanted to do all she could to forestall my bad habit.

I turned off the computer and went into the TV room. I settled back and watched Scarlett Johansson. She was taking some weird

blue pills and conquering the universe Sort of cool, especially if you like looking at her fine form, her full lips, her—damn it!

I was stroking my cock.

Not even a day away and I was already missing my wife, and already starting to get kinky with pinky.

I turned the TV off, made another drink, and went outside.

Beautiful day.

I went back in, put the drink in the frig, put on some running shorts, and set off on a brisk, three mile run. The perfect solution for when you're horny. Take that energy out on something else than pounding your pud.

I worked my arms and felt my feet pounding up the road. My breathing became deeper, and I felt real alive, and my hard on dwindled.

But I couldn't stop thinking about that package. That package around my package. It certainly wouldn't hurt, and it might even persuade me to leave my cock alone. Heck, it certainly couldn't hurt, there was no lock to the thing, after all.

So I ran and I ran, runner's high, worked the bourbon off, and returned home. And went directly into my office. And took the package out of the basket.

It wasn't a big thing. Just big enough to hold my meat. No keys or anything. You just slide your cock into it, your balls through a ring, and close it.

I closed it. I opened it. It didn't catch or anything. No big deal. Slip it on and, if things got bad, I could just take it off.

I slipped it on. I closed it, and two things happened. First, there was a click. There hadn't been a click before, when I opened and closed it. WTF?

And, my computer dinged. Somebody had sent me a message.

I tried to open the cock cage, and it wouldn't open.

Now it really was WTF!

I tugged and pulled, pried and jerked, and my computer started dinging. Ding. Ding., Ding. Like it was on automatic.

I looked at my cock. I looked at the computer. I looked at my cock.

Ding. Ding. Ding.

Frustrated with my inability to open the stupid thing on my manhood, I sat down and opened the computer.

Messages. And they were still coming.

Put me on

put me on

put me on

Shit! That was what the message in the box had said.

I clicked open one of the messages and the dinging of new messages stopped. I read:

Hi, Roger

I suggest you do a little internet research on the Cellmate.

Talk to you later.

No signature. I looked at the mail address. It was some weird internet mailing company. Looked like a blind. A series of redirects that hid the true sender.

I looked at my lap. The Cellmate sat there, holding my junk. Doing nothing.

I worked the keyboard and began researching the Cellmate.

The Cellmate was made by a Chinese company. Qiui. They made a chastity device that could be remotely controlled. Which meant somebody else held a digital key. Like that old TV show... 'they controlled the horizontal...they controlled the vertical...' and they controlled my cock.

More articles.

There was a flaw in the design, and hackers could take control of the chastity thing. So not just a loving wife...but some asshole in Nigeria, wanting to get money but first if you could be so kind as to cash this check...which bounced after you had sent them the cash.

Oh, Heysoos. What had I done!

More articles.

The only way out of the device was to jam a screwdriver into the faceplate...which screwdriver would also be aimed directly at the 'prisoner's' cock.

Or I could take a hammer and bash it. Or a big, old saw and cut it...oh, my aching dick.

And my dick was aching. It had suddenly realized that there was no room to grow, and it wanted to grow.

More articles.

The flaw had been fixed.

DING!

I opened up the message.

I replaced certain parts with titanium.

Now my eyes were bulging.

I stood up and went to the kitchen, the ridiculous thing hanging from my manhood. Bouncing and shifting with every step.

I poured a drink. A stiff drink. I drank it. I poured another one.

I walked back into the computer room and typed,

What do you want?

DING!

A picture.

I typed,

Who are you?

DING!

Your future.

Fuck.

DING!

Ignore me and never be free.

Follow my directions and there is hope.

I typed:

No way I'm going to take a picture.  
No way I'm going to give you blackmail.

DING!

How horny are you?

I typed:

Fuck you.

I turned off the computer.

I looked at my cock.

I went out to the garage and examined the various tools at my disposal. Dremel saw. No way that baby was coming near my dick.

Bolt cutters. Hmm. I took them off the wall and hefted them. Too big. I wouldn't be able to cut that ring keeping my whole package prisoner.

I picked up a pair of pliers.

I tried to push my flesh down and get the cutting edges into the space. It was too tight, and I gave up when I poked myself with the tip of the pliers.

A hacksaw.

A drill.

I looked at my bench. A lathe. Shit. I could just see me, laying on the rails and trying to fit that high speed thing to a little piece of metal.

Defeated, I walked back into my house.

More bourbon. I needed bourbon. A lot of it.

I looked at my watch. Mia had only been gone a couple of hours. She wouldn't be in for several hours. And she would call me when she arrived.

God, I hated the idea of confessing to her that I had tried the Cellmate on, but what could I do?

Yeah, she'd laugh, maybe even offer a cutting remark or two, but she was my wife. She was on my side.

I sighed and went into the TV room.

DING DONG!

Fuck! Who could that be?

I went to the door and peered through the side blinds. Shit. It was Rhonda! Rhonda with the fast mouth and the sly humor. Digging, always digging.

I turned around and leaned against the jamb.

DING DONG!

Then, a minute later, DING DONG! DING DONG! DING DONG!

She pounded on the door. "Come on, Roger! I know you're in there! Mia said you were home! Let me in or I'll break a window!"

She would, too. She was a ballsy bitch, sometimes fun, but sometimes a little too much fun, if you get what I mean.

I turned the knob and opened the door. I peeked out through a crack. "I'm busy, Rhonda."

She just pushed in, walked past me, and said, "Okay, where is it. Mia called me up and accused me, and now I want to see what I'm accused of."

"Heysoos in a tree with no branches! How about getting your ass out of here!"

She turned and laughed at me. Actually laughed.

Rhonda is a good looking gal, for all of her mouth. She's a redhead, got some mighty fine bosoms, and if it wasn't for the fact that I was married, and her mouth, I might have hit on her.

But I was married, and she did have a mouth.

"Mia said somebody sent you a chastity device. Let's see."

"No way."

She turned and walked down the hall and into my office. "Here chastity device. Here chastity, chastity." Like she was calling a dog.

"Do you mind? I've got work to do and—" I followed her into the office and stopped. She was looking at the empty box and the

instructions. She looked at me. “Holy shit! You put it on!”

“You need to leave.”

“Oh, no. No you don’t. I want to see.”

“I’m not showing you my dick.”

“From what I understand you won’t be. You’ll be showing me something around your dick. That’s how it works, right? It goes around your dick and balls and keeps everything out of sight? No erections? No touchie feelie?”

I gave a groan. “Please. I really need you gone.”

“Okay.”

I was surprised that she gave up that easily, but she did. She walked past me. And knelt and pulled my pants down.

“Hey!” I fell back, but it was too late. She had me by the Cellmate. “Let go!”

She just held on, pulling me a little so I was off balance. “Wow. This is some serious shit.”

She let go.

I pulled my pants back up. I was mortified. My face was redder than Santa’s pants. “Okay. Can you leave now?”

She stared at me, then turned around and left the room. She didn’t leave the house, however. She walked into the kitchen and began making herself a drink.

“Hey!”

“We need to talk,” she threw back at me.

God, I hated that phrase. It meant somebody was going to talk about something that somebody else really didn’t want to talk about.

She turned around and handed me a drink.

Damn.

I took the drink. She sat down at the kitchen table and indicated I should have a seat. I took a big gulp. I started counting drinks.

A couple when Mia left, another couple when the dings started... but I wasn’t drunk. I was high, and slightly giddy, but panic was keeping me relatively sober.

Rhonda sat there, studying me. “Got yourself in a mess, huh?”

I nodded. "Yeah."

"Can't get it off?"

"It's got titanium parts. It doesn't have a lock, it's digital."

"So how does it lock?"

"I guess it works off the internet. I'm not tech savvy, so I don't know. I just know that..." I shrugged helplessly.

"So what does whoever locked you up want?"

I told her about the dings and the messages.

"Wow. So you take a picture and you get free. What's the big deal?"

"I don't know if they'll set me free. What if they want more, and more?"

Rhonda finished her drink. I was done, so she made two more.

While she was at the sink I found myself staring at her.

My dick was throbbing in the Cellmate, and I was starting to appreciate the way her ass was so round and fine.

She turned and caught me staring at her. She grinned and I looked away.

"Getting a bit randy there, are we?"

"Leave me alone," I muttered.

She sat. "Not a chance. I'm staying here. I want to see what happens."

"No. You need to go home. I'll handle this."

She sniggered, "Sure you will."

"No. You're leaving." I stood up, and my meaning was plain. If I had to...I could throw her out physically.

She reached up and took one corner of her blouse and pulled. Hard. It ripped, and buttons popped. "Rape," she said.

"What?"

She kicked off her shoes and stood up. "You throw me out, with ripped clothes, I scream rape. The cops come. They call Mia."

"You wouldn't!"

She shimmied out of her pants. "I wouldn't press charges, but, oh, the scandal"

I tried to grab her, but she ran around the corner and into the living room. As she ran she slipped out of her bra.

I grabbed her and pulled her around.

We were face to face...me...and her boobs.

I stared down at them. They were big, and the nipples stood out, and I suddenly became aware of the pounding in my cock.

“Oh, yeah,” she smiled. “This is good. Grab me hard, bruise my skin a bit. You probably dream of it rough. Right? Mia is a little too soft and gentle, and a horn dog like you...you can’t help it.”

I pushed her away and stepped back. We were breathing hard, and my cock was trying to get erect so hard it hurt.

She looked down. “God, you’re pulsing down there. I can see that thing moving.”

“You have to leave!” I was almost crying.

She walked back into the kitchen and sat down. She was sprawled, legs out, pussy showing, one arm over the back of the chair, sipping her drink with the other hand.

I sat down and faced away from her. My eyes were filling with tears and I tried to control myself.

“Aw, poor Roger. All dressed up and nowhere to put it.”

“Shut up.”

She laughed.

Then we just sat. Time passed. there was nothing to say, nothing to do.

Hours passed. I went to work, which proved impossible. I was a horn dog, and the horn quotient had just been upped ten fold. I wanted my dick out in the open. It was only a few hours and I was desperate. Normally I could go three or four days without whacking off, but this, constantly being reminded of how horny I was, I couldn’t think.

DOOTELY DOOT DOOT!

My cell rang and I got up to go answer it. It would be Mia, and I needed to tell her— “Hey!”

Rhonda had picked up my phone. “Hey, girlfriend, guess what?”

“Give me that,” I yelled, but she turned this way and that and kept talking, and my proximity to her naked body was...too much.

“He put that thing you told me about on. Oh, it looks cute.

“Please! Give me my phone!” I tried to manipulate her body so I could grab the phone, but without coming into physical contact with her...with her boobs.

“Oh, sure. He’s here. He’s trying to molest me and get the phone. Sure...” she turned and handed me the phone.

I was breathing hard, glaring at Rhonda, and I said, “Mia, honey...”

“Did you really put that thing on?”

I felt so ashamed. I hung my head. “I did. I thought...it was a joke...what could it hurt?”

“And it’s locked on now?”

“Yes. And it’s digitally controlled and I can’t...I can’t...”

“Honey, I looked it up on the internet, you shouldn’t have done that.”

“Tell me about it.”

Rhonda was trying to get close enough to listen. I kept turning, and her boobs kept touching my arms, and hands, and... “Please!” I hissed.

“What?”

“Not you! Rhonda is trying to listen.”

“Hell, let her listen. Put it on speaker.”

Cringing inside, I did.

“Hey, girlfriend,” Rhonda chirped.

“Hi, Rhonda. So Roger, tell me...how are you going to get it off?”

“I don’t know, none of my tools is going to cut the thing off... without cutting a part of me off, and...somebody sent me a text.”

“A text?”

“Yeah, whoever took control of the chastity device, and they want me to send them a picture.”

“Of what?”

“I don’t know!”

“Well, find out. If you can find out what whoever it is wants... maybe there’s a way out of this mess.”

“Uh, honey...there’s something else.”

“What?”

“Rhonda has no clothes on.”

Dead silence. And I mean dead.

“Rhonda?”

“Hey, girlfriend, he was going to kick me out, and I didn’t want to leave, so I threatened to yell rape.”

I heard a sound, sort of like a snort, on the phone.

“So...is he threatening you?”

“Hey! She’s threatening me!”

“So let me get this straight. My best friend is naked...with my husband.”

Rhonda laughed. “And he can’t do a thing about it!”

Mia started laughing.

“Mia? Honey?”

“Oh...this is good!” she laughed and laughed. She laughed so hard I couldn’t get a word in edgewise.

“So my best friend is looking hot and horny, and my poor hubbie can’t get it up.”

“He can’t even feel it! And it looks like it hurts when he tries to get hard. At least he bends over a little and grabs his package.”

“Oh, this is rich, I wish I had...heck, I can. Roger. Take off your clothes and stand next to Rhonda and take a picture. Send it to me.”

“What? No!”

“Hey, you’re no danger,” that was a cutting remark, if you thought about it, and I was forced to think about it, “so strip and pose and click. And hurry. My cell phone bill is mounting.”

“You don’t pay by the gig,” I snapped.

“No, but you’ll pay by the balls if you don’t do what I say. You ever want to touch my pussy again?” At the last she was growling.

“Oh, goodie!” Rhonda started pulling at my shirt.

“Hey!”

“Roger!”

I slumped and stood still. Rhonda pulled my shirt off, nearly ripping the buttons in the process. Then she pulled my pants down. Dispirited, I let her.

She pushed me over to a wall facing the foyer mirror and aimed my cellphone. Click. And a few taps on the screen, and a few seconds later Mia squealed.

“Here it is! Oh, my God! Look at that thing!”

I stared at the picture on my own screen.

Me. Naked, lithe with runner’s sleek muscles. Funny, Rhonda actually looked buff next to me. She was slightly thicker, she didn’t do any running, and, of course, her boobs really made her chest look bigger than mine.

“Honey,” I said. “Can we delete this?”

“No way! I’m keeping it forever.”

“But...but...can Rhonda leave?”

“No way!” Rhonda yelled.

Silence from the phone. Not good. Then: “Rhonda, it was nice of you to come over and check on Roger. And he should show his appreciation.”

“Mia?” I blurted.

“So, Roger, Rhonda will watch over you until I get home, and, bad news for you, this may become an extended trip.”

“What? No! How extended?”

“Company wants me to fly to London after this.”

Oh, fuck! I was in LA. She was in NY. A trip to London usually took two, even three weeks. That meant she was going to be gone four, maybe more, weeks. And I was stuck with naked Rhonda!

“Honey...I need you here.”

“Why? It doesn’t look like you’re going to be capable of sex for a while. What do you need me for?”

“Ahhh, that’s not—“

“Besides, you’ve got my best friend for my surrogate. She’ll kiss you and love you and even keep you warm at night, right, Rhonda?”

“Oh, you bet.”

“So, Roger, you treat Rhonda right, and you do anything she says.”

“Anything? Wai—

“Anything. When the shit hit the fan she came to your aid, and you owe her that.”

“But...but...but...” I blurted it out, “SHE’LL MAKE ME HORNY!”

“Good. You can’t do anything, and for being such a horn dog, and for getting yourself in this mess, maybe that’s what you deserve. Rhonda! You have my blessings, make him as horny as you want!”

“All right!” rejoiced Rhonda. She jumped and swatted the air like she was high fiving. That made her boobs bounce.

“Okay, honey, I have to go. They’re calling my group, so find out what the mystery hacker wants, follow Rhonda’s directions, and I’ll see you when I get back.”

Click.

I stood. Shell shocked. Broken. Stunned.

Rhonda took the phone out of my hands. Then she actually grabbed my package. Well, the Cellmate, but my package was in the Cellmate, so she had my package.

“Okay, Bozo Brain, are you ready for some fun?”

“What? What do you...”

“I want you to get me off.”

“What! No!”

“Mia said you had to follow my orders. ‘Follow Rhonda’s directions,’ that’s what she said, or you’re never going to touch her pussy again.”

“Oh, fuck!”

“Nope. But everything else. And right now I want to feel your fingers in my snatch. God, you all locked up like this, helpless, unable to do anything, it’s making me so wet you’re going to have to mop the floor. Now, come on.”

She pulled me by my penis down the hallway. I tried to loosen her hand, but she just jerked it back and forth and I was forced to stumble along, to keep up.

She pulled me into the bedroom and pulled me around and pushed me back on the bed.

“Let me go! You can’t...”

But she could. She scrambled up on top of me and sat on my face.

“MGHHSOLL!” I yelled.

“Ooh, I love it when you talk dirty,” she moaned. She put her hand down and rubbed her clitoris. “Now eat me, and do a good job or I’ll tell Mia.”

What could I do? I was trapped! Her whole weight was on my face. Just trying to breath made me feel like I was gobbling her snatch.

“Yeah, baby. Do me the way you’d do Mia!”

I began to munch. Self defense, I told myself. I had to breath.

“Uh...uh...” she pulled her tits and slapped her pussy. “Face fuck me you bitch!”

I stuck my tongue in her slit. I chewed on her labia, giving little bites that made her jump.

“Ooh, Roger has some talent.” She was breathing hard, going up and down, squashing my face into the bed, then raising up so I could gasp for breath.

She stuck a finger in herself. “Oh...God! I wish you had a dick!”

She began to rub her pussy on me mouth. She was groaning and making mewling sounds.

I moved my hand up and managed to stick two fingers into her snatch.

She opened her eyes and bucked.

I grabbed one of her tits with the other hand. I squeezed, then pulled her nipple.

“Fuck! Yes...yes...YESSSSS!”

She froze, then jerked, spasmed, and her pussy smashed into my face. I couldn’t breath, I tried to push her off, and then, suddenly, she fell to the side.

“Fuck,” she gasped for breath. “That was good. I’m sort of glad that you don’t have a dick. I could get used to that tongue of yours.”

I got up and walked into the bathroom. She got up and followed me.

I grabbed a towel and wet it. I was going to clean my face.

“What do you think you’re doing?”

I looked at her.

She grabbed the towel. “You don’t clean me off your face. I want you smelling my pussy, smelling like my pussy, until Mia gets home.”

She moved forward and grabbed my caged cock, hard. She twisted until I yelped. “You’re going to remember this for the rest of your life, right?”

Broken, not knowing what else to do, my shoulders slumped and I nodded.

## PART TWO

I was awake. Electrified. Unable to sleep anymore.

Next to me Rhonda curled. Her fleshy body pressed against mine, her boobs pressed against me.

I was naked, Rhonda insisted on it, and while she had slept I had dozed off, jerked awake, again and again.

My dick kept me awake. It was pressing against the inside of my cage, and I could imagine the skin plastered against the material, like a child's face plastered up against some glass.

DING!

It wasn't loud, but I was so hyper I heard it.

I slid out of the bed, tried not to wake Rhonda, and pattered through the house. I slid into my chair and opened the message.

How you doing?

I typed:

What kind of picture?

DING:

Sort of like this...

A picture appeared, line by line, on my phone. It was me, standing with Rhonda. Naked. Me with the Cellmate on.

Stunned, I sat back. I felt like I had been punched.

DING:

I've been using your phone  
to control your Cellmate.

What? Oh, no! I thought about turning my phone off, taking out the battery, throwing away the sim card.

DING:

I suggest you keep your phone in working order.

I almost sobbed for the cruelty of it all. What a nightmare!

DING:

I need another picture.

I typed:

You got what you wanted.

Let me go.

DING:

This is making me so wet  
you're going to have to mop the floor.

I stared at the message. This person, whoever, was listening to me. To whoever was within speaking distance of the phone. I looked at the phone.

Traitor. Curse Steve Jobs. Damned iPhone.

DING:

So, about that picture.

I typed:

What do you want?

DING:

I stared at the message in horror.

An hour later I was able to reach Mia. Rhonda was in the shower. I could hear her singing lustily. Something about the 'good ship Venus.'

"They want what?"

“They want a picture of me dressed like a woman.”

Man, this was a new definition of silence.

“Well...I guess you’re going to have to comply.”

“But it’s blackmail! They can use a picture like that to force me to do things.”

“Like what?”

I thought about it. Dressed like a woman...what else was there?

“And, so what? If they show it to our friends we explain the situation, or we say it was for a party, or whatever.”

“But, honey...I can’t dress up like a...like a woman?”

“Rhonda will help you.”

“Rhonda! No! This will just give her ammunition.”

“Then you shouldn’t have put that thing on your dick. Talk about giving somebody ammunition.”

“But...but honey...”

“Do you have a better idea?”

“I’ll think of something.”

“Great, but if you don’t...then...”

Neither of us spoke for a moment.

“Honey?” she suddenly said.

“Yeah?”

“I know this is terrible, and it’s awful what you’re going through...”

“I’ll say.”

“But, I have to admit...this is...it’s sort of exciting.”

“Exciting?”

“Well, you’re a horn dog. You should understand.”

I blinked. “This is making you feel...sexy?”

“I know. Isn’t it terrible?”

“Honey! you can’t say such things! This person could be listening right now!”

“Great,” and she mock yelled, “Hey! Whoever you are! Make my husband into a sexy woman!”

“HEY!”

“What’s going on?” Mia asked, walking down the hall. She was rubbing her head, drying her hair, and her boobs never looked so big.

“Is that Rhonda? Put her on.”

“I...you can’t...”

“Put her on!”

I handed Rhonda the phone.

“Hey, girlfriend, he’s warm at night. Too bad he doesn’t have a working dick.”

They laughed. This was getting worse and worse.

“Listen, Rhonda, the internet terrorist is demanding that you dress Roger up like a girl and send him a picture.”

DING!

I heard the computer, but didn’t move.

“So do a good job. The works. Nails and hair and everything. I don’t want this stuff dragging on forever. The sooner we comply the sooner Roger will get free and we can return to normal.”

“Pah! Who wants normal? This is fun.”

“Rhonda, you heard me. Do a good job. Roger? Do you hear me?”

I nodded. She couldn’t hear a nod, but she knew I was there.

“Rhonda’s going to give you the ultimate make over, and you’d better go along with it.”

I said, the only thing I could. “Yes, dear.”

“Excellent. Okay. I’ll talk to you guys later. Text me if anything happens.”

The phone went dead.

Rhonda turned and grinned at me triumphantly. “Oh, boy. Or, maybe I should say...oh, girl!”

I walked past her and into the computer room. I pulled up the message.

Where’s my picture?

Defeated, I typed:

Coming.

I closed the window and turned around. Rhonda was leaning against the door jamb, grinning.

We sat in the kitchen. Rhonda had gone home for some items, and I had showered, and used Nair all over my body, and now her beauty items were spread out all over the kitchen table.

Curlers. Potions. Jars and creams and brushes and little boxes filled with fake nails and things.

“Well, well. I never imagined a scene such as this.”

I listened to her, sipped some bourbon, I was going to be a drunk before this was over, and her hands worked over me.

She pushed my cuticles, trimmed and sanded my nails.

“How long will this take?” I asked.

“Couple of hours,” she shrugged. She looked quite at home, very relaxed, as she placed fake nails on my real nails and estimated.

“Jeez,” I muttered.

“Oh, dry up. You’ll like it.” She applied glue to my fingernails, then pressed a fake on. She held it.

“I thought you could just press these things on.”

“That’s for the peasants. We’re going to do this right.”

“Isn’t that a little long?”

“You want the camera to pick them up?”

Still, they looked awful long.

“These are hard gel nails. I’ll have to fix them every couple of weeks, but they should last a while. The glue is real strong and you don’t have to worry about these puppies falling off.”

I looked at her. “I was sort of hoping they would fall off. Quick.”

“And what if the internet hacker wants more pictures?”

I frowned. She was right, but still...

She began painting them. She touched the small brush to the back of the fingernails and stroked towards the tips. Three times. Letting them dry as she went back and forth from hand to hand.

“Whew. This is work. You should be paying me.”

I made a light, snarling sort of a sound.

“That’s gratitude for you. Okay, now, for the hard shell finish.”

She applied a clear liquid to them. It made the nails shiny, and apparently it made them harder. I was going to have a real set of claws.

Finally: “All right. Let’s get you dressed.”

She held up a tummy shaper. “Put this on. Don’t hurt yourself with those nails.

It was hard to do anything with those extra long nails. I manage to step into the shaper and pull it up, but I couldn’t get it all the way up.

“Together,” said Rhonda, and together we tugged and pulled and the thing slid over my torso.

“Heysoos,” I muttered dejectedly.

“Don’t sound so hang dog. You’re going to end up liking this.”

“I am?” I looked up at her.

“All men do.”

“You’ve done this...you’ve made men into women before?”

“All the time. The poor dears come into the shop and they are so embarrassed. But we sit them down and work on them, and, voila... transition.”

“Transition,” I grumped. “Great.”

She laughed and handed me a bra.

I had even more trouble with the bra, I couldn’t reach behind me and work the little clasps with my long red fingernails.

Rhonda laughed. “Big, strong man having trouble?”

“Instead of laughing...”

Giggling, she showed me how to turn it wrong way out, fix the clasps in front, then run the bra around my torso and slip into the straps.

I looked at my chest in disgust. Except, it wasn’t all disgust. I could feel a certain fascination back in my mind. This was what women do. And every day. Heysoos. What a price they paid to be beautiful.

“Here go,” she shoved a breast form into one cup, then the other.

Now I was stacked. A man with long, red nails and big boobs. “Aren’t these a little big?”

“Got to be big. Your shoulders are slightly wider than a woman’s, you have to have wide enough boobs or you’ll look funny. And if you need wider, then you need bigger.

I said a dirty word under my breath.

“Okay, here’s a dress.”

It was black, sexy on somebody else...but me? I pulled it over my shoulders. It was a tight fit, but it was stretchy, and I managed to pull it in place.

“Whoa, You look good.”

I stared at her. She was being serious. She handed me some over-sized high heels, black, slingback, and I put them on.

And almost fell over.

She laughed as she caught me. “Takes some getting used to.”

“I’ll say.

I tottered into the foyer and looked at myself.

My hips were padded by the tummy shaper and I was rounded on the bottom. My waist was narrow, and made more so by the flare of my boobs. Heysoos! Below the neck I actually looked like a woman.

“Come on back here. Let’s do your face.”

I went back into the kitchen in a mixed frame of mind.

On one hand, I was being transitioned, made into a female, and my mind was whirling with that.

On the other hand, there was a part of me that wanted to see the final product. Could Rhonda actually make a face that would look right on top of that gorgeous dress?

I sat down and she started working.

“We’re cleaning your pores now...”

“This is moisturizer...”

“This is a base...”

She explained what she was doing, step by step. It felt so weird to have somebody smooth creams into my face. It felt so weird to

have powder brushed on.

Inside my cage Mr. Cock was standing up, as well as he could, and taking notice.

“I notice your cage is jerking. Pretty exciting, eh?”

“I...don't want to talk about it.”

“The boys who come into my shop, they like to talk about it. They tell me how exciting it is to put make up on, that even though hormones are diminishing their penises, they get erect. I've even had a couple who wanted to masturbate while we put on their make up.”

“I don't want to masturbate,” I lied. “I want this over and done with.”

Rhonda stopped and faced me. “You know, Roger, I have a feeling this guy, whoever he is, is in it for the long haul.”

“Why do you feel that?”

“Women's intuition. He's gone to a lot of trouble to compromise you. Do you think he's going to want to give that up?”

“But...but...boy, is this weird. At first I thought it might be someone I know. But nobody calls to laugh, and the computer messages come in while I'm with you, or talking to Mia on the phone.” I shook my head.

“Well, whoever he is...he's got you by the short and curlies.”

She stopped talking and started focusing on my eyes. She curled, and mascaraed, and brushed on light blue tint. “Oh, baby. Your eyes are going to pop when I'm through with them.”

“I suppose I should thank you for all of this. I mean, I've always been sort of short with you.”

“I'm a lot to handle,” she agreed. “But, no thanks necessary. Mia's my friend. By extension, so are you.” She squeezed my tit. “You're my bosom buddy.” She laughed, and I actually chuckled.

It was weird, but going through this, having her paint my face and, I'll admit it, having eaten her pussy, I felt closer to Rhonda.

I told her so.

She leaned down, then kissed me on the lips. A nice kiss. No lust, just friendship. Then she finished up my eyes. She handed me a gold tube.

“Lip stain. Put it on.”

“Why me?”

“You have to learn sometimes, and this way, well, it’s sort of like putting the bow on the package. “The final touch, you know?”

I went into the bathroom and stared at myself. I was a woman in all appearances. Except for hair. But she was going to do that next.

I unscrewed the gold tube and pulled out an applicator. I carefully touched my lips with it, watched the red color stain into my flesh.

Rhonda watched me.

“That’s long lasting stuff. A couple of weeks. If you want to make it bright just put some lip gloss on.”

“Okay.”

I stood back and looked at myself. I smacked my lips. I actually felt a thrill. Not just in my groin area, not just the pounding of my cock, but in the the center of my chest. I was liking this. Looking like a woman was fun.

“Okay,” I said. “What about the hair?”

Rhonda used combs and scissors and worked my mane. I wear my hair long, but in a manly fashion. She trimmed it, layered it, and made it into a bubble around my face. She put streaks in it, sprayed it with some hair spray, then smiled. “All done except for the jewelry.”

“Jewelry?”

She opened a small box. In it were necklaces and rings and earrings.

“I’m going to pierce you, so don’t worry about how they’ll stay.”

I chose a pair of dangling earrings. Three silver strands.

Then I picked out a slender choker. All sparkly with diamonds.

“Is this stuff expensive?”

“Nah. Junk stuff. You get close to anybody who knows, they’ll know. But you don’t hang with the fabulously wealthy crowd, do you?”

“Not too offer, I admitted, ruefully.

She fastened the choker, it was tight, but it made my neck look slender. I had chosen well.

Then she pierced my ears. A hot needle, not much more than a pinch in each lobe, and I was looking sparkly.

Finally, she selected a couple of bangles and a ring.

I looked in the hallway mirror. Rhonda came and stood next to me.

I had a slight bulge where the Cellmate was, but by angling the light and aiming the cell phone right we were able to make it disappear.

There we stood. Two gorgeous babes. Drop dead bodies. Big tits. Click.

And, click, click, click.

Then Rhonda had me move around the house and she took more pictures. She gave me a duster and had me reach up and dust shelves. She gave me an apron and had me stand by the sink as if I was doing dishes.

You know, I loved it. I felt like a movie star, posing, presenting my glamour to the world.

“Want to take a drive?” she asked.

“No. No.”

She grinned evilly. “Oh, yes you do.”

Somehow she managed to get me to the car, and she drove.

Oh, it was wondrous. I was passing along the same streets, streets I knew, and yet everything was different. I felt free, and wonderful, and...my cock was pounding so hard I thought I would faint.

“How you doing, sister?”

“Heysoos,” I admitted. “I’m so horny I feel faint.”

“That’s good. Can you last a month?”

“Or more?” I wondered. “I don’t know.”

“Well, I’ll do my best to make it tough for you.”

I laughed. “I’m sure you will.”

“Want to go back and fuck me?”

“God, I’d love to. But it makes me even hornier. You cum and I’m left high and dry.”

“Oh, poor baby.”

She stopped at a subway and collected a couple of sandwiches. Then she drove to a park overlooking the ocean. We ate, and she giggled as I ruined my lipstick.

“That’s okay,” I quipped. “I’m a girl that always comes prepared.” I held up a tube of lip gloss.

Afterwards, we headed for home. We had sent the photos to the hacker and I wanted to know if he had written back yet.

We pulled into the driveway and got out of the car and went into the house.

No response from the hacker, but there was an email from Mia.

“Wow! You’re a better looking woman than me. Stay that way. I want to see you like this when I get home.”

Rhonda looked at me. “Now you’re stuck.”

I nodded.

She peered at me. “You don’t seem that unhappy about it.”

“On one hand...my dick hurts, I need relief. I want to get into some jeans and watch football. On the other hand...it feels so damned sexy.”

“Ha! California boy turns himself on.”

I chuckled. “I guess.”

“So. A month.”

I looked at her. I nodded. “A month.”

“And what will we do for a month?”

I knew what she wanted. I didn’t resist, I led. I took her into the bedroom and began undressing her.

She kissed me. “You stay dressed. I want the illusion. I want to dream.”

“I didn’t know you were a Lesbian!”

“I’m a whatever floats my boat. Now put this on.”

She reached into a drawer and pulled out a mess of straps. Tangled up in the straps was a cylindrical object. A dildo.

“Really?” I asked. I untangled the thing and putting it around my waist.

“Right now, a manly man would float my boat. Especially if she’s wearing a dress.”

God, the lust in that woman’s eyes.

With a hard object finally sticking out from my groin, I pushed her back on the bed. I held her wrists out so she couldn’t move and I put my lips on hers. Our mouths touched, her lipstick and my lip gloss meshed, and tasted...lipsticky. I inserted tongue and we did tongue battle.

“Oh, yeah,” her eyes were glazed.

“You ain’t seen nothing yet, sister. “I moved down her body and attacked her breasts. I used both hands to manipulate them, to press and stroke, and my lips engulfed her nipples. I sucked and pulled, and she squealed.

“Eee! That feels so...fucking...good!”

“I moved further south. I arrived at the home of heaven. The pearly gates, dripping with sex sweat, moist and wonderful and inviting.

“Oh...yes...yes...”

She ground her hips up and fucked my mouth.

I laughed and began blowing, letting the skin under my mouth flap, making a farting sound.

She began laughing. She grabbed me by the ears and pulled me back up.

We stared at each other. Hungry. Desperate.

She was going to sate her hunger, I was going to get hungrier. I slid the dildo into her pussy.

“AHH!” she grunted. “That’s too big!”

“Yes, it is. But you’re stuck with it.”

I began to pummel her pussy with that dildo. It felt so good and natural to be driving a cock into a woman, even if I couldn’t feel it.

She scratched my back with her nails, but that was okay.

She ducked her head up, into my shoulder, and that was okay.

Then she broke. It was like a wave crested over her, and she arched, trying to keep her body above water, and the spasms hit. A

half a dozen small jerks, little tiltings of the hips, then a couple of big, long ones.

“Fuck...fuck...” she breathed, falling back, collapsing to let the wondrous, warm feeling just wash through her.

I pulled out.

I slid off the bed and took off the dildo. I washed it and put it away.

Rhonda was asleep. Good.

I went into the kitchen. All the make up was still out, so I repaired my face. It's easier to repair a little damage than it is to start from scratch.

I made myself a drink and went out to the patio.

A month. A month of living like a woman. A month of make up and dresses and high heels and...and whatever.

I felt my earrings. They felt sexy, hanging from the ear, touching my neck.

DING!

I got up and went into the computer room. I sat down and worked the keyboard, and even that was a thrill. The way I had to use my fingers, use my fingernails, it was exciting.

No wonder women wear fingernails and...and things. It seems that everything a woman does, everything a woman wears, is sexy.

Poor men. They have no idea.

I pulled up the message.

More pictures.

The month passed slowly. A month of making me up, teaching me, and me living through the delicious torment of having a throbbing cock that never quite stood up.

After a while I got used to it.

I began to like the electricity going off in my groin, the struggle without end, the throbbing, pulsing heat as my dick tried to stand up.

Rhonda really enjoyed it.

She was getting double duty sex. Either oral, or dildoic, and she was walking around in a daze of satisfaction. Every night. Sometimes during the day.

We became used to each others quirks. We chided each other, and lived as if in love.

Was it love?

Not like with Mia. But it was. There was a deeper and deeper feeling building. When Mia came home, and Rhonda went her merry way, I would miss her.

Every day the computer sounded. DING! DING! DING!

More pictures, more pictures...more pictures.

Whoever this pervert was, he was getting off on all this.

I often wondered who it was.

Who had inserted himself into my life? Who was driving me sexually insane? Who had made me into a woman? Who had made me appreciate life in a way I never could have imagined?

Sometimes I cursed him.

Sometimes I loved him, whoever he was.

But, always, the pictures, pictures, pictures.

“Are you ready?” I called.

Rhonda came out of the bedroom, looking like a million. We both smiled and went out to the car.

I had started driving again. I was getting used to heels, and I felt wondrous, like I was in charge of the world.

And sometimes I was just the passenger, going along with the wind in my hair, laughing with life, and have a grand old time.

“What time is her flight?”

“She’s due to touchdown in half hour.”

“Man, is she going to be surprised.”

I looked at Rhonda. I turned down the radio. “Rhonda?”

“Yes?”

“You know. I love you...”

“But...” She was smiling.

“But I love Mia. She’s my wife.”

“Oh, darn. You mean I was just a fling for you?”

“More than a fling. But...”

“There’s that but, again.” She sighed, but she didn’t seem put out.

“Hey, we had a lot of fun. But all good things must come to an end.”

Yes. They did. *But what comes next?* I wondered.

Rhonda went into the airport and collected Mia. I stood by the car. Nervous. Hell. Terrified.

Yes, she had sounded so happy about the endless pictures, but... but would she really be happy with me like this?

I stood, the wind whipping my dress. I was firm in my heels. Practice makes perfect, you know, and I watched the end of the parking lot.

Mia and Rhonda appeared. Arm in arm, talking, chatting. I began walking towards her. Fifty feet away, she heard my heels. Click. Click. Click.

She looked up. An expression of surprise flitted across her face, then she was running towards me.

We hugged, our tits pressing together. We kissed, our lipsticks smearing. We hugged.

Rhonda just grinned and put the bags in the trunk. Then she hopped behind the wheel and tooted the horn.

Mia and I climbed into the car. We both sat in the back seat, our arms holding each other.

“Jeez, guys. Do we need to get you a hotel room?”

Mia laughed, and I began to cry.

“Aw, look at the big baby,” Rhonda chuckled.

I just kept crying, and laughed through my tears, and Mia held me.

Rhonda drove slowly home.

That night, after an evening of talking and wondering and sharing mysteries, Mia and I went to bed.

It was her first time with me, and I was nervous. And she was nervous. We were both blushing like brides as we took each other in our arms and came together.

I was wearing a negligee and a bra with my forms.

She was wearing a baby doll and nothing else.

We lay on our sides and couldn't stop smiling.

We kissed.

We shared secrets. Finally, I asked. "Would you like me to do oral? Or use a dildo?"

"Both."

I gently worked down her body. I smothered my lovely wife's tits with kisses. I sucked her nipples. I fingered her pussy.

I went lower, and arrived at the gates to heaven.

"Oooh!" she groaned. "I need this!"

I had never been much at eating pussy, but I had learned. Rhonda was a wonderful teacher. I had learned a lot of tricks, and I used them all. I used my tongue, my fingers, even my nose, and then, when she was on the edge, I came back up. We kissed, then I got out of bed and strapped on the harness. I suddenly had a big dick again.

But not a dick I would wield like a mad man. Not the tool of some horny, little horn dog, but a tool I had come to understand. A delicate tool to be wielded for a woman's pleasure.

She moaned as I worked it in, adjusting my movements to hers. She held me as I slid it in and out. She began to climb the heights.

"Oh, yes. Fuck me, fuck me!"

I ground my hips in, stirred her insides, and pulled out. Stroke after stroke. She began to arch...and cum. And cum. And cum. Spasm after spasm. And I watched her in wonder.

I was apart from my sex, and this gave me a better appreciation. I had no feeling, so I could use my dick clinically, and yet, with passion.

For passion doesn't come from a horn dog's little puny peeny and incessant, mad thrustings. It comes from inside, from love. From the human being.

Mia came, and she held on, and she finally subsided, and we lay there.

Yes. My cock was throbbing inside the Cellmate. Yet I had grown to enjoy being denied. I had come to appreciate sex on a whole, entirely new level.

We lay there, breathing in each others wonderfulness, and the door opened.

"Rhonda?" I asked, sitting up. Mia sat up, too. She was smiling a huge smile.

"Hey, almost lover," she quipped, and she handed my phone to Mia.

"What...what?" I looked between them.

Mia tapped the phone a few times, and I heard a click.

I looked down. I reached down. The Cellmate was loose. I took it off and stared at it. Then I looked at the girls.

Oh, the look of devilish delight on their faces.

"You...you're...the hacker!"

"Guilty," said Mia.

"And it was...my phone..."

If you had looked through a new app that you never noticed you might have found the key to your problems.

"But...but...how did you talk to me at the same time as the computer...the computer..."

"I have a cell phone and an iPad."

"Oh...my God...My God!"

Rhonda climbed onto the bed. She hugged Mia and kissed her, and I started to suspect.

They turned to me.

Mia said, "Rhonda and I love each other. But I also love you. We planned this month to see if Rhonda could love you, and whether you could love Rhonda."

"But I..."

Mia leaned forward and touched my lips with one hand. "I know. It's a lot to take in. And we will have...situations. But it's pretty plain that we can make this work. All of us."

Rhonda: "You'll have to live with both of us, and you'll have to service us, but that's okay. There's going to be times when we all sleep together, and times when only Rhonda and I sleep together."

I managed to speak, "But...but I'm a woman now."

"That depends," said Mia. "You can take this as far as you want, or you can be a man, or..." she shrugged, "you can put the Cellmate back on."

I sat there and stared at them. And they watched me. And a smile came to me slowly.

Mia smiled.

Rhonda grinned. "And, now that you know, and now that Mr. Happy is out of prison, there's one thing that you need to do that you have been dying to do for a month."

I grinned.

Then we were all laughing.

Mia slipped out of bed. "See you in a while...lovers."

I took Rhonda in my arms, or maybe she took me. We kissed as the door closed, then Rhonda grabbed my fake cock.

"After you fuck me with your real thing, I'm going to fuck you with my unreal thing. Okay?"

"Okay!"

END

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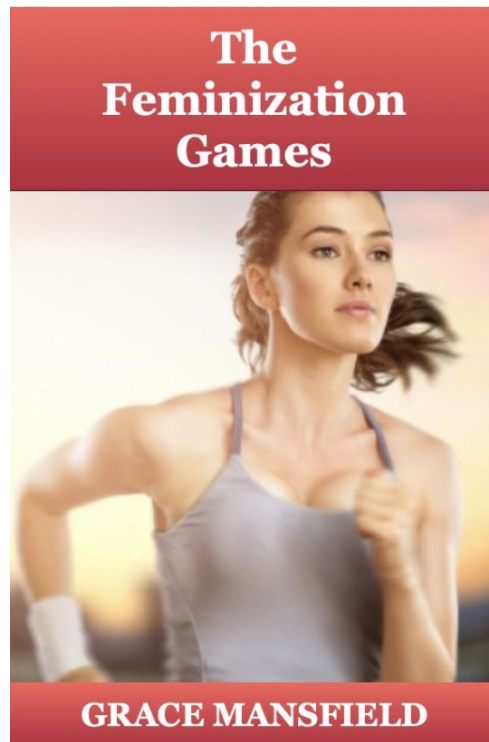
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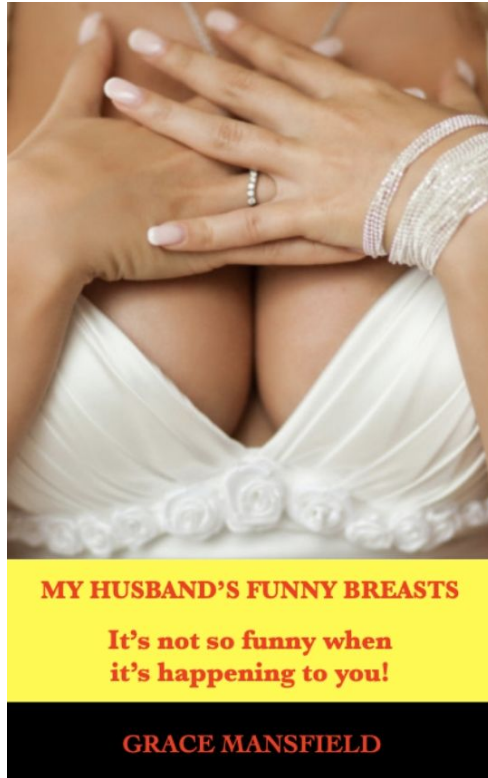
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Tom Dickson was a happy camper. He lived a good life, had a beautiful wife, then he started to grow breasts, his hair grew long, and his body reshaped. Now Tom is on the way to being a woman, and he doesn't know why.

**[My Husband's Funny Breasts](#)**

# **FULL LENGTH BOOKS!**



Rick Boston and his beautiful wife, Jamey, move to Stepforth Valley, where Rick is offered a job at a high tech cosmetics company. The House of Chimera is planning on releasing a male cosmetics line, and Rick is their first test subject. Now Rick is changing. The House of Chimera has a deep, dark secret, and Rick is just one more step on the path to world domination!

## **[The Stepforth Husband](#)**

*Robert said:* I was expecting less and got more! Having knowledge of the original story I made some assumptions. Intricate emotions and some a few twists later and Ms Mansfield has a good book on her hands.

# **FULL LENGTH BOOKS!**



This is the second book in the Stepforth Series. The first book is 'The Stepforth Husband.'

Judd is the product of the Amazons. the Amazons are an ancient race of women who are working for the betterment of mankind.

Judd must go to Stepforth Valley and uncover an insidious plot to make the men of the world into women. He will be chemically changed, betrayed by those who love him, and, in the end, come to the truth of the world.

## **[Revenge of the Stepforth Husbands](#)**

*A Kindle Customer said of The Stepforth Husband and the Revenge of the Stepforth Husbands:* This two book set is an intriguing blending of erotica, adventure, mystery and philosophy. Sated you will be regarding the first three categories and if your world or life views can accept it, be intrigued by the author's theological speculations as described at the end of the second book. Fiction is always made more interesting when it is based in truth.

# ***FULL LENGTH BOOKS!***

Feminized by a Ghost



Grace Mansfield

Alex has to live in an old, decrepit mansion for the summer. Worse, he's supposed to follow the directions of an old biddy who, right off the bat, makes him wear girl clothes!

Alex is in for a surprise, however, because the house is haunted, and wearing girl clothes is the least of what is going to happen to him!

**[Feminized by a Ghost](#)**

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**SEVEN sexy stories**

A sorority that feminizes... 'Tootsie' goes all the way... National lipstick day and all the men in Hollywood start growing breasts... learning to be a man by being a woman, and more, more, more.

**[The Electric Groin!](#)**

## ***BIG COLLECTIONS!***



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## **[Quivering Buns](#)**

## ***BIG COLLECTIONS!***

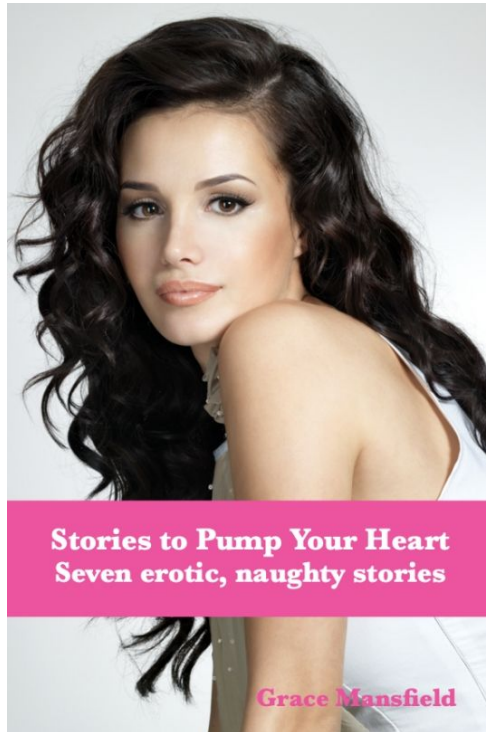


### **Save money with SEVEN sexy stories**

A sorority that feminizes, 'Tootsie' goes all the way, National lipstick day and all the men in Hollywood start growing breasts, learning to be a man by being a woman, and more, more, more.

**[The Shivering Bone!](#)**

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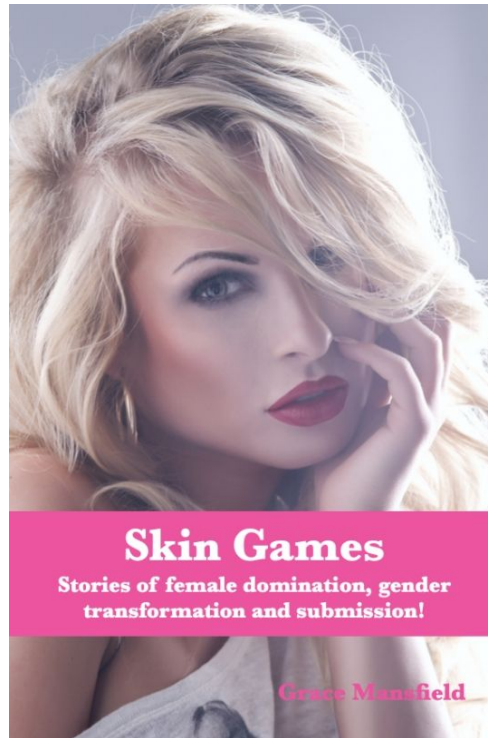


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## **GROPPER PRESS**

Following is a list of stories from Gropper Press.

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all of them are hot and steamy!

<https://gropperpress.wordpress.com>

# Big Stories

**The Day the Democrats  
Turned the Republicans  
into...GIRLS!**

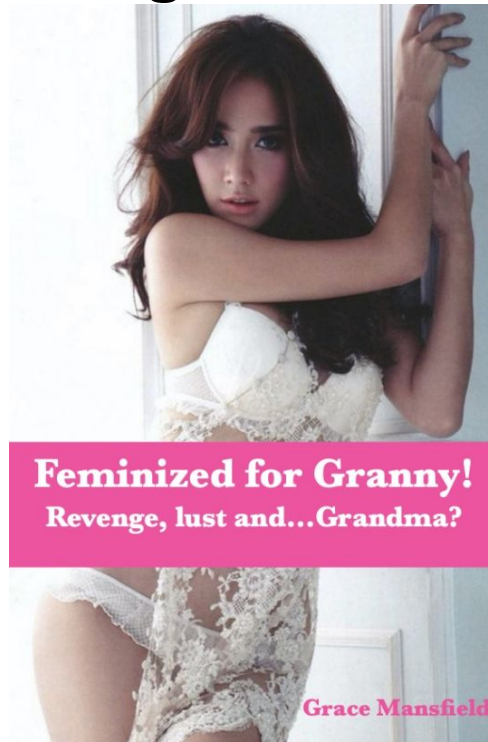


**Grace Mansfield**

**[The Day the Democrats Turned the Republicans into...Girls!](#)** ~ A note from Grace...I got tired of all the politics on TV, everybody yelling at everybody, and everybody knowing they are the only ones that are right...it's enough to make a girl pick up an erotic book. You know? So, are you ready for the 'transgenderment' of half the country?

Long Island Reader said: Certainly different! This book was unlike any gender swap story I have read before. It is well written and quite sexy, but more than that, it is suffused with a sense of humor that really captures our current political dichotomy. What a concept! Be you a Democrat or a Republican, I suggest reading this with an open mind. Wow!

# Big Stories



**Feminized for Granny.** ~ Underwear is disappearing from Joanna's department store. She catches the culprit, and a spanking reveals that Eric is a cross dresser. Joann realizes there is something very hot about cross dressing, but how far can she push Eric?

*Je said:* Well written, the story flowed well with believable text. I enjoyed the concept of the story and the emotional turmoil of the the people.

# Big Stories



[Feminized in 100 Days](#) ~ Tom loves his wife, but he doesn't feel worthy. She is so beautiful and powerful. Tammi learns how Tom feels, and comes up with a plan to make Tom feel beautiful and worthy, and it only takes 100 days.

A wonderful tale of erotic sex and the exchange of power.

*A kindle customer said:* Every man should have a wonderful wife to walk through life by "her" side! I didn't want the story to end!

## CHECK IT OUT!

Here are 99 stories! Feminization, female domination, BDSM, male chastity...check out the titles and find one you think might be interesting! And there are more at:

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[The Bank Robber Became a Lady](#)

[I Gave My Man Boobs](#)

[The Day the Democrats Turned the Republicans into Girls](#)

[The Lactating Man](#)

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[My Neighbor Feminized Me](#)

[COVID Feminized My Husband](#)

[Revenge of the Lactating Babes](#)

[The Were-Fem](#)

[I Was Feminized by the FBI](#)

[The Feminist Experiment](#)

[We Made Him Our Fem Boy](#)

[A Witch Feminized Me](#)

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[The Feminine Vaccination](#)

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[The Sexual Matrix](#)

[I Changed My Nephew into a Girl](#)

[How to Emasculate Your Cheating Husband](#)

[Feminized for Granny](#)

[Feminized in 100 Days](#)

[Feminized Cop](#)

[The Sissy Ride](#)  
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[Feminization is in My DNA](#)  
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[Body Swapping with Chastity](#)  
[I've Got to Have It](#)  
[Feminized by My Sister](#)  
[Feminization of a Salesman](#)  
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[A Man Caught](#)  
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[Listening to Sex](#)  
[The Feminization Curse](#)  
[The Man Who Would Be Woman](#)  
[Feminized by Neuralink](#)  
[My Wife Dominated Me](#)  
[Dominated By a Gang of Women](#)  
[My Wife Made Me Worship Her](#)  
[He Wanted a Real Chest](#)  
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[I Rule My Man](#)  
[A Month of Feminization](#)  
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[Being a Woman](#)  
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[National Lipstick Day](#)  
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[Self Respect Through Feminization](#)  
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[The Great Gender Transformation Conspiracy.](#)  
[To Sacrifice for Love](#)  
[Feminized by a Neighbor Lady.](#)  
[My Husband the Model](#)  
[The Party in the Bedroom](#)  
[The Cure for Limp](#)  
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[Mystery Boobs](#)  
[More Woman Than Man](#)  
[The Feminization Corps](#)  
[She Transgendered Me](#)  
[The Sex Games](#)  
[Feminization 101](#)  
[Feminizing the Horn Dog](#)  
[My Husband is a Sissy.](#)  
[My Husband the Girl](#)  
[Satan's Panties](#)  
[The Picture of Femian Grey.](#)  
[My Mother's Panties](#)  
[The Ladies' Sissy Society.](#)  
[We Feminized a Burglar](#)  
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**If you liked  
'A Month of Feminization!'  
you will really love...**

## **'I Changed My Husband into a Woman'**

**A full length novel by Grace Mansfield**

**Here is an excerpt...**

"What the fuck!"

I roused myself from a deep and very deserved sleep, only to see Roscoe standing next to the bed, looking down at his feet and cursing.

"Wha..." I mumbled, pulling the covers over me and trying to look like I was still asleep. In truth, though I was tired, I was as awake as I had ever been.

"Did you do this?" His voice was going up. "Is this your idea of a joke?"

"Shut up," I whined. "I wanna sleep!"

"No! Wake up! Why'd you do this?"

"Do what?" and I finally rolled over and made my eyes sleepy and tired.

Oh, baby, was I acting. And I was acting in front of the fellow who had created a half a dozen Best Actor Oscar winners. This was

going to take all my prowess to pull off.

“My toes! Look at my toes.”

I blinked, and edged towards the side of the bed so I could look down to where he was pointing. And I exulted. He had felt he had to explain that it was his toes, so he was just working off emotion and blaming whoever was closest. He didn't have any clue as to why his toes were red.

“What the fuck!” I opened my eyes wide and stared at his tootsies.

“Why'd you do this?”

I looked up at him and put a tiny edge of anger in my voice. “I didn't do that! Why the hell would I paint my sissy husband's toes red?” Very important to get the word sissy into the conversation as quickly as possible. “Do I look like I'm the kind of girl who'd marry a sissy?”

He kept trying to look fierce, but I could tell that my arrows had hit the mark. In some odd, almost invisible way he shriveled. He withdrew slightly into himself. I had met the challenge and acted my way out of being the culprit.

“Okay, okay,” then he tried again. “You did this because I jacked off on you the other day.”

“First, I just said I didn't do that!” I pointed at his toes. “And, I already got you back, and, husband of mine, practical jokes aren't my forte.” At least they usually weren't. I was enjoying this; I was thinking of a career change. Sandy Tannenbaum, Practical Joker Extraordinaire!

“So who did this?”

Now I looked at him suspiciously. “There's only two people in this room.”

He sputtered in outrage, so I kept up the attack. “So why did you paint your toe nails red?”

“I didn't!”

“There's nobody else here!” I was pushing him now. I had been accused unfairly (he thought) so I had to act the outrage. I narrowed my eyes. “Are you going pervert on me?”

“I didn't do this!” he wailed.

“Well I didn’t, and I didn’t figure on waking up next to Bruce Jenner.”

Oh, Jesus!” he almost ran to my make up station and started looking for polish remover. “Where is it!?”

I got out of bed, and went to him. I didn’t want him making a mess, so I handed him a bottle of polish remover. He grabbed at it like a sailor grabs a life preserver after jumping off the Titanic. He sat down and lifted his foot up to the edge of the chair.

“Hold on,” I said. I took the remover out of his hands. “I don’t want you making a mess. Come here.”

I led him into the bathroom. “Put your foot here,” I pointed to the john. He placed his foot on the toilet and I sat cross legged in front of it. I giggled.

“What?” he grouched.

“It is sort of cute. Hubbie gives himself a peddie. Make a good TV series.”

He let his breath out in disgust. “I’m a man’s man, not a girly man.”

Yeah, that’s right, you like to get young girl’s pregnant. how manly. But I didn’t say that, I just thought it, and kept manipulating him.

“Well, you might say so, but Roscoe Junior says otherwise.”

Now, truth, he wasn’t really all that hard, just sort of a morning half woodie, but I reached up and grabbed his meat and in a second he was throbbing in my hand.

“Hey!” he said. But he wasn’t really protesting. What man would object to a pair of sexy hands fondling his man pole? “Take the polish off.”

“Oh, okay.” but the damage was done. He was now erect, and associating that erection with nail polish. Manly man. Huh!

So I hummed a tune and stripped the polish off and returned his toes to their ‘manly’ state.

“Okay,” he said. Standing and looking down at his repaired manhood, uh, nails.

“Not even a thanks?”

“Thank you,” and he did sound abashed. “But I have no idea how...somebody must have broken in and done it.”

“While you slept? They painted your nails and you didn’t even wake up?”

“Well, I was pretty drunk.”

I’ll say.

“Not that drunk,” I lied. “You never get that drunk.”

“Well, yeah. But somebody did it.” We left the bathroom then and re-entered the bedroom. He walked over to the double windows, which led out to a small patio. He tried the doors. “See! they’re open!”

“We’re on the second floor.”

“He had a ladder.”

“He?”

“Well, you don’t think a woman did this?”

“Those nails were done pretty well. Men don’t know how to apply polish that well.” Then I cocked my head and it was obvious what I was thinking.

“Don’t look at me that way! I didn’t polish my own nails.”

I shrugged. “Okay. So Spiderman left off fighting crime for one day so he could paint your nails.”

He made a grimace.

“Or maybe somebody just walked in because our door is unlocked.” I swung the bedroom door opened.

“Well, I don’t...”

“Forget it, Roscoe.” I use his name when I am angry with him, or irritated, and he took notice of that. “just admit that you did some sleep walking.” Then I giggled, “Or sleep toenail painting.”

“Oh, shut up.” he brushed past me and headed down the stairs. It was a mark of how irritated and upset he was that he had forgotten to get dressed.

“Ahem!” I cleared my throat.

He turned at the top of the stairs and looked at me. Oh, the look on his face. Irritated, confused. Priceless.

I looked at his groin, placed an elbow in a palm and wiggled my index finger in the air.

He looked down at himself, mumbled a curse word I dasn't dare repeat, and stomped back into the bedroom.

This has been an excerpt from

## **I Changed My Husband into a Woman!**

Read it on kindle or paperback