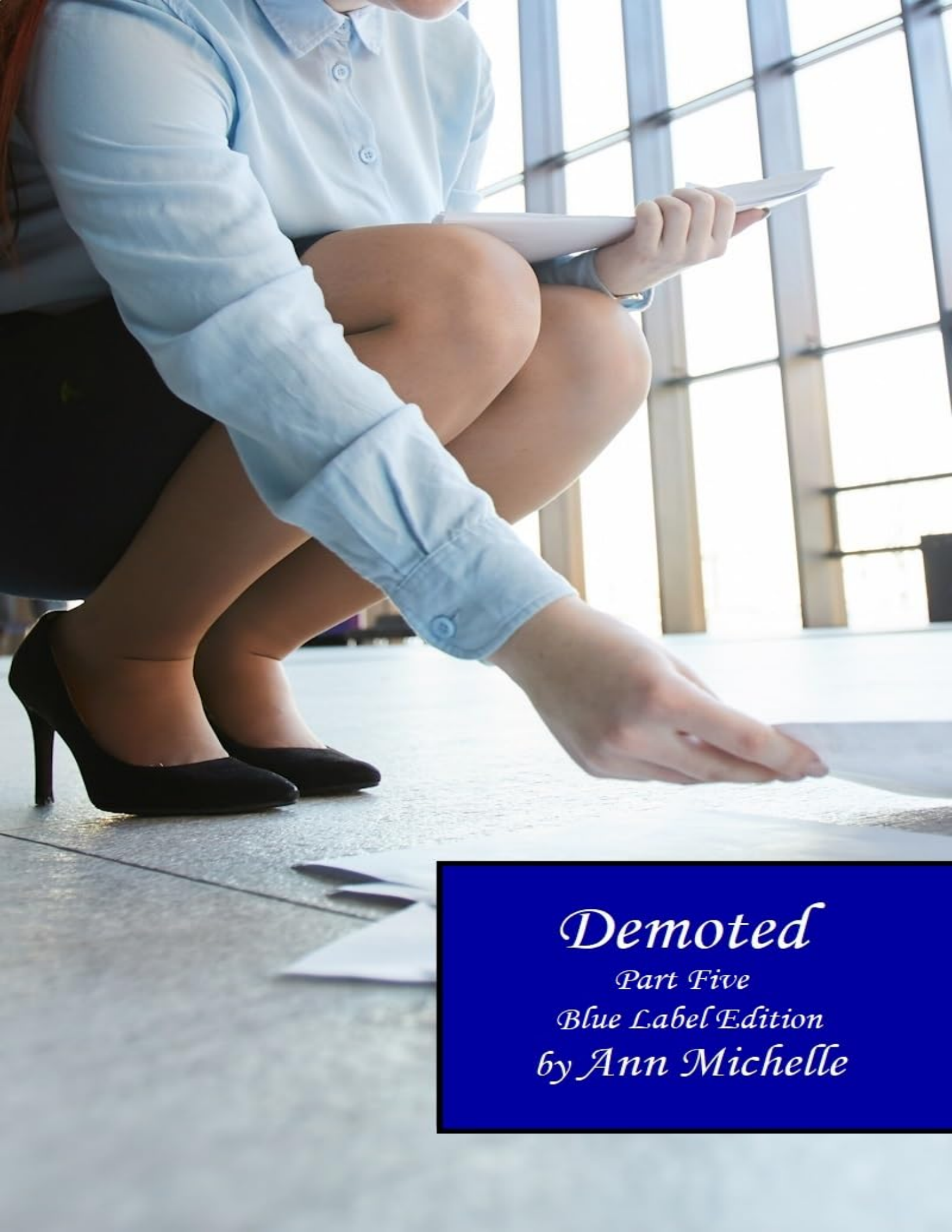




Demoted
Part Five
Blue Label Edition
by Ann Michelle

What Is A “Blue Label” Version

Introduction by Ann

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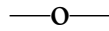
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Please visit my website:

www.annemichellesworld.blogspot.com

I do not and will never use AI.

What Is A “Blue Label” Version



As many of you know, I specialize in forced feminization fiction. While the degree of pressure required to feminize the hero varies in each of my stories, with some going quite voluntarily and others resisting to the bitter end, as a general rule, my heroes end up getting the girl. Or maybe, it's more accurate to say the girl gets them.

Sometimes though, the hero should maybe get *the boy* instead? Or at least, spend some time with the boys. This is what the Blue Label Versions are about. Blue Label Versions are stories where the hero falls for another male after being feminized or the story just involves a strong dose of male-to-male contact. To make these stories easier to find, I'm publishing them with blue labels on the cover and the “Blue Label Version” designation. This story deserved a blue label version. So here it is.

This Part Five is the Blue Label Version of Part 5 of *Demoted*.

To read the Blue Label Version of *Demoted*, read the regular red label Parts One through Four and then switch over to this Blue Label Version Part 5 instead of reading the red label version of Part Five. Then finish with the Blue Label Version of Part 6. There are no separate Blue Label versions of Parts One through Four (there is a technical reason I can't just put out a completely separate Blue Label story or I would). Please email me if you need an explanation. (annmichelle@ymail.com)

Enjoy!

Introduction by Ann

—o—

Dear Readers,

Matthew is struggling. He's been hoping to return to being a man before his wife gets the promotion he wants. As you just saw, that didn't happen. In fact, she now has the job he wanted. Worse, he's still stuck as a receptionist. Surely his wife will promote him to manager again, right? Well, maybe not. In fact, Matthew is about to have several curves thrown his way – and not just the ones on his body. There's the promotion issue. There's going to be an issue involving a very, very, very embarrassing wet spot. There's something worse too. He might – *just might* – find himself oddly turned on by someone at the dealership he never expected. Hmmm.

As a word of advice, this Blue Label Part Five isn't that different than the red label version to make buying both worthwhile, so I would recommend not buying the red label Part Five if you buy this one. Of course, you are welcome to do so, but I think you'll prefer this one and having both doesn't add that much. The two Part Six's should diverge a good deal more, however, should you want to read both. Part Six will be the end of the series.

This part includes more breast growth, a still-shrunken penis, female domination, power exchange, a chastity device, spanking, erotic humiliation, a maid dress, a mystery stain, some male-to-male contact, and more twists and turns. I hope you enjoy it!

As always, let me know your thoughts at annmichelle@ymail.com!

With love,
Ann :)

Don't forget to sign up for my newsletter

<https://annmichellebooks.wixsite.com/website>

Chapter One: “I Can’t Promote You”

—o—

Matthew stared at his wife in shock. “What are you talking about?”

Samantha blushed. “I can’t promote you.”

“But you’re going to be the boss. You’re going to run the whole dealership. You can do whatever you want. What do you mean you can’t promote me? Besides, I don’t want to be *promoted*, I just want my job back.”

“That’s the thing, your job is gone. Ericson replaced you with Stein.”

“Then give me your job.”

“You don’t understand,” said Samantha unhappily. “To do what he did, Ericson demoted you. You’re officially a receptionist now. In the computer, you are below everyone else. To get you back to being a manager, I would need to promote you up past everyone.”

“Then do that.”

“The problem with that is that you’re my husband. I can’t hire my husband as a top manager, especially when his last job was ‘receptionist.’ We would be sued in a minute.”

“Then promote Marti.”

“Marti?”

“Yes, pretend I’m really this Marti person and promote her,” said Matthew.

“Marti has no experience. She’s a new hire with no work history, no education. I can’t justify promoting Marti over anyone else, much less people who’ve been here for years, like Earl or Martha or Rhonda, especially with her being my ‘cousin’.”

Matthew stared at his wife in disbelief.

Samantha smiled apologetically. “I’m sorry, honey. I’ve been looking into this for the past two weeks and there’s no way to do it. You’ll just have to work your way up over time.”

“Well, at least give me a boost,” said Matthew incredulously. “Put me on the starting management track. Then promote me fully next year after I have the credentials the computer wants.”

“To do that, I have to offer the job to everyone above you first.”

Matthew’s stomach dropped. His wife was going to run the dealership and he was truly going to be left as a mere receptionist. How utterly humiliating! There was nothing he could do about it either. Unfortunately, he knew, there was little chance he could go anywhere else either, not looking as he did and with Marti having no credentials.

“What do we do?” he asked stunned.

Samantha slipped her arms around her husband’s small waist. She pulled him close. “Look honey,” she said softly, “we’ll work something out. I promise. Give me time to think of something. I just can’t promote you right now; there’s no way. We’ll come up with something though. In the meantime, just keep doing what you’re doing until I can figure something out.”

Matthew bit his lip. There was nothing he could do. His wife was in charge and the decision was hers. Throwing a fit wasn’t going to help. Besides, what she said made sense. He knew that. He didn’t like it, but it made sense. The best thing he could do right now – the only thing he could do – was to give her a chance to “figure something out,” as she said. What else could he do?

He smiled weakly. “All right.”

Samantha smiled warmly. “I’ll tell you what.” She spoke softly and kindly. “I need to do some things tonight. Ericson wants to go over some of the ledgers and systems with me. You don’t need to be here for that. So I’ll ask Rhonda to drive you home,” she said and she stepped back and picked up the gift box Rhonda had made Matthew give her, the one with the maid uniform in it. She came forward again and handed it to him, setting it in his hands and then wrapping her hands around his waist once more. “You go home. Put on your little maid costume—” she giggled as she said this “—and prepare a nice dinner for me for when I get home, and we’ll celebrate.” She kissed him on the lips.

Then she let go of him and moved to her desk to grab her phone.

“I might even break my rule,” she added with a wink. “If you’re a good girl.”

She dialed Rhonda.

Matthew watched all of this as if in a trance. He was utterly stunned. First, there was coming to terms with the idea that she could not promote

him, that he was stuck as a receptionist. That was stunning and made him feel helpless. Now, his wife tried to soothe him by telling him to put on a maid uniform and make her a dinner. Even worse, she was going to have Rhonda drive him home?! This was all so humiliating it crushed his ego like a stiletto crushing a cigarette, and yet, the genuineness of her offer was utterly disarming. It left him strangely calm and incapable of revolt. He didn't know why, but it had.

"Yes, Ma'am," was all he could say.

—o—

Once again, Matthew sat in the passenger seat. Only, this time, Rhonda was driving. This was very humiliating. It made him feel helpless to need to be driven. She was even wearing a tight ankle skirt, as was he, and heels that were as tall and as unstable as his. That seemed unfair to him. If she could drive dressed like that, then why couldn't he?

"You must be excited your wife got the promotion," said Rhonda.

Humiliating was the word. Matthew gave a noncommittal nod.

Rhonda turned a corner and the car sped down the street. She glanced at Matthew and his glum expression out of the corner of her eye. A sly smirk appeared upon her lips. "So tell me... just between us girls, *jealous*?"

Matthew tensed slightly. "Why would I be?"

"I know how much you thought you would get the job. It must be hard—" She stopped, glanced down knowingly at his crotch, and then smirked. "Oops, it must be 'difficult' for you to watch your wife exceed you."

Matthew blushed deeply. His penis tried to grow hard. "She hasn't exceeded me."

"Said the receptionist," countered Rhonda.

Rhonda's words cut through Matthew's ego like a knife. He opened his mouth to respond, but had no idea what he could say that wouldn't make this worse. He shrank into his chair.

"You know," continued Rhonda "there aren't a lot of male receptionists out there, not that you look male or anything... but we still know don't we?"

Matthew burned with shame now.

“A lot of men couldn’t handle their wives being the breadwinner, especially when it’s such a disparity. She must be making a couple times what you make, right?” said Rhonda, rubbing this in.

“*Six point seven times*,” thought Matthew unhappily. He shrank further.

“A lot of men can’t handle that. It hurts their pride. It makes them feel like they aren’t men anymore. I’m impressed you’re fine with it.” She giggled. “Of course, you’re not really a man anymore, are you?”

“Can we change the topic?” growled Matthew.

“Is Samantha going to promote you now?”

“What?”

“Promote you. Take you out of my department. Maybe give you her old job.”

Matthew knew that wasn’t happening, but his ego wouldn’t let him admit that. “We’re still talking about it.”

Rhonda snickered. “Interesting. See, I heard that Martha already has it.”

Matthew blushed.

“I guess you’re not getting that one,” she giggled.

“Is there a point to this?” snapped Matthew.

“I just find it funny that your own wife is leaving you under me when she could easily promote you back into management. You must have been a very bad boy,” she snickered cynically.

Matthew turned bright red. “It’s not that easy.”

“It was for Martha.”

“Different circumstances.”

“Uh huh,” said Rhonda doubtfully.

They came to another intersection and Rhonda made the turn, accelerating out of it on the back end. Matthew was tempted to watch her feet as he watched his wife’s, but somehow it felt dirty to him to do so with Rhonda. Still, he was tempted.

“Do you know what I think?” said Rhonda.

Matthew rolled his eyes. “I’m sure you’re going to tell me.”

“I think you like it. I think you like feeling all submissive and weak —”

“I do not!”

“You do,” laughed Rhonda. “Why else did you stick around when whatever happened and pretend to be a girl here when you could have gone somewhere else? Why let your wife make you do all the chores? Why let her put you in the chastity device? Why let her keep you as a receptionist when she’s running the whole place and can give you any job you want?”

“It’s not that simple,” he repeated weakly.

She ignored him. “And why, dear sissy Marti, are you going to go home right now and slip into that maid uniform? I’ll tell you why, it’s because you like it. That’s why.”

“How did you know I was supposed to put on the uniform?!” blurted out Matthew.

Rhonda smiled with a mixture of pride and kinky thrill. “Because you’re a sissy. What else would you do?”

Matthew glared at her.

Meanwhile, Rhonda merged onto the highway and again hit the gas. This time, Matthew could not stop himself: he glanced at her feet. She wore tall brown suede platform sandals with thick straps and chunky heels. Her toenails were painted white. Matthew watched her toes press the shoe into the pedal. As he did, he imagined being on his knees and being ordered to kiss them. His penis throbbed, but he felt incredibly weak for thinking this.

“Do you know what else tells me that you like this?” started Rhonda again.

Matthew blushed and forced his eyes away and out the window.

“The fact Samantha wanted me to give you a ride,” said Rhonda. “I chuckled when she asked me to give you a ride home. ‘Why doesn’t he drive himself?’ I wondered. Then it hit me: your wife isn’t letting you drive, is she *Marti*? She likes you helpless.”

“*It’s not safe*,” countered Matthew.

“Not safe. Ha! I think it turns you on—”

“It definitely does not!”

“Yes, it does. You love it. You get to be the helpless little princess who can’t drive, all dependent on your wife to get around.” She laughed. “That’s not something the men I know could stomach.”

“We just have the one car,” said Matthew defensively, though he knew the reason they were down to one car was his supposed inability to

drive. He felt really small suddenly.

They were approaching their exit. “How did Samantha like the uniform?” asked Rhonda.

Matthew sighed his frustration.

“That good, huh?” laughed Rhonda. “Well, you still owe me the video.”

“I’m not sending it,” said Matthew defiantly.

“Uh huh.”

“I’m not.”

She ignored his protestation. “I want pictures of you in it too. And Samantha needs to be in one of those.”

“Anything else, your Majesty?” said Matthew sarcastically.

Rhonda smirked. “I’ll think of something.” She pulled up before Matthew’s house. She was letting him out on the sidewalk. He’d actually never been outside his house dressed like this; every time he’d left dressed as a woman, they had done it through the garage. He felt a little nervous; would the neighbors wonder who this woman was entering his house? He would need to go fast, he told himself. He started to open the car door.

“No ‘thanks for the ride’?” said Rhonda.

Matthew gritted his teeth. “Thanks.”

Rhonda stared at him.

“What?” asked Matthew, recognizing her unhappily expectant look.

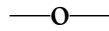
“What are we forgetting?”

Matthew turned bright red. He knew. “Thank you, *Miss Rhonda*.”

“That’s better,” said Rhonda and she drove off.

Matthew tottered to the front door as quickly as he could to avoid being seen. He fished the key out of his purse, inserted it, and disappeared inside. His heart was racing. This had all been utterly humiliating.

Chapter Two: “Sissy Maid”



Matthew stood over the bed in the bedroom. He had laid out the French Maid uniform before him. The gift box was in the corner. The uniform was black with white trim. It had puffy sleeves and a short hem. The bodice was fitted and decorated like a black corset, stopping below the breasts. Above the corset was satin and supported like a pushup bra to lift the breasts. The collar was wide and square and low and would show a lot of cleavage and most of the upper curvature of the breasts. It was lined with thin white lace. The skirt portion of the dress was flared, with a white underlay of stiff cloth akin to tulle upon which the black flared dress would lay. With the dress came two white lace gloves, a black ribbon for around the neck, akin to a choker, tan stockings, and a white lace garter belt.

Matthew stared at it, unsure what to make of it. It was pretty, that was for sure. It was more of a costume than a uniform, he thought, and the idea of Samantha in it was truly exciting. It was a fantasy. Only, she wouldn't be the one wearing it. That was the problem.

He heard Rhonda's taunting:

Why, dear sissy Marti, are you going home to slip into that maid uniform?

Her words made him burn with shame. Then he heard his wife's more sympathetic words:

Put on your little maid costume and prepare a nice dinner for me for when I get home.

Her words were worse in a way. They were so kind, so genuine, they disarmed him. They made him feel so sickly effete. He wanted to refuse, but her words made it impossible. But could he really wear this in front of his wife? Despite all the humiliations visited upon him since this all began, the idea of wearing this uniform was by far the most emasculating. And the idea that she thought he actually wanted it was shattering.

He shuddered.

Matthew moved to the mirror. He stared into his eyes in his reflection. The iron he used to see in his eyes was gone. He looked like a doe caught in the headlights. If things didn't change fast, he was going to be trapped like this, a lowly receptionist at work, ordered around by his former secretary Rhonda, and a sissy maid at home, ordered around by his wife. He needed to reassert his manhood.

His ego started to burn.

"I can't let that happen," he told himself.

But how to stop it?

Matthew suddenly had the desire to try again, to see if he could return to being a man. Yes, he still had breasts, but there had to be ways to hide those. As for the rest, if his penis was growing, then everything else needed to go back to normal soon too, didn't it? Maybe it already had, he thought hopefully. Maybe his breasts were smaller and he just hadn't noticed yet? Maybe his rear was smaller? Maybe his hips were less round – even though his skirts seemed to keep getting tighter.

A sort of hopeful feeling filled him.

Matthew stripped off his clothes. Off came the dress, the hose, the panties and the bra. He even slipped out of the mules, tossing them aside with his feet. He now stood naked before the mirror.

It didn't look good.

Matthew bit his lip. Staring back at him was a woman. A woman with a penis locked in a bit of pink armor, but a woman nevertheless. She had shapely feminine legs – in fact, he'd heard a rumor that the mechanics thought he had the best calves of any woman in the office, a dubious honor which made him feel vulnerable. She had round hips and a round rear. These were not men's hips, nor was it a man's rear. In fact, when he turned to look at it, not only did it jiggle slightly as he moved, but it had the classic upside-down heart shape by which women are drawn by artists. His waist was narrow. His shoulders seemed small, as did his arms somehow. It looked as if he'd lost a good deal of muscle actually.

"Well, I haven't gotten to work out in some time," he told himself.

On his chest were breasts... no, not "breasts" but "*BREASTS*." These were gorgeous. They were large and globe-like with wonderful curves and

large erect nipples. If he'd seen these on a woman, he would have had an instant erection. But they were on him. It didn't seem real.

He touched one nipple and his body tingled.

His body trembled pleasantly.

His eyes continued upward. His face was feminine. Even without the wig, his face was feminine. It was the makeup, he told himself. He'd been painted to look like a woman. But his eyebrows were the real cause. They had gotten thinner again and more highly arched. Also, his skin seemed softer and almost glowed, even without the makeup.

Matthew shook his head unhappily. The task of passing for a man again seemed rather daunting at the moment, but he could do it because he needed to do it. If he could look like a man again, then he could look for a job as Matthew and he could use Matthew's credentials. Samantha could hardly object if he got another manager position at a different dealership. And once he escaped the dealership, Rhonda would lose her power over him. Then he could set everything right once more. This was his ticket to freedom. He just needed to pull it off. But could he?

"Where to start?" he wondered.

He glanced at his image again and noticed that he was standing on his toes. He looked like he was wearing heels only without the shoes beneath him. He flattened his feet.

"Step one," he said with determination.

He glanced at his breasts next.

"Now to do something about these," he said. "But what? A tight shirt? A bandage? A rope? No! *A sports bra!*"

Matthew moved to his wife's underwear drawer, telling himself that he'd seen sports bras work wonders, making women with large breasts appear flat. If they could do that with real breasts, then surely they could make him look flat!

He opened the drawer.

He started to rummage through her bras.

Then something caught his eye. It was just one of his wife's bras, but he noticed the tag inside the bra. He saw the size... and it hit him that he wore a larger cups size than his wife!

A shockwave passed through him: *he wore a larger cup size than his wife!*

“It doesn’t matter,” he tried to tell himself, even as his masculinity reeled. “If the sports bra does its thing, then I’m free.”

He wore a larger cup size than his wife!

Matthew found the sports bra and pulled it from the drawer. It was different than the bras he’d worn so far. It was thicker. It was heavier. It was made of a cloth with more stretch. He held it out before him. It looked like a sort of tank top with a thick band that would go over his breasts and then two thick straps that went over his shoulder, crossing in the back. He pulled it over his head like a shirt.

It was tight. Really tight.

Matthew worked it down over his chest, pushing his breasts into it as he tugged it down into place. Soon, he had both breasts covered and the bra sitting against his torso. It was indeed snug, but it fit.

Matthew moved to the mirror.

He pursed his lips.

His breasts appeared smaller, that was true, but they were still large and breast-like. And when he turned to one side, they got even bigger. Indeed, he had quite the busty feminine profile. He looked like no man.

His penis rose, as did his nipples.

“How can these things be this big?” he said aloud.

Matthew put his hands to the sides of his heavy breasts, one on each side, and he gave them a squeeze as he spoke. It felt good to squeeze them... kind of ticklish... kind of comforting. He closed his eyes and squeezed again, taking in the feeling. His penis swelled. Then he opened his eyes again.

His eyebrow rose curiously.

“What’s— what’s that?” he asked cautiously.

He glanced at his chest and the bra in the mirror. Then he glanced down at it directly. To his surprise, a spot on the bra just below where his erect right nipple pushed into the bra was darker than the gray around it. He touched it.

It was wet.

It wasn’t a lot, but it was enough to feel wet and to look wet.

“What happened?” he asked.

Suddenly, the absolute horror of what had happened hit him! No! That couldn’t be, he told himself! It had to be sweat! Something fell from

the ceiling unnoticed! Something had spilled! He had rubbed the bra against something before putting it on! It had been put away wet! *Something!* It could not be *that!*

Matthew ripped the bra over his head.

His breasts jiggled and bounced as they were freed.

Matthew raced to the hamper and threw the bra on top as if it was contaminated with something toxic. He started to step back. Then he rushed forward again and shoved the bra deep into the hamper, beneath all the other clothes that needed to be washed. *Samantha could never see this!*

Matthew stumbled back. He swallowed hard. He glanced at the maid uniform. Maybe, he thought—he didn't finish the thought. He knew what he was thinking, though. He picked up the garter belt and got started. It was time to play the game until he could figure out how to stop what had happened... how to reverse what was happening.

—o—

Matthew calmed as he dressed. Indeed, the further he got from the incident, the more he convinced himself that what he'd feared was impossible. It had all been a mistake, something simple he must have missed. Sweat, nothing more. It was not a problem. But he had a new problem now.

Matthew tugged on the low-cut square collar of the maid dress.

Nothing changed.

He tugged again, trying to adjust it.

Still, nothing changed. Despite appearing so open, the top of the dress included a good deal of support which had pushed his breasts up and squeezed them together tightly, creating massive cleavage. It was an uncomfortable amount of cleavage. Yet, at the same time, it felt like his breasts were virtually uncontrolled because they jiggled like jello when he walked and because the square collar was cut so low that the very tiny tips of his areolas were just visible, leaving the majority of each breast well above the tight grip of the inset bra. It made him nervous to see his breasts jiggle and to feel like they would pop out of the dress at any moment.

That wasn't all either.

The dress was short. It stopped at mid-thigh, but that was the tulle-like material which was airy and made him feel naked there. Indeed, the dress didn't seem to provide any cover at all until the upper thigh right about where the device held his penis; he wasn't entirely sure it was hidden actually. What's more, if his balls were still balls instead of shrivels, they would have hung freely and they would have been visible for sure. As it was, they kind of dangled in the tulle forest, like olives from a tree. Thankfully, he'd added a pair of white panties to keep it all hidden, but the idea of wearing a dress cut so highly was terrifying. What if he balls slipped out of his panties? What if someone could see his panties and the Pink Lady beneath? Would everyone see them?

Just as bad, the tops of the tan stockings he wore were visible below the dress as were the clips and beginning of the garter straps. That felt really sissy-ish for some reason.

It's funny, he thought, how pieces of this could make him feel like a sissy when the overall dress did not. Had he become that conditioned to femininity that he didn't see the idea of wearing a dress alone as sissy-ish?

He did not know.

On his feet, Matthew had strapped the impossible sandals. They seemed to be made for a dress like this. On his hands, up to his wrists, were lacy white gloves. They made him feel servile. On his head was the lacy cap. He didn't wear the wig, but as his hair had grown long enough to be unruly without some form of control, he tied it all back in a ponytail which reached the top of his back. He originally tied it in a male ponytail, down at the base of his neck, but decided that didn't look right, swallowed his embarrassment, and redid it higher up on his head. It looked better, but gave him this quivery feeling in his stomach.

Finally, around his neck, he tied the ribbon, making him feel like a gift.

Matthew stared at himself in the mirror. He looked like a woman. No... at work, he looked like a woman. When they went on their girl's date, he looked like a woman. In this? In this, he looked like a pin-up. He looked like a sex-pot. He looked like a woman using her breasts and power to tease access beneath her skirt to lure men to whatever she wanted. That made him feel... feminine.

It was strange, but that was the word that came to mind: feminine.

His mind began to drift.

He felt feminine. And for the briefest of moments, perhaps only a nanosecond, he told himself, he saw himself as a woman. He saw himself going on girl's dates with his wife. They were at a table flirting. He saw himself at work, tottering along confidently as every head turned to watch him ascend the stairs to his wife's office. He saw himself walking through the grocery store in a flirty dress and flat sandals, like his wife. He felt the power women felt when they made heads turn. It filled him with a naughty zeal. Then he saw himself on the bed, his legs spread as his wife made love to him as if she was a man, squeezing his breasts. It felt so good when she touched his breasts.

His nipples were hard. His penis was hard, as much as the Pink Lady allowed. His one hand was on his chest, gently teasing the curve of his breast before tracing his cleavage line. His other hand held his shriveled balls and stroked at the tiny gap in the pink lady.

What had he been thinking? He didn't know. Nothing almost. He had found an interesting state where he knew what he wanted to think, knew what he should think, but he isolated it all and just enjoyed the moment. He wasn't thinking at all. Or maybe, he was having a fantasy, a forbidden fantasy, watching himself as the sexy maid flutter around, doing his wife's bidding. His penis throbbed even more.

He recalled his wife's promise:

I might even break my rule... if you're a good girl.

He filled with warm excitement. Maybe tonight he would finally get not only the release he wanted, but he would get to enter his wife again, be a true man again. All he had to do was... be a woman.

"Time to get to work, girlfriend," he giggled at his reflection.

He blushed.

Matthew then tottered off proudly to the kitchen. His high heels echoed loudly against the hardwood floor as he went. His dress swished so girlishly, so sexily. His breasts, so tight in the dress, swayed with each step, threatening to pop out at any moment, a sensation with made him tingle. His sensitive nipples pressed so erotically into the satiny material.

His penis throbbed.

Matthew reached the kitchen. He went to the pantry to grab the ingredients to make his wife her favorite meal. They were going to celebrate, weren't they? That called for something special.

Little by little, Matthew assembled his wife's dinner. He was now the good little husband... no, the good little wife. He was going to make her dinner, rub her feet and tell her how proud he was of her. He was going to be submissive and revel in it. She was going to pat him on the head and call him a good sissy. Then she was going to unlock him and they were going to make love, two women with one tiny penis between them. It was going to be glorious, he told himself.

Maybe... maybe, he thought, he could do this Marti thing after all.

—o—

The garage door closed.

Samantha was home. It was later, later than expected. Much later.

Matthew waited in the kitchen. His plan had been to greet his wife at attention – feet together, arms at his sides, good posture, chest out – and then drop into a curtsy as he'd seen women do on television when his wife came through the door. This was to be his gesture of submission, his surrender to what he had been feeling, to the bubbly new desire to accept his fate and to serve his wife faithfully as her girlfriend. This was to be his confession to his wife.

Only, as he waited, his fears began to rise.

And the longer he waited, the more they grew.

He worried about giving up being a man, giving up his strength, giving up the automatic respect, giving up the admiration of women. He worried about being dependent on his wife. He worried about giving up his place and accepting his second class status to her; he worried about following her orders. He would have no power at all. What if he didn't like her orders? What if she made the wrong decisions? How would it feel being helpless to set her right? How would it feel that she could merely ignore what he said? How could he undo any of this if he changed his mind? Even if he could undo it, could he find another job? Could he ever truly look like a man again? Would his wife ever respect him as a man again?

Oddly, as these fears came to him, he found they started to make him hornier and hornier. If he hadn't worn the Pink Lady he would have masturbated a dozen times waiting for his wife. But at the same time, while they turned him on, they made it harder and harder to accept what he wanted to accept.

So he grew tense.

Then the worst thought of all came along: what if he did this and the pills finally left his system and he turned back into Matthew? What would happen then? How would he be a man again with his wife knowing that inside he was anything but a man... inside, he was a submissive sissy? Could he go through life pretending to be a man, knowing his wife dismissed him as something so pathetic?

Suddenly, he wasn't so sure he could do this anymore.

This was the state he had reached when he heard the garage door open. Now he stood in the kitchen, waiting for his wife, terrified that she would see him in this dress, wishing he had never put on the dress, but knowing it was too late to take it off. He folded his arms across his chest insecurely to hide his exposed breasts, but they were far too high to hide the way the dress pushed them up. There was nothing he could do to hide them.

Would his wife laugh?

He swallowed hard.

He heard the sound of his wife's high heels in the garage. He knew exactly what shoes they were from the sound. A moment later, the door opened. His wife came through, still wearing her suit and carrying her purse over her shoulder. She looked up and saw him. She smiled tiredly and winced all at once.

"Oh, I'm sorry, honey," she said, eyeing his maid uniform. "I totally forgot."

He tugged on his skirt self-consciously.

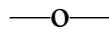
Samantha set her purse upon the table. "We had so much to do, I got distracted. I totally forgot you wanted to do this."

"I wanted to do this?" gasped Matthew to himself. He felt even more self-conscious. Did she really think he was the one who wanted to do this? She was the one who suggested it, he told himself.

“I’m too tired to do anything tonight, but I’ll make it up to you tomorrow.” She looked him up and down once more. “I’ll tell you what,” she said and she pulled off her shoes, bracing herself against the table and raising her legs in front of her one at a time in her long but loose skirt and pulling them off with a loud POP sound. “You can rub my feet tonight. I know that turns you on.”

She handed Matthew her shoes and started toward the bedroom.

To his surprise, Matthew was shockingly disappointed... and madly turned on.



Matthew lay in bed that night feeling very self-conscious. Had he really had all those thoughts? Did he really seriously consider surrendering to his wife, becoming her sissy maid? The idea was shocking. Where had this come from? He wasn’t like this. Why would he have had these thoughts?

There was something worse too.

When his wife came home and told him she was too tired to indulge “his” desire to be a sissy maid that night – an embarrassing idea in and of itself that she thought this was *his* idea – he felt... something. He told himself it was disappointment. Disappointment was natural, after all, as he had gone out of his way to prepare a special meal for her and he had taken all of this time to indulge *her* idea. So even though he absolutely did not want to be a sissy maid – he insisted – it wasn’t wrong to feel disappointed.

That was his explanation for what he felt.

The thing is... he didn’t feel disappointed: *he felt controlled*.

Being at his wife’s whim, with her not only having the power to simply tell him no, they would not do what he wanted, but her being able to do so without consulting him or even considering his wishes in the matter made him feel utterly helpless and controlled. And that made him horny. In fact, it gave him what his wife had been calling one of his “soft-ons.” Why would the humiliation of his wife taking total control like that turn him on?

That was worrying.

It also made him want to masturbate furiously now.

What kind of man was he becoming?

“I need to find a way out of this,” he told himself. “I need to be a man again.”

Chapter Three: “The Salon”

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He would not become a man on Saturday.

It was Saturday. Nothing was made of the maid uniform. Indeed, Samantha never mentioned it. Instead, she ate the breakfast Matthew prepared in his nightgown and the high-heeled wedges he’d taken to using as slippers because the mid-heeled slides somehow felt funny of late, and then she disappeared to her study to make phone calls and go over papers. Around noon, she emerged. It was time to get ready for their trip to the salon.

Matthew dreaded this.

Samantha ran her fingers over the growing collection of female clothes in Matthew’s closet. She didn’t see what she needed, so she continued to her own clothes. She pulled out a sleeveless white tennis dress. She tossed that onto the bed. Then she looked through her shoe collection and pulled out a pair of brown leather sandals with thin straps and a two-inch block heel.

“Wear these,” she said.

Matthew picked up the tennis dress and looked at the short skirt, a skirt that would likely not go much past the middle of his thighs and wouldn’t bind his legs at all. “Are you sure?”

“Nobody goes to the salon in an ankle skirt and sky-high heels. You need to look more casual or it will draw suspicions. This is about relaxing... being yourself... getting pampered.”

Matthew nodded his head, but felt uneasy. Really, his only experience with any sort of short dress was the maid uniform the prior night and that left him deeply uneasy that his penis might show – or at least the roughly-penis-shaped device. This dress wasn’t necessarily shorter, but without the tulle, it would be less substantial. That worried him. Would his penis show? Did he know how to protect it? This would be a very different experience than the skirts he normally wore.

Nevertheless, he slipped into it.

“I feel stupid,” said Matthew as they walked along the broad downtown sidewalk toward the salon. He wore the white tennis dress and the brown sandals. His brown purse hung over his shoulder. His wife walked next to him. She wore a slightly longer summer dress in light blue and white slides with two-inch chunky heels. Her white baguette purse hung from her arm.

“Why?” asked Samantha.

Two women walked past them in the other direction. They wore jeans and blouses. One wore flat sandals, the other heels. Neither seemed to notice anything unusual about Matthew.

“These shoes,” said Matthew, after waiting for the women to pass them.

Samantha glanced down at the sandals her husband wore. “What’s wrong with them?”

“They feel funny somehow. I’m all off balance.”

“I thought they’d be a lot more comfortable than your mules.”

Matthew shrugged his shoulders. “Not really.”

Samantha knew exactly what this was, even if her husband did not. She’d suspected it already in how he walked on his toes when he was barefoot and how he’d gone to the higher-heeled wedges as slippers. His feet and legs were changing: *her husband could no longer wear anything but heels*. She knew that shouldn’t excite her, but it did. As strange as it sounded to her, the idea of her husband turning into a woman was proving incredibly arousing.

“Next time, I’ll let you wear your mules,” she said with a soft giggle.

They reached the salon.

“Here we are,” said Samantha.

Matthew hesitated; *this place was for women!* “We could go back to the car.”

“Come on, Marti,” laughed Samantha and she grabbed his hand and pulled him through the door.

Matthew entered.

This was not a barber shop; it took Matthew only an instant to realize that. Everything was different. The place smelled of perfume, not

cologne. The decorations were artistic and feminine, rather than pictures of sports heroes. There were large chairs in the back he did not recognize, chairs with buckets at their feet. There were women seated next to those chairs doing something to other women. There were hair driers. There were curlers. The women were stylish. The customers wore pink smocks. None of this was normal.

“Hi,” said Samantha to the young woman in the long black leather skirt and the black turtleneck sweater. She stood by a small desk with a phone, an appointment book, and a credit card reader. Her nails were long and blood red. “We have appointments. Samantha and Marti.”

“Oh yes,” said the young woman, running her finger down the appointment book and reading the names. “You’re with Mindi, and Marti is with Kim.”

“Great.”

Matthew and his wife were taken to the back. They were set into the large chairs across from each other as two women helped them get comfortable. The woman before Matthew even took off his sandals and had him slip his feet into the warm bath attached to the chair. It felt good. As his feet soaked, the woman moved her short chair next to his armrest and got to work on his nails.

“What color would you like?” asked the woman.

Matthew bit his lip. It felt strange answering that question, especially with his wife watching. Usually (*always*), his wife picked the color for him when she painted his nails. Him picking felt uncomfortable. Would this somehow reveal something about him? What if he picked a color that was too feminine?

“What, uh what I’m wearing is fine,” he said glancing down at his dark red nails.

The woman picked a vial of polish from her basket and held it up for him to see. He nodded his approval without looking. Somehow, that seemed to help him retain his masculinity, which suddenly seemed to matter.

“Gels?”

Matthew glanced at his wife, who nodded. “Yes, Ma’am,” he said to the woman nervously.

“Just relax and enjoy, honey,” said Samantha.

He would not, he told himself. This was not a place for men. But he nodded back at his wife once more. The last thing he wanted to do was cause some sort of scene here.

A moment later, another woman came by and placed a warm, moist towel upon his face. Admittedly, it felt really nice. Then the woman at his side massaged his hand before taking his fingers and doing something that made them wet. He thought she was likely stripping the old polish, though he couldn't see. That felt nice, he thought, what she was doing with his hand.

He began to relax. A little.

Soon, the woman had removed the polish from his fingers, done something with his cuticles and started filing his nails. They had gotten long of late and he wondered what she would do. For the briefest of moments, he had this strange thought and he actually worried she might cut them short – he didn't want that, he thought, though the moment the thought hit, he squelched it: he only wanted them long as camouflage, he assured himself.

They were pretty though, he thought.

He relaxed a little more.

As the woman worked, another came and started on his feet, drying them and then doing something.

“You have beautiful feet,” she said.

Matthew blushed beneath the towel. “Thank you,” he said.

The woman began massaging his feet. This felt amazing, especially after having worn the uncomfortable sandals. He took a deep breath and melted into the chair. This was incredibly relaxing, between the massages, the warm foot bath, and the warm scented towel. His body shivered out his stress and a warm, soft feeling came over him. He understood now why women did this.

He was deeply relaxed.

Slowly, his mind began to wander. It thought of his nails first and how pretty they were painted. It was true. They were pretty. He liked that. He would never admit it, but he did. He liked the feel of his breasts too, if he was being honest. He recalled the feel of his wife's fingers upon his breasts, rubbing their gorgeous curves, playing with his nipples. It was an amazingly erotic memory.

His penis began to swell.

A naughty feeling came over him now, knowing he could have an erection, sort of, and the women working on him could not tell because of the Pink Lady. He eased back and let himself enjoy the sensation... a “soft on,” he chuckled. But then suddenly, something strange happened. It was as if his dick slipped out of the Pink Lady! It was like a feel that something had broken and his dick was suddenly free! What if the Pink Lady had broken? What if his dick had somehow slipped out of the little gap? What if the Pink Lady was somehow shoved aside and his dick pressed hard into the dress for all to see?! What if his erection tented out his dress?

It didn’t even need to tent the dress to be seen! *It was a very short dress!* Matthew imagined his legs spread wide letting anyone look up the dress. He saw his penis, large and stiff pressing up the dress, his shaft exposed to anyone who looked straight up the dress, his shriveled balls spilling out of the panties and lying there between his legs on the seat. He wanted to rip the towel from his face to find out but he dared not. All he could do was wait. Wait to hear one of the women scream and then everyone yell accusingly. He licked his lips nervously and he waited. This world of secret pleasure was now a world of terror.

“Do you want the same color on your toes?” asked the woman.

Matthew swallowed hard. He was terrified to speak. But then it hit him: she couldn’t have noticed, could she? No, she would have mentioned something if she had seen anything.

“Ye— yes, that’s fine,” he said cautiously.

His heart was racing.

A moment later, the towel woman returned and removed the towel from his face. His eyes glanced down immediately. He saw two women working on him. One was busy on his toenails. The other was filing his fingernails. There was no erection. There was no bump. He breathed a sigh of relief. What had happened though? What had caused that feeling? He’d never felt that in the device before.

“Isn’t this lovely, honey?” asked Samantha across the way.

“Y— yes,” he lied.

Well, that wasn’t really a lie, not in the strict sense. He had enjoyed the treatment, he was just worried that his erection had exposed him. Other than that, it really had been relaxing.

Matthew's erection subsided. He felt more calm.

Matthew had moved to a stylist chair. He now wore a pink smock. His fingernails were red, as were his toenails; he wore flat slippers on his feet. Somehow, his fingernails actually looked longer. He wasn't sure how the woman had done it, but it seemed like magic. They now extended about half an inch past his fingertips and were deep red with a glassy depth he had not expected. It was like looking into several layers of distorted glass stacked one on top of the other. It made them look like gems. He stared into them, almost obsessed. They were gorgeous.

In fact, he'd never really seen anything like them before – or perhaps he hadn't noticed, was more accurate. It seemed women's nails truly were works of art, including his own fingertips now.

"So tell me about this," said the stylist as she plucked at Matthew's wig.

Samantha came over.

"My cousin has had short hair all her life, but she wants to grow it out. The problem is, she didn't know what to do with it as it grew. So she's been wearing this." Samantha pulled the wig away, making Matthew tense up nervously waiting for the woman to scream that he was a man.

She didn't.

The woman ran her fingers through his hair and nodded her head. "You have beautiful hair. You shouldn't hide it!" She raked her fingers through it now. "Let me see what I can do."

With that, she lowered the back of his chair, dipping Matthew's head into the shampoo bowl. A moment later, warm water started pouring through his hair. That felt really good.

Over the next hour, Matthew's hair was shampooed, dried and combed. It was trimmed, layered, combed and trimmed again. It was blown dry, curled and combed once more. Then another woman came over and started brushing it with what appeared to be a paint brush. She added foil to portions of it and finally made him sit in a small waiting area where he could read a magazine. Samantha sat there as well, also with foil in her hair.

“Can you believe this?” Matthew asked his wife. He was skimming through the magazine.

“I know. So trashy,” said Samantha.

“Do women really read this?”

“Of course, but we don’t take it seriously.”

“Listen to this ‘dating advice.’ ‘Apply a drop of perfume down below to smell good in the event your boy toy decides on a night-time snack.’ Who writes that?” asked Matthew.

Samantha giggled. “Like I said, don’t take it seriously.”

The woman called him back to the stylist chair. She removed the foil. Then she brushed him out. Finally, after seemingly hours, she turned him to face the mirror. His jaw dropped.

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“I can’t believe this,” said Matthew as his wife drove them home. He stared into his compact which he used to examine his hair. He wasn’t sure if he should laugh or cry or gasp.

Samantha chuckled. The change had been dramatic for sure.

“Look at this color,” he complained, even as he found it incredibly attractive... for a woman at least.

“Isn’t it pretty?”

“No one is ever going to think I’m a man!” he protested as he ran his red-tipped nails through his endless waves of dirty-blond hair. He looked like a woman from some 1970’s poster.

“That’s a good thing.”

“No, it’s terrible! How am I ever going to be a man again with hair like this?!”

“I think your boobs are the bigger concern there,” laughed Samantha.

Matthew shrank. “They’ll go down.”

“I know, honey,” said Samantha sympathetically and she patted him on the thigh. “But until they do, you need to pretend to be a woman. Your new hair will help you with that.”

She was right, but Matthew didn’t like it. Sure, it was gorgeous hair, it was exciting hair, but not on him. He wanted to be a man (despite his embarrassing musings of the prior night). The hair seemed like a step in the

wrong direction. It made everything about returning to be a man harder. But there was nothing he could do about it, so he let the issue lie.

Matthew ran his fingers through his hair once more. “Where did she get all this hair anyways?” His waves cascaded down his head to his shoulders and a few inches beyond to his upper back, falling over his shoulders in both directions and framing the start of his breasts. The hair was thick and dense, far thicker and more dense than it had ever been.

“It’s all yours, beautiful,” said Samantha. “I’m really quite jealous.”

“But I never had this much hair before.”

Samantha turned the car onto their street. “You have been letting it grow.”

“But even so, it’s so much thicker than it’s ever been. It feels heavier too, more—I don’t know—*lush*?”

“That’s because you’re taking care of it now. They put a lot of product into it which will give your hair a richer, more lush feel.”

“I guess,” said Matthew doubtfully. Somehow, it seemed like he had more hair and thicker hair.

Samantha pulled into the driveway. “Home again,” she said.

“I can’t wait to get out of these shoes,” said Matthew. “They’re really making my feet sore.”

“We’ll get you back into some nice heels,” chuckled Samantha.

Matthew blushed, but there was truth in what she said. He was planning to slip into the high-heeled wedges. It was just embarrassing the way she said it. “They just feel better,” he said defensively. “There’s something funny about these low-heeled shoes. They don’t sit right on my feet.”

“It’s all right, honey. You wear what you like,” said Samantha with a wink.

Matthew blushed even deeper, but Samantha felt a tinge of wetness. She was actually excited to see him slip into the wedges. It kind of turned her on to watch him put them on. She pulled into the garage and they went inside.

“I’ve been thinking,” said Samantha as they entered the kitchen. “We need to do something about you driving.”

Matthew blushed with embarrassment. It was a true point of emasculation that he couldn’t drive. What man couldn’t drive? Worse, what man let his wife drive him around like a child? Every time he got in the passenger seat, he felt this.

“What do you mean?” he asked cautiously.

“Now that I’m running the dealership, I’m going to be working a lot of late hours and sometimes I’ll be away. I can’t ask Rhonda to take you home every time, so you’ll need to start driving again.”

This statement hit him hard in his wounded ego as it highlighted so many of his recent emasculations all at once: his demotion, his wife stepping far above him, his inability to drive, her making decisions for him, her giving him orders, even her using Rhonda as a sort of substitute babysitter. Yet now that she mentioned possibly changing this, he found himself surprisingly reticent to the idea of driving again. Why was this? He told himself it had to be the risk of getting caught. If they had been worried about him getting caught before, how much worse would it be now with the colored hair and the long nails? There was no chance he could make himself look like Matthew again if he needed to drive!

“But the way I—the hair—nails—”

Samantha set her purse down and brushed back her golden hair. “I’m thinking we need to get you a new license.”

Matthew raised an eyebrow. “A new license?”

“Yeah. I called a friend who works at the DMV. She does some title work for us sometimes. She thought the best approach was to get you a new license in Marti’s name. That way, if you got pulled over, your license would match the way you look and they wouldn’t try to drag you downtown.”

Matthew’s jaw dropped. “*You told her I’m a man?!*” he gasped.

“How else was I going to ask her advice?” said Samantha with a matter-of-fact chuckle, ignoring his embarrassment. “She can make a license for you in the evenings after they close, so I told her I’d bring you over next week.”

“What?! No way!”

“*Matthew.*”

“I can’t see her, not if she knows I’m a man!”

Samantha glared at her husband. “Fine,” she said. “Then you need to ask Rhonda to give you a ride home whenever I need to work late.”

The idea of asking Rhonda for rides home made Matthew shudder. Once had been bad enough; he didn’t want to repeat that! Fortunately, he knew a way out: “She can’t. She has yoga most nights.”

Samantha shrugged her shoulders indifferently. “Then Stein, but you’ll have to ask him. I can’t ask personal favors as boss.”

If asking Rhonda was bad, the idea of asking Stein was horrifying. Matthew recoiled at the idea. In fact, there was no one he could ask. It was time to retreat. “Well,” he sputtered, “I mean, I suppose we could do the license... but what car am I going to drive anyways? You sold our car, remember?” Again, it surprised him how much he resisted the idea of driving again.

“I’ll find something,” said Samantha.

Matthew felt himself shrink. Apparently, his wife was going to decide what car he would drive now? How had he fallen so low as to be an un-consulted spouse about the car he himself would drive? *Don’t worry your little head about it, honey.* This made his stomach quiver with effeteness. In fact, he couldn’t let this stand. He couldn’t let his wife make decisions like this for him! He opened his mouth to protest... but then kind of didn’t. He wasn’t sure why he didn’t, either. It just seemed easier somehow to let his wife handle it. She knew their finances better right now anyways. She knew what they could afford, he didn’t. And with her running the dealership, she probably had better knowledge of what was available than he did. That was how he rationalized his decision to himself in the moment, but he knew it was something deeper: he was losing his authority... he was losing his importance.

Samantha now turned to her husband. She looked like someone who had decided it was time to relax and enjoy the afternoon. “So... what do you say we get you into your maid dress?”

Matthew raised an eyebrow. “Do what?”

“You wanted to be my maid, so let’s get you dressed. I promised, remember?”

“Promised?”

“Yeah, I told you I’d let you dress yourself up and serve me. So hop to it, Sissy. Get dressed!”

Matthew stared at his wife in shock. She genuinely looked and sounded like someone who was doing this to make him happy. But he didn’t want this! He didn’t want to be her maid and he certainly didn’t want to put on that horrifyingly sexist dress and prance around in front of her, especially with the humiliating sense that she was just doing it for him.

He shook his head. “I— I don’t—” he started to protest.

“Go on, honey. Let’s get you dressed. This house isn’t going to clean itself,” she said with a snicker.

Chapter Four: “The Maid, Take Two”

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“That looks really cute on you,” said Samantha.

They were in the bedroom. Matthew stood before his wife in the maid uniform. This was embarrassing. As before, the dress compressed his breasts upward, creating tight, deep cleavage. This was emasculating. The skirt was too short, leaving him insecure. The stockings felt like they were in danger of falling. His penis seemed in danger of sliding out of the panties at any moment and into the open air. The gloves made him feel servile. The ribbon around his neck made him feel like a present. And his high heels made him feel helpless, making all the rest worse.

It was terrible... and it made him terribly horny.

He now understood why women found this fantasy as arousing as men did, even as it would seem they would object to being made servile.

Samantha circled her husband, taking in all the details. She was shocked, both at how utterly feminine he looked – no, it was more than that, he looked sexy – and at how much it turned her on to see her husband like this. There was something incredibly arousing in his emasculation.

She giggled.

“I see why you wanted to do this,” said Samantha with a blush.

Her lips were wet.

Matthew thought of objecting that he didn’t want to do this, but all the evidence said otherwise. After all, he gave her the uniform as a gift and he had no answer when she asked why he had given it to her. Besides, what would he tell her now? Rhonda made me do it? How would he explain that? And what would happen if he couldn’t give Rhonda the photos she wanted? He’d let Rhonda blackmail him and now he was stuck with that decision.

He nodded his head.

Samantha smiled. She was actually looking forward to this, she told herself. She hadn’t been when she first saw the uniform. She was a woman and he was her man, she told herself. She should want him to be masculine and, well, normal. Thus, she told herself she didn’t want this, but she

would do it for him, to satisfy his needs. But she knew she was somehow drawn to this. And seeing him in it now? With the nails and hair? Knowing he was probably hard as a rock (in a way)? Now the pretense was gone, she was aroused.

“I’m going to take a seat in the living room and do some reading,” she said coyly. “Go fetch me a drink – I’d like wine. Then do your chores.” She tingled at giving him a command. It made her feel so powerful, yet so girlish somehow. It made her the fantasy princess of her dreams.

Matthew blushed. “In this uniform?”

Samantha smiled evilly. “Absolutely.”

Matthew bit his tongue. There was something ominous about the way she answered him. It was in her tone. He thought again about how easily his wife had accepted him doing all of the housework – in fact, it was now a “duty.” He thought about how easily she seemed to accept him being a receptionist at work. None of this boded well.

“Ye— yes, Ma’am,” he said softly.

He started to walk off.

Samantha savored watching him totter.

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Samantha moved out to the living room. She still wore the same light blue summer dress and white slides she’d worn to the salon, only now her nails were pink instead of white. She took her seat in Matthew’s favorite recliner and slipped her feet out of her slides. She pulled them up beneath her and waited with a book in her hand. Matthew came to her a few minutes later, holding a glass of wine.

She liked being served. Her nipples slowly rose.

“Good girl,” she purred.

Samantha took the glass of wine. As her husband started to back away, she ran her fingers up his thigh and fluffed the hem of his dress. This stopped him. Then she let her fingers continue their journey to his panties, where her fingers wrapped around the Pink Lady through the panties.

“Are you hard?” she asked. She wiggled the device.

Matthew blushed. He would be if he could. “No.”

“‘Ma’am,’ honey. I like it when you call me ‘Ma’am.’”

Matthew blushed even more. “Yes, Ma’am.”

Samantha shuddered excitedly. She sipped her wine with a knowing smile, watching Matthew wait nervously in the heels. “Maybe I should unlock you and let you walk around with one of your little soft-ons. I’ll bet you’d like that, wouldn’t you—” She raised a questioning eyebrow and put her finger to her chin. “What should I call you, by the way? ‘Marti’ doesn’t sound right, and you definitely don’t look like a ‘Matthew’. He was a man.” A slow smile developed on her face. “I know. *Sissy!* I’ll call you Sissy!”

Matthew cringed. Did she need to make this so difficult? The name Sissy was incredibly humiliating! He couldn’t imagine a more emasculating name than that!

“So tell me, would you like that, *Sissy?*” she asked teasingly. “Would you like me to unlock you?”

Matthew’s heart raced with the potential excitement of being released. He would love that, to be honest, especially if she let him come. He nodded. “Yes, Ma’am,” he said.

Samantha smiled at the honorific. “Be a good girl then, and maybe I’ll reward you.” She squeezed his balls for emphasis and then slipped her finger around to his rear, tracing the rim of his rear through the panties. Matthew’s penis positively throbbed. He was fairly sure it had even let out pre-come despite being locked in the device. He suddenly yearned to be released at any cost.

“Yes— yes, Ma’am,” he said.

Matthew grabbed a dusting rag and started dusting everything in the living room, determined to earn his release. As he did, his wife read. Only, her eyes kept watching him and he caught them every now and then watching him. His heart was pounding. He was so excited.

She was too.

She sipped her wine. “Mmmm, a girl could get used to this,” she purred.

Matthew blushed and grew even harder. *Suddenly, it happened again.* One moment, Matthew felt fine. His erection was trying to swell, but was contained by the device. It was a little uncomfortable, but by now, a very normal feeling. The next moment, it felt like the device had popped off and his erection had sprung free. It was a disconcerting feeling like

finding what he thought was a windowpane was in reality just open air as he went to press against it. He jerked up straight.

“What is it?” asked Samantha seeing his contorted face.

“It— the device.”

“What about it?”

Matthew blushed. “It— I don’t know. It’s like it popped off.”

Samantha raised an eyebrow. She motioned him to lift his skirt. He took the tulle in his hands, one hand on each side near the front, and raised it up, exposing his frost-white panties beneath. Samantha pulled them down, exposing the Pink Lady and his shriveled balls beneath. She pulled the panties below his balls. Then she grabbed the device. She pulled on it. She moved it left. She moved it right. She tipped it upward. She looked underneath. She could see nothing.

“It looks normal,” she said.

“Does it? It just feels funny. It feels like it broke.”

Samantha wiggled the device. It did seem loose. But a closer inspection showed that the ring was still tightly in place and everything else was attached where it should be. She rose from the chair and went to her purse and grabbed the key, which she had removed at the salon. She came back. She unlocked the device and pulled it off. She examined it; it all looked fine. She glanced at his penis, which was semi-erect. Then she had a thought. Was it possible? No. He’d stopped the pills. It was growing again, wasn’t it? And yet, that was the only thing that made sense. And it did look smaller, truth be told.

Samantha pretended to examine the device. As she did, she grabbed his penis with her other hand and played with it to make sure it was fully hard. She then surreptitiously slipped her finger along the top of it, along the shaft. She gasped to herself!

It was smaller!

It wasn’t smaller by much, perhaps just a centimeter, but it was smaller. Indeed, it wasn’t even as long as the finger itself now, never mind the nail. She bit her lip, and her tongue. There was no way she could tell him this. But she needed to. But then, what if she was wrong? This had to be a mistake, she told herself. Maybe it was just small because he was scared or he had eaten the wrong thing or he wasn’t truly excited? There was no reason to worry him with what could have been a mistake. She

decided to tighten the device a bit and see if that helped. She would check him again in a week. If he was still smaller, she would tell him them.

She worked the adjustment to make the device a bit smaller. "Let's see how this goes," she said and she put it back into place. It fit better. What's more, he thought it fit better.

"That's good," he said. "What a relief."

She smiled kindly. "I'm glad."

What did this mean, she wondered?

—o—

Matthew wondered too. Not about his penis because he didn't know it had gotten smaller, but he wondered why his breasts hadn't started shrinking. If anything, they still seemed to be growing. It could all have been the uniform pushing them up, but they did seem bigger and heavier. That shouldn't be now that he'd stopped the medicine. Either way, it troubled him. So when his wife went to bed that night, he snuck off to the bathroom and examined his breasts. He wore only a pair of mint-colored panties. His penis was tucked safely into the Pink Lady.

It fit snugly.

He examined his reflection in the mirror before slipping his hands onto either side of his breasts and pressing them upwards. His nipples were hard. His breasts were so very heavy.

"Why aren't these shrinking?" he asked himself.

He squeezed them with his hands. It felt good. It made his penis stir. But at the same time, it felt embarrassing. A man should not have breasts. That was exclusively the domain of women. How could he have breasts? It wasn't possible. And yet... they were.

In his mind, he saw himself in the maid uniform again. He had incredible cleavage in that dress. His breasts looked massive! They looked perfect too. He knew it was all trickery from the dress – a nip here, a press there, a bit of squeezing, but it seemed so real. They were so heavy too. His wife's weren't that heavy, at least when he held them.

"They should be getting smaller," he said.

He slipped a finger over his right nipple. He slowly rubbed his areola. It was a woman's areola now, and a woman's nipple. There was no

pretending any man had one of these.

“This isn’t smaller.”

He slipped a finger over his left nipple. He slowly rubbed that areola too. His nipples seemed to get stiffer and pleasure radiated through his round breasts to the rest of his body and his mind

His penis throbbed.

Matthew closed his eyes and took a deep breath. He spread his feet slightly. His penis was growing inside the device. He kept fingering his nipples. They tingled. His breasts felt alive.

Another wave of pleasure raced down his spine.

He moved his fingers closer to the nipples themselves. His nails grazed their tips. He moved his right finger right up to the nipple. He slipped one finger on each side of the nipple. He imagined his wife slipping her lips around his nipple. He squeezed gently. He felt a tugging sensation deep inside his breast. It felt amazing. He squeezed again. Then he pinched his nipple and he pulled.

“What am I doing?!” he asked himself suddenly.

It all came rushing back to him. He was a man, not a woman. He did not want to be a woman. He did not want to have breasts. Breasts were for women! He shuddered at the idea that he had been playing with his nipples. He yanked his hand away. It was time to do something, he told himself. He was going to call the doctor!

Chapter Five: “Marti Gets A License”

—o—

Matthew was back at work. It had been a surreal weekend. First, there was the trip to the salon. That had been truly a strange new world, a secret world not meant for men. Then his wife made him wear the maid uniform. After an initial start where she seemed hesitant, particularly after he thought the device broke, she seemed to grow into the idea. By Sunday evening, she was easily calling him “Sissy” and giving him all kinds of orders, which he carried out well. She did not unlock him, however, which left him feeling really horny; she never did explain why. At the same time, having spent his weekend as his wife’s sissy maid left him with the feeling of having a naughty secret printed on his face. He felt deeply vulnerable.

“Well, look at you,” said Rhonda when she saw him that morning.

Matthew blushed.

“Your hair looks amazing, girl! Is that your own hair?” she asked.

His blush deepened. “Samantha took me to a salon.”

“Well, they did a great job. You look very... well, *hot*! I’m still surprised how good you look as a woman. I never would have guessed you were a man, especially now.”

That wasn’t what Matthew’s ego wanted to hear.

“Well, get to work,” continued Rhonda. “We have some files we need to process today before the big close out starts.”

Matthew nodded. Then Rhonda walked off.

When she was gone, he picked up the phone and called the doctor’s office. He got the doctor’s assistant. He wanted to know when the side-effects would finally go away. To his surprise, the assistant told him that the things he was experiencing were not known side-effects of the drug and she told him she needed to see him to figure out what was going on. She didn’t sound too concerned, but then he had been too embarrassed to tell her exactly what the side-effects truly were, apart from a vague statement about “bloating” and some “swelling” on his chest. She asked if he wanted to make an appointment. Matthew looked down at his dress and heels and the painted nails on his fingers and he lost his nerve.

“Let me call you back,” he said weakly.

—o—

“So you’re ‘Marti’,” said the woman.

Matthew bit his lip. They were at the driver’s license office. It was after hours, but Samantha’s friend had let them in. This was the woman who occasionally handled title issues for the dealership and who had become friends with Samantha. She knew his true identity. That made this rather embarrassing, but there really wasn’t any other way to handle this.

“Yes,” he said softly.

The woman looked him up and down. “That’s pretty amazing,” she said. “I never would have guessed you weren’t a woman.”

Matthew blushed. He knew it was a good thing that no one saw him as a man, but it was still so embarrassing! How could someone *not* spot him as a man? What did that say about his masculinity?

“Thanks for doing this, Joan,” said Samantha.

“No problem, Sam. I’m amazed this is your husband. He looks so feminine!”

“It’s him all right,” chuckled Samantha.

“I love his hair.”

“I took him to *le Curl*. They do such a great job. I was trying to decide between this and something more understated. I thought this fit him better. I love the color too. It was that or auburn, but again, this fits him better.”

“It looks fantastic. So natural.” The woman looked him up and down once more. Every inch her eyes scanned, Matthew felt himself wither a little more on the inside. He felt so objectified. “He looks amazing all around. How did you make his breasts look so real?”

“Those *are* real,” said Samantha knowingly.

“No, *you’re* kidding!” gasped the woman. She turned her eyes to Matthew once more. As she did, his nipples rose in embarrassment. “So they are,” she giggled upon seeing them rise.

Matthew covered his breasts with his arms. The two women talking so openly about his nipples and his breasts was embarrassing. Matthew felt

even more embarrassed that the woman and his wife were speaking about him as if he wasn't standing there. It made him feel insignificant.

"So does he want to be a woman?" asked the woman.

"No," said Samantha. "He wants to be a man."

"Then why this?" She waved her hand up and down his body.

Samantha shrugged her shoulders. "A medication."

"Well put that in the water supply!" laughed the woman.

"Right?!"

Both women laughed.

"Right now, we're waiting to see if it all goes back to the way it was. Until it does, we don't have much choice. So he's working as a receptionist at the dealership," said Samantha.

Matthew shrank. Did she have to tell this woman he was a receptionist? He didn't notice she had said "if" not "when."

"At *your* dealership?" asked the woman.

Samantha nodded.

"Wasn't he a manager there?" asked the woman.

"He was, before this happened."

The woman chuckled, making Matthew feel even smaller. "So now it's 'Marti,' is it? All right, let's do this. Step onto the 'X', dear." She pointed to an X that had been taped onto the floor.

Matthew took a deep breath and stepped over to the X. He brought his feet together, facing the camera.

"Cute shoes," said the woman.

She adjusted the camera. She pressed a button. A moment later, she moved to the computer and hit more buttons.

"It will take three to five business days for this to process. They'll send it to your house," said the woman.

"Thanks so much for this," said Samantha.

"Anything for a friend."

"See honey, soon you'll have a usable license again. Then you can drive like all the big girls."

Matthew turned bright red.

On the way home, Samantha seemed content. And why not, she thought. She had her dream job. Her husband reported to her at work. What wife wouldn't like that? He reported to her at home too, essentially. What wife wouldn't *love* that? She no longer had to do chores around the house or even clean up after herself. Who wouldn't love that? She got a kick out of seeing him dressed as a woman too – not to mention the little thrills she got from him calling her “Ma’am.” And she definitely got a kick out of seeing him in the uniform. Life was pretty good.

What's more, she was starting to feel normal having all of this power. At first, she felt nervous about exercising it, nervous that he would revolt or be offended. But time had made her power all the more real and now it felt right to her: it was the way things were.

“Oh, by the way honey,” said Samantha remembering something she had forgotten to tell him, “I need to go on a business trip Wednesday and Thursday. I need to meet with the owner.”

“Do you want me to pick you up from the airport?” asked Matthew.

“You won't have your driver's license yet.” She continued confidently: “That brings me to another point. I asked Rhonda to give you rides to and from work until I get back.”

“*Rhonda?*” Matthew shuddered.

“She's agreed to help.”

“Of course she has,” said Matthew sarcastically.

“Someone has to drive you, honey.”

“I can drive myself.”

“Not without a license.”

Matthew felt truly small. At least, he would have a license soon and then he wouldn't need to face this particular embarrassment again. That said, there was one issue he just realized with his wife going away.

“What about the key?” he asked.

“What about it?”

“Are you going to give it to me while you're gone?”

Samantha raised an eyebrow. “Why would I do that?”

“What if something happens and I need to take off the device?”

“Another emergency?” snickered Amanda, recalling when he first asked her to take the key to work, citing a supposed worry that he might need to use the key at work but was afraid it might get stolen.

“You never know,” said Matthew firmly.

Samantha raised an eyebrow. This was true. It was possible, if unlikely, something might come up that required Matthew to unlock himself. “All right,” she said, “I’ll think of something.”

Chapter Six: “Your Ride Is Here”

—o—

Matthew zipped up the tight white ankle skirt, making his legs prisoner to the restrictions of the skirt once more. Interestingly, it seemed easier to deal with those restrictions these days, even though the skirt was becoming tighter around his growing hips, thighs and rear. Somehow, being bound like this didn't bother him as much as it had before. In fact, he actually found himself drawing comfort from the hugging effect of the skirt. It felt embracing, supportive... protective.

The heels he slipped into next, the brown-leather high-heeled mules which the designer brand designated as “platform clogs,” were another matter. They were hardly supportive or protective, nor were they easy to walk in. Indeed, despite all the practice Matthew had had in heels, these still added instability to his walk. That brought insecurity with it, though there was something naughty about that instability too; there was a magic in their vulnerability he found oddly arousing. Even without that magic though, he still would have worn them because they were more comfortable than alternatives, like the low-heeled sandals which he'd found to be rather uncomfortable.

What he wore wasn't the issue now though. Right now, the issue was Rhonda driving him to work. The idea made him increasingly nervous as the hour approached.

“I could drive myself,” said Matthew hopefully to his wife.

Samantha shook her head. “We've been over this.”

“I'll go slow. The odds of being pulled over are incredibly small.”

“And what if you do get pulled over? What then?”

Matthew bit his lip. That could be bad. Still, wasn't risking it better than getting a ride from Rhonda? “I'll be careful. I'll wear flats.”

Samantha let out a cynical laugh. “You can't even walk in flats! You'd be better off wearing heels,” she chuckled. “Either way, the answer is ‘no.’ It's not worth the risk until the new license comes. Besides, I'm taking my car to the airport, so what would you drive anyway?”

Matthew winced at her calling his car “my” car.

He also winced at her making the final decision. When did she take charge?

“Couldn’t you at least take me to work so I don’t need to ride with her this morning?” He felt like a child begging his mother to do something for him. It was a most embarrassing feeling.

“I need to go the other way, honey.”

Matthew bit his lip. Defeated, he returned to the closet and found a blazer his wife had bought him the other day. It was royal blue and would look nice over his blue and white-stripped blouse. He slipped it over his shoulders. It framed his breasts quite nicely.

“You know—”

The doorbell rang.

Matthew bit his lip. His ride was here.

Samantha rose from her vanity. She looked gorgeous in the dark gray skirt suit she planned to wear for her trip. Her blouse was white. She had a string of pearls around her neck, though not the choker, and she wore tall black pumps on her feet. Matthew followed her to the front door, their heels echoing femininely off the floors.

“I could call a cab,” he said.

“On your salary?” laughed Samantha, making him feel all the smaller.

Samantha opened the door. It was Rhonda. She wore a knee-length gray A-line dress and tall white platform pumps with rounded toes. Her nails were long and white. Her hair was pulled back in a ponytail. She saw Matthew and smiled slyly.

Matthew withered.

“Thanks for doing this,” said Samantha.

“Any time.”

“Just bring her back home in the evenings. I should be back Friday night.”

“Friday night?!” whined Matthew. “I thought you were coming back Thursday night!”

“It was easier to get a flight that brought me back Friday,” said Samantha. She then reached into her pocket and pulled out the key. *She held the key out for Rhonda.* Matthew’s jaw dropped.

“Wait— you can’t!” he gasped.

Samantha raised an eyebrow. “Why not?”

“You can’t— you can’t give her *that* key?!”

Rhonda folded her arms across her chest and smirked. She was enjoying the show.

“Someone has to have it, honey,” said Samantha simply.

“I can keep it!”

Samantha chuckled. “We’ve been over this.”

“But—” He leaned forward and whispered to his wife even though they were close enough to Rhonda that a whisper would hide nothing, “But — not *that* key. Not her. What if— what if— what if she—?”

Samantha smiled kindly at Matthew. “It’s all right, honey. Don’t be afraid.”

Matthew was about to lose his mind. This was insane! His wife was just about to hand the key that would unlock his dick to Rhonda, his virtual nemesis. This was horrifying to him and his manhood. Then something about her words struck him. What had she said?

“Wh— what do you mean ‘don’t be afraid’?” he asked suspiciously.

“She knows, honey.”

Matthew nearly passed out.

—o—

“What— what do you mean, ‘she knows’?!” gasped Matthew when he could regain his composure.

“She knows. I told her,” said Samantha calmly.

“Told her what?”

“Everything.”

Matthew’s eyes seemed to cross. His body couldn’t decide if it wanted to collapse or stiffen. Had he heard this right? Had his wife shared this secret? Even if Rhonda already knew, this was shocking! His wife didn’t know Rhonda knew. Why would she tell her? What did this mean?

“But— why?!”

“I thought about what you said,” said Samantha calmly, as if she was explaining why she chose blue paper over red. “You were right. I couldn’t take the key with me in case you needed it. But I couldn’t just give it to you either. That wouldn’t be fair to you. Then, the more I thought about it, the more I realized Rhonda needed to know anyways. How else was I

going to explain that you needed a ride? Everyone thinks you're my cousin, after all, not my husband. Why would my cousin live here? Why would I need to arrange rides for her? And what if something did happen? It's better to have someone here who can help. Besides, this way Rhonda can help make sure no one else figures out who you are at work. So I told her."

Matthew's knees went weak. This was terrible! Now Rhonda knew officially. He could only imagine how much more power this gave Rhonda. Or... or did it? Maybe, he thought, this was actually a good thing. If his wife knew now that Rhonda knew, then Rhonda couldn't threaten to tell her she knew anymore! Maybe this had freed him from her power?!

Before he could finish this thought, however, his wife smiled sort of slyly, sort of sympathetically. "Besides," she now added in a giggly voice, "I figure you would get a kick out of it, what with you pushing so hard to be submissive and with you mentioning her all the time—"

Matthew's jaw dropped. "*I am not submissive!*" he gasped.

"Oh come now, honey," said Samantha dismissively. "You don't need to act anymore. Between the key and the maid uniform, it's obvious what you want. Honestly, I've kind of guessed this for years."

Matthew's jaw dropped. "What?! I am not submissive!"

"It's all right. I don't mind," said Samantha. She leaned in to kiss him. Her kiss was neutering. It pulled all the masculine energy out of Matthew and left him completely disarmed. Meanwhile, Samantha stepped back. "And now Rhonda can take over while I'm gone."

She handed the key to Rhonda.

Matthew watched in helpless horror.

His wife then fished around in her purse once more. From it, she pulled a piece of paper. She handed it to Rhonda, not him. "Here is a list of chores she needs to do," said Samantha.

Matthew shrank at being called "she."

"She has a maid uniform. It's in the closet. Make sure she wears it while she works." His wife giggled.

"Aww, cute," said Rhonda with a smirk.

"It's darling," said Samantha. She kissed her husband on the cheek again. Then she waved a finger at him. "You be a good girl for Rhonda, honey." She turned to Rhonda. "Thank you again."

“This is a nightmare!” thought Matthew.

Chapter Seven: “My Oh My”

—o—

Being driven by Rhonda was especially embarrassing, and finding out that his wife told her about “Marti” made it all the worse. It seemed to give Rhonda the air of a babysitter. That filled Matthew with humiliation. What’s more, knowing his wife had told Rhonda that he was submissive and gave her instructions to make sure he did his chores in the maid uniform crushed his resistance; it left him utterly emasculated. This is what he was dealing with as Rhonda drove them to the dealership.

Rhonda made this worse by not saying a thing for the first half of the trip; she just smirked. Her smirk ate at Matthew and he started to find himself desperate to offer some explanation for all of this. But what could he say? Worse yet, before they drove off, she took the key Samantha had given her and she clipped it on her ankle bracelet. It now hung humiliatingly from her ankle as she worked the pedals. Naturally, Matthew’s eyes were drawn to it, and her feet, bringing about the now familiar masochistic feelings he experienced when his wife drove. His penis swelled masochistically inside the device as he watched his former secretary, now boss, now mistress(?) babysitter(?) work the pedals.

“Well?” he said finally, when he could take the silence no more.

“So your wife thinks you’re submissive,” chuckled Rhonda. “*Where there’s smoke...*”

“*I am not submissive!* And this is all your fault,” grumbled Matthew.

“How is it my fault?”

“You made me give her the key and you made me give her the maid uniform. What else was she going to think?”

“Why didn’t you just tell her they came from me?”

Matthew glared at her. But honestly, she had a point. In hindsight, telling his wife made sense. It could have avoided all of this, but at the time, he was worried how Samantha would react. If she stormed off to confront Rhonda, Matthew thought that would have been the end of their jobs. But maybe, again in hindsight, he now realized that wouldn’t have

been the case. Maybe he should have trusted his wife more. Matthew folded his arms in a pout.

"I don't want to talk about it."

Rhonda laughed. "I love the list of chores."

"It's just housework."

"Housework you'll be doing *in uniform* under supervision."

"I don't need supervision," said Matthew sourly.

"Apparently, you do," laughed Rhonda. She pressed her high-heel-encased foot against the brake and the car slowed as they neared the dealership. Matthew cringed that he watched her toes press her shoe against the pedal. Why had this become something he did? Why had any of it, actually?

"She's just humoring me," said Matthew.

"No. She likes it. You can tell."

"She does not!" protested Matthew, his face turning red.

"Yes, she does. Just like she likes keeping you locked up. I told you that would happen."

"She doesn't 'like' it. She's only got me locked up because she thinks I like it because of you. Same thing with the stupid maid uniform. She thinks she's doing all this for me."

"Right," said Rhonda with a sarcastic eye roll. "I'm sure she just hates it. Hates having you relieve her of keeping the house clean. Hates having the power to control your dick. Hates having you begging her to be released – I assume you beg, right?" She chuckled.

Rhonda pulled the car into the dealership. She parked in an employee spot and they stepped out of the car, two attractive women with purses over their shoulders. No one would have guessed one of these was hiding a penis as they tottered along in their tall heels. They walked into the dealership. It was early. The dealership hadn't opened yet and few of the employees were there. They made their way to the reception counter and set down their purses behind the counter, under the desk. An evil glint appeared in Rhonda's eyes.

"Of course, *maybe you didn't*," she said.

"Didn't what?"

"Maybe you didn't ask her to take it off."

"Of course, I did," said Matthew.

“Then why isn’t it off?”

“What’s that supposed to mean?”

Rhonda smirked. “If she hates it, like you claim, then she’d take it off if you ask her. She’s not going to leave you locked up if you really want it off. And she’s certainly not going to get me involved if she hates the idea. So if she didn’t take it off, which she obviously didn’t, and she got me involved, which she obviously did, then either she actually likes it and you are trapped, girlfriend, or *you* like it and didn’t really ask her to take it off.”

“I asked her,” said Matthew humorlessly.

“How hard?”

Matthew gave her a sour stare.

Rhonda snorted a laugh. “I thought so. You like it.”

“I do not!” he gasped.

“You do.” She folded her arms across her breasts and smirked. Her breasts were bigger than Matthew’s, but not by much anymore. “See, the thing is, guys get used to it. Even more than that, they come to need it.”

“I do not ‘need it’,” said Matthew disgustedly.

“Don’t be so sure, bossy. Some guys find they can’t stop wanting to play with themselves without the device to stop them. *Hand’s off, little boy,*” she purred with a wink. “For other guys, after wearing it long enough, it becomes a kind of shield for them. It protects them from needing to be real men because they know they can’t be men with it on. That becomes comforting to them to be relieved of their manhood. Soon, they don’t want to take it off because they don’t want to have to be men again. That’s psychology.”

“That’s nonsense. I would take it off in a minute if I could.”

“Is that so?”

“Yes.”

“All right,” said Rhonda. “Prove it. Let’s go to the ladies’ room. I’ll unlock you and we’ll see how long you last.”

Matthew was suddenly overwhelmed with a sense of dread, bordering on panic. His mind immediately justified this fear by telling him the risk of discovery was too great, but underneath, there seemed to be another reason he couldn’t quite put his finger on. Indeed, he knew the risk of discovery was actually virtually nonexistent. So what was he afraid of? That question made him nervous. He pushed it down, however, and focused on the risk.

“Not here,” he said nervously, shaking his head.

“What’s wrong with here?”

“*We’re at the dealership.*”

“So?”

“Look at how I’m dressed. What if my— what if my *thing* gets hard and shows through my skirt,” he whispered even with no one around.

“You went what? Days? Weeks? walking around in a dress with no device before I made you buy it. No one noticed then,” said Rhonda.

“I was lucky.”

Rhonda shook her head and laughed. “*Girlfriend*, I’ve seen your thing. It has no chance of showing. Trust me, even as hard as it could get, it will at best be a tiny nub. There is zero chance of your thing causing widespread panic.”

Matthew blushed darkly. “It’s not that small.”

“Do you know what I think? I think you’re afraid. I think you’re proving my point right now. I think it’s become your shield to hide behind. You’re afraid to be a man again.”

“*I am not.*”

“Then prove me wrong. Prove to me you can be a man. Let’s take off the device.”

Matthew folded his arms. “Forget it,” he said. As he did, he suddenly felt rather embarrassed that he was actually fighting against unlocking the device. How had this ended up so backwards? Was there a chance he really was afraid? No, his concern was rational, he told himself, it wasn’t fear: he didn’t want to be caught... that was all. “Look, I’m not afraid to take it off. I just don’t think—”

“*Prove it,*” said Rhonda.

“No.”

“Too late,” said Rhonda.

“What do you mean ‘too late’?”

“Come with me,” said Rhonda.

“Wh— why?” said Matthew cautiously.

Rhonda grabbed his hand rather than answer and dragged him out of his chair and across the dealership to the supply closet. She closed the door behind them. Then she raised her leg behind her and pulled the key from her ankle. She held the key out before him.

“Strip,” she said.

Matthew felt incredibly, bizarrely pensive. “I’d rather not.”

“You have no choice in this, girlfriend. Not today.”

“But—”

“*Strip.*”

Matthew was stunned. Was she really planning to unlock him? Here? At the dealership? Why did this bother him though? He knew there was no real risk. His skirt was super tight. It would hold it in check. He even wore good panties today, which would help hide it for sure. Could he really be afraid to be unlocked? What kind of man would that make him? Embarrassment swelled inside him. He needed to do this, he told himself. He needed to prove to her (and himself) that he wasn’t afraid.

“All right,” he said defiantly. “You’re crazy if you think this is going to bother me.”

Matthew was embarrassed to show Rhonda his penis, but she had seen it before. He unzipped the back of his skirt and slowly worked it down to his thighs. His panties followed, exposing the Pink Lady beneath. The tight skirt bound his legs even tighter this way, but his penis was sufficiently free to be unlocked. His shriveled balls were crushed between his thighs.

“It’s so cute,” giggled Rhonda.

Matthew blushed. His nipples rose. “Get on with it,” he said sourly and he folded his arms self-consciously across his chest.

Rhonda took his penis in her hand, making him shudder warmly. His nipples visibly poked out his blouse beneath his arms. He was turned on, whether he wanted to admit it or not. Rhonda slipped the key into the lock. She turned it. The lock popped open. She pulled the lock out of the closing loop. The device opened. Then she pulled the Pink Lady sheath off his penis. His penis rose to erection as she did.

It was small.

In fact, it looked smaller than she remembered, though she couldn’t be sure. Either way, she knew he would never show, not in that tight dress. That was good. That meant she could have her fun.

She brushed her fingers along the underside of his small shaft, sending exquisite tingles throughout his body. “Poof! You’re a man again... sort of,” said Rhonda with a wink.

Matthew quickly pulled the panties and the skirt back into place, over his tiny erection. He wanted to get it away from her fingers before something embarrassing happened. He also wanted to get it away from her eyes. It had seemed small to him too – embarrassingly small – though that was likely the circumstances and the strange way his thighs were rammed together by the tight dress... *it was growing again*, he assured himself. But either way, he didn't want her seeing it like this.

"Now what?" he asked as he zipped up his skirt.

"Now you go about your day." Rhonda smirked before adding, "And we'll see how long you go before you're begging me to put your little friend back into this." She held up the Pink Lady.

Matthew scoffed. "Won't happen."

"We'll see," she said ominously. Rhonda stepped closer and ran her hand up his crotch, feeling his erection hidden beneath, making it tingle and grow harder. "Just remember: *hands off, little girl.*"

Matthew blushed. "I'll be fine."

—o—

Things started surprisingly poorly for Matthew. Rhonda's warning had made him horny and hard, and he found himself walking back to the reception desk with a needy erection. Not only did it worry him to have an erection beneath his skirt as he tottered back to his desk, but its neediness was overwhelming. It called to him... *touch me... stroke me*. And the fact he was unlocked meant he could touch it now, so stroking it was a very real possibility. That made the need even stronger. Every fiber of his being suddenly wanted to masturbate. But he couldn't. Rhonda was watching and he had nowhere to do it anyway. That added frustration to the need. The end result was intense, almost obsessive horniness.

It seemed Rhonda might have been right about the device.

"No, she put that in my head," he told himself.

He made it back to the reception desk without incident and took his seat. He tried not to think about it, which naturally meant it was all he could think about.

Touch me... stroke me.

A minute later, the first of the salesmen came through the door. On normal days, this was no longer a big deal for Matthew. He would greet the salesman. The salesman would return his greeting. The salesman would look him over, causing a tiny bit of humiliation, and then the man would move on and it would all pass. Matthew accepted that.

Today was different.

Today, as the salesman first glanced at him, Matthew suddenly felt a rush of fear: could the man somehow sense that he had an erection? Matthew knew that was crazy because Matthew sat in a chair hidden behind the reception counter, yet somehow, his mind trembled with this idea that the man could tell. He even had visions of himself standing for some reason and his erection tenting out the tight skirt as if it were a baseball bat!

Then as the man looked him over, Matthew became very conscious suddenly of being a man in a dress. Normally, he felt embarrassingly girlish as they did that; today he felt emasculated and girly. That brought a sense of deep embarrassment, which seemed to make him even harder. He blushed, but the man walked past without a word. Matthew breathed a sigh of relief, but also felt a sense of horniness at the naughty feeling of getting away with this.

This was so strange. Nothing had changed since the day before, and he had become at ease in dresses (mostly), so why should it bother him so much now? Could having his dick free to become erect really make the difference? No, this had to be Rhonda's doing, he told himself. She had put this thought in his head. It had to be the power of suggestion.

Either way, more salesmen arrived and each was the same thing. Each brought the same experience: fear, shame and horniness. Each left him feeling smaller and smaller, weaker and weaker and more exposed. And that left him horny and throbbing.

Then things got worse: he needed to leave the seat.

He needed to leave the seat to refill the printer trays. He needed to leave the seat to get the managers coffee. He needed to leave the seat to prepare the conference room for client meetings. Each time, he stood cautiously, afraid his erection (which would not go down) would show; it never did, but he imagined it doing so. Then he would totter along in his tall brown-leather high-heeled mules: *CLUNK-SLAP! CLUNK-SLAP! CLUNK-SLAP!* And that would turn him on even more.

Eyes would drop to his erection too, or so it seemed.

He would totter past salesmen, who would cast an eye over it on their way to his rear. He would totter past customers who looked him over from head to toe. He would totter past mechanics who would eye him hungrily. And as he passed each one of these, he would feel weak and vulnerable, like prey walking past a predator, he would feel embarrassed at being a man in a dress, fearful that his tiny penis might show, and finally he would feel increasingly horny.

It was terrifying, thrilling, and nerve-wracking.

He wanted to masturbate.

He wanted very badly to masturbate. It seemed that in the strangest of ways, Rhonda had proven her power over him. She had used his own penis against him, teaching him that perhaps he was better off remaining kept a girl. It was a difficult, emasculating lesson.

The lesson wasn't over either.

—o—

“Stein needs you for a project,” said Rhonda.

Matthew twisted his lip. Stein was the last person he wanted to see, not today, not without the device. “Me?”

“He’s got papers all over his office and he asked for one of us to help. Since I’m in charge, that means it falls on you. Congratulations.”

Matthew cringed. He could say nothing, Rhonda was his boss. He reluctantly rose to his feet, smoothing his tight white skirt as he did. He turned to face the stares, took a deep breath and walked off on his brown-leather mules.

“You wanted to see me?” said Matthew as he stood at the door to Stein’s office.

Stein looked up. A wolf’s smile appeared upon his lips. “How are you on your knees?” he asked slyly.

Matthew shuddered and bit his lip.

“I’m trying to match these contracts with their inventory reports,” continued Stein. He motioned to a stack of papers about a foot high on the corner of his desk and to nearly three-dozen pills of papers on the floor.

The papers on the floor were arranged in a semicircle and he stood at the center of it.

Stein motioned for Matthew to move to the center of the semicircle.

Matthew reluctantly stepped into the office and moved to the semicircle as Stein stepped out of it. He moved to the glass window which looked down over the dealership's main floor.

"I'll hand you the papers and you put them in the right piles."

Stein closed the blinds to the window and came back to Matthew. He held out his hand, which Matthew took. It felt strange to hold this man's hand. It caused an uncomfortable feeling in his gut. Nevertheless, Matthew used it to lower himself to his knees, a difficult proposition in the tight skirt.

Matthew took the first contract from Stein and started examining the piles. As he did, Stein moved to the door to his office and closed it. Matthew heard this more than saw it and felt oddly trapped suddenly. He licked his lips nervously. Then he set the contract on a nearby pile.

Stein stepped back over to Matthew and handed him another contract.

This one belonged in a pile several feet away. As a consequence, Matthew needed to lean forward on all fours to put the contract onto the right pile. His breasts hung down as he did this. He felt very exposed and vulnerable with his breasts swinging beneath him.

Stein handed him another. Matthew found the pile.

"You have an amazing rear," said Stein.

Matthew tensed up. Before he could say anything, however, Stein handed him another contract. Matthew considered what to do for a moment, but decided against doing anything. He blushed with helpless embarrassment as he leaned forward to find the pile. His breasts hung downward once more and the thought of this and of Stein standing behind him admiring his rear caused an erection to spark. *An erection!* How could he get hard because a man complimented his rear?! He felt himself shrink into helplessness.

"Very sexy," added Stein slyly.

Matthew flushed and his erection grew. What was happening?

Stein handed Matthew another contract. Matthew leaned forward to hide his face and his erection from Stein. Why was he hard? How could this be exciting? His heart was racing.

Matthew kept his eyes firmly rooted to the ground. He wasn't going to acknowledge Stein's comments. He was going to focus on getting this done and getting out of here. He reached up for another contract. None came. Instead, Stein took his hand. This shocked Matthew! His heart stopped! Before he could react, however, Stein said, "Let me help you," and he put his other hand on Matthew's waist and somehow guided him to his feet. Matthew wasn't entirely sure how Stein did this or what all Stein touched in the process. All he knew was that he suddenly found himself facing Stein *in Stein's arms*!

"We should go to my place," said Stein.

Matthew shook his head. His brain was in a panic. A man was holding him! Stein was holding him! He was making a sexual proposition too! Words started coming out of Matthew's mouth without real meaning.

"I don't know how to get there," said Matthew.

Stein smirked. "I'll show you."

"You might not like it," said Matthew, still not sure what he was saying or what he meant. It seemed to be reasons to refuse, but there was no logic behind them; his brain was struggling. Why, he wondered? Why couldn't he just say "no"?

"Somehow, I doubt that."

Stein took Matthew's hand and pulled it to his lips. He kissed it. His lips were soft and warm and made Matthew even harder. He felt dampness in his panties. His nipples popped up beneath his blouse. He felt even more exposed.

"We— we shouldn't be doing this," said Matthew.

Stein's wolfish smile returned. "The boss is away."

"She wouldn't like it."

"She'll never know."

"She might find out."

"We're all adults. What we do behind closed doors is none of her business," said Stein, who made it sound so naughty. He squeezed Matthew's hands warmly.

Matthew shuddered coldly. He needed to stop this. He needed to stop it right now, he realized, before something he would regret happened. His brain just couldn't think of a way.

“I’m still company property,” said Matthew, realizing too late that this sounded like flirting and not anything else. He swallowed hard.

Stein pulled him closer. Matthew felt Stein’s erection press against him. His own erection pushed back feebly. Matthew’s breathing became incredibly labored. Suddenly, his brain screamed for him to get away: Stein was moving toward him!

It was too late.

Stein kissed him. He kissed him hard, on the lips. His lips were firm, but surprisingly soft and gentle. His kiss made Matthew swoon. His whole body went limp... well, most of it went limp. His penis throbbed. His panties got even wetter. He seemed to lay in Stein’s arms.

“I— I need to leave,” he gasped.

With a force and focus he didn’t know he possessed, Matthew ripped himself away from Stein and raced off out of the office as fast as he could.

A few minutes later, Matthew had collected himself again. He had come very close to disaster, he told himself. A man had touched him... kissed him. What if he had discovered Matthew’s penis? What if he had told everyone what he had found? *What if he didn’t?* Try as he might, Matthew told himself this had been a nightmare, but as the images played out in his mind over and over, he found himself blushing... and growing erect.

This was bad.

Chapter Eight: “Supervision”

—o—

Rhonda opened Matthew’s closet and took out the maid uniform. They were at the house after work. Despite Matthew pleading that he be left alone to do his chores, Rhonda was here. She wasn’t going to miss this. She admired the dress against her body in the mirror.

“Pretty,” she giggled.

“You’re welcome to wear it,” said Matthew sourly.

Rhonda chuckled and handed it to him. “Nice try, girlfriend.”

Matthew sighed and took the embarrassing uniform. He would never forgive his wife for this. He laid the dress on the bed as he unzipped his skirt from work. As he did, Rhonda moved to his wife’s vanity and sat down. She crossed her legs and shook one leg excitedly as Matthew worked the tight white skirt down his hips and to the floor. He stepped out of it, leaving his high-heeled mules on his feet as he normally did.

“You’re better in heels than most women,” snickered Rhonda.

Matthew blushed, but didn’t take the bait. Instead, he picked up the skirt and hung it on a hanger. Then he removed the blouse and hung it up as well, leaving him in a bra, panties, stockings and heels. His breasts stood out so prominently by now. They were like melons held in place by his bra. His nipples were hard, as was his small penis, which caused a small pyramid in his panties. He didn’t wear the device. He’d asked Rhonda to let him, but she’d only laughed when he asked.

“You must be taking hormones,” said Rhonda.

“I’m not.”

She shook her head in disbelief. “It’s crazy.”

Matthew unhooked his bra and let his breasts burst free. They swung from his chest as they were released. When he started moving, they bounced with his steps. The fact they moved so prominently, and that Rhonda could watch this, made his penis swell even more.

He pulled off his panties next.

“Wow,” said Rhonda. She came over to him and took his shriveled balls in her hand. “These are like peanuts.” She squeezed his small

erection next. Her hand dwarfed it.

He blushed.

“Are you sure you’re not taking hormones?” she asked.

“I’m not,” he insisted.

“Then you had to be born a girl.”

“I was not.”

“Couldn’t prove it by this,” she said. She let go of his dick and moved back to the chair, where she sat down once more and again swung her leg excitedly. Her shoe dangled from her toes.

Matthew tried to ignore her, but her gaze made him horny.

Matthew next moved to his underwear drawer and pulled out a pair of frost-white panties and the frost-white garter belt. These went with the uniform. He moved over to the bed and stepped into the panties, now uncomfortably conscious of how agile he was in the heels. He pulled the panties up his legs. He then wrapped the garter belt around his hips. It fit snugly. He latched it into place and then attached the clips to the tan stockings he wore. When both stockings were attached, he went to the closet and grabbed the black ankle-strap sandals. He kicked off his mules and slipped the sandals on his feet. His balance was good enough that he did this by raising each leg behind his back where he slipped the sandal on his foot and buckled the sandal while his foot remained in the air. He had gotten surprisingly good at working the buckles despite his long nails.

Finally, Matthew slipped the dress over his head. He adjusted it around his body and then zipped it in the back. A second round of adjustments followed as he pulled it into the right spot over his chest and smoothed out the black skirt atop the tulle material. When he was finished, he grabbed a brush from the vanity and brushed out his hair before refreshing his lipstick.

He stepped back and looked at himself.

This was so embarrassing. The dress was so unsettling. No woman would ever wear a dress like this to do housework! The skirt was so impractical! It made it impossible to function without snagging it on something. Indeed, it would force him to move in an exaggerated manner designed to make his posture highlight his breasts and keep him off-balance. The heels? No woman would ever wear heels like this to work around the house. They were difficult, hard to walk in, and made his

balance all the more precarious. The height of the heels stretched his calves, crushed his toes, and projected his rear outward, making it a ripe target to be touched. His breasts? The top of the dress not only showed off his breasts, but the carefully calibrated lack of support on top made them jiggle when he walked and caused them to threaten to pop out, even as the lower support in the dress pushed them upward tightly. He knew they wouldn't pop out, but it felt like they might, and the jiggling was utterly objectifying. All of this was deeply unsettling.

And yet... he was aroused. His penis swelled.

"Can we just get on with this?" he growled.

Rhonda chuckled. Her eyes were taking in every square inch of her former boss. She was wet looking him over, and it showed in the blazing fire in her eyes. She liked this reversal very much. Matthew saw this and felt very small, very weak... but even hornier.

"Let's start with a curtsy," said Rhonda.

Matthew licked his lips. He knew what a curtsy was. It was the most girly, submissive thing he could imagine. It was far worse than any sort of bowing or even kneeling. This was how girls kneeled, and it was crushingly submissive, crushingly feminine. In fact, he had been planning to curtsy to his wife before he got his senses back. He couldn't imagine curtsying to Rhonda, but then, he didn't know how to get out of it either... and something inside him didn't want to either. That was the strange thing.

"I—I can't," he told himself.

And yet, even as he said this, he saw himself doing it and he filled with an overwhelming urge to masturbate to the image. It seemed, the idea excited something inside him. What's more, as the image played out in his mind, he suddenly found himself wanting to embrace this. Why was he thinking this? He had no idea, but it sounded like a strangely naughty idea suddenly and that actually made him giggly.

"What am I thinking?" he gasped inside his head.

Yet, he knew he was losing. The giggly feeling was growing.

"I can't do this." The thought had almost no impact. Something inside him, for whatever reason, wanted to enjoy this. It almost felt like a surrender. It wanted to stop needing to fight.

"No," he finally said firmly to himself.

Meanwhile, Rhonda raised an eyebrow at his lack of progress. She folded her arms across her chest. “Do you remember being spanked? Do you want that to happen again?”

Matthew’s penis jolted.

He recalled the feel of Rhonda’s high-heeled shoe slamming against his rear. He recalled the searing sensation on his warmed flesh, but even more, he recalled the humiliation of being treated in such a demeaning manner and being helpless to do anything about it. Oddly though, he recalled these things longingly. His penis swelled at the memory. Not only that, his heart began to race. His nipples popped up. And suddenly, he was incredibly horny. Was it possible that he really wanted Rhonda to spank him?

“*No!*” he told himself even more strongly.

But he seemed to be losing. There was something almost comforting about the idea of letting her take over. She had him by the balls anyways, why not embrace it? *Why not let her make things easier?*

“*NO!*” he told himself again. This was a mistake!

He took a deep breath and tried to regain some control. He didn’t understand what was happening right now, but he knew he needed to resist. He couldn’t let her humiliate him like this, no matter how oddly the idea turned him on. He summoned his will and said, “I won’t.”

—o—

Rhonda stared at Matthew for a moment. A smile dangled upon her lips. “What do you mean, ‘You won’t’?”

“I won’t do it. I’m not going to curtsy to my wife,” said Matthew. “Or you.”

“You will do this.”

“*I won’t.*”

“You have no choice.”

“You can’t blackmail me anymore. Samantha knows that you know now. Your power is gone,” said Matthew. He said it firmly, but somehow didn’t feel it. It was strange. He was starting to regret refusing.

Rhonda chuckled ominously, sending shivers down his spine. “Oh, she knows you got the idea for the device from me?”

“What— what do you mean?”

She didn’t explain. “And she knows you got the maid dress from me?”

“Well, no,” he thought. How would his wife react to that?

“Then I guess you have nothing to worry about,” continued Rhonda. “Fine. I’ll leave you and let you explain to her why I left when she specifically asked me to make sure you did your chores.”

Rhonda brushed the front of her dress and moved to pick up her purse.

Matthew watched this with growing terror. How would his wife react? How would he explain this? What reason would he give for her leaving, and what would Rhonda say if his wife asked for her side when they met at work? The truth was, he had kept these things hidden from his wife. He wore the device at Rhonda’s command and never told his wife. He gave his wife the gift of the maid uniform, again from Rhonda, and never mentioned that. How would Samantha react to finding that out?

“Well, now—” he started cautiously.

“No, no, you don’t want to obey, so there’s no reason for me to be here,” said Rhonda dramatically. She slung her purse over her shoulder and started toward the door. Her heels echoed so loudly it sounded like they shook the walls.

“Wait!”

“Too late.”

“*Wait!*” he pleaded.

Rhonda stopped. She turned to face her former boss. Her eyebrow was up in a cynical arch. She said nothing, but made it clear he had one last chance to submit. She folded her arms.

Matthew hung his head. “I’ll do it.”

She said nothing. It wasn’t enough.

“I’ll do it, *Miss Rhonda*,” he said more submissively.

“Learn to curtsy?”

“Yes, Miss Rhonda.”

“And curtsy to your wife?”

“Yes, Miss Rhonda.”

A powerful smile appeared upon Rhonda’s lips. Her heart was racing. “It’s hard to hear you when you’re not on your knees,” she said.

Matthew swallowed hard and lowered himself to his knees. This was much easier in the loose maid uniform than the long, tight skirts he wore to work. A moment later, he was on his knees before his former secretary. She stood above him with her arms folded and her legs spread wide in a dominant pose.

“Now say it again,” she said. “Only this time, ask me.”

Matthew blushed bright red. “Will you please teach me to curtsy so I can curtsy to my wife?”

Rhonda smirked. The sense of power running through her was incredible. She’d had men on their knees before, but not like this, and never her boss. This was how life should be. “All right.”

Matthew started to rise.

“Did I say you could get up?” said Rhonda sharply.

Matthew froze. “But I—”

“Did I tell you that you can speak?”

Matthew bit his lip. He shrank back down. “No, Miss Rhonda.”

Rhonda crouched down and took his chin in her hand. “Don’t worry, bossy. We’ll get to the curtsy lesson soon enough. But first, you need to be taught another lesson. You need to be taught a lesson about disobedience.”

Rhonda stood back up and opened her purse. From it, she pulled a wooden rod about eighteen inches in length. She set her purse down then. The rod was thin as a straw and black. It was flexible too. And when she flicked her wrist, the rod cut through the air with a *SWISH* noise.

“What— what are you going to do with that?” asked Matthew tensely.

“Teach you a lesson.”

Matthew swallowed hard. He recalled her striking his rear with her shoe. That had been both painful and humiliating. This looked far more painful.

“Down on all fours, bossy,” said Rhonda.

Matthew reluctantly lowered himself to all fours.

Rhonda now crouched down next to him. Matthew felt her fingers run up the back of his leg to his butt cheek, glancing off his crack. He then felt her raise the tulle skirt up over his rear, exposing it. He was terrified. Yet, as she traced a figure eight over his cheeks with her fingers, his penis grew hard... very hard.

“Spread your legs,” she commanded.

He did.

Rhonda then slipped one hand beneath him and latched her fingers onto his stiff shaft. It felt far too good, he thought. Indeed, her touch made him throb. What was she planning?

“What— what are you going to do?” he asked.

WHACK! She smacked his rear. It stung! It stung badly!

“Don’t speak unless I give you permission, bossy.”

He blushed bright red, on both ends. “Yes, Miss Rhonda.”

Rhonda started stroking him, slowly at first and then faster. He didn’t understand why she did this – wasn’t she going to punish him? But his response was automatic. His penis stretched to full staff. He started breathing hard. His heart beat faster in his chest. A rhythm started building inside his lower regions.

“Did you know I studied psychology?” said Rhonda in a lecturer’s tone. “Not in school, but in men. There is a principle in psychology that you can train someone to associate one thing with another. Soon, the two go hand in hand. I’ve done this with my boyfriend. He’s learned that doing as he’s told has its own rewards. Disobeying me has its own punishments.”

She stroked a little faster. The rhythm kept building.

“It’s very easy to do this to a man because you all have this wonderful weakness hanging right here for any girl to take if she wants to.” She wiggled his penis as she said this.

She stroked a little faster yet. The rhythm built a little more. Matthew’s breathing became more labored. He was actually getting closer to explosion. Why was she jerking him off?

“Do you know what I’m teaching you now?”

Matthew shook his head. “No, Miss Rhonda.”

He was getting very close. He was actually starting to become excited rather than pensive.

She stroked a little faster yet.

“I’m teaching you that obedience brings pleasure. You gave in, like a good girl, and this is your reward: pleasure.” She paused ominously for a moment. “But before you gave in, you disobeyed me... didn’t you?”

With that, she slowly pulled her hand away from his penis, leaving it throbbing in mid-air.

“Disobedience means punishment.”

Rhonda tapped his rear gently with the rod now.

TAP! TAP! TAP!

“And the greater the disobedience, the greater the punishment.”

SMACK! She struck him harder than the tap. Not enough to really hurt, but enough to get his attention and let him know the tone had changed. Disturbingly, his penis throbbed at the strike.

“Refusing an order is the worst form of disobedience,” she said. “Spread your legs wider.”

Matthew swallowed hard and spread his legs even wider. His penis and what was left of his balls hung freely below him now between his wide open legs. Rhonda slipped her fingers beneath his shaft, bouncing it upon her fingers. As she did, she let another strike fly with the rod.

SMACK!

This one stung. It stung a lot. Worse though, she half-stroked his penis as she did this by rubbing her fingers gently along the bottom of his shaft, but not touching the top of his shaft. The end result was a total tease. Yet, his penis still throbbed. The rhythm started to grow again.

SMACK!

“If we do this enough,” she said, “you will associate being spanked with ejaculation. You will actually struggle to get it up without your wife spanking you, do you understand?”

Matthew cringed at the idea of needing his wife to spank him! Was that even possible? He didn’t know, but it felt like it was right now! Had she not gotten him to “need” the device? Maybe she could do this too?

WHACK! Stroke. Throb.

Matthew winced.

“Every time you disobey me, no matter how small, I will take you another step on that journey.”

WHACK! Stroke. Throb.

Matthew bit his lip. What was he going to do? He didn’t want to need to be spanked!

WHACK! Stroke. Throb.

His penis throbbed. He was getting so close. He did not want to come while she was striking him!

WHACK! Stroke. Throb.

He throbbed even more. He was very close! What could he do?!

WHACK! Stroke. Throb.

Suddenly, Rhonda stopped. She said nothing. There was no further warning, no demands. Instead, she rose to her feet and smirked down at her boss on his knees before her. “So, are you ready to learn to curtsy?”

Matthew collapsed on the inside. “Yes, Miss Rhonda.”

A moment later, she had Matthew on his feet again before her. He was hard as a rock and felt deeply submissive. She seemed larger, more powerful to him suddenly. She was in charge, that was for sure, and he knew it would always be that way from now on. He had lost his authority.

It was time to learn to curtsy.

Chapter Nine: “Tonight”

—o—

Matthew lay in bed.

He wore his usual nightie and panties. He thought briefly about wearing something more masculine, but that seemed like a lot of work for no real reason. What would it prove? Besides, the nightie helped hold his breasts in place, which kept his nipples from rubbing.

He could finally masturbate.

Matthew had needed to masturbate all day, ever since Rhonda took off the device. It was incredible how strong the urge was for him. Everything seemed to turn him on suddenly, make him hard, make him horny, make him want to touch himself. And the more he tried to push these thoughts out of his mind, the stronger the urges became. It got to the point he'd considered sneaking off to the restroom or to the supply closet and trying to masturbate. The problem was, there really was nowhere he could do it, especially with Rhonda watching him so closely. Even after work, she came home with him and made him do his wife's list of chores. Again, there was no way to masturbate with her watching.

Now? Now he was alone. Rhonda had gone home. She wouldn't return until morning. Until then, his time was his own.

He needed this.

Matthew slipped one hand to his crotch. His fingers slid around his stiff shaft. It was so much smaller than he remembered, and not as hard, but it was free. He imagined his fingers with their long, red, oval nails wrapping around it, gripping it like a hammer. Its thick head sticking out the top of his fist (though maybe it was somewhat inside the fist now).

It felt good just to touch it.

He gave it a gentle stroke.

Matthew thought about the breasts upon his chest. He told himself he wanted to cringe, but not tonight, he thought. Tonight, he just wanted to let himself relax, expend some of this tension he had built fighting to stay a man in an increasingly feminine body. Tonight, he would not fight. Tonight, he would let his mind embrace the pleasure he was normally

terrified to acknowledge and would hope that would release him in the same way eating released hunger or sleep released exhaustion. He needed to let off this pleasure, just tonight.

He took a deep breath and sank further into the bed.

He started stroking slowly, letting the feel of his fingers working the flesh fill him with satisfaction. His mind saw his breasts again. They were so large, so heavy, so exciting. His nipples were like women's nipples, not a man's. His breasts were exciting. If they were on a woman, he would squeeze them, play with them, and toy with the nipples.

His penis throbbed at the thought.

Matthew slipped his free hand to his chest and started fingering his nipple. Drips of pleasure pulsed through his chest, making his erect nipple ache with need. He arched his back and squeezed the nipple gently.

"Mmmmmm," he purred at the minor, exquisite pain.

Now he saw himself in a dress. He saw his wife's smirking face. She giggled at him. His penis throbbed. He never had understood why the humiliation of this was so exciting. It made no sense to him, but then what about this did? Tonight, he would not question it.

He took another deep breath. His chest was rise and falling faster. His nipples rose and fell with rhythm.

He stroked a little harder.

As his hand sped up, the images came faster. He saw himself tottering in heels. He saw the shoe salesman bending on his knees before him, felt the touch of the man's hand. He felt queasy at this, but nonetheless excited. He saw himself demoted at work, his wife promoted, him working for her. He saw himself doing his wife's chores as she treated him like a servant.

Like a servant.

He suddenly sucked in a deep breath, discovering only now that he had not been breathing as these images passed before his eyes.

He continued.

Now he saw Rhonda. He saw Rhonda put him on his knees in the supply closet. He saw her touch his dick as she pulled off the device. He felt her hand upon his penis. It was chillingly exciting.

He stroked faster.

Then he saw himself on his hands and knees in the maid uniform. He felt the sting of the rod. She had used it sparingly, but to great effect. He trembled at the thought of disobedience.

He spread his legs to stroke a little faster. His breathing was sporadic.

Matthew saw Rhonda take the device from his penis once more. She made him totter back to his station with an erection. She made him sit at the desk without the device as salesman after salesman came by with knowing looks in their eyes. He knew it wasn't true, but he felt they could tell he had an erection in his skirt. That made him throb naughtily.

Now he saw himself on the floor before Stein.

He froze.

His stroking stopped.

Why had he thought of Stein?

"Don't think of Stein," he told himself.

But he did. His mind recalled the feel of Stein's arms wrapped around his hips, pulling him close. He recalled blushing. His penis growing erect. Stein's penis inside his pants pressing into him. His own tiny penis pressing back. He had been this man's boss, or would have been, but now he was—

His lips.

Matthew tried not to think of them, but he recalled every detail of Stein's lips on his. His warm breath. His soft, yet firm lips. His strong hands. His enveloping arms, arms that made him feel at once a prisoner and at once oddly free, as if he was floating before infinite possibilities.

His penis pounded now.

"Don't think of Stein," he told himself.

Yet, his hand slipped to his erection, taking his shaft once more. Matthew saw it in his mind too, his red nails wrapped around his tiny shaft as the shaft grew, but even as he saw this, he imagined Stein's hand pushing his aside and taking his tiny dick. Stein squeezed it and stroked it.

Matthew shuddered so warmly, it made him sick to his stomach.

He didn't stop though.

Matthew's hand flew up and down his thin shaft. He spread his legs even farther. He was breathing hard now. His chest was heaving.

"Don't think of Stein!"

He didn't listen. He saw Stein squeeze his penis. He saw Stein's wolfish smile. Stein pushed him gently downward to his knees. He was on his knees before Stein in his office as he had been before Rhonda in the supply room. He heard Stein's zipper open. He glanced up. He saw Stein's penis.

His hand raced, much faster than he knew.

Matthew held his breath again. His body grew hotter. His chest heaved searching for breath. His penis throbbed. His balls lurched. He was coming and there was nothing he could do about it... or wanted to do to stop it.

"Pull your hand away," he commanded himself.

But he didn't.

"Stop!"

But he wouldn't.

He came. His seed, thin and nearly clear, shot from his erection like a squirt from a soap nozzle. It shot out into the air as one long dollop. It shot upward, halted and crashed back down against his panties and the bottom of his nightie.

Matthew lay there gasping for air.

Tremendous shame came over him. He vowed right then and there never to tell anyone about this, and never to do it again. Yet, at the same time, it felt as if some sort of fire had been lit inside him. What did this mean?

Chapter Ten: “Home Again”

—o—

It was Friday evening. Samantha was coming home any minute. The house was spotless. Matthew had finished everything on the list of chores, some of them twice, and Rhonda had inspected most of it. She was finishing her inspection now of the rest. Matthew wore the maid uniform. Rhonda wore a tight black mid-calf dress and tall spiky heels. Her gorgeous breasts were exciting his inner male; he didn't want to think about his own chest. He stood at attention, feeling small; being judged this way by his former secretary was humiliating. But that seemed to be exciting too. He was erect beneath the tulle skirt.

“This is good,” said Rhonda. She ran her finger over a shelf. There was no dust. “You're a good maid.”

Matthew's penis swelled at the emasculating compliment.

“Thank you, Miss Rhonda,” he said wincing with embarrassment.

“When your wife comes home, I expect you to greet her with your best curtsy. Do you understand?”

Matthew understood all right. He understood that Rhonda wanted to deepen his humiliation, so she was going to make him act the part of a submissive before his wife. Samantha would then assume it was his idea and Rhonda would get a kick out of adding this little humiliation to his life. He needed to refuse, he told himself, but trying that had failed once already and he didn't want another “spanking.” Nor did he want to stand in the corner. He'd gotten used to wearing heels – they no longer bothered him much – but standing in the corner in them had been another matter.

“Yes, Miss Rhonda.” He felt dirty submitting like this.

“You will also refer to her as ‘Miss Samantha’,” said Rhonda.

Matthew gritted his teeth. “Yes, Miss Rhonda,” he said with extreme difficulty.

“Good girl.”

Rhonda examined the rest of the shelves once more, looked over the front window, which had been cleaned as well, and made sure all the furniture had been put back in its proper places.

“Everything looks good,” she said.

As if on cue, they heard the garage door open. Samantha was home.

Rhonda marched Matthew to the kitchen, where his wife would come through the door. He stopped where she indicated and waited. The car pulled in as Rhonda adjusted his uniform to make sure it sat perfectly on his body. She wanted everything to be right for Matthew’s debut.

The car door closed.

Sam heard the sound of heels in the garage.

“Last chance,” he told himself, but there was no chance. None of this could be stopped until his breasts vanished and he looked like Matthew again. He was too dependent until then and his wife liked being in charge too much. Refusal would just lead to more failure and probably another humiliating spanking. He swallowed hard and waited nervously.

The door opened.

Samantha walked through. She wore a tight dark-gray skirt suit and tall, sharp black pumps. Over her suit, she wore a navy blue overcoat. Her little black purse was slung over her shoulder. She pulled a carry-on suitcase with her. As she walked in, she saw Matthew in his sissy-ish uniform and stopped. Her eyebrow went up. A smirk appeared upon her lips. Her nipples went up but were hidden away beneath her suit jacket.

Matthew blushed.

“Welcome home, Miss Samantha,” said Matthew to intense humiliation. Then he lowered himself into a submissive, feminine curtsy. His body trembled with shame as he did.

For a moment, there was silence.

“Well, this is a surprise,” said Samantha finally in a confident tone Matthew found surprising. It was a tone which suggested she not only liked this, but thought it was appropriate somehow. It was the same tone a manager might use upon finding normally unruly employees all hard at work.

“She’s been practicing,” said Rhonda.

“*She*,” giggled Samantha.

“And your list is done,” added Rhonda.

“Oh good, did *she* give you any trouble?”

Matthew winced at how easily and how blatantly his wife switched to referring to him as “she.” He felt neutered.

“Not after I put her in the corner,” responded Rhonda.

Matthew winced again. Why had she told her that?

“You put Matthew in the corner?” asked Samantha, barely suppressing a laugh.

Rhonda nodded.

“I’ll bet *she* didn’t like that, did you honey?” snickered Samantha.

Matthew’s penis throbbed.

“I wish I’d seen that,” giggled Samantha.

“I’m sure you will. Something tells me she’ll need more corner time,” said Rhonda. She stepped to the table and picked up the rod she had used to spank him. She held it out for Samantha. “You may need this too.”

“What’s this?” asked Samantha.

“For those moments when Marti needs something more than just corner time.”

Samantha’s face registered amused shock. “You paddled my husband?” she laughed.

Matthew shrank.

Samantha took the rod from Rhonda and examined it. She chuckled as she imagined the rod striking into Matthew’s round, feminine rear. She then held it out for Matthew to take.

“Put this on the dresser in the bedroom,” she told him.

Matthew recoiled. Why was his wife keeping this? He wanted to see the rod as something Rhonda had done which his wife would never do, but — Would she really use it on him? He wanted to shake his head and tell her to get rid of it, but instead he meekly took it.

Samantha then pulled her purse from her shoulder. “Set this in the main hallway too.”

“Yes, Miss Samantha.”

Matthew took the purse from her and curtsied again, much to his shame. Samantha watched him with a sly smile as he then tottered off to the front hall and the bedroom, returning a moment later. She liked this. As crazy as it sounded, she really liked this. It made her wet.

“How was your trip?” asked Rhonda as the women moved to the living room.

“It was good,” said Samantha. “Busy, but good. We got a lot accomplished. But let me tell you, I am tired. It was run, run, run.”

Samantha pulled off her coat. She handed it to Matthew, who had just returned. She handed it to him without comment, making him feel very servile. He took the coat nonetheless and hung it in the closet a few feet away.

“How are things here?” asked Samantha.

“Good. Everything at work is fine. We were busy the last few days,” said Rhonda.

“That’s good.”

“The accountant you mentioned came in. He’s been busy in the upstairs conference room.”

“Oh good,” said Samantha. “I can’t wait to see what he says.”

“Other than that, not much changed.”

Matthew returned and stood before the two women again. He felt silly standing here at attention, but that is what Rhonda told him to do and he wasn’t going to risk her punishing him in front of his wife. In fact, he hoped her disclosures about the things that had happened would stop.

They wouldn’t.

Rhonda reached into her pocket next. From it, she pulled the Pink Lady. “I took this off her, by the way. I thought Marti could use a good reminder of her place,” she said.

Samantha raised an eyebrow. “Oh?”

“Freedom can be hard,” said Rhonda suggestively.

Samantha got it. She giggled. “Did you enjoy your little erections, honey?”

Matthew blushed deeply.

Samantha took the device from Rhonda. “Thank you so much for taking care of her.” Matthew noticed the emphasis was gone from “her”; it was now just the normal word. That made him shudder.

“Any time. It was a pleasure.”

“Well, I really appreciate it.” Samantha gave Rhonda a quick hug and a kiss on the cheek in gratitude. They exchanged their goodbyes, said they would see each other at work the following day, and then Rhonda left. With Rhonda gone, Samantha held up the device for Matthew to see.

“I can’t wait to hear about this,” she said.

Rhonda was gone but somehow Matthew felt even more controlled with just his wife here. He couldn't quite explain it because he knew his wife wasn't the dominant-woman type Rhonda was, but somehow her control seemed even more real. And her holding up the device and asking him to justify being out of it made him feel so incredibly dominated. He actually trembled at his wife's authority.

"It's not what you think," said Matthew.

"I don't know what to think," said Samantha calmly.

She too felt powerful, more powerful than she ever had. In some way, something had truly changed between them and she now felt like she belonged in charge. It was natural. Her power was real and earned.

Matthew blushed. "She thought she could embarrass me by taking it off."

"Did it?"

Matthew blushed even more. It absolutely had, he knew. It had made him incredibly insecure to have nothing prevent him having erections, erections that were very out of place with who he had become. Being a woman had stripped him of his manhood, but he could accept that: he had no choice after all. But having erections had stripped him of his womanhood. It made him a shemale and that was intensely embarrassing.

"No," he lied. His mouth went dry. "It was nice to be out of it."

Samantha smirked. She saw hints of the truth in his face and heard it within his hesitant tone. She was surprised. She never would have imagined that not wearing the device could have embarrassed him. Either way, it was time to lock him up again, she thought.

She held it out for him.

"Here, put it back on," she said.

Matthew took the device. As he did, a feeling of relief surged through him. This shamed him in a way, but he was far more relieved than embarrassed, so he slipped the device on his penis. His penis had been erect, but it was soft enough to bend as he slipped the sheath over it. A problem arose, however: it didn't quite fit.

"Huh," he said.

"What's wrong?"

“It doesn’t fit right,” said Matthew. “It’s really loose. Kind of uncomfortable. Miss Rhonda must have broken it when she took it off.”

Samantha giggled on the inside at hearing her husband refer to Rhonda as “Miss Rhonda.” At the same time, she stepped up to him and took the device from him. She crouched down, took his penis between two fingers of one hand and the device in the other. She slid it into place. Her husband was right: it was loose, very loose.

“I wonder,” she thought.

She pulled off the sheath, slid one finger surreptitiously along the underside of his shaft to stimulate him and make sure he was hard, and then she laid her finger along the shaft without telling him what she was doing. It came as no surprise at all to her that his penis was even smaller this time.

It had shrunk.

Samantha looked at the device. It was too small to fit now. His penis would just rattle around inside it and grow erect uncomfortably against the device. That wouldn’t work. She would need to get a smaller device if she wanted him to keep wearing one. She also probably needed to make him see his doctor; she would arrange that later in the week. In the meantime though, there was nothing she could do about it.

“Yes, she must have broken it,” lied Samantha, again thinking there was no reason to upset him, not until she could talk to a doctor. “I guess we’ll need to get you a new one.”

She rose to her feet.

“It’s a good thing— how did you put it?” she asked: ““It was nice to be out of it’?”

Matthew bit his lip... another lie gone wrong.

Samantha set the device on the credenza and started toward the bedroom. She stopped. “Actually, I’ve been thinking we should go back to that little shop. There are some things I’d like to get.”

“What kind of things?” asked Matthew.

“Just some things,” said Samantha and she blushed. She glanced at her watch. “We have time actually. Let’s go for a ride.”

Chapter Eleven: “A New Toy”

—o—

Matthew was incredibly nervous.

They were at the little sex shop once more. That wasn't what made him nervous though. What made him nervous was that they hadn't changed before they came. Samantha wanted to go right away, so she merely had him slip into a long raincoat, removed the cap from his head and the gloves from his hands, and they went. In truth, nothing of the maid dress showed, but just the idea of wearing it in public was terrifying. This uniform marked him.

Samantha, still in her suit and heels from traveling, walked directly up to the counter. The same girl as before stood behind it. To Matthew's horror, Samantha pulled the Pink Lady from her coat pocket.

“My husband has been wearing one of these, but we need a smaller size. Do you have one?” she asked.

Matthew utterly withered. Not only had she flat out told this woman that he was her husband, but she told her that he needed a smaller chastity device. How embarrassing!

The woman looked at the device. *The device that had been wrapped around his penis.*

“Smaller?” asked the woman.

“Yes, it's too large on him,” said Samantha, making Matthew shrink even more.

“I'm not sure. Let me look in the back,” she said.

A moment later, she disappeared into the back of the store. Samantha took the opportunity to walk around the store; Matthew meekly trailed after her. As she moved down the aisles, she glanced at the chastity devices, snickering knowingly as she did. Then she walked past a number of odd devices. She stopped and picked up a pinwheel device which looked rather, uh, difficult. She chuckled to herself. Finally, she moved to the back wall. Here she saw a number of things shaped like penises or almost like penises. Some were on belts, some were not. Among them, she found what she was looking for, something she had had a kinky dream about the prior night.

To Matthew's surprise, his wife pulled a large black plastic penis from the wall. It had to be eight or more inches long. It was attached to a garter-belt-like device which would hold it in place, letting one person wear it. Matthew licked his lips nervously upon seeing her examine it.

"What uh— what do you want that for?" he asked.

Before she could respond, the young woman returned from the back. Samantha and Matthew returned to the counter; Samantha still held the penis. The woman shook her head.

"We don't have one," said the young woman. "So I looked it up. The one you have is already the small. They don't make a smaller one of those."

Matthew trembled with embarrassment. He wanted to scream that he wasn't really that small! But he knew that could only lead to further embarrassment. It was best to accept this humiliation in silence.

"There are other models I could look at for you," said the young woman.

Samantha shook her head. "Let me think about it."

Matthew cringed, noting her use of "me," and not "us." Apparently, she would be making the decision without his input.

"I will take this though," continued Samantha and she put the big plastic penis on the counter.

Matthew bit his lip.

—o—

They were home again from the store.

Samantha never did answer Matthew's question about the plastic penis, but Matthew didn't have the nerve to ask again. He didn't want to hear the answer. With his penis being so small that his wife had declared it off limits, he was quite sure she wanted him to wear the penis to make love to her. On the one hand, that was fine, he told himself. He was too small now to satisfy his wife, and this would do it, and any husband should be willing to do something like that to satisfy his wife.

On the other hand, it was humiliating. It was humiliating that he couldn't satisfy his wife with his own penis and that she would expect him

to use a plastic substitute. This was her declaration that he was no longer a man, and it made him feel like anything but a man.

He wondered how many other men needed to use dildos on their wives.

They walked into the bedroom. Matthew had removed the raincoat, revealing the maid dress once more. No one had noticed at the store, thankfully, but he was on edge the entire time.

Samantha set the Pink Lady on the nightstand. It was useless now. She then set the bag with the black plastic penis next to her nightstand. Matthew watched that bag with considerable embarrassment. Samantha then pulled off her suit jacket and held it out for Matthew to take. He took it and started toward the closet to hang it up as she continued their discussion from the car.

“I’ve got so many plans for this coming year,” she said.

Matthew hung the jacket in the closet. “Uh huh,” he said.

“We’re going to run a series of new promotions. Halloween costumes. A Santa giveaway.” She took off her shoes and handed them to him without a word about what she wanted.

He knew. He took them to the closet.

“I’ll have Stein play Santa. You girls can be elves,” she said enthusiastically.

Matthew cringed as he put his wife’s shoes in their place: *girls*.

Samantha unzipped her skirt and pulled it down her legs. She stepped out of it and handed it to Matthew. He started toward the closet with it. “We’ll do a food drive at Thanksgiving. I’d like to see if we can do a red-car sale for Valentines.” She unbuttoned her blouse and gave that to Matthew as well. “There are some new financial things we’ll try too.”

Samantha pulled off her panties and let them drop to the floor. She stepped out of them, leaving them on the floor for her husband to collect. She then moved to the closet, unhooking her bra as she went. Her large, beautiful breasts sprang free as she pulled off the bra. Her nipples were hard. She dropped the bra over the back of her vanity chair and went to find a nightie.

Meanwhile, Matthew crouched down to pick up her panties. Then he took the bra from the vanity chair. He felt incredibly servile doing this. He

wasn't even sure how he had reached this state actually: she had never made this a duty, it just kind of evolved from his position.

Samantha took her light-blue nightie from the closet. She pulled it over her head.

"You'll be helping with all of the promotions," continued Samantha. "Not the financing, obviously. That's above your pay grade, as they say. But you'll help with the rest."

Matthew shrank. He felt so insignificant.

"You girls will have a lot to do," she said.

"I'm not 'one of the girls,'" said Matthew defensively.

"Oh, of course, not," said Samantha, though her tone sounded more like she was placating him than she was admitting to a mistake. She went to her panty drawer and pulled a fresh pair of panties from the drawer. She slipped into them beneath her nightie. Then she climbed onto the bed and propped herself up against her pillows. She nodded toward her feet. "Be a dear."

Matthew blushed bright red. Still, he came to the bed and sat down at her feet. He took her first foot in his hands and started massaging it.

"Hmm, that feels good," she purred.

She took a book from the nightstand. She found her place in the book, but didn't open it yet.

"I made the point to the owner that I think we need to engage everyone to help out more. That builds a better sense of teamwork. Don't you th—" She shuddered at the feeling from her feet. "Oh yes, that's the spot. Do that again. *Good girl.*" She took several deep breaths before continuing. "The owner agreed, so we're going to involve everyone in the promotions."

"What do I need to do?" asked Matthew cautiously.

"Like I said, the costumes. You'll be an elf. We'll see about Valentine's Day if I can find enough red cars to pull that off. We're going to do a car wash in a few weeks. Oh, yes, that's the spot!"

She melted into the bed.

Matthew paid little attention to her plans. He had no say in the matter anyways, his wife had made that clear. Besides, he was still focused on the bag by the nightstand. "Is— is that why you bought that thing? A

promotion?” It was a stupid question and he knew it, but he wanted to ask why she bought it and he could think of no easier way to broach the subject.

Samantha snickered. “I can’t imagine what kind of promotion would use *that!*”

Matthew blushed. Before he could follow up, however, his wife continued.

“I think I’m too tired to read,” she declared. She put the book back on the nightstand. “Do you have any more duties to perform?”

“No.”

Samantha dramatically raised an eyebrow, letting him know he had made a mistake. He knew what it was.

“Sorry, no, Ma’am,” he said.

Samantha raised her eyebrow even higher.

Matthew blushed. “Sorry. *No, Miss Samantha.*”

“Much better,” she said. She liked being called that. It made her quiver down below. “If you don’t have any more duties tonight, then why don’t you change and we’ll go to bed. As an aside, from now on, I want you to call me ‘Ma’am’ at work.”

Matthew’s jaw dropped.

“In front of everyone?!” gasped Matthew.

Definitely in front of everyone, she thought naughtily. “Sure,” she said.

Chapter Twelve: “What Is That?!”

—o—

It was morning. Samantha sat at the vanity. She was putting in her earrings and watching her husband finish dressing in the mirror. He was trying to slip into a long, brown leather skirt. He was struggling. The skirt was supposed to be tight, but it seemed a tad too tight this time. He had managed to get it over his hips finally, but he wasn't able to get it zipped up.

“We may need to get you some new skirts,” said Samantha.

“This one's always been too tight,” said Matthew.

“It always fit.”

Matthew bit his tongue; she was right.

“Your other skirts are getting to be too tight as well,” she said. “How are your bras?”

Matthew blushed. They were honestly a little small, he thought. But he wasn't going to admit that. “They're fine.”

Samantha inserted the other earring and then picked up her lipstick. She painted her lips. As she did, Matthew finally got the skirt closed. He walked to the closet and slipped into the brown-leather mules. As he did, he glanced at his wife. Her clothing had begun to change of late. Ever since the promotion. Like today, he noticed that she had started wearing more suits. What's more, they were sharper somehow... more flashy. She was starting to look the part of a boss.

He glanced down at his own clothes.

He looked like anything but a boss. He looked like “one of the girls” in his leather skirt, his high-heeled mules, and his light-blue man's-style dress shirt with the white stripes. He dressed like a secretary; she dressed like a manager.

“Can we get me more suits?” he asked.

“You don't need more suits, honey.” She pursed her lips and dabbed the lipstick at them.

“Maybe something more professional?”

“You look fine, dear.”

He bit his lip. He didn't want to look so casual while his wife looked so professional. It felt like another way she had climbed above him... or he had fallen below her. "Can I get some new shoes then?"

Samantha smirked. "Are you wanting to see your friend at the shoe store?" she teased him with a giggle, recalling how embarrassed he had been when the man at the shoe store stroked his foot.

Matthew blushed deeply. "*Hardly!*" he protested. "I'm just thinking I need some shoes with lower heels. That's all." Maybe that would make him feel more manly, he thought.

"I thought you said you weren't comfortable in lower heels?"

"I think it was just those shoes."

Samantha snickered to herself. She knew the truth. "Sure, honey," she said, humoring him.

Matthew felt a little better, but not much. He wasn't sure why he needed to ask his wife permission to buy new clothes anyways, or why he seemed to accept that to be the case. In any event, he finished dressing. Both he and his wife checked themselves in the mirror.

"Ready to go?"

"Yes, Ma'am."

Samantha winked. "Good girl." She kissed him and they left.

—o—

Matthew sat at the reception desk feeling self-conscious. The men around him were men. They dressed like men. He was a man, though one with breasts, but he dressed like a woman. His wife wore sharp suits and professional, if sexy, pumps. He wore a leather skirt and mules. She dressed like a manager, he did not. Rhonda, who dressed like him, wore flats today. She rarely did this, but the point was, she could. He could not. He was thus not a man, not as managerial as his wife, and even below his former receptionist. How had this happened?

"It's those pills," he told himself.

But the pills only gave him breasts, he realized. Had he let this happen?

Matthew's breasts itched. This had happened twice this morning and he didn't know why. He glanced around, saw no one looking, and rubbed

two fingers across the spot near his nipple which itched. It felt good to do so. It also stopped the itching. But then it started again. Again, he looked around before rubbing his breast again. It felt good. In fact, it made his penis rise.

His penis slowly grew in his lap, beneath the leather skirt. It had no chance of being seen, not beneath that thick, heavy skirt, but the fact he was erect was embarrassing. He hoped his wife would get him another device soon. Not that he wanted to wear it mind you, but just to stop moments like this.

His nipple itched now.

Again, he scratched, with his nails this time. That felt even better. Indeed, it sent a chilling wave of pleasure down his spine. In fact, it felt good enough that he scratched it again without there being an itch. His penis swelled. He leaned forward to look like he was reading something. As he did, he swirled his finger around his nipple before pulling it away. His penis throbbed.

He would love to masturbate right now, he thought.

He couldn't though, for obvious reasons.

He gave his nipple one last scratch before sitting up straight. He smiled deeply at the naughtiness of this. His penis was hard as a rock. Then the phone rang. He swung his leg excitedly as he answered it, a knowing smile upon his face. He directed the call to the service department.

A moment later, he saw his wife approach. She was coming down the stairs toward him. She carried a thick folder.

"Hello, Marti," she said.

"Hello, Ma'am."

Samantha smiled. "That will never get old," she thought. She spoke to Matthew now: "Where is Rhonda?"

"She's at lunch."

"Shoot. I need her to make some copies. She was working on a project for me and I need the copies added to the binders." She looked her husband over. "You're not busy are you?"

Matthew shook his head, causing his wavy hair to dance around his shoulders.

"Good girl," said his wife.

Samantha set the folder she was carrying upon the flat portion of the reception counter. She opened it and pulled out a stack of papers perhaps half an inch in total thickness.

“I need three sets of each. Collated,” she said.

She looked up from the papers. A strange look came over her face. It was a combination of curiosity and concern. It made Matthew nervous.

“W— what?” he asked.

“What is that?” asked Samantha. She pointed to his chest.

Matthew looked down. He was stunned. On the front of his blouse, right beneath his left nipple, a large wet spot had formed. It was larger than the one the other day and it was wetter.

“I— uh—”

“How long has this been happening?” demanded Samantha.

Answer: far longer than Matthew wanted to admit. He shrugged his shoulders as if he had no idea.

“Come with me, *Matthew*,” snapped Samantha.

The next thing Matthew knew, he was tottering after his wife as she ascended the stairs. Despite both being in tight skirts (though his was longer) and tall heels, he struggled to keep up with her. When they reached the top of the stairs, she turned and moved directly to her office, Ericson’s former office. Matthew followed, his arms crossed insecurely to hide the spot on his blue and white-striped blouse from anyone who might see him.

Samantha lowered the blinds and closed the door.

She stormed over to her husband in the center of the room. “Has this happened before?” she asked as she started unbuttoning his blouse.

“N— no,” lied Matthew nervously.

Samantha finished the buttons and spread open his blouse, exposing his bra and breasts. She slipped her hands inside the open blouse and around to his back, where she grabbed the bra and unhooked the latch. Matthew felt his breasts release and bounce once the bra was opened. Samantha then pulled her hands out and raised the bra up above his breasts — she couldn’t take it off with his blouse still on his shoulders. It was enough though; his breasts were now free to her access.

His nipples were large and erect.

Samantha furrowed her brow. She slipped one hand beneath one of his breasts and seemed to weigh it in her hand. His breast was quite heavy,

heavier than it should have been, she thought. She let it fall again. It bounced as it did. She then fondled it on the side.

Nothing happened.

She squeezed it.

Nothing happened, though Matthew tried to cover his breast with his arm; she brushed his arm away. She squeezed it again. Still, nothing happened. No... not quite nothing. Matthew felt something move inside his breast this time. That was how he would describe it, if asked: something moved. But he could say nothing else about the feeling. To him, it felt like his muscles relaxed in such a way that the structure of the breast shifted. Nothing had moved, but that's how it felt to him.

"What?" asked Samantha upon seeing his face change.

"Nothing," said Matthew cautiously.

Samantha squeezed again.

Still nothing happened.

She put her finger upon his areola now. It tickled, far more than it ever had. Matthew almost recoiled it tickled so much. She then slid her finger around the areola. His breast seemed to heave in response. She pressed the nipple. No response. She scraped the nipple. Matthew winced, but otherwise no response. Then she brought her thumb to one side of the nipple and her pointer finger to the other. She pressed both fingers into the areola and she pinched the nipple just a tiny bit.

Something dripped out of it.

Something came out of his nipple and now ran down her dark red fingernail. Little drops of gray water. She gasped.

"This is milk!"

To be continued...

The End of Part Five

—o—

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—o—

Becoming Georgia (Blue Label Edition)

Poor George. George and his friend Oliver never meant to break the widow, but they did. Even worse, George's pesky stepsister Emma saw the whole thing. Now they would learn the price for her silence... and it included dresses. That's just the beginning too.

This is the tale of how George goes from average young man to feminized servant of his stepsister, to feminized maid for his ex-girlfriend and for the

handsome boy who stole her from him, to finding himself going to the dance in the arms of another boy. Nothing will ever be the same for George again.

This was my first Blue Label Edition story. It is an alternate version of the original *Becoming Georgia*. This story is a little more graphic than the original because I think that's appropriate in this instance. It's different too, even as I tried to keep the original spirit of *Becoming Georgia*. Indeed, while this story starts the same and begins with only subtle changes, it slowly goes its own way to tell this story properly.

This is all four parts of the story in one volume.

For Mature Audiences Only. This 115,000 word story includes female domination, forced feminization, blackmail, male-to-male contact, bi, oral, spanking, and so much more!

March 2022 No. 1 Best Seller in Transgender Erotica at Amazon!

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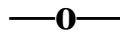
Feminization Island (Part Three) (Blue Book Edition)

In parts one and two, Walter was tricked into going on vacation at an island resort where he was feminized according to his wife's wishes. His "vacation" is now coming to an end, if you can really call it a vacation. It seems more like a job interview for a new position his wife is looking to fill: sissified husband. Either way, before things end, Walter is in for some major surprises. There's the rest of his training, the bachelor party, the wedding... that ring thing he forgot about. Good times! Do you think Jackie will make Walter wear a tux to the wedding after all? Probably not, right?

For Mature Audiences Only. This 34,957 word part is the third and final part of Walter's story. This is the Blue Book version ending to the story.

This follows the regular Parts One and Two (so read those first) and then finish with this. Things get really kinky now. This part includes forced feminization, female domination, hormones, bondage, maybe-not-so-forced bi, chastity devices, power exchanges, a wedding dress and still more surprises! Walter's vacation pictures are going to be something special, that's for sure!

May 2022 No. 1 Best Seller in Transgender Erotica at Amazon!

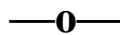


Feminization For His Wife's Lover (Blue Book Edition)

George wants his wife Selena to sleep with another man. He doesn't understand why he wants this, but he knows the idea turns him on. Selena loves her husband and will do anything to make him happy, even this. But if she's going to do it, then she's going to do it on her terms. One of those terms involves George wearing a dress and panties while she dates this other man. This is the story of George and Selena's journey into cuckolding. If that bothers you, don't read it. If it doesn't, I think you'll find this to be highly erotic.

For Mature Audiences Only. This 33,500 word story includes female domination, power exchange, denial, cross-dressing, cuckolding, male to male contact, and so much more.

September 2022 No. 1 Best Seller in Transgender Erotica at Amazon!



Improved By His Mother-in-Law (Part 3) (Blue Book Edition)

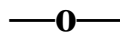
Victor has been caught by his wife Meredith dressed as a maid and, apparently, giving a party to show off his fussy maid uniform. That was quite the surprise for Meredith, especially as her boss was with her. What's

worse, her mother seems to be the person behind it. What will Meredith do now? Read on and find out!

This is Part Three of Three. It is also the Blue Label alternate ending for the series, meaning it contains male-on-male contact. In this final part, Regina decides it's time to teach Victor a lesson, though she may be surprised how that lesson turns out. Part of this includes making Victor jealous by dating her boss. Only, she's starting to realize she may be more interested in him than she thought. Apparently, so is Victor. What will Meredith do?

For Mature Audiences Only. This 35,100 word story includes female domination, forced feminization, male-on-male contact, cuckolding, maid uniforms, erotic humiliation, domestic discipline, feet, a chastity device, and so much more.

August 2024 No. 1 Best Seller in Transgender Erotica at Amazon!

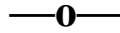


Our Little Secret (Parts 1-3) (Blue Book Edition)

A young couple. A wife's secret desire. A suggestion involving panties. That's how Hollie and Miles' story starts. Before it ends, nothing will ever be the same again for the two lovers. This will be a three book set. In this first volume, Hollie and Miles explore the idea of dressing Miles in secret, as a kinky way to play games before their friends and coworkers and everyone else. It doesn't take long before Miles realizes he likes this way more than he expected.

For Mature Audiences Only. This story includes cross-dressing, female domination, power exchange, male-to-male contact, denial, and so much more.

April 2024 No. 1 Best Seller in Transgender Erotica at Amazon!

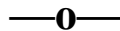


Some Side-Effects May Occur (Parts 1-4) (Blue Book Edition)

Frank is an impulsive guy. One day, he learns about an experimental shot that is supposed to give him an extra inch down in the, uh, manhood department. Frank's wife Martha is a doctor who knows that anything making that kind of promise is probably not going to be safe. She absolutely forbids him to do it. But Frank, well, Frank does it anyways. Soon the changes start... but they aren't the changes Frank expected. Frank's wife is not amused. This is the story of how Frank grew an inch, but lost his manhood in the process.

For Mature Audiences Only. This four book series includes hormones, breast growth, cross-dressing, female domination, power exchange, denial and so much more.

February 2023 - March 2023 No. 1 Best Sellers in Transgender Erotica at Amazon!



Training Him (Part 3) (Blue Book Edition)

The end of Charlotte and Jackson's story has come! Both Charlotte and Jackson have come a long way from that first moment Jackson tried to manipulate his 'mousy little wife' into dominating him in bed. Much to Jackson's shock, Charlotte has found a dominant side she didn't even know she had and has pushed him further into submission than he ever expected. She's not done yet, either. This is the Blue Label conclusion too, which means Jackson's in for an even bigger surprise. But first, we need to find out how Charlotte handles catching Jackson using his little toy on himself as Marsha watched. There are some interesting times ahead. Will Jackson find a way back to being the man of the house or will he forever become her 'good little husband'? Read on and find out.

This 42,930 word story includes cross-dressing, female domination, power exchange, male-to-male contact, chastity devices, denial, a sex toy, maybe a spanking, and so much more. This is the Blue Label finish for the series, read it after the red-label Parts 1 and 2. **For Mature Audiences Only.**

July 2023 No. 1 Best Seller in Transgender Erotica at Amazon!
