

Demoted
Part Six
Blue Label Edition
by Ann Michelle

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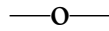
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www.annemichellesworld.blogspot.com

**AI has no soul
AI has no passions
AI cannot understand you
It is a blender feeding you words its programmer has stolen**

I do not and never will 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 Six is the Blue Label Version of Part 6 of *Demoted*.

To read the Blue Label Version of *Demoted*, read the regular red label Parts One through Four and then switch over to the Blue Label Version Part 5 instead of reading the red label version of Part Five. Then finish with this 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,

The end has come: *Part Six*.

Matthew's adventure has come to its conclusion. Will he get the chance to return to being Matthew? Man in charge? Or will he be stuck as Marti, receptionist? And will he finally be able to accept his wife as his boss? I guess we'll find out. But first, we need to find out what is going on with this liquid coming out of his nipples. And what is it Matthew really wants? Stein's touch was a real surprise to him, one he cannot get out of his mind. Why? Shall we read on and find out together?

This is the Blue Label version conclusion, so you can be sure Matthew is in for a new experience... or two. 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
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Chapter One: “It’s Impossible!”

—o—

“*It can’t be!*” gasped Matthew.

He stared in mesmerized horror at the drop of grayish liquid his wife balanced precariously on the tip of her dark red fingernail. That drop had come from his own nipple only seconds before.

“It is,” said his wife. “It’s milk.”

Matthew shook his head in disbelief. He wobbled on the tall brown-leather mules as his concentration unfocused. “But that’s not possible. I’m a man. Men don’t— men can’t—”

“You have breasts, honey.”

“But— but *milk*?”

“Breasts make milk.”

“This can’t be,” said Matthew incredulously. He had spotted signs of this, of course. Indeed, he’d had hints it was coming. The wet spots. The moving sensation behind his nipple. But still, somehow, it never seemed like a possibility. A man can’t produce milk, he knew that! It just wasn’t possible, so it never entered his mind as something that could happen. Sure, he had breasts *somehow*, but that almost seemed normal by now. The idea they could produce milk was ludicrous, wasn’t it?

And yet.

“I don’t know how it’s happening,” said Samantha sternly, “but this *is* milk.”

Another drop of milk dripped from his nipple. Matthew slapped his hand over his breast immediately, covering the nipple and brushing away the damning drop. It made his palm moist.

“What is going on, Matthew?” demanded Samantha. “You start growing breasts. You claim it was your heart medication. Then you want to wear a chastity device. I humor you. Then you ask me to let you wear a French maid costume. Strange, but fine. That’s actually kind of enjoyable, I’ll admit. But now *this*? What is going on, Matthew?! Why are you producing milk?”

“It has to be the medicine. I don’t know what else it can be!” protested Matthew.

“You said you stopped the medicine.”

“I did.”

“Then why are your breasts still getting bigger? Why— *this*?”

Matthew bit his lip. “I don’t know.”

They stared in silence at his swollen breast for a moment. Samantha then gently pushed his hand away and cupped his large breast. It was heavy, much heavier than hers. Now she understood why. She also understood that there could be a good deal of milk inside, seeing as how heavy it was and how swollen it looked; it was almost too large for his bra.

“What— what do we do?” he asked nervously.

“First, we need to call a doctor,” said Samantha calmly.

“A doctor?”

“Yes, honey, I’m calling my doctor. We need to find out what’s happening and what can be done about it.”

Matthew winced. The last thing he wanted to do was to tell his wife’s doctor what was happening and then have this woman look at his breasts and his shrunken penis. The idea made him shudder with the potential embarrassment. Still, he needed to do this, he knew that. Up to now, he had assumed he was slowly reverting to manhood despite all the evidence to the contrary: still-growing breasts, wider hips, fatter rear, softening voice. He had tried to overlook those things all in the hope they would go away now that he had stopped the medication. This milk issue was finally too much to overlook. There was no denying what this was or that things were getting worse. So he reluctantly put up no resistance.

Meanwhile, Samantha lifted the breast once more, weighing it again; it was quite full. “We also need to empty your breasts—”

Matthew’s penis shot to attention at the embarrassing idea!

“Do— do what?”

“Empty your breasts,” repeated Samantha. “Before you start spilling out all over your blouses for everyone to see.”

The prospect of unleashing more milk in front of everyone at the dealership was terrifyingly humiliating! But at the same time, what did she mean about emptying his breasts.

“How— how do we ‘empty’ them?” he asked nervously.

Samantha shrugged her shoulders as if there was no other way to say it: “We milk you.”

—o—

Matthew’s brain spun with utter humiliation. *Milk him?! Milk?!* What could possibly be more emasculating than the idea that he needed to be *milked*. He imagined himself down on all fours on their bed. He wore panties and heels, but his chest was bare. His breasts hung down like two heavy balloons. His nipples were large, larger than in real life, and erect. His wife stood next to the bed with a smug look upon her face. She wore a black pant suit. She took his breasts in her hands with his nipples sticking out beyond her fingers. She began to squeeze them and pull them downward as he’d seen farmers do with cows. Beneath him was a glass bowl. With each downward squeeze, a long shot of white milk shot out of him into the bowl. He burned with shame at the image. And yet, his penis throbbed inside his brown leather skirt.

“You—you aren’t serious, are you?” asked Matthew anxiously.

Samantha, who still held one of his breasts in her hand, said, “About milking you?” She nodded her head. “Unfortunately, these gorgeous globes of yours are full of milk. They’re going to get really sore if we don’t milk you.”

Matthew withered with how easily she talked of milking him.

“Besides, it’s going to come out one way or another,” she said.

“What does that mean?”

“It means it’s going to start squirting out on its own. You’re full of milk, honey.” She lifted his breast again. “*Very full*. But your breasts are going to keep making more. There’s nowhere for it to go except out. So unless we take it out ourselves, it’s going to pick its own time and place. Imagine if you start leaking in the middle of one of the morning meetings.”

Matthew bit his lip. He could barely imagine the unbelievable shame he would feel if he started leaking breast milk right in the middle of a meeting with everyone watching! How would he ever face anyone ever again? They had to prevent that! But at the same time, the idea of being “milked” was ridiculously emasculating. *Men were not milked*.

“Maybe it will go away,” he said meekly.

“It won’t go away.”

“It might.”

Samantha slipped two long fingers over his areola and gently squeezed the soft tissue surrounding his nipple between them. She applied almost no pressure at all. Nevertheless, several drops of milk came dribbling out over her fingers and ran down her hand.

“You’re full, honey. It’s not going away. We need to milk you.”

“How— how do I do that?” he asked nervously.

“The best thing would be to get a breast pump—”

Matthew now imagined himself sitting in the recliner in a housedress with one breast exposed as some machine sucked on his nipple. The idea was utterly emasculating. He couldn’t do that. “No way!” he blurted out. “There must be some other way.”

“*Matthew.*”

“No. I don’t want anyone seeing that!” he protested.

Samantha raised a confused eyebrow. “Who’s going to see it? We’ll do it at home.”

Matthew blushed: *you’re going to see it*, he thought. “It doesn’t matter,” he said. “I don’t want to use one of those. I’m not some—I’m not going to hook myself up to some sort of crazy electric milker!”

“They have non-electric—”

“No!”

Samantha rolled her eyes. “All right.” She ran her fingers down his breast, brushing over the nipple as she did, causing another drop of milk to appear and his penis to throb inside his skirt. “We can do it manually.”

Matthew again had the vision of himself on all fours. He couldn’t allow this either! Maybe his wife was wrong, he told himself. Maybe this wasn’t milk? Or maybe she had already taken all of it out. How much could there be after all? He told himself, with a sense of desperation, that this would pass.

He shook his head. “I’ll be fine.”

“*Matthew.*”

“I’ll be fine,” he repeated.

Samantha glared at her husband. She couldn’t believe he was going to put his head in the sand and hope this all somehow magically got better. Yet at the same time, she knew how stubborn he could be, and she knew he

was refusing to admit any of the things that were becoming obvious to her, like the increasingly obvious fact that he may well be stuck as a woman. His breasts were full of milk. They needed to be emptied or they were going to get sore and start to hurt. They would also start squirting at inconvenient times. But if he didn't want to listen to her, that was fine, she told herself. *Let him learn this the hard way.*

"All right," she said coldly. "I'll let you handle it. I'm still calling my doctor though."

She motioned him to return his breast to his bra and button up light-blue man's-style dress shirt he wore. Then she returned to her desk. Matthew pushed his breast back into the bra cup, pressing down the nipple futilely as he did. It was so sensitive it would never go down. Then he buttoned up his blouse.

"Another thing," said Matthew, suddenly emboldened by his wife seemingly ceding control to him. "It's time we started to think seriously about me becoming a man again."

Samantha raised an eyebrow doubtfully. "I don't think—"

"No. I've made up my mind," said Matthew, cutting her off. "We've let this go on far too long. I want to be a man again."

"But honey, your—" She pointed toward his breasts.

Matthew shook his head and cut her off again. "*It's time.*"

Samantha pursed her lips. She had been meaning to have this conversation with her husband, but not like this. It seemed increasingly obvious to her that there might be no real path back to his being a man. His body kept getting more and more feminine, not less. His mannerisms were increasingly feminine, not less. And frankly, she was increasingly comfortable with him as a woman. In fact, truth be told, she liked him better as a woman... both sexually and otherwise. But even that issue aside, it seemed to her he might be stuck. "Maybe," she wanted to tell him, "it was time to think about simply giving up being 'Matthew' again."

But that wasn't how this conversation had gone.

Now he was telling her, again without hearing her input or even letting her speak, that it was time to pretend that he could just be a man again. Following on the heels of his dismissal of her attempt to help him with the breast milk problem, she was hardly in the mood to be sympathetic.

“Fine,” she told herself, “let him learn this the hard way too.”

“Whatever you say,” she said to him in a cold, indifferent tone. “As an aside, we need to make a stop on the way home tonight,” she added as if nothing unusual had just happened.

“For what?”

“We need some things for the car wash.” Dismissed.

Chapter Two: “I’m Wearing What?!”

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No more milk came from Matthew’s breasts during the rest of the day at work. What did happen though was that his breasts started to feel increasingly tender. It was difficult to describe how they felt exactly, but the fronts of his breasts felt sore to the touch. It reminded him of when his newly-sensitive nipples first started rubbing against his shirts. His breasts now felt like this constantly. So by the time Samantha came to take him home, he was thoroughly grateful to be leaving the office. He wanted to get home, take off his bra, and take a hot bath, hoping that would calm everything down a little. It was not to be however.

“Where are we going?” asked Matthew when his wife turned the wrong way on the way home.

“We need to get a few things for the car wash tomorrow.”

“What kind of things?” he asked.

“Clothes mainly.”

Matthew raised an eyebrow. What kind of clothes did they need? In fact, he wasn’t really sure what “the car wash” even was. Everyone seemed excited, but he had been watching the reception desk when his wife explained it in one of the morning meetings, so he never knew the details. All he knew was that this was the first of the new promotions his wife had created.

A few minutes later, Samantha pulled into a parking lot belonging to a large-box retailer. She pulled into a spot and they got out. They entered the store. Samantha grabbed a basket and hung it on her arm. They then walked past several rows of food on their way to the cosmetics.

“So what is this promotion?” asked Matthew.

“It’s a car wash.”

“Yes, but what does that mean?”

“We’re going to wash customer cars,” said Samantha with an isn’t-it-obvious chuckle.

“You mean Carl?” Carl was the employee whose job entailed detailing new cars when they arrived and washing customer cars after their

service was completed in the service department.

“No, the rest of the staff,” said Samantha.

“Staff? Like the salesmen?”

“Salesmen, accounting, receptionists... everybody.”

Matthew stopped dead in his tracks and raised an eyebrow.
“Receptionists?”

“Yes, honey.”

Samantha kept walking and Matthew now needed to totter faster to catch up to her. This wasn't easy in the long, tight brown-leather skirt and the tall brown mules, despite the fact his wife too wore a tight skirt and tall heels.

“You mean, *I'm* supposed to help wash cars?” he asked as he followed.

“Yes, honey,” giggled Samantha. “We talked about this at the meeting.”

“I can't wash cars,” he said.

“Sure you can. It's not that hard.”

“Not in skirts like this!”

“You won't be wearing a skirt like that,” said his wife. “It will be fun, trust me. This is a morale boost. It's meant to be light-hearted and fun for everyone on staff and it's going to attract the attention of potential buyers who will then stick around and buy cars.”

Matthew furrowed his brow. He was not at all happy that his wife had volunteered him to wash cars. Wasn't it enough that she made him do all the chores at home? That she made him do all the menial tasks at work? Besides, water and what he wore to work did not mix. How was he going to do this without ruining his clothes or his hair or his makeup?

Samantha stopped in the cosmetics section and picked up a bottle of sunscreen. Matthew eyed it suspiciously. Carl washed the cars in the back of the dealership, under a roof. Why would they need sunscreen? Samantha then kept moving. They moved past house wares and to the women's clothing section. She stopped right near the entrance to the sportswear department... right at a rack of swimwear... bikinis specifically.

He's jaw dropped. “Oh no!”

“Oh yes,” replied Samantha.

Matthew shook his head. “I can't.”

“You, little Miss Receptionist, have no choice. The men are wearing Speedos. The women are wearing bikinis. You’re a woman. You wear a bikini,” said Samantha simply.

“But I’m a man.”

“Oh? Would you rather wear a Speedo?” asked Samantha slyly.

Matthew turned bright red, imagining his breasts hanging free for all to see. He could never do that! But wearing a bikini? He shook his head vigorously. “How about I wear a shirt?” he said.

“Not happening.”

“*Honey.*”

“No, Matthew. Everyone is doing this. I can’t let you out just because you’re my husband. You are doing this like everyone else.”

With that, Samantha turned to the rack and ran her fingers through the bikinis. There seemed to be three types of bikinis to Matthew: tiny, way too tiny, and invisible. Fortunately for Matthew, his wife focused on the largest of the three, though that was small comfort.

“With your size, we’ll need something with a little more support or we’ll have quite the scandal,” she chuckled.

“*I can’t wear a bikini,*” he whispered to her aggressively.

She ignored him.

Samantha flipped through the bikinis until she found one that was hot pink and one that was black and white. The hot-pink bikini consisted of small pink triangles held together by a darker pink string perhaps as thick as a shoe lace... perhaps less. It came with a tiny pink bottom which tied on each side. The black and white one wasn’t quite a bikini. It looked more like a strapless bra made of a black cloth and a white cloth interwoven and alternating in the middle so that one cup was white and the other black. The material was thicker and would cover more of his breasts, but had nothing holding it up. The bottoms were white with black trim.

“I—I can’t wear those!” he gasped.

“Sure you can.”

“But my—” Matthew leaned in close and whispered embarrassingly. “*What about my nipples?*” His penis swelled as he said the word “nipples.” They rose inside his bra too.

“What about them?”

“What if they show?”

Samantha shrugged her shoulders. “Just remind everyone that you’re a man,” she chuckled snidely.

Matthew blushed brightly at having his own words essentially thrown back in his face. “What about my thing?” he demanded in the same aggressive whisper, ignoring her taunt.

“What about it?”

“What if— *what if it gets hard?*”

Samantha glanced down at it. There was no sign of it beneath his skirt. “It’s small enough now that it won’t be a problem.”

“But if it gets hard!”

Samantha shook her head. “No one will notice. Trust me.” That only added to Matthew’s embarrassment.

“At least let me wear a shirt,” pleaded Matthew.

Samantha shook her head. “Women don’t wear shirts at a car wash. They wear shirts at a wet t-shirt competition, and this is not that. The bikini has padding. It will hide your nipples better than a shirt would because that’s what it’s made for. It will be enough.”

Matthew bit his lip. Before he could respond, however, his wife moved to another display. This one consisted of a wall of flip flops and flat sandals. Samantha grabbed a pair of flip flops which matched the black and white bikini. Meanwhile, Matthew licked his lip nervously at the prospect of being made to walk around in flip flops. As embarrassing as it was to admit, he knew that wearing flat shoes like that would be difficult for him.

“I think I’d rather wear wedges,” he said. He blushed.

Samantha raised an eyebrow. “Wedges for a car wash?”

“They’ll be a lot more comfortable,” said Matthew, dancing around the truth.

“You mean my leather ones?” asked Samantha.

Matthew blushed deeper. He couldn’t believe he was asking his wife to let him wear heels! Nevertheless, he nodded.

Samantha shook her head. “The water will ruin them.”

“But—” Matthew winced with embarrassment. “*But I don’t like flats.*”

Samantha knew why he was really asking, but after his speech about being a man and his refusal to accept her advice, she was in no mood to make this easy on him. Besides, she thought it was hilarious that her

husband was begging her to let him wear heels. *Some man!* She decided to prolong his agony.

“Oh? Why is that, Matthew?” she asked.

Matthew squirmed in embarrassed agony. “They just— they’re more comfortable.”

“So you’d rather wear heels?”

Matthew nodded his head. His face was bright red.

“*High heels?*”

Matthew grimaced. “Yes.”

“So you want to wear high heels to the car wash. Is that what I’m hearing?” she asked with a vengeful smirk upon her face.

Matthew bit his tongue and nodded his head helplessly.

“A strange choice for a ‘man’,” she said. Her point made, Samantha then continued: “All right. But you’re not wearing my wedges. You’ll ruin them. We’ll find something here.”

Matthew felt both relieved and utterly humiliated all at once.

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They returned home. Matthew wanted to take a warm bath and forget about the day. He would deal with the bikini tomorrow. Before he could bathe, however, he needed to do his chores. He would not wear the maid uniform though, he told himself. He was firm in his declaration that he would become a man again and men did not wear French maid uniforms. Samantha said nothing; she seemed to be humoring him. So he made dinner in his work clothes before his wife disappeared into her study.

He was in the bedroom now.

Matthew stripped down to his bra and panties. He was happy to be out of the brown leather skirt. It was so restrictive he could barely move in it. He kept the bra on, despite wanting very much to remove it, because his breasts needed the support; they were very sore by now.

Matthew climbed onto the bed and propped himself on his side. He had a towel with him. He hadn’t wanted to do this, but the soreness in his breasts told him he had no choice. The milk needed to come out or this could become unbearable. Besides, there had been several moments at work and on the ride home when he felt that motion sensation inside his

breasts and he thought they might leak. If he could take some out now, then maybe the soreness and the threat of wet humiliation would go away. And with his wife occupied making phone calls or whatever it was she did in the study, now was the perfect time to do this privately.

No one would ever know.

Matthew ran his fingers over his heavy breast. It was indeed an exciting sight to see his feminine fingers with their long red nails sliding along the gorgeous curves of his breasts. The image made him instantly hard. If he'd seen a woman do this, he would have struggled not to stroke himself to orgasm. As it was, he was rather tempted even now.

Matthew freed his nipple from the bra.

It was large and stiff, though almost rubbery. It looked more than ready. The breast did too. The areola was dark and puffy. The breast itself was heavy and a good deal larger than it normally was. It really had to be swollen with milk. The idea was embarrassing... *his breasts were full of milk!* How could he still be a man?

He shook off that thought though.

"So how do I do this?" he asked himself.

He ran his fingers lightly over his breast. It felt good. Very good. But it didn't produce any milk. Then he ran his fingers over his areola. It was tender. His nipple was even more tender. Matthew concentrated his fingers in a circle around the nipple on the areola. He took a deep breath and he squeezed the areola like his wife had. It was kind of painful, but in an erotic sort of way: it made his penis throb actually, but it did not produce milk. If anything, it made him yearn even more for release.

His first attempt had failed.

Matthew licked his lips. He needed to release the milk, so he needed to try again, but how would he do it? What he'd tried should have worked, shouldn't it? Yet, it hadn't.

"What did Samantha do differently?"

Matthew tugged on his nipple as his wife had. That intensified the yearning and the soreness. It did not bring milk, however. He fingered it, pushed it around, pushed it up and down, and squeezed it again. Still nothing. He moved his fingers further out to the areola and pressed harder, squeezing his flesh. Again, this added to the soreness, but still no milk came.

Matthew huffed in frustration.

It had seemed so easy when his wife had done it, but all his efforts had only increased his need. The tips of his breasts were more sore now than ever. The breasts themselves felt more full than before too. They felt heavier. His nipples were more sensitive than ever. It seemed, he had only made his need worse.

“Now what?” he asked.

Matthew subconsciously slid one hand to his penis. He wasn’t thinking about masturbating, it just felt somehow comforting to touch it as he thought about what to do next. He needed to get the milk out somehow, but it seemed he couldn’t do it himself. It was like being tickled; one can’t tickle oneself. Could milking be the same thing? Or was his technique wrong? He didn’t know.

“So what do I do?” he asked.

As he thought, he slipped his hand around his shaft and slowly started stroking himself. It felt good. In the meantime, he returned the fingers of his other hand to his nipple. He delicately circled the areola with one finger, teasing it.

Still no milk.

He stroked his penis a little faster.

Matthew added a second finger to his areola. They circled the nipple now a little faster, pressing in and releasing as they went to tease the soreness. That in turn made his nipple stand even more erect. He brushed his nail against its tip sending jagged little jolts throughout his breasts. This made his penis throb, but still brought no milk.

Matthew squeezed his penis in response to the throbbing and then stroked it again, faster.

His breathing became labored.

His chest heaved with his harder breaths.

Matthew leaned onto his back, causing his breasts to spread out on his chest, which caused a jiggly feeling that made the muscles in his breasts (were there muscles?) contract. He spread his legs now to get better access to his erection. His shriveled balls slipped between his thighs.

He stroked even faster now.

His breathing was even harder.

Something suddenly stirred inside his chest. It was a feeling like a twitching muscle. *Twang! Twang! Twang!* It was almost ticklish. He squeezed his breasts with his fingers and vibrated the breast tissue to try to make the twitching stronger. It felt amazing!

Matthew started to hold his breath.

A rhythm grew now behind his penis. It was a throbbing rhythm. His mind was on his nipple, however. As his fingers circled the nipple, touching it randomly with his nail, little jolts of electricity shot through his breasts, causing that motion feeling and making his chest swell. In his mind, he saw the milk on his wife's nail, running down her finger in drips. He imagined his penis hard as a rock as his wife played with his nipple as drop after drop ran down her finger.

Suddenly, he held his breath. He arched his back. His body burned hot. His penis thrust outward. Then it exploded. His seed poured out its tip and ran down his shaft like water, covering his fingers in the process. White drips of his come ran down his red nails.

On his chest... nothing.

Matthew pursed his lips. It was clear he could not milk himself. This was a problem.

Chapter Three: “The Car Wash”

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Matthew stared into the mirror. He felt naked... terribly naked. The hot-pink bikini top covered his swollen breasts, though that word applied only loosely. It was more like the bikini top hid his nipples and areolas and a bit more, but it provided little else that could be called “cover.” The material wasn’t as thick as his wife had suggested either. Yes, there was a double layer of cloth, but it wasn’t much thicker than a normal t-shirt. If his nipples got excited, he had no doubt they would poke right through. And the odds of that happening were high. Not only was he deeply embarrassed to be seen like this, and embarrassment usually meant erect nipples, but he found himself incredibly horny after his failed attempt to milk himself. Everything seemed to turn him on suddenly. His breasts were larger too – the pressure of the milk had certainly swollen them over night; they barely fit into his sleep bra and they positively dwarfed the bikini. They were increasingly tender too.

That wasn’t all either.

Below, the bottoms hugged him the same way panties did, which wasn’t much. They were thin and light and really only covered his front and most of his butt cheeks. The sides were only strings he had tied extra tight to stretch the bikini bottom as far as possible. The bottoms were bigger than the tops and he hoped they hid his penis. So far, it worked: he could see no traces of his penis – no lumps or hills, no signs of balls – but he hadn’t gotten hard yet. That would be the real test. It was a test he feared he would fail.

“I can’t wear this,” he said nervously.

Samantha looked up from adjusting her own swimsuit – the black and white one. She wore an open white wrap skirt around it which exposed the front of her leg to high-thigh. “Why not? You look good.”

“I look huge!”

Samantha chuckled, making Matthew blush insecurely.

“What?” he asked, annoyed at her chuckle.

“You sound like a woman: ‘does this make me look fat!’”

“That’s not what I meant,” said Matthew, still glowing with embarrassment. “I meant, it makes *these* look huge!” He squeezed the sides of his breasts as he said this, lifting them and making them appear even larger.

“That’s why women wear bikinis, honey, to show off their stuff.”

“*I’m not a woman*,” he protested.

“So you keep saying,” said his wife condescendingly and she gently brushed his breast, causing his nipples to pop up to make her point. Matthew turned bright red and threw his arms over his breasts defensively.

“Do you mind?!” he growled.

Samantha smirked.

Samantha moved to the shopping bag she had brought home from the store the prior night. From it, she took out the pair of flip flops, which she dropped to the floor and slipped her feet into. Then she pulled a pair of wedges from the bag. These were tan mules with a three-inch band that went over the foot leaving a wide open front, a fake tan-colored flower that clipped onto the band, and rubber wedge heels a little under three inches in height. These would be low heels, thought Matthew, but they were better than flats; the strangeness of Matthew seeing three-inch heels as “low” eluded him. What worried him more was how these would look with the bikini. The look of heels with a bikini seemed a little embarrassing to him somehow. Did women really wear heels with bikinis anymore? He wasn’t sure, but he didn’t think he had much choice as he couldn’t go in flats.

He slipped his feet into them.

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“You look amazing... for a woman. Not sure what to say for you as a man though,” laughed Rhonda. She glanced down at his crotch. “Everything well hidden, I see.”

“Ha ha,” said Matthew sourly. He felt his penis stir at her taunt though.

Matthew sat at the reception desk wishing he was wearing anything except what he was wearing. Wearing a bikini at work was humiliating! Everyone, men and women, kept staring at his breasts. *His breasts*. He would never get used to the idea. And they were so exposed! It felt like he

was naked! Worse, his breasts were really very tender today. He was starting to realize that he would have no choice but to milk them soon. But how?

“Seriously, you fill a bikini like nobody’s business!” said Rhonda.

Matthew blushed. That was embarrassing, especially coming from a woman who filled a bikini well herself. Rhonda’s bikini was emerald green and seemed to cover her breasts better than Matthew’s covered his. Nevertheless, her breasts appeared huge. She wore flip flops. He was the only woman wearing heels today.

“I’d never believe you were a man if I hadn’t seen your thing,” she added.

Matthew blushed even more. “I don’t know why we’re supposed to wear these terrible things,” he complained evasively. He tapped the bikini.

“Because you’re a woman and it’s expected of women.”

“Well, that’s not right.”

Rhonda chuckled. “It’s a little late to stand up to sexism, *mister*.”

Matthew blushed again.

“Besides, it’s fun.”

“Fun?! What’s fun about it?!” demanded Matthew.

“It’s fun to be attractive. It’s fun to see guys falling all over themselves to get a look at you. It’s fun to see them make fools of themselves. Women have all the power; you men just don’t realize it.”

“Well, *I* don’t have any power.”

“That’s because you’re a man.”

Matthew pursed his lips.

Rhonda shrugged her shoulders. “Hey, you’re the one that keeps insisting that you’re a man. All I’m saying is you can’t have feminine super powers when you keep clinging to the idea that that little breakfast sausage between your legs makes you something else. If you want woman power, you need to embrace your feminine power, girlfriend.”

Matthew rolled his eyes. He was a man, no matter what Rhonda and his wife told him, and he would prove it to them. But that was for later. Right now, he needed to perform this ridiculous promotion.

“What am I supposed to do with this?” asked Matthew.

Rhonda had handed him a wet sponge. It was dripping water and soap all over the concrete. His toes were getting wet inside the wedges. He tried to keep the sponge away from his bikini.

“You know how to wash a car. Get with it!” said Rhonda.

Matthew grimaced. Then he glanced around nervously at everyone standing around. He and Rhonda and a new girl were all standing before a red sedan with sponges in their hands. The customer was inside the car. Each of the three of them wore bikinis. He was the only one wearing heels. The other two wore flip flops. Standing back ten feet in a group were several salesmen wearing Speedos... with budding erections. One held a hose. They were all watching him. More specifically, they were watching his breasts with hungry looks in their eyes.

“This is embarrassing,” said Matthew with a shudder.

“You have to get into it,” replied Rhonda.

“Get into what?”

“Love your girlhood,” laughed Rhonda. “Realize your feminine power.”

“I am not realizing my feminine anything!”

“Suit yourself,” said Rhonda and she slapped her sponge against the car.

Matthew stepped up to the car, turning his back to the salesmen, and pressed the sponge against the car window. He started rubbing it up and down. This motion, unfortunately, made his breasts jiggle. He could sense every eye upon his breasts as they did. What could he do though? He thought about throwing one arm across his chest to steady them, but none of the other women did that. He would just need to deal with it. So he did the only thing he could, he tried to take Rhonda’s advice and think of himself as being in charge of these men, men who worshiped him for his curves, and let that sense of power protect him.

It didn’t work.

Rather than feeling in charge, he instantly became insecure. He wasn’t a woman. He didn’t want to be a woman. He didn’t want men getting turned on looking at him! The very idea filled him with humiliation.

“Just grit your teeth, clean the car, and make an excuse to go back inside,” he told himself.

He worked the window with the sponge. Then he worked the top of the car.

This was a mistake; he knew it instantly too.

The moment Matthew pushed the sponge up onto the roof of the car to clean it, his breasts touched the window. He hadn't intended that, but they did. In fact, before he grew breasts, this wouldn't have happened at all, or it wouldn't have mattered even if it did. But having breasts changed everything. They took up too much space in front of him, space he misjudged. When he stepped forward, his breasts pressed right against the glass. Not only did this immediately soak his bikini top and make his nipples all wet and squishy, but he realized that the man in the car must be staring right at his smashed breasts. He suddenly felt incredibly embarrassed, and that caused his penis to shoot to erection.

Matthew now had a problem. His breasts were pressed against the window as the warm soapy water rolled down between his cleavage, turning him on. The moment he stepped away, his nipples would spring to action for all to see. Moreover, the feeling of the warm water had given him an erection and the moment he stepped back, everyone would see his erection tenting up his bikini bottoms too!

This was bad. He was trapped!

Worse when he pressed his penis against the car to keep it from showing, the motion somehow untied the string that held his bikini bottoms together. They were now in immediate danger of falling off him!

Matthew's heart raced.

What would he do?

He had no choice. He needed to fix the bikini bottom before it fell and everyone saw his tiny, but not-at-all-womanly erection! He sucked up his courage and pulled himself clear of the glass. With his back turned as best he could to the car, he leaned over, grabbed the bikini strings and pulled the bottom together even as his breasts came free of the glass and his nipples popped up for all to see. He tied the strings closed as quickly as he could as his breasts hung down and to the side as he tied the string, his nipples super erect at their tips.

It got worse.

As he tied the string, he glanced down and saw that his erection, though tiny, was not tiny enough. It was too small to tent out his bikini

bottom, but it had instead snaked upward inside the bottom and now showed as a small mound. Seeing this made his heart stop! *The outline of his penis could be seen!*

“What do I do?” he gasped.

He did the only thing he could do. He threw one arm over his breasts, hiding his nipples, and the other down to cover his crotch, hiding his lump. It looked like a tease from a stripper but it was effective. He then smiled shyly at everyone and he slapped off in the mules to hide inside.

A round of applause followed him.

Chapter Four: “Out of the Closet”

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“I have never been more embarrassed in my life,” Matthew told himself as he disappeared into the break room. With everyone outside, he figured he could be alone in here to calm his erection and consider his embarrassment. Only, he wasn’t actually embarrassed. It was strange. Rather than feel embarrassed, he was filled with a surprising sense of pride and excitement. He had just turned on everyone at the dealership, male and female, and it felt... empowering. He felt strong and in control for the first time in how many weeks?

Maybe Rhonda was right, he told himself, maybe there was power in being a woman? Suddenly, he was flush with a sense of discovery, but not only discovery, a sense of control. It almost felt the way it had always felt when he gave orders and had been obeyed as a man.

What did this mean?

He wasn’t sure, but he knew one thing now: *Marti had a sort of power*. She had *boobs* and those gave her power. She had curves and those gave her power. She had the sexiest butt at the dealership and that gave her power. Put simply, she had sex appeal if she was willing to use it.

Perhaps, it was time to use it, he wondered?

Suddenly, he flushed with shame. He was a man. How could he use feminine sex appeal? That would make him a woman! He shuddered at the idea. He would be emasculating himself!

Still, try and dismiss it as he might, the idea appealed to him.

“What’s the harm?” he asked himself finally.

He would be dressed like a woman either way. Why not take advantage of it and use it to his benefit? No. The idea was too humiliating. There was no way he could act like some horny woman. *It would make him a woman*. Right now, he was just pretending because he had no choice. If he embraced it – what had Rhonda called it: embraced his feminine power – then he would be a woman. That was something that would never go away again even after he became a man again. He would forever know what he had done!

And yet... it had felt good to feel in control, to feel that sense of power as everyone looked to him longingly, to be the center of attention. Honestly, it really did. For the first time since this all began he had felt powerful again, and he could keep feeling that power if he did this.

“I could be in control again,” he said.

Not officially, mind you, he told himself, but in other ways. He imagined the men at the dealership opening doors for him as he confidently walked through like some sultan. He saw them kneeling to pick up things he dropped like servants. He imagined them struggling to hide erections, wishing they could find the right act of submission just to be allowed a glimpse of his precious breasts. It struck him as interesting that causing erections suddenly seemed... intriguing. He dwelled on this a moment and then moved on. He saw himself proudly showing his breasts whenever another woman was near, and her sulking away defeated with her arms covering her inferior chest. He could dominate every room, not with his position or his strength, but with his desirability. Isn't that how women did it, he asked himself? Well, the shoe was on the other foot now – quite literally – and he could do it himself.

His penis rose at these thoughts.

His nipples grew hard.

Matthew reached up and fingered a nipple. His breasts were so tender, but his nipples felt electric at his touch. It was like masturbating when he needed to pee, the pressure and danger made it all that much more intense.

“Be a dear and fetch me some paper,” he saw himself tell some salesman and the man obediently trotted off to do it. He imagined holding up a coffee cup. “I'd like more coffee,” he said and Stein slipped upstairs to get it for him. “Do you like my blouse?” he asked Liz in accounting and she shied before him.

There was power here.

There was power as a woman.

“I can be powerful,” he told himself airily. It made his penis throb.

He scraped his nipple through the bikini now with the tip of his nail. That brought an agonizing pain which made him shudder excitedly and caused his penis to throb even more. His heart was racing. He was breathing heavily. He now imagined all the staff standing before him at the

base of the stairs as he stood on the stairs and overlooked them. The men had tented trousers. Each looked at him as if he was a Goddess. They were his to control. The women too. He saw envy in their eyes. Their nipples were hard. He saw the expressions that said, "I wish I had her chest... her curves." Some probably even fantasized about being with him.

His penis throbbed.

He slipped his hand down and squeezed his erection through the bottom. It was really close to explosion. It was pulsing like a pipeline, ready to burst at the slightest touch. He teased it with his nails. The pain from their sharp tips made him shudder exquisitely as it had with his throbbing nipples.

He was primed.

Then he heard the doorknob. He yanked his hands from his nipple and his erection. But it was too late. Stein had seen him. Matthew tensed up. He was speechless. What could he say, after all? Stein had seen him playing with his erection through the bikini bottoms. Stein must now know that he's a man!

"I— um—" Nothing else came out.

"Don't stop on my account," said Stein slyly.

Matthew began to stutter nonsense.

Stein slowly walked into the room and closed the door behind him. Matthew was terrified. What did he want? What would he do?

"I— uh, I can explain," said Matthew nervously.

Stein ignored him. He came to Matthew. Matthew felt helpless. Stein now slowly lifted one hand to Matthew's breasts. Matthew froze. As he did, Stein ran his fingers along the curve of one breast, along the outside and underside, sending waves of intense, shocking pleasure racing throughout Matthew, along with a strong dose of shame. This was a man!

"I'm— I—"

"I know," said Stein calmly, almost breathlessly.

Matthew raised an eyebrow. *He knew?!*

Suddenly, Matthew felt Stein's hand push past Matthew's hands and touch his erection through the bikini. Shock hit him. Then an effete wave of warmth washed over Matthew, making him weak at the knees. Could this be real? Was this truly happening, he wondered? It was, and he had not stopped Stein. His erection grew to renewed life within the bikini.

“I’ve known for a long time,” said Stein.

“You have?”

Stein ran his finger tips from the base of Matthew’s penis to its tip, making Matthew shudder the entire way. His heart was pounding. His chest began to heave. Matthew stood helplessly as Stein’s fingers tucked into the bikini bottom and slowly pulled it down, releasing Matthew’s erection.

It stuck out stiff but small.

Matthew stared into Stein’s eyes. He felt lost in them. He was like a deer caught in the headlights, caught by fear, surprise, and a growing sense of excitement. He saw Stein’s wolf-like grin. He felt Stein’s fingers slip around his tiny shaft and slowly start to stroke it, up and down. Matthew opened his mouth to speak, but had nothing to say.

Stein stroked slowly, methodically, yet effectively.

Matthew struggled to breathe. His chest was heaving even more. His knees were weak. He struggled to stand as this man toyed with his penis. This was a man, he realized, and yet somehow, it didn’t matter. If anything, that seemed to make it all the more exciting.

Matthew’s penis throbbed.

He felt that very familiar rhythm building. Something inside him told him to object. To stop this man before he made him come. He could not allow another man to do this to him... and yet...

He said nothing.

Matthew slipped a finger up to his nipple and began to tease it. His other hand moved to Stein’s strong chest. He pressed his hand against Stein’s muscular pectoral to steady himself. He felt Stein’s warmth as Stein’s hand moved a tiny bit faster. Matthew felt like he was running downhill now, free and fast, picking up reckless speed to an uncertain goal. What was about to happen became inevitable now. Should he touch Stein’s crotch? Should he kiss him? He didn’t know. He was so confused and yet so ready.

Stein’s wolfish grin grew sharper.

Matthew felt smaller, weaker, feminine. Luxuriously helpless.

Suddenly, it caught. His penis entered that phase where it would no longer stop. It throbbed deep within. It coiled back like a spring. His breathing stopped. His body grew warmer. The throbbing grew stronger.

Matthew spread his legs a tiny bit wider.

And then he came. Three quick shots of hot fluid burst out of him over the bikini bottoms, covering Stein's hand. The third came with a grunt and then Matthew nearly collapsed.

Behind Stein, Matthew heard the doorknob.

Terror! He immediately tensed up.

Stein, however, casually pulled his hand from Matthew's bikini bottom, dexterously tucking Matthew away as he did. Meanwhile, Rhonda slipped her head through the door. She glared at Stein.

"I need to see my staff," said Rhonda to Stein.

"I just did," said Stein with a smirk. He took Matthew's towel and wiped his hand with it. "She's all yours," he said, winking at Matthew and handing him the towel back. Then he turned and left.

Rhonda rolled her eyes. "That guy. He's never going to leave you alone. All he sees is a pair of boobs. I wonder what he would think if he knew what you really are?!" she laughed.

Matthew blushed. "Wh— what do you want?" he asked cautiously.

"Your wife wants to see you," she said.

Chapter Five: “Marti’s License Arrives”

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“Guess what came in the mail,” said Samantha when Matthew got to her office.

She held out an envelope, which Matthew took. It was from the Department of Motor Vehicles and he knew exactly what it was. It was freedom! This was his ticket to drive again, which was finally the first concrete step in returning to being a man. This was exciting. What’s more, with his newfound sense of power, he imagined himself sliding into the parking lot behind the wheel of his impressive sports car as everyone watched him step out of it with intense jealousy, the timing could not have been better. Not only would he now be able to go places without his wife’s permission and without needing his wife or Rhonda to chauffeur him around, but he was going to show off his power at the dealership!

He was positively glowing as he opened the envelope.

Then he saw the photo.

Did he really look like that? Not that the photo was bad; it wasn’t. In fact, it was a great photo compared to most driver’s license photos. The wavy hair, the perfect makeup, the fine eyebrows, the soft lips. It was a *good* photo. The thing was, seeing himself as a woman in an official document made it all seem so... permanent suddenly. It felt like that moment when you first take a job and you’ve locked yourself in a particular future and you worry that you made a mistake.

He licked his lips nervously.

“Let me see,” said Samantha, who had watched him open the envelope. Matthew handed it to her and she looked it over. She smiled outwardly as she giggled on the inside: her macho husband now had a woman’s driver’s license! The thought actually made her wet. “You look pretty.”

Her words felt like a strange blow to his ego and his new-found confidence was shaken ever so slightly. What did he want though? “You’re so manly!” “You’re so gorgeous!” Besides, the new power he had would be

as a woman, even if that was in conflict with his desire to return to being a man.

“Well, now I don’t need to haul you around anymore like a little princess,” giggled Samantha with a wink. Then she looked at the clock. “It’s almost time to go home. Do you want to drive... *Princess?*”

Matthew blushed at being called Princess, but that couldn’t stop his growing sense of power. He would be free and this would help him! But then something very strange happened. As he opened his mouth to agree, a hesitant, pensive feeling came over him. He didn’t understand it, but for some seemingly-impossible reason, he was suddenly reluctant to drive. Why? There was nothing to fear and he needed this if he was ever going to break free of this feminine curse and become a man again. He even imagined himself blasting into the dealership once more in his hot sports car. He *needed* to do this!

“Sure,” he said, though oddly without confidence.

“Grab your purse!” said Samantha.

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Matthew slipped behind the wheel of his sports car. It had been a very long time since he had sat here. He set his purse behind his seat. Then he adjusted the seat. The seat was too close; his breasts touched the steering wheel. He slid the seat back a little and readjusted himself. Then he put his foot on the brake. It was too close. He would need to slide the seat back a little more to account for the flirty wedges he still wore. He set the seat properly and then pulled the seatbelt across his chest; it rested between his cleavage, pinning the bikini to his chest. He now stared over the instrument panel. It all seemed so oddly unfamiliar.

He chuckled nervously.

“Well, go on, honey,” said Samantha.

Matthew went to press his foot against the brake pedal and missed. He missed because he tried to use too much of the center of his foot as he always had as a man. As a result, his foot slid awkwardly as the thin part of his wedge was what hit the brake. This let his ankle buckle and he almost popped the wedge off his foot with his foot sliding off the pedal.

Samantha watched him with a raised eyebrow.

“Problem?” she asked.

Matthew smiled at her cautiously, re-planted his foot using the portion of the sole of his shoe closer to his toes and the ball of his foot, and pressed his finger with its long red nail against the starter button. The car sprang to life. He put the car into gear, grabbed the steering wheel and slowly backed the car out of the space. He noticed right away that he had less feel for the pedals through the wedges than he'd had in his male shoes. Still, it was enough.

Matthew rolled the car to the edge of the dealership and turned into the street. Then he started down the street... slowly. They were moving. But as they started passing other dealerships at a far slower rate than he used to drive, Matthew struggled with his confidence. His foot sat wrong. What if his shoe wasn't correctly on the pedals? What if his foot slipped and the car didn't brake? What if he hit the gas too hard and the car took off? Or the wedge fell off and caught the gas and got stuck? What if his breasts got in the way of his control when he tried to turn? Why was he worried about these things? He didn't understand the nervousness. He had driven before. This was really no different. So why was this so difficult?

“You can go a little faster, honey,” said Samantha.

“I'm trying to figure out this heel thing,” admitted Matthew.

“It does take some getting used to, but all women figure it out. You can do it.”

They kept rolling along. Matthew hadn't increased his speed, however. He wondered why. He could handle the heels, even these wedges. He was better in heels than ninety percent of women. Driving would be no different. His breasts? He'd gotten used to them too. Working around them was second nature now. His nails? Not an issue, not like they were with typing. And again, he'd gotten used to exaggerating his hand motions to account for them.

So why was he pensive?

He started to blush. He started to feel embarrassed. He pressed down harder on the gas. The car sped up. It still wasn't anywhere near as fast as he normally drove, or as fast as Samantha drove, but it was faster. He glanced at his wife. She was reading messages on her phone. He pressed a little harder yet. The car sped up a tiny bit more. It felt really fast now.

His wife looked up. “Come on, Princess. You’re way too slow,” said Samantha.

Matthew’s ego trembled. He blushed bright red. A moment ago, he’d told himself he was powerful. He wasn’t a man again yet, but he was the next best thing. He was in control and everyone was going to obey him. Yet, suddenly, he was struggling to drive. Why? Sure, there were the strange “low heeled” wedges. There was the fact he hadn’t driven in months, but it wasn’t something you really forgot. Maybe you got a little rusty, but this rusty? There was the fact his wife was watching him, judging him; that made him a little nervous, but why would that make someone powerful nervous? None of those seemed to be the problem. In combination, they contributed, but beneath it all, there seemed to be this strange lack of confidence. Somehow, he realized, being a woman this long – *a submissive woman* – had shaken his confidence. His new-found confidence hung by a thread.

“I’m just being cautious,” he said.

“Come on, little girl. Step on it.”

His penis jumped to erection in his bottom at being called “little girl.”

Matthew licked his lips. He pressed the gas harder. The car sped up. Slowly, his confidence started growing again. He pressed the gas harder and went a little faster yet. His confidence grew a little more. He started to see himself once more in charge. Again, he saw himself standing on the stairs at the dealership with everyone looking up at him. He was a woman, not a man, but it didn’t matter. What mattered was that he was in charge and everyone was looking up to him again.

He pressed even harder on the gas. The car went faster. His confidence grew even more. He was driving again! He was in control. This was all going to work! He glanced at his wife. She had returned to her phone and was reading messages. He had done it! He was driving!

He saw the stop sign at the last second.

Matthew jammed his foot on the brake. He missed. Old habits made him place his foot too low on the pedal. The wedge flipped off his foot this time and crashed to the floor. He pulled back his bare foot and thrust his toes onto the brake. The car jolted to a halt.

The car stopped just past the sign.

Matthew looked up sheepishly and met his wife's skeptical gaze, a withering gaze. His heart was pounding.

"Do I need to send you to driving school?" she asked sharply.

Matthew shrank in his seat. "No, Ma'am."

His confidence failed. It was about to get worse too.

Chapter Six: “Please Milk Me”

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Matthew was incredibly relieved to get home. The rest of the drive home had been embarrassing with his wife watching him and offering him tips on how to drive. He knew how to drive! It was humiliating to have his wife explain it to him! She seemed to revel in it too. She seemed to love the idea of talking down to her once controlling husband.

“Make sure your foot is on the pedal, honey.”

“Look both ways before you go.”

“You can go, darling.”

“Both hands on the wheel.”

Those words echoed in his mind and embarrassingly made him hard.

Worse, his difficulties doing something so easy as driving shook Matthew’s newfound confidence. It was hard to feel strong with his wife treating him like a child. It was hard to feel strong when his wife suddenly seemed superior.

But now they were home.

Matthew went to change out of the bikini. He pulled off the bikini bottom. His tiny erection popped into view. It was so small, yet had given him such trouble this day. He sighed. Then he pulled off the bikini top. His breasts sprang free. His nipples were hard.

“I hope I never need to wear that again,” he told himself.

He thought of Stein and he blushed. He didn’t know what to think of that yet.

He tossed the bikini into the hamper and returned to the mirror. His breasts were so large, so swollen. They had gotten increasingly sore all day too and were very sore now. He ran his fingers around one nipple. His nipple was incredibly sensitive, so much so he couldn’t touch it without making the soreness worse. The milk inside him was just too much; it was trying so hard to push its way out. He knew he would need to get the milk out soon or this was going to end poorly. But how?

“What’s this?” he asked suddenly.

His eye was drawn to a dark line he’d just noticed for the first time. It ran in a sort of triangular shape where the bikini top had been. His jaw dropped. It was a tan line! *He had bikini tan lines!*

“Oh no!” he gasped.

His penis ejected pre-come.

Matthew traced the line with his finger. Beneath the line, the bottom part of his breast, right up to his areolas, was lighter than above the line. That part had no tan. But outside the triangle, he now had a tan... a very visible tan! He even had a line on his back where the string had protected his skin from the sun! If he went without a shirt, everyone would know he had worn a bikini!

“This is terrible,” he lamented.

Yet, even as he said this, something exciting was happening inside him. His heart was racing. His penis was stiff. He was turned on, not by the tan line itself, but by the helplessness of being marked. Of course, that said, in the scheme of things, this hardly posed the same problem as ridding himself of the breasts, and it wasn’t like he was going to go topless any time soon. But it just felt like another solid blow to his masculinity... another step in the wrong direction, yet somehow exciting at the same time.

That was a problem for another day, however. Right now, the problem was within his breasts. Matthew sighed and slipped his finger to his nipple. It was so sensitive. He needed to get some of this milk out very, very soon. Indeed, he’d reached the point where it had to come out, he knew that: his breasts were almost standing on their own because the pressure was so great. They were overfull balloons ready to pop, and they were too sore to ignore. He needed to milk himself. Unfortunately, he could not do this himself, he had proven that already. That meant one thing... one humiliating thing... *he would need his wife’s help.*

This would be embarrassing.

How could he truly claim to be a man again if his wife milked him like a wet nurse? The idea was so very emasculating. This was another one of those he would never live down.

But he had no choice.

Matthew glanced at his image in the mirror, took a deep breath, and reluctantly slapped his way off to the study on the “low-heeled” mules.

CLICK! SLAP! CLICK! SLAP! CLICK! SLAP!

He knocked.

His wife called him in. Matthew took another deep breath before entering.

“Honey, can I speak to you for a moment?” he asked his wife sheepishly.

Samantha sat in her chair with her bare feet on the desk and a book in her lap. She still wore the black and white bikini with the wrap skirt. She looked up and smirked at his tan lines and the fact his breasts were bare. She wondered if he’d been playing with himself. He was hard. Small, but hard. His penis struck her as cute being so small and made her giggle. It was funny, she thought, how submissive he had become all because his penis had shrunk.

“What do you need?” she asked.

“I need some help,” said Matthew.

“With what?”

Matthew blushed. “With these,” he said, touching his breasts.

Samantha raised an eyebrow. “What about them?”

“Well, it’s like this. They’re definitely kind of full and it’s making them really sore,” he said.

Samantha could tell he was deeply embarrassed. But after his repeated refusal to accept her advice or help, she wasn’t going to let him off easy. Besides, it was honestly rather entertaining watching him squirm. It made her feel powerful to see him beg, and he *was* begging. “And?”

“And I need to take it out,” he said with deep embarrassment.

“You mean the milk.”

The word “milk” made him shudder. “Yes,” he said softly.

“So you want me to milk you, is that it?”

Matthew withered at the suggestion, but his penis surged. He almost thought it would spurt forth right there. Fortunately, it didn’t. He nodded his head slowly, admitting his embarrassing position.

Samantha folded her arms as a smug feeling of superiority came over her. “I thought you were a ‘man’ now and didn’t need to be milked.”

Matthew burned with shame. “They’re very sore.”

“Like I warned you they would be.”

He nodded his head.

“What was that, honey? I couldn’t hear you?” she said.

He squirmed now with embarrassment. “Yes— yes, Ma’am.”

Samantha sizzled with strength. She was very wet. It was true, she realized, that she liked this sense of power she had from watching her feminized husband submit to her. Moments like this made her wet, incredibly wet. She wanted him to stay this way, she really did. She thought he did too – at least, his erections told her he did – but he seemed so resistant. In the end, she knew it was his decision to make, not hers, but she knew what she hoped he chose.

“All right,” she said with a chuckle. “I’ll milk you, honey.”

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They sat on the couch. Both Matthew and Samantha wore nighties. Matthew’s nightie was pink. Samantha’s was white with frills. Matthew’s breasts filled his nightie like a pin-up model. It was almost impossible for Samantha to believe this was her husband! But it was.

Samantha fished her husband’s breast from the nightie’s bra, freeing it enough to hang freely through the plunging neckline of his nightie. Her soft, warm fingers slid across his supple flesh until they found his erect nipple. His breast quivered beneath her touch, the soreness temporarily giving way to a warm thrill. Samantha too was excited. She had never touched another woman’s breasts before, but found many quite attractive. Being able to touch a pair now aroused her. The fact they were on her husband somehow made this all the more thrilling... it felt naughtier.

Samantha slipped two fingers over his areola and gently squeezed the nipple between them, as she’d done before. Several drops of milk came dribbling out over her fingers.

“You *are* full, aren’t you?” she said with some surprise.

Matthew blushed.

Samantha ran her fingers down his breast, brushing over the nipple as she did, causing his penis to grow stiff. She then slipped two fingers back onto his areola with two more next to them. She squeezed his large nipple between the joints of her fingers. Nothing came yet.

“While we’re on the subject,” said Samantha. “I think it’s time you considered that maybe these aren’t going away.”

Matthew bit his lip. He couldn't have breasts forever, he just couldn't. How would he hide them? Especially breasts of this size and especially if they leaked milk all the time.

"They'll go away," said Matthew.

Samantha brushed his areola with the back of her fingers. "I just think maybe you should consider it," she said sympathetically.

"And do what?"

Samantha shrugged her shoulders and tickled his areola with two fingers. It made him giggly for a second and caused his penis to throb and eject pre-come. It also seemed to loosen his breast in a way. It was a strange feeling.

"Look, Matthew," said Samantha earnestly, "I think we need to face the possibility that you might be stuck as a woman from now on. We should—"

"Stuck?!"

"Yes." Her fingers slowly circled his nipple as she spoke. "These may not go away. They feel very real to me, very permanent. And your breasts are way too big to hide. Your shape is too feminine to pass for a man—"

"I am a man!"

"You don't look like a man, honey."

"That's because I don't have any male clothes," he protested.

"You won't fit in men's clothes. And you won't look right. You just don't look or act like a man anymore." Samantha tugged on his nipple now, still preparing it to be milked. Matthew seemed to wither under her ministrations.

"I am a man," he said as he sucked in a sharp breath as he felt something move inside his breast.

Samantha tugged on his nipple again. "Honey, you have breasts."

"Lots of men have man boobs."

"These aren't man boobs. Besides, that's not all. You don't even have a penis," said his wife.

"I do!"

"Not a real one." She tugged on the nipple. Suddenly, a drop of milk appeared. "There it is," she said.

Matthew blushed. He had no idea what to say. What she'd said was true after all. He had a toy penis at this point... a woman's-finger-sized amusement too small to satisfy his wife. Heck, he'd worn a bikini bottom with an erection and no one seemed to notice! What kind of man was that? And his breasts? They put most women to shame. His shape too, it was nearly hour-glass at this point. And the poorly timed drop of milk was like the cherry on top of this unhappy emasculating cake. But he could not be a woman, he told himself. He was a man. He wanted to be a man again. *He would be a man again!*

"I am a man," he said.

As he said it though, Samantha pulled gently on the nipple with two fingers as her other fingers held the rest of the breast back. The effect was a feeling as if she was literally pulling the inside of his breast out his nipple. It was a crazy erotic feeling and it made his penis throb as if someone were squeezing it hard and stroking it all at once. He'd never felt anything like this before.

He looked down helplessly.

Several drops of grayish milk dribbled out of his nipple onto his wife's hand.

"Hold this beneath your breast," said Samantha and she handed him a glass bowl she had gotten from the kitchen and had set beside her.

"Do you think we need this?" he asked with embarrassment.

"I'd bet you have enough to fill a bottle in each one of these," she said and she patted the side of his breast. "And I'm not having you soaking our living room with your milk."

Again, the word "milk" made him feel effete and caused his penis to throb.

Matthew felt very small.

Samantha squeezed his breast. That sent another tremor through his body. Then she tugged on his nipple in a downward direction. Matthew's penis stretched to full height and started throbbing in a long, smooth motion. At the same time, drops of milk started dripping out of his nipple into the bowl.

After several second, the flow stopped.

Samantha's heart raced upon seeing this. This was incredibly exciting, far more than she had expected. She pressed her fingers into the

areola and squeezed again. Again, his penis throbbed in a long smooth motion. He was incredibly tempted to reach down and stroke himself, but he couldn't, not with his wife watching.

More drops fell into the bowl.

"Good girl," said Samantha. "You milk easily."

Matthew trembled with emasculation at hearing this.

His wife pulled his nipple again. This time, she rubbed the side of his breast with her warm, soft hands. Even more milk came out. His penis throbbed the whole time too. He could feel a rhythm starting to build independently with him.

"This really turns you on, doesn't it?" giggled Samantha.

Matthew's hard breathing made responding difficult, not that he wanted to respond in any event.

Samantha tugged on his nipple again. Her heart was racing. More milk dripped into the bowl. At the same time, she slipped her other hand to his penis and gently brushed her fingers along the top of his shaft, making his penis strain as hard as it could get and sending exciting tingles throughout his body.

More milk dripped.

"I was thinking it could be fun if you stayed as a girl," she said.

Matthew was too overwhelmed to speak.

"We could be girlfriends. We could go on dates. We could go shopping together. We could share clothes and go to the salon together." *I'd love to suck on your nipples*, she added in her head. The idea made her very wet.

Matthew's penis throbbed at her touch. He wanted to tell her he would never accept being a woman, but he was too turned on right now to speak.

Samantha slipped her fingers around her husband's shaft. She slowly stroked him, speeding up ever so slightly when milk dripped from his nipple and slowing when it didn't. Matthew closed his eyes. He was being overwhelmed with the intense feelings of pleasure of being emptied of milk while his wife played with his erection.

"Think of the fun we could have, *Marti*," she purred.

She kissed the top of his breast. She felt a quiver deep inside.

“Think of how much fun it would be to do this every day to keep my little girl empty,” she said breathlessly.

Matthew’s penis almost exploded.

Samantha tugged a little harder on his nipple. The milk was getting all over her hand now. “You could be my little milk maid,” she giggled. She stroked a little faster and tugged a little faster.

Matthew felt the feeling of motion inside his breast. It was such a strange and erotic feeling. At the same time, he felt intense pressure building deep within his lower regions. His penis felt like a coil pulling back as far as it would go. He would come soon, he knew it.

His wife kissed his breast with her soft lips near the wet nipple.

“Don’t you want me to milk you every day... my little milk maid?”

And with that, he exploded. Not only did his penis thrust forward, ejecting a shot of hot, sticky come, but his breast let out the rest of his milk into the glass. The shock of release passed through him. Matthew shuddered and nearly collapsed backward. His wife giggled. She then held her finger before his lips.

“Lick it clean, Marti,” she said.

Matthew brain screamed not to do this. “*You’re a man, right?*” it demanded. “Men don’t do this!” And yet, something on this inside wanted to do this. Before he knew it, he stuck out his tongue and licked his wife’s finger clean. It tasted salty and sticky.

This wasn’t milk.

Chapter Seven: “The Doctor”

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Matthew slipped the ornate pink bra over his breasts. He latched the hooks in the back, pulling it tightly across his chest. Then he adjusted his breasts in the cups. His breasts were empty after the prior night, meaning they were no longer swollen and they fit the bra as intended – no more bulging out over the top of the low-cut bra. They felt better too. They were lighter and the pressure had been reduced. They no longer felt like tense balloons ready to pop. That said, his nipples were sore from his wife playing with them and his breasts’ tips remained tender. But at least the milk was gone. Hopefully, it was gone for good, he told himself, and the milking issue was over. With that issue behind him, he would be well on the road to becoming a man again after he saw the doctor today and she gave him whatever medication would reverse all this. Soon, everything could be back to normal!

Would he miss it, he wondered?

“No,” he told himself, but he did feel a warm tingle as he thought of that powerful moment where everyone watched Marti enviously.

He shook it off.

Matthew reached for the dress his wife had laid out for him to wear. It was a navy-blue dress with a loose, flared skirt that hung to mid-calf. It had a rounded collar and short sleeves. The bodice was fitted, but otherwise, the dress wasn’t tight or restrictive or particularly decorative. It was really quite basic, he thought. It was almost dull.

“Almost ready?” asked Samantha as she came into the bedroom. She was already dressed for work in a black pantsuit and sharp pumps. She wore a white blouse with an open man’s collar.

Matthew slipped the navy dress over his body and smoothed it into place.

“Almost,” he replied.

Meanwhile, Samantha glanced in the mirror. She picked up a brush to brush her hair once more. As she did, Matthew dropped the high-heeled sling-back pumps his wife wanted him to wear with the dress to the floor.

He pointed his toes and shoved one foot inside one of the shoes, adding several inches to his height.

“I was thinking I could drive today,” said Matthew casually.

“You don’t have a car yet,” replied Samantha. She picked at a stray hair with her fingers.

“The sports car.” Matthew specifically avoided assigning ownership, “your” or “my,” to the car. He wanted to tread cautiously.

Samantha snickered. “Nice try.”

“What?”

“That’s *my* car, honey.”

“That’s *my* car,” countered Matthew.

“Is your salary paying for it?” asked Samantha. There was no doubt whose income supported the family at the moment and that gave her power. But there was another practicality too, as she now reminded him: “Besides, you’re my cousin, remember?”

“So?”

“So how would it look if my receptionist cousin started driving my expensive sports car? How would we explain that?”

Matthew furrowed his brow. “So what are you saying?”

Samantha set down the brush and picked up her lipstick. She touched up her lips as she spoke: “I’m saying you can’t drive the sports car. Don’t worry though, honey. I’ll get you something, and it will be appropriate for your position.”

Matthew was stunned. He hadn’t considered any of this because he still saw himself as his wife’s husband, not as her cousin. But it was true that everyone at work, apart from Rhonda, saw him as her cousin. That meant he truly couldn’t just show up in “her” sports car. What would she buy him instead though? He now worried what she meant by “something appropriate.” What did she have in mind?

—o—

They were at Samantha’s doctor’s office.

Matthew blushed brightly. When his wife said she had made an appointment for him with her doctor, he assumed the doctor would be a crusty old woman named “Myrtle” or “Abigail” who would barely notice

that he was a man, someone who couldn't possibly trigger any sense of arousal. He never expected this! Standing before him was Doctor Thomas James, a man. *Her doctor was a man!* A handsome man at that. Why his being handsome seemed to matter, Matthew couldn't understand, but it did seem to affect him in a strange way... it heightened his embarrassment.

"Have a seat," said Doctor James in a deep strong voice which made Matthew feel weak.

Matthew and his wife sat down in two small chairs next to the desk at which Dr. James sat. They were still dressed for work, he in the navy-blue dress and the sling-backs and his wife in her black pantsuit and pumps. Before them, dominating the room, was a large metal chair with blue leather cushions. The chair looked like a dentist chair only it had stirrups out just beyond the edge of the seat, raised to armrest level. Matthew eyed it nervously.

"Tell me the problem," said Doctor James.

Samantha took over immediately, making Matthew feel secondary. "Some weeks ago, my husband—"

"This is your husband?" interjected Doctor James.

"Yes, this is him."

Matthew shrank with embarrassment.

Doctor James nodded his head and ran his eyes over Matthew, particularly his breasts and his legs. "Go on."

"My husband saw his own doctor who gave him pills for his heart." Samantha made Matthew name the prescription. He blushed at revealing his soft, feminine voice, something he could no longer fail to notice. "He took those for the prescribed time and then he stopped," continued Samantha. "We noticed some swelling in his chest right away and softness in his penis."

"He still has his penis?"

Matthew blushed bright red. "*Of course he has his penis!*" he thought.

Samantha nodded. "It's a lot smaller now, but he still has it."

Matthew shrank at her calling it "smaller" and withered at the word "still." This was embarrassing. He wished he was home right now. The pills would eventually wear off – they had to, so why go through this, he asked himself?

“Go on,” said Doctor James.

“As time passed, the swelling turned into breasts—”

Doctor James raised an eyebrow. “These are real?”

“Oh yes.”

“Amazing. You haven’t had surgery?”

Matthew shook his head. His embarrassment was growing. Doctor James seemed so masculine to him, somehow. His hands looked so strong. His shoulders so broad.

“No, none,” said Samantha. “They just kept growing until this.” She motioned toward his chest. “Even now, they still seem to keep growing. Then about a week ago, he was at work—”

“What does he do?” asked the doctor.

“He’s a receptionist at the dealership I manage,” said Samantha.

“As if I’ve never been more,” thought Matthew with wounded pride. He thought about mentioning that he had been a manager, *his wife’s boss*, so this man wouldn’t look down on him, but he knew that might only make things worse. He swallowed his pride and let it go and let himself shrink in the man’s estimation. His penis seemed to stir beneath his skirt at the embarrassment he felt.

“So what happened two weeks ago?”

“Matthew was at the reception desk doing her job—”

“*Her?*”

Samantha blushed. “I’m sorry, force of habit. Matthew is ‘Marti’ at work. It’s easier than trying to explain why he looks like a woman.”

“I see. So he was doing his job when—?”

“When suddenly, his blouse became wet. It was as if someone had shot him with a squirt bottle right below the nipple.”

Matthew was so embarrassed at this man knowing any of this. At the same time, he felt a strange glow within. His penis started to grow. There was something about this doctor that— “*No!*” he told himself, “*there is nothing.*”

Doctor James nodded his head. “I see. Not an uncommon experience for pregnant women.” He turned to Matthew and smiled kindly; his smile sent a shiver down Matthew’s spine to his erection. “You aren’t pregnant are you?” he chuckled. While this would probably resonate as excellent

bedside manner for most women, for Matthew the horrifying suggestion made him flush coldly with emasculation.

Matthew shook his head.

“Has it happened again?” asked Doctor James of Samantha.

“Yes, the other day.”

Matthew bit his tongue and tensed up, worried that Samantha might tell the doctor about her milking him. Fortunately, she did not. It probably made sense to tell him, but Matthew couldn’t bear the idea so he made Samantha promise not to mention that part to the doctor. What difference would it make anyways, he told himself? Either way, the doctor would know there had been milk.

“It would help if we could get a sample of it,” said the doctor.

“I’m sure that can be arranged,” said Samantha.

“A sample?” said Matthew unhappily.

Doctor James took a specimen cup from a drawer and wrote on it. He handed it to Samantha. Matthew licked his lips but said nothing.

“What other effects are you feeling?” asked Doctor James, this time of Matthew.

This was the last question Matthew wanted to answer, especially in front of his wife, but he knew it was time. He swallowed hard. “Well,” he said in a very soft, feminine voice, “my hips seem wider. My rear too.”

Doctor James nodded. His eyes stared at Matthew, penetrating his. It made Matthew tingle oddly. He blushed. His breathing became a little harder.

“My waist is smaller,” he admitted.

“Yes, that’s redistribution of fat. Go on.”

He licked his lips nervously. “I— I think my arms— they aren’t as strong.”

Samantha raised an eyebrow, making Matthew shrink further.

Doctor James nodded again. “A loss of muscle is to be expected. What about your penis?”

Matthew blushed even deeper, if that was possible. He bit his lip.

“It shrank,” said Samantha when Matthew hesitated.

“How much?”

“It’s a lot smaller. It’s about as large as one of my fingers now. Before it was a good size. You almost can’t even call it a penis at its new

size,” said his wife. This comment made Matthew squirm in his seat. He suddenly felt utterly emasculated by this man... but that seemed to arouse him.

“What about his testicles?”

“They look like peanuts.”

Doctor James nodded his head. He rose from his chair. “All right,” he said and he patted the inclined chair. “Let’s take a look.”

“Take— take a look?!” repeated Matthew anxiously.

“Take off your dress and have a seat.”

The next few minutes were the most humiliating of Matthew’s life. He reluctantly rose to his feet as Samantha watched – she didn’t make faces or try to embarrass him, but something about her watching him being examined like this was deeply embarrassing. Worse, he had never expected the doctor to be a man and he was. *Worse yet, he was so attractive!* He was a man and yet he was attractive! How could this be? To have this man now examine him now... well, it was like a nightmare, only erotic. In fact, much to his chagrin, his penis started to swell again. He tried to think of anything that would turn him off, but little by little, it stiffened.

He turned bright red.

Matthew slowly unzipped the loose dress his wife had made him wear and pulled it over his head, exposing his heavy breasts held in check by the pink bra and a matching pair of panties – his erection appeared as a mound beneath the panties. He wore no stockings today. He laid the dress over his chair. Then Matthew moved to the big chair and sat down. He noticed the stirrups ominously.

“What are those for?” he asked.

“Slip off your shoes and put your feet into them,” said Doctor James.

Matthew glanced at his wife. She had crossed her arms over her breasts but he could tell by the look on her face that her nipples were hard and her pussy wet. She had crossed her legs too and let one pump dangle erotically from her toes. It was clear to him she was turned on watching this. And she was too, despite herself. She had told herself they were here to find a solution to her husband’s problem, but seeing him stripped nearly-naked in the evil chair women dreaded was oddly exciting to her. She actually found herself wanting to get up and play with his exposed body. She bit her lip, however, and tried to suppress that thought.

“Panties off too,” added Doctor James.

“Panties?”

“Panties... and bra.”

Matthew twisted his lip. The last thing he wanted to do was to expose his shrunken penis to this handsome man, but what choice did he have? He was here to be examined, after all! So he stood up, slipped his fingers inside his panties and pulled them down, letting them drop to his feet. His tiny penis now stood in the cold air. He then slipped one foot out of the panties before lifting the other foot and pulling the panties off. Then he pulled the sling-backs off next before setting those and the panties on his former chair. Then he reached behind his back and unhooked his bra. His breasts sprang free without the bra to hold them in check. He added that to the panties. Finally, he returned to the big chair.

“Put your feet in the stirrups,” said the doctor.

Matthew swallowed hard and raised his legs to slide his feet into the stirrups. He felt utterly exposed sitting in the chair with his legs up as if he were giving birth and his tiny erection jutting out directly at the doctor.

It got worse.

Doctor James stepped between Matthew’s spread legs. He crouched down and took his penis in his hand. In his hand! His hand was warm and soft and gentle but also strong. It made Matthew tingle. Suddenly, his penis started to stir. There was nothing he could do to stop it either. Seconds later, it was wiggling in the man’s hand and throbbing. Matthew’s face grew redder and redder as it grew stiffer and stiffer.

“Oh,” said Doctor James at something he didn’t normally see in his office.

Matthew blushed with embarrassment.

“I guess you *do* still have it.” Doctor James let it grow in his hand until it stopped. “Is this as hard as it gets?” he asked.

Matthew nodded cautiously.

Doctor James squeezed it and bent it easily. Then he measured it roughly with his fingers. It was certainly small. Then he took Matthew’s balls between his fingers and weighed them.

“Can you ejaculate?” he asked.

Matthew turned bright red.

“He can,” said Samantha.

“What color is the semen?” asked Dr. James.

“White... but kind of clear.”

“I see.”

Doctor James let go of Matthew’s penis and stepped to his side to examine his breasts more closely. He took one breast in his hand and squeezed it. Again, Matthew felt the strength in his hand and felt flushed. The doctor squeezed the breast again. His breast still felt tender, though not as bad as before his wife had milked him. The doctor tested the breast material with his fingers. This sent warm tingles throughout his chest. His erection swelled and swelled and swelled. Doctor James slipped his fingers onto Matthew’s areola next. He pressed it.

“Is this tender?”

Matthew nodded. “It is.”

Doctor James squeezed the tissue just outside the areola, causing immense pressure to build behind the nipple, which made his penis throb several times. James released the pressure only to squeeze it again. “There is significant breast tissue. The glands are swollen,” said the doctor. “They are most likely full.”

Matthew’s jaw dropped. How could he be “full”? His wife had just milked him the prior night!

“Is that normal?” asked Samantha.

“Not in men certainly. Even in women, it’s not common to produce milk when not pregnant, but it can happen. The condition is called *galactorrhea*,” said Doctor James.

“Is it dangerous?”

“No, not at all.”

Doctor James pressed his fingers into Matthew’s areola again, again causing the pressure to build. This time, Matthew felt a muscle inside his breast twitch. This was that same sensation of motion within his breast that had occurred once before. It made his eye twitch and caused his penis to throb even more.

“What this suggests is the introduction of large quantities of prolactin,” continued Dr. James. “Enough to begin *lactogenesis*. That’s why his nipples and areolas have become larger and darker. It would also explain why his penis has become so small. Female hormones will make the penis shrink.” He brushed Matthew’s penis again with his fingers,

stroking it once from its base to its tip before releasing it. The feeling of this man's fingers dragging along his shaft was magical to Matthew, but extremely unwanted... wasn't it? He held his breath as the man's fingers seemed to nearly pull the come out of him. He gripped his seat and prayed nothing happened.

It was close... but nothing came out yet.

"Is there anything you can do about it?" asked Samantha.

Doctor James mercifully pulled his fingers away. Matthew caught his breath. That said, his penis was starting to throb in a rhythm. He knew what this meant. It wasn't good. He was one wrong touch away from total embarrassment!

"In normal cases, her breast milk— sorry, *his*, his breast milk should dry out in a matter of days. The fact we've gotten this far, however, suggests this is not a normal case. I'd like to run some tests on the sample you get for me before we decide on a course of action."

Samantha nodded her head. "Can it be reversed?"

Doctor James fingered Matthew's areola again, pressing his nipple into it with a soft, warm finger. The throbbing rhythm within Matthew's lower regions grew. If the doctor didn't stop playing with his breast soon... *this would be humiliating.*

"Perhaps," said Doctor James cautiously, but also pessimistically. "There will likely remain some residual enlargement regardless as this is genuine tissue and tissue doesn't tend to vanish. But surgery remains an option."

"What about his penis?"

Doctor James glanced down between Matthew's legs again at his penis. He felt helpless and on display with his legs up in the stirrups and his manhood available for inspection at this man's whim. Why did he need to be so handsome, Matthew asked himself? This was so embarrassing... and so exciting! His chest was heaving. His breathing was becoming erratic.

The doctor touched his penis again.

"It's hard to say, but—" Doctor James paused. He seemed to consider what to say. Finally, he spoke: "We'll have to see what the test results say."

Matthew's penis was throbbing ferociously now and he was writhing in his seat, hoping to avoid what was becoming increasingly inevitable. The doctor didn't stop, however. To the contrary, he stroked Matthew's small shaft and wrapped the penis's head between his fingers. This was so exciting to Matthew and he desperately tried to stop what he knew was coming.

He was failing.

"Her penis might stay a little small," said Doctor James finally.

Matthew felt his penis jump at being called "her." It was right on the edge now! He didn't know if he could stop it anymore. Should he ask James to stop, he asked himself? How could he? What would he say? *Please stop, you're making me come!*? He clutched the seat even tighter. His legs pressed against the stirrups. His breathing was jagged.

"What can we expect in the meantime?" asked Samantha.

"Well, her breasts will be sore... tender." The doctor blushed. "Sorry, *his* breasts."

Again, Matthew throbbed. He held his breath. His heart pounded in his chest!

"Is there anything else we need to know?" asked Samantha.

"To make sure it dries up, definitely don't—"

Doctor James never finished the statement. For as he spoke, he gave Matthew's penis one last brush before letting go. Matthew knew instantly that touch had been too much. His balls yanked up and then released. Something warm shot up through him and then out like steam from a valve. He looked down in time to see small, clear drops of fluid shoot from his penis, arc out in front of him in the air, and then fall between his spread legs to the floor.

He had come... embarrassingly so.

Matthew glanced up sheepishly. The doctor and his wife were staring at him. The doctor seemed to shake his head. "Well, I've never had that happen before," he chuckled, making Matthew burn with shame.

"I— I don't know how that happened," said Matthew, turning bright red.

The doctor smiled kindly. "It's all right. Why don't you get dressed and I'll order a follow up for after we get the specimen tested?"

"Yes, Sir."

Matthew and Samantha were home again and getting ready for bed. They hadn't spoken about their visit to Doctor James. Samantha sat on the edge of the bed. She had pulled off her pumps and was rubbing her stocking-covered toes. Her feet were sore from a long day of walking around the dealership in her tall heels. Matthew stood before the mirror. He had unzipped the navy-blue dress and pulled it over his head. He still wore the sling-backs, the pink bra and the matching panties. He hung up the dress and then examined his right breast in the mirror, fingering his nipple. Samantha watched him.

Matthew felt conflicted.

He'd heard what Doctor James had said even without him saying it directly: he was stuck. Part of him actually seemed ready to accept that. If he was being honest, he loved the thrills touching his breasts gave him, and being milked was an amazing feeling. He wouldn't mind being able to keep that. He recalled the strange feeling of power he got watching everyone envy his body at the car wash. There was a visceral thrill in that which he never felt as a man. There was something he liked about not needing to be responsible for everything too these days. He had to admit he had come to like some of the feelings of the clothes too, like the comforting hugging feeling of the tight dresses. Wearing the navy-blue dress had actually been disappointing to him because it felt so plain and boring.

But he was a man.

And his ego was not letting that go. It was embarrassing being seen as a woman – no, it was humiliating. It was humiliating too that his wife had taken charge of everything and treated him like he was her servant. Now, admittedly, that embarrassment had proven to be incredibly erotic for some reason, but that in and of itself was embarrassing.

He brushed his nipple with his fingers. His breast almost seemed to throb in response. It was really full. He didn't understand how that could be. He had just been milked. How could it replace itself so fast? Hadn't it taken weeks to fill his breasts the first time?

Samantha rose to her feet and came to him. She slipped her hands upon his hips from behind and kissed him on the back of the neck.

“What’s that for?” he asked.

“Because I love you.”

They separated to change. Samantha unzipped her slacks and pulled them off as Matthew removed his bra and panties, letting his breasts hang before him. His large nipples stood semi-hard. Meanwhile, his wife stripped naked and slipped into her nightie. Hers was dark blue. She then sat down at her vanity and picked up her hairbrush.

“I know what he said,” said Matthew, “but I am a man. I’m going to be a man again.”

“Doctor James said there’s no way back.”

“He’s wrong.”

Samantha sighed.

“I’m a man,” said Matthew defensively. “*Nothing can change that.*” In fact, in that moment, he had made up his mind, he told himself. He was a man again. It was time to start acting like it!

Samantha didn’t respond; clearly, he wasn’t ready to be reasonable. So she started brushing out her hair as her husband took a nightie from his lingerie drawer and pulled it over his head. His was winter white. She noticed his nipples poking out the nightie.

“Do you need to be milked again?” she asked.

Matthew blushed and self-consciously folded his arms across his chest. His ego still couldn’t accept being a woman. “I’m fine.”

“Pouting won’t help you,” said Samantha.

“I’m not ‘pouting.’ I’m a man. Men don’t need to be milked.”

Samantha rolled her eyes. “Don’t be silly. I’m going to be gone for an entire week. You better let me milk you now before I go. I can practically see you’re full from here!”

Matthew wanted to refuse. Right now, he wanted to tell his wife that he was done with that; in fact, he was done with being a woman. No more dresses. No more breasts. No more milk! *No more milking!* But he knew that she was right. Judging on the pressure he felt already in his breasts, he doubted he would last a whole week. That posed a problem.

“Fine,” he grumbled.

It was an emasculating climb down.

Chapter Eight: “Back In A Week”

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Matthew took his wife’s empty plate from the counter and stuck it into the dishwasher. As he did, he heard the sound of his wife’s high heels coming down the hallway. She was getting ready to leave for the airport. She wore a navy pant suit and dark gray blouse. Her suitcase was already in the car. Matthew wore the white nightie and some tall brown wedges. His nipples were erect. Cleaning up after his wife still made him feel small, which kind of turned him on.

“Rhonda will be here in about an hour to take you to work,” said Samantha.

“Why don’t I just drive myself?” asked Matthew unhappily.

“We’ve been over this. For one thing, I need the car to get to the airport, and you can’t be seen driving it at the dealership anyways. For another, I don’t know that I trust you driving yet. You didn’t exactly do all that well the other day. I think you need a little more practice first before I’m ready to let you.”

Let you.

Matthew winced at the idea that his wife could tell him whether he was allowed to drive or not. *How unmanly!* His penis rose traitorously beneath his nightie. Fortunately, it was too small for his wife to notice.

“Rhonda will take good care of you,” added Samantha.

Matthew rolled his eyes.

“Don’t give me attitude, missy,” said his wife sternly.

“Rhonda—”

“*Rhonda will be fine.* She’s always taken good care of you. You just let your male ego get in the way. In fact, when I get back, we’re going to have a serious talk about all of this. It’s time you accepted that you can’t change the fact you’re a woman now, and we’re going to start by giving away all your male clothes. You’ll be happier as a woman.”

“I’m not a woman,” said Matthew.

“You are. Accept it.” Samantha’s phone buzzed. She checked her messages. Then she sipped her coffee. Suddenly, she snapped her fingers.

“Oh shoot,” she said. “I just realized I forgot to get you a pump.”

“A pump?”

“I was going to get you a breast pump before I left, but it slipped my mind.” She glanced at his nipples pushing out his nightie. “Do you need to be milked again before I leave?”

Matthew withered at the embarrassing question. What man could possibly be asked this question and respond with any sort of masculinity left intact? He felt entirely emasculated... especially because his breasts did feel suspiciously heavy. Still, he could never admit that, not in response to such a casual emasculation.

“I’m fine,” he said reflexively.

He folded his arms over his breasts self-consciously.

“Good,” said Samantha. She emptied her coffee cup and set it on the counter. “I’ll be back in a week. You know how to reach me if you need me. If you need anything while I’m gone, ask Rhonda.”

Samantha kissed her husband goodbye.

“Be a good girl while I’m gone,” she said and she patted him on the butt.

Matthew’s penis throbbed.

—o—

Matthew sat at his wife’s vanity finishing his makeup. He wore only panties and the brown wedges at the moment. His breasts hung before him. Their nipples erect. His conversation with his wife was playing over and over in his mind: she wanted to throw away his male clothes!

“I’m not a woman,” he told his reflection.

But he was in so many ways. Breasts. Curves. Hair. Mannerisms. Then there was his erection. That should prove he was a man, but it always seemed to come at the wrong times. Why did it seem to turn him on to dress like a woman? He didn’t understand that. It had to be something about forbidden fruit, but why was this fruit at all?

“I’m not throwing away my clothes,” he told himself.

He ran the mascara brush through one of his eyelashes, giving him beautiful thick lashes.

“The doctor is going to find a way to reverse all of this and I’m going to need them again.” He meant his male clothes. “Then we’ll see who tells who they can’t drive.”

He saw himself in his old suit standing in the middle of the room as Samantha moved about cleaning the room in the embarrassing French maid costume. He swelled with strength at the thought until he realized that he wore the black sandals even in his fantasy. He blushed.

“I am a man,” he assured himself once more.

Matthew ran the mascara brush through the other eyelash. He then rose to his feet and moved to his lingerie drawer. From it, he pulled a pastel blue bra. Like all the bras his wife bought him, this one was low cut. This hadn’t been much of an issue before, except for the occasional fear of escape, until his breasts started to swell with the milk. These days, when his breasts were swollen, they almost poured over the bras. Sometimes his nipples would pop out as well and rub against his blouse. That was both excruciating and incredibly arousing when it happened. In truth, he kind of liked it. Either way, he had no bigger bras.

He slipped his breasts into the bra and latched it.

His breasts were starting to feel sore again. He didn’t understand this at all. Had they not gotten enough out the prior night? How could there be milk in there already? And how could there be enough milk that it was already creating pressure against the tips of his breasts? Suddenly, his wife’s offer to milk him once more before she left came to mind. He felt a moment’s regret at turning it down.

It was too late though.

“I’ll be fine,” he said nervously.

—o—

Matthew slipped into the passenger seat of Rhonda’s car. He wore a black ankle-length pencil dress and the tall black sandals with the ankle-strap. The dress had a V-shaped collar which showed generous amounts of cleavage but didn’t show his low-cut bra. His nipples didn’t quite stand up beneath the dress, but suggestions of them showed through the material – his nipples always seemed to show to some degree through whatever blouse

or dress he wore, especially with his breasts so full these days and his nipples seemingly always partially erect.

“Heeeey, girlfriend,” said Rhonda with a huge smile.

Matthew blushed self-consciously.

“Are you ready for a week without your wife? Gonna hit the town with the girls?” joked Rhonda as she hit the gas and the car started moving. Matthew glanced at her foot out of habit as she worked the pedals. Doing so always felt dirty, but it had become a kind of naughty secret he couldn’t resist. His penis rose in his lap.

“Something like that,” said Matthew sarcastically.

“In other news,” said Rhonda, changing topics, “check this out.”

She held out a jewelry box with her right hand as she handled the steering wheel with her left. Inside the box was a woman’s engagement ring with a small, but elegant diamond set next to two smaller diamonds in a silver garnet on a slim silver ring. It was rather beautiful.

“What’s that?” asked Matthew.

Rhonda’s smile broadened. “I’m asking my boyfriend to marry me.”

Matthew raised an eyebrow. “*You’re asking him?*”

“Of course. It’s the modern world. Women can ask these days. You ought to know, being a woman now.”

“And buy themselves the ring too apparently,” said Matthew sourly.

Rhonda laughed. “It’s not for me. *This is for him!*”

“But that’s a woman’s ring!”

“I know.”

Matthew looked confused. “So does he live like a woman too?”

Rhonda shook her head. “Nope. He dresses like a man... well, mostly.”

“But you expect him to wear it?”

“I do.”

“Openly?”

Rhonda smiled like a shark. “I do. What better proof of his devotion?”

Matthew shuddered. It was bad enough having to dress like a woman, but the idea of dressing like a man yet wearing a woman’s ring to show devotion to his wife was particularly humiliating to him. He couldn’t

imagine looking like Matthew and showing that ring to anyone. What would they think of him?

“You’re invited, of course,” said Rhonda.

Matthew furrowed his brow. “To what?”

“The wedding.”

Matthew rolled his eyes.

“In fact,” continued Rhonda with a wicked grin. “I’m thinking you should be our flower girl! You’d look so cute in the dress!”

Matthew glared at her. “You have lost your mind.”

Rhonda laughed as she pulled into the dealership. “I’ll have to see if Samantha lets me borrow you.”

“Samantha has nothing to say about it.”

Rhonda smirked. “Oh yes, she does.”

With that, they went inside.

Chapter Nine: “Pressure”

—o—

Almost immediately, Matthew regretted not taking his wife up on her offer to milk him before she left. As seemed to happen so often, his ego got in the way of good judgment. He’d told himself (and his wife) that he was a man and men didn’t need to be milked, and her offer to milk him felt like an attack on his manhood. So he refused. He even justified this decision by telling himself that she had just milked him the prior night, so how much milk could there be? But he’d already had hints that he was refilling fast even then, and as each day passed, his breasts became more and more full and more and more in need of release.

Indeed, Monday, he already felt pressure against the backs of his sore nipples. That could have been residual soreness from being milked, but the pressure remained and seemed to grow little by little throughout the day. It suggested that his breasts were already nearly full. By Tuesday, the pressure had increased, his breasts felt heavy and seemed swollen, and he started to realize he would need to be milked soon. This was a problem as his wife would not return for another five days. *Five days!* By Wednesday, his nipples had become highly sensitive. The pressure had increased again, making his breasts very firm. They seemed to stand off his chest rather than hang from it, and they yearned to be emptied. His breasts barely fit into his bras. What’s more, from time to time throughout that day, he felt that feeling of motion within his breasts. At one point, he even grabbed his breast in a panic that he would begin leaking milk all over his blouse. By Thursday, the pressure was unbearable.

He needed to act.

—o—

Matthew needed to get Rhonda alone. He could never ask this in front of everyone. But it seemed that today was Rhonda’s day to be surrounded by people. It was frustrating. He needed this milk out of him *immediately*. His breasts yearned painfully to be emptied. He could barely

touch his nipples. Even the bra felt like sandpaper. Worse, he had been so focused on whether or not he would make it until his wife came back that the idea of getting the milk out of him had slowly morphed into a sort of obsession; he needed it out mentally almost as much as he needed it out physically. But he couldn't ask in front of anyone else.

The salesman talking to Rhonda finally walked away.

Matthew stepped up to his boss. "Can I talk to you for a second?" asked Matthew.

"Sure," said Rhonda.

They started toward the reception desk, their high heels echoing loudly off the tile floor of the dealership's main floor. Matthew wore the tight brown leather skirt and the tall brown-leather mules. Rhonda wore something similar in white. Her tall mules had chunky heels. As they reached the reception desk, and before Matthew could speak, a man in overalls appeared at the desk.

"Where do you want this?" he asked, pointing over his shoulder.

Behind the man, out front, was parked a car hauler. Sitting alone on the back of the car hauler was a flirty little car that was very popular with the Barbie crowd right now. The car was tiny, seating four technically but not really, and had a convertible top and flower-rimmed tires. It even had eyelash accessories over the headlights. The car was hot pink.

Rhonda took the invoice from the man and examined it. "Put it in one of the spots over there," she said, pointing to the side of the building.

The guy nodded and returned to his truck.

"What's that?" asked Matthew, recognizing that they did not sell that brand of car.

Rhonda smirked. "That is the car your wife bought for you."

Matthew's jaw dropped. "You're joking!"

"Nope."

Matthew's ego felt as if his wife had stepped on it with a tall, sharp stiletto heel and crushed it beneath her foot. This car was ridiculously feminine! No. It was girly. *This was a car for girls*. How could his wife expect him to drive a car like this?! He would be humiliated forever! He was used to a luxury sports car, a high end driving machine, an extension of personal power. This thing... this screamed "pink panties" and dolls. It was so bad he imagined a teddy bear sitting permanently in the passenger seat.

Any man who got into this car, even for a quick drive across the street, would forever lose his manhood. This was the car his wife had bought which she said would fit his position?!

“I— I can’t drive that,” he gasped.

“Sure you can, and you’re going to look so cute,” laughed Rhonda mockingly.

Matthew blushed and his penis embarrassingly shot to attention beneath his skirt. He reflexively dropped his hands to cover his erection even though there was no longer any need.

“What did you want to talk to me about?” asked Rhonda.

Matthew bit his lip. There was no way he could ask her this right now... no way.

—o—

Matthew was home alone. It was early evening.

He wore panties, the brown mules and a white nightie. He thought about wearing a bra for the support, but the pressure from the bra was too much on his sore breasts. It was better just to wear the nightie, even as the silky nightie irritated his nipples. The pressure meant his breasts were full. Matthew had known this for several days now, but the pressure had basically reached the point it was no longer bearable. He needed to empty his breasts as soon as possible, but he had no idea how – well, he had one idea but he wanted to avoid that. The problem remained that he didn’t seem to be able to milk himself. For whatever reason, his fingers didn’t stimulate his nipples, so he needed someone to do it for him.

“What am I going to do?” he asked himself as he gingerly fingered one of his erect nipples through the nightie.

There was only one answer.

Indeed, he’d almost asked Rhonda to help him at the dealership today, but then that emasculating car arrived and he lost his nerve. The way she joked about him driving it was just too much. *That car*. How humiliating! He saw himself driving around in it in the bikini he’d worn to do the car wash, with everyone watching him. The idea was so embarrassing.

He imagined Rhonda’s smug look.

“She’s going to love seeing me in that,” he said unhappily, though in truth the idea did arouse him. Indeed, his penis rose inside his panties. There was something about her having the upper hand over him which undeniably turned him on. Maybe he truly was submissive, he thought. Not that he wanted to be. Not that he even wanted to believe it, but there seemed to be something to it. Every time Rhonda seemed to have some advantage over him, it turned him on, and it did so with an edge. It was a sharp edge, humiliation. It was the same with his wife. He could complain all he wanted, tell himself and his wife that he hated those moments where she talked down to him or he needed to crawl to her over something, but the truth was, those were the things that made his nipples stand on end, those were the things that made his penis rise, those were the things he thought about when he masturbated. So maybe there was something to it.

He thought of his breasts again.

He felt the tension, the pressure, the yearning need. Could he last a few more days until his wife came home? *Maybe*. Maybe. But then he thought about telling Rhonda about his need, letting her know this humiliating secret that he, *a man*, was producing milk like a woman, that he needed to be milked... that only *she* could milk him. The idea made him shudder.

And yet...

A warm feeling rose up his spine.

Matthew brushed his nipple again. It was so sensitive. It almost felt like it burned.

Could he last a few more days? Yes.

Still, he picked up the phone.

Chapter Ten: “Rhonda and Friend”

—o—

Matthew opened the door. Rhonda stood on the other side. She wore the same white leather skirt from work and tall black stilettos. Above, she wore a light white sweater with short sleeves; the sweater showed off her magnificent breasts perfectly. Matthew wore a thick white cotton bathrobe belonging to Samantha and the brown mules. He wore the panties beneath, though he looked enticingly naked to Rhonda. He wore no bra.

To Matthew’s surprise, behind Rhonda stood her boyfriend. He wore a tan raincoat with the collar up covering his neck. Above the raincoat, he looked like a normal man, apart from the fact he wore dangling earrings and red lipstick on his lips. He may have worn eye shadow too, but if so, it was subtle. Lower, however, he looked nothing like a man. Indeed, below the raincoat, which stopped around his knees, Matthew saw silk stockings on the man’s shaven legs and his feet were strapped into tall stiletto sandals with ankle straps and open toes. His toenails were bright red, as were the nails on his fingers, which extended just a hint or two beyond his fingertips – if he wore them like this without polish when dressed as a man, Matthew knew that every woman in the office would notice, but perhaps not the men. On his finger, he wore Rhonda’s engagement ring.

Matthew found himself surprisingly curious what this man wore beneath the raincoat and his penis started to rise. At the same time though, he was shocked to find him here... a man. Why was he here? Could he ask Rhonda in front of a man? The idea was unnerving.

“You rang?” asked Rhonda with a smirk.

Matthew blushed. “Yeah, but uh—” He motioned toward Rhonda’s boyfriend.

“We were on our way to a party,” said Rhonda.

Matthew bit his lip. He filled with uncertainty. Asking Rhonda for this was hard enough, but asking before a man? Could he bring himself to do that? A week ago, he would have said no, but his desire to see what the man wore and the strange tingle within his belly at being observed by

another man softened his resistance. Besides, he was rather desperate. He really needed this.

Rhonda glanced at her watch. "We do have places to be."

The clock was ticking for Matthew.

Matthew glanced at her, then at her boyfriend. He shuddered with embarrassment, even as his penis stiffened and something inside him tingled.

"You said you need help with something," said Rhonda.

Matthew blushed again. "Yes," he said softly.

"Which is?" asked Rhonda impatiently.

Matthew stared at her for a second, not sure how to proceed or if he even could. Then he stared at the man, who glanced shyly toward the floor. Matthew told himself this was a bad idea, though the throbbing feeling against his nipples told him that he would continue regardless. He bit his lip. He finally nodded and led Rhonda and her boyfriend to the living room.

"There's this thing... an issue. I need help with it— I can't do it myself," said Matthew.

"Masturbation is an art," said Rhonda sarcastically.

Matthew blushed even more. He tried to ignore her taunt. "The thing is, it's kind of embarrassing."

Rhonda raised an eyebrow. "Go on," she said coyly.

"You can't tell anyone."

"What do you need?"

"It's— I mean—"

"What do you need?"

Matthew bit his lip once more. His face turned bright red. He felt that sharp edge, a burning sense of shame mixed with an exhilarating desire to expose himself to her. Suddenly, it seemed naughty to tell her... suddenly, he wanted to tell her.

"I need you to milk me," he said nervously.

He flushed excitedly.

Rhonda raised an eyebrow. "*Milk you?* Like jerk you off?" asked Rhonda disdainfully and she made a motion like shaking dice.

Matthew turned even redder if that was possible. "No." He swallowed hard. "These," he said through a mouth so dry his tongue felt

like a desert. He pulled open the robe exposing his large, gorgeous globes with their erect nipples. He could have sworn they throbbed as he did this.

Rhonda glanced down at his chest. Then she looked into his eyes. Then she glanced at his breasts again. Her pussy tingled and began to get wet. "Milk," she said. "*Those.*" A smirk appeared upon her lips. "You're kidding?"

Matthew cautiously shook his head. He had never felt smaller, or more excited.

Rhonda reached out her fingers and set them gently on his right breast on either side of the nipple but just beneath. She stroked the lower curves of his breast. His nipple seemed to visibly jump.

"You're making milk?!" she asked doubtfully. "Really?"

Matthew's face burned with shame.

"But you're a man."

He licked his lips nervously.

Rhonda tickled the underside of his breast, making him squirm on his feet and rub his thighs together involuntarily. She giggled. "Why me?" she asked, still doubtfully. "Why don't you do it yourself?"

"I—I can't. They won't respond to my fingers."

Rhonda nodded her head. That actually made sense to her. She couldn't excite her own nipples either, not much at least, not like her boyfriend could. He could bring her to orgasm by playing with them, she never could. "What if this was true?" she thought. Her pussy throbbed at the idea of making her former boss squirt milk from his breasts.

"All right," she said cautiously. "Take off your panties."

Matthew raised an eyebrow. "Why?"

"Because I said so."

Matthew licked his lips nervously. His ego told him to refuse, but he knew he could not. If that was her price, then he would pay it. He needed the milk out of his breasts. Besides, the idea was actually rather exciting. So he took a deep breath. He stepped back and slipped his fingers inside his panties. He pulled them down his legs to his mules. He stepped out of them.

"The robe too."

Matthew pulled the robe off his shoulders and dropped it to the floor as well. He now stood completely naked before her apart from the high-

heeled mules.

Rhonda took his tiny erection in her soft, warm hand. His penis was no larger than any one of her fingers now and was dwarfed by her hand. She squeezed his shaft to test it. It was hard enough, but not entirely stiff. She could bend it slightly. She stroked it several times. Matthew shuddered warmly as she did. He didn't want to be excited by this, he told himself, but he was.

"Can you please just milk me?" he said with embarrassment.

His breathing became a bit labored.

Rhonda smirked, but didn't respond. Nor did she let go of his penis. Instead, she slipped her other hand upon his breast. She ran her fingers along its curves, teasing the nipple.

"These are gorgeous," she said.

Matthew blushed and glanced at her boyfriend, who watched with embarrassment.

"They're so round. So big. Such pretty nipples. I'd never know you were a man," she chuckled.

Rhonda brushed her fingers along his breasts, tracing their curves. Matthew's nipples stood on end, straining for her to touch them, to pull on them, to pull out their milk.

"Does it excite you to have breasts?" asked Rhonda.

"No," said Matthew defensively. His breasts were so sensitive, however, and this was arousing him something fierce.

"Tell me the truth."

Matthew shook his head.

"The truth, or I won't do this," said Rhonda almost teasingly.

Matthew blushed. He needed this, and she knew the truth, so why resist he told himself. "Y— yes," he said finally.

"They excite you?"

Matthew's penis throbbed. "Yes," he admitted softly. A warm feeling ran through him at the admission. It felt like embarrassment or shame, but at the same time, it felt almost like freedom.

Rhonda smiled.

She then unexpectedly stepped back. As she did, she motioned her boyfriend to remove the raincoat. Matthew started to object, but his

curiosity got the better of him and he stood there watching the man strip off the raincoat.

He was erect.

Rhonda's boyfriend unbuttoned the coat and pulled it open, exposing a pink maid dress much like the black one Matthew owned. Matthew shuddered excitedly when he saw it. Like his own, this one too had a tulle skirt. And around the man's neck, Matthew saw a silver collar closed with a silver padlock.

"Let me introduce you to Prissy," said Rhonda.

The man blushed.

"Prissy has been a bad girl today, which is why she's wearing the uniform instead of something nicer. Isn't that right, Prissy?" said Rhonda.

The man nodded his head.

"Why don't you curtsy to Miss Marti?" said Rhonda.

To Matthew's intense surprise, the man took hold of the sides of his dress and dropped into a very feminine curtsy. This was shocking to Matthew, not only that this man would let his girlfriend humiliate him like this... but also that it was so exciting. Matthew's penis throbbed.

Rhonda then stepped over to her boyfriend and slipped her hand beneath his skirt, latching onto his erection. She then walked the man to Matthew, where she took Matthew's erection in her other hand. She pulled them close together, their erections almost touching.

"Prissy, darling," said Rhonda, "Miss Marti needs to be milked. You're going to do this for her."

Matthew jolted and started to open his mouth to object... but then didn't. He didn't know why he didn't, but there was something oddly enticing about the idea suddenly. It was the most forbidden of forbidden fruit, and he suddenly thought of Stein jerking him off. His heart began to race.

"And because I want you two girls to get along, you Marti are going to return the favor."

"Re— return the favor how?" asked Matthew.

Rhonda smiled.

She lifted her boyfriend's tulle skirt exposing his erection. She then took one of Matthew's hands and pulled it toward her boyfriend's penis. "You're going to hold this for little Prissy as she helps you." She smirked

and nodded toward Prissy's penis. "Don't be afraid to give her a little stroke now and then too."

Matthew's jaw dropped. Was she serious? She wanted him to hold her feminized boyfriend's penis and stroke it as the man milked him? A wave of utter humiliation washed over him and he started to shake his head to refuse. But at that same moment, something warm and exciting tingled up his spine. And before Matthew knew it, he had latched his hand around the man's penis.

It was hard, yet silky soft at the same time.

Rhonda stepped back, letting the two sissies face each other. Each blushed as their eyes made contact. Prissy smiled an embarrassed smile, and then so did Matthew. Matthew took a deep breath and nodded.

Prissy slowly slipped one hand upon Marti's breasts. He brushed the backs of his fingers along Matthew's breasts slowly, deliberately. His breasts tingled. The pressure didn't abate, but it changed into excitement.

"That feels good, doesn't it?" purred Rhonda, who had moved behind Matthew and set her hands upon his sides and her chin upon the back of Matthew's shoulder. Matthew felt her press against him lightly.

"Y— yes," he said.

"You like it when Prissy touches them, don't you?"

Matthew didn't want to answer, but nodded before he realized it. It felt good to be touched and being touched by the sissified man was somehow even better. His dress was beautiful. His heels were pretty. Matthew felt strangely giggly admitting this to himself.

"And I'll bet you love it when Samantha touches them, don't you?" asked Rhonda with a knowing glint in her eye.

Matthew blushed.

Prissy ran her fingers over his breasts, sending waves of pleasure through Matthew. His penis throbbed. He suddenly stroked Prissy's penis in response... as a kind of reward.

"I'll bet she plays with them a lot too, doesn't she?"

Matthew blushed even more.

"Do you ever play with your own nipples?" asked Rhonda.

Matthew hesitated. These were embarrassingly personal questions he didn't want to answer, especially in front of Prissy, but then something

about answering them felt naughty and oddly liberating and he suddenly wanted to answer them. He nodded his head. "Yes, Ma'am."

"Ma'am. Good girl."

"Yes, Miss Rhonda."

Rhonda smiled. "You remembered."

Prissy brushed his fingers closer to Matthew's nipple now. Prissy glanced down at his other hand and moved it to take Matthew's penis in his hand. He started stroking. Matthew stroked faster himself.

Rhonda smirked. "You girls are cute."

Matthew's breathing became harder.

"Tell me, Marti, how does it feel to have a tiny penis? It's so much smaller than Prissy's!"

"It's fine," said Matthew quickly as his ego jabbed him.

"Uh uh," said Rhonda patting him on the butt. "The truth."

Matthew shrank. "It's— it's humiliating." He flushed with a sense of relief at having said this. Suddenly, his penis grew in Prissy's hand and he felt oddly submissive. He liked it.

Prissy stroked him faster now. His penis was much larger than Matthew's shrunken penis, but he seemed enthralled playing with Matthew as well. He squeezed Matthew's breast and tugged a little harder on his penis. Matthew tugged harder as well. Both sissies were breathing hard now. Their little members were throbbing.

"What's your favorite part of being a girl?" asked Rhonda. She kissed Matthew's ear as she asked, sending a humiliating wave down Matthew's spine and making his penis throb.

He didn't answer. The humiliation had returned.

"Tell me or I'll have Prissy squeeze it out of you," said Rhonda.

"Squeeze?"

Before Matthew could even react, Prissy slipped his fingers over Matthew's nipple and squeezed it between two fingers. This caused intense pain that radiated throughout his breast from his nipple like pinching electric waves that made his whole breast heave and throb.

"Stop!" he gasped. His penis throbbed wildly. "I'll tell you!"

"Call me 'Mistress'."

"Yes, Mistress! I'll tell you. Please, stop!" he pleaded.

Rhonda nodded and Prissy loosened his grip. "Tell me."

Matthew blushed. "I like that people hold the door for me, *Mistress*." His penis jumped at saying that word and a warm, soft feeling came over him. "I like the way everyone protects me." He was shocked these words had come out of his mouth. It wasn't what he'd planned to say.

"You like being submissive?"

He nodded.

Rhonda smiled. "Good girl." She slipped one hand around Matthew, taking his penis from Prissy. She then stroked Matthew's penis for several seconds as Prissy's fingers slowly circled Matthew's areola, just barely avoiding his nipple. His nipple was yearning to be tugged. His penis was straining. He was on the verge of begging Rhonda to give him the release he needed, but he held fast!

"You like the clothes too, don't you?" she asked.

Matthew started to shake his head, but a quick flick of her finger got him nodding instead. "Yes, *Mistress*."

"I'll bet you love wearing heels."

Matthew wanted to deny it, but it was true. The unstable balance, the danger. The fear he couldn't run or escape. It was exciting. And there was power in that too, power in being fearless in his helplessness.

"And the tight skirts," continued Rhonda.

Matthew smiled softly. The sense of being controlled. The immobility. The caution he needed to take to sit, to stand, to walk. He could not run. He felt so helpless in them... it was glorious. He was losing control and surrendering to Prissy and Rhonda. He was very close.

"Yes," he said as embarrassment warmed his cheeks.

Rhonda stroked him a little faster yet. Meanwhile, Prissy moved his fingers with their red-painted nails closer to Matthew's nipple, glancing it with phantom touches now. Each such touch sent an excited shiver down Matthew's spine and made his whole body tremble with anticipation. Rhonda leaned in close to his ear. As she did, Prissy slipped Matthew's nipple between her fingers and pressed into the areola.

"*Admit you like being a girl*," whispered Rhonda.

Matthew withered. He sucked in a hard breath. As he did, milk started coming from his nipple... and coming... and coming. He latched on even harder to Prissy's penis and stroked it even faster. Prissy seemed to

tense up, as had Matthew. Suddenly, they both exploded together, squirting sticky fluid toward each other, covering each other's erections.

Rhonda giggled. She tugged a few more times until Matthew was empty.

Matthew tugged on Prissy until he too was empty.

At the same time, Prissy tugged on Matthew until his breast was empty. It had been a lot of milk. And when the milk flow ended, Matthew slowly collapsed to the floor in a spent pile. He was exhausted and elated. He smiled softly.

"Good girl," purred Rhonda.

"Thank you, Mistress."

"Thank your little sissy friend," said Rhonda to Prissy.

Prissy gave another curtsy. Then Rhonda tucked his penis back inside his panties and pulled the maid skirt down. She then looked down at her feminized, former boss and smirked. She felt alive with power. It was an incredible feeling.

"I want you to wear your tightest skirt and tallest heels tomorrow. Skip the bra and panties," she said with a snicker.

Matthew's penis throbbed. "Yes, Mistress."

Rhonda then handed her boyfriend his raincoat, which he slipped over his shoulders. They then started toward the front door, their heels echoing loudly off the hard floor.

"Until tomorrow, bossy," said Rhonda.

"Wait," said Matthew, realizing his other breast was still full and ached for release. He grabbed it. "What about this one?"

Rhonda smiled slyly. "We'll do that one tomorrow... if you're a good girl."

With that, she walked out.

Matthew would dress as she commanded, and wearing no bra made his breast ache gloriously!

—o—

Matthew lay in bed a little later.

His left breast was throbbing. It was sore. Its nipple was so sensitive. It was very, very full. Rhonda's leaving it that way had been a

sort of torture, as well as a show of power. Both turned him on. The right breast felt satisfied, as did he. He felt strangely controlled and even more strangely comforted all at once. When his wife came back, should he tell her about this, he wondered?

He laughed. There was no way he would mention Prissy. Perhaps that Rhonda helped him, but not Prissy. He couldn't tell his wife about Prissy, could he?

Matthew took a deep breath.

He fingered the nipple on his left breast, teasing it, feeling the tiny jolts of pain as excitement as each touch made it yearn to be milked. He was toying with his penis too. He was thinking about the one question he had not answered: "*Admit you like being a girl.*"

His hand stroked a little faster. He felt the pressure building within his lower regions. *Do you like being a girl?*

He wanted to be a man again, he told himself.

But that wasn't an answer.

Do you like being a girl?

He saw himself tapping along in the tall, attention-grabbing heels. He heard their echoes, realized they each made their own special sounds, and had their own special needs and requirements. He reveled in their vulnerability, in their struggles. He saw Prissy stroking his penis and a warm, soft feeling came over him.

He shook his head to break the vision, even as he stroked himself faster. He was a man! *He wanted to be a man!*

Do you like being a girl?

He closed his eyes and saw everyone watching him as he washed the car. Eying his breasts. Everyone wanted to touch them, to have them. He recalled the feel of his breasts pressed against the glass. The terror as his bikini opened. The thrill of walking past everyone with an erection.

"I am a man," he said.

Do you like being a girl?

He stroked himself even faster. His chest was heaving. He imagined his enormous breasts in the mirror. They were exciting. He saw his hand playing with his nipple, his hand with its bright red nails. Seeing a woman playing with her breasts was thrilling, even if he was that woman.

A chill went down his spine.

“I am a man!”

Was he? He had let Prissy make him come, hadn't he? He had breasts, didn't he? He squeezed his left breast. He groaned from the soreness, but swelled below from the thrill. His penis throbbed.

Did he like being a girl?

“I am a man,” he said once more.

He squeezed his breast again.

Did he like being a girl?

Suddenly, he knew the answer.

And then he came.

Chapter Eleven: “I Need A Favor”

—o—

Matthew stared into the mirror.

He had wanted to do a sort of boy’s night. He told himself he would strip off all the makeup, the nail polish and the perfume. Everything feminine. He would pull his shoulder-length hair back into a male ponytail. Then he would remove every item of female clothing – no dress, no blouse, no heels, no stockings, no panties, no bras. Nothing. Then he would put on male clothing. He would wear briefs and jeans and a t-shirt. Then he would sit in front of the television, watch some sort of ball game and drink beer and be a man.

He didn’t do it though.

When it came time to remove his feminine clothes, he told himself he should still wear the bra because his breasts were so sensitive. Besides, he needed the support. Indeed, as incredible as it sounded, both breasts were already filling again even though Rhonda had just emptied them! So he would wear a bra. And panties were more comfortable than briefs, he reminded himself.

What was the harm in wearing panties?

Of course, he needed to wear heels too, he knew that. His feet got so sore when he didn’t and his calves burned. So he told himself he could wear the heels too as a sort of mercy.

He hadn’t removed the polish from his toe nails either – he’d just done them, after all.

Soon, he stood before the mirror in his panties and bra and heels, fingering his yearning nipples. His fingers still had their long nails, even if unpainted. His eyebrows remained highly arched and thin too. Traces of makeup remained around his eyes and he had forgotten to remove the earrings.

“Some man,” he scoffed.

The truth was, he thought, he couldn’t be a man. He knew that. Not with breasts. Not if he needed to run off and secretly milk himself every day or so. Then there was his butt and his hips. His muscles looked a lot

smaller too on his arms and shoulders. The muscles looked more feminine on his legs too. No, he couldn't really look like a man, even if he dressed like one. His wife had been right, he would never look like a man. At best, he would be some half-woman. No one would respect him.

"That's why," he told himself – he didn't finish the thought.

He fondled his breasts.

"If only these would stop producing milk and would shrink. Then I could be a man again."

That's why he was still a woman, he told himself.

But that wasn't true, he knew.

He ran his fingers along the lines of his bra. The real truth was that he liked it. That's why he was still a woman. Rhonda had brought this realization out of him, and like a genie in a bottle, it would not go back in: he liked being a woman. *It turned him on.*

Matthew looked himself up and down.

He smiled genuinely. He'd made a decision. He truly had. How to tell his wife though? He had an idea, but he needed a ride to make it happen. So he picked up the phone and he started to dial Rhonda's number. But then another idea came to him. It wasn't Rhonda he needed. But then he blushed. Could he do this? It was one thing to decide to become his wife's girlfriend, it was quite another to do *that*.

Or was it?

He picked up the phone and made a call.

—o—

Stein sat in the soft leather chair. He wore a sharp black suit, royal-blue dress shirt, and sedated red tie. He casually crossed his legs as Matthew handed him the drink. A whiskey. Matthew wore a tight black pencil dress with an elegant high collar and tall black stiletto pumps. He'd borrowed the dress from his wife's closet. Matthew felt very submissive serving this man a drink as Stein looked him over. Was he truly ready for this?

"Interesting message," said Stein. He sipped the whiskey.

Matthew didn't know what to say. He'd hinted to Stein what he wanted in his message, but couldn't bring himself to say it outright. He'd

hoped Stein would simply say “yes” or “no.”

Stein touched Matthew on the thigh as he stood before him after delivering the drink. Matthew shuddered in response to the touch. His penis swelled beneath the black dress.

“So what did you have in mind?” asked Stein slyly.

Matthew blushed. He didn’t know what to say, as this was all new for him. How does one ask for this exactly? He licked his lips nervously trying to think of what to say. Stein saw this. His wolf-smile returned. He sipped his drink and then moved his hand up the back of Matthew’s thigh to his rear. Matthew tingled all over at the feeling of Stein’s fingers touching the bottom of his cheeks.

“I, uh— I was thinking—”

“Take off your dress,” said Stein with authority.

Matthew froze. “Wh— what?”

“Take off your dress.”

Matthew swallowed hard. Was this really what he wanted? He had been so sure when he called Stein, nervous but sure. Now he had doubt. This was something he’d never considered before. It also flew in the face of everything he’d been told about being a man. That made this terrifying. Yet, at the same time, it was exhilarating too... there was something truly enticing.

He cleared his mind and told himself to obey.

Matthew reached behind his back and unzipped the dress. He worked it down his torso, exposing his bouncy breasts in the frost-white bra. His left breast was still very full and threatened to overflow the bra. The right breast felt empty after Prissy milked him, but he knew it wasn’t entirely; it never seemed to be fully empty anymore. He worked the tight black dress down to his hips and then over those and down his round butt, exposing his frost-white panties beneath. Finally, the dress slipped down his legs to his feet. He stepped out of it.

His tiny erection pushed out the panties.

Stein’s smile sharpened. He motioned Matthew closer and then put his hand on the rear of Matthew’s thigh and slid his fingers up to Matthew’s butt, running his fingers along the ridge of Matthew’s crack outside his panties. The feeling of his finger tracing that ridge made Matthew wither

and feel even more helpless. He felt small and feminine. His nipples strained.

“What wonderful treasures you have beneath your skirts,” said Stein smoothly.

Stein slid his fingers inside Matthew’s panties and pulled them down to the bottom of Matthew’s cheeks. In the front, they came down beneath Matthew’s shrunken balls.

Matthew’s penis throbbed at being released.

Stein rose from the chair.

He moved before Matthew and put his hand upon Matthew’s breast, fingering his nipple. Matthew’s breast tingled and his nipple swelled. His penis throbbed. Stein leaned forward and kissed the tip of Matthew’s nipple, sending an explosion shooting through Matthew’s breast. It was like a fire of desire pulsing through Matthew’s chest. A drop of pre-come came out of him as well. His heart raced. His breathing became harder.

He was committed now.

Matthew spoke breathlessly: “What— what do you want to—”

Stein put his finger to Matthew’s painted lips. Then he bent over slightly, making Matthew draw back uncertainly, before swooping Matthew up in his arms. Before Matthew could even understand what was happening, Stein was carrying him to the bedroom. Matthew felt helpless and feminine. He reveled in it.

They came to the bedroom.

“On the bed, girlfriend,” said Stein as he set Matthew down.

Matthew felt a moment of fear. He’d never done this before and he wasn’t certain if he would like it. Still, he tottered over to the bed and climbed up onto it on all fours, his high-heeled pumps trailing off the bed behind him, his rear high in the air hanging over the edge of the bed.

“Stay like that,” said Stein.

Matthew stopped.

Behind him, Stein unzipped his pants. He let them drop along with his briefs. His erection stood out before him like a rod. Then he ran his fingers up the backs of Matthew’s legs sending waves of warm pleasure through his legs to his core. His penis throbbed.

Stein patted Matthew on the rear. “Have you been a good girl?”

Matthew blushed. “Yes, Sir.”

Stein ran his fingers over Matthew's rear, touching his round, bouncy cheeks and his tiny balls. He stepped forward. His strong penis stood out seven or eight inches before him, pointing at Matthew's rear. Matthew watched it over his shoulder. He felt very exposed.

Stein smiled.

Matthew licked his lips nervously. In his whole life he never would have guessed a moment like this would ever have come. Even when he first started to see the swelling on his chest, he never would have guessed this. It was shocking... and yet somehow felt right.

Stein now guided his penis against Matthew's crack.

Matthew could feel Stein's warmth touch him and slowly slide around his crack in a circle. Then he felt Stein press his body against his rear and even more slowly move forward. The penis pressed into him. His rear held fast though. Then it pressed harder. Suddenly, his opening gave way and the thing slithered past it, helped by its slickness. It seemed to grow instantly. It felt incredibly tight. In fact, within milliseconds, it felt as if Stein had shoved his hand, his arm and his whole torso into him. The pressure was intense. It wasn't exactly painful, but it was a lot. It felt as if he might rip in half. He started to slide forward to escape the pressure, but Stein held him in place.

"I— that's too much," he grunted through clenched teeth. "It's too tight."

"Accept that you're a girl and stop fighting it."

Matthew couldn't believe he was fighting it, was he? No, it just had to be too large. But for the briefest of moments he told his body to relax. And then it happened. As if by magic, the penis thrust deeper inside him and it felt incredible. Suddenly, there were waves of interwoven pain, pressure and pleasure burning through him in all directions. The pressure changed to erotic tension. The pleasure grew more alive. His penis shot to full staff and started throbbing. His breasts swelled. His nipples stood on end. The muscles in his nipples released and contracted and released again, causing a huge feeling of motion.

Matthew gasped. "*That's incredible!*"

He felt giddy.

Stein now moved his penis in and out of Matthew's rear, faster, deeper and harder. Each thrust caused the same intense explosion of

emotions, each withdrawal felt as if all his pleasure was pulling away. In this way, in and out, Stein seemed to be expanding Matthew's entire body, filling him and his mind and his spirit.

Matthew's toes curled inside his pumps. He felt so girly! His nipples pulsed. His penis throbbed.

Stein thrust again, harder... deeper.

And again.

And then the craziest thing happened. Matthew felt an overwhelming swelling of pressure. Suddenly, his penis shot up. He felt an explosion within. And then out poured his sticky white seed, all over the bed. At the same time, his breasts swelled mightily and drops of white, hot milk dripped out of his excited nipples all over as well. Stein kept thrusting, in and out, and with each of the next several thrusts, milk and his come shot out in rhythm with his thrusts.

Somehow, Stein had milked him.

Matthew giggled.

—o—

Matthew lay on the bed as Stein showered. He'd never felt like this before. He felt so soft, so feminine, yet so satisfied. This was something he wanted to feel again and again, though he wasn't sure how. He wanted his wife to be part of this, but at the same time, didn't want his wife to know. Perhaps he would tell her, perhaps not. He didn't need to decide right now. But thinking of his wife reminded him of something else he wanted to do. It was a thought he'd had for some time now even as he denied he wanted to be a woman. All he needed was a ride.

Chapter Twelve: “Honey, I’m Home”

—o—

Matthew stood in the bedroom. His wife had called. She would be home in a few minutes from the airport. He checked himself in the mirror once more. He wore the tight, white ankle skirt and the tall brown mules. Above, he wore a light blue man’s dress shirt with the top three buttons unbuttoned. On his wrist were bracelets. His makeup was perfect.

He ran his fingers over his breasts.

They were heavy and full. He didn’t know why they kept refilling so fast, but they did, and that made his breasts very large. His breasts nearly spilled out over his bras, in fact. His nipples were hard. He touched the left nipple and a shudder ran down his spine. The new feature had made it so much more sensitive. He could barely keep the milk in now.

It made him giggle.

He heard the garage: his wife was home.

Matthew tottered off to greet her.

—o—

Samantha walked through the door. She wore a dark gray pant suit, a purple blouse, black pumps and silver jewelry. She dragged her suitcase behind her, finally letting it rest in the kitchen. She smiled at Matthew in his tight, white skirt and kissed him.

“How are you, honey?” she asked.

“I’m good.”

Samantha smiled what Matthew recognized as her apologetic smile; he hadn’t expected that. “I’ve been thinking. I’ve been wrong. You want to be a man again and I was wrong to suggest otherwise. I won’t stand in your way anymore. In fact, I’m going to help you.”

Matthew raised an uncertain eyebrow. “Really?”

His wife nodded. “This weekend, we’ll go out and buy you a whole new wardrobe of male clothes that fit. If you like we can also get you some in-between clothes as you transition.”

Matthew was shocked. “In between clothes?”

“Yes, some women’s pants, low-heeled shoes. Things like that. Things that are more like men’s clothes. You won’t have to wear heels or those tight skirts anymore,” she said.

Matthew bit his lip. Was she serious? For a tiny moment, he saw himself slowly transitioning to manhood once more. He could start with women’s pants and mid-heeled shoes until he was ready for the next step. He could get a more-masculine haircut, slowly stop wearing makeup, and one day appear as Matthew again. Then it would all be over. No more heels, no more dresses, no more makeup... no more Stein.

Did he want that? For a moment, he felt an overwhelming pull to accept her offer. He recalled being Matthew, a strong, in-charge man. A man who drove a sports car and demanded respect. A man who did not wear heels. A man who never wore tight dresses. A man who was never milked. A man who had never had a— well... Stein.

Matthew smiled. “I— I had another idea,” he said.

“Oh?”

Matthew unbuttoned his blouse three more buttons until his bra came into view. Then he pulled the left side of the light-blue blouse past his breast, exposing his entire breast as it nearly spilled out over the pink bra. He then pulled the bra down ever-so-slightly until his nipple popped free.

His wife’s eyes opened wide. Her jaw nearly dropped.

Awestruck, Samantha raised her fingers to his nipple and touched the small metallic barbell that stuck through the nipple, coming out either side. Her own nipples shot up and her pussy grew wet.

“Does this mean what I think it means?” she asked.

Matthew nodded.

Samantha smiled slyly. “Then where is your uniform?”

—o—

Matthew dragged his wife’s suitcase across the room and started to heave it up onto the bed. He had changed into the black and white maid uniform along with the tan stockings and the frost white garter belt. Once again, he felt the tickle of the tulle skirt and the tight upward squeeze of his breasts, which felt even more like they would pop out of the dress being so

swollen with milk. Tottering on the tall stilettos made his breasts jiggle and made the feeling that he would leak worse. It made lifting the suitcase more challenging as well.

Samantha noticed him struggling and came to help.

“Let me do that, honey,” she said and she lifted her suitcase to the bed.

Matthew blushed, feeling emasculated that his wife lifted it so easily. “Thank you. It’s hard to lift things in these tall heels.”

“It’s all right, honey.”

Matthew shrank even more. Was his wife possibly stronger now that whatever had happened to his body had shrunk his muscles? He didn’t know, but the idea was embarrassing indeed. It made him feel very small, which brought with it a searing sense of inferiority which tickled his submissive sense and he let out an embarrassing little giggle.

Samantha sat down on the bed next to the suitcase and elegantly crossed her legs. Then she popped her black stiletto pump off her foot and let it dangle from the ends of her toes.

It swung hypnotically.

Matthew cracked open the suitcase and started unpacking. He first grabbed two pair of stiletto heels which sat on top. One pair was black, the other were silver sandals. He put them in their place in the closet. Then he came back and pulled out two blouses from the suitcase.

“Those go in the laundry,” said his wife.

“Yes, Ma’am.”

“What a long trip,” said Samantha as Matthew tottered to the hamper and dropped the blouses into it. Meanwhile, she leaned back, bracing her arms against the bed and smiled. She had missed this. She liked her husband like this. This was truly what she wanted. She liked him dressed in women’s clothes. That turned her on. She liked him submissive. That turned her on even more. She liked being his boss. That made her feel powerful, which turned her on the most.

Matthew took two skirts from the suitcase.

“Laundry.”

“Yes, Ma’am.”

Matthew dropped those into the hamper as well before returning to the suitcase. When he reached the suitcase, Samantha stuck out her leg and

ran the toe portion of her shoe up and down the outside of his stocking-covered thigh. That sent electric waves down his legs and fired his nerves. He half-closed his eyes and enjoyed the feeling of her touch.

Samantha saw this. She pushed her shoe off her toes, letting it fall to the floor, and then set her toes against his thigh, slowly working them beneath the tulle skirt of his maid dress and then making their way to the small stiff mound hidden beneath his panties. Her toes were warm and soft and they slowly massaged Matthew's erection through the panties. He took a stuttering breath as gentle waves of soft pleasure came over him.

"I've missed your little dick," she said. Her pussy tingled as she said this.

Matthew blushed. "It missed you too."

"Take off your panties," she said.

"Yes, Ma'am."

Matthew slipped his fingers inside his panties on either side and lowered them to his thighs. From there, he let them fall to the floor before stepping out of them. As he did, his wife's foot toyed with his penis, slipping his stiff shaft between her toes and gently massaging it.

"Do you know what really excites me?" asked Samantha.

Matthew found it difficult to speak with his wife's toes toying with his penis. He shook his head.

"I can't wait to have you as a girlfriend... everyone seeing you as just another woman, none of them knowing about the cute little secret you have inside your panties just waiting for me."

"Maybe not *none* of them," thought Matthew with a warm blush.

Samantha pulled her foot away. She crossed her legs once more. "Take off your dress."

"Yes, Ma'am," said Matthew shyly.

Matthew reached around behind his back and unzipped the dress. He pulled it over his head, revealing his swollen breasts in the frost white bra beneath and the garter belt holding up his tan stocking. His breasts jiggled in the bra as they were freed of the restrictive dress. His penis was hard as a rock.

Samantha rose to her feet and came to her husband. She bent forward to examine his breasts with their erect nipples. "These are so gorgeous," she said with a smile. "And they're all mine too."

Matthew filled with an embarrassing sensation that translated into aroused warmth. It seemed being embarrassed still played heavily in this and that it turned him on strongly.

Samantha touched his bra, running her fingers gently along one cup.

“So beautiful,” she said.

She ran her fingers along the curve of the cup once more, sending little shocks of pleasure through Matthew’s breast. His penis throbbed.

“Take off the bra,” she commanded.

Matthew reached behind his back and unhooked the bra. As he did, he breasts thrust forward as the dam holding back their fluid-filled strength gave way and they spilled forward into freedom.

“So bouncy,” purred Samantha.

Samantha touched her husband’s breast, rubbing her fingers along its lower, outside bottom. She pushed up slightly to feel its weight.

“So heavy, so firm.”

She lifted it again.

“Are you full?”

Matthew burned with shame, which made his penis strain excitedly. He nodded.

“I thought you might be,” said his wife, still holding his breast. “A week is a long time to go without being milked.”

Matthew blushed. “It was. It was too long.”

Samantha raised an eyebrow. “Oh? Did you milk yourself? I thought you couldn’t do that?”

Matthew bit his lip.

Samantha saw this and giggled; she knew why he had blushed. “I’ll have to give Rhonda a raise.”

“Two.”

Samantha brushed the curve of his breast now with her fingers. His body trembled warmly at her smooth, soothing touch. His chest heaved with heavy breaths. She slowly moved her fingers upwards toward his nipple, but not yet touching even his areola. The tension was driving his heart to race. He was super excited. She now slipped two fingers to the edge of his areola and ran her fingers in a circle around it, watching his nipple shake with tension.

His penis throbbed.

Samantha slipped her free hand to his penis and brushed her fingers along the underside of his stiff shaft, teasing his erection.

“And now this,” she said, focusing on the other breast and the piercing.

Samantha glanced at the piercing and then looked into her husband’s eyes. He lowered his gaze submissively. She tickled the underside of his breast, making him nearly laugh and causing him to throb intensely.

A single drop of white fluid appeared at the tip of his nipple.

Samantha’s lips moistened.

“It got even more sensitive after she pierced it,” admitted Matthew. “It’s constantly dripping milk now at the slightest touch.”

Samantha smiled slyly. “Is that so?”

Samantha slipped her finger over his areola. She could see the nipple almost tremble as his heavy breast heaved. His body seemed to shake with pleasure and another drop appeared. She then leaned closer to her husband and bent forward. As she did, she slipped her tongue out between her lips and ran it in a circle around his areola. Matthew could feel her warm, soft breath upon his breast. It was an exciting feeling. Her tongue now moved in a circle over the areola itself. Where it went, his breast came alive. It almost created a pumping feeling deep within as his muscles flexed and contracted causing the back side of his nipple to press.

“This is so sexy,” said his wife breathlessly.

Samantha flicked her tongue over the tip of his nipple.

Two drops dripped out.

“I can’t wait to milk you!”

Matthew’s heart was racing. His chest was heaving. He wanted to be milked by his wife so badly.

She slowly pulled her tongue away, however. She then slipped two fingers to his nipple. They ran over the top of the sensitive nipple before touching the barbell on either side. The barbell stuck out of his nipple like a handle or a ship’s wheel, she thought. She set one finger on each side of it now, sliding her long nails between the metal and his breast, and then very, very gently pulled the barbell toward her.

Matthew sucked in a sharp breath as his whole body seemed to be drawn toward her tugging fingers. His mind was dazed from this feeling. It

was like she was literally pulling his spirit through his nipple and he was completely in her control. It was an amazingly alive feeling.

“That’s incredible,” he gasped.

“Isn’t it?” giggled Samantha.

She tugged on it a little harder. This time several drops came out in such fast succession that they looked like a stream of milk. They ran down the curve of his breast to his belly below.

“Mmmmm,” purred Samantha. “I think I want to play with this.”

Suddenly she stepped back, however.

“But first, there’s something else I want to do, something I’ve always wanted to do.” She smiled coyly. “*I’ve always wanted to play with the maid.* So put your uniform back on. No panties though. We don’t want anything to get in the way.”

Matthew slipped back into the uniform.

“Now undress me.”

Matthew slowly started unbuttoning her blouse. He pulled it open, revealing her satiny black bra. Then he stepped behind his wife and pulled the blouse from her shoulders. He set it on the bed. Then he unhooked her bra. She pulled it off her arms and chest and then handed it to him over her shoulder. Matthew set it on the bed as well. Next, he unzipped her suit pants. They had a side zipper. When they were loose, she worked them down her hips and let them fall to the floor. He picked them up as she stepped out of it. Then he pulled down her black lacy panties, letting those fall to the floor as well.

Finally, Samantha sat on the bed and raised one leg to him. She set her stocking-covered foot upon his thigh near his penis, but studiously avoided touching it. Matthew pulled her stocking down her leg and off her foot. He added that to the pile on the bed before removing the other stocking.

Samantha was naked.

She rose to her feet and moved to her lingerie drawer. She kissed him as she walked past him and she dragged her fingers across his exposed thighs as she did. His penis stood up hard beneath his tulle skirt.

She opened the drawer.

From it, she pulled out what at first appeared to be a black garter belt. It was more than that though. This belt would go around her waist and

would be anchored by other straps that went inside her thighs, making the belt appear much like an open pair of panties. Sticking out from the front of the belt was a long, black penis, maybe six or seven inches in length and about as wide around as Matthew's penis had been before all of this had started. The penis had a head on it with a ridge and the shaft had a slight curve. Hanging from the base of the shaft were two rubber balls the size of large eggs.

"Do you want me to wear that?" he asked.

Samantha smiled coyly and shook her head.

Matthew raised an eyebrow.

Then, as he watched, his wife slipped her feet into the belt and she slowly pulled it up her legs. Matthew watched stunned as she pulled it into place over her crotch and adjusted the belt. The penis now jutted out from her crotch, just above her pussy, and the balls hung down over her opening. He thought of Stein and how exciting that had been. He'd never expected his wife to "grow" a penis. This was amazing!

"What are you going to do with that?" he asked, though he hoped he knew.

"You want to be a girl, I'm going to initiate you."

Matthew licked his lips excitedly.

"Are you ready to become the girl in our relationship, honey?" giggled Samantha. She ran her finger along the top of the permanently rigid shaft.

Matthew smiled. "Yes, Ma'am."

"Good girl. Get my shoes. The black sling-backs," she said.

As his wife moved toward the bed, Matthew went to the closet to fetch her black sling-back stilettos. He brought them to his wife and kneeled before her to slip them on her feet. As he did, she stroked his hair as she stepped into them and grew taller before him.

"We're going to have such fun. You're going to love being a girl."

"Yes Ma'am."

His heart was racing.

Rather than tell him to bend over, however, as Matthew expected, Samantha suddenly curiously sat down on the edge of the bed, leaving him on his knees before her. Samantha spread her legs very wide, balancing her

feet on the sling-back heels. Samantha slipped her fingers down beneath the fake balls and ran two fingers along the lips of her pussy.

“Go on,” she said.

“Go on?”

“This is how women do it, honey.” She stroked her lips again.

Matthew raised an eyebrow. “I thought—”

Samantha stroked her erection. “You have to earn it, honey.”

Matthew shuddered with excited weakness. His wife seemed so commanding and it made him feel all the weaker, especially with his tiny version. There was something truly exciting about this, especially with the prospect of more; he had never expected any of this from his wife. For a brief moment, he thought of himself with his wife and with Stein all at once, with him being the only one without a penis.

Matthew moved his head in close. He slipped his lips past the hanging balls and planted them on his wife’s lips. They were slippery and excited. He kissed his wife on her lips. Then he stuck out his tongue and he traced her lips as the rubber balls dangled in his face. His tongue moved up and then down. It moved side to side. It moved up once more. Then it dipped inside.

“Oh, I like that,” gasped Samantha.

Matthew slipped his tongue inside even deeper.

His wife moaned.

She spread her legs even wider and ran her fingers through his long feminine hair before grabbing it in her hand and pulling his face closer to her lips, almost suffocatingly closer.

Matthew’s tongue slipped back out. It moved up and down her lips and then slipped back inside. She was wet and sticky. Her juices were on his tongue and on his lips and started to spread upon his face. He could smell her musk everywhere. His penis throbbed.

“Go on,” gasped Samantha now.

He did.

Her moaning was now interspersed with tiny shrieks as his tongue pressed deep inside her and found her pleasure spots. Matthew suddenly felt a wave or tremor pass through his wife. Her body seemed to go rigid and then shake in flowing waves. He knew what this meant. He pressed even deeper and slapped his tongue even faster.

Left. Right. Up. Down.

Deeper. Deeper.

“Yes, yes, yes,” gasped his wife.

He glanced up, past the fake penis that pointed upward between his face and his wife’s crotch. It was embarrassing that she had a bigger penis than he did. He saw his wife fondling her own breast. She had arched her back against the bed. Her other hand squeezed his hair tightly. She was moaning loudly.

Matthew slipped his tongue from her hole and pressed it against the tiny mound of flesh he knew was so amazingly sensitive. He circled it with a flourish and then lapped at it before pressing his tongue hard against it.

His wife tensed up stiffly. She seemed to freeze. She had stopped mid-breath. Her face was contorted. And then everything released. She gasped for air. Her body thrust forward and then collapsed. And her fluids poured from her.

She collapsed on the bed.

She giggled.

Samantha sat up. Matthew watched as his wife used her fingers to slide her own juices over the long, black fake penis, making it very slippery. She smiled slyly at him when she was ready.

“Your turn,” she said.

“My turn?”

Samantha smiled coyly. “That is... if you think you’ll like it.”

A knowing smile slowly started to break out on Matthew’s lips. “I think I might.”

Chapter Thirteen: “Once Last Chance”

—o—

Matthew sat at the reception desk. He wore a tight white leather ankle skirt he had picked out himself, a skin-tight blouse which highlighted his swollen breasts and showed tiny hints of his piercing, and tall white stiletto mules. His penis was rock hard as he sat with his legs crossed letting the mule dangle from his toes. His nipples were hard. There were hints of milk upon the piercing. He waited excitedly to see if it would show through the blouse as it got a little wetter. The idea of “getting caught” with a wet nipple excited him greatly.

The phone rang.

He answered. It was Doctor James.

“Doctor James, how are you?” asked Matthew as he surreptitiously touched the piercing with his fingers before femininely brushing his long, lush hair over his shoulder with his hand.

“Matthew, I have good news,” said the Doctor.

Matthew raised an eyebrow. “Do you?”

“I have the test results back. The issue is definitely prolactin. I suspect you may have been given the wrong medication because of similarity between the name of the drug you were meant to take and a new drug meant to stimulate milk production in women who lack the necessary glands.”

“Oh?” said Matthew.

“Yes. That medication is meant to develop the necessary glands. Once those were created, they began producing the milk. Those glands have been flooding your body with female hormones. That, for lack of a better way to say it, turned you into a woman.”

“I see,” said Matthew.

“What this means,” said the doctor, “is that we can reverse the changes with a simple course of hormones once we turn off the glands.”

“That would reverse *everything*?” asked Matthew.

“Yes, everything.”

“What about the milk?”

“Oh, the milk should stop on its own as long as you don’t remove it.”

Matthew raised an eyebrow. “Don’t remove it?”

“Yes, the female body only produces milk as long as it thinks it’s needed. If you take out the milk, the body will produce more. The more you take, the more it makes. But if you stop removing the milk, it will dry up and the body will stop producing it because it assumes it’s not needed. That will then turn off the glands.”

Matthew’s jaw dropped. He glanced down at his large, heavy, swollen breasts. “If you let the milk dry—”

“Then everything will start to reverse.”

Matthew raised an eyebrow. Could it really be that simple? All he had to do was stop milking himself and then take some hormones and he would be Matthew again? Was that really all he needed to do this whole time?

Matthew thanked the doctor and hung up the phone.

A moment later, Samantha came to the reception desk with a box that needed to be mailed. She set the box down and smirked strangely at him.

“What?” asked Matthew cautiously.

Samantha’s smirk grew. “What’s this I hear about you being a flower girl?”

“I haven’t agreed to anything,” protested Matthew with a blush. His penis swelled.

“Rhonda thinks you have,” chuckled Samantha.

Matthew blushed even more. “It’s under consideration,” he said shyly.

“Well, I think it’s a cute idea,” said Samantha. She shoved the box across the counter to him. “Can you please have that mailed for me?”

“Yes, Ma’am.”

“Thank you, *Marti*.” Samantha turned and started to leave, but Matthew called his wife’s name.

“Yes, honey, what is it?”

If you let the milk dry— then everything will start to reverse.

Matthew smiled coyly. “I think I need to be milked tonight.”

The End

—o—

Thanks for reading my book!

Please make sure you leave a rating or review for me! Amazon will ask you to leave a star rating. It also asks you to leave a review, but you don't need to do that to leave a rating. Your name will not appear if you just leave a rating. It helps me a ton when you do that! Thank you!

—Ann

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—o—

And, don't forget to check out my other books at my Amazon homepage (you can click the link):

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

Below are other Blue Label books you might enjoy!

—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

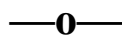
handsome boy who stole her from him, to finding himself going to the dance in the arms of another boy. Nothing will ever be the same for George again.

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!



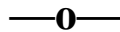
Feminization Island (Part Three) (Blue Book Edition)

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!

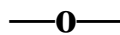


Feminization For His Wife's Lover (Blue Book Edition)

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)

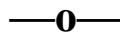
Victor has been caught by his wife Meredith dressed as a maid and, apparently, giving a party to show off his fussy maid uniform. That was quite the surprise for Meredith, especially as her boss was with her. What's

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!

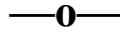


Our Little Secret (Parts 1-3) (Blue Book Edition)

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!

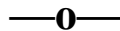


Some Side-Effects May Occur (Parts 1-4) (Blue Book Edition)

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!
