



Gender Potion Mix-Up
by Crystal Summers

Chapter 1: “The Magic Potion Switch”

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Feminization Fables Vol. 9

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Chapter 1: “The Magic Potion Switch”

Martin Brown was never satisfied with what he had. No matter how big his house, he wanted bigger. No matter how fast his car, he wanted faster. No matter how beautiful his girlfriend, he wanted more beautiful. He was a fool. And his foolishness would catch up with him the day he stumbled upon a magic potion that promised to make his girlfriend more beautiful. Indeed, one thing Martin never learned was to appreciate what he had, and even more to the point, not to get caught trying to make changes.

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Martin looked at the hand-written list of instructions on the counter before him. In Martin’s hands were two vials. The first vial contained the pink liquid. It smelled of flowers. The other vial contained the blue liquid. It smelled of rain. He gently shook them both and watched them start to glow.

“Beautiful,” he said.

He opened the vial with the pink liquid. He intended to use this potion on his girlfriend Erin. He sniffed it. It smelled even stronger with the top removed. It was a compelling smell that reminded him of women.

“Wow, I could smell that all day.”

Martin went to the cabinet and removed two champagne flutes.

“The old man said to use only two drops,” said Martin to himself. “He said this stuff was extremely powerful and more than a couple drops would be too strong for what I want.” He set down the flutes and swirled the vial to make it glow once more. Then he added, “But how does he know what I want?”

Martin poured ten drops into the first champagne flute.

“If two is good, then ten must be better, right?”

Martin closed the vial. Next, he opened the other vial, the one that smelled like rain. This one contained a blue liquid which was supposed to enhance the masculine features of his own body. He poured ten drops from that into the other champagne flute.

“That should do it,” he said and he smiled.

He returned both vials to the leather pouch in which they had been given to him by the old man. Also in the pouch was a third vial, an antidote for just in case something went wrong. He left the pouch on the kitchen counter and set the two champagne flutes side by side in the refrigerator. He placed the flute with the pink fluid on top of a napkin upon which he had written Erin's name so he would be sure to recognize which glass to give to her. After all, the last thing he wanted was to mix these two up. He didn't know exactly what would happen if he did, but the old man had warned him specifically not to do that, so it couldn't be good.

Martin closed the refrigerator and wiped down the counter. "All set," he said.

A moment later, the doorbell rang. It was Erin. Martin went to greet her.

"Hi honey," said Erin and she kissed him on the cheek. As always, she looked beautiful. Today she wore a wheat-colored skirt, tan heels, and a pink-white sweater.

"I'm glad you made it. I have something special planned for tonight," he said.

Erin raised an eyebrow. "Really? What's that?"

"It's a surprise."

Erin smiled. It wasn't like Martin to come up with a surprise, so she was intrigued. "I can't wait," she said happily. She kissed him again and she went to Martin's living room where they would watch television.

Martin watched her walk past him. He liked watching her walk. Her walk was sexy, especially when she wore heels. In fact, everything about her was sexy. She was a beautiful woman with a great sense of style and curves in all the right places. Any man would have been thrilled to have her. Even Martin recognized her beauty and how lucky he was to have her. But it wasn't in Martin's nature to be happy with what he had, so while she was beautiful, he kept thinking about how much more beautiful she could be. Her breasts were great, but could stand to be a little bigger. Her shoulder-length hair could use a few more inches down to her back. Her rear end was a little too flat as well. She was beautiful, yes, but with a few minor tweaks, she could be gorgeous, or so he thought. Hence, when he learned about the potion, he jumped at it. In his mind, this potion could be the key to making her "perfect."

"What are we watching?" asked Erin, snapping Martin back to reality.

“That romantic comedy you’ve been talking about: *Mind and Body*.”

Erin raised her eyebrow again. It was even more unlike Martin to pick a romantic comedy than it was for him to surprise her. “You really are full of surprises tonight, aren’t you? What made you choose that?”

Martin blushed like he’d been exposed doing something he shouldn’t. In truth, the only reason he picked a romantic comedy was that he wanted everything to be perfect tonight. He reasoned that he could make her accept the changes better if the evening went perfectly in all other respects, but he wasn’t going to tell her that. Instead, he somewhat truthfully said, “I wanted to make you happy.”

“What have you done to the real Martin?!” asked Erin jokingly.

Martin blushed deeper.

A moment later, they sat down on the couch. Erin kicked off her high heels and pulled her legs up beneath her. She snuggled up against Martin before she unbuttoned one of the buttons on his shirt and she slid her soft hand inside.

“That’s better,” she purred.

Martin, meanwhile, fumbled with the remote to start the film. He was nervous. Was he really going to do this? “What if something goes wrong?” he asked himself. He wasn’t entirely sure what he meant by something going wrong, but he was starting to worry that Erin might not respond well to being changed. He knew all along that this would be an issue, but until this moment, it had really been more of a theory than a reality, so it hadn’t bothered him until now. And since he told himself this would make her more attractive, it somehow didn’t strike him as wrong or that she would really be upset. To the contrary, he had imagined she would be grateful for the improvements. But now that the moment was actually here, now he wasn’t so sure. Indeed, now he was struggling with the whole idea.

As the film started, Martin’s nervousness grew.

“This will make her *more* attractive,” he assured himself. “She’s got to like that, right?”

He looked at Erin enjoying the film and he suddenly felt ill.

“I need to go to the bathroom,” he said.

Erin sat up to let him leave the couch. She didn’t seem aware of his nervousness. So while Erin continued watching the movie, Martin made his way to the bathroom and closed the door behind him. Once there, he stared at himself in the mirror.

“What in the world are you thinking?!” he asked himself. “Are you crazy?”

He took a deep breath.

“No. . . this is for the better. You can do it,” he told himself.

He took another deep breath and he nodded his head to agree with himself.

“This shows how much you care about her! She won’t be upset. She’ll probably be flattered.” He knew that wasn’t true. To the contrary, he realized that she would probably be pretty upset about this and he needed to brace himself for a very negative reaction, but this really was what he wanted and he was willing to accept a little self-delusion to justify it to himself.

As Martin gathered his courage in the bathroom, Erin rose from the couch and went to the kitchen. She wanted a drink. When she reached the kitchen, she opened the refrigerator and saw the two champagne flutes. She smiled at the idea that they were having champagne. Then she saw the napkin with her name written upon it. Her eyebrow went up.

“What is that?”

She crouched down and examined the napkin. Sure enough, it had her name on it and it was written in Martin’s handwriting. She couldn’t imagine why Martin would label one glass for her unless he intended to put something into the glass that he didn’t intend to put into his own.

“What’s he up to?” she asked suspiciously.

She then examined the two flutes. One had a pinkish fluid in it and the other a blue, though the colors were so light they almost couldn’t be identified. It was only after she touched both glasses, gently shaking them in the process, that the colors revealed themselves.

“What exactly is going on here?”

She stood up again and stared at the glasses in the light. Then she noticed the leather bag sitting on the counter top. That was new. She opened it and inside she found the three vials. She picked them up one at a time and examined them. These clearly contained the same fluids that were in the champagne flutes, but what were they?

“This is really bizarre,” she said and she shook the pink vial and watched it glow. “It’s like some kind of magic. But that’s impossible!”

Then she noticed a paper tucked inside the bag. She pulled it out and read it. It contained a list of traits each potion was supposed to produce

along with instructions on how many drops to take of each. As she read this a second and a third time, she became increasingly angry. It was obvious to her that Martin had planned to drug her with this stuff, whatever it really was. She clenched her jaw and thought about storming out of his house. . . but she didn't.

“What if he does this to the next poor woman to come along?”

She exhaled angrily and read the note one more time. Then she examined the two flutes again. He definitely had put the pink fluid in the glass marked “Erin” and there was a lot of it, much more than the note called for.

“How dare he?!”

She ground her teeth and thought about shattering the glasses, but again, she worried about the next woman to fall into his trap. Then it hit her. She knew exactly what he was doing, but he had no idea that she knew. That gave her the upper hand and she could turn this to her own advantage and give him a taste of his own medicine. Thinking fast, she emptied the bluish fluid from the flute intended for Martin and she added ten drops of water. She did not rinse the flute. Then she added some red food coloring they had picked up the prior day when they baked a cake; it turned the water pink. She placed that flute on the napkin marked “Erin.”

Next, she took the flute with the pink fluid and she added several drops of blue food coloring, to turn the mixture light blue. She placed that where the flute with the blue fluid had been before.

“We’ll see how he likes it when the shoe is on the other foot!” she said.

She then closed the refrigerator and she went to the leather bag. From that, she removed the antidote and she placed it in her purse. She then returned to the living room and took her seat again on the couch, where she waited for Martin, who was just about to emerge from the bathroom. He had talked himself into proceeding.

“Just pour the champagne and see what happens next,” he told himself.

He nodded his head.

“Just do it,” he said. Then he left the bathroom.

Erin sat down just in time so that Martin never knew she had stood up. “You’re back,” she said in as nice a tone as she could muster when he reappeared in the living room.

“Almost. Give me a moment, I need to get the surprise!” he said.
“Wait right here.”

“I’ll be waiting,” she said.

Martin went to the kitchen with a real bounce in his step. He’d overcome his nerves and now he was sure this was going to be fantastic. When he reached the kitchen, Martin pulled the two champagne flutes from the refrigerator. He set the blue one on the right and the pink one on the left. Then he took the bottle of champagne he had bought today and he opened it. He poured champagne into both flutes. Both glasses momentarily glowed softly before the glow faded and all that was left was two normal appearing champagne flutes. He placed the champagne bottle back into the refrigerator and turned around to pick up the flutes to take them out to Erin. When he turned around, however, he was in for a shock: Erin was standing behind him, and she was reaching for one of the flutes!

Martin’s jaw dropped. His breathing stopped. He wanted to scream for her to stop, but what would be the reason; as far as she knew, these flutes just contained champagne and he didn’t want to admit he’d been tampering with them. He prayed she grabbed the right glass.

Her arm seemed to hang in midair between them, waiting to make a decision.

Then she grabbed a flute.

It was the right one. She grabbed the flute with the pink potion in it. “I couldn’t wait!” said Erin with a giggle. “I love champagne!”

Martin started breathing again. He had no idea how he would have solved this if she had taken the wrong glass, but now that wasn’t a problem. Things had worked out. He would get the girl of his dreams. He smiled. “I love champagne too,” he said. He held up his glass and then touched his glass to hers. “A toast! To perfection on a perfect evening!”

“To us,” said Erin instead.

Both swallowed their drinks. Both immediately felt a tingle course throughout their bodies, but nothing happened.

“Good champagne,” said Erin.

“I’m glad you like it,” said Martin.

Neither knew what to say next. They stood there awkwardly for the next several seconds. Both expected something to happen immediately to the other, but nothing had. So they stood there waiting for something. . . anything.

As the silence began to stretch to an uncomfortable length, Martin scratched his cheek. “Maybe the whole thing was a hoax,” he told himself. After all, magic wasn’t real, was it? In fact, now that nothing had happened, Martin began to feel like a fool for buying this potion in the first place. He chuckled to himself. “Wow! I am such an idiot. For a brief moment, I actually believed in magic. What a waste of good money!” He let a laugh slip.

“Why are you laughing?” asked Erin.

Martin smiled. “Oh, nothing. I was just thinking about how much I like champagne,” he said and he finished his champagne. Erin finished hers as well. “Should we return to our movie?”

She kissed him on the cheek. “Absolutely.”

They held hands and walked out to the living room. Martin sat down on the couch and Erin curled up on his lap. She slid her hand inside his shirt again. They returned their attention to the movie, though both kept an eye on the other, looking for signs of change.

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The first sign of change appeared near the end of the movie.

“You’re getting flabby, Martin,” said Erin and she squeezed his chest. As she did, Martin felt an electric charge shoot through his chest, all the way to his spine. This made him tingle all over and he felt his nipple pop up. This was a strange sensation and it made him jump.

“Whoa! What are you doing?” he asked.

Erin raised an eyebrow. “Nothing. I just squeezed your chest.” As she said this, she squeezed again. Again, Martin felt the charge race through his chest and shoot down his spine. His other nipple now popped up as well, as did his penis. Erin slid her fingertips over his nipple. Her jaw dropped. His nipple felt huge and erect, like a tower situated on top of a mound. This was strange and unmistakably feminine. In fact, based just on what she could feel, she was sure his nipple was as large as hers. She immediately started unbuttoning his shirt.

“Now what are you doing?” he asked.

“I want to see your chest.”

“Stop that! It tickles! Don’t do that,” he squealed and he grabbed his shirt.

Martin's voice shocked Erin. It was small and feminine, not like his voice at all. "Martin, what's wrong with your voice?!" she demanded.

"Nothing," he squeaked.

"Yes there is! Something is going on here," she said and she pushed his hands away and continued unbuttoning his shirt.

He tried to stop her. "Don't do that," he repeated in his suddenly girlish little voice. He sounded like something from a cartoon.

Erin raised an eyebrow. She looked him up and down. Then a sly smile appeared at the corner of her lips. The changes were obviously beginning. "Oh, this is going to be fantastic!" she told herself. It was time to take advantage of this and teach him a lesson.

"Don't do what?" she asked slyly and she pinched his nipple.

"It tickles. Stop playing with my chest!" he exclaimed.

Erin giggled. "Wow! You sound like a little girl!"

Martin didn't know how to respond because he really didn't know what was wrong. Clearly, something was wrong with his voice; he could hear that. To him, it sounded small and weak. It sounded like a child's voice and it took a great deal of effort to produce anything approaching a commanding tone, but he wasn't sure why this was the case. Could this be the potion? Why would it do *this* to him? It was supposed to enhance his masculinity, not reduce it, and this didn't seem like an enhancement. Maybe he shouldn't have taken ten drops after all? He started to panic, but caught himself. "Stay calm, Martin," he told himself. "Everything is all right, it probably just takes time to get things right. That's all. This will fix itself in a minute." In the meantime, he decided to lie his way around this.

"I just swallowed wrong," he said to Erin.

"You swallowed wrong?" asked Erin in a doubtful tone.

"That's right," he said and he tried to stand up, only Erin moved on top of him and pinned him down beneath her legs.

"I don't think so, Martin. Something is going on here. First your chest grows and now your voice is like a little girl's voice! Let me see your chest," she said and she unbuttoned two more buttons and ripped his shirt open.

Her jaw dropped.

She knew what to expect, as she had felt his nipples rise, but she still had no way to expect *THIS*. Hanging from his chest, right before her eyes, were two good-sized breasts with erect nipples the size of half-dollars. The

nipple tips were at least as large as dimes if not nickels. These were much larger than hers. She was too shocked to speak and could only gasp.

Martin was shocked to see this. These were women's breasts on his chest! "Oh my God!" he exclaimed and he too gasped. He immediately covered his breasts with his hands as best he could. How could this be? This couldn't be? Well, obviously it could, because it was, but it shouldn't be. What had happened? Then it hit him and his face went white as a sheet. "I must have gotten the potions backwards!" he screamed to himself. "I must have taken the potion that was meant for Erin! I need the antidote immediately!"

"Let me up," he blurted out. He intended to race to the kitchen.

Erin ignored him however. She was too fascinated by the breasts on his chest to worry about his demands at the moment. She grabbed his shirt and pulled it over his shoulders. He tried to resist, but he didn't seem strong enough to stop her. She then pulled the shirt from his arms and off his body. His body looked different. His shape was rounder than before. His hips looked narrower. His shoulders were smaller. All the hair was gone from his chest. Instead, hanging from the middle of his chest were these two unmistakable women's breasts. . . breasts that were huge and round and oh so amazingly feminine. . . breasts with amazing nipples. . . breasts she desperately wanted to play with. Yes, it was true. She'd never once found herself attracted to women before, but the erotic pull from her feminized boyfriend's chest was just amazing. She was positively soaking her panties.

"What is going on?" she demanded, though she knew the answer. She wanted to hear him try to talk his way out of it.

"I can explain," he squeaked. He said this to buy himself more time.

"Ha! I doubt that."

Martin tried to move out from beneath her, but couldn't. He was pinned beneath her thighs and her hands held down his arms so that his chest was fully exposed to her. His nipples were rock hard.

"Go ahead," she said. "Explain."

"It's allergies," he said.

Erin laughed. "No way. Try again."

Martin swallowed hard. He ran his tongue over his teeth. "All right, it was a mistake—"

"What kind of mistake?"

“I bought this thing which was supposed to be a magic potion.”

Erin laughed; she didn't intend to make this easy on him at all. “Wait a minute. Let me get this straight. You bought a ‘magic potion’?”

He nodded his head.

“*Magic?!?*”

He blushed.

“You really believed someone when they tried to sell you a *magic* potion?” she asked.

“Well, it did work, didn't it?”

She laughed again. Then she flicked his nipple with her finger, causing him to get hard and causing her pussy to tense up. “Oh, it worked all right, if your purpose was to grow breasts. Is that what you wanted? Did you buy a magic potion to give yourself breasts, Martin?”

He blushed further. “No, it was a mistake. It wasn't supposed to do that.”

“Are you sure? You can admit it if you like, Martin. The cat's out of the bag, boob-boy. You can tell me that you always wanted boobs. I don't mind.”

Martin's face was now bright red. “No, I don't. It wasn't supposed to do that.”

“Then what was it supposed to do?”

Martin froze for a second. Telling her that he had intended to use the potion on her would probably be a serious mistake, so he decided he needed to finesse the truth. “It was supposed to enhance my masculinity a bit. . . bigger muscles, longer penis, that sort of thing. I must have gotten the wrong potion.”

“Ha! I'll say!” she said and she pinched his nipple, which sent an even stronger shock coursing through his system and made him tremble. Simultaneously, feeling his soft nipples between her fingertips made her shudder. “I think I'm going to like this,” she said. “Only, introducing you to my friends could be a little hard. Gail, Cindy, here's my boyfriend. . . my boyfriend with breasts.”

“Look, it was a mistake and I can fix it.”

“How?”

“There's an antidote,” he said. “If you let me up, I'll go take some.”

She laughed once more. “Let you up to take an antidote? Oh, hardly. I want to see what else this potion has done to you.” With that, she

slid her hand between his legs and felt his erection through his pants. “Well, that’s still there. . . and hard as a rock, I might add.”

“Please get off me,” he said.

“This must really turn you on! Who knew?!”

“This does not turn me on!” he protested.

She squeezed his penis. “Are you seriously going to tell me this isn’t turning you on? I have the evidence in my hand. Come on, Martin, admit it.”

“No, this is not turning me on. Please just get off me.”

Erin didn’t budge. Instead, she folded her arms and looked down at her boyfriend. He seemed smaller still, and his breasts seemed to be larger again, though that could have been wishful thinking. It was hard to tell. She decided to continue her interrogation. “How in the world did you grab the wrong potion? Weren’t they labeled?”

“It was just a mistake.”

She giggled. “Mistake? No way. Come on, you can tell me the truth. You wanted this to happen, didn’t you? I’ve seen you eyeing my wardrobe!”

“No, this was just a mistake! I swear!”

Erin placed her hands on the sides of his breasts and tickled him. “Oh no it’s not! Admit it! You wanted this. You want to be a girl!”

Martin involuntarily burst out laughing and squirmed beneath her touch. He normally wasn’t this ticklish, but suddenly he was. He tried to beg her to stop, but he couldn’t speak. “No. . . no. . . more,” was all he could manage between breaths.

“More? You want more?” Erin asked facetiously. “Ok!” She tickled him harder and faster all over his chest and his breasts. Martin’s whole body shook and tears poured from his eyes.

“Stop!! Please stop!!” he pleaded.

Eric laughed and stopped tickling him. “Admit it, honey, this isn’t the kind of mistake you can make. You bought the girl’s potion intentionally. Clearly, you wanted to turn yourself into a girl.”

“No, I didn’t! I honestly didn’t!”

She giggled. “I don’t believe you,” she said and she started tickling him again. He again burst out laughing and his nipples pointed at the ceiling. They were so hard and his breasts so heavy she thought milk might start pouring out of them at any second.

“No more!” he said between gasps. “Please! No more!”

She stopped tickling him. “Well, I don’t care if you admit it or not, I think we need to have some fun with this,” she said and she pinched his nipple. Then she slid off her boyfriend and she stood up.

“What fun?” he asked nervously after he caught his breath. He lay half on the couch and half on the floor panting.

She smiled. “You’ll see. Now come with me.”

Chapter 2: “Martin Learns Who’s Boss”

Erin grabbed Martin’s hands and pulled him from the couch. As he reached his feet, his pants fell to his ankles as they no longer fit around his shrunken waist. His waist was down a good ten inches. When his pants fell, his now-feminine legs revealed themselves. Without his shirt, his breasts jiggled plainly in view as well. They would need at least a DD bra and they may still have been growing. He even appeared to be an inch or two shorter, though he was still taller than she was.

Erin giggled. “Oh my God, you’re so cute!”

Martin blushed. “I am not,” he said and he tried to walk past her, but she held him in place.

“Where do you think you’re going?” she asked.

“I’m going to take the antidote.”

Erin laughed. “Oh no, not yet.”

“What do you mean?”

“I mean, I’m just starting to have my fun,” she said and she pulled him down the hallway toward his bedroom. “It’s a good thing I left a few things over here for special occasions. Of course, I never guessed this would be that special occasion!”

Martin furrowed his brow. “What kind of things?”

She just smiled.

A moment later, they entered the bedroom. Erin pushed Martin down onto the bed and removed the rest of his clothes. Essentially, this consisted of his socks and his briefs; everything else had fallen off already. When she removed his briefs, his penis sprang into view. It was clearly smaller than it had been. In fact, it appeared to be about two inches shorter and half as thick. Surprisingly, that made Erin very wet. Indeed, seeing his penis shrunken turned her on more than anything so far and she wondered how much further it would shrink and what would happen then.

Martin saw her smirking at his shrunken penis and he suddenly felt very small and very weak. This was humiliating. He tried to rise, but Erin easily pushed him back onto the bed.

“Seriously, I need to go take that antidote,” he said.

She laughed again. “Not until I say so.” She then lowered herself to the floor before him so she could examine his shrunken penis up close. It was tiny, like it belonged on a child. She stroked it to make it hard, but that didn’t actually increase its size all that much. “You have a tiny baby dick now. I’ll bet that within an hour, it’s gone,” she said with a giggle.

“Gone?!”

“Yep. Gone. Then you’ll be all girl.” She patted his small testicles with her fingers. “Bye bye, tiny.”

Martin felt a sense of panic and tried again to rise. He *needed* that antidote right now! But Erin easily held him in place. It seemed that along with his shrinking size, he was losing his muscles as well.

“Look, Erin, I need to take that antidote. I have no idea what will happen if I don’t. This could become permanent!”

“Oh pshaw, Martin! Why would they sell a potion that requires you to take the antidote before it’s even done working? Oh no, girlie. You turned yourself into a girl and I want to see how it all turns out before I let you go back.”

“But—”

She rose to her feet. “Nope. Forget it. I’ve made up my mind. Now, are you going to cooperate or do I need to spank you to show you who’s boss?” As she said this, she made a motion as if she were smacking someone on the rear. This made her even wetter.

Martin’s jaw dropped. “You wouldn’t?!” he gasped.

An evil glint appeared in Erin’s eye. Clearly, she would. In fact, she did. A moment after Martin’s words left his mouth, Erin realized that this was something she needed to do, so she spun around and crashed down onto Martin’s bed. In the same motion, she grabbed her feminized boyfriend and she yanked him down across her lap. She could feel his tiny penis just touching her thighs; it wasn’t long enough to slide down between them anymore.

“This is going to hurt you more than it hurts me,” said Erin with a chuckle.

“Erin! Please stop!” squealed Martin.

“Sorry, girlie, but you need to learn who’s boss in this relationship!”

With that, she yanked Martin again to make sure he was firmly stuck in place; he lay at an awkward angle which kept his feet from getting traction and which allowed her to hold him down with one arm on his upper

back. She then raised her hand high in the air and brought it crashing down onto his rear.

SLAP!

His now flabby rear-end shook with the vibration of the strike, and a strong sense of humiliation raced through him at the idea of being spanked like a child by his girlfriend.

“Please stop!” he squealed again.

She didn’t.

SLAP!

SLAP!

SLAP!

As she struck him, it dawned on Erin that despite the intense noise her strikes were making and the warmth building on her hand, she wasn’t really inflicting much pain upon Martin. She wanted this to sting his rear as well as his pride and this wasn’t doing it. She needed something heavier. . . something more solid.

“I’ve got it!” she said and she snapped her fingers.

“What?”

“I want you to reach down and remove my shoe and hand it to me,” she said and she wiggled her left foot.

“You want what?”

SLAP!

“You heard me, girlie. Now do it!”

Martin didn’t like where this was headed, but he wasn’t really in a position to do anything about it, so he reached down with his arms, which already hung before him and he unbuckled the ankle strap on Erin’s sandal. These were tan sandals with a thick wedge-heel of about four inches in height. They had a crisscross leather pattern that ran up the foot and over the heel. It took him a moment to work the buckle. When he finally got the sandal unbuckled, he pulled it from her foot and then handed it up over his head to his girlfriend.

She kissed the back of his neck. “Thank you, dear,” she said.

“Now what?” he asked.

Erin turned the heavy shoe in her hand until she was holding the front like one would hold a brush or a bat so she could swing it and strike his rear with the back part of the sole, with the heavy, solid heel. “Now this,” she said.

SMACK!
SMACK!
SMACK!

Martin immediately noticed the difference. Her soft hand had felt like little more than a warm tap, but this solid, heavy shoe came down hard, and within the first few blows his rear began to sting. He desperately wanted this to stop. He hadn't expected any of this and he just wanted to take the antidote so everything would return to normal at this point. The last thing he wanted was to be spanked by his girlfriend.

SMACK!
SMACK!
SMACK!

"Tell me who's boss!" demanded Erin. Martin's rear now stung and felt bruised. Still, the idea of telling his girlfriend that she was his boss seemed too much for him to take. The idea wounded his pride too much.

SMACK!
SMACK!
SMACK!

"Tell me!"

He still couldn't do it. She wasn't the boss, he was!

SMACK!
SMACK!

"I can do this all day," she growled.

SMACK!
SMACK!

His rear hurt a lot at this point. It felt deeply bruised.

SMACK!
SMACK!

The last blow was finally too much. Martin's rear hurt and he was starting to feel tears in his eyes; he put this down to the effects of the potion as he never cried otherwise. Whatever the case with the tears, however, that last blow stung and bruised too much for him to take more. He had no choice but to surrender. He didn't like the idea at all of submitting to Erin, indeed it crushed his pride, but he needed to do something and giving in was the only option.

"You are! You're boss!" he blurted out.

Erin stopped the shoe in mid-swing. She giggled. "Say it again."

“You’re the boss!”

She smiled. “That sounds so right in your little girl voice, say it again. And this time tell me that you’re a little girl and you want me to take charge and teach you how to be my little girl.”

Martin blushed. This more than stung his pride, it emasculated him. This was asking too much, though as she spoke she had run her fingers over his inflamed rear and that reminded him that he simply could not take anymore. It was time to swallow his pride.

“Please teach me to be a little girl,” he said in his tiny voice.

Erin laughed. “Good girl!” She patted him on his glowing red rear, which made him wince. Then she pushed Martin off her lap onto the floor. “I’m glad you saw reason.”

Martin said nothing.

“Let’s get you dressed,” said Erin.

Martin bit his tongue. Now that the blows had stopped, his pride reasserted itself and he was determined again to impress upon her that he was still in charge here. After all, no matter what the potion had done to his appearance, he was still a man and he was still stronger, larger, and more dominant, wasn’t he? That’s just the way the world works. He looked up at Erin who had buckled her sandal again and just stood up. He took a deep breath and he started to stand up. He was determined to put an end to this.

Only, that’s not how things turned out.

When he finally got to his feet, he immediately realized that he was a good three inches shorter than she was. Also, his arms were definitely smaller. It was clear to both in that moment that she was now much stronger.

Erin noticed this change. “My, my, look at you, *little* girl.”

Martin felt genuinely intimidated and decided his best bet was to talk his way out of this. “Erin, you don’t want to do this—”

She laughed. “Martin, you’re the one who did this. You turned yourself into a girl. I didn’t do that. I just want to see what kind of girl you make now. So you can either go along and do this voluntarily or I’ll tie you up and do it to you. Either way, you’re going to be my girlfriend until I say otherwise. Now let’s get you dressed, shall we?”

Martin bit his lip. There wasn’t anything he could do about this and he knew it. The idea bothered him. It humiliated him. But he knew he

couldn't fight it, at least for now, not until he could reach the kitchen and retrieve the antidote. . . *the antidote*.

"The antidote!" he suddenly blurted out inside his head.

Before Erin even knew what was happening, Martin raced from the room toward the kitchen. She shook her head and followed him. She knew he wouldn't find what he was a looking for. Martin didn't know that, however, and once he reached the kitchen, he immediately grabbed the leather pouch. He yanked it open looking for the antidote. . . it wasn't there.

"Oh my God! What happened to the antidote?!" he squealed.

Erin stood behind him, leaning against the doorway. She had hidden the antidote, but she wasn't going to tell him anything yet. "I see that someone wants to be punished," she said coldly.

"The antidote! It's gone!" he exclaimed.

She giggled. "Oh, poor baby. So you need to spend the rest of your life as a woman? How tragic!"

Martin swallowed hard. He felt panicked. "You don't understand!" he said.

She smiled. "Of course, I understand." She waved her hand toward him. "This is the new you. What's to understand?"

"But I. . . I can't stay like this!"

"Why not?"

"I can't be a woman! I'm a man!"

Eric snickered. "Not from where I'm standing you're not."

"I need to find that antidote!"

Erin folded her arms and watched him search the kitchen in a panic. As he slowly ran out of places to search, she finally decided to tell him what she had done and what it meant. "Martin, I know where your antidote is," she said calmly.

His eyes became huge. "You do?!"

She nodded her head. "And I'll give it to you. . . *after I have my fun.*"

"I need it now!"

She shook her head. "Forget it, not happening. I'll give it to you *after* I have my fun, but not before. And if you give me any grief, then you won't get it at all." As she said this, she felt a rush of power which resulted in her pussy becoming both very wet and tingling. It felt tight and desperately called to her to touch it. She'd never quite felt this before.

Martin was hard as a rock as well, but he didn't notice. He was still too panicked, and now he needed to clam himself because he knew Erin had him over a barrel. He had no idea where the antidote could be. It should have been here. Now it was gone and he would never find it. And if she did know, then she was his only hope.

"You really have it?" he asked as calmly as he could.

She nodded her head.

"Can I see it?"

She snickered and shook her head. "No, you'll see it when I'm ready to give it to you, but not before."

Martin bit his lip. He had no choice. He needed that antidote more than anything he'd ever had in his life, and whatever her price was, he was prepared to pay it. "Ok. . . what do you want?" he asked reluctantly.

She smiled. "Come with me."

He swallowed hard. Then he followed her.

Chapter 3: “Erin Makes Martin A Woman”

Erin walked over to Martin’s closet and she removed a dress and a pair of high heels. Then she went to his underwear drawer and pulled out a pair of pink satin panties, an ornate matching bra, and tan pantyhose. These were all clothes she had left at his apartment just in case she needed them.

“Let’s start by having you shower,” she said.

“I already showered.”

“Don’t argue with me, Martin. You’re going to shower again. This time, you’re going to remove all the hair from your legs.”

“But—” he started to protest, but Erin held up her finger to shut him up. He ended his objection before it began. “Fine,” he said, then he went to his shower to remove his hair.

When Martin marched off the bathroom, Erin sat down on the bed and rubbed her pussy through her panties. She couldn’t believe how exciting this was. It was almost enough to make her forget how angry she was at Martin for trying to use the potion on her. . . almost.

She rubbed herself in short, jagged strokes.

She giggled. “I can’t believe I’m taller than my boyfriend!” She delicately covered her mouth with her hand: “Oops,” she said in a fake-innocent tone, “I mean, I can’t believe I’m taller than my *girlfriend!*”

She now rubbed harder and with longer strokes. Her fingers pinched her clit, which felt huge and amazingly sensitive to her. She was enjoying this a lot.

“Oh,” she moaned.

As Erin masturbated, Martin stood before the mirror in the bathroom. He was in shock. He could not believe this was his body. He had breasts. . . huge, heavy, full breasts, breast with enormous nipples. His shoulders, his waist, his muscles, there was nothing masculine about any of those. Even the hair on his head had grown. It was now platinum blond and it hung to just below his shoulders.

“This is a nightmare,” he squeaked in his tiny voice.

Martin ran his hand down to his crotch. On the ends of his fingers were long, oval nails; they had been growing for some time and they now extended almost an inch beyond his fingertips. He touched his penis, which

was now no larger than a crayon despite being hard as a rock. Indeed, despite the horror of this entire experience, he couldn't believe how turned on he felt. It was stunning and humiliating at the same time. His penis. . . his pride and joy. . . his masculinity, it was all but gone, but it seemed excited by the idea, even thrilled. This was hard to understand.

"I need to get that antidote!" he said and a tear ran down his face.

A moment later, Erin knocked on the door. "I don't hear any water running!"

Martin bit his lip. "I'm just starting." He reluctantly stepped into the shower.

A few minutes later, Martin sat on the bed in his bedroom. His long blond hair was wrapped in a towel. He likewise had a towel wrapped around his breasts. Erin was running her hand up and down his legs to verify that they were smooth. Her pussy tingled as she touched him. She kept sneaking a hand down there to rub it; it felt larger, "engorged" somehow.

"Well?" he asked.

"Excellent," she said. "There's not a hair in sight."

"I'm glad you're pleased," he said sourly. Then he crossed his legs like a woman. He did this on instinct.

Erin giggled. "My, you are a feminine creature, aren't you?"

Martin blushed. It was true, his motions were becoming more feminine by the minute. Still, he was in no mood to admit that. "No comment," he said.

Erin laughed and then she grabbed the pantyhose she had set on the bed and she rolled those up so she could slide them up his legs. As she ran those up his legs, he felt a cold chill run down his spine. What an amazing feeling it was as these nylons rubbed against his shaved legs.

"Wow!" he said.

"I think *she* likes it," said Erin with a wink.

"No, it was just. . . unexpected, that's all," said Martin defensively.

"It's ok, girly, you can admit it," said Erin as she picked up a black high-heeled sandal. This shoe had a five-inch heel and a t-strap. In a general sense, she knew it would be better to start Martin with something with a lower heel, but something told her the potion might make that unnecessary. She slid the shoe onto his foot and buckled the ankle strap.

For the briefest of moments, Martin actually giggled. Then he caught himself and he covered his mouth in horror. Why had he giggled? Men don't giggle. And he'd never giggled before in his life. "That wasn't me!" he protested.

Erin smiled. "Uh huh."

"It wasn't!"

Erin patted him on the leg and smiled at him. This made Martin feel strangely helpless. She then placed the other shoe on his other foot and told him to stand up and walk across the room. They both expected the worst.

He stood up and gained his balance. Then he started across the room.

CLICK, CLICK, CLICK, CLICK, CLICK, CLICK, CLICK.

He pivoted on his toes and walked back to the bed.

CLICK, CLICK, CLICK, CLICK, CLICK, CLICK, CLICK.

He sat down and crossed his legs like a woman.

Erin stared at him in amazement.

"What?" he asked.

"What?! Did you really just ask me 'what'? I'll tell you 'what'! Did you not see yourself glide across the room in five-inch heels? You walked like you were born to wear those shoes! I've worn them for years and I'm not as natural or as comfortable in them as you are!"

Martin shrugged his shoulders. "I don't know, it didn't seem that hard to me. I just walked like normal."

"No, you most definitely didn't walk 'normal.' You walked like a real woman, a sexy-as-hell temptress."

"I did not!" he growled. As he said this, he let his left arm rest on his knee and let his wrist go limp.

Erin looked at her increasingly feminine boyfriend and smiled. This was amazing. It was turning her on so much. In fact, she absolutely couldn't stop herself from running her hand down over her skirt and rubbing her pussy. It tingled and pulsed. It felt so tight. It yearned to be touched. She'd never quite felt anything like this before and it amazed her. And when she ran her fingers over her lips, she couldn't believe how sensitive they felt. It took all the concentration she could muster to pull her fingers away from her pussy and focus on finishing dressing Martin. She closed her eyes and focused.

"All right, girlie," said Erin and she slapped his thigh.

"What now?"

“Let’s get you dressed.”

“Let’s not,” said Martin, though part of him was very interested in seeing himself in the dress. Somehow that idea appealed to him, even as it repulsed him.

“Get dressed,” she said firmly.

Martin took a deep breath. “Yes, ma’am,” he said reluctantly.

Over the next few minutes, Erin slid the ornate bra onto his chest and tucked his still-growing breasts inside them. They needed a larger bra than she had, but this would do for now. . . it might not fit anymore by morning, however.

“Is it supposed to fit like this?” he asked.

Erin shook her head. “No, it should provide more support, but your boobs are too large. So be careful how much you move around. Your boobs barely fit in the bra and if you move around too much, they might pop out.”

Martin instinctively ran his fingers over the bra and rubbed his nipples. This sent ripples of pleasure coursing throughout his body. “That feels amazing!” he said.

“There’s plenty of time for that later,” said Erin.

Martin ignored her and kept playing with his nipples.

“Stop it,” said Erin. “Now put your arms over your head.”

He did and Erin slid a dark-orange dress over his head. The dress had a brown and silver-checkered pattern near the hem and black accents at the collar, the sleeves and the waist. It fit like a charm and she stepped back to admire her boyfriend. He looked great. He looked amazingly feminine. Interestingly, even in the five-inch heels, he was shorter than she was by this point and his hair was a good deal longer; it cascaded to the middle of his back.

“We need to paint your nails and do your makeup too,” said Erin.

“Can’t we skip that?”

“No,” she said. “No woman is complete without makeup and you have such lovely nails they are basically calling out for polish.”

Martin looked at his nails. They could definitely use polish, he thought.

As Martin examined his nails, Erin suddenly felt something new. She felt a pounding sensation at her crotch. She tingled all over and she realized that she was desperate to cum. She needed this. She needed it more than

anything. And seeing her tiny, feminized boyfriend playing with his nails made her even hornier. She didn't just need to cum, *she needed to cum inside him.*

"Stand up and spin around. Let me look at you," she said.

Martin did as commanded.

"Good," she said. He was turning her on something fierce.

"Seriously, why are we doing this?" asked Martin. Though, he knew the reason. He could sense that Erin was turned on and, in truth, so was he. Playing with his nipples had been an amazing turn on for him and he now very much wanted to continue that to orgasm. And the idea of doing it while dressed as a woman appealed to him even more. But there was something else too. At the same time he was enjoying the idea of cumming while dressed as a woman, he was having disturbing images pass through his mind. These were images of himself on his knees sliding his lips around rock hard penises. That thought made him shudder, but it also made him tingle. He didn't understand this at all though, as he'd never found penises to be the least bit attractive in the past. This worried him. What was the potion doing to him and where would it stop?

"I need that antidote fast before I do something I'll regret!" he said under his breath.

Erin had heard nothing Martin had said. Her mind was elsewhere. And a moment later, her instincts took over. Something inside her called her to do this, and she could no longer control it. She put her arms on Martin's shoulders and pulled him to her. She planted her lips firmly on his and kissed him hard.

Martin melted in her arms. He'd never experienced this before, but now he did.

"You know what I want," said Erin and she pushed Martin downward.

On instinct, Martin slid out of her arms to the floor. He got down to his knees, with his feet in their high heels behind him. His tiny penis stood erect beneath his dress.

"Go on," said Erin.

Martin placed his fingers on her legs, just above her knees and slid his hands up her thighs beneath her skirt. He pulled the skirt up as he went. When his hands reached her crotch, his fingers went around her crotch and continued to her waist and around to her rear. He then pulled his fingers

across her rear and out from beneath her skirt. He unzipped her skirt and let it fall to her ankles.

“Oh yeah, girl,” said Erin and she pulled off her sweater. She tweaked one of her nipples between her fingers and used the other hand to run through Martin’s hair. As she pulled and pinched her nipple, she felt the most amazing feeling coming from her pussy. It was a feeling like a balloon filling and everything seems to tingle and move. She didn’t know what it was, but she liked it.

Martin, meanwhile, slid his hands around to her sides and latched his fingers inside the waistband of her panties, panties which no longer seemed to lay flat against her body. Seeing this growing lump strangely excited him. In fact, it excited him more than anything so far and his own penis screamed for attention as it throbbed to the best of its ability.

He kissed her bellybutton and pulled her panties down.

“Wow!” exclaimed Martin as he came face to face with an enormous penis. It must have been twice the size his was before it began shrinking and it was pointed right at his face.

Erin looked down in shock. “What?! How?!”

She was stunned. She had no idea she had grown a penis. She must have failed to rinse out the glass and some of the potion remained trapped inside. In any event though, she honestly didn’t care at the moment. This new thing. . . this penis, was calling to be used. It was large and incredible to touch and it wanted her feminized boyfriend. She intended to give him to it.

“Suck it, baby,” said Erin.

Martin only vaguely heard her words as he focused entirely on the penis that hung in his face. He leaned forward and kissed it right on the head. As he did, he ran his tongue over its tip in a circular motion. He seemed to have no control over himself. Part of him was screaming that he didn’t want to do this. He wanted nothing to do with another penis, be it on a man or a woman. But that part of him had no vote in his actions and he found himself taking it into his mouth because, to the rest of him, it was irresistible. So he moved his head back and forth, up and down, all along the shaft. He could feel it throbbing in his mouth. And with each stroke, he felt more and more shamed.

Things were about to get worse too.

“Wait a minute!” said Erin with a laugh. “This isn’t how we should do your first time!”

Martin pulled his lips from her penis. “What do you mean?”

She laughed. “I mean, I want you to remember your first time as a woman.”

“I think I’ll remember this,” he said as he eyed the penis hungrily.

“I’ve got something more memorable in mind.”

He kissed her penis. “What?”

“This,” she said and she pulled her feminized boyfriend up from the floor. She half-carried, half-pushed him over to the bed and tossed him down onto the bed face first. In his high heels and with his shrunken muscles, he was in no position to resist. Of course, he wouldn’t have resisted in any event, though part of him wanted to, because the part controlling him wanted this completely. This was the potion working, and he understood full well now that he only felt this way because he’d asked the old man to make the recipient of the pink potion more amorous. Indeed, he’d wanted to be sure Erin positively craved sex. Now it was him. He’d done himself in.

Erin climbed onto the bed behind him.

Without prompting, Martin rose to his knees so his rear was presented to his girlfriend as a prime target. She tossed his dress up over his rear onto his back and pulled down his panties. She giggled.

“I want you to remember this, girly,” she said.

Martin cringed at the same time his body thrilled at what was to come.

Erin climbed up onto the bed between his legs; her legs were now parallel to his as where her heels. She ran her finger over his cheeks and then spread his butt cheeks with her fingers. She flicked his tiny testicles with one hand and then slid her enormous erection right up against his hole.

“Welcome to womanhood,” she said.

She slid her penis deep inside him. Her penis was large, much larger than normally would have fit easily inside most women, and her shrunken feminized boyfriend was not most women at this part, he was much smaller. That meant this was amazingly difficult for him. Moreover, she also moved so fast and so hard that Martin felt a great deal of pain as she rammed her penis inside him.

Martin gritted his teeth and winced. “Oh my God!”

Erin giggled and kept pushing further inside him.

Martin tensed up all of his muscles. He'd never felt more helpless or more emasculated. His girlfriend had thrown him on the bed and penetrated him. He felt completely dominated. He shuddered at the feeling of having the enormous penis force its way inside him. It filled him like a Christmas turkey, and he cringed at the idea that his girlfriend was driving a real penis inside his rear. He could never live this down. Even worse, it was turning him on so much that wasn't sure he ever wanted to live it down. Indeed, as much as he hated every shameful second of this, the part of his mind under the influence of the potion was telling him he loved this and that he should do it again. It even made his penis throb and it would cum any second.

"I can't let this potion control me!" he said, but he knew it could. That's when it occurred to him that he might just find himself repeating this scene again and again if he didn't get that antidote. He needed that antidote or this was his future! In fact, he feared that if he didn't get it soon, he might not ever want it. This was a nightmare! "I need to get up!" he screamed to himself, but right now, he wasn't going anywhere Erin didn't want, and Erin was nowhere near finished with him.

"This is fantastic!" said Erin. She couldn't believe the feelings racing through her body. She felt strong. She felt powerful. Every part of her felt alive. It was an electric feeling. She slapped Martin's rear, making his butt cheeks jiggle and his breasts swing beneath him. "Who's my girl!" she called out with a laugh.

Martin wanted to protest. This was too humiliating, too shameful, too much. But try as he might, not a word of protest came out of his mouth. Instead, he found himself purring and responding, "I am! Take me!"

Erin suddenly stopped and pulled out her penis. . . yes, *her penis*.

"It's time to make you a real girl," she said and she stroked her heavy penis.

Martin found himself involuntarily raising his rear to spread his cheeks further. His pointer finger on his right hand crept up to his dangling breast and tickled his nipple as his other hand braced against the bed. His own penis stood as straight and hard as it could, being only the size of a crayon. He took a deep breath.

"Are you ready, girly?"

"I'm ready!" he said and he cringed. In his own mind, it sickened him to be saying these things and acting this way. He never should have

put anything into the potion to make Erin more amorous.

“Here it comes,” she whispered and she slid the head of her penis right up against his hole, where she teased his hole for several seconds. She could feel her heart beating and the blood racing to strengthen her penis. Martin’s body heat was exciting her and her penis was at maximum size. She leaned forward and grabbed his breasts with her hands and pulled him back toward her. As she did, she pushed her penis into his hole and then deep inside him. She had impaled him.

Martin gritted his teeth and sucked for air as the enormous penis tore its way inside him again.

Erin pushed the penis deep inside. “Hmm, your first time.”

Martin shuddered. “Please stop!” he wanted to say, but all he did was purr.

“I know you like it,” said Erin in response. “I’ll bet you like it a lot.”

Martin bit his tongue so as not to admit that the new part of him indeed wanted to do this over and over and over again. Again, he tried to protest, but again all he managed to do was purr. Objecting was beyond him, that was clear now.

“Let’s see how much you like this,” said Erin and she pulled the penis from his rear, making him think she was quitting, right before she thrust it back inside him.

Martin shuddered and gasped. “Please stop!” he tried again to say, but he actually said, “Don’t stop!”

A moment later, Erin drove her erection deep inside him hard and fast. She was thrilled to do this. The whole thing felt amazing to her on so many levels. The feeling of her penis wrapped tightly by his body, the sensation of his body heat against hers, the feeling of dominance. . . it struck her in this moment that this was the ideal relationship for her. She loved the idea of seeing her boyfriend feminized and submissive. She loved the idea of having an enormous penis she could use against Martin. And she loved the idea of pushing that penis inside him without him being able to do a thing about it.

Without even realizing it, Erin began to speed up the motion of her thrusts. She went faster and faster and soon her penis responded by becoming more and more aroused. These thrusts were so strong that she almost worried about hurting him, only she knew he could take it.

Both were breathing heavily.

Then it happened.

Erin shot a humongous load of semen inside her boyfriend. Martin felt seemingly endless waves of warm fluid wash all over his insides. It coated every part of him. He loved the feeling, but he also loathed it. This act more than any other emasculated him. He could never be a real man again, not after this, not after his girlfriend had cum inside him with her penis. No matter what the antidote did for him, this moment would always be with him. He almost cried as Erin wrapped her arms around him and rode him until her penis was completely dry.

“That was amazing!” she exclaimed. “We’re doing that again!”

“Please let me have the antidote,” said Martin softly.

Erin ignored him. Instead, she rolled off Martin and she stroked her penis, which remained erect. She looked down at it and laughed. “I was sure I’d rinsed that glass out completely, but apparently not. What a fantastic mistake! I am never giving this thing up!”

Martin’s jaw dropped. “You switched the potions?”

Erin smirked. “Of course, only I didn’t mean to take any.” She stroked her penis again. “Still, that was a mistake for the better, wouldn’t you say?”

Martin looked at her penis and he felt a strong urge to suck it. That was the effect of the potion. If he wasn’t careful, he would indeed be sucking it. In fact, he realized that if he didn’t take the antidote soon, he would be incapable of resisting a penis if ever he encountered one. He looked at Erin, trying to ignore her erection. “I most certainly do not think this was a good thing,” he said.

Erin shrugged her shoulders. “Well, you don’t really have much to say about it, do you? As I see it, you were trying to use this stuff on me so I was more than justified using it on you.”

“Erin, I need the antidote. Please, I want to be a man again!”

She smiled. “Why should I?”

Martin’s jaw dropped. “Please!”

“After you tried to turn me into a bimbo? I think it’s only fair that I let you stay a bimbo for at least a year or until I feel you’ve earned your freedom.”

“Please, Erin. I can feel the pull getting stronger! I need to the antidote.”

Erin smirked. “Ok, I’ll tell you what. You’ll get your chance.”

With that, Erin went to the kitchen and retrieved her purse. From it, she pulled the antidote. She placed five drops, per the instructions, in a glass. Then she returned to the bedroom and ordered Martin to get on his knees. She had to laugh, as he remained dressed in the orange dress and heels and he sat very femininely when she returned to the bedroom. He was indeed becoming a woman, except his penis stubbornly remained.

“In this glass,” she said, “there is the antidote.”

Martin’s face lit up.

She set the glass down on the table. She then sat down next to the glass and stroked her penis until it was rock hard. At this point, she wore only high heels. “I’ll make you a deal. You can have one, but not both. You can drink the antidote, or you can suck on my dick. The choice is yours, Martin.”

Martin raised an eyebrow. This would be easy. He walked right over to where she sat. He intended to reach for the antidote, but instead, he froze. He lowered himself to his knees. His hand reached out and stroked her penis.

“I . . . I want the antidote,” he said.

“Then take it,” she said and she ran her own finger along her penis.

“I’m trying,” he said and he reached for it again. But once again, he failed. Instead, he moved in closer to Erin’s penis. It was inches from his mouth. He could smell her body. It was a gorgeous penis. It was irresistible.

“Choose wisely, Martin.”

Martin looked at the antidote again. “He tried to reach for it again, but again failed.”

“This could be the last time I offer the antidote,” she said.

Martin began to sweat. He desperately wanted the antidote, but he couldn’t make himself take it. The penis was too much of a distraction. He ground his teeth, took a deep breath, closed his eyes and made one final lunge for it. He felt his lips wrap around Erin’s penis. He sucked and sucked and he ran his tongue all over it.

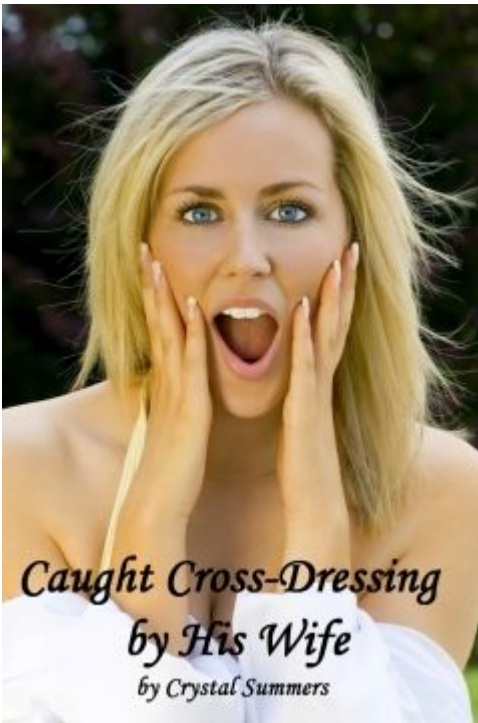
As he did, Erin picked up the glass with the antidote. She held it out away from her body, over the carpet. As Martin sucked on her penis, she slowly tipped the glass over and poured the contents onto the carpet.

“You’re going to be a girl for a good . . . long . . . time, Martin.”

The End

Other Feminization Fables

“**Feminization Fables**” are cautionary tales of men who find themselves delving into the world of femininity, sometimes by choice and sometimes by chance, but mainly against their wills. These are classic stories of men fated for femininity.



“Caught Cross-Dressing By His Wife”

Tom never expected his wife Heather to come home when she did. He thought he would have the entire afternoon to play around in her closet. He was wrong. Now he will pay a heavy price for his mistake as Heather forcefully feminizes him, strips him of everything he owns, and turns her dominant husband into her submissive sissy.

“Caught Cross-Dressing By His Wife” is a cautionary tale of a dominant man made submissive by his wife when she catches him cross-dressing. This 9,000 word story includes forced feminization, erotic humiliation, pegging, spanking, and more!

For Mature Audiences Only

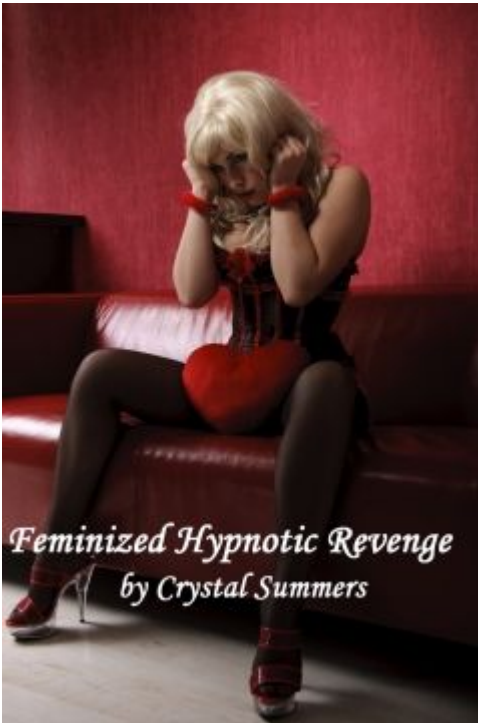


“Feminized And At Her Mercy”

Doug Handler was playing a dangerous game. Doug planned to use a revolutionary new DNA altering process invented by his own firm to spy on his girlfriend. He intended to turn himself into a woman so he could spend the weekend with her, without her knowing, so he could see if she was fooling around. Unfortunately for Doug, things go wrong with the transformation and he soon finds himself at the mercy of his assistant Julie. Can he save himself and return to being a man?

“Feminized At Her Mercy” is a cautionary tale of a powerful businessman who trusts the wrong woman. This 9,000 word story includes partial gender transformation, breast growth, female domination, spanking, erotic humiliation, and more!

For Mature Audiences Only



“Feminized Hypnotic Revenge”

Todd Wilson believed the world revolved around him. But things start to go really wrong for Todd, when he angers a master hypnotist. Not only does Todd develop a strong desire to feminize himself, but his submissive wife suddenly becomes very dominant and very interested in seeing him feminized. What’s more, he learns that he can’t resist any order she gives. Can he free himself and save his masculinity before his wife feminizes him completely?

“Feminized Hypnotic Revenge” is a cautionary tale of an arrogant, controlling man who finds himself feminized and at the mercy of his wife after he crosses the wrong man. This 9,000 word story includes female domination, forced feminization, mind control, erotic humiliation, and more!

For Mature Audiences Only



“His Ex-Wife’s Revenge”

Shawn was a greedy man who set out to enrich himself through marriage and a quick divorce. But things went horribly wrong for Shawn when his ex-wife found the perfect way to turn the situation to her advantage. With the help of a mysterious charm, she slowly turns Shawn into a woman, leaving him at her mercy.

“His Ex-Wife’s Revenge” is a cautionary tale of a greedy man who loses everything when the ex-wife he wronged turns him into a woman. This 9,000 word story includes gender transformation, female domination, erotic humiliation, pegging, and more!

For Mature Audiences Only



“Feminized Justice”

Tony thought he'd dodged a bullet when he was offered a chance to participate in a new reform program rather than going to prison, but he didn't read the fine print. Now he's feminized and put under the control of his last victim. . . his former girlfriend. Can he escape? What plans does she have for him?

“Feminized Justice” is a cautionary tale of a criminal who learns that not all time is the same when he finds himself serving his sentence as a woman. This 9,000 word story includes gender transformation, shemales, female domination, spanking, erotic humiliation, and more!

For Mature Audiences Only



“Sissy Side-Effects”

Eric wanted the perfect body, but he didn't want to work for it, so he took steroids as a shortcut. Unfortunately for him, he didn't know what he was taking. Soon, his body was changing in ways he never expected or wanted. . . like growing breasts. When Eric's girlfriend discovers his condition, she decides to teach Eric a lesson about how to treat women. What does she have in mind?

“Sissy Side-Effects” is a cautionary tale of a man who learns there are no shortcuts in life when he accidentally feminizes himself and puts himself at the mercy of his girlfriend. This 12,000 word story includes female domination, feminization, breast growth, a shrinking penis, pegging, erotic humiliation and more!

For Mature Audiences Only



“Be Careful What You Wish For”

There’s no such thing as magic, right? That’s what Connor Miles thought when he picked up the shiny blue stone. Little did he know, that stone would grant his wish to understand women, but it would grant it in a way he never expected. Finding himself working as an office girl in the office where he had been the boss, Connor struggles to deal with his new-found femininity and with a boss who is all hands. He also must deal with a girlfriend who not only may not want things to return to normal, but she may have plans for his magic stone.

“Be Careful What You Wish For” is a cautionary tale of a man who loses his masculinity when he makes the wrong wish. This 9,000 word story includes female domination, gender change, forced bi, shemales, erotic humiliation and more!

For Mature Audiences Only