



*Caught Cross-Dressing
by His Wife
by Crystal Summers*

Crystal Summers Classic TG Tales

Caught Cross-Dressing By His Wife

Feminization Fables Vol. 1

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Chapter 1: "Caught By His Wife"

Som secrets are meant to be shared. Others must be guarded jealously. Still others should be taken to the grave, because when a deep, dark secret lands in the wrong hands, the results can change your world. This is the lesson Tom would learn when his wife discovered his secret cross-dressing.

It had been a long month at work, but Heather finally got ahead of all her projects. She needed a break, and since she knew her husband Tom was home, as he had taken the day off, she decided to join him. She figured they could have a little fun together, something they hadn't done much of in the past few weeks because work kept her so busy. Actually, that was just the excuse she told herself. The reality was that she and Tom no longer seemed to be a good fit. Heather didn't want to admit that because she'd given so much to make this relationship work, but it was true. Perhaps a fun day together could revive the missing spark?

"That's strange," said Heather when she entered her foyer. She had assumed Tom would greet her at the door or at least yell a greeting to her from wherever he was in the house, but he hadn't. Her arrival was met with silence.

"Honey, I'm home!" she called out.

Nothing.

"Huh? Maybe he's gone for a walk," she said. She shrugged her shoulders and set down her purse on the table by the door. Right now, her main goal was to get out of her pantyhose and her pencil skirt and into something more comfortable, not to find her husband, so she went to her bedroom, where she slipped off her black stilettos. She stretched her toes and she stripped off her jacket and draped it over her vanity chair. Then she unbuttoned her blouse and draped that over her coat. She picked up her shoes and walked to her closet, intending to put them away in their proper place on one of the several shelves she had for shoes.

As she opened the closet, she froze.

"What the hell?!" she exclaimed.

There, cowering on the floor in her closet, was her husband Tom. Only, he didn't quite look like Tom. To the contrary, she barely recognized him behind the makeup and the blonde wig. Of course, the little black dress, the tan stockings, and the black high-heeled platform sandals weren't familiar either. His penis was

however, and it stuck straight out where it had escaped from his panties and slid out from beneath the dress, which now bunched up on top of the penis.

"Oh my God!" she added to her prior exclamation. "What are you doing, Tom?! Why are you dressed like that?! What is going on?!" She threw her hands around and screamed her words.

Tom didn't respond.

"I want an answer! What the hell is going on?!" she demanded.

Tom still didn't answer.

Heather was about to lay into him with another verbal assault when she suddenly realized that there was more she hadn't noticed yet. The reason he hadn't said a word was that there was a gag in his mouth. It wrapped around behind his head beneath the wig, and it kept him from being able to speak. The reason he hadn't removed the gag was that his hands were cuffed together tightly behind his back, as were his ankles.

"Hmmp hnnph hampa," he said.

For the briefest of moments, Heather thought that someone might have done this to him, but that made no sense. Who would do his makeup and then leave him tied up in the closet? No, this was Tom's own doing.

Heather shook with emotion. She simultaneously felt outraged at learning this secret about her husband and horrified that he was not the man she thought he was, while another part of her found this so hilarious that she struggled not to burst into side-splitting laughter. The result of these conflicting emotions was that she stumbled backwards and crashed down onto the bed, speechless. She slid onto the floor, with her back against the bed.

She sat like that for an eternity, staring at her feminized husband.

"Mphh Innpha," said Tom.

She ignored him as she continued to take in the scene. Her stilettos lay on the floor between them, where she dropped them. Her suit coat and blouse lay on the floor as well, as she had pulled them both to the floor as she fell backward onto the bed. Her husband remained frozen in place in the closet and silently shook, waiting to hear how she would respond when she finally regained her wits. His penis remained erect and stood before him like a pole.

"I need to think about this," she said suddenly and she rose from the floor.

"Hmph, hmmap," said Tom.

Heather shook her head and held up her hand. "No, I need to think about this," she said and she started to leave the bedroom.

Tom jerked his body to highlight the fact he remained cuffed and gagged. She shook her head again. "No, this is how you were when I found you, so you stay that way until I decide what to do about you," she said. "Don't you move an inch. Don't you untie yourself Don't you touch yourself."

Tom tried to protest, but she ignored him. She walked over to the closet and closed the closet door. She left the room.

With her husband sitting in the closet in the dark, Heather went to the kitchen and fixed herself a drink. This was a strange moment for her and she wasn't sure how to handle it. On the one hand, it was clear that Tom was not the man she thought he was. This bothered her a lot because she'd been deceived by several prior boyfriends before she married Tom and she let him know in no uncertain terms that she expected absolute honesty from him, and clearly, he hadn't given her that.

On the other hand, this presented Heather with an opportunity, an opportunity to possibly fix the things that had made this relationship so difficult for her and made her so unhappy. Indeed, for as long as Heather could remember, she'd needed a certain level of control in her relationships. This was problematic, however, when it came to finding boyfriends, as they weren't generally willing to give up control. Her friends and family made this worse by continually suggesting that she was too demanding with her boyfriends.

When Tom came along, he seemed different. He seemed like the one man she could actually give up control for because he came across as confident and trustworthy and fair. So she married him, even though she knew she would need to suppress her own innate personality to do that. At first, everything went well. It went so well, in fact, that she even thought her personality might have changed and she no longer needed to be in control. But slowly, she learned that Tom was not what he had seemed. She couldn't quite put her finger on what bothered her, but she knew that he was not the confident, trustworthy man she thought he was. Little by little, this revived her need to control her relationships, and she was soon chomping at the bit to take over. Discovering her husband's secret like this, a secret she knew he would never want the world to know, got her thinking that maybe she could readjust their relationship to be more to her liking.

"All right, Tom," she said to herself "We're under new management."

Heather returned to the bedroom and opened the closet. Sure enough, Tom hadn't moved. She took several photos with her phone and then placed the phone on her nightstand. She then crouched down before him.

"Why are dressed like a sissy, Tom?" she asked.

"Hmph," he said and he bit down hard on the gag. He felt his heart racing. Her tone made him nervous.

"Answer me, Tom," she said and she ripped the gag from his mouth.

"Why are you dressed like this?"

"I can't explain it," he said.

"You better try and you better try right now!"

"I didn't think you would be home. You're never home until it gets dark these days and I figured I could do it and you would never know. Then I lost the key."

Heather looked around the room and spotted the key lying near the bed. She grabbed it. "You mean this key?" she asked. She stood above him.

Tom breathed a sigh of relief "Oh thank God! Yes, can you please unlock me now?"

"No. Finish your story."

Tom grimaced. "When I heard you coming through the door, I didn't know what to do. I panicked. I knew there was no way I could change in time since I couldn't even unlock myself I raced into the closet and I hoped you would go back to work, but you didn't. I didn't expect you home."

Heather chuckled at the image of her husband "rushing" to her closet in five-inch high heels, with his ankles cuffed together, with his penis exposed and with his hands cuffed behind his back.

"I didn't expect you home," he repeated.

She pursed her lips and tapped her foot. "All right, that explains the 'how'. Now tell me the 'why'," she said coldly "Why are you in my closet at all? Why are you dressed this way?"

Tom bit his lip. "I don't know," he said slowly, "it just. . it excites me. . it always has. . . my whole life." As he said this, his penis bobbed back and forth under the erotic tension which coursed through him.

"Why didn't you tell me? You knew how important honesty was to me."

Tom shrugged his shoulders. "I don't know."

At this point, Heather actually started to feel some sympathy for Tom, but it wouldn't last because, a moment later, he spoke again.

"I didn't think I could trust you with this," he said.

This comment felt like a knife jabbing into Heather's heart. She had sacrificed so much of herself to make this man happy and not only had he lied to her the

entire time, but now he was blaming her for his own dishonesty and he was accusing her of being selfish and intolerant.

Heather grabbed Tom by the shoulder and yanked him to his feet. It was difficult to stand in the heels with his wrists and ankles cuffed, but with her assistance, he soon stood on his unstable heels in her closet. She then grabbed him by his dick and pulled him to the bed. This proved very difficult for him as he needed to take a dozen tiny steps to keep up with each of her strides because his ankles were cuffed together. When they reached the bed, Heather shoved him toward the bed so that he ended up on his knees on the floor before the bed, with his body bent over the bed and his face down in a pillow. She flipped up his skirt and pulled his panties to his knees.

"I'm going to teach you a lesson," she said. "First, I'm going to teach you what happens when you fail to be honest with me. Secondly, I'm going to teach you your new place in our relationship.

"Heather--"

"No! I'm 'Mistress' to you from now on."

Tom was in no position to argue. "Yes, Mistress," he said.

Heather walked over to her closet and looked for something she could use to inflict the lesson. There was nothing appropriate. Then she had an idea. She looked through her shoes until she found a pair of wedge-heeled sandals with a platform heel made of wood. These shoes were heavier than the others and had a solid, hard sole. In that regard, they were much like a wooden hair brush only heavier. She picked up one of the shoes and walked back over to her husband, who remained on his knees, bent over the bed with his hands cuffed behind his back and his face buried in the pillow.

"This is to teach you how I feel about you withholding secrets from me," she said. Without another word, she stepped up behind him and swung the shoe, striking his rear firmly with its sole.

CRACK!

The impact stunned Tom, who had never been spanked before in his life, and it stung a bit. Heather, on the other hand, laughed. She'd never spanked a grown man before either and it excited her. In fact, it made her very wet to feel she had the power to do this to her husband, and it made her giggle to see his cheeks shake from the shockwave of her shoe striking his rear.

CRACK!

CRACK!

CRACK!

CRACK!

Four more blows landed in quick succession. "You have no idea...**CRACK!**... how angry I am...**CRACK!** ...that you kept this secret...**CRACK! CRACK!** ...from me! I am positively furious right now!" she growled.

CRACK!

CRACK!

"I'm sorry, Heather!" he howled. By this point, his rear end was already feeling bruised and hot and it was flaming red.

"Mistress! I told you to call me 'Mistress' from now on!"

CRACK!

"I'm sorry, Mistress!" he whined.

"I'll bet you are," she said. "Do you know how upsetting it is to learn that my husband is a sissy after all of this time?"

CRACK!

CRACK!

CRACK!

"I'm sorry, Mistress!"

"If you'd told me on day one, I would have been fine with it. I might even have found it endearing. But you lied to me!"

CRACK!

CRACK!

"You lied to me," she growled. "You made me think you were something else. You made me think you were a strong man, an equal, someone I should. someone I could-" She paused. What she wanted to say, but couldn't, was that she thought Tom was a man she could respect, a man she could finally submit to, like each of her friends seemed to submit to their husbands, like the women did in films and like the girls did in fairy tales.

CRACK!

"You were supposed to be Prince Charming," she said angrily, "not fucking Tinkerbell!"

CRACK!

Heather took a deep breath and stopped spanking him with the shoe. She looked down at her husband and she sighed. She was disappointed that he had lied to her. She was disappointed that he had not been the man she thought. She was

even more disappointed that he had taken this spanking like a little girl. He never once resisted. This made her angry. . . it made her sick. . . it made her wet actually. Indeed, the more she looked down at her husband on his knees in his little dress and his sissy high heels, the more this whole thing struck a chord within her. Maybe she was wrong to want to be the submissive wife everyone told her she needed to be? Maybe, she should be the person she really was? Maybe, she really should be his mistress?

Heather sighed. "All right," she said. "I forgive you, Tom. I forgive you for hiding this from me. But now that it's out in the open, things need to change. I take it you agree that this gives me a lot of power? I really can't imagine you would want me telling anyone what I found you doing today. . . not your family, not our friends, not your colleagues."

Tom's head was spinning and he felt lost.

"Do you?" she asked. "Do you want me telling people?"

Tom ground his teeth. His heart raced. Her tone and her threats made him very nervous. He was regretting terribly that he decided to have a little fun today, but that was in the past. He was at her mercy and he knew it. He needed to focus. He took a deep breath and shook his head.

"No, don't just shake your head. I want to hear you say it," she said.

"No, Mistress, I never want this exposed to anyone."

"And?"

"And I agree that I'm completely at your mercy," he said. He felt a strange tingle run down his spine, and his penis jumped. In a strange way, this was the most exciting thing he'd ever said in his life. Still, he wasn't submissive and he didn't want to be submissive, nor did he want to be a full time cross-dresser or have a mistress or whatever else Heather had in mind. To him, cross-dressing was just a kink that he satisfied sometimes for a few hours or minutes and then he was done. All of her talk about changing their relationship was deeply troubling to him. But with his hands still cuffed and, more importantly, with her threatening to tell everyone what she discovered and share the photos she had taken, he had little choice at the moment but to do as she said.

"Then it's time we made a few new rules," she said. "From now on, you will do anything I tell you, do you understand?"

"Yes, Mistress," he said reluctantly.

"And I mean that, Tom. I expect you to do anything and everything I tell you, no matter how humiliating you think it is. If you don't do what I tell you, I'll expose you and show the photos of you to everyone. Got it?!"

He closed his eyes and groaned. He had hoped to get away with a stem talking to, but little else. He didn't expect the entire nature of his relationship to change, but clearly it would. He felt sick. "Understood, Mistress."

"From now on, you will always defer to me in all things. I will make all decisions. You will only have input in decisions if I ask for it. If I don't ask, then it doesn't concern you anymore. Got it?"

"Yes, Mistress."

"We're going to start by taking away all the things that give you power in this relationship. Tomorrow, we're going to remove your name from the bank accounts, from the credit cards, and from the house and the cars. You will go to your employer and ask that your check be placed directly into my account."

Tom shuddered. What she was demanding would make him helpless and that terrified him. It also strangely turned him on, though he didn't want to admit that. He wasn't sure he could agree to this, even if he had no choice.

"Secondly, to signify the change in our relationship, from now on, I'll be picking your clothes. You'll dress to please me, not you. And so you know, it pleases me to have you in panties and lingerie at all times. It will please me to dress you femininely.

Tom's jaw dropped. "I can't wear those things at work, Mistress!"

"You can wear whatever I tell you, whenever and wherever I tell you. And it will be up to me to decide if your secret stays hidden or gets exposed, so you better keep that in mind before you decide to stage some failed rebellion. I won't tolerate that." She paused. "Think about it, Tom. If you cross me, you'll be walking into the office in the most ridiculously high heels you've even seen and a skirt so short you'll be arrested the moment you step outside. Got it!"

Tom felt his penis getting hard again when he heard this. It really was turning him on for some reason. Still, he tried to push those thoughts out of his head because the rest of his brain was screaming **DANGER**

"Do you understand me, Tom?!"

He took a deep breath. He really had no choice. Hopefully, he could find a way out of this before things went too far, but for now, he seemed trapped. He nodded his head. "Yes, Mistress, I understand."

Heather smiled. "Good. Now, it's time for your second lesson. I intend to teach you your new place in our relationship. I think a little demonstration of which one of us is the man in this relationship will be good at driving home the point I need you to understand." She tossed the high-heeled shoe she had been using to administer the spanking onto the bed.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"Mistress," she growled. "What do I mean, Mistress!"

"I'm sorry, what do you mean, Mistress?" he repeated.

"I mean, that I'm going to show you which one of us is boss." As she said this, she dug through her closet for an old bag that hadn't been opened since their marriage. This bag contained several toys Tom had never shown any interest in, but which always held a fascination for her. Tom had forgotten she even owned this bag. She almost had as well.

As she dug through the bag, Tom tried to look over his shoulder to see what was going on. He saw her strip off her skirt so that she now stood by her closet in panties, pantyhose and a bra. He also saw her looking through a bag. From the bag, she pulled a thick black belt, which she fastened around her hips. When she turned around, he noticed that a long, thick, hot-pink dildo protruded from the front of the belt.

He was getting nervous.

"Mistress, can you please cuff me?" he asked nervously. He hoped to redirect her mind to not do whatever it was she was doing.

"No," she said as she added a lubricant to the dildo.

Tom clenched his jaw. He really did not want her to ram that huge thing inside him. "Please, Mistress, it's really uncomfortable," he said, still hoping to divert her attention and get her to change her mind about what she planned to do next.

It wasn't working.

"Not until I'm ready," she said. She then walked back over to her husband and placed one foot on each side of him. She lined up the dildo with his rear end and she said, "This is to let you know which one of us wears the pants in this family, sissy boy."

Without another word, she leaned forward and drove the dildo into his rear.

Tom had never had anything put inside his rear before, so this was a new experience for him, and he was stunned and seriously conflicted. On the one hand, the dildo was much larger than it should have been for his first time, so it felt rather painful and stressful. It felt like it was tearing him apart and it produced enormous pressure which felt like it would split him open or make him burst. He hated that. On the other hand, there were waves of pleasure radiating from his rear end in all directions and jolts of euphoria shot down his nerves. He loved that.

Beyond the physical feelings, Tom was struggling mentally. Yes, he was a cross-dresser, but he never thought of himself as more. It just turned him on to wear women's clothes now and then. It was a sex game. It was not anything he ever intended to share with anyone and he wasn't the least bit submissive, nor did he really desire to be treated as a woman. Yet, what his wife was doing to him was undeniable, she was making him "her bitch." She was marking him as "the woman" in the relationship and she was forcing him, with each thrust of the penis inside him to feel more and more submissive and weak. He didn't know if he could deal with that.

Tom grunted. The pressure was almost too much for him.

"Ha!" said Heather suddenly. The experience of doing this to her husband was intense and she was so wet that her panties were soaked and her fluids were now coating her inner thighs. The feelings of power were nearly orgasmic. "You like that don't you, Sissy?"

Tom didn't reply.

Heather smacked his rear end. "Answer me, Sissy!" Tom wasn't sure how to answer.

Heather laughed at her speechless husband. His inability to answer felt like a victory to her. She drove the dildo deep inside him, which made him wince. Then she leaned against his back and reached down around him. She grabbed his penis and stroked it roughly.

Tom gasped.

"Yeah, you love this," said Heather, "don't tell me you don't!" She was feeling more and more comfortable with letting her dominant side come out now, and that made her rougher and more confident. She was again becoming the woman she had always been before she buried that woman to many Tom.

Suddenly, Tom shuddered. And orgasm was coming and they both knew it. As his orgasm neared, Heather stopped. She unbuckled the belt and stood up, leaving the penis deep inside her husband. His orgasm didn't arrive.

"You stay right there, I'll be back in a few minutes," she said, even though Tom clearly couldn't go anywhere, not with his ankles and wrists cuffed and the dildo sticking out of his rear. She just felt like mocking his helplessness.

With Tom in the bedroom on his knees, cringing at the feeling of having the massive dildo inside him, Heather went to her computer. She had access to all the forms she needed because she used those often in her practice. Thus, it was a simple matter to sign in, pull up the forms from the work hard drive, tinker

with them as needed, and print them up at home. She then collected the forms and grabbed a pen and returned to the bedroom.

"I'm back, did you miss me?" she asked with a laugh.

"Can you please take this out me?" asked Tom through gritted teeth. The pain in his rear was becoming intolerable. It felt like his muscles were being stretched beyond the breaking point, like when you hold something heavy for too long.

"Not yet," she said. "First, I'm going to unlock your hands. Then you're going to sign these forms. When you've signed them all, then I'll pull the dildo from your rear and I'll let you go." She paused and then leaned in close and whispered in his ear: "If you try to resist me or you try to pull the dildo out of your ass without my permission, I won't uncuff your ankles and I'll show the photos I have of you to everyone you know."

"That's blackmail!"

"I'm glad you recognize it," she said.

Tom took a deep breath. He didn't want to sign anything without reading it, and from what she'd already told him, he knew he didn't want to sign these documents in any event, but he really had no choice and he realized that too. His only hope was finding some way out over the next couple days. "Fine," he said, still through gritted teeth. The pain in his rear was becoming intense. "Fine, Mistress

Heather chuckled at how quickly he was learning. She got down on her knees behind him and strapped herself back into the belt. When she made sure the dildo was firmly inside him, she uncuffed his wrists and then stuck the key back into her pocket. She picked up the forms which were on a clipboard next to her and set them down before him on the bed.

"Now Sign."

Tom gritted his teeth and he considered whether or not it might not be better just to push her away now that his hands were free, but he realized that with his ankles cuffed he was still trapped. Not to mention that with her having those photos, he really was at her mercy. He knew he had to go along for now.

"All right," he said and he picked up the pen. He signed the forms.

"Good girl," pun-ed Heather with each signature and she stroked his penis.

Tom felt himself shudder again as her hand worked his penis, inch by inch.

When he signed the last form, Heather pulled the dildo from his rear, to his great relief, and she walked off to the living room to put the forms into a safe she kept

at the house for her client records. She then returned to the bedroom and tossed him the key to the ankle cuffs.

“Take a shower. Remove all the hair from your body. Use my shampoo, not yours. When you're done, I'll teach you how to paint your nails.”

Tom cringed.

Chapter 2: "Exposed To The Public"

Two days later, Tom stood in the human resources department at his employer. He wore panties, stockings and a bra beneath his suit. His body was shaved of hair and his toenails were bright red. He'd handed the forms to the two young women who worked in the office and they stared at him with strange looks on their faces.

They'd never heard of a grown man handing his income over to his wife. "Let me get this straight," said the blonde woman. "You want us to change the direct deposit on your paycheck so your money goes into a new account, an account that doesn't have your name on it, but only has the name of your wife on

Tom bit his tongue. His face burned red with shame at the mocking tone within the woman's voice. He could hear her laughing to herself and he knew these two women would burst out laughing the moment he left. He would become an object of ridicule to them, a story to be repeated at parties and whenever they felt like talking about the strange and unusual things they encountered in their jobs. He wanted to scream.

But he didn't.

"Yes," he said. His mouth was dry.

"You know that means you won't be able to get to the money?" asked the blonde.

He nodded his head.

"Only your wife will have access to it," added the brunette.

"I know," he said. Why did they keep going on about this? Why didn't they just do as he asked? Were they getting some sort of thrill out of this, he asked himself

The blonde scratched her cheek. "Are you sure you want to do that? I mean, your money will belong to your wife. If she decides not to let you have any, then she would have that right.

Tom took a deep breath and ran his tongue over his teeth. He most definitely did not want to do this, not now, not ever, not at all. . but he had no choice. Heather had him over a barrel and until and unless he could find away out of that, she would get her way in everything, and right now she wanted him to emasculate himself financially He bit his tongue. "Yes, I want to do this," he repeated.

The blonde let out a giggle which she immediately stifled. The brunette, meanwhile, developed a huge grin which she seemed incapable of suppressing. They were enjoying this far too much. The blonde suddenly shrugged her shoulders.

"If you work here long enough, you'll see everything, I guess. We'll process the request and it will take effect in two days. After that, you'll need your wife to sign any request to change the account. She'll control it from that point.

"Thank you," said Tom. He was relieved to finally be done with this. As he left, however, he did indeed hear the two women burst into laughter. His face burned red as he wondered how many times they would repeat this story to their friends.

The same scene repeated itself at the bank, where the bank manager double and triple checked to make sure Tom knew exactly what he was doing when he took his name off the accounts. Tom's mouth was dry the entire time, and he very much thought about backing out, but Heather sat next to him to ensure he went through with it.

When they finally left the bank and Heather drove them home, something which was itself unusual as he always drove in the past, he almost cried when he realized that he no longer had any money, that he no longer had any assets as he'd signed those over to his wife as well, and that even his income no longer belonged to him. From now on, he would live in his wife's house, drive his wife's car, and live on whatever allowance his wife gave him. Anything he wanted to buy from this day forward, from a new pair of shoes to a piece of gum, would require his wife's approval first.

Tom had a miserable first week as his wife's submissive. Word quickly spread at work about what he'd done with his paycheck and his coworkers were merciless. They constantly asked him how it felt to be "owned" by his wife, how it felt to need her permission to buy anything, and they kept reminding him how none of them needed to ask anyone's permission to buy whatever they wanted. One coworker even asked him if he would be taking Heather's last name, which earned Tom an office nickname of his wife's last name. He prayed Heather never heard of this, because he could easily see her making him change his name.

Going to the store was humiliating as well. Without his own credit cards, which had been cancelled, he now needed to use cards with his wife's name on them. That meant he needed to explain why he didn't look like a "Heather" and why neither the first nor last name on his driver's license matched the name on his credit card — Heather's cards were in her maiden name. This typically resulted in him needing to wait as the customer service representative called Heather to verify that Tom had permission to use the card. His face burned the entire time as he knew that everyone around him, from store personnel to whatever shoppers overhead what was happening, mocked him with their eyes and wondered what kind of man needs his wife's credit cards.

Home life wasn't much better. For one thing, Heather kept Tom dressed in feminine clothes the entire time. It had been erotic to wear high heels and lingerie while he lay in their bed and masturbated, it was humiliating to prance around the house in them all weekend and all evening. Moreover, Heather seemed to delight in feminizing him bit by bit. This included pulling out increasingly more eyebrow hairs, getting his ears pierced, giving him a more feminine hair cut, letting his nails and hair grow, making him wear feminine jewellery, and making him wear feminine pants, blouses and loafers. He no longer looked like a normal man and, to the contrary, started to look rather effeminate even in male clothing.

Heather had also taken to using a riding crop to discipline him. She revelled in "correcting" anything he did wrong with a few swift smacks to his rear.

"Please don't hit me!" he said the first time.

"Why not?"

"It's humiliating," he said. In truth, it wasn't very painful, it was just humiliating.

"It's meant to be. It's meant to remind you not to break my rules."

That it did. It was intensely humiliating to have his wife smack him with the crop because, each time she did it, she reinforced just how helpless he had become and just how much power she really had.

Though all of this, Tom became increasingly desperate about being stuck as his wife's play thing. From the beginning, his only hope had been to find an opening to either escape from this fate or to get Heather to change her mind. He'd found neither, and as each day turned into the next, he found himself ever more firmly stuck. All of this was bad. It was humiliating and emasculating and it honestly made him want to CRY. And every time he thought he'd hit bottom, it got worse.

Chapter 3: "Exposed To Everyone"

Tom was stunned. "You what?!" he bluffed out.

"I've invited guests for tomorrow," said Heather. "And I expect that you will be serving them."

Tom looked down at the French maid uniform he was wearing. It was almost infantile in its appearance, looking almost like a child's party dress. The brief flared skirt stuck out over a short stiff petticoat, leaving his pink satin panties in plain sight, the rows of white lace and delicate satin bows that adorned them making them resemble a frilly little diaper cover. It had been two weeks since she'd taken over everything and, at home at least, she now kept him fully feminized. She did let him return to his male clothes at work, but she still made him wear lingerie beneath his suits. She'd also made him get earrings, and he needed to wear studs to work. This left him timid and paranoid at work.

Indeed, one of his greatest fears was sitting in a meeting only to discover that he still wore dangly earrings or that he had failed to wash off his makeup properly. Being home was actually becoming a comfort zone for him, despite the French maid uniforms his wife favoured.

"You're joking? You want people to see me?" he asked.

"People see you all the time. Now they will see you in your new role."

"But I can't--"

"This is the new you, Tom. You need to learn to accept that."

"But--"

"Oh, there's one more thing I should mention," she said.

"What's that?"

"I've invited your sister and her husband," said Heather.

Tom collapsed onto a chair. The idea of his family seeing him feminized and in a French maid uniform was simply too much. His ego couldn't take that kind of blow, crushed though it was.

Heather laughed. She saw what he was thinking written all over his face and the way he tightly clutched the skirt of his uniform. "Don't be silly, Sissy. I'm not going to make you dress like a sissy maid."

"You're not?" he asked hopefully

"No. But there's a catch," she said.

"What catch?"

"You need to be on your best behavior. You need to be kind and courteous and submissive. You need to show them the new you, the submissive you. You need to show them that I am completely in charge and that you obey my word without question or complaint. If you do that, then I won't expose you to them.

Tom bit his tongue. He really had no choice. Either way, his family would know something was wrong. Either he would need to explain why he signed over all his money and his house to his wife, and she would no doubt show them the photos of him she had been taking, or he would need to take the chance and act submissive and hope that she wouldn't expose him. Perhaps, he reasoned, it was better to give himself the chance to avoid detection.

He sighed and nodded his head. "Yes, Mistress."

Tom felt sick. There was no way his family wouldn't notice what he was wearing or how he was supposed to act. His entire life he had acted very macho to compensate for his secret desire to wear women's clothes. They knew only that macho aspect of him. To them, he was the guy who bossed women around — in fact, his own sister tried to warn Heather against marrying him. To them, he was the guy who mocked men who showed the least bit of effeminacy. He mocked women for being mannish too. He was, to them, a chauvinist pig.

Things were about to change, however.

Tom cringed as he examined himself in the mirror. He wore thick bronze slacks and a white blouse. The slacks had no pockets and fit him strangely they made his hips look big. The white blouse looked much like a man's shirt, except the buttons were on the wrong side. Beneath the blouse, he wore a nude bra, which was padded to give him just a hint of breasts. He prayed no one touched him on the back or shoulders or they would feel its straps.

It got worse too.

His nails were polished with clear polish, which made them shiny. This was true of both his fingers and his toes. On his feet, he wore tan sandals which looked somewhat like men's sandals from a distance, except they had one-inch wedge heels. Anyone looking closely would know these were women's shoes and, unfortunately, it was likely that everyone would look closely because he had made many prior diatribes against men who wore sandals. Those diatribes would not be forgotten once his sister saw what he wore now. Indeed, he'd laughed at her husband several times for wearing sandals.

"I feel like a fool," he said.

Heather laughed. "You better get used to it. This is the new you." Tom hung his head.

"Don't forget that you will be on your best behavior tonight. That means you won't dominate the conversation as you always do. You will only speak when spoken to. You will answer any question courteously and completely. If I feel you are being nide or evasive, I will step right in, and you won't like it. Be submissive. I won't require you to call any of the women 'Miss' or 'Mistress,' but I do expect you to show respect in how you address them.

Tom ground his teeth. He'd never shown his sister any respect before.

Heather continued. "You will not disagree with anything any of the women tell you. Whether or not they are correct is not the point, the point is that you are inferior to all women now and their word is law to you. You will accept what they say as true. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Mistress."

"You will serve everyone and you will volunteer to clear the table. If someone wants a drink, you will fetch it. You will be an obedient servant to anyone who makes any request. Do you understand?"

Tom's face burned red and, shamefully his penis throbbed. The idea of being subservient to his sister and her husband was too much to bear. He ground his teeth and took a deep breath. This would be a difficult night.

Heather saw all of this in his face. She ran her hand over his erection. "I thought so," she said, noting his erection, and she walked off with a laugh.

Tom never felt so ashamed in his life.

An hour later, they were all assembled for dinner: Tom's sister Terri and her husband, Heather's friend Amber and her husband, and Tom and Heather. It took Terri about a minute to realize that something was unusual about her macho brother. Tom cringed as he saw her eyes flash down to his feet and then grow very large. An evil smile crossed her lips.

"Are you wearing sandals?" she asked suspiciously. She knew he was, but she wanted to stretch out the drama. "Oh my God! You are!" she squealed.

"And you're wearing nail polish!"

"Wow!" added Heather's friend Amber. "Are you gay now, Tom? Isn't that what you always said about men who wear sandals?"

Tom's face burned red with shame.

"Answer her," insisted Heather.

Everyone froze. None of them could remember Tom ever taking an order from anyone and they certainly never expected his seemingly-submissive wife to give

such an order. They were amazed and all eyes watched to see if he would comply.

He did. "I, uh, felt it was time to improve my appearance," he said.

"'Improve'? 'Sandals are for sissies.' Isn't that what you always said?" asked Terri in a mocking tone.

"I can't imagine what you would have said about a man who painted his nails either," added Amber.

"They're not painted!" insisted Tom.

"Fine, they're polished," said Amber with a laugh. "Same difference." guess we should call you 'Sissy' from now on!" said Terri.

Everyone laughed, except Tom who blushed deeply.

"Don't be rude, dear," said Heather. "Thank Terri for noticing your changes."

Tom ground his teeth and stared at the table. "Thank you for noticing," he growled.

"Tom," said Heather sternly, "unless you want me to correct you, then you better change that tone."

There was a moment of silence. In that moment, Tom felt himself shrink. He felt two inches tall. He never felt more helpless, more vulnerable, or more humiliated in his life. Suddenly, the room burst into mocking laughter.

"Correct him? That I need to see," gushed Amber.

At the same time, Terri burst out laughing. "Oh my God! You've got him trained!" she said in a gloating tone. She was grinning from ear to ear. "My sexist brother, under the stern heel of his wife. I love it!" Terri flipped her wrist at her brother to mock his masculinity as Tom had done too many effeminate males in the past. . including her husband. "You'll simply have to show us how you did it," she said to Heather, though her eyes bore into her shamed brother.

For the next few hours, Tom's sister and Amber mercilessly humiliated him. Tom had never felt more emasculated, even when his wife dressed him as a woman and invaded his rear while calling him all sorts of names. He knew that his reputation was gone with his family and probably his friends, as his sister would happily spread the word of his emasculation. He sighed. His life had changed forever.

Heather, on the other hand, felt amazingly alive. For so long now, she had tried to suppress her natural desire to be in charge to satisfy Tom. Yet, it turned out he had misled her about his own personality. Now she was happy to finally feel the freedom to be herself and it thrilled her to be able to order her husband

around. She liked this new arrangement and she looked forward to taking it further over time.

With dinner over and everyone gone, Heather and Tom changed into matching lingerie. She wore a light-blue teddie and blue satin mules. Tom wore the identical outfit, only in pastel pink. His erection had pushed its way out of the teddie and stood before him.

"I really enjoyed having your sister over," said Heather. "We'll do that more often from now on."

Tom blushed. He still felt the sting of humiliation from each of the emasculating comments directed at him. He particularly remembered how the conversation turned to him doing all the housework and how he was forced to admit that he did it all now. Heather remembered that moment too.

"I love how they assumed you wear a maid uniform to do the housework. wonder how they guessed that. You should thank me that I didn't confirm their suspicions."

He said nothing.

She furrowed her brow. "Go on, thank me," she said.

Tom ground his teeth. "Thank you, Mistress," he said sourly.

"Don't push me, Tom, or I may just volunteer to let you clean their houses. . . and I'll make you wear your uniform!"

Tom cringed. That would be the end of him. Things were bad enough already, but at least she didn't tell them that he wore women's clothes at home or that she made him wear the French maid uniform. If she made him clean their houses or wear the sissy maid uniform before them, then he would die of humiliation. "I'm sorry, Mistress," he said humbly.

Heather leaned forward and grabbed his chin between her thumb and fingers. "I didn't expose you tonight, and if you want that to last, then you better do everything I tell you from now on. You better be the most obedient little sissy on the planet or I will expose you to everyone. . everyone Understand?"

Tom closed his eyes. He imagined how humiliating his life could become if that happened. He cringed. "I'm sorry, Mistress," he repeated even more humbly.

She patted him on the cheek. "Good girl. At some point, I will forgive you for lying to me all these years, but not yet. And not if you don't behave. So consider that. In the meantime, why don't you give me a little satisfaction," she said and she pushed aside her panties. She spread her legs.

Tom lowered his head and stuck out his tongue. This would be his place from now on, whether he liked it or not. As he slid his tongue along her lips and tasted her juices, he realized that all of this could have been averted if he'd only been more open with Heather from the get go. If he hadn't tried to keep this secret from her, she never would have felt betrayed when she discovered it and she never would have felt the need to avenge herself. Perhaps someday he could rectify this. Perhaps, at some point, she would relent and their relationship would return to a more normal level, but that was still many humiliations away. And even then, it was unlikely she would ever give him any power or even treat him like an equal again. Tom had made his sissy bed, and now he would lie in it.

The End