



Editor in Panties
Part Three
by Ann Michelle



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Editor in Panties

A Feminization Tale

Part Three

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Please visit my website:

www.annemichellesworld.blogspot.com

Introduction by Ann

—o—

Dear Readers,

The end draws near for Christopher. Monica has shattered his plan, seemingly trapping him forever as her feminized secretary... the next Emma. Will he find a way to escape this fate she has planned for him? And what will he do about Vanessa, who seems determined to make him as feminine as possible, not that he isn't doing a good enough job of that himself.

In this final installment, Christopher comes up with a new plan to escape from under Monica's heel. Escaping Vanessa's might be a little more complicated. Will he find some way to gain his freedom and save his manhood?

Hopefully, you've enjoyed the story. This is the third and final part. As always, let me know what you think.

With love,
Ann :)

Chapter One: “Outrage!”

—o—

Christopher stared at the magazine spread. He was in shock.

His as Hers!

by Monica

By Monica.

It was his article! *His!*

Christopher slowly rose to his feet. He didn't know what he was intending, but he intended to do something. This was an outrage. This could not stand. Monica had stolen his work. She had taken credit for *his* article, the very article that was supposed to make *him* famous, give *him* independence, and most importantly of all, let him return to being a man.

“She has to answer for this,” he said with great determination.

Christopher smoothed his skirt. He raked his fingers through his hair. Both a habit now. Then he tottered determinedly the few steps to Monica's office. However, each step made him conscious of wearing heels. Each step reminded him he was neither man nor woman at this point. Each step reminded him he had no power over Monica either, she had power over him. Each step wore down his strength. Still, he needed to confront her.

“Enter,” said Monica when he knocked.

“I just saw the new edition,” he said. His voice sounded strained.

If Monica was worried or tense or prepared for a fight, she didn't show it. She was red-lining some article as she sat behind her desk. She said nothing. She didn't even bother to look up. This further blunted Christopher's determination with the merest hint of unease.

“That was my article,” continued Christopher nevertheless.

He paused, but she still said nothing. Her silence now added a trace of helplessness to his unease.

“I wrote it,” he said.

Still she said nothing. Instead, Monica crossed something out with her red pen. She didn't look up or speak. Christopher hesitated. Speaking again would be like arguing with himself and he knew it would make him

feel weak and controlled, but something had to be said and she was not cooperating.

“You put your name on *my* article,” he added uncomfortably.

Monica finally responded, calmly, and in the same indifferent, bored tone as always. “It is an editor’s prerogative to interject themselves when, where and how they deem it will benefit the magazine—”

“*That was my article!*” snapped Christopher.

“When a new feature is released,” continued Monica calmly, “it often makes sense for an editor to introduce it themselves. This draws special attention to the feature and gets it noticed. That, in turn, guarantees interest in the future of the feature moving forward.”

Christopher hesitated. That actually sounded reasonable. Could he be in the wrong? He licked his lips nervously. “But it was my article. I thought it up. I wrote it,” he said much more cautiously.

“There is no ‘my’ at a magazine like *Rogue*. *Rogue* is larger than all of us. We are the parts of its sum. And any article contributed by any employee will be used for the benefit of the magazine, not the promotion of any particular individual.”

This again strangely made sense to him, though he deserved some credit, didn’t he? “But it was my article. I created this feature. You could at least have put my name on it as well.”

She still hadn’t looked up from her redlining.

“The feature is no one’s until I, the editor, choose to assign it,” responded Monica in her superior, cold, indifferent tone. She circled something on the redlined article. “When I am ready, someone will be assigned to take over the feature and will receive the appropriate credit.”

“Someone?”

“One article does not make a feature. A feature is ongoing. I don’t suppose you considered, in your rush for credit, that this article was merely a beginning, and it will now be incumbent upon me, as the editor, to ensure that future articles can be prepared in a timely manner to keep this feature going.”

Christopher twisted his lips. He actually hadn’t thought about that. He was so sure Monica had stolen his article, that she was evil and cranky and deceitful, that he hadn’t considered any alternatives. He had been so sure she was jealous and she had stolen his article because she wanted to humiliate him because she was afraid he would eclipse her and gain some

independence in this little world where she had absolute control, that he hadn't thought she might be doing her job. But what she said made sense, in some strange sort of way – though it still bothered him fundamentally that she had taken his work without credit – and that left him wondering if he had misread this entire situation. Had he perhaps been the selfish one? He suddenly began to blush.

“Who— who is going to write those articles?” he asked.

“That will be my decision as well.”

Christopher licked his lips nervously. He wanted to tell her that he had a lot of ideas, that he could run with this feature and make *Rogue* proud, but he felt he had embarrassed himself and now would not be the time to ask for that; he would raise the issue later. So he instead nodded his understanding and retreated toward the door and his secretarial desk, feeling very, very small indeed, until he reached the door, whereupon, Monica spoke again. Her voice remained the same – cold, indifferent, bored – but there was something animated within her tone, something perhaps gloating, perhaps condescending, perhaps even angry.

“Did you really think you could replace me?” she said.

Christopher froze in his tracks. A chill slithered down his spine. He turned to face her. She had finally looked up from the red-lined article. She aimed a frosty glare at him over the tops of her narrow glasses.

“I have run this magazine for twenty years. I have crafted it into what it is. It does not exist without me, and without me it will vanish into dust. Did you really think you could write one single article and the Board would swoop in and replace me with you? I find that shocking. The hubris.”

Christopher had no idea what to say.

Then, as if she had read his mind, she added, “Did you think the talk of adding a male perspective meant *you*? There has never been a male editor at *Rogue* and there never will be.”

An uncomfortable silence descended, but only for an instant.

When she spoke again, the edge was gone from her voice, though clearly nothing was forgiven. “Carlos Satine is coming in today at noon. He enjoys the tartar from Reynolds on 19th Street and the oyster platter from Cheyenne on 27th. If you can put aside your hubris, I expect you to acquire both and have them ready for when he arrives. My laundry is ready to be picked up as well.”

She turned back to the article... *the secretary* was dismissed.
Christopher felt very small. “Yes, Ma’am.”

As he reached for the door, she added one more small dagger.

“And tell Vanessa her article on a man in heels needs a contrasting perspective. Have her give you a second set of shoes from a different designer to use as the contrast: Robin Khorva.”

Apparently, his time in heels would be extended.

—o—

“Oooh, she sounds so nasty!” exclaimed Amanda. She shivered as her skin crawled.

Christopher nodded his head unhappily.

“I’m really shocked,” added Amanda. “Not only did she steal your article, but she lectured you about selfishness as she did it? The nerve! And then she went on some megalomaniacal rant about *Rogue* being her creation? Wow. That magazine is like a hundred years old!”

“Yeah, I know,” said Christopher.

“And then to top it all off, she makes you get her laundry?”

Christopher blushed. He shouldn’t have told her that, but it slipped out.

“What does she think you are? Some kind of servant?!” laughed Amanda cynically, making Christopher feel even smaller; he’d been getting her laundry for weeks now.

“She’s just trying to let me know she’s in charge. She’s treating me like a secretary.”

Amanda shook her head. “Even secretaries don’t get their boss’s laundry. That’s servant work, not secretarial work.”

Christopher blushed even deeper. “Yeah, I guess.”

Amanda huffed in frustration. “So what are you going to do?”

“I don’t know. She stole my article,” said Christopher sadly. “I have all these great ideas, ways to make the magazine better. I have some killer article ideas too. But they’re pointless now. That’s what she was telling me. She’ll always be in charge, standing in the way, and I’ll never get to publish anything. And even if I do, she’ll claim credit for anything I do. I’m stuck.” He added in his head, “...as her secretary.”

He sighed.

“And even if I somehow do get one published,” he added, “the Board will never hire a man apparently.”

“So what are you going to do?” asked Amanda.

Christopher shrugged his shoulders.

“I’ll tell you what you should do,” said Amanda.

“Give up? Quit?”

Amanda furrowed her brow. “Quitting is for quitters. I was going to say, I would take her job.”

Christopher raised a doubtful eyebrow. “Take her job? How do I do that?”

“You say you have some killer article ideas?”

“Yeah.”

“Try your plan again. Write the best article you can, one that can’t help but impress them—”

“But she’ll take credit for it,” protested Christopher.

Amanda shook her head. “Write it. Make it the best it can be. Then give it to the Board. Tell them what happened with this one. Let them know she stole it. Then give it to Queen Monica. Bait the trap. When she steals it and puts her name on it, the Board will know that you’re the real brains behind her and that she’s taking credit for other people’s stuff.”

Christopher stared at her for several seconds. What she said actually made sense. The possibilities began to swirl inside his brain. Could he do this? He could write the article for sure. He could give it to the Board too. Monica would certainly steal it. But if Monica could be believed – and he had no reason to doubt her on this – the Board would never make him an editor.

“It won’t work,” he sighed.

“Why not?”

“The Board won’t hire me because I’m a man.”

Amanda shrugged her shoulders. “Then become a woman.”

Christopher furrowed his brow, but his lower regions tingled. He felt a flush. “Become a woman?”

“Why not? You’re halfway there already.”

—o—

Christopher lay in bed that night thinking about the things Amanda had said. No decisions had been made. Beating Monica seemed like a

longshot; she had absolute power at *Rogue* unless he could somehow sway the Board. But it suddenly seemed like he could actually do that. But then, there was the issue of them not wanting to hire a man. Of course, the way around that seemed simple. Simple. Ha! He was a man, not a woman.

“Being a woman” seemed like anything but simple despite what had happened so far.

Moreover, dressing like a woman seemed like a trap. So much of this was becoming almost natural, second-nature to him that he worried he might not be able to rid himself of it easily... or at all. And the longer this dragged on, the worse it seemed to get. How ingrained would these feminine traits become after another month? Two? Six? Then there were the strange thoughts... troubling thoughts. They seemed to keep getting “louder,” for lack of a better word. Not to mention, his body was actually changing and he still didn’t know why. How far would it go and was there a point he couldn’t reverse it anymore?

It seemed the smart call was to quit now and walk away while he could.

But quitting wasn’t the right answer either. He’d put up with a lot to this point, and if he quit, he lost all of that; it would all be for nothing! And Monica would never help him find another job. To the contrary, she would sabotage him everywhere. The old movie refrain “you’ll never work in this town again” kept echoing through his mind. So he wasn’t going to get a great job if he left. And he certainly would never have another chance like the one he had here. To get this close to his dream and then to just quit seemed like such a waste. There just wasn’t anywhere like *Rogue*.

What’s more, walking away wouldn’t be that easy either. He had changed enough already that he wasn’t entirely confident he could just change his clothes and go find a job as a man. He suspected he was too feminine to pass as a man at the moment; he would need time. But in the meantime, where would he earn money? It seemed the only place he could earn a paycheck would be at *Rogue*, unless he wanted to do some entry level job as a woman. So quitting might not be an option in any event.

This was all very confusing.

“I can fight her, and probably lose. I can quit and starve... or worse. Or I can quit and take some low level job as a woman because I can’t tell anyone I was an editor at *Rogue* and I can’t pass as a man.”

He pursed his lips. Those were not great options.

Through it all though, one thought kept coming back to the surface. Monica had done this to him. She had put him in this position. She was trying to control him, control his life as she did everyone else's. He didn't like that, and he didn't like the idea of meekly walking away with his tail tucked between his legs, not that that was a viable choice anyways. So, no. There was only one choice.

"I can't let her win," he growled.

He made his decision. Now he needed to figure out how to be a woman.

Chapter Two: “The Other Shoe Drops”

—o—

Christopher returned to work the following morning.

This would be his last day “as a man,” he told himself. Though truth be told, there wasn’t much man left about him. He wore a dark-gray, skirt-like suit and black sandals. The suit fit perfectly and femininely. The light blue bra he wore beneath his blouse kept his breasts as well hidden as was possible. The heels on his sandals were high, like all of Capaldi’s shoes, but rather comfortable. They were classy too. He honestly liked the way they looked and what they did to his legs. His panties were hot-pink boycut panties. They were Vanessa’s, of course.

Still, he was a man, which made all of this troubling.

Seeing Monica made him nervous too. He wasn’t sure how she would react to the day before, but she seemed her old self. Indeed, there had been no mention of the dispute of the prior day, no residue of anger, no hangover of standoffishness and no hints of retribution. It was as if nothing had ever happened. That made it simultaneously comforting and eerie. It was comforting to believe that all had been forgotten and forgiven by Monica. Yet, it was eerie knowing better and waiting for the other shoe to drop.

It dropped literally right before noon.

—o—

Monica had Christopher making more travel arrangements for the upcoming Fashion Week and transcribing more notes. He looked up from his computer just in time to see Vanessa coming down the hallway. She wore a yellow dress with a light blue and white architectural print (the other women wore blue and white today). She was carrying two shoe boxes, one under each arm. She set them on his desk. Then she came around behind his desk and peeked at his feet, which he had tucked beneath the desk. He pushed them a little further beneath his desk self-consciously.

“Still not wearing your anklet,” said Vanessa with a little snicker.

“Never,” he replied.

“It’ll come.”

Christopher ignored her and pointed at the shoeboxes. “What are those?”

“Shoes,” said Vanessa. “Monica wanted you to have these for my article. You’re supposed to wear them and compare and contrast them with the Capaldi shoes to give the article depth.”

Christopher shook his head softly at the shoe boxes. This was Monica’s attempt to extend his time in heels as a punishment for thinking he could go around her with the *His As Hers* article, but the joke was on her, as he’d already decided he needed to go with Amanda’s suggestion and pretend to be a woman from now on; it would be easier than pulling off being a man in women’s clothes. So adding to his sentence in heels didn’t really matter. Still, two pair seemed a weak attempt by Monica, did it not? This was suspicious.

“Only two pair, huh?” chuckled Christopher cynically.

“I’m having the rest sent to your place by courier.”

“How many total?”

“Eight pair.”

“That’s not so bad,” he said. He actually felt a little relieved at this for the very strange reason that he had kind of, in a way, sort of, come to like the Capaldi heels and didn’t really want to give them up. Not *liked*-like, he assured himself, but *appreciated*-liked and for practical reasons. Indeed, he knew not all shoes were alike, which was even more true when it came to women’s shoes and especially true when it came to heels, so he was happy he wouldn’t have to trade in his comfortable and stylish Capaldi’s too often; eight pair would not be a problem. In fact, he wondered why Monica even considered this a worthwhile punishment.

“Maybe it was just a warning?” he told himself.

Meanwhile, Vanessa picked up the first box and opened it. Christopher saw a black leather strap, but otherwise the shoe was covered in tissue paper. She pulled the shoe from the box. He right away noticed a thick platform, perhaps two inches, maybe a hint more. That wasn’t promising.

“I’m not sure why Monica wanted Khorva in particular,” said Vanessa. “They’re a little trashy, to be honest.”

As she said this, she pulled the tissue paper from the shoe. Christopher’s jaw dropped. Trashy was right. The shoes were platform stiletto sandals with two-inch thick platforms and five or six-inch heels. What was worse, the platforms were black, but the straps on the sandals

were clear. They looked like something a stripper might wear! Wearing these would embarrass most women!

“You’re joking!” he gasped.

Vanessa shook her head. “Afraid not. Not sure what Monica was thinking. They’re not really *Rogue* style.”

“She’s trying to embarrass me,” he grumbled.

Vanessa pulled out the other shoe and handed both to him. “Try them on. Let’s see if they fit.”

For a moment, Christopher thought about refusing. The idea of wearing these shoes offended his sense of fashion. He would feel so foolish in these, so trashy. But a second later, he realized what he was thinking and it horrified him. He was literally judging these shoes from a woman’s perspective, i.e. how they would affect his wardrobe. *That was something that should only matter to women, not men!* As a man, the idea of wearing heels of any sort should be embarrassing... *any sort!* He should not be having opinions about good looking and bad looking high heels! Yet, that was exactly why he thought about rejecting them. How low had he sunk, how feminine had he become, to think like that?

He shuddered.

He started to shake his head. Maybe he needed to back out of this after all. But then he recalled everything he’d thought the prior night. He really had no choice. He needed to defeat Monica and that meant putting up with little indignities like this until he could spring his trap, *and he shouldn’t be having opinions on appropriate and inappropriate high heels in the process!* They were *all* bad!

He took the shoes and winced.

He sat down.

Christopher unstrapped his own sandals and set them aside under his desk. Then he grabbed one of the Khorva sandals and slipped it on his foot. It fit. He threaded the ankle strap and closed the buckle. Then he repeated this with the other shoe. It was strange how natural it felt to slip into heels. This would have been nearly unthinkable a few weeks(?)... months ago, but now it felt quite normal.

He stood up.

He stood a bit taller than ever in these platform heels. That created a sense of strangeness. He found himself tottering more than in the other shoes and likewise felt greater pressure on his toes. Again, both gave him

an odd feeling, a somewhat helpless feeling. But worse than that was knowing he looked trashy. That intensified the helpless feeling immensely. He knew it shouldn't matter – heels were heels – but it did. Monica clearly knew what she was doing.

“Did you see the new feature? *His As Hers?*” asked Vanessa.

Christopher groaned silently.

“It was brilliant, honestly,” she added, though with a hint of annoyance. Christopher remembered her talk of the Board wanting to remove Monica and her taking over for Monica. “That’s the first menswear feature *Rogue* has ever done. Monica really pulled a *coup* with that one.”

Christopher groaned even more.

“In better news, my offer for you to come serve me still stands,” she said cheerfully.

Christopher stared at her. He mentally heard himself say, “Are you nuts?” But even as his brain exclaimed that there was no chance he would ever agree to that, something inside his stomach trembled and his penis tingled. He shook his head, it was the best answer he could manage.

Vanessa shook her head. She slipped her rear onto his desk and picked up a pen and a small notepad, the kind he brought to meetings to take notes for Monica. “I’ll tell you what,” she said. She started writing on the pad. “I need to go upstate for two interviews for the next edition. I’ll be gone today and tomorrow. I’ll be back Friday evening.”

She tore the page from the notepad, folded it and handed it to him. Christopher took it.

“Meet me there at eight o’clock on Friday,” said Vanessa.

“You know there’s no chance, right?”

“We’ll see,” she said with a wink.

“Why do you think I would accept this?”

“Because you’re curious.”

“About what?”

She smirked. “What it would be like to be my little girl.” This sent a chill down his spine and made his whole body tingle. She then slid off the desk, leaned over and kissed him on the lips. Christopher involuntarily closed his eyes and shuddered as their lips touched. “See you Friday.”

He didn’t trust himself to answer.

Chapter Three: “Girly Lessons”

—o—

The box of Khorva shoes was waiting for Christopher when he got back to his apartment. He pushed it inside and went to change. He didn't want to deal with it yet. The ones he wore today had been embarrassing enough, he was in no hurry to see what horrors tomorrow might bring. Monica certainly had made her point, and she had done so surprisingly subtly.

He went to change.

Christopher returned to the box a few minutes later wearing his old shorts (which had gotten really tight), the light blue bra, and thick white socks. He didn't realize it, but he was walking on his toes as he went. That said, he did realize that his breasts jiggled as he walked. He ignored that.

“Let's see how bad it is,” he said.

Christopher lifted the box onto his coffee table. He cut it open and looked inside. There were six pair of shoes inside the box, each wrapped in a red velvet cloth with a draw string. He grabbed the first shoe and removed the cloth from it. He found a pair of pumps. They had one-inch platforms which were shaped like hearts rather than the sole of the shoe. Hadn't some obnoxious billionaire's daughter been tottering around in these on television the other day? The next pair had heels shaped like the letter R, no doubt for “Robin” as in “Robin Khorva.” They were sandals, done in gold, with an excess of straps. They looked... in a word... *gaudy*. Another pair were open-toed leopard print mules with thick black platforms.

Christopher suddenly laughed at the absurdity.

“What's so funny?” asked Amanda, who had popped through the door unnoticed.

Christopher spun around in shock, instantly throwing one arm up to hide his breasts and the other hand down to hide his crotch. His penis felt like it had shot to attention and his nipples popped up at being caught like this. He squeezed his thighs together tightly to make his penis as small as possible and he pressed his arm against his nipples.

“How did you get in here?!” he blurted out anxiously.

Amanda held up the spare key. “You invited me.”

Christopher blushed deeply both at being caught in just a bra and sweats, with an erection, and also at reacting so foolishly: he *had* actually

invited her. He had called her from work to tell her of his decision and had asked her to come over when he got home. Of course, he hadn't expected her to barge in unannounced, and being caught wearing a bra made him rather self-conscious, but this should not have been a surprise.

"Uh yeah... sorry," he said.

"So what's so funny?" she asked.

"Funny?"

"You were laughing."

"This," he said unhappily. He held up the golden sandal.

Amanda raised an eyebrow. "Yours?" she asked suspiciously with a chuckle.

He tossed the shoe onto the couch. "Monica's. She wants me to wear these for an article. She thought making me wear these tacky things was good revenge for trying to take her job."

Amanda peeked around him at the other shoes he had unpacked and the clear platform heels he had worn earlier, which currently lay next to the couch. "Interesting choice. I'm surprised she would even tolerate shoes like that in the hallowed offices of *Rogue*."

Christopher smirked. "That's why I was laughing."

"Why?"

"I was laughing at the idea of wearing these in the office. Monica thinks it will embarrass me, but how is she going to explain having a secretary wear them at *Rogue*. 'Richard will be the first person visitors see when they come to my office and I simply cannot have them looking upon a disaster,'" said Christopher, perfectly mimicking Monica's demeaning words from his first day.

Amanda looked puzzled. "Who's Richard?" She caught the word "secretary" as well, but said nothing.

"Never mind. Did you get the stuff?"

Amanda began to glow. "I did."

Christopher felt butterflies in his stomach. "To be clear... you understand, I don't want this, right?" He licked his dry lips. "I don't know anything about girl stuff and I don't want to. I don't want to be a woman or anything. This is all just a disguise."

"Oh, I'm pretty sure you like it," chuckled Amanda.

Christopher felt his stomach drop. "I don't! I just don't have any choice."

Amanda flashed him a hand-signal which meant “Ok” and then winked obnoxiously, telling him she was humoring him. “Sure thing,” she added with a snicker. “Should I get the stuff or not?”

Christopher twisted his lips. He hesitated. Then he nodded.

An excited Amanda held up one finger. “Wait here,” she said. She then raced across the hallway to her apartment. She came back a minute or two later carrying a bag full of makeup and hair care products, a razor, a laundry bag containing several skirts, and some jewelry. She set it all down and started to arrange it.

“We don’t need all of that,” said Christopher.

“Women need a lot of stuff.”

Christopher tensed up at the suggestion he was a woman, but he reminded himself this was what he needed to do. He needed to accept it. He bit his lip and sat down where Amanda indicated.

“We’re going to start with your hair,” she said.

“What’s wrong with my hair?”

“It’s time to update the Suzie Homemaker cut... *Suzie*.”

Amanda grabbed her bag of hair care products and produced a box containing finger-sized, red plastic rolls. She took one of these rolls and started wrapping a length of Christopher’s hair around it.

“What are you doing?” he asked. Addy had not done this.

“We’re giving you curls.”

Christopher tensed up, but again reminded himself this was necessary... and he could always cut it off later. He sunk a little in his seat and meekly let Amanda get to work. For the next twenty minutes or so, she wrapped more and more of his hair in curlers until most of his head was covered to one degree or another. It reminded him of a girl’s sleepover. He wondered how this would turn out. How much worse would it be than the Suzie Homemaker cut?

“Now we wait for those to set,” said Amanda once all the rollers were in place. “In the meantime, we start working on skirts.”

“Working on?”

“You can’t just throw on a skirt, *Suzie*.”

“But the shorts I’ve been wearing—”

“Are shorts. Shorts aren’t skirts. Skirts are a completely different world. You need to learn how to wear them or you’re going to be flashing your panties at everybody!”

Amanda grabbed the shopping bags she'd brought. They contained four skirts in varying sizes and color. She opened the first bag and pulled out something tiny and black and then something perhaps the size of a small towel. Christopher watched all of this anxiously. As feminine as his clothes had been, he did have to admit that the prospect of slipping into a skirt was somehow different... unnerving.

"Let's start with the mini," said Amanda.

Christopher immediately imagined young women walking down the street in skirts so short he was sure he could see their panties. The women he saw in his vision were all curvy, busty and feminine. The idea of looking like them terrified him. He shook his head nervously.

"No way! I'm not wearing a miniskirt!" he protested.

"Hey, who's in charge here?"

"I am!"

"Think again, girlfriend. Only one of us knows what it's like to be a girl. And if you want my help, you'll do what I tell you," said Amanda in a tone that was both entirely serious and yet playful. She dangled the black miniskirt from the tip of one finger. "Put it on, Suzie."

"Don't call me Suzie!" objected Christopher.

Amanda smirked. "All right. Put it on *Chrissy*."

That was worse. It sent an icy dagger deep into Christopher's manhood and made him squirm. Unfortunately, he could say nothing. Not only had he asked her to feminize him – and a feminine name presumably would go along with that – but he couldn't ask to go back to "Suzie" without feeling utterly emasculated, he couldn't ask for some other name without feeling even more emasculated either, and Vanessa had taught him the danger of insisting upon retaining his masculine name. The better part of valor, it seemed, suggested acceptance in this instance.

"Fine."

He snatched the mini. It was so incredibly tiny in his hands. It was only slightly larger than a pair of panties. It was like something a doll might wear. How could he wear this?

"This is it?" he asked.

"Yup."

"But how does it cover anything?"

Amanda chuckled. "That's where the skill comes in. Put it on."

Christopher took a deep breath before reluctantly nodding his head. He turned and started toward the bedroom. Amanda stopped him.

“Change here,” she said.

“But—”

“You’re a girl now, Chrissy. Girls can change in front of other girls. So change here. Don’t be shy. Besides, it’s going to take too long if you keep running off every time you need to change.”

Christopher twisted his lips, but again knew resisting was pointless. She was going to see everything one way or another. He sighed and nodded once more. Then he slipped his hands inside his sweats and he lowered them to the floor. As he did, Vanessa’s pale pink panties came into view.

“Very cute,” giggled Amanda. “And you said this is just a disguise!”

“They’re not mine,” snapped Christopher.

The giggly look on Amanda’s face immediately told Christopher he’d made a terrible mistake. The idea he had been secretly wearing panties was bad enough, but it could possibly be explained; the idea he was wearing someone else’s panties could not. He grimaced.

“Uh, excuse me,” said Amanda knowingly, “whose are they?”

“No one’s—”

“I believe you just said they were. Enquiring minds want to know, whose panties are you wearing?”

Christopher burned with shame, but would not answer.

“Come on, girlfriend: ’fess up!” Amanda was toying with him now and clearly enjoying it immensely. At the same time, Christopher was twisting in agony. She folded her arms and laughed. “Come on. Just between us girls.”

Christopher turned bright red. “*Never. Mind.*”

“It’s that woman, isn’t it? Vanessa. Did she make you her pantyslave?”

Christopher’s jaw dropped. Amanda’s joke had struck dangerously close to the truth, far closer than he was prepared to admit, even to himself. He shook his head vigorously in denial.

“No!” he gasped. “Where did you even learn a phrase like that?!”

Amanda rolled her eyes. “Oh boy. So that’s it. You’re a pantyslave.”

“I am not!”

“Yes, you are! And that means *this*,” she said and she waved her hand around the room at all the feminine items and accoutrements, “is all for Vanessa, isn’t it? You’re letting her turn you into a girl.” She laughed. “How adorable.”

Christopher was hopelessly speechless. It wasn’t true, what she’d said. It couldn’t be true. He only wore the panties because he had no choice and he only had no choice because Monica was trying to humiliate him. This had nothing to do with him wanting to be a— uh... *that*. He didn’t want to be a girl. He *never* wanted to be a girl. And then suddenly, he grew hard at the thought of what Amanda had put her finger on, even as he swore to himself it wasn’t true. Yet, there it was. For the first time in some time, he grew a genuine erection. Oh, it was still tiny, but it was hard and it pressed at just the right angle to overcome the resistance of the panties, tenting them out... and it had been her claim which did it.

How embarrassing!

Amanda scrunched up her nose. “Are you hard?” she laughed incredulously.

Christopher jammed his hand down to hide his little tent pole. It was too late.

“You are! You’re hard!” laughed Amanda. “This is incredible. You are in so deep! So, so deep. How badly do you want this woman that you’re willing to turn yourself into a girl to get her?”

“It’s— that’s— that’s not true!” protested Christopher.

His protest was futile though. Amanda believed it, and it was clear that nothing he said was going to change that. All he could do now was hide his shame. So he held out the miniskirt and stepped into it, yanking it up to hide the panties... all under Amanda’s smug, knowing gaze. He felt very small.

It was about to get worse too.

When Christopher pulled the miniskirt up into place, he actually pulled it too high, exposing the pink panties and his erection as the skirt rode up over it. Amanda instinctively (she later swore... “*it wasn’t intentional!*”) reached out to pull the skirt back down. As she did, her hand poked his erection, which gave her an instant and better sense of the size of his penis than seeing it tenting out the panties had done. She was shocked, to say the least... as was he.

“How small is that thing?!” she gasped.

Christopher immediately tried to cover his erection with his hands, but he was again too late. Amanda had grabbed the waistband of his panties and yanked them down, exposing his shrunken member and his tiny little balls. It was barely as long and as wide as her smallest finger, even being fully stiff.

“Christopher! This— it’s tiny! What happened?!”

Christopher was overwhelmed with humiliation. He froze, unable to move or speak or do anything. It was as if his brain had literally just stopped working. Meanwhile, Amanda wrapped her fingers around his shaft and started tugging and squeezing and massaging.

“How did this happen?”

She kept pulling on it, tugging it, as she asked. This disarmed Christopher, creating even more confusion as his brain struggled between wanting to flee, defending his manhood, and just standing there and absorbing the amazing feeling her hand provided as his little rod throbbed itself stiffer and stiffer.

Amanda crouched down to examine his penis up close. She kept her hand on it though, which not only kept him from being able to clear his head but kept the throbbing going.

“This has to be from the same thing that’s making you grow boobs,” she said.

She gave it another stroke and took his balls between her fingertips as if she had grabbed a pair of grapes with all her fingers at once. They looked tiny between her fingers.

“I’ve never seen one this small.”

“It—” He managed his first word, though he had no idea what the second should be. His breathing got harder now as the throbbing worsened.

“Can you even pee through that anymore?”

She pulled it from the right to the left and back. Then she stroked it once more, pulling forward. As she did, Christopher felt something inside him pull back and then shoot forward like a spring. It wasn’t quite a genuine ejaculation, but it was a reasonable approximation. He knew that much, and he winced as he imagined a dollop of hot, sticky white fluid shooting out at poor Amanda, who still crouched before him. He gritted his teeth and waited for her angry response.

“Oh Christopher,” giggled Amanda a moment later.

Christopher looked down. There were two drops of come dribbling down from the small slit in the middle of his head. They slowly rolled down the curved front of his penis before dripping to the floor. That was all that had discharged.

“You got precome on the floor,” laughed Amanda.

And intense wave of shame hit Christopher that Amanda had mistaken his ejaculation for a release of precome, or more accurately, that this was all his “manhood” was capable of. He felt deeply emasculated suddenly. He pushed her hands away and yanked the panties into place. Then he pulled down the miniskirt, hiding his shamefully small penis.

“It’s fine,” he said, embarrassment written all over him.

—o—

Christopher sat down once more as Amanda instructed him, brushing his hand beneath his rear and crossing his legs tightly. It still wasn’t easy. Not only was the skirt so very tight, but it ran all the way to the middle of his calves, which made crossing his legs really difficult.

“Why do women wear these things?” he grumbled.

“Because they make you look amazing,” said Amanda.

“I’d rather look boring and be forgotten.”

“The more feminine you look, the less likely anyone will be to think you’re a man,” countered Amanda. “Beside, this Monica lady would never let you get away with looking boring.”

That was true. Christopher sighed. “How about something less tight?”

“The pencil skirt is a classic.”

“But it’s really hard to walk in and harder to sit.” Indeed, getting used to the restraining effect the skirt had on his legs was an issue, not to mention, by pressing his legs together, the skirt effectively crushed his balls and penis against him. This skirt was not made for men, even men with tiny, shrunken dicks. Even worse, it made him feel so controlled, so vulnerable to wear it. It felt like being tied up.

“Would you rather wear the mini again?”

Christopher shuddered. He recalled their earlier lessons in the mini, how he was constantly conscious of wearing it, how he was constantly fearful his panties were showing or his dick would slip out beneath it, how the surprisingly cool wind breezed right up it and tickled his balls, how he

needed to walk with his legs pressed together, sit so carefully and always always smooth it. Even then, he failed several times. The first few times, Amanda warned him: "I can see your panties, girlfriend." But then she got more aggressive to make sure he got the message. Not only did she grab his dick once, but she pulled down his exposed panties another time, and she threatened to get a ruler and slap his dick if it ever appeared again.

Tight as it was, the pencil skirt was preferable.

Except... it made him feel so feminine. He shuddered.

"Let's do your nails," said Amanda.

Christopher glanced at his nails. Addy handled those. Right now, they were long and oval but without color or tint or anything. They were just plain. That suited him... even if he did kind of miss the color.

"What are you proposing?" he asked.

Amanda shrugged her shoulders. "Nothing crazy, but you need color."

Christopher felt his heart skip a beat. The idea excited him, which made him blush with embarrassment. "I'd rather not," he said to assuage his ego, before adding, "but if you think we have to, then go ahead."

Amanda grabbed her nail kit and pulled over a second chair. She pulled a light pink vial from the bag and a white one. She held it up for him to see. "What do you think? Pink or white?"

Christopher shuddered. The pink looked so girly. It made him tingle.

"Let's do white," said Amanda.

"Are you sure we shouldn't do pink?" asked Christopher cautiously, trying not to let on what he wanted. His penis started to grow beneath his tight skirt. The skirt channeled it slowly upward toward his waist.

"White's more stylish."

"But pink is really feminine."

Amanda smirked. "Look at you, knowing 'stuff' about girl 'things'," she laughed, echoing his comments from earlier. She then opened the white vial. "We'll go with white. Monica doesn't seem the pink type to me."

Christopher blushed at the suggestion he did have knowledge and opinions about his own feminization, but then settled in and let Amanda work. Bit by bit, she made each of his fingernails white. His toes were

inside the pumps and stockings, so she didn't bother. She said she would leave those to Addy.

"So what am I supposed to say if someone questions me?" asked Christopher.

"Why you like pink?"

Christopher glared at her. "Why I'm wearing a skirt."

Amanda shrugged her shoulders and ran the nail brush over another nail, turning it white. "Tell them you like skirts."

Christopher rolled his eyes. "They'll never believe it."

"Why wouldn't they?"

"Because I'm a man."

She dipped the brush back into the vial and did another finger. It too turned a pretty, wet, white. "Suzie, nothing about you screams man, let me tell you. And if you tell them you like wearing skirts, no one's going to question it, not with the rest of you looking this feminine."

Christopher licked his lips nervously. She was probably right, but he wasn't sure he could say such words. "I— I don't know."

"Trust me. In a day or two, everyone's going to forget you were ever a man."

That made his concerns worse. "But I am a man," he said.

Amanda shrugged her shoulders.

He bit his lip. "I don't know if I can do this."

Amanda stopped her brush mid-stroke. "Are you serious?"

Christopher shrugged his shoulders nervously.

"If you're worried about how you look—" said Amanda.

"It's not that."

"What is it?"

Christopher licked his lips nervously. The truth was, he was worried this might become a trip from which his manhood never returned. Between the ease with which his masculinity disappeared, the growing breasts upon his chest and his shrinking penis, and the strange feelings and thoughts that kept hitting him... what if he could never become a man again... what if he never *wanted* to become a man again? He shook his head immediately at that thought. He would never accept that. He was a man and this was just a disguise! The rest was nonsense... it was stress talking.

He sat up straighter and squared his shoulders defensively. "I just mean," he said in a deep, masculine tone, "I don't know if people will

believe it. I don't think I can pass."

"Oh, there's no problem with that, trust me," snickered Amanda. She brushed his last nail.

"Hold your hands like this with the fingers out so they don't touch. As they dry, I'm going to remove the curlers and brush out your hair," she said.

Christopher did as she said, trying very hard not to let his brain return to the question of his feminization as he watched her. This was a disguise, he told himself, that was all. That was how it would be. And when it was all over, he would strip off these clothes, cut his hair and nails and become a man again. The end.

"There," said Amanda, snapping Christopher out of his thoughts.

It had taken about twenty minutes to get the curlers out of his hair and for Amanda to brush it out. She hadn't let him look into the mirror as she worked. Instead, he watched his nails dry. His hands looked very feminine, way more feminine than Christopher had expected from such a seemingly neutral color as white. In truth, this excited him.

Christopher looked up into the mirror.

He was shocked.

Amanda had completely changed his hair. She'd added waves of hair to the sides and back and even given him bangs which hung down, tickling his thin eyebrows. He instinctively swept them back with his hand.

"Still think anyone will confuse you for a man?" asked Amanda.

Not likely.

Chapter Four: “You’re Mocking Me”

—o—

Christopher checked himself in the rearview mirror. He looked feminine. Well, more feminine than normal. Amanda had done something with his hair to add a cascade of curls to the back and given him bangs in the front. It was very feminine. It definitely wasn't the Suzie Homemaker cut anymore. His makeup was perfect too. His eyes in particular looked exotic and his lips looked larger, puffier. No one would think he was a man.

At least, no one should.

Ironically, all of this made him more nervous even though it was supposed to make him less nervous. People were supposed to see a woman now. He would encourage that. He would accept it too when they did. Then no one would know what he really was. That was the plan. He was supposed to hide in plain sight without fear of being discovered. All of this made success more likely. Yet, somehow, his fear of discovery actually rose. For while he was less concerned about being discovered now, he found he was much more worried about the consequences should he be discovered. It would be the dry cleaner all over again with him pretending to be a woman.

He chuckled anxiously. “This isn't any different than what I've been wearing,” he told himself. Yet, he knew it was. And if he got caught acting like a girl, it would feel much more emasculating. It was the difference between wearing a costume and pretending to be the real thing. He was holding himself out as a woman now, and that was crushing to his manhood.

“I shouldn't have done this,” he told his reflection.

It was too late now though. It was time to go.

Christopher ran his tongue across his teeth. He took a deep breath. He opened the door to his car. He swung his legs out. His heels hit the concrete of the parking garage floor. They made a sharp CRACK! sound as they hit, even on the dulling concrete. He wore the least tacky of the Khorva shoes today. These were overly tall black open-toed slingbacks with a large, floppy bow over the vamp and a narrow metal heel, as thin as a pencil.

“This really isn't any different,” he tried to tell himself again.

He didn't believe that though. He was dressed entirely as a woman, *by choice*, and he intended to let himself be passed off as a woman. This *was* different because this was of his own choice. Actually, it was even worse than that. He intended to deceive. He intended to try to pass himself off as a woman. Not to the women in the office, as they knew who he was, but to everyone else. He was going to look and act and behave just like a woman. He was going to embrace it, be comfortable in it, and not try to explain that he was a man. That was the theory at least, and it was deception. If he got caught doing it...

He shuddered.

Complicating this, he now realized, he would need to act like a woman in front of the women in the office too. There was no practical way to act mannish most of the time but switch into feminine mode whenever a stranger came around. Doing that would give the women in the office power to toy with him by threatening exposure. So it was all or nothing, even if these women knew what he really was. He would just need to pretend in front of them too and hope they believed his conversion. Who knew what they would think of that, but the idea now added to Christopher's embarrassment.

"I really shouldn't do this," he told himself as he sat half in the car, half out.

He had no choice though.

Christopher steeled his courage, shifted his balance and pulled himself out of the car. He smoothed his black pencil skirt, the first genuine skirt he'd worn to work. It matched the suit jacket from one of the black suits he had. He probably should have gone for something less ambitious, he thought – maybe even pants – but Amanda rejected that idea.

"The more feminine you look, the less likely anyone will be to think otherwise," she had told him.

He would find out soon enough if she was right.

Christopher adjusted his suit jacket and made sure to close the single golden button. He wore a royal blue blouse beneath the jacket and a white bra beneath that. The blouse was tucked into his skirt. A golden necklace cut across his open collar. He reached into the car and grabbed his small clutch. Then he closed the door, spun to face the elevator and started on his way.

CRACK! CRACK! CLICK! CLICK!

His heels echoed throughout the garage as he made his way, calling attention to him. Did the other shoes do that? He didn't recall anything quite like this from the Capaldi's. These were definitely made to draw attention.

CRACK! CLICK! CRACK! CRACK!

His heart was racing. He'd worn women's clothes for some time now, so why did this seem so different? The feel of his thighs arrested by his long, tight skirt, slowing his walk and making him take dainty steps as well as the bouncing of his wavy hair provided the answers to that. Not to mention the sound of his tacky heels: *CRACK! CRACK! CRACK!* If he could have gotten hard, he would have been a mile long and stiff as a board right now... but thankfully, he couldn't.

CLICK! CLICK! CRACK! CRACK!

He drew closer to the elevator. As he did, his paranoia rose. He thought about looking around to see if anyone was watching him, but he was too nervous. What if someone was watching? He was too scared to find out. So he focused on the elevator and moved quicker before he lost his courage; he almost jogged.

CRACK!CLICK!CRACK! CRACK!CLICK! CLICK!

He reached it. The door opened unexpectedly as he did. A lucky break! He slipped inside and caught his breath as he rode to the lobby. Now came the hard part: he would need to get out, cross the lobby and get to the main elevators up to the office in the middle of a crowd.

"You can do this," he told himself.

DING!

The elevator stopped. He stepped off into a lobby bustling with people: the morning rush. He swallowed hard and made his way. He passed one woman. Then another. Neither glanced in his direction. Two men passed him. They were talking and didn't notice him. His confidence began to grow. Another woman. She looked him up and down and smiled. A man did the same. Neither said a word. Their eyes didn't linger. His confidence grew even more. Two more women. Still nothing. Suddenly, a man bumped into him.

"Oh sorry, excuse me, Miss," he said.

Christopher froze for a moment, but the man was gone before he could even turn to find him. He had taken him for a woman! Christopher breathed a sigh of relief and kept moving to the elevators. He passed two

young men at the magazine stand. As he did, they snuck peeks at him... but they didn't recognize him. They'd seen him before as a half-feminized man, and they didn't recognize him now! He began to fill with a sense of triumph. *He was getting away with it!*

He reached the elevator. Several people already waited for it.

DING!

The elevator arrived. Christopher stepped onto it along with the crowd. His confidence kept growing. He was getting away with it! No one had said a word. Even the people he saw every day said nothing. Not one person seemed to think of him as anything but a woman.

"This just might work," he thought happily.

The elevator started up. *Ding! Ding! Ding!*

Third floor. Going up.

Suddenly, something warm snuck across his rear. Fingers! A palm! *A hand!* His heart stopped! Christopher braced for the panic he knew would come. Only, it didn't. Instead, a sense of helplessness grew over him and he found he lacked the courage to respond. So he stood still as the hand slid along his girly, skirt-covered cheek. Suddenly, a sense of emasculation joined the helplessness as he allowed the hand to roam, and that oddly, brought horniness. Indeed, to his utter amazement, the idea that someone – a man – would touch his butt in such a sexual way began turning him on in the fiercest of ways. It was so strong it took his breath away and his nipples popped up and pressed hard into his bra and his tiny penis pressed as hard as it could into his skirt. Then a warm wave of something came over him... it felt like soft surrender. He began to breathe harder. His penis grew.

Ding!

His floor.

Christopher hesitated. He told himself later he hesitated because he was afraid someone might see something as he moved forward, but the truth was different. He didn't want to admit the truth. The truth was, he was lost in that feeling and didn't want it to end. Somehow though, he broke himself free and he stepped off the elevator. He never looked back to see who it had been. Instead, he stood there for a moment, he giggled, and then he made his way to his desk.

Yes, he giggled.

By the time Christopher got settled at his desk, he had come back down. His penis returned to its tiny, flaccid state. His nipples no longer poked out painfully. His breathing was normal once more. He had recovered from this bout of what he told himself had been shock.

Yet, for some reason, the entire incident stayed rooted in his mind like an exciting, exotic memory of something lucky to have been survived, never to be done again, and kept a closely guarded secret from all, like nearly getting caught masturbating in someone else's room. It was naughty, it was kinky, it was risky, and it was too embarrassing ever to share. He had let a man touch his rear – well, he didn't have much choice, he told himself, and he didn't *know* it was a man – and he had been turned on by it, so turned on he nearly came. This should have shamed him, but it didn't. He had been christened a woman by that hand and that felt... arousing, ticklishly arousing. In fact, the only thing that shamed him was the giggle; it made him feel more girl than woman and even that brought a giddy sense to him.

Either way, he began his day with intense confidence and the occasional random giggle. He had passed as a woman in unexpected ways and it felt undeniably good. Maybe, just maybe this was going to be easier than he expected. Maybe, he had truly found the answer to his dilemma. Maybe, he really could be a woman until he found a way to defeat Monica. Maybe... he might even enjoy it. He touched his rear self-consciously where the hand had touched him at this thought, and he trembled. He smiled as a warmth came over him. It seemed he had found his answer.

Then Monica arrived.

Christopher rose from his chair as Monica stepped from the elevator. She was right on time, as always. He had her coffee waiting on the desk and he was ready for her to shove her purse and coat into his arms, as she did every morning. There would be no mistakes, no errors, and no reason given for her to suspect he was up to anything. He was going to be the best employee he could be until he was ready to spring his trap. He was confident and prepared for anything.

Well, almost anything.

As Monica approached, she looked him up and down, taking in everything. She said nothing and her expression didn't actually change, nor did she change her pace or show shock of any kind... not until she reached his desk. When she did, she handed him her purse first. Then she removed the gloves she often wore for effect. Her eyes stayed glued to his body the entire time, scanning it like lasers taking in every defect. She seemed to huff, though she didn't, and she scowled somehow without adjusting her lips. She handed him the gloves and then she pulled off her lush white coat, revealing a dark, rich purple dress beneath. She shoved the coat in his direction, again casting a sharp eye up and down his body from his chest to his skirt down to his heels.

"Are you mocking me?" she said incredulously.

Christopher was stunned. He had not expected that! What did she mean? How was he mocking her? And how should he respond? He had no idea. He shook his head and started blabbering, "I'm— I— I'm not."

"You are. You're mocking me." Her tone was firm and seemingly indifferent, but Christopher could hear traces of surprise and incredulity within it. "After all I've done for you, you're mocking me." She picked up her coffee and started toward her office. "Don't think I'll forget this."

She disappeared into her office.

Christopher stared at her wake in utter shock. What did she mean: *mocking*? Because he wore a skirt? How was that mocking her? Wasn't that what she wanted? She had been pushing him in this direction since he started here, so why would this upset her? He actually assumed she would see this as a triumph, him giving in, and it would buy him a truce. Why had this upset her? He didn't know, but he knew this could only mean trouble.

His nerves shook.

"Now what?" he asked.

He slowly sat back down and sank into his chair, the feeling of triumph from earlier deflating.

—o—

Later that morning, an attractive young woman came to his desk. He recognized her as Vanessa's secretary Holly. She wore a red-purple dress with a white, yellow and brown shawl and simple black pumps. She was carrying two large brown padded mailing envelopes.

"Can I help you?" asked Christopher.

“Vanessa left this for you,” she said. She held out one of the mailing envelopes.

Christopher’s eyebrow went up suspiciously. What could Vanessa possibly have left him? He wasn’t sure, but he knew he certainly didn’t want to open this envelope in front of the young woman. He took the envelope from her. She immediately held out the other envelope. This one was open and empty.

“What’s that?” asked Christopher.

“She said you would have something for her too. I was supposed to put it in this envelope for when she returned.”

Christopher stared at the woman for a second. He didn’t understand. What was she talking about? He had nothing for Vanessa. What could she be— oh no! He suddenly realized what it was and he turned bright red. Vanessa wanted him to swap panties with her even though she wasn’t here and she was using her secretary to make the swap! His stomach dropped.

Christopher ran his tongue across his teeth. He smiled politely at the young woman to hide his nervousness and embarrassment. Did the young woman know? His stomach dropped even further.

“One— one second,” he said.

Christopher took a letter opener and cut open the full envelope. He peeked inside. It did indeed contain panties. They appeared to be mint colored. This meant Vanessa expected him to put the panties he wore into the other envelope. He swallowed hard. Could he truly hand this young woman an envelope with panties he had worn? That seemed dangerous, insane... naughty.

He licked his lips.

For an instant, he thought about telling her that he had nothing for her. After all, what could Vanessa possibly do to him now? He was as feminine as he was going to get. But he dismissed that. He wasn’t sure why, but he did. Then he considered taking the envelope and asking her to return later. That would give him time to make the swap without her standing there waiting, growing suspicious. That was the smart choice, of course, but then another thought popped into his head... *he suddenly saw the anklet.*

The anklet.

Christopher had no idea why he thought of the anklet, but it made him tingle. What's more, when he did, he was instantly hit with some very strange desires. He felt Vanessa's foot upon his dick, the man's hand upon his rear and the tightness of his pencil skirt crushing his tiny balls, and he wanted to feel each again. Then an intense desire to be naughty hit him, almost a desire to be caught. It was overwhelming. He couldn't explain it or understand it, but it took hold and it eliminated his inhibitions; it almost felt like he was drunk in a way. He suddenly wanted to put on the anklet and kneel before Vanessa.

Yes, he wanted to kneel.

Then something like a switch clicked inside him. Christopher smirked, but it wasn't him. It was like he was watching himself from the outside. He had no idea what he was doing.

"Let me get it," he said without even intending to speak.

He rose to his feet. He took the empty envelope from the young woman. She glanced at his long white nails, knowing full well he was a man. She seemed to stifle a giggle or perhaps a shock. Her nipples pressed into her blouse.

Christopher started toward the copier closet. His thighs slid past each other inside the skin-tight skirt as he walked. His heels echoed off the floor in time with his slow, exaggeratedly feminine walk... *CLICK!... CRACK!... CLICK!... CRACK!*

The sound intensified his horniness.

He slipped into the closet. He glanced over his shoulder to see if he was being watched; he was. That sent a chill down his spine, an exquisite chill. He smiled and closed the door. He didn't even try to explain what he was getting or why he needed to close the door. He could have acted as if whatever it was he needed was behind the door, but he didn't.

"Let her think what she wants to think," he told himself hornily.

His heart was pounding.

His tiny penis strained upward and throbbed hard.

Christopher slipped his hands beneath his tight skirt. He needed to be careful not to snag his stockings with his long nails and put a run into them. He worked the skirt up his thighs until he could feel the silky black panties. He worked those down his thighs until they were free. He dropped them to the floor. He pulled his skirt back down without replacing the panties, leaving his naked penis pressing into the tight skirt. He actually

giggled when he did that, giggled at the thought it might create the tiniest little lump for her amusement.

Christopher crouched down femininely and picked up the panties. He slipped them into the envelope. He turned to open the door, but stopped to rub his nipples. They were very hard. With his nipples fully erect, he opened the door and tottered back to the young woman, who was watching him curiously. He held out the envelope for her. It was still open. The young woman reached for it. He waited until the very last second before pulling it back. He smirked at her.

“Sorry,” he said in a very not-at-all-sorry tone.

Then he licked his lips slowly before sticking out his tongue. He ran it across the strip on the envelope almost erotically and closed it. He felt an exciting chilly shiver race through him. He held the envelope out for her. She took it. Then, without a word, he slowly strutted back to his seat. Christopher burned with exhilaration.

The young woman watched him for a moment and then left.

He giggled as he sat down; his skirt had a tiny wet spot on the inside. A moment later, he snapped out of his trance. He grimaced.

“Oh, what did I do?”

He laughed nervously.

Chapter Five: “Forward or Backward”

—o—

Christopher plopped himself down on his couch. He had changed into sweatpants, thick white socks and a sweatshirt, which actually highlighted his breasts because of its tightness across his chest, though he didn't know that as he hadn't check himself in the mirror. He just wanted to get out of the women's' clothes because his first day as a woman had left him shaken. Had he really reveled in a man touching his butt? Had he really performed that kinky strut before Vanessa's secretary? Why couldn't he get the vision of kneeling before Vanessa out of his mind?

“What a disaster,” he told himself.

And then there was the whole Monica thing. The day had been a whirlwind of incredible highs and lows and he didn't know which disturbed him more, that the highs had excited him or that the lows bothered him. It seemed like it should all have been backward.

“What is happening to me?” he whined.

He rested his face in his hands only to realize he still wore his makeup. He'd actually forgotten he was wearing it. He still wore the bra from work too but that was intentional because it was really rather comfortable for him. Everything else feminine had been removed though, except the mint panties. He wasn't sure why he still wore those except he needed something beneath the sweatpants.

KNOCK! KNOCK!

There was a knock at his door.

That would be Amanda. He really didn't want to see her right now, because frankly, he felt vulnerable and he needed to process why he had acted the way he had. He was *hiding* as a woman, not becoming a woman. What was wrong with him? Either way, he knew seeing Amanda was unavoidable.

KNOCK! KNOCK!

“Come in,” called Christopher resignedly.

Amanda unlocked the door and stepped into his apartment. She wore short white shorts, a cut-off black t-shirt with a band logo, and brown wedge-heeled sandals. She carried two glasses of wine.

“How's my new girl?!” she asked with an enormous grin.

Christopher frowned. “Rough day.”

Amanda came to the couch, stepping over the heels Christopher had worn and his purse. “Really? What happened?” She set down the glasses and sat down across from him.

“The day was going fine until Monica struck,” he said avoiding any mention of the elevator and Vanessa’s secretary.

“What did she do?”

Christopher picked up his glass and sipped the wine. “You’re not going to believe this. After all of her pushing for me to wear those stupid skirt-thingy suits and then making me wear the Capaldi heels and the slutty ones, she got upset that I was wearing a real skirt.”

“Really?” laughed Amanda.

“She said I was ‘mocking’ her.”

Amanda shook her head sympathetically.

Christopher took another drink, a big one. “I don’t understand it. You’d think she would be happy. She wanted me to be a woman, well, here it is. Why does that bother her?”

Amanda nodded her head and sipped her wine. “She’s upset—”

“Yes, she was,” interjected Christopher and he shot down the rest of his wine in one large gulp.

“*She’s upset,*” said Amanda starting her point again, “because she thought she could use feminization to punish you, but you went ahead and turned yourself into a girl – sort of—”

“As a disguise—” protested Christopher

“For whatever reason,” countered Amanda, “and that made a mockery of her punishment. It was like threatening to spank someone and them saying, ‘oh, I like the sound of that.’”

“I never said I liked the sound of anything feminine.”

“No, but you showed up in a skirt voluntarily. That undermined her.”

“Because I had no choice, not because I liked it. And it was just a skirt, it wasn’t like I turned myself into a woman or anything.” He stood up and pointed to her glass. “Want more wine?”

Amanda shook her head. Christopher then walked to the kitchen counter to grab a new bottle. Amanda watched him walk. He walked on his toes as if he was wearing heels even in the socks. What’s more, his hips swayed and his rear wiggled as he went. If she didn’t know Christopher

was a man, she would have assumed this was a woman without a doubt. That made her chuckle.

“Just skin deep, right,” she said smugly.

“Exactly,” said Christopher, not hearing her smug inflection.

“Either way, she’s upset because she thinks you’re making fun of her punishment.”

“I am not,” said Christopher and he tottered back to his seat.

“Well, she thinks so. So watch yourself.”

Christopher shrugged his shoulders. “What more can she do to me?” As he said this, his eyes drifted to the Khorva shoes on the floor. He felt uneasy for a moment as he thought back to how trashy he felt wearing those shoes. Perhaps there were still ways to punish him, even as a woman.

“How was the rest of your day?”

Christopher blushed as he saw himself swishing over to the copy room as Vanessa’s secretary watched him. “Fine. Uneventful.”

“Good. And how did it feel to wear the pencil shirt?”

He blushed a little deeper. The truth was, it felt kinky and naughty and all kinds of similar thoughts. It felt so incredibly unmanly to be wearing a skirt so tight that he could barely move his legs. It was like bondage, in a way, and it was unnerving... but that seemed to excite him. Indeed, he’d been hard all day, especially after losing his panties to Vanessa’s secretary and going without. The inside of the skirt was even lined with precome from where his penis swung back and forth as he walked.

That said, as with the intense arousal he felt teasing Vanessa’s secretary, he really didn’t want to admit to himself that he’d found something arousing in being a woman. So he told himself that nothing interesting or exciting had come out of it, and he repeated that to Amanda.

“How was the skirt? Tight.” *Erotic.*

“A lot of women struggle with those,” said Amanda.

“It was fine.” *Exciting.*

“No other problems?”

“None.” *I played with my nipples.*

“All went well?”

“Yes, everything went well. Stop asking.”

Amanda chuckled. “I’m glad.” She held up her wine glass to toast. “To a successful first day as a woman.”

Christopher rolled his eyes. “To getting back to being a man.”

“Good enough, girlfriend. Good enough.”

They both drank. Christopher drank nervously, however, wondering if he was making the right decision continuing dressing as a woman. These strange erotic thoughts that kept popping up were troubling. What did they mean? And why had he teased Vanessa’s secretary?

Chapter Six: “Testing Him”

—o—

Despite his misgivings, Christopher wore a light-blue pleated skirt to work the follow day. He wasn't at all sure how Monica would react, but he knew he couldn't go back; too many people had seen him go forward. Besides, going back would be admitting defeat before Monica. He couldn't do that. Still, he was worried. Would Monica accuse him of mocking her again? Would she be angry he still wore a skirt? Would she try to punish him somehow? He didn't know, so he felt pensive. So far, though, things seemed to be going well.

Monica stood next to Christopher's desk giving him a number of assignments and instructions. Her tone was calm, measured and business-like. There was no trace of her outrage from the prior day. Indeed, for better or for worse, she seemed quite normal. Could the issue be over?

“I have several pages of notes that need to be transcribed as well,” she said.

“Yes, Ma'am.”

She handed Christopher a yellow notepad covered in writing. Monica was a voracious note taker, even though she didn't need notes to remember any of the details. She handed him a set of prints next.

“Tell Carter these need to be redone. There is a lose thread on Karen's blouse. I don't know how he missed it,” she said.

“Yes, Ma'am.”

“When you're done with that, I want a meeting with Miramoto's president. Don't let them send a vice president. This issue should have been fixed weeks ago, and I will no longer deal with anyone without the necessary authority to resolve it immediately.” She glanced over her glasses at Christopher for emphasis and continued, “If they give you even the slightest resistance, remind them that our account is worth eighty percent of their book.”

“Yes, Ma'am.”

She set several brochures on his desk. He knew what to do with these: file them. If she made notes on them, record the notes and then file them. In the unlikely event she saw something of interest, he was to set up a meeting between them and Rachel Sanchez in the visual department. He set them aside.

“When you’re done with Carter, see Addy,” she said casually.

“Yes, Ma’am. About what?”

“For your weekly appointment.”

Christopher bit his tongue. This was rather odd. He wasn’t set to see Addy until the middle of next week, why would Monica make an appointment for him with her now? He knew not to question it, as you never questioned Monica, but whatever she had in mind worried him.

“Yes, Ma’am.”

—o—

Christopher left Carter and made his way to Addy’s salon. He could still hear Carter complain, “You wound me, dear boy,” even as Christopher reminded him that he was just the messenger. Either way, Carter agreed to redo the shoot and Christopher left to see Addy. He wasn’t sure what to expect. It wasn’t time for his appointment and he really didn’t need any work done at the moment – his hair and nails were fine and his legs were hairless, but Monica had insisted. That made him suspicious.

“I heard you were wearing skirts now,” said Addy as Christopher walked in. This gave his penis a little jolt, but not enough to let it grow. His nipples did pop up though at the thought of people talking about his feminization behind his back, and he burned a bit with shame.

“I like them,” said Christopher cautiously, going with the story Amanda proposed. Still, saying that made him feel funny.

Addy raised an eyebrow, but said nothing. She nodded toward the chair.

Christopher hesitated. “What are you planning?”

“Suspicious, aren’t we?” laughed Addy. “Sit.”

“What are you going to do?”

“Afraid I’ll turn you into a girl?” Her tone was joking, but at the same time suggested doubt as to his conversion to skirts.

“Something like that.”

“Sit.”

Christopher didn’t move. “What does Monica want?”

“Monica wants you presentable for Fashion Week,” said Addy. “Now sit.”

Christopher felt a sinking feeling in his stomach. “Meaning what?”

“Meaning, we need to spruce up a few things so you’re more presentable. Now *sit*.” Her tone was becoming more insistent.

“Like what?”

“Sit.”

“You’re not doing anything new, are you?”

“*Sit*.”

Christopher ran his tongue over his teeth, but finally sat down in the chair. It wasn’t like he had a choice in this and if he kept pushing, Addy would call Monica and that could lead to trouble.

“*Stay out of trouble*,” he reminded himself.

So he sat.

Addy pulled his seat back and started running her fingers through his lush hair. It was really thick at this point and getting quite long. “We’re going to start with your hair,” she said.

“What’s wrong with my hair?”

“It’s not what’s wrong... it’s what we can create.”

With that, Addy tossed the smock over his chest and closed it around his neck. At the same time, the woman who normally did his fingernails arrived. She pulled the small table over with her tools, grabbed a chair, and sat down. She got to work stripping off the white polish and then set about trimming his nails and filing them. As she did that, Addy wet his hair with something, dried it and then got to work doing whatever it was she was doing. It involved tin foil and heat and other things.

—o—

The morning had passed.

Addy spun Christopher toward the mirror. For the first time, he saw what she had been doing. He gasped. His hair was stunning... feminine... *incredibly feminine*, in fact, and absolutely gorgeous. Addy had dyed it a sort of platinum blonde with natural highlights. She had given it curls and waves and twirly parts, all of which made it look so much longer and so much thicker and so much more feminine. Even compared to what Amanda had done, this was far, far more. No man had hair like this. *No man*. This was princess hair!

“It’s so— uh—” he gasped.

Addy smiled. “Isn’t it?”

Christopher ran his fingers through it. He was shocked. He was shocked how feminine it looked. This was his own hair, not some wig! Even more, he was shocked how feminine it made him look. Even without his makeup, he had no doubt few would think of him as a man with this hair. Most importantly though, he was shocked how much this excited him. He felt a genuine warmth deep in his chest, a ball of excitement, and his penis tingled too. He was clearly turned on, and that actually terrified him. Was there any chance he ever would have been turned on by having girly hair before? What did that mean about his increasingly endangered manhood?

“What do you think?” asked Addy.

He shook his head in disbelief, causing his girly locks to dance upon his shoulders and the twirly bits running to his cheeks to wiggle in the corners of his eyes. This was a strangely feminine feeling which made him grow warm below. “It’s so feminine!”

Addy smirked. “I think that’s the idea. Too much for you?”

Christopher’s eyebrow shot up. Something in her tone, even more so than her words, told him what this was about. This was Monica taunting him, testing him: *You say you want to be a woman? All right, let’s see how far you’re willing to go!* That’s what Monica was up to! She wanted to see how far she could push him before he quit! This could be bad. But he wasn’t going to let on that Monica had scored a direct hit on his biggest fear. Monica always seemed to know, somehow.

“No, it’s fine,” he said cautiously. He swallowed hard. “It’s gorgeous.”

He suddenly felt an overwhelming need to leave. He didn’t know why, but he needed to.

“I, uh, need to go,” he said.

“Put it in a ponytail at night or it’s going to be an awful mess in the morning,” said Addy.

Christopher nodded his head. He rose from the chair and moved quickly to the elevator. Each step echoed in the salon. *CLICK! CLICK! CLICK! CLICK! CLICK!* Each feminine echo made him feel stranger. Suddenly, he blushed as he understood why he felt the need to flee: he was incredibly turned on!

“Nice hair,” said Amanda. She ran it through her fingers.

Christopher blushed. “Yeah,” he said sourly, though that was more for show than anything. In truth, he found himself strangely attracted to the hair and rather aroused by it, even as he told himself he should not be. He wasn’t going to tell Amanda about that though.

“It looks longer,” said Amanda cautiously.

“Yeah.”

“And, uh, more curly.” She was still speaking cautiously.

“You can say it,” said Christopher dryly.

Amanda laughed. “It’s really feminine!”

“It’s Monica’s doing.”

“What happened?”

“She sent me to Addy to get me ready for Fashion Week—”

“What’s Fashion Week?” asked Amanda.

“It’s like the Super Bowl of fashion. Capital ‘F’, capital ‘W’. They hold it every year and all the top designers show off their new collections. Everyone in the fashion industry is there, from publishers, journalists, models and any designer who can rate a ticket. Sitting atop them all, like God in stilettos, is Monica. She decides who lives and dies.”

“I see.”

“And leading up to it,” continued Christopher, “there is a week or so of meetings, parties and minor designers showing off collections that weren’t deemed worthy of being shown during Fashion Week. Monica hosts some of the more promising ones as a way to garner their undying future love should they succeed. The best get written up in *Rogue* as up and comers.”

“This leads to the haircut how?” asked Amanda.

Christopher shrugged his shoulders. “If Monica likes you, she takes you with her to these events. The legendary Emma never missed a single event. That seems to be the stated reason, to make sure I’m presentable.” That had been the word Addy had used. “But I suspect this is more about Monica daring me to try to be a woman. This is her version of saying she doesn’t believe I want to be a woman and testing how far I’ll let her push it.”

Amanda raised an eyebrow. “So you’re supposed to panic at some point and give in?”

Christopher nodded his head. “Apparently.” He raised his hand and stretched out his fingers. “Check these out,” he said.

Amanda leaned across the couch and examined his fingernails. His long oval nails had been filed down into slightly shorter square tipped nails. White tips had been added and the back portion of each nail was painted dark red.

“French tips.”

“Yeah. She had Addy do that too. I didn’t even notice them until I got back to my desk.”

This wasn’t entirely true. Christopher first noticed them in the elevator when he felt an overwhelming need to rub himself through his skirt. As he did this, he realized that his nail caught differently on the skirt material than they had. That’s when he realized they had been changed. He spent the rest of the afternoon catching glimpses of them and tingling whenever he did. He just thought it was better to skip that part of the story.

“They must be really hard to type with,” said Amanda.

Christopher nodded his head.

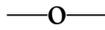
Amanda leaned back into her seat. “So you think this is Monica saying, ‘game on’?”

“I do.”

“What are you going to do about it?”

Christopher shrugged his shoulders. “I was going to disguise myself as a woman already. If this is all she has, then I can take it. She’s not going to win with a new haircut and a new manicure.”

Chapter Seven: “A Surprise Meeting”



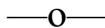
Christopher knew it was a dream, yet it felt real enough. He was on the floor in a room somewhere on his knees. He wore a red babydoll nightie and heels of some sort. Vanessa sat before him on a bed with her legs crossed and a shoe dangling from the ends of her toes; her toes were inches from his chest. She wore a matching babydoll nightie, though in white. Her shoes were white and satin. She held out one finger toward him. From it dangled the anklet. This wasn't the first time Christopher had seen that in a dream. She let it swing. Christopher shook his head. Then she smirked. She looked down. He did too. He saw his penis, at its old size or perhaps even larger, jutting out erect from beneath the babydoll. Its head was out in the open, beyond the babydoll's silky material. As Christopher watched, Vanessa lowered her hand and slowly slid the anklet onto his manhood.

“Stroke yourself,” she said.

Christopher woke up in a flash. He glanced around at the dark room. It was the middle of the night. He was alone. Something felt odd though. He glanced down the length of his body, but could see nothing. So he slowly slipped his hand onto his thigh and toward his manhood. He found the panties he wore at night now because his pajamas no longer fit. He slipped his hand inside. He was hard. There was no anklet, however. Whatever he'd felt had been an illusion.

He took a cautious breath and closed his eyes.

He fell back asleep.



Friday night came.

Christopher tottered into the restaurant.

He still didn't understand why he was here, but here he was. He'd told himself he would never come, but then he found himself standing before his closet. He told himself he was just being dramatic, even as he picked out items. Strange items. Strange feelings. He would never go, he claimed! So why was he doing this? Then he was dressed. He still didn't understand why. Was he really thinking of going? He told himself he would not, but he kept going. Why was he doing this?

And then he was at the restaurant.

“Does Madame have a reservation?” asked the maitre d’.

“I’m meeting someone,” said Christopher nervously.

He glanced around the restaurant over the man’s shoulder. This was the most exclusive restaurant in town. It was gorgeous, done in opulent off-white leathers, metallic green clothes, and teak wood furnishing. It reminded him of a painting of Italy, a view confirmed by the stylized artwork scattered around the room. Well-dressed couples sat everywhere. Then he saw her. A woman sitting by herself. Her back was to him, but it had to be her. She wore a short golden dress. His stomach filled with butterflies. This was his last chance to walk away. He needed to leave. Could he make himself leave?

“That’s her,” he said suddenly.

The man escorted Christopher to the table. His knees went weak. The butterflies grew. Terror and excitement mixed inside him like a dangerous cocktail. Why was he doing this?

“You can still back out,” he told himself.

But he knew that wasn’t true.

They reached the table. Vanessa smiled. The maitre d’ pulled out the chair opposite her for Christopher. He sat down, femininely smoothing his red dress beneath him as he did. He crossed his legs, letting his foot swing. On it, he wore a strappy silver high-heeled sandal. On his ankle was the golden anklet.

“I knew you’d come,” said Vanessa.

“That’s funny, I didn’t,” said Christopher. His mouth was dry. He still couldn’t believe he was here. He shook his leg nervously.

“Are you surprised?”

“Aren’t you?”

Vanessa smiled knowingly. “Not in the least. You can’t resist.”

Christopher glanced around nervously. He didn’t answer. He wasn’t sure what to say.

“I love your hair. Addy?” asked Vanessa.

Christopher nodded. “Monica’s doing.”

“I hear you’re wearing dresses in the office now.” Vanessa snickered. “How did Monica like that?”

“She loved it.”

“Somehow, I doubt that.”

Christopher shrugged his shoulders. “She thinks I’m mocking her.”

“If only she knew the truth,” purred Vanessa. She reached out her hand and took his. Then she casually leaned to one side and glanced beneath the table at his ankle. “You wore it.”

“I thought you might like it,” he said.

She snickered. “That’s not why you wore it.”

Christopher blushed. She was right. For days now, he’d obsessed about not wearing it, telling himself that would *never* happen, telling himself that wearing it would be a surrender. But the whole time, he realized, he was only trying to explain to himself the decision he had already made. He wanted to wear it. He wanted to surrender to Vanessa, to let her take his manhood and make him hers.

“What— what happens now?” he asked sheepishly.

“Whatever I want.”

—o—

“You gave my secretary quite the shock,” said Vanessa as they walked through the door to her apartment. Christopher tottered in after her on his tall silver high-heeled sandals. She closed the door behind him and locked it.

Christopher blushed. “Yeah, I uh— I didn’t mean to.”

“Yes, you did,” laughed Vanessa. “I hear you practically danced your way into the closet.” She glanced over her shoulder at Christopher. “I’ll bet you were hard as a rock, weren’t you?”

Christopher blushed even deeper.

“She had no idea what you were supposed to give me, but when you strutted into the closet and closed the door, you set her mind racing. She had all kinds of *interesting* thoughts. She actually guessed panties at one point, but she told me she couldn’t understand why I would want them. She was very confused.”

Christopher swallowed hard. “Wh— what did you tell her?”

“Who says I told her anything?”

Christopher turned bright red.

Vanessa turned to face him. “Undress me.” They were in the living room.

Christopher jolted at the firmness of her command. He had never been given such a direct command before and not with such authority. He

felt compelled to obey it, and that made him tingle all over and sent blood rushing down below. She turned her back to him and he unzipped her golden dress. She let it shimmy off her shoulders and fall to the floor at her feet. She wore a champagne-colored bra and panties beneath. She stepped out of the dress.

“Pick it up,” she said as she walked away to her kitchen. She still wore her golden sandals.

Her kitchen, like Christopher’s, was open to the living room but was separated by a large counter. On the counter was a bottle of wine. She poured herself a glass, all with her back turned to Christopher as if his servile act wasn’t worth watching. He looked down at the dress. It felt so strange to be ordered to pick up her dress like some kind of servant, especially with her indifference to watching him. It was humiliating, demeaning. It made him feel inferior. But it also made him tingle so strongly that his body began trembling.

He crouched down and picked up the dress, not an easy task in the tight red dress he wore. He felt so small doing this, so servile. His penis was as hard as it had been in some time.

Vanessa turned now. She smiled knowingly seeing him holding the dress.

“Come with me,” she said.

Vanessa tottered off to the bedroom in her tall golden sandals, carrying her wine glass. They glittered. Her ample breasts jiggled inside her bra, a feeling now familiar to Christopher as well. It was exciting to see her breasts jiggle and somehow even more to know his breasts did the same.

They reached the bedroom.

Vanessa set her glass on the nightstand. She took a hanger from the closet and handed it to Christopher, who put her dress on it. She took it back and hung it in the closet. Then she turned to face him.

“So tell me, Christopher—” She paused. She glanced at his anklet. Then she smiled mischievously. “Tell me, *Christina*,” she continued, “are you wearing my panties?”

Christopher nodded his head. “Y— yes.”

“Good boy,” she purred.

Vanessa slowly came to Christopher. She put her hands upon his hips and kissed him on the lips. She slipped one hand down upon his soft

rear and squeezed it. She kissed him again. This was exciting, but it also reminded Christopher that there might be a problem with what she apparently intended: she didn't know about what had been happening to him.

He needed to tell her, but how he struggled!

Vanessa kissed him again. She pressed her body close to his. He could feel her breasts press against his. Did she know what they were touching? His penis stood as tall as it could, but nowhere near enough to reach her. She squeezed both butt cheeks now, one with each hand upon his rear.

“There's— there's something you need to know,” said Christopher finally.

“What's that?” she asked as she kissed him. She didn't seem to care.

“Well, something— something's been happening. I— I can't quite explain it, but it's made things a little hard—”

“Shhhh,” she said. “Hard is good.”

Then she slid one hand around to his crotch and cupped his erection through the dress as her other hand searched for the dress's zipper. She found it. Then she kissed him again and used both hands to start unzipping him. With the zipper down, she started working the skin-tight dress off his shoulders. It was too tight to fall on its own, but it did threaten to fall to his lower torso, exposing his breasts. Christopher instinctively threw one arm across his breasts, covering them and stopping the dress from falling. His nipples were really hard.

“I— uh—”

He paused. He didn't know how to say this: how does one tell a woman, “I have breasts”? He wasn't sure. He started again.

“There's something you need to know,” he said, but then he hesitated again, still unsure how to say this. He worried what Vanessa might do. Would she throw him out? Would she accuse him of “mocking her” too?

Vanessa smiled mischievously at his apparent shyness and she slipped her hands beneath his arm. She grabbed the dress and slowly pulled it lower. Christopher licked his lips, and decided not to resist. She pulled the dress to his midsection and his bra and breasts became visible beneath

his arm. In fact, there was no way to miss them. A confused look came over her face. Then it hit her.

“You have breasts!” she gasped.

Christopher burned bright red.

“Are these real?!” she asked incredulously. She pushed his arm away and roughly grabbed a handful of one breast through his bra as the other slipped beneath the bra and fished out his firm globe. *“These are real! You have real breasts!”*

Christopher felt himself wither. He expected her to order him to leave now. He tried desperately to explain: “I— I don’t know how it happened. It just kind of started on its own—”

She wasn’t listening.

“This is amazing!” she laughed.

Christopher stared at her in helpless confusion. He started blabbering, trying to continue his explanation even though he had no idea what to say to her. Sounds started coming out of his mouth, sounds without meaning. Vanessa set her finger to his lips to silence him.

“Oh you naughty boy.”

Christopher swallowed hard. Was she perhaps not as upset as he thought?

Vanessa slipped her hands around his back and unhooked his bra. He felt it loosen. Then she pulled it forward, freeing his breasts. His erect nipples popped into view. A cooling breeze skimmed over them and made him shiver. He quickly covered them with his arm. As he did, his penis grew inside his panties. Vanessa’s eyes grew large. Her lips curled into an incredible grin. She pulled the bra away, under his protective arm, and held it out behind her. She let it slip from her fingers and drop to the floor. Then she gently took hold of his wrist and pulled his arm away from his chest once more.

His breasts were on full display.

They hung there, large and round and very feminine. His areolas looked puffy. His nipples had grown. They were erect. His breasts heaved up and down with his strained breaths.

“I—” he started.

Vanessa shook her head, never taking her eyes off of his chest. He went silent.

“What would Monica think if she knew about these?” said Vanessa.

Christopher felt his stomach drop. Would she tell Monica?

Before he could answer himself, Vanessa brushed the backs of her fingers against the outer part of one breast. The touch of her hand sent sharp electric tingles racing throughout his body. He trembled.

Vanessa giggled. "Look how big your nipples are!"

She brushed his breast again and then elegantly flipped her hand around and cupped his firm flesh. She lifted it. He could feel it becoming weightless. It jiggled in her hand. She giggled again. Then she let it hang and it became very heavy once more. In fact, it was surprisingly heavy without the bra now.

"How wonderfully girly," purred Vanessa.

She slipped her finger underneath his nipple and pressed it upward. Christopher felt a feminine tugging within the breast itself. That made him shudder and it caused his penis to throb. She then ran her finger around the nipple, sending waves of pleasure cascading through him.

"Who knew my little girl was really a little girl?" she said.

Christopher shuddered.

She then raked the tip of his nipple with her nail. He winced and nearly doubled over. At the same time, his penis lurched and almost exploded. Pain and pleasure coursed through him.

"Don— don— do that— do that again," he gasped through sharp breaths.

Vanessa chuckled. She leaned her lips against his ear. "Maybe if you're good."

"Yes— yes, Ma'am," said Christopher breathlessly.

"Now show me what a good girl you are," she said. "Show me that you're wearing my panties, *Christina*."

Christopher was hit by such a shock at being called "Christina" that he almost collapsed to the floor. It took tremendous will just to keep standing. He caught his breath and then nodded. Vanessa stepped back and Christopher grabbed the top of his dress, which was around his lower torso. He worked the tight dress down his body to his hips. When it reached his hips, it finally fell to the floor on its own, revealing Vanessa's black silk panties, the ones in the envelope. Beneath the panties was a lump. It looked a bit like a finger framed by the dark cloth. It pointed upward toward his belly. There was a wet spot where it ended, by the tip.

"It's so small," said Vanessa with sheer fascination.

Christopher shuddered and felt himself go weak. It was small. It had shrunk to almost nothing. This was humiliating, and yet so exciting. Indeed, part of him almost craved her words and wanted her to say more.

“It was bigger before,” she said.

Christopher nodded helplessly.

Vanessa pulled down the panties and his tiny penis rolled out. It was hard – at least relatively so, about three inches long in total, if that. It wasn’t much thicker than a finger either. His balls were perhaps grapes in size. The whole thing looked like it belonged on a doll.

Vanessa chuckled. “You’re practically a girl!”

He shuddered again and his penis jumped.

Vanessa giggled. “It grew. It grew in my hand when I said that.” She smiled mischievously. “Did you like that? Does it turn you on when I talk about how small your dick has become?”

Christopher blushed.

Vanessa gave it several quick strokes, which made her fingers wet. She leaned in close to Christopher’s ear again. “It’s so small, it’s worthless. We may need to find a real man to satisfy the both of us. I’ll bet you’d like that, would you?”

Christopher shook his head nervously.

She snickered, however. “It grew again when I suggested it.”

Christopher opened his mouth to protest, but he was overwhelmed. He couldn’t think straight. Vanessa didn’t let him in any event. She gave his penis two more tugs before kissing him on the lips. Then she stepped back and moved to the nightstand to pick up her glass of wine again.

“What happened to it?” she asked.

“I— I don’t know. Something’s causing this,” he said cautiously.

“Obviously. Are you taking something to make this happen?”

He shook his head.

She downed what was left of her wine. “Well, as excited as I am that you’re turning into a girl, *that*,” she said and she pointed at his penis, “isn’t going to do me much good, Christina.”

Christopher filled with shame. He truly wasn’t a man anymore. “I ___”

Vanessa smirked. “What? You can explain? Size doesn’t matter? It gets bigger when you get really excited?” Her tone was condescending, but playful at the same time. She snickered.

Christopher blushed. He had never felt a stronger desire to please a woman than he felt right now, now that he was unable to do it. Vanessa, however, seemed strangely pleased as things were. She came back to Christopher and took his hand. She helped him step out of the dress without snagging his heels and walked him to her closet. She pulled aside some dresses to reveal a naughty red teddie. It was all lace and satin with a corset body and lacy bra cups which would now serve an unexpected purpose in holding his breasts. She pulled it from the hanger and handed it to Christopher.

“Put it on, Christina,” she said firmly.

Christopher didn't resist; he had no strength to. He pulled down the panties and stepped out of those. Then he opened the teddie in the back and held it before him. He slipped one foot through it and then the other, again careful not to snag his heels. He pulled this ultra-feminine thing up his legs and into place. It felt so silky and so erotic, like the bra the first time he wore it. His tiny erection tried to push out the teddie, but lacked the strength.

Vanessa tied the teddie closed in the back.

“Much more appropriate, don't you think?” she said.

Vanessa took his hand again. Their fingers interlaced. Their painted nails alternating. She gently walked him over to the bed, where she worked her panties down her legs and let them fall.

“That little dick of yours, if you can even call it that, won't satisfy me. I'll bet your tongue can do wonders, though,” she said.

She sat down on the edge of the bed and pointed to the floor before her and spread her legs.

Christopher felt like he was hypnotized. He slowly lowered himself to his knees and pressed his face forward between her legs. As he did, she threw one leg over his shoulder and ran her fingers through his hair.

“Go on, Christina, be a good girl.”

Chapter Eight: “The Weekend Continues”

—o—

Morning came.

Christopher tottered to the bed where Vanessa lay. She was watching him with an enormous grin on her face. He wore the soft pink, see-through babydoll nightie she had given him the prior night, the one with the fuzzy pink trim at the hem. She could see his braless breasts hanging through the gossamer thin material, as well as his girlish erect nipples. On his feet were tall pink leather stiletto mules. They slapped against his feet as he walked and clicked off the hardwood floors so femininely. He was carrying a silver serving tray, upon which sat a cup of coffee, a napkin and a muffin.

He wasn't sure why he was doing this except it turned him on in ways he never imagined it could. He only wished she didn't know that, but the fact she did – the fact she had such power over him – turned him on even more. It made him feel helpless, which desperately aroused him.

“That smells amazing,” she said of the coffee.

Vanessa sat up and stretched.

Christopher stopped next to the bed, as she'd instructed him she wanted the prior night. He held the tray out for her. She giggled and brushed his tiny erection through the gossamer material beneath the tray he held.

“You were wonderful last night,” she said. “Who says a man needs a penis to make a girl happy?”

Christopher blushed.

“But then you aren't really a man anymore, are you? Not with your breasts and a tiny little dick... more like a pinky, really. You're more like a girlfriend.” She tickled his tiny balls with her fingertips, sending shocking electric jolts up his spine as her nails glanced off them.

He trembled as she did this.

“Somebody liked that,” she laughed.

He shook his head.

She gently squeezed his small balls. “Yes, you did. It turns you on when I make fun of your manhood. There's no point in denying it. I can see it. You get harder every time I do it. Maybe if I make fun of it enough, it will grow back to its old size,” she said with a snicker. Then she pulled

her hand away and picked up the coffee. “All of this turns you on, *Christina*.” She emphasized his feminized name.

He shook his head again; he knew the truth, but it was hard to accept.

Vanessa smirked. “I’ll bet if I called you that in the office, or if I mentioned you had a tiny, girly pinky for a dick, you’d have an orgasm on the spot. You’d fill my pretty little panties right in front of Monica.”

Christopher’s stomach filled with butterflies. She was teasing him, right? He licked his lips nervously. “I— wouldn’t.”

Vanessa laughed. “You’d love it. We both know it. We should try it.”

Christopher shook his head vigorously. Vanessa merely snickered and sipped her coffee before setting it back on the tray.

“Could you imagine Monica’s face if she knew?” she continued.

All the color left Christopher’s face. Would Vanessa do such a thing? Would she tell Monica? She hadn’t so far, but the fact he didn’t know for sure made this all the more thrilling to him somehow. What’s more, the mention of Monica triggered something “squishy” inside him. As cold and indifferent as she seemed, there was something oddly compelling about her which scared him. Indeed, with Vanessa triggering something so deeply submissive in him, he’d found himself wondering at times if he could resist Monica if she ever made a demand like Vanessa had. The idea was terrible and shocking to him – she was so demeaning to him – and yet something deep inside him feared answering that question.

“You can’t tell her,” he said.

“Why not?”

“I’d just rather she never found out—” he said weakly. His mouth was dry.

“Found out what? That you like to be humiliated? That you’re hiding a tiny little girly dick and breasts? Or that you get off on wearing women’s clothes?”

“I do not!” he protested.

Vanessa looked him up and down. Her eyes finally focused on his tiny erection. “The evidence says otherwise, *Christina*.” She leisurely brushed his erection with her fingers once more. “Your little toy is hard as a— well, not a rock, but something, and it gets harder every time I make fun of it.”

She stroked his penis, which felt amazing to Christopher despite his desire to be offended. Then she whispered to it.

“*Sissy boy,*” she said.

He throbbed.

She giggled.

“I’ll tell you, if I’d known you could shrink one of these, then trust me, I would have done this to you a long time ago.” Then she smirked. “But then you did it for me!” she gushed happily.

“It wasn’t my choice.”

“Either way.” She stroked his erection now, examining it at arms length. “I wonder how small it really is?” She asked this absently, like a thought spoken aloud to no one in particular.

Before Christopher could respond, Vanessa pulled off the blanket and swung her legs over the side of the bed. She slipped her feet into her slippers – basically mid-heeled wedge mules – and grabbed her pink peignoir. She pulled it over her body, which was naked except for pink panties, and disappeared to the kitchen. She returned a few seconds later holding a rolled-up tape measure in her hand.

“What are you doing?” asked Christopher.

“Hold still.”

“Is that— you’re not—!” gasped Christopher with intense embarrassment.

“*Hold still.*”

Vanessa crouched down right in front of Christopher. He could feel her raise the hem of the babydoll nightie and grab his dick. She pulled it out toward herself, making it as long as it got. Then he felt the cold metal tip of the tape measure get pushed against his skin as Vanessa unrolled the slick tape measure along his shaft. He held the serving tray tightly as if it would protect him somehow; the best it could manage was blocking his view.

“Wow! That’s tiny!” said Vanessa.

Christopher knew not to ask, but he couldn’t stop himself: “H— how long is it?” He cringed as he asked.

Vanessa snickered and stood up straight once more. She dropped the tape measure on to the tray and said, “Be my guest.” She then took her coffee from the tray and sat down on the edge of the bed, leaning back on

one arm. She crossed her legs, letting her mule dangle from the ends of her toes and watched with a smug look upon her face.

Christopher shuddered. "I'll pass."

"Go on, *Christina*."

Christopher shook his head. He couldn't measure himself before Vanessa. How humiliating would it be to give in to this bit of masochistic curiosity right in front of her? What if it was as bad as he feared? He couldn't resist, however. So his hand took the tape measure. He didn't know why, but he did it.

Vanessa sipped her coffee as Christopher set down the tray on the nightstand; there was amusement in her eyes. Christopher picked up the tape measure and stared at it. His curiosity had been aroused. He licked his lips nervously. Then he lifted the soft, sheer babydoll nightie up over his erect penis. He took his penis in his free hand. It was stiff. He pinned the babydoll against his belly with his elbow and used his other hand to place the tape measure on his shaft. He stretched it out.

He shuddered when he saw the number. It didn't quite reach the three he should have easily passed even when flaccid. This had to be a mistake! Yes, he knew it had gotten smaller, but not *this* small!!

"Not going to satisfy a lot of women with that little thing," said Vanessa.

Christopher shuddered.

Vanessa set her coffee on the tray on the nightstand once more and stood up. She took him in her arms and kissed him. As she did, she lifted his balls with two fingers, one under each ball.

"Good thing I like it like this," she purred.

"You do?"

"I think it's amazing."

She pressed herself against him. He could feel her breasts press into his. Both of their nipples were hard. He felt the warmth of her crotch against his erection. He felt her hands firmly on his back.

"My little Princess," she giggled and she juggled his balls like marbles inside her hand. "I am going to love playing with you. You're like a helpless little doll. I can dress you like I want, play with you in any way... do anything I want to you. This is our little secret. At work, you can go right on pretending to be a guy forced to dress like a girl, and only you and

I will know what's hiding underneath your clothes. Here though, you're my little princess."

He shuddered as she said this, but his penis grew as hard as it could.

Vanessa kissed him. Then she raised an eyebrow. "I wonder if you can still come?"

Christopher felt his stomach drop. "Wh— what?"

"Come. Let's see if you can come."

Vanessa took his hand and pulled him to the bed. Then she pushed him down into a sitting position at the head of the bed. His back pressed into the pillows. She grabbed one of his ankles and spread his legs open. She moved between them, leaving perhaps two feet distance. This made Christopher draw up his knees. His feet were together. The heels of his mules pressed into the mattress. Vanessa then spread his knees wide until she could see his penis. The babydoll bunched up on top of it.

"What are you doing?" asked Christopher nervously.

"Not me, you," she chuckled. "I want you to make yourself come."

"I can't do that!" he protested, turning bright red at the embarrassing idea of masturbating for her entertainment.

"Oh, I'll bet you can."

He shook his head.

"Do you need a spanking to make you do this?" she asked. Her tone was firm, but also reflected the ludicrousness of this.

Christopher gasped in shock at the humiliation of the idea! He shook his head vigorously.

"Then do as you're told," said Vanessa.

Christopher licked his lips nervously. Masturbating before this woman would be utterly humiliating. It would expose this most private of acts simply for her entertainment; it would put his shrunken state on display as well. That was embarrassing... and what if he failed.

"Tell you what," said Vanessa. "I'll make you a bet. I don't think you can do it, not with it that small. If you can make yourself do it, I'll let you take off the anklet when you're at work."

All the color left Christopher's face. "You want me to wear the anklet at work?!"

Vanessa nodded.

"But it says *C*— it says that name."

"Yes, it does, *Christina*."

“But everyone will see it!”

“And they’ll all start calling you that either to your face or behind your back, and there’s not a thing you’ll be able to do about it. But if you make yourself come, then you won’t have to worry about it.”

Christopher bit his lip. He wanted to say no... didn’t he? But the alternative scared him. So Christopher spread his knees even wider. His feet were still together in their mules between him and Vanessa. She sat with her legs crossed. There was excitement on her face. Christopher shuddered in a strangely good way at seeing her eyes watching him so intently.

“Go on,” she said.

Christopher took his erection in one hand. It looked so small and weak between his fingers with their red French-tipped nails. He held it much like he’d started holding pencils to keep from breaking a nail or scratching himself. He closed his eyes and pulled on his tiny erection. It was like pulling on a rubber band.

A chill raced down his spine. His penis grew stiffer.

He pulled again. It grew stiffer yet. It strained now.

Vanessa giggled.

Christopher started stroking. His fingers went back and forth, up and down his shaft. As they did, he could sense Vanessa’s eyes hungrily watching him. She was as excited as he was. He could hear her breathing. Somehow, this was amazing to share this with her.

Christopher stroked faster yet.

“Faster, Chrissy, faster,” purred Vanessa.

Christopher shuddered again, again in a good way. His penis throbbed a bit. He kept stroking. His penis started going through the motions. It looked rigid. It trembled a bit. His heart was racing. He was breathing faster... but there was no rhythm. No pressure from deep within.

It wasn’t enough.

It started to deflate. He would never come like this.

“Oh oh. Someone’s going to be wearing the anklet,” taunted Vanessa.

Christopher took a deep breath. He imagined himself walking through the office with the anklet on his ankle. Everyone was looking at him with amused looks upon their face.

His penis jumped. It wouldn’t be enough though.

There was only one way this might work, he realized, though he didn't want to do it before Vanessa. But he also didn't want to wear the anklet. He twisted his lips and then made a decision. He slowly slipped one hand onto his breast and slid his erect nipple between his fingers. Waves of soft warmth drifted through him, making him feel almost giddy. His tugged harder and faster on his penis as his fingers started playing with his nipple, circling it, pushing against it and flicking it.

His penis swelled.

He kept stroking each. He realized he was suddenly close.

Suddenly, Vanessa moved forward. She brushed his hands aside and leaned against his knees. Her right hand slipped around his erection and started stroking him, rhythmically, firmly and excitingly. But even more exciting, her left hand cupped his breast on the bottom side and started kneading it, letting the tissue run between her fingers. This sent waves of pleasure racing through him. Then she leaned even closer and licked the tip of his nipple with her tongue.

Christopher sucked in air in surprise.

He moaned.

Vanessa slipped her teeth around his nipple and gently bit down.

Christopher winced now and moaned again as his body trembled from the pain and the pleasure. A moment later, he felt a hot streaming sensation and he knew he was coming. It didn't shoot out as it had in the past. It didn't take his whole body to push it out either. It didn't bring much satisfaction either; it was more like a release... but he was coming. A valve had been turned and pressure released. It all came out. And when it finished, he shuddered and collapsed. He had done it! Though he didn't exactly feel manly.

Vanessa smiled and kissed him. "Was that so hard?"

They both looked down. He'd come into her hand. But where he expected to see a lake, especially with the many days since he'd come last, he saw barely a trickle. A mere drop instead of a dollop.

Vanessa chuckled. "I don't know if I should count that or not?"

Christopher felt incredibly small.

Chapter Nine: “A Discovery”

—o—

Amanda watched Christopher walk down the hallway toward his apartment. He was in quite the state. His hair was mussed. His makeup was smeared. He carried his high heels, letting them dangle from a finger by their straps. All told, he looked quite disheveled. Over his shoulder he carried a dry cleaning bag.

“What happened to you?” asked Amanda.

“Tornado.”

“Welcome home, Dorothy.”

He came to his door. “You guarding the hallway or something?”

“I thought you were the pizza guy,” said Amanda.

Christopher unlocked his door and entered his apartment. Amanda followed him inside. He dropped the silver sandals by the couch and plopped down. Amanda glanced at them and snickered. Then she looked him over, noting in particular the ruffled state of his red dress.

“Did she see your breasts?” she asked. They both knew who “she” was, even if Christopher hadn’t told her he was going. In fact, it seemed rather clear to her where he had been.

Christopher blushed.

“What did she think?” continued Amanda.

Christopher shuddered warmly, recalling the attention Vanessa had given his breasts all weekend, from feeling them up to playing with his nipples to sucking on them to even biting them at one point. It had been amazing. “She’s a fan.”

“Interesting. Did she say anything?”

“Like what?” laughed Christopher.

““Ah hah! My plan has worked!”” laughed Amanda.

Christopher shook his head.

“Do you think she did it?”

Vanessa had told Christopher how she would have happily given him breasts and shrunk his penis, only he’d beaten her to it. That struck him as pretty good evidence she wasn’t behind this. “It wasn’t her.”

Amanda glanced at the dry cleaning bag Christopher had laid over the edge of the couch. She picked it up and pulled it open. Inside was a woman’s suit with a short skirt and a teddie.

“A gift?” she asked.

“She wants me to wear something of hers on Monday.”

“Other than her panties,” said Amanda with a grin.

“Other than her panties.”

Amanda shook her head incredulously. “And you said you didn’t want to be a woman.”

—o—

Christopher took his new clothes to the bedroom and stripped down to his panties and bra. He slipped into the one pair of wedges he owned for comfort. They had five-inch heels, but they were surprisingly comfortable and helped prevent the strain he felt walking barefoot, or he never would have done it. He returned to the kitchen to grab a drink. As he passed the counter, he saw the diet pills he’d been taking. He picked them up to see how many he had left. As he did, it suddenly hit him that he’d never even considered these when he was trying to figure out what was happening to his body; he never thought of them as anything except harmless diet pills.

But what if they weren’t so harmless?

Christopher opened his laptop and started looking up the ingredients.

His jaw dropped. This one caused weight loss, but this one acted like a female hormone and could make breasts grow and cause the redistribution of body fat into feminine curves. This one... *this one* shrunk the penis.

He stared at the container in disbelief.

These ingredients would make the women in the office thinner and, if anything, more feminine. So no wonder they were taking them. But for him? A man? For a man, they would turn him into a feminized eunuch.

This was what had caused all of this!

Now what?

—o—

Christopher stood before his mirror. He wore Vanessa’s teddie. He didn’t know why he wore it. It just seemed right at the moment. He still wore the wedges too. The teddie was cherry red with white lace trim. It was quite attractive. It highlighted his feminine curves, particularly his rear. His breasts filled the cups nicely. His penis barely showed.

“What do I do now?” he asked himself.

He put his hands on his hips and slowly ran them up his body. When he reached his breasts, he cupped them and then squeezed them. It felt good, though the lace in the cups irritated his erect nipples. He felt his penis stir at this irritation.

“What do I do?” he asked again.

He knew now how to stop all of this, and maybe even reverse it. If he stopped the pills, it made sense that his natural hormones should slowly make the breasts fade and let his penis grow erect again. And even if that didn't fully reverse it, a doctor surely had something that could help.

So why wasn't he happier?

Christopher massaged his nipples. It felt so good. But they had to go. No real man could have breasts, and he *was* a real man. Indeed, he'd always told himself he was a man no matter what happened. No matter the breasts, the shrunken penis, the clothes or the servile position, he was still a man, and he would become a man once more. All he needed was the right time to strip off the skirts and heels, the makeup and the nails, and then to stop the changes, and he would be a man again. And now he knew how to stop the changes, and even reverse them. Becoming a man again was within his reach. Hurray!

So why did he feel unsure?

Sure, he would miss the nails. He really liked the nails. And he did like the hair. And the breasts felt good, honestly. But he was a man and he would gladly give them all up. Of course, he needed to find some way to pay his rent as he transitioned, but that was a detail. He was sure he could learn to walk comfortably in men's shoes again too, and would get used to the feel of drab men's clothing again, and would slowly reverse all the feminine mannerisms he'd adopted too. He was man, after all. He could do it. It would all become natural to him again.

He massaged his nipples again. That felt so good and it made his tiny penis grow. He recalled Vanessa holding him tightly and whispering in his ear as she played with one nipple.

“You've become the perfect girl,” she purred. “You're pretty and feminine with wonderful *toys*.” She pinched his nipple as she said “toys” before lowering her soft, warm hand below his waist and cupping his manhood. “And such a tiny useless dick to remind you that I'm in charge.”

She giggled and then kissed him on the nape of the neck.

He shuddered warmly recalling that, but then he shook his head.

“I am a man.”

So why wasn't he convinced? He glanced worriedly into the mirror.

“Am I a man or a woman?” he asked his reflection forcing disdain upon the word “woman.”

But the answer didn't come easily. Instead, a chill trickled down his spine. He knew what the answer was supposed to be, so why didn't it come without being forced? His worry grew.

“I'm a man,” he said more forcefully. His tone sounded firm, but lacked conviction.

He glanced at the suit Vanessa had given him. It reminded him that he needed to remain a woman until he beat Monica. That meant he couldn't change back now in any event, which brought a strange sense of relief. Indeed, he found he felt oddly giddy and nervous and worried all at once at that sense of relief. What did it mean?

He shook his head.

“I'm going to be a man again... the end,” he said with resolve.

But was it real.

Either way, he told himself he would stop taking the pills.

“No sense in making this worse.”

Chapter Ten: “The Invitation”

—o—

“So get this,” said Christopher. He and Amanda were sitting on his couch eating pizza. He had changed into sweat pants and a heavy sweater. He wore a bra and panties beneath. His painted toenails were visible on his bare feet. They were red, like his fingernails. Amanda wore sweat pants and a tank top. On her feet were flat leather sandals with delicate straps.

Amanda reached for another slice.

“Every year, there’s Fashion Week,” said Christopher.

“Right, you told me. The Super Bowl of fashion.”

“Right. And every year, Monica hosts this party at *Rogue*. It’s like a reception that kicks off the week officially for *Rogue*. She invites all the most important people in fashion. Most designers would kill to get an invite. An invite means you’re in Monica’s good graces for the coming year. Shoots. Spreads. Features. No invite means you better find some way to please her if you want to make it. It’s her way of reminding everyone of her power, even the Board. It reminds them how important she is when everyone in the fashion world fights to try to please her. For the staff, it’s the Holy Grail. It’s the thing they all want most desperately, apart from an invitation to all the runway shows that week. That’s the reason they don’t care what they get paid.”

“Sounds crazy,” said Amanda.

“Doesn’t it? But keep in mind, the NFL doesn’t pay Super Bowl acts either. They do it for free because of the publicity it brings them. Same thing here. Attending this makes you special in the fashion world; suddenly, everybody wants you.”

“I see.”

Christopher smirked. “So guess who’s going?”

Amanda raised an eyebrow. “Did little old you get an invite?”

“I did indeed.”

“What did you do to earn that?”

Christopher shrugged his shoulders. “I’m not sure.”

“Suck up.”

“Hey, I’m the new Emma.”

They both laughed.

“I wonder what she’s thinking,” said Amanda.

Christopher shrugged his shoulders again. “Maybe she’s finally accepted the idea that I’m trying to be a woman now, and she’s playing nice.”

Amanda shook her head cautiously. “She’s been pretty ruthless so far. I’d watch out for her.”

“Oh, I am. But what more can she do?” Christopher leaned forward and smiled excitedly. “*But get this.* There’s more. I’ve been preparing some of the invitations for this little get together. Do you know who’s coming? *The Board.*”

“The Board?”

“The Board. Monica invited them. So they’re going to be there. And I’m going to be there. What’s more, I just finished my article this morning. It’s ready. And now I know where the Board will be.”

Amanda raised an eyebrow. “That sounds promising.”

Christopher nodded his head, causing his curls to dance. “All I have to do is get my article to the reception. Then I mingle for a while. I meet the Board. I talk with them a bit. I casually mention the article. I give them a copy. Then, tomorrow morning, I turn it in to Monica. She steals it and I expose her.”

“Nice.”

“It’s perfect.”

“And you’re sure Monica won’t catch you? Doesn’t a reception seem like a pretty public place to do the handover?” asked Amanda.

“That’s what makes it so perfect. She’ll never expect it,” said Christopher, “so she won’t be watching for it.” He took a bite of his pizza. “Besides, I have no idea how to get in touch with the Board otherwise. They hold their meetings off-site and they communicate directly with her, so I have no other way to contact them. This could be my only chance.”

“Just make sure you watch your back. Monica is sneaky.”

—o—

Christopher lay in bed that night thinking about his plan. It wasn’t perfect, but he thought it would work. He just needed to get his article to the Board without Monica knowing. Then, when she stole it and published it, he would have something to use against her. It would work, he told himself. It had to.

As for the reception, he kept hearing Amanda's warning about Monica in his mind. She was right: Monica was not someone who played nice. If she had invited Christopher to the reception, there was a reason. He couldn't see what that was though. The best "angle" he could see for her was that she was still testing if he was truly prepared to live as a woman and this was another dare: "Oh, you claim you're a woman now, then let's see how you do being 'Christina' in public!" That seemed a little simplistic for Monica though, but maybe that's all she had. After all, what else could she do to a man who was already wearing skirts and heels? The tacky heels hadn't worked. Nor had the more feminine hair and nails. What else was there though?

Christopher sighed.

He slipped one hand upon his breast and massaged it. It felt good. It made him tingle. It also caused his penis to grow. Since he'd stopped taking the pills, he'd found that his penis was growing much more quickly and much more easily than it had been. It seemed to be larger too. Not much, but enough to be noticeable.

"Maybe it will all reverse itself after all?" he thought.

He fingered his nipple and tugged on it. He would miss these if they went away.

Chapter Eleven: “The Reception”

—o—

The reception would begin in an hour.

Christopher was in Addy’s salon. He was here because Monica had ordered him to come here first; she wanted everyone dressed perfectly for tonight. Thus, everyone was here to be dressed in designer clothes, get their hair done, and get their makeup perfected. Even Carter was here, getting his manicure touched up. He wore a black three-piece suit with a silver tie.

Of course, “everyone” was a small group because Monica invited very few members of staff.

Before coming to Addy’s, Christopher had stopped at his desk to drop off his purse. He also snuck upstairs to the penthouse, where the reception would be, and hid his article behind one of the plants; he didn’t want Monica seeing him carry it to the reception. He hoped to be able to get it to one of the Board members unnoticed as he mingled with the other guests.

“This reception must be a big deal,” said Christopher to Addy.

“There are some important people coming,” replied Addy.

“Like who?”

Addy shrugged her shoulders. “Every year it’s different.” She motioned him to sit, and he did. When he did, a woman came over and started working on his nails. Another came over and started removing the little makeup he wore. Addy drifted off to help Vanessa with her dress.

Vanessa was trying on a stunning silver-blue dress with a leg slit that ran all the way to her hip. It was daring, but it really highlighted her stunning legs. She wore silver high-heeled sandals with it.

“I wonder what Monica will have for me?” he wondered.

After a few minutes, the one woman had removed the polish from his nails, leaving them long and square and without color. Likewise, the other woman had removed his makeup entirely. She then grabbed a bottle and poured a golden liquid into her palm before rubbing it into Christopher’s hair. She pulled her hand through his hair several times, pulling the hair back straight with it. After a few strokes, his hair was essentially slicked back and pulled into a ponytail. The woman then tied it off with a black ribbon.

She then motioned him to stand and took him to a nearby room where Addy dressed models for shoots. The room was full of women working furiously to help others dress in what appeared to be effeminate men's tuxedos in crushed velvet and black spike-heeled pumps with square toes and buckles. Each had a ponytail like his. Apparently, this was the uniform for the people who would be acting as servers.

"Why are we here?" asked Christopher.

"To get you dressed," said the woman.

Christopher looked confused. Why would he dress here rather than in the other room with Vanessa and Carter and the others? Could it be? Was *this* why Monica had invited him? "But I— I'm—"

"You thought you were going to the party?" chuckled the woman.

"Yeah."

"Secretaries don't attend the Fashion Week Reception, they serve," said the woman with a hint of condescension in her voice. She then motioned him into the changing room.

Christopher's stomach began to twist in knots. This was not good.

—o—

Christopher felt ridiculous.

The black velvet suit was bad. It was far worse than he'd expected.

The problem was that it was feminine, yes, but not in a truly womanly way. He had gotten used to the idea of dressing as a woman. This suit was not that, however. This suit was meant to be playfully androgynous, yet kinky. And it required the wearer's own femininity to give it that kick into erotic. But he wasn't really a woman and he worried that he would simply look like a sissy in it.

He glanced over the suit once more.

It was tight. Skin tight. If his dick was still a hint bigger it would have been framed by the pants like a banana under plastic wrap; as it was, it showed as a small discordant lump. The pants were short too, stopping just below his calves, highlighting his shoes. The shoes had tall heels and square toes with large silver buckles over the vamp, right before an extended upper like a loafer. They were oddly school-marm-ish... kinky school-marm-ish. The jacket was short and tight and seemed to frame and lift his breasts more than cover them. It almost struck him as a jacket belonging to some sort of "naughty butler" costume. The white shirt

(blouse?) beneath struggled to contain his breasts. Even worse, they had been told to go braless. Not only did that mean his breasts would show, but it meant his nipples would rub against the lined white tuxedo shirt and likely remain erect.

Could he do this?

He licked his lips nervously.

“What choice do I have?” he told himself.

And that was true. In all the months he’d worked at *Rogue*, he’d only seen two Board members and he’d only seen them once. This could be his best (and only) chance to meet the Board. And while he would have preferred a less objectifying costume, he figured he could make it work. As long as he stayed strong, he could present himself as a confident woman and then everything would be all right. After all didn’t Hollywood find actors working as waiters? Wasn’t the world full of stories of secretaries and mail room clerks making it to the top? He could do this.

—o—

Christopher stood in the small kitchen off the main room of the penthouse. About forty guests had assembled in the main room. The other women were already taking them drinks. He had yet to work up his courage to leave the room. Could he do this? Could he pass himself off as a woman in this servile costume? And how would he mix with any members of the Board dressed like this? He felt so insecure. Monica had done a tremendous job sabotaging him, that was for sure. If this didn’t work, he could never present his face to the Board again. Even as it was, he wasn’t sure he could talk to them now. Maybe it was better to wait?

No, he told himself, he could do it. This could not wait. Things would only get worse the longer he waited.

He took a deep breath.

“You’re a strong, confident woman,” he told himself. “Remember that.”

But he didn’t feel confident. And he didn’t look particularly “strong” in this “sexy butler uniform” he wore. It was both oddly androgynous, threatening to expose him as a male, and yet deeply feminine, making exposure all the worse. Yet, with the curves the diet pills had given him, surely he could pass as a woman. If only he didn’t have that lump where his penis was.

“I shouldn’t have stopped those pills,” he said unhappily.

He took another deep breath.

“I can do this.”

He glanced down.

“I can do this,” he repeated.

It didn’t help. But then, he had no choice. He picked up the silver serving tray. It wasn’t easy to balance it, especially in the heels, but he managed. He just needed to remember to act femininely.

“As if that’s a problem,” he said sourly beneath his breath.

He tottered to the door.

“One quick pass,” he told himself. “Then I come back.”

He took in a deep breath and walked through the door.

The penthouse was gorgeous. Not only was it massive, but no expense had been spared to the decorations. It was lined with windows, which looked out over the city far below, and luxurious couches and chairs for guests to rest. The middle of the floor had been left open for mingling (sometimes there was a dining room table there for dinners). Most of the guests stood there talking to each other, though some had moved to the edges or looked out the windows at the city far below.

Christopher made his first pass along the windows, away from the main crowd. As he moved along the edge of the room, Christopher quickly handed out most of his drinks and he started back toward the safety of the small kitchen, figuring he would hand out the rest along the way back.

As he made his way back to the kitchen, however, he started to realize that none of the guests seemed particularly interested in him. Sure, some had glanced at his breasts or his legs or whatnot, but none of them seemed truly interested. They had all been passing glances at most. Certainly, no one seemed to have outed him as a man and no one was watching him.

His confidence grew.

He handed two more glasses to two women who looked like models. They ignored him.

His confidence grew even more.

Then he gave two more glasses to two men who looked like designers. They smiled at him, but then returned to their private conversation. Again, he slipped away unnoticed and forgotten.

His confidence grew even more. In fact, it swelled.

“I can do this,” he thought.

But then a hand reached for his final glass. As it did, a man stepped partially into his path, blocking him. The man was slightly taller than Christopher and had a rounded face and a rounded body. His hair was white, but he wasn’t as old as it made him look. He looked quite jolly actually.

“Well hello there,” he said with an accent. Perhaps London.

“Hi.”

“And who might you be?” asked the man.

Christopher’s mouth went dry. “I, uh, my name is— uh— Christina.” He’d thought about calling himself “Chris” for a moment, just in case he was spotted as a man, but he realized that wouldn’t help. So he chose the feminine name in the hopes it would help his cover. Nevertheless, his nipples popped up at using the feminine name. They showed through the blouse, which made the man smile.

“Do you work here? For Monica, I mean,” said the man almost slyly. He glanced Christopher up and down from the tips of his tall, narrow heels to his mascara-covered eyes, making Christopher burn with embarrassment. Then he sipped his champagne and waited for an answer.

“I— Uh. Y— yes. I work for Monica.”

The man chuckled ironically into his glass. “Don’t we all?”

Christopher turned slightly and pointed to the kitchen to indicate he needed to return to his duties. As he did, however, something grabbed his butt cheek and squeezed. It was a hand. A warm hand. A thick hand. A man’s hand. He instantly recalled the moment in the elevator and his embarrassing reaction to that. This was many times worse, however. This time, he knew the man. This time, the man had no plans to go away. And this time, his erection was likely showing through his pants!

Christopher’s penis shot to attention beneath his velvety pants. It felt large too, or at least larger than it had been of late, as it pressed into the pants. This worried Christopher.

“Please don’t let it show!” he gasped inside his head. Again, he wished he’d kept taking the pills.

“What do you do for Monica?” asked the man. He squeezed a little harder and lifted Christopher’s butt cheek,

“I— I have duties to perform,” said Christopher nervously.

“Well, don’t let me keep you,” said the man, though he didn’t let go of Christopher’s rear. In fact, he squeezed a little tighter, causing Christopher’s penis to grow a tiny bit more.

Christopher froze in terror. He had no idea how to get out of this!

“Say,” said the man, “you wouldn’t happen to—”

“Getting to the bottom of things, Walter?” said Vanessa suddenly. She’d slowly drifted over when she saw Christopher stopped by Walter. When she said this, the man let go of Christopher’s rear. He smiled, rushed his goodbyes, and returned to where his wife was standing.

“Thank you,” said Christopher, breathing a sigh of relief.

“It looked like you could use some help.”

Christopher nodded his head. He glanced at the man. “Who was that?”

“That? That was Walter Beltly. He’s the Chairman of the Board of Directors of *Rogue*.”

Christopher’s eyebrow shot up. That was the Chairman?! That was who he needed to get his article to?! Suddenly, everything seemed to come together: *he had his plan*. Now he just needed to get the article from where he’d hidden it and then take it to him.

...but maybe not quite yet.

Before Christopher even finished his thought, he felt Vanessa’s hand upon his stomach pushing him backwards. She moved him away from the crowd and around the corner to a more isolated portion of the room. Walter could still see the crowd from here, but this section was on the periphery. She pushed him behind a potted plant that stood as tall as he, pressing his back against the wall.

“What— what are you doing?” he asked nervously.

Vanessa snickered, but didn’t respond. Instead, she put her hand upon his crotch. Christopher felt her fingers encircle his penis and balls through the velvety material of his tight pants.

“Your little bump is showing,” she giggled.

His penis grew inside the pants at that, slowly filling her hand.

“Is it larger?” she asked in an impressed voice. She squeezed it twice. “It seems harder too. Have you been working out?” She giggled at her joke. Then she pressed her body against his. “You’ve been driving me wild in that sexy little costume. We need to get one for my apartment. You

can wear it when you serve me meals... or paint my nails. I'll bet you'd like that." She purred this last part.

Christopher blushed. The idea was both humiliating and incredibly attractive. Still, he shook his head.

"Oh yes, you would," she said and she rubbed his penis through the pants, causing a warm, excited feeling to course through him. His penis grew as large as it could, which was a bit larger than it had been of late.

"I'll bet it's turning you on to prance around in it, isn't it?"

He twisted his lip. Was it?

As she fingered his penis, Vanessa ran her other hand over his left breast. Without a bra to protect it, the breast fell into her hand and she could cup the entire thing. She also managed, with ease, to slip his erect nipple between two fingers. She squeezed it and tugged gently, causing Christopher to shudder and moan.

"I should make you come," she said.

She glanced over her shoulder at the forty or so guests assembled. None seemed to be watching. She smiled mischievously, her own nipples hard as rocks and her panties growing increasingly damp.

"Would you like that?"

Christopher shook his head, but they both knew the answer was "yes." Vanessa could feel his chest heaving as his breathing grew more labored and she felt his penis throbbing and growing stiffer than it had been in some time.

"You're so turned on," she chuckled.

"What if we get caught?"

"That just adds to the excitement."

He didn't respond. He couldn't. He was too turned on.

Vanessa started massaging his penis, which made Christopher's eyes close. At the same time, she squeezed his nipple a little bit harder, making him wince, but simultaneously making his penis lurch. Then she squeezed his penis, causing it to throb intensely. That made her giggle. "My little girl likes that."

Christopher's breathing became labored.

"Do you want to come?" she asked.

"Yes— yes, Ma'am," he said through sharp breaths.

"In front of all these people?"

"Yes."

“Such a naughty boy you are.”

She kept working his penis and his nipple. His penis throbbed. He felt a rhythm building inside, a rhythm he hadn't truly felt in months. It was exciting. It was arousing. It was exhilarating.

“The question is, should I let you come?”

Christopher felt an icy chill race down his spine. Would she really stop now? Now?! She couldn't! *He needed this!*

“Don't stop!” he gasped.

Vanessa leaned forward and planted her lips on his. Her lips were warm and soft. She squeezed and tugged on his nipple. His penis was straining for release. “All right,” she said softly.

She glanced over her shoulder and then sped up her stroking.

“Tell me you're a girl,” she said.

Christopher bit his lip uncertainly. He didn't know if he should. Indeed, he feared it. It seemed too powerful a thing to be said out loud. It was the sort of thing once said, it became true. That fear made him tremble.

“If you want to come... say it, *Christina.*”

Christopher swallowed hard. He wanted to come. He dug deep down for courage and he said it: “I'm—I'm a girl.” A tiny thrill made him tremble as he said it, thrusting Christopher deeper into his world of warm, soft submission. She could ask anything of him now, and he knew that.

“What a good girl you are,” purred Vanessa. “Now tell me you're *my* girl.”

His penis throbbed harder and harder. He was close. “I'm your girl,” he said breathlessly.

Vanessa stroked him faster, speeding up the rhythm. His breathing became jagged. His chest heaved. His penis throbbed intensely. His whole body was starting to shake as he struggled to balance on his tall heels.

Then she smiled evilly. “Now tell me you're a sissy.”

At the same time she said this, Vanessa scraped the nail on her thumb across his nipple. Even through the shirt it sent a jolt through him. That combined with the tantalizingly emasculating prospect of admitting he was a sissy filled him with a fire he could not explain. In that moment, his penis reared back and exploded forward, thrusting out come for the first time in forever.

He nearly collapsed a second later. Breathless. Spent.

“I—I'm a sissy,” he said finally.

He felt elated.

—o—

“Better get back to your job,” said Vanessa.

She glanced over her shoulder at the crowd once more before putting her finger under Christopher’s chin, holding up his head, and kissing him on the lips. He meekly nodded and started toward the kitchen to get more drinks. As he approached the door to the kitchen, however, the urge suddenly overcame him to get this over with. His article was here. He knew who to give it to now. So why wait? He turned away from the door and started toward the plant behind which he had hidden the envelope containing his article.

It was still there.

Christopher crouched down and grabbed the envelope from behind the planter. He straightened himself up. His mind was focused. It was time to earn his freedom. He spun around on his heels. He spotted Walter Beltly. He took a deep breath and started in his direction. Nothing was going to stop him now. Only, as he marched toward Beltly, Christopher became vaguely aware of someone stepping into his path. It was a woman in a black sequined gown and tall spike heels. She wore glasses. Narrow glasses. And she was looking over the tops of those glasses at him. She folded her arms.

He stopped.

It was Monica.

“What do you think you’re doing?” said Monica in her familiar cold tone.

The elation that had powered Christopher for the past few minutes evaporated instantly. Panic hit him. “M— me?”

“Why aren’t you serving drinks?”

“I— well— I mean.”

“You are here to serve drinks, not mingle.”

He fumbled for what to say. “I well—” He felt a strong desire to flee.

“Your tray is lying on the ground,” said Monica, pointing to where he’d left it after grabbing the envelope. “That’s shocking behavior.” She glanced down at the envelope. “And what is this?”

He had no clue what to say, and he had lost too much of his calm to be able to come up with a believable story on the spot, so he said nothing and he watched helplessly as she pulled the envelope from his hand. As she did, two women from marketing came up behind Christopher and stood behind him, giving Christopher the impression they were guards. Behind Monica, Vanessa approached.

Christopher now watched in despair as Monica opened the envelope and pulled out the copy of his article. Monica glanced at the article. She scoffed.

“Again, did you really think you could replace me?” she said, understanding his entire plot instantly upon seeing the article; it was pointless to deny it. She shook her head. Then she held up the copy of the article and she ripped it in half. Christopher watched helplessly. Finally, she handed the torn article over her shoulder to Vanessa. “Dispose of this.”

Vanessa took it.

“Again, I am shocked, Christopher,” continued Monica as if lecturing a child. “One would have thought you would have learned your lesson the first time. But apparently not.” She shook her head. It was time to announce sentence. But just as she opened her mouth, Walter Beltly appeared.

“Monica. Good to see you,” he said happily.

Monica’s face instantly changed. It went from dour to... well, not so dour. Indeed, it was almost friendly. “Walter. I’m flattered you could make it. I wasn’t sure if you were coming.”

“I wouldn’t miss this for the world, Monica. You always invite the most interesting people. I see Lymon Dartier is here.”

“Yes, I’m giving him a large spread in Spring.”

“Oh, that will be nice. Nice indeed.” Walter glanced at Christopher. “Hello again,” he said. Now he addressed Monica: “I was speaking to Christina earlier. An excellent addition to your staff.”

Monica’s eyebrow went up. She glanced at Christopher. There was something malicious in the glance. Then she smiled warmly at Walter and faked a surprised laugh: “But Walter, ‘*Christina*’ isn’t a woman.”

Beltly’s jaw dropped. “She isn’t?”

“She’s a man, Walter,” said Monica calmly. “*She’s Christopher*. You recall, Christopher, don’t you? The Board wanted me to hire him to provide the male perspective on fashion. Well, here it is.”

Christopher melted in humiliation. In fact, he was surprised he could remain standing at all as the blow had struck him so severely. Not only had Monica crushed his plan to gain his freedom, but she had now forever disgraced him before the Board. After this revelation, Walter Beltly would never let him take over anything, especially after having played with Christopher's rear. Indeed, thought Christopher, it would be a shock if Beltly didn't demand he be fired on the spot.

"Ah... well," was all Beltly said.

"I think it's time Christopher went home," said Monica. "*He's not feeling well.*"

Without another word, the two women from marketing escorted Christopher to the elevator and made sure he left. His plan was finished. He'd lost.

—o—

A little later, Christopher sat in his apartment. He was still stunned. How had things gone so terribly wrong? How unlucky had he been that Monica saw him fetch the envelope and reasoned that he was up to something. If only she hadn't seen him, he might have had a chance to get the article to Beltly, and then everything would be different.

Alas, it wasn't.

"Now what?" asked Amanda.

She still wore a little black dress from her date that night. Her black pumps were parked next to the couch. Christopher still wore the sexy butler costume. He hadn't bothered to change. Both had beers in their hands.

"I guess I start all over somewhere else," he said.

"They're looking for a secretary in our office."

"A secretary?!"

Amanda shrugged her shoulders. "It's not like they're going to hire you as a manager. Besides, this way, you can stay a girl and we can be work buddies. We can go to lunch together. We can ogle the guys together. We can share gossip." She smiled broadly.

Christopher glared at her. "Are you joking?"

Amanda laughed. "Where are you going to get a better offer?"

Christopher shook his head, but he had to admit there was something attractive in the offer. It would be easy to stay as a woman,

especially with a friend like Amanda, and just disappear as a secretary. No pressure. Besides, returning to a man would be difficult. It would be months or maybe even longer before his body returned to something passable as a man. And then he would need to relearn all the male mannerisms he'd lost. That seemed daunting. And then there was the question of whether he even wanted to become a man again. And what about Vanessa? Would she still want to see him? How would being a woman (or becoming a man) affect her? These were all difficult questions.

“Are you going back to collect your stuff?” asked Amanda.

Christopher raised an eyebrow. He hadn't thought about that. Well, that's not entirely true. He hadn't thought about the things in his desk, but since he'd gotten home, one thought had taken hold firmly: he wanted to confront Monica about what she'd done. She may have gotten her way, but he was going to tell her exactly how he felt about her. Maybe it would give her a few sleepless nights, he thought. What's more, he was going to resign. He didn't care if she tried to fire him either (or even if she had already fired him), he wanted the dignity of slapping his letter of resignation upon her desk and walking out proudly.

Chapter Twelve: “The End”

—o—

Christopher sat at his desk waiting for Monica. He wore long black dress pants, a dark purple blouse, and black pumps. He was here to resign. It was over. Monica had won. Any shot of winning his freedom was gone. At best, he would always be a secretary from now on. He didn't want that. Not to mention, trying to stay after Monica crushed him so thoroughly would be like crawling back to her. She would own him body and soul if he did that. That was too emasculating.

And of course, there was no way Monica would let him stay now either. He'd tried to take her job and failed. He was surprised they even let him into the building this morning.

“It's a shame,” he thought.

Monica arrived a few minutes later. She stormed off the elevator as she always did. Today she wore a light gray skirt suit, which almost appeared the color of milk, and textured almond pumps. She wore a knee-length fur coat over it and white gloves. She tottered over to his desk. There was a sense of victory about her, but surprisingly, no sense of anger.

“No coffee,” she said in what passed for her incredulous tone.

Christopher shook his head.

Monica dropped her purse onto his desk. Then she pulled off her gloves and dropped those as well before adding her coat to the pile. She stared at him the entire time.

“Shall I take that as your resignation?” said Monica.

“If you like.”

Monica picked up her mail and moved to her office. Christopher followed her. She sat down on the couch that formed the sitting area in her office rather than her desk. Christopher came and stood before her.

“It's too bad you've chosen to run away,” she said in her calm, indifferent manner. “You were becoming a worthwhile secretary. Not as good as Emma, of course, but you had distinct promise.”

Christopher's eyebrow went up. “You expect me to stay?”

“Naturally.”

Christopher was shocked. “Just like that. Even after I tried to go over your head?”

She smirked with her eyes. Then she calmly said, “There was never any possibility of you succeeding.” She said this in such an indifferent way that it made Christopher blush. Her indifference was a mockery of all of his efforts. While he had struggled in what he saw as a titanic fight, she brushed him aside like a fly. He felt very small and very foolish.

But why did she still want him here?

“Does she just want me to agree to stay so she can fire me?” he asked himself. “No, she could fire me right now if she wanted. She could have fired me last night. But then, why does she want me to stay? That makes no sense?!”

Only, it did.

Christopher suddenly realized he was a trophy. She had defeated him, crushed him. She had emasculated him. Demoted him. And now she’d proven her infinite power over him. She wanted him to stay so she could gloat over him. A chill went over him and he shuddered.

“The Board—” he said, trying to save some face.

“The Board obeys me.”

That failed.

He took a difficult breath. He felt suddenly very uncertain. Why hadn’t he stormed out of here? Could it be he was considering her offer? No, he wasn’t. He couldn’t be. Could he? Could it really be that simple, what she was offering? He licked his lips nervously.

“All I have to do,” he started cautiously, “is go back to my desk—”

He hesitated.

“—go back to my desk and—”

He struggled to say it. His heart was pounding.

“Go back and— be your happy, little almost-Emma?” he asked.

For a moment, nothing happened. For a moment, the room was still. Then a wicked smile appeared upon Monica’s face. This was the first true smile Christopher had ever seen upon her face and it genuinely frightened him. It frightened him to think of the emotion she must be summoning to produce it and it frightened him how strangely attracted he suddenly felt to her proposal.

She crossed her legs.

“Not quite,” she said softly and yet firmly... authoritatively.

Her words sent an electric shock down Christopher’s spine. He trembled for a moment. An awful silence then followed. It was the kind of

silence that could break a man and Christopher almost broke; he fought against the need to end it, as he knew that meant surrender. It took incredible will, but he waited for Monica to speak.

She did.

“There would be one small act required before I forgive your attempted *coup d’etat*.”

Christopher began to breathe heavily. He wasn’t sure why. His palms were sweaty. His heart raced. He was fairly sure his nipples pressed into his bra. “An— an act?”

“An act of contrition.”

He licked his lips nervously. “Wh— what would I need to do?”

“A simple kiss,” she said, “to show you understand your place.

With that, she glanced down at her foot, the one hanging in the air at the end of her crossed leg. She flexed her toes and the textured almond stiletto pump encasing her foot popped off her heel with an audible “POP” noise. For a moment, it dangled from the tips of her toes. Then it began to sway back and forth hypnotically.

Christopher shuddered with weakness. He began to wobble on his heels.

“M— my place,” he said without even realizing it.

He stared at her foot, seeing every detail of her shoe from its pointed toe to its sharp heel, from the curve it held her foot to the almost woven texture of the almond material. He saw every line of her foot, every angle, every crack in its skin. He saw the cleavage between her exposed toes. Then a strange thing happened. His penis grew erect. He could feel it pressing into his pants, throbbing. He licked his lips nervously once more. He trembled. Was he really thinking about doing this? To kiss her foot would be an act of total surrender. To kiss her foot would be to surrender into slavery to this evil woman, slavery with no boundaries. If he lowered himself to his knees and kissed her foot, he would be forever hers to command in any demeaning, humiliating, emasculating manner she wanted and they both knew it. There is nothing she could not ask. What’s more, she was making it very clear she intended to exercise that power to its fullest. He could never agree to that.

So why was he struggling to refuse?

Why had he gotten hard?

The next few seconds felt like an eternity. Monica stared devilishly at him as he stared helplessly at her foot. His rational mind screamed for him to leave, but that other part of him would not let him. That part of him imagined all the humiliations he had endured these past few months and how shockingly aroused they had made him and it yearned for more. He genuinely did not know which way he would go.

And then, it felt like a switch was flipped. He'd made up his mind.

He opened his mouth to speak his decision.

KNOCK! KNOCK! There came a knock at the door.

Christopher froze.

KNOCK! KNOCK!

Before either could react, Walter Beltly, President of the Board of Directors of *Rogue*, popped his head through the door. He was smiling. He immediately saw Christopher standing before Monica.

“Ah, good morning. Just the ones I wanted to see,” he said and he came over to them. He was holding Christopher’s article. It had been taped back together. “Was this your article, young man?”

Christopher looked utterly confused. “That? My article? Ye— uh, yes.”

“It’s brilliant. Positively brilliant.”

“Where did you get that?” demanded Monica.

“I have my sources too, Monica,” he chuckled and he admonished her with a playful wag of his finger at her. “And you’ve been holding out on us, hiding young Christopher.”

Monica’s jaw dropped. “Hiding? *Him?*”

“Yes, quite. You knew the Board wanted a menswear editor and from what we’ve seen, Christopher is a rare talent. I understand he ghostwrote the ‘His As Hers’ feature too.”

Monica looked shocked. “Who— who told you such a thing?”

“Like I said, I have a very good source,” he said. “What’s more, the Board and I spent considerable time last night after the reception discussing it.” He shook his head in an oddly sympathetic manner. “We warned you, Monica. *Rogue* needs a new perspective, some fresh blood as it were. Not much, but enough. And you seem unwilling to provide that.”

What little color there was in Monica’s face drained away.

Beltly saw this. “Now don’t be so dramatic—”

“Dramatic?! I made this magazine, Walter. Without me, it is nothing. Without me, it will be nothing.”

“We want a menswear editor, Monica, that’s all. And now we’ve found him,” declared Beltly and he patted Christopher on the back.

Monica gasped. “*Christopher?! Him?!?*”

“The Board wants him.”

“Look at him! How can *he* provide a man’s perspective?”

“It’s been decided.”

Monica shot to her feet. “I decide what goes into *Rogue*, Walter. Me!” For the first time ever in Christopher’s experience, Monica was raising her voice. He stepped back cautiously; Walter did not.

“This time the Board does,” said Beltly softly.

“It was one article, Walter! He wrote *one* article!”

“We’re not replacing you—”

“*Replacing me?! ME?!?*” gasped Monica like some cartoon villain. “I am *Rogue*, Walter! It. Is. Me. Every word, every photo, they are all me. Every time anyone picks up *Rogue*, they are looking directly at my very soul. Did you think you could somehow take that from me?”

“No one’s taking anything from you, Monica,” said Walter dismissively, but in a good-natured sort of way. “We’re envisioning a new role for you. Christopher can do the editing and we’ll promote you to a senior advisory sort of position, reporting to Christopher.”

“*Work for him?!?*” she hissed.

“In a word, yes.”

“*Never! Never!?*” Monica glared poisoned daggers at Beltly and then stormed out of the office.

“I never did like that woman,” snickered Beltly. He turned to Christopher. “So what do you say? Do you want the job?”

—o—

Vanessa sat at her desk editing an article. She looked up when she heard the knock. It was Christopher. She set the article down and leaned back in her chair. She smirked. “Congratulations,” she said.

“You heard?” asked Christopher.

Vanessa laughed. “Everyone’s heard.” She shook her head in disbelief. “So are you here to fire me?”

Christopher looked shocked. “Why would I fire you?”

“Maybe because I know whose panties you wear?”

Christopher shrugged his shoulders.

Vanessa snickered cynically. “Maybe because you know that if I stay, I’ll still expect you to spend your weekends at my place rubbing my feet and serving me breakfast in bed.”

Christopher chuckled and shrugged his shoulders again.

“Could make for some awkward meetings,” she warned.

“It could.”

“So you’re really not here to fire me?”

Christopher shook his head. “I need an Emma.”

Vanessa snorted out a laugh. “Not in the cards. If I stay, I stay as an editor.” She paused to contemplate her list of demands before adding, “and I get a pay raise. A good one.”

“You’re giving me terms?”

“Yeah, and you’ll accept them.”

Christopher chuckled. “Yes, Ma’am.” He smiled. “Thanks, by the way.”

“For what?”

“For getting that article to the Board.”

Vanessa blushed. “Someone had to do it; Monica was wrong.” She smirked. “Besides, I didn’t think they would promote you. I thought they would promote me. I told them it was mine,” she lied playfully.

They both laughed. Then they stared into each other’s eyes for several seconds before Vanessa shook her head in mock frustration. “Somehow, I always thought I would be the one in charge,” she said. She exhaled loudly and shook her head. “You know I’m coming for your job, right?”

“I wouldn’t expect anything less.”

“Just so we’re clear.”

“We’re clear.”

Christopher turned and started to leave her office. As he reached the door, she stopped him, however.

“One question,” she said.

“What?”

“Is my boss ‘Christopher’ or ‘Christina’?”

Christopher felt a warm glow. He smiled.

The End

—o—

**Thanks for reading my book!
I hope you enjoyed it!**

**Don't forget to check out my other books.
They are all at my Amazon homepage:**

<https://www.amazon.com/Ann-Michelle/e/B007JLQ9RG/>

They are listed below as well:

—o—

Anything For An 'A'

William has a plan to keep from failing his college course. He's going to offer to do anything the gorgeous professor wants... anything. What could possibly go wrong there? Well, William is about to find out as he spends one very bad night in dresses.

For Mature Audiences Only. This 30,400 word, 111 page story includes female domination, forced feminization, cross-dressing, pegging, spanking, power exchange, small size humiliation, chastity devices, and so much more.

November 2018 No. 1 Best Seller in Transgender Erotica at Amazon!

—o—

Becoming Georgia (Part One: The New Maid)

George and his friend Oliver thought no one was watching when they accidentally broke the window playing ball. Little did they know that George's pesky stepsister Emma saw the whole thing. Now they would find out what the price was for her silence. Much to their surprise... it involves dresses.

This Part One of the series.

For Mature Audiences Only. This 32,600 word story includes female domination, forced feminization, blackmail, and so much more!

July 2021 No. 1 Best Seller in Transgender Erotica at Amazon!

—o—

Becoming Georgia (Part Two: The Mall)

Poor George. After getting caught breaking Widow Wilson's window, he finds himself firmly under Emma's thumb as she blackmails him to get whatever she wants. And what does she want? She wants him to do her chores. She likes to see him jump at her command. And perhaps worst of all, she likes to dress him in her clothes. Now he's been caught in a compromising position by Emma and her guests. Things could not get worse, could they? Sadly, they can. This is the story of George's trip to the mall.

This Part Two of the series.

For Mature Audiences Only. This 33,300 word story includes female domination, forced feminization, blackmail, and so much more!

October 2021 and November 2021 No. 1 Best Seller in Transgender Erotica at Amazon!

—o—

Becoming Georgia (Part Three: Servitude)

George's story continues. With his stepmother discovering the clothes Emma bought him, George now finds himself sentenced to remain a girl full-time for the foreseeable future. What's more, when his stepmother learns he broke Widow Wilson's window, she orders him to work off the cost of the window as Wilson's maid. At least he's free of Emma's domination, right? Well, maybe not.

In this third part of George's story, George struggles with being dressed as a girl full-time while trying to understand why this is all becoming more and more normal for him. This is Part Three of the series.

For Mature Audiences Only. This 31,400 word story includes female domination, forced feminization, blackmail, maid costumes, and so much more!

November 2021 and December 2021 No. 1 Best Seller in Transgender Erotica at Amazon!

—o—

Blackmailed Sissy Maid

Powerful men like Christopher Jordan need ways to unwind. For Christopher this meant having a safe, anonymous internet mistress. But this mistress wasn't as anonymous as he thought. Christopher will now learn a hard lesson as this mysterious mistress slowly places him at the mercy of the women in his life.

For Mature Audiences Only. This 38,000 word, 133 page story includes female domination, forced feminization, power exchange, chastity devices, spanking, domestic discipline, and so much more!

August 2013 No. 1 Best Seller in Transgender Erotica at Amazon!

—o—

Caught By His Roommate

Mitch thought Katie was the perfect woman. She was beautiful. She was innocent. She was naive. And best of all, she dressed the way young women should dress in heels and dresses. So Mitch tricked Katie into becoming roommates so he could explore her closet. Unfortunately for Mitch, Katie would catch him red handed. That's when things got really strange for Mitch. See, Katie wasn't as innocent and naive as he thought, and she had plans for her new sissy!

This book includes Five Illustrations!!

For Mature Audiences Only. This 33,200 word, 140 page story includes power exchange, female domination, cross-dressing, forced feminization, pegging, bondage, spanking, and so much more!

June 2017 and July 2017 No. 1 Best Seller in Transgender Erotica at Amazon!

—o—

Caught By His Wife's Best Friend (Part One)

While Dylan's wife was away on a business trip, Dylan decided to spend a little time playing in her closet. Unfortunately for him, his wife's friend Colby catches him. Naturally, she wants to have some fun with Dylan, which means blackmail and feminization. How far will Colby go? Will Dylan's wife figure it out?

This is Part One of Two.

For Mature Audiences Only. This 32,500 word, 126 page story includes power exchange, female domination, cross-dressing, forced feminization, pegging, maid costumes, erotic humiliation, and so much more!

February 2019 No. 1 Best Seller in Transgender Erotica at Amazon!



Caught By His Wife's Best Friend (Part Two)

Dylan wasn't all that upset to find himself blackmailed by his wife's best friend Colby after she caught him cross-dressing. After all, this was the fantasy of a lifetime come true. But with Colby's demands becoming ever greater, Dylan finally had no choice but to try to escape her power. So he called his wife. Yep. *He called his wife!* What will happen now? Will she save her husband from Colby? And will there be a price to pay for her help? Maybe Dylan will end up a feminized secretary after all.

This Part concludes the story.

For Mature Audiences Only. This 33,300 word, 127 page story includes power exchange, female domination, cross-dressing, forced feminization, milking, oral, chastity devices, maid costumes, erotic humiliation, and so much more!

March 2019 No. 1 Best Seller in Transgender Erotica at Amazon!



Caught In Her Closet

Jimmy always enjoyed cross-dressing secretly when no one else was home. Then he gets caught by Christine and her friend. What will Christine do with her new stepsissy?

With five illustrations from Ilgor!

For Mature Audiences Only. This 31,000 word, 129 page story includes female domination, cross-dressing, forced feminization, spanking, erotic humiliation, and so much more!

June 2017 and July 2017 No. 1 Best Seller in Transgender Erotica at Amazon!



A Collection of Short Stories, Vol. One: Three Tales of Halloween Magic

Sometimes, stories are better when they are short and sweet. This first volume of short stories includes three separate tales of Halloween magic:

They Messed With The Wrong Witch: Three rotten brothers learn a lesson they will never forget when they wrongly accuse a woman of being a witch.

The Magic Ring: A husband and wife argue over a magic ring only to discover that magic can be a dangerous and tricky thing. Soon they learn what happens when the shoe ends up on the other foot.

I Wasn't Myself: The tale of a man who finds himself in the body of his ex-wife. That's not the worst part though. The worst part is that his ex-wife is now in his!

For Mature Audiences Only. This 30,000 word volume includes female domination, forced feminization, power exchange, cross-dressing, gender transformation by magic, partial gender transformation by magic, transformation into an object, mind control, breast growth, oral, and so much more!

—o—

A Collection of Short Stories, Vol. Two: Tales of Feminization By Hypnosis

Sometimes, stories are better when they are short and sweet. This second volume of short stories includes four tales of feminization by hypnosis!

Save Us Sis!: Candice gets a plea from her brother to come save him and their father. Is this a joke? Or is something sinister going on at home?

Controlled By His Roommate: Dave is about to learn that his roommate Katie has more control over him than he thought!

The 'Disappearance' of Alpha Mu: A college committee investigates the 'disappearance' of Alpha Mu fraternity. Though, 'disappearance' might be the wrong word.

Hypnotized Husband: Diane is shocked when her husband starts dressing like a woman after he participates in a hypnosis stage show. But all may not be as it seems.

For Mature Audiences Only. This 27,200 word volume includes female domination, forced feminization, power exchange, cross-dressing, hypnosis, paddling, and so much more!

September 2018 No. 1 Best Seller in Transgender Erotica at Amazon!

—o—

Dress Coded

Written in the spirit of *Grounded in Heels*, this is the story of Charlie Mitchell. Charlie wants to wear shorts, but the dress code doesn't allow it. He tries it anyway, figuring that the worst the principal can do is send him home for the day. Boy, was he wrong! Before he knows it, Charlie finds himself stuck in skirts and dresses and worse. What will the other students think? Will this complicate his run for class president against his nemesis... Stephanie Mills?

For Mature Audiences Only. This 32,500 word, 141 page story includes female domination, cross-dressing, forced feminization, spanking, and so much more!

May 2018 and June 2018 No. 1 Best Seller in Transgender Erotica at Amazon!

—o—

Emasculated By His Mother-in-Law (Part One)

Richard agreed to help his pregnant wife Christine fit a dress. In the middle of doing so, however, his wife's mother unexpectedly shows up and catches him in the dress! The only way for Richard and Christine to avoid utter embarrassment, and years of nagging from Christine's mother, is if Richard pretends he's really the maid until she leaves. Unfortunately, his mother-in-law has no plans to leave. What's more, she sees through the charade and decides this might be a good opportunity to teach Richard some lessons. Things may not turn out as anyone expects though.

This is Part One.

For Mature Audiences Only. This 32,900 word, 125 page story includes power exchange, female domination, cross-dressing, forced feminization, maid costumes, and so much more!

April 2019 and May 2019 No. 1 Best Seller in Transgender Erotica at Amazon!

—o—

Emasculated By His Mother-in-Law (Part Two)

Martha's attempt to teach Richard and Christine a lesson has backfired. Trapping Richard as Miranda has given him the chance to see that maybe there is something exciting about being feminized after all. But will Richard take Miranda as far as Christine wants? And how far will Martha go to put an end to this charade?

This is Part Two.

For Mature Audiences Only. This 32,300 word story includes power exchange, female domination, cross-dressing, forced feminization, maid costumes, shemales, and so much more!

June 2019 No. 1 Best Seller in Transgender Erotica at Amazon!

—o—

Emasculated By His Mother-in-Law (Part Three)

Trapped cross-dressed by his mother-in-law's unexpected appearance, Richard and his wife Christine undertook an ill-considered deception to keep from having to explain why he was dressed the way he was. It seemed simple enough. But now Richard finds himself stuck living as his wife's maid and every day seems to dig him deeper into the charade. And as if that wasn't enough, now his sister-in-law has shown up as well and she knows his secret! These are hard times for Richard... at least until the hormones kick in. But then, maybe he's enjoying it? See how things turn out for Richard and Christine in this lengthy conclusion!

This is the final part.

For Mature Audiences Only. This 44,500 word story includes power exchange, female domination, cross-dressing, forced feminization, hormones, shrunken manhood, maid costumes, shemales, and so much more!

September 2019 and October 2019 No. 1 Best Seller in Transgender Erotica at Amazon!



Emasculating My Husband

When I married Mike, I thought I had found my fairy-tale prince. He seemed to be strong and confident and the kind of man you wanted to lead the family you hoped to build. Sadly, I soon learned that he was none of those things. Still, I did my best to be the submissive little housewife I had been taught to be. Then one day, just as I could take no more, I came upon a hormone cream that would change everything. Before my plans were finished, Mike would be the submissive little housewife in the four-inch heels!

For Mature Audiences Only. This 34,000 erotic story is told in the first person by Mike's wife, and includes female domination, forced feminization, hormones, tiny penis humiliation, cuckolding, and so much more!

June 2015 and July 2015 No. 1 Best Seller in Transgender Erotica at Amazon!



Femford School for Girls (Part One)

Lewis Stevens thinks his fiancée is having an affair at the secretive girl's school where she works. He decides to sneak into the school to find out. Little does he realize that this girl's school has another purpose. Now he finds himself trapped and going through their program. Can his fiancée help him? Will she want to?

For Mature Audiences Only. This 33,600 word, 131 page story includes female domination, forced feminization, cross-dressing, pegging, spanking, paddling, hormones, power exchange, erotic humiliation, and so much more!

May 2017 and June 2017 No. 1 Best Seller in Transgender Erotica at Amazon!



The Femford School (Part Two)

Each day Lewis remains trapped at the Femford School, he finds himself feminized further. Bit by bit, his masculinity is being stripped away. What's more, Vera has set into motion a series of changes that will forever alter Lewis's mind and body to make him Maria's submissive pet. Only Maria can save him now, but why does she keep dragging her feet? Can Lewis resist long enough to convince her to save his manhood?

This Part concludes the series.

For Mature Audiences Only. This 34,500 word, 138 page story includes female domination, forced feminization, cross-dressing, pegging, spanking, paddling, hormones, power exchange, erotic humiliation, and so much more!

June 2017 No. 1 Best Seller in Transgender Erotica at Amazon!



Feminized and Cuckolded

Brent watches as his new boss Rebecca seduces and marries his friend John. Before Brent's very eyes, she begins to feminize his friend. So why doesn't Brent do something to stop her? Well, it's complicated. See, he wants her for himself, and if John becomes a girl, that might make it easier. This can't end well.

For Mature Audiences Only. Told in the first person, this 32,500 word, 126 page story includes female domination, forced feminization, cross-dressing, spanking, small penis humiliation, pegging, potential cuckolding, oral, erotic humiliation, and so much more!

April 2017 No. 1 Best Seller in Transgender Erotica at Amazon!



Feminized By His Mother-in-Law: Part One: Not Man Enough

Christopher has a problem. He has a beautiful new wife who loves him, but his mother-in-law thinks he's not man enough for her. Even worse, she's set out to prove it. Can Christopher stop her from making him not a man at all?

This is Part One of Two.

For Mature Audiences Only. This 30,400 word, 125 page story includes female domination, forced feminization, cross-dressing, paddling, small penis humiliation, erotic humiliation, and so much more!

February 2018 No. 1 Best Seller in Transgender Erotica at Amazon!

March 2018 No. 1 Best Seller in Transgender Erotica at Amazon!



Feminized By His Mother-in-Law: Part Two: Not Woman Enough

Christopher's problem is getting worse. Not only is his mother-in-law still determined to prove that he's not man enough for his wife, but now his wife is starting to think she wants him feminized. Can 'Chrissy' escape his increasingly feminine fate?

This second part concludes the series.

For Mature Audiences Only. This 30,300 word, 130 page story includes female domination, forced feminization, cross-dressing, paddling, small penis humiliation, oral, erotic humiliation, and so much more!

March 2018 No. 1 Best Seller in Transgender Erotica at Amazon!



Feminized By Hypnosis

Jess and his stepmother never got along, at least until she brought him a new CD. Now they get along great. What's more, Jess and his father have decided to clean up their acts... to be more helpful. They're even wearing maid uniforms to help around the house. So why does something about this seem wrong to Jess? Can Jess find help to save him from his evil stepmother, or are he and his father destined to become sissy maids... or worse?

For Mature Audiences Only. This 39,000 word, 144 page story includes female domination, forced feminization, hypnosis, maid costumes, erotic humiliation and so much more!

September 2012 No. 1 Best Seller in Transgender Erotica at Amazon!



Feminized Cuckold

When powerbroker Paul Jackson loses his job, he finds himself at the mercy of his trophy wife. Little by little, she feminizes Paul as she turns him from domineering husband into submissive housewife. She even invites his former best friend to move into their home, and she cuckolds him. Will this be his new life or can he escape his fate?

For Mature Audiences Only. This 49,100 word, 176 page story includes female domination, forced feminization, cuckolding, spanking, domestic discipline, hormones, and so much more!

September 2012 No. 1 Best Seller in Transgender Erotica at Amazon!



Feminized Fiancé

When Victoria Martin built 'The Martin Firm' into one of the most prestigious firms in the world, she expected that her daughter Sarah would one day follow in her high-heeled footsteps and take over the business. When she learns that Sarah is planning to marry a young man Victoria considers entirely unsuitable, however, Victoria sets out to make sure Sarah will never want to marry him... by turning him into a woman.

This is the first of two books.

For Mature Audiences Only. This 33,000 word, 114 page story includes female domination, forced feminization, cross-dressing, power exchange, and so much more!

November 2013 No. 1 Best Seller in Transgender Erotica at Amazon!



Serving His Fiancée

This is Part Two of *Feminized Fiancé*.

Rick is now trapped in a rigged bet with the powerful Victoria Martin. Rick must win his fiancée back to regain his freedom or he'll be trapped as Victoria's sissy maid forever! Complicating Rick's plight, Victoria is forcing him to masquerade as his fiancée's personal maid 'Sissy', and he can't tell her who he really is. But does she already know?

This book concludes the series.

For Mature Audiences Only. This 32,000 word, 105 page story includes female domination, forced feminization, cross-dressing, power exchange, and so much more!

January 2014 and February 2014 No. 1 Best Seller in Transgender Erotica at Amazon!



Feminizing Her Husband (The Complete Story – Parts 1 & 2)

Part One: How Megan Avoided Pregnancy: Megan and Mark can't agree. Mark wants a baby, but Megan does not. When Mark issues an ultimatum to his wife demanding a baby, she counters by demanding that he dress as a woman for nine months before she will agree to get pregnant. Naturally, she assumes her macho husband will never agree. Imagine her surprise when he does. What follows is a cat and mouse game as each tries to trick the other into giving up.

Part Two: How Megan Got Pregnant: Things are changing fast now as Mark begins to 'grow' into the role of 'Princess.' But Mark isn't the only one changing. Megan is about to undergo a major change as well. Will Mark get the baby he wants? Will Megan let him escape with his masculinity intact?

For Mature Audiences Only. This 75,000 word, 244 page story includes female domination, forced feminization, hormones, chastity devices, small penis humiliation, pegging, and so much more!

May 2016 No. 1 Best Seller in Transgender Erotica at Amazon!

June 2016 No. 1 Best Seller in Transgender Erotica at Amazon!



Grounded in Heels

When Sam's stepmother discovers the perfect way to keep her stepson out of trouble, she unknowingly puts him at the mercy of his worst enemy... his vengeful stepsister Diane. Now Diane has plans to make sure he never escapes. Can Sam find a way to save himself or will his summer in heels become a lifetime sentence?

For Mature Audiences Only. This 42,000 word, 154 page story includes female domination, forced feminization, hormones, spanking, domestic discipline, and a lot more!

April 2013 and December 2015 No. 1 Best Seller in Transgender Erotica at Amazon!



Grounded In Heels (Part Two: Back To School)

With Sam's stepmother forcing Sam to return to school as 'Samantha' until she can find a way to undo the feminine changes Diane has done to his body, Sam must learn to deal with being a young woman surrounded by the people who knew him as Sam. Can he keep his secret? Even worse, Sam still finds himself under the absolutely power of his vengeful stepsister Diane, who is determined to humiliate him and make his time in heels permanent.

For Mature Audiences Only. This 36,000 word, 128 page story includes female domination, forced feminization, hormones, tiny penis humiliation, spanking, and so much more!

December 2015 and January 2016 No. 1 Best Seller in Transgender Erotica at Amazon!



Her High-Heeled Solution

John's wife Suzie wrongly thinks she's caught her husband having an affair. With the help of a friend, she comes up with an ingenious way to guarantee that John will never have another affair:

she locks him into a pair of high heels. This simple solution goes wrong, however, as husband and wife both try to outwit each other. Soon events are spinning out of control. What's more, standing in the middle of all of this is Crystal, Suzie's best friend, who is having a grand time manipulating them both to make sure John gets slowly feminized.

For Mature Audiences Only. This 34,000 word, 121 page story includes female domination, forced feminization, spanking, erotic humiliation, pegging, and so much more!

November 2015 and December 2015 No. 1 Best Seller in Transgender Erotica at Amazon!

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The House On Femford Hill

Would you stay in a haunted house? What if the house was known for turning men into women? Professor Eric Meyer plans to stay. See, Professor Meyer studies the strange, the supernatural, and the paranormal, and he can't wait to investigate the famed House on Femford Hill, which is rumored to turn those who stay overnight into women. Could this be true? Professor Meyer intends to find out.

Includes a surprise re-edited story from Crystal Summers!

For Mature Audiences Only. Written by Crystal and Ann, this 38,500 word, page two-story collection includes female domination, forced feminization, power exchange, gender transformation, partial gender transformation, spanking, small size humiliation, and so much more!

October 2018 No. 1 Best Seller in Transgender Erotica at Amazon!

—o—

Humiliation At The Office

For too long, corporate hotshot Andrew Boden treated the women of the office like sex objects. Now his secretary is out to settle the score as she slowly feminizes him and traps him in an inescapable web of femininity and humiliation. Little by little, Andrew loses his power, his freedom, and his masculinity, and everyone at the office is noticing.

For Mature Audiences Only. This 41,000 word, 153 page story includes female domination, forced feminization, cross-dressing, power exchange, maid uniforms, erotic humiliation, breast growth, hormones, shrunken manhood, and so much more!

March 2012 No. 1 Best Seller in Transgender Erotica at Amazon!

—o—

The Making of Danielle (Parts One Through Five)

This is my take on a very classic idea that comes up often in our genre: the idea of the young man transformed by an evil "Aunt." It's also my biggest selling series!

Daniel is an unruly young man who fights constantly with his stepmother. To end the fighting once and for all, his stepmother sends Daniel to an Aunt he's never met who will teach him discipline. Imagine his surprise when he finds himself put into skirts and he is trained to become a girl.

For Mature Audiences Only. This story is over 190,000 words combined and 726 pages! It includes female domination, power exchange, forced feminization, cross-dressing, hormones, breast growth,

small penis humiliation, bondage, tickling, spanking, paddling, and so much more!

November 2016, December 2016, January 2017, February 2017 No. 1 Best Sellers in Transgender Erotica at Amazon!

—o—

The Making of Danielle, The Illustrations

You may not know this, but there are illustrations which go with *The Making of Danielle* series! It took almost a year to complete that project, but it was well worth the wait. All told, there are thirty images total across all five books and they are amazing! Drawn by Andy from andysdames, the images tell the story perfectly! They are well worth adding to your collection.

This book contains each of the illustrations along with some text to remind you of the scenes they represent. Think of it as an abridged, illustrated version of the story. I'm also including the original sketches so you can see how each image developed.

This book includes 30 Illustrations!!

For Mature Audiences Only. This story includes female domination, power exchange, forced feminization, cross-dressing, hormones, breast growth, small penis humiliation, bondage, tickling, spanking, paddling, and so much more!

June 2017 No. 1 Best Seller in Transgender Erotica at Amazon!

—o—

The Story of William, From The Making of Danielle

I've been promising to add something special to the "Making of Danielle" series, and here it is! This is the story of William and how he was transformed into Wilma. These are the things Daniel never knew. *It is also the conclusion to Daniel's story.* How does Daniel's story end? In a word: a wedding. To whom is the question though!

Fans of Danielle really won't want to miss this one.

For Mature Audiences Only. This 44,650 word, 177 page story includes female domination, power exchange, forced feminization, cross-dressing, foot worship, spanking, small penis humiliation, erotic humiliation, and so much more!

June 2018 and July 2018 No. 1 Best Seller in Transgender Erotica at Amazon!

—o—

Miss-ing Billionaire

Reporter Martin Ward has uncovered an incredible story. The billionaire founder of Ing Co. is missing, and Martin's source tells him the billionaire's new wife is behind it. Unfortunately, the only way Martin can investigate this story is to disguise himself as a woman and to infiltrate the strange world of Ing Co. But do they know who he is?

For Mature Audiences Only. This 31,500 word, 116 page story includes female domination, forced feminization, cross-dressing, spanking, small penis humiliation, hormones, and so much more!

August 2016 Best Seller in Transgender Erotica at Amazon UK!

—o—

More Than He Bargained For

Jeff wanted to change his wife. He wanted her to be more adventurous in the bedroom, so he took a long shot on some hypnosis tapes. Only, she found out what he was doing. That's when she decided to teach him a lesson he would never forget by giving him exactly what he wants and so much more. His life at home and at the office will never be the same. (This includes the alternate cuckold ending as a bonus.)

For Mature Audiences Only. This 39,000 word, 147 page story includes female domination, forced feminization, cross-dressing, power exchange, spanking, pegging, chastity, and so much more!

March 2013 No. 1 Best Seller in Transgender Erotica at Amazon!

—o—

My Femdom Marriage (Part One)

This is the true story of how my wife took over our marriage and made me her feminized slave.

This is Part One of Two.

For Mature Audiences Only. This 35,200 word, 136 page autobiographical story includes female domination, power exchange, forced feminization, cross-dressing, foot worship, spanking, small penis humiliation, threatened-cuckolding, erotic humiliation, and so much more!

March 2018 and April 2018 No. 1 Best Seller in Transgender Erotica at Amazon!

—o—

My Femdom Marriage (Part Two)

This is the rest of the true story of how my wife took over our marriage and feminized me.

This is Part Two of Two.

For Mature Audiences Only. This 30,100 word, 126 page autobiographical story includes female domination, power exchange, forced feminization, cross-dressing, foot worship, spanking, threatened-cuckolding, small penis humiliation, erotic humiliation, and so much more!

May 2018 No. 1 Best Seller in Transgender Erotica at Amazon!

—o—

My Lactating Husband (Part One)

What would you do if you started growing breasts? That's the problem Andrew faces. His life was great. He had a loving wife and a good job. He was even up for a promotion. Then he took an experimental treatment meant to grow hair... but something else grew instead. As his chest slowly expands into a pair of classic breasts, he finds his wife taking over and himself demoted. What's more, his boss wants him to report to work as a secretary! Where will this end?

This is Part One of Two.

For Mature Audiences Only. This 27,500 word, 136 page story includes female domination, forced feminization, power exchange, cross-dressing, hormones, breast growth, paddling, and so much more!

September 2018 and October 2018 No. 1 Best Seller in Transgender Erotica at Amazon!

—o—

My Lactating Husband (Part Two)

Things are really headed in the wrong direction now for Andrew. Not only can he no longer hide the “growths” on his chest, but now he needs to report to work as a secretary... dressed as a woman. Even worse, his new boss is not exactly the nicest woman. How bad can she be though? Andrew is about to find out. Hopefully, he can remember the things his wife taught him about being a woman.

This is Part Two of Two.

For Mature Audiences Only. This 27,500 word, 108 page story includes female domination, forced feminization, power exchange, cross-dressing, hormones, breast growth, lactation, paddling, and so much more!

October 2018 No. 1 Best Seller in Transgender Erotica at Amazon!

—o—

Satin Falls (The Complete Story, Parts One & Two Combined)

Satin Falls is the story of a small mountain town where the men slowly lose their ability to resist any command given by any woman after an unknown virus infects the water supply. Even worse, advising the women on how to handle this is a psychiatrist with a grudge against men after her female lover leaves her for a man. She decides to get even with *malekind* by encouraging the women to feminize their males.

Follow the lives of several couples as they enter this brave new world of silks and satins and female domination. And watch as the fate of the men hangs by the well-manicured fingertips of one young woman.

This book is the complete story.

For Mature Audiences Only. This 64,500 word, 117 page story includes power exchange, female domination, forced feminization, cross-dressing, paddling, breast growth, spanking, and so much more!

July 2015 and August 2015 No. 1 Best Seller in Transgender Erotica at Amazon!

—o—

Short Story: The Magic Journal

After macho football player Brad ruins Rachel’s date, she gets even using a magic journal which lets her change his body as she wishes. Brad is about to learn a lesson he will never forget as Rachel feminizes him bit by bit.

For Mature Audiences Only. This 13,000 word, 51 page short story includes female domination, forced feminization, gender transformation, shrunken manhood, breast growth, spanking, erotic humiliation, and so much more.

—o—

Summer in Skirts (Part One: Becoming Summer)

Paul is sent to spend the summer with a crazy old acquaintance of his parents. He's not too happy about it either. Making matters worse, he finds a pair of twins already living there, and they have designs on him. They seem to think he should be obeying them. Naturally, he has a different view on the matter. Before long, they teach him the meaning of petticoat punishment. Things go increasingly more wrong – or right – from there.

This is Part One of Two.

For Mature Audiences Only. This 31,500 word, 128 page story includes includes female domination, forced feminization, cross-dressing, spanking, domestic discipline, and so much more!

July 2018 and August 2018 No. 1 Best Seller in Transgender Erotica at Amazon!

—o—

Summer in Skirts (Part Two: Queen of the Fair)

Now that Paul is firmly stuck as 'Summer' for the rest of the summer, it's time he explored his new relationship with the wonderful Ellie. Unfortunately, the twins are about to take center stage in his life again, and Paul isn't going to escape them this time. Ellie has a plan, however, but Paul isn't going to like it.

This is Part Two of Two.

For Mature Audiences Only. This 30,400 word, 147 page story includes female domination, forced feminization, cross-dressing, pegging, and so much more!

August 2018 No. 1 Best Seller in Transgender Erotica at Amazon!

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Two Weeks As His Wife's Feminized Submissive

Paul has a secret. While Paul appears to be a man in charge, his wife Amanda is the one who really holds the power... ever since she caught him cross-dressing. Now she wears the pants in the family. What's more, for two weeks every year, Amanda turns Paul into Paula, her feminized, submissive plaything.

For Mature Audiences Only. This 26,000 word, 90 page story includes female domination, forced feminization, cross-dressing, power exchange, spanking, paddling, chastity and denial, oral, erotic humiliation, and so much more!

November 2016 No. 1 Best Seller in Transgender Erotica at Amazon!

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Wager Into Womanhood (The Complete Story – Parts 1 & 2)

Max is an arrogant sexist with a submissive wife and an inability to turn down any bet. Will is a househusband with a dominant wife who just caught him having an affair. Both of their lives are going to change significantly when they get tricked into entering a bet to prove that they can live as women for a week... or longer.

For Mature Audiences Only. This 56,000 word, 209 page story includes female domination, forced feminization, cross-dressing, pegging, spanking, power exchange, and so much more.

September 2017 No. 1 Best Seller in Transgender Erotica at Amazon!

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The Writer's Secret

The story that started it all!

Loren had no idea what he was getting into when his agent suggested he write transvestite fiction. If that's what sold, then he would give it a try. Then he told his wife Stephanie. Soon, he and his loving wife were experimenting with turning him into 'Lauren.' Too late did he realize how eagerly his wife would embrace the idea of feminizing him.

For Mature Audiences Only. This 42,600 word, 160 page story includes female domination, forced feminization, cross-dressing, hormones, breast growth, costumes, spankings, maid uniforms, and so much more!

March 2012 and October 2015 No. 1 Best Seller in Transgender Erotica at Amazon!

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The Writer's Secret (Part Two: Blackmailed Sissy)

Loren and Stephanie's adventure continues in this long awaited sequel to "The Writer's Secret"!

As Loren adjusts to living as a woman, his life becomes complicated when a young relative of Stephanie's comes to stay with them. This seemingly sweet and naive young woman turns out to have an unexpected dark side and a penchant for blackmail... and she likes the idea of having a feminized maid. At the same time, Stephanie faces a boss who demands that she sleep with him if she wants to keep her job. How will Loren and Stephanie escape these villains?

For Mature Audiences Only. This 40,000 word, 147 page story includes female domination, forced feminization, power exchange, feminized maids, hormones, shrunken manhood, pegging, threatened cuckolding, and so much more!

September 2015 and October 2015 No. 1 Best Seller in Transgender Erotica at Amazon!

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Volume One of the Dominique Silk Collection

This first Volume One of Dominique Silk stories includes both *College Student to Coed* and *Making Her Husband Her Maid*.

College Student to Coed is the story of poor Ted, who can't believe his luck when the most popular girl on campus, Beth Armstrong, hits on him. Even better, she wants to take him back to her

apartment and dress him in her clothes! This is a dream come true for Ted, and soon Beth is inviting him over daily to play. Unfortunately, through a series of mistakes, Ted finds himself constantly being exposed in public while wearing women's clothes. But are these really mistakes? And what is Beth up to?

Making Her Husband Her Maid is a cautionary tale for unfaithful husbands. As Diane works hard to support the family, her husband Cameron seduces the maid. Unfortunately for him, the maid has other ideas and turns the tables on Cameron. Imagine Diane's surprise to come home to find her husband dressed in the maid's uniform and high heels, and bent over the couch as the maid has her way with his rear. Cameron the playboy is about to become Camilla the maid.

For Mature Audiences Only. This 40,250 word, 151 page volume includes cross-dressing, female domination, forced feminization, chastity devices, public exposure, pegging, shemales, spanking, bondage, sissy maids, hormones, erotic humiliation and more!

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Volume Two of the Dominique Silk Collection

This Volume Two of Dominique Silk stories is both parts of ***Feminized by his Mother-in-Law***, the story of Jackson, his wife Natalie, and his mother-in-law Ruth. Ruth never thought that Jackson was man enough to marry her daughter, and when she came to stay with Jackson and Natalie shortly after their marriage, she decided to prove this to her daughter... by feminizing Jackson. Has she miscalculated though? Soon *both* Ruth and Natalie are feminizing Jackson. He even finds himself sent on a date with Natalie's boss and ends up helping him seduce her! Can Jackson save his manhood and his marriage?

For Mature Audiences Only. This 42,000 word, 189 page story includes female domination, forced feminization, spanking, small penis humiliation, blackmail, chastity devices, sissy maid, cuckolding, erotic humiliation and more!

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Volume Three of the Dominique Silk Collection

This Volume Three of Dominique Silk stories includes both ***The Sissy House Sitter*** and ***Cuckolded Sissified Quarterback***.

The Sissy House Sitter begins when Louis is offered a chance to house sit for his stunningly sexy neighbor Brandy and her husband. He jumps at it for one reason: he wants to explore her closet. This is a dream come true for Louis who feels an irresistible pull from feminine clothing. Things get really interesting for Louis, however, when he finds certain home movies made by Brandy and her husband... but not as interesting as when Brandy comes home early and catches Louis in her husband's dress.

Cuckolded Sissified Quarterback is the story of Brady Hunter. He's the star quarterback for a top professional team, but his body is slowly wearing out. He decides to take steroids so he can play just one more year. Unfortunately for Brady, his gold-digging wife catches him and she decides to take advantage of her discovery by blackmailing him. She feminizes him, humiliates him, and then cuckolds him with a younger player with better prospects. Will Brady manage to get back out onto the field or is his future to be submissive in skirts?

For Mature Audiences Only. This 33,900 word, 163 page volume includes female domination, forced feminization, cross-dressing, domestic discipline, spanking, bondage, blackmail, sissy maids, hormones, limited M-to-M contact, erotic humiliation and more!



Volume Four of the Dominique Silk Collection

This final Volume Four of Dominique Silk stories includes the story *Not What He Wanted* and its conclusion *What He Got*. This story begins with George trying to dominate his wife. Things go wrong quickly, however, and he finds himself on the wrong side of the velvet ropes. Soon, he's wearing panties at work... and then worse. As his wife keeps adding to his feminization, an embarrassing trip to the mall and a confrontation with his secretary await. Hopefully, you'll find poor George's story fun and exciting as his problems spin out of control.

For Mature Audiences Only. This 34,600 word, 126 page story includes female domination, forced feminization, forced cross-dressing, spanking, paddling, pegging, bondage, erotic humiliation and more!