



His Ex-Wife's Revenge
by Crystal Summers

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Feminization Fables Vol. 4

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Chapter 1: “Changes”

There is an old expression about the shoe one day being on the other foot. Ignore this expression at your peril. That’s what Shawn did when he set out to enrich himself through a divorce. But Shawn’s plan would go horribly wrong when his ex-wife found the perfect way to turn things to her advantage.

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Shawn was never a nice man, but this time he’d exceeded himself. The year prior, he’d married a beautiful woman named Tanya. She was sweet and friendly and everyone liked her. She also had money, which was all that mattered to Shawn. And while she was busy trying to build their relationship, he was busy spotting her assets and planning his divorce strategy, and an effective strategy it was. Indeed, his strategy proved so effective that the judge gave him everything he wanted. He got most of their assets. He got the big house. He even got monthly support payments. He’d scored and now he could enjoy a life of leisure. . . except, things were about to go very wrong for Shawn.

“What do you want?” asked Shawn when he opened the door and saw his ex-wife Tanya standing on his front porch. This house had belonged to her before their marriage, but he won it in the divorce, which upset her a great deal.

“I need to pick up a few things I left behind,” she said coldly.

“The judge said anything left in the house is mine.”

“He meant the furniture. I need to pick up some clothes I left behind,” said Tanya, before adding, “Or are you planning to wear my clothes too?” This was a reference to him living in *her* house and living off *her* income.

Shawn debated refusing her request, but he knew she would complain to the court and he had better things to do with his time and his money than going back to court to fight over her clothes. Besides, he didn’t care about a closet full of his ex-wife’s clothes. If she didn’t take them, then he would need to pack them up himself and drop them in a dumpster. Letting her take them would save him the trouble.

“Fine,” he said, “but make it quick.”

Tanya walked upstairs to the bedroom with a suitcase and placed it on the bed. She pulled a dress from the closet and folded it as Shawn watched. She carefully set the dress inside the suitcase. “This is going to take some time,” she said, pointing toward the closet.

“I see that. Can’t you move quicker?”

“No. I’m not going to ruin my clothes by jamming them into the suitcase.

You'll just have to be patient," she said and she grabbed another dress and folded it and carefully placed it in the suitcase as well. Again, this took a long time.

Shawn rolled his eyes and walked off, just as Tanya knew he would. He had no patience. "I'll be back when you're done," he called over his shoulder.

The moment Shawn left the room, Tanya pulled a small crystal figurine of a half-man, half-woman from her purse and placed it between the mattresses. She had obtained this crystal figurine in a shop few people knew about, a shop run by a woman who helped people like Tanya, a shop which sold things the rest of the world "knew" could not exist. But as Shawn was about to discover, not everything we "know" to be true is actually true.

The figurine glowed softly pink and then dissolved into the mattress.

Tanya smiled. She felt a warmth coursing through her. Her revenge was at hand. When the figurine was completely gone, she dumped the two dresses from her suitcase and the rest of the clothes in her closet into a box which sat in the corner of the closet. Then she took the empty suitcase and returned downstairs.

"I've got all I want," she said. "The rest is yours."

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For the next two weeks, Shawn felt strange. He couldn't quite put his finger on it, but everything felt "off" to him. He attributed this to the stress of the divorce, though there hadn't been that much stress for him. Indeed, the only thing he worried about was the judge seeing through him and realizing he'd planned the divorce before he even proposed to Tanya, but the judge seemed oblivious to that.

To take his mind off whatever stress he felt, Shawn found a new girlfriend, Cindy. Cindy was a leggy blonde with large breasts and a penchant for tight dresses and high heels. She liked the fact he had a lot of free time to be with her, that he had a lot of money to spend on her, and that he had a pool in the backyard of his large house.

"We should go for a dip in the pool," said Cindy. She wore a silver minidress and matching sandals.

"I'm kind of tired," he said.

"Oh come on, it will do you good to get out into the sun and move around. You've been lying around the house moping too much lately."

Shawn shrugged his shoulders. She was right. He hadn't done much lately and it was time he started enjoying his ill-gotten gains, so he went upstairs and changed into his swimsuit. It was a little snug. In fact, it was a lot snug and he could barely get the suit over his hips. He definitely couldn't get it closed.

"I must have gained some weight," he told himself as he struggled again to get the suit closed. "Maybe I've been lying around longer than I thought?"

“What’s taking so long?” called Cindy from downstairs.

“I’m trying to find a suit that fits,” he called back.

As Shawn looked for another pair of swimming trunks, Cindy appeared at the bedroom door. She wore a dark-blue and white polka-dot one-piece suit and wedge-heeled slides. She had magnificent breasts and great legs. “Nice butt!” she said when she saw his naked rear. “What’s the problem?”

“My swimsuit doesn’t fit,” he said as he wrapped himself in a towel.

“Just pull the string a little tighter.”

“They’re too small, not too large.”

Cindy raised an eyebrow. “Too small? That’s impossible! They fit you a couple weeks ago and, if anything, you’ve lost weight since then.”

“What do you mean I’ve lost weight?”

“What part of that don’t you understand, honey? You look smaller than you did two weeks ago, so you must have lost weight.”

“Nonsense,” said Shawn. To his mind this wasn’t possible as he had not been working out or dieting, so he walked past his girlfriend to the bathroom and climbed onto the scale. He was in for a shock. “Amazing! I’m down fifteen pounds. How did that happened?”

“Have you been dieting?”

“No,” he said. Then he scratched his head. “So if I’m down fifteen pounds, then how can my swimsuit not fit me?”

“Maybe it’s an old suit,” suggested Cindy.

Shawn returned to the bedroom and checked the label on the swimsuit. It was his normal suit and its size hadn’t changed. “I don’t get it. Oh well, I’ll throw on some shorts instead.” He grabbed a pair of shorts and pulled those up his legs. As they reached his hips, he ran into the same problem he had with the swimsuit – they barely went over his hips and he couldn’t close them.

“Old shorts?” asked Cindy.

Shawn yanked down the shorts and picked up a pair of jeans. He pulled those up his legs and discovered the same thing. “I don’t understand this! These fit perfectly yesterday. How could I gain that much weight overnight?” He was becoming agitated.

“I’m sure there’s an explanation,” said Cindy, trying to calm him.

Shawn went through his closet. None of his pants fit, not his shorts, not his slacks, not his jeans, not even his underwear. This was amazing. He stepped over to the mirror and examined himself. He looked normal. There didn’t seem to be anything wrong with him, not that he could see. . . then it struck him; his hips looked a little wider than normal. Yes, they did. In fact, they looked a good deal wider than normal. He ran his hands over his hips and pinched his skin. They were a little flabbier than before, but there wasn’t enough fat to account for the new

width. Something strange had happened, something he could not explain. Before he could say anything, however, Cindy spoke.

“That’s really strange. It’s almost like you have women’s hips,” said Cindy as she stood behind him and stared at his shape in the mirror.

Shawn bit his tongue. The suggestion was ludicrous and stung his pride that people might think his hips looked like women’s hips, but honestly, he was thinking the same thing. His hips looked like the hips of a woman.

“That would explain why none of your pants fit,” added Cindy.

Shawn furrowed his brow. “I don’t understand this. How did this happen?”

“Hold on, I have an idea,” said Cindy. As Shawn continued examining himself, Cindy went to the closet and retrieved a pair of brown slacks. “Try these.”

Shawn stepped into the slacks and Cindy pulled them up his body. They fit over his hips perfectly. When he went to close them, however, he found no zipper. Instead, Cindy closed them from behind.

“Where did you get these?” asked Shawn.

“They’re from that box in the closet, the one your wife left with all her clothes.”

“They what?” he asked incredibly.

“They’re your ex-wife’s pants.”

“You’re kidding.”

Cindy shook her head. “It looks like you and she wear the same size!” said Cindy with a chuckle.

“Not possible,” said Shawn angrily. He thought Cindy was joking and he didn’t see the humor in her telling him he was shaped like his ex-wife. Indeed, the joke felt distinctly emasculating and he did not appreciate it at all. But as he kept examining the slacks, it dawned on him that she wasn’t joking. These were definitely women’s pants and the only place she could have gotten women’s pants from was the box, as he had yet to throw it out. That meant these were his ex-wife’s pants. He felt sick.

“Ok, maybe not the *exact* same size,” said Cindy and she pointed to the fact the pants were about six inches too short, which fit with Tanya being about six inches shorter than Shawn, “but at least you have the same hips!”

“This is unbelievable,” said Shawn and he ran his hands over the pants to verify that they did indeed fit perfectly over his hips and waist. He was starting to feel nervous. How could his wife’s pants fit him? She had a very feminine body, he didn’t. He had very normal male hips and a male waist. Something troubling was happening. He even pinched himself to make sure this wasn’t a dream. It wasn’t.

Cindy crouched down and tried to tug the legs down, but couldn’t. “Well, you can’t really wear these, but at least we know what size pants you need. In the

meantime, maybe we can find something else for you to wear,” she said and she returned to the closet. A moment later, she emerged with a pair of pink shorts. “Try these.”

Shawn glared at the pink shorts in her hand. “Doesn’t she have something more masculine? Maybe something in tan or black?”

Cindy shook her head. “No, this was it for shorts. If you want black, then you need to start wearing her skirts,” she said and she grinned.

“You’re finding this funny, aren’t you?”

She hugged him. “A little.”

“Well, I’m not,” he said and he pulled the shorts up his legs.

As he adjusted the shorts, Cindy examined his male pants to see if they had been altered – they hadn’t. There was no way all of his male pants could suddenly not fit overnight. This didn’t add up. It was now her turn to think that a joke was being played. She raised an eyebrow and folded her arms.

“So tell me, Shawn. Is this some kind of joke?” she asked.

Shawn glared at his girlfriend. “Are you kidding? Why would I do that?”

“You tell me. None of this makes sense except as a joke.”

“No, I’m not joking,” he said gruffly as he grabbed his wallet and discovered the shorts had no pockets. He tucked the wallet into his shirt pocket. “Let’s go buy me some new pants,” he growled.

They wouldn’t find any that fit.

Chapter 2: “Shawn Needs High Heels”

The following morning started normally, despite Shawn’s new hips. He got up and took a shower. It was a beautiful day and he was thinking about golfing, though he wanted to call his doctor first to have his hips looked at. He also knew that Cindy would be coming over soon for a late breakfast. It was time to get dressed and then start his day. But once again, things were about to go very wrong for him.

Shawn sat on the edge of his bed and slid his foot into his sock. He pulled it over his foot and up his calf. It seemed looser than normal. It also felt rough and somehow unpleasant, so he decided to go without socks today. He then slid his foot into his shoe. Not only was the shoe too large to fit his foot – it was so large it was as if he were a child wearing his father’s shoe – but the moment he slid his foot into the shoe, he realized that the shoe was hurting his foot. Somehow, the shoe held his foot at an unnatural angle and it made his instep burn and his toes felt bent out of shape.

“What the heck?!” he exclaimed and he yanked his foot back out of the shoe.

Shawn picked up the shoe to examine it. He looked inside the shoe, but saw nothing. There was no obstruction or anything else which would force his foot into the wrong shape. Then he stuck his hand inside the shoe and felt nothing unusual either. It was just his shoe, nothing more. He shook his head.

“I must have imagined it,” he told himself.

He set the shoe on the floor and slid his foot inside again. The moment he did, the pain returned. It felt like the shoe twisted his foot at an unnatural angle and his instep burned like it was being strained very badly. He yanked his foot back out.

“I don’t understand?” he said.

Shawn rose from the bed to grab another pair of shoes. As he did, he found himself walking on tiptoes. He tried to force his foot down flat on the ground, but somehow he couldn’t manage it. His foot simply would not rest flat.

“This is insane!” he said. “This doesn’t make any sense!”

Shawn tiptoed over to his closet and grabbed another pair of shoes. He was determined to jam his foot into those to right whatever was going wrong, but the moment he slid his foot into the new shoe, he immediately felt the same pain as before. He kicked that shoe off and, without hesitation, grabbed another shoe and forced his foot into that one. Once again, he immediately felt the pain and he was forced to kick off that shoe as well.

“I don’t understand! How can all of my shoes hurt my feet? None of this makes any sense!”

At this point, Shawn began to realize that standing on his tiptoes was hurting his toes, his feet and his legs. Indeed, this was placing a lot of pressure on his toes and his calves and he found himself struggling to remain standing. He rushed back to the bed and sat down.

“Now what do I do?” he asked and he rubbed his foot.

As he contemplated this, a horrible thought struck him. Not only did his foot appear to be smaller than it had been, a fact confirmed by his shoes being way too large, but the angle at which it seemed to be stuck was eerily similar to the angle at which Tanya and Cindy kept their feet whenever they wore high-heeled sandals. . . very high-heeled sandals. He swallowed hard. Could it be?

“No. This is insane!” he repeated and he rose from the bed, left the bedroom and walked down the hallway. Again he walked on tiptoes and he swung his hips in an exaggerated motion. His walk looked like the walk of a woman trying too hard to seduce a man. Strangely, however, this walk felt quite natural for him physically and it seemed to be the only walk he was capable of having. Indeed, his attempts to walk more normally failed and he found himself continuing the same motions he was trying to stop. This was frustrating and puzzling.

Even more frustrating, by the time Shawn reached the end of the hallway, his feet felt so sore that he knew he couldn't go much further. He wasn't even sure if he could make it back to the bed at this point, so he turned and tried to race back to the bed. As he rushed down the hallway he now found that his arms swung side to side rather than back and forth.

He barely made it to the bed.

“Oh my feet!” he said as he sat on the bed and rubbed his sore arches.

“What am I going to do?”

After a lot of thought, he realized there was only one solution. Incredibly reluctantly, Shawn tiptoed his way over to the closet. He opened the closet and pulled out the box of Tanya's clothes. He hoped she had left him what he needed. She had. As he dug to the bottom of the box, he found three pairs of shoes. Each pair was stunningly feminine and he had no desire to wear any of them, but he had no choice. He picked the least feminine of the three, which was a pair of tan strappy sandals on a wooden platform heel. The heel was five-inch high with an inch of platform.

“At least they're not pink,” he said sarcastically.

Shawn tiptoed back to the bed, closed his eyes, and slid the first shoe onto his foot. It fit perfectly. In fact, it fit more than perfectly. It fit like the shoe had been made for his foot. The size was perfect, as was the angle at which the shoe held his foot – it completely matched the angle at which his foot was stuck. Shawn buckled the shoe to his foot and then slipped into the other shoe. It fit just as well. He took a deep breath and stood up.

The pain was gone. His feet felt perfectly normal.

“Here goes nothing,” said Shawn doubtfully. He’d never worn high heels before and he wasn’t sure how to walk in them, so he took his first step with an abundance of caution. Then he took another and another. He walked perfectly. Walking in heels felt completely natural to him as if he’d been doing it his entire life.

As Shawn contemplated what all of this meant, a sense of panic overcame him. He couldn’t let anyone see him in these shoes, but knew now he would never be able to walk more than a few steps without them. Basically, he couldn’t wear these, but he couldn’t not wear them either. What was he going to do?

Just then, he heard the front door open. Cindy had arrived.

“Honey, I’m here,” she called out.

Shawn tensed his muscles. “What do I do now?” he asked himself. There was no way he could let Cindy see him in high heels! “I could play like I’m sick?” he thought. “No, she won’t buy that and she’d want to take care of me. Think! Maybe I could send her home? No, she won’t go for that either and she would make a point of sticking around. Think! Think!”

He heard her heels on the first stair. She was approaching.

Suddenly, he had an idea. He went to the bedroom door and called down the stairs, “I’ll be down in a little. Why don’t you go out back to the pool and I’ll join you out there in a minute?” He knew this would work because she was constantly trying to get him to spend time in the pool.

She stopped walking. “Sounds good,” she called back. Then he heard her turn around.

Shawn breathed a sigh of relief. Now he needed to make his way downstairs. He grabbed the pink shorts he wore the day before and he slipped into those. They were the only pants he was able to wear at this point and even they had begun to feel strange to him. He grabbed a towel and pulled that over his neck. Then he waited until he was sure Cindy was outside to sneak downstairs to the kitchen as quietly as he could in the heels. When he reached the kitchen, he sat down, removed the heels and tucked them under the table. He took a deep breath and walked out the glass door to the patio. . . on tiptoes.

“There you are,” said Cindy and she walked over to Shawn as he stepped out onto the patio. She wrapped her arms around him and kissed him. “Hello, baby.”

Shawn kissed her back.

Cindy then turned and walked back to the sun bed. Shawn followed her as quickly as he could so he could sit down before she realized how he was walking; he didn’t want her seeing him walking on tiptoes. He managed to stay behind her the entire time and he sat down next to her before she realized anything

unusual was going on.

“How are your hips?” asked Cindy.

“Better.”

“Any idea what’s causing it?”

“No, I need to call my doctor to go see him. He’ll be able to tell me. It’s probably just water or an allergic reaction or something,” he said, trying to downplay what was happening and doing his best to avoid drawing any attention to the other changes. “How was work?” he asked, hoping to change the topic.

“Oh, it was the same as always,” she said. “It must be nice not needing to work.”

“Yeah, it’s nice,” said Shawn and he suddenly felt very relieved that he didn’t need to work because of his divorce. He couldn’t imagine trying to explain to a boss why he needed to wear women’s shorts and high heels.

“You’re lucky you don’t need to deal with my boss. He frustrates me so much,” said Cindy. “Sometimes I wish I could put him through the things he puts me through. I’ll bet he wouldn’t like that very much at all.”

Shawn didn’t want to talk about Cindy’s boss, a topic she could go into depth about, so he redirected the conversation. “How about helping me with some lotion?”

“Sure.”

Shawn handed Cindy a bottle of suntan lotion. He then turned his back to her and set his towel next to him. Cindy squirted lotion onto her fingers and rubbed it all over his back.

“What do you think your ex-wife is doing right now?” asked Cindy.

Shaw didn’t want to talk about his ex-wife either. In fact, he really didn’t want to talk at all. He wanted to spend his time trying to figure out what was happening to him and why. “I don’t know,” he said indifferently, hoping his tone would tell her he didn’t want to talk right now.

“It’s nice out today, isn’t it?” she asked.

“Sure.”

Cindy rolled her eyes. She was getting frustrated trying to keep up a conversation with Shawn when he obviously wasn’t interested in talking. She squirted more lotion onto her fingers and ran her hands around to his chest. “Wow, you’re getting fat!” she said with a laugh as she cupped the fat on his chest in both hands. “It’s like you’ve got boobs.”

When Cindy cupped his breasts, her hands sent a dozen tiny tingles throughout his chest. These were exciting and pleasurable. They felt a lot like the sensations Shawn got when Cindy touched his penis, and they caused his penis to become erect. Interestingly, his nipples became erect too – something which he could barely ever remember happening. He closed his eyes and started to purr,

catching himself only at the last possible second.

Cindy giggled. "I didn't know guy's nipples could get hard. You're not a woman are you?" she asked with a laugh.

Her words snapped Shawn out of his trance and stabbed his ego like a knife. He felt a wave of shame wash over him. He didn't like being thought of as feminine. He was about to tell her so when he suddenly realized that something was indeed different about his chest. He looked down at his chest and he saw two huge globes hanging from his chest. These globes were basically D-cup breasts with huge nipples, a fact Cindy was about to realize as she kept toying with his large, erect nipples.

"Wait a minute! Your nipples feel huge!" she said.

Shawn felt panic and he froze.

A millisecond later, Cindy launched herself out of her seat and tried to get around in front of Shawn to see his chest. Shawn grabbed his towel and pulled it up to cover his chest. She reached for the towel, but seeing the danger, Shawn shot to his feet and rushed off toward the patio door. He ran on tiptoes, with his hips swinging wide as he went. He jiggled all over.

Cindy was stunned and stopped to watch him run.

Shawn dashed to the kitchen. His feet were killing him. There was no way he could go much further without the heels, so he closed the glass door behind him and grabbed the heels from beneath the table. He didn't think to lock the door. Instead, he tried to strap himself into the heels before Cindy could reach the kitchen.

He didn't make it.

Chapter 3: “Caught And Feminized”

“What the heck are you doing?!” Cindy exclaimed as she yanked open the glass door and stormed into the kitchen. Shawn had gotten one sandal on and buckled and had jammed his foot into the other sandal, but had yet to buckle it. It sat loosely around his foot. “Why are you putting on high heels?! What is wrong with you?!” she demanded.

Shawn bit his lip. “I can explain,” he said.

“I can’t imagine how!” she said and she grabbed for his towel.

Shawn tried to make a break for it, but it was hopeless with just one high-heeled shoe secured to his foot. He only made a few steps before he lost the second shoe and went crashing to the ground. Cindy, who had been reaching for him, fell with him, and they both landed on the floor, with Shawn beneath her. His nipples stood straight up, as did his penis.

“Hold still!” insisted Cindy and she pinned his arms.

“Let me go!” he squealed and they both suddenly realized that his voice was tiny and feminine.

“Oh my God you sound cute! This is amazing! It’s like magic!” said Cindy.

“Leave me alone!” he whined.

Cindy ignored him. “I wonder what else is going to change.”

“I don’t know, but I want it to stop!”

Cindy laughed again. “I’ll bet you do,” she said and she squeezed his breast and pulled on his nipple, which caused him to shudder. Then she reached down between his legs and grabbed his dick. “Well, that’s still the same size. . . but I wouldn’t count on that lasting, not with the other changes. I’ll bet you’re totally a girl soon!”

Shawn struggled beneath her. He no longer had the strength to push her off as his arms and chest were small and feminine and weak; he didn’t like feeling so weak. “Let me go,” he repeated.

“Why were you putting on the heels?” she asked, still ignoring his attempt to free himself.

He closed his mouth and glared at her. He refused to speak.

When he didn’t respond, Cindy pinched his nipple hard and twisted it. This sent a shockwave through his nerves and made him feel like he’d been hit with an electric bolt. He’d never felt anything like this and he wasn’t prepared for it. He surrendered immediately and started talking.

“I don’t have any choice! I can’t walk without wearing them!” he squealed.

“Why not?”

“My feet won’t fit into anything else! Please stop twisting my nipple!”

Cindy let go of his nipple and gently ran her fingers over his breast.

“Interesting, very interesting.”

Shawn rubbed his sore nipple. “Please don’t do that again,” he said. He was not at all used to his weak voice and it shamed him. It made Cindy giggle too, but she was focused on his breasts.

“I can’t believe you have women’s breasts,” said Cindy as she examined his chest. She squeezed them and played with his nipples, pushing them up and down and moving them around. As she did, she felt his penis grow beneath her and push against her rear. This made her smile; she had an idea.

“What?” he asked nervously when he saw the ominous look on her face.

“Come with me,” she said and she stood up.

“I don’t want to,” he said.

Cindy grabbed him by the nipple and pulled. Shawn clenched his jaw and rose to his feet. She then pulled him down the hallway and up the stairs by his nipple. When they reached the bedroom, she let go of his nipple and ordered him to sit on the bed. He sat down and rubbed his sore breast. As he did, he realized that based on everything that had happened, Cindy was now stronger than he was. Cindy seemed to notice this too and took it for granted that she was in charge. She folded her arms and looked at her feminized boyfriend as he buckled the other sandal, which he had grabbed as he stood up from the kitchen floor.

“Whatever is happening clearly isn’t going to stop, and you definitely can’t pass for a man anymore,” said Cindy.

“I can!” he protested.

“No, you can’t,” she said firmly. “You can’t pass for a man and I think it’s time we see what kind of woman you make—”

“I really don—”

“Don’t talk back to me, Shawn. Now go shower and shave your legs,” she said.

“But—”

“Now!” she growled.

Shawn actually felt intimidated by his girlfriend. This was a first. He didn’t know if it was his loss of strength or if whatever this was had changed him mentally or if it was just a combination of everything that was happening to him finally getting to him, but he genuinely felt intimidated. He hung his head and went to shower. In the shower, he washed his hair and shaved his legs. He stepped out of the shower, dried himself and wrapped a towel around his head and another around his body. He returned to the bedroom, where Cindy had laid out an outfit for him. She had found it in the box.

“You want me to wear that?” asked Shawn in his girly little voice.

“Of course,” she said and she added a pair of white platform pumps to the tight pink dress and lingerie already lying on the bed.

“I can’t wear that!” he said and he pointed his finger toward the dress. As he did, he realized that his fingernails now extended half an inch beyond his fingertips. He gasped and covered his mouth. “My nails!”

Cindy laughed and grabbed his hands to examine his nails. “This just keeps getting better and better, doesn’t it? We need to paint these!” She then picked up the dress and tossed it to her boyfriend. “Get dressed.”

Having little choice, Shawn stripped off his towel, exposing his huge breasts. He then pulled the towel from his head and discovered that his hair had grown long and lush. It now flowed down to the middle of his back in a cascade of platinum blonde curls.

“Wow!” said Cindy and she ran her hands through his soft hair. “Most women would kill to look like you!”

Shawn crashed down on the bed. “I don’t want to be a girl!”

“Oh, get over it,” said Cindy. “Now get dressed.”

Shawn sighed and did as he was told. He put on the bra and panties Cindy had laid out for him. He swapped the high-heeled slippers he wore for the white platform pumps. Then he slipped the pink dress over his head. He sat on the edge of the bed and crossed his legs tightly like a woman. He felt emasculated, even as his erection pushed against the panties and the dress.

“Very sexy,” said Cindy with a giggle. She then made him stick out his fingers as she painted his fingernails bright pink. As they dried, she dug through the box looking for certain items she had discovered when she found the pink dress. The first item was a pair of fuzzy pink handcuffs. “Just what we need!”

“What are you doing with those?” asked Shawn nervously.

“I’m going to do something I always wanted to do,” she said. “Now climb up on the bed on your stomach and hold your hands near the headboard.”

“Why?”

“Because I said so,” she said coldly.

Shawn bit his lip. Somehow, he didn’t have much choice. In his mind, Cindy was in control and whatever she wanted she would get; he suddenly seemed to have no power to resist. So he stood up and climbed onto the bed on his hands and knees. He lay down on his stomach and held out his hands near the headboard. Cindy then cuffed his wrists through the headboard so that he could barely move them.

He was stuck.

“Much better,” said Cindy and she looked down at her feminized boyfriend and snickered.

“What are you going to do?” he asked.

She smiled, but didn't respond. Instead, she walked across the room and set the key to the cuffs on a chest of drawers. She then returned to him and ran her fingers along the back of his legs until she reached the ankle strap on his shoe. She gently squeezed his calf before returning to the box and pulling out a belt with a strap-on dildo attached.

“Now we have some fun,” she said.

“I'd rather not do that,” he said.

“Yes, you would.”

“Cindy, can't we talk about this?” he asked.

She ignored him as she wrapped the belt around her waist. “You're going to love this, Sissy,” she said as she stroked the dildo.

“Cindy, please don't!”

Cindy laughed. “You're turning into a girl, Shawn. This is the least I can do for you. Every girl needs to lose her virginity at some point,” she said. Then, without another word, she climbed onto the bed behind him and lifted his skirt up over his rear. She lowered his panties to his thighs, exposing his testicles. She squeezed those and made them swing back and forth before giving his penis a couple strokes. As she stroked his penis, she jammed her hips against his rear and plunged the dildo inside him.

Shawn didn't know what to expect. He'd never had anything stuck inside his rear before, so he was totally unprepared to feel this monster slide inside him and compact his innards. The pressure was intense, almost unbearable. It was also amazingly thrilling. Indeed, it caused his penis to throb like mad and it sent waves of pleasure shooting throughout his body turning him on incredibly. This actually made him moan and giggle and purr.

Cindy laughed cynically at his reaction. She couldn't believe he'd giggled and purred. He really had become a woman. Apart from his penis, there was nothing masculine left within him, and she just couldn't have a relationship with a woman, so she shook her head and climbed off the bed.

“Please, don't stop,” Shawn begged.

“I'm sorry, Shawn, but I need a man and you're not a man anymore,” she said coldly and she unbuckled the strap-on belt.

“I am a man.”

“Have you looked at yourself in the mirror lately? There's no man left in you,” she said and she picked up her purse. She tossed the strap on onto the bed. Without another word, she turned and left.

“Wait!” Shawn called out. “Uncuff me!”

The front door slammed.

She was gone.

Chapter 4: “Tanya’s Revenge”

Shawn lay on the bed with his wrists still cuffed, just as Cindy had left him. He didn’t know what to do. He couldn’t reach the key, which was across the room, and he didn’t have the strength to break free. He’d already tried and failed several times in fact. He just wasn’t strong enough.

“What am I going to do?” he asked himself nervously.

He yanked on the headboard several times, but it wouldn’t budge. It was too well built and he was too weak.

“Maybe she’ll come back. Maybe this is a joke,” he told himself, though he doubted the truth of this the moment he said it.

He yanked on the headboard again, but it still didn’t move. He then took a deep breath and waited. He waited ten minutes before he admitted what he already knew, which was that Cindy wouldn’t be coming back. He cringed. How would he get out of this? He yanked on the headboard one more time and, again, it didn’t move. He was stuck.

“Maybe I can call for help? But who’s going to hear me?” he asked. He also realized that no one would come for him if he couldn’t call anyone because no one would miss him. This thought not only made him sad, it scared him. He tried not to think about it.

Just then, Shawn heard the front door open.

“Cindy’s back! Oh thank God!” he said.

He heard the sound of high heels walking across the hardwood floor in the foyer and then coming up the stairs. He felt amazing relief, though he also felt a good deal of anger and he intended to give Cindy a piece of his mind right after she unlocked him. He rolled onto his side so he could face the door.

He was in for a shock.

It wasn’t Cindy.

“Well, well, well,” said his ex-wife Tanya with a laugh as she entered the bedroom. “Look what I found!”

Shawn’s jaw dropped. “Tanya, what are you doing here?!”

She laughed when she heard his little girl voice. “You sound so precious! Are you enjoying being a woman, dear?”

Shawn furrowed his brow. “*You* did this to me!”

Tanya laughed. “Did what, dear?” she asked innocently.

“You turned me into a woman!” he said in his little voice.

“How did I do that?” she asked coyly.

He struggled against the headboard, but still couldn’t make it budge. “I don’t know how you did it, but you did it! I know you did it! You turned me into a

woman!”

Tanya laughed as she walked over to her ex-husband and ran her fingers along his feminized body. She stroked his thigh and ran her fingers up his dress to feel his panties. Then she ran her fingers back down to his feet and tickled the soles of his feet inside the sandals.

He giggled like a girl. “Stop that!”

She kept tickling him.

He kept giggling. “Please! Please stop!” he squealed. As he said this, the sensation from being tickled made his penis jump to erection beneath the dress.

“Cute,” said Tanya when she saw his dress rise. “I guess some parts of you are still male, aren’t they?” She then rolled him onto his back and sat down next to him. She pulled up his dress and exposed his penis as it tented up his panties. She pinched its tip as it pointed toward the ceiling. “You have a problem, Shawn,” she said, before adding, “aside from the obvious.” She leaned over and tugged at his cuffs, which remained secure.

Shawn wasn’t sure what to say at this point, so he remained silent.

She continued. “See, you don’t look or sound like Shawn anymore. Your driver’s license is useless. Your credit cards are useless. You can’t withdraw money from the bank. If I call the police, I can have you tossed out of the house right now because you clearly are not my ex-husband Shawn. Do you see the problem?”

Shawn indeed saw the problem and he realized he really was in trouble.

Tanya ran her fingers over his breasts and played with his erect nipples. “I’ll take your silence as an acknowledgement that you understand the problem,” she purred. She was loving this. She had the man who had been so rotten to her entirely at her mercy and that made her happy and it excited her. It excited her even more that he’d been feminized. It turned her on that she had managed to take away his manhood and he wasn’t ever getting it back.

“What do you want?” he finally asked.

She smirked. “After the way you treated me in the divorce and the glee you showed when you took my house and my money and my possessions, I’m sorely tempted to just toss you out into the street and let you make your own way in the world. That would be more than fair!”

Shawn swallowed hard. “Dear—”

“No, don’t you ‘dear’ me! Those days are over.”

He bit his lip and said nothing.

“Fortunately for you, I have a better plan for you,” she said. “First, you’re going to sign everything back over to me. I have the forms prepared. Secondly, I’ve always wanted a sissy to flutter around the house on high heels in a French Maid costume. That will be you from now on. You’re going to become my full-time live-in sissy maid and you will do anything I tell you from now on. Third,

I'm putting you to work to earn your keep."

"As what?" he asked.

She patted him on the cheek. "You'll see."

—o—

It had been two weeks since Tanya reclaimed the house and her assets. Shawn had stopped changing. He now had the body of a woman except for his penis, which was actually quite an inconvenience for him because hiding it proved difficult beneath the tight dresses Tanya made him wear. Sometimes, she simply told him to let it hang out as she enjoyed the sight of her ex-husband walking around feminized but with a penis hanging between his legs and she thought it was hilarious whenever he became erect. At other times, she made him bind it tightly beneath a girdle.

During the days, Shawn worked around the house in a French Maid costume. He cooked and cleaned and did any number of tasks. He also acted as a personal servant and assistant to Tanya. He dressed her and set her bath and did whatever duties she assigned him. At times, she brought a lover to the house and Shawn needed to wait quietly in another room as she made love to this man. She kept threatening to make him watch, but she hadn't so far.

In the evenings, Tanya made Shawn learn to dance. This was something he needed to learn for his new Friday night job, a job which terrified him.

It was Friday. The music blared. It had a strong beat. The club was dark and the audience could barely be seen as the stage was lit up, but they were there. Shawn could feel their presence and he heard the low rumble they created with their dozens of conversations. He felt nervous. Would they spot him as a man? Would someone do something unexpected? What if someone tried to touch him? He swallowed hard and tried to forget where he was. He tried to shut down his brain and just let all the practice he had been through take over.

He was given the cue.

He stepped out into the light.

Almost by instinct, Shawn sashayed down the runway until he came to the pole. He stopped and he rubbed his hands over his breasts, which were barely contained beneath the tasseled bra he wore as part of his cowgirl costume. He shook his hips and blew the audience a kiss.

"Take it off!" yelled a man from the audience.

Shawn wagged his finger in the direction of the voice and retreated to the silver pole. He couldn't see any faces in the dark, but he knew they could see him. He prayed the small girdle held his penis in place. It was trying to get hard at the moment.

“You can rope me anytime, cowgirl!” yelled another man.

Shawn ignored the man and grabbed the pole with both hands. He rubbed his body against it. He pretended to lick it. Then he twisted himself around the pole and began to spin. The friction added extra tension to his penis which was struggling to burst free of the girdle. Shawn clenched his jaw and prayed his penis would not make an appearance.

“Yee haw!” screamed another man.

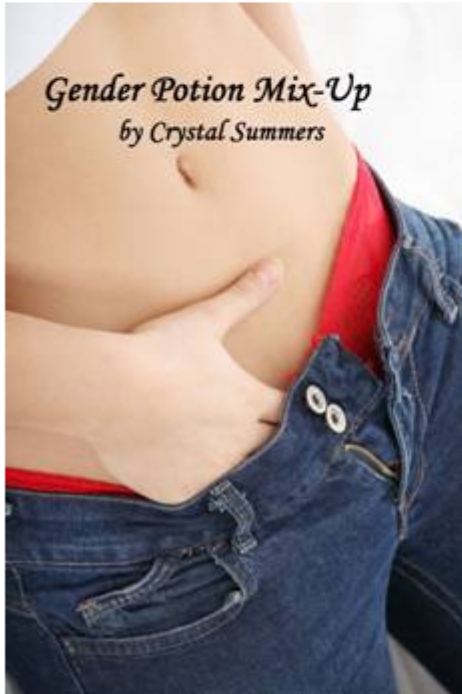
As Shawn strutted his way around the stage, his mind turned to what had happened to him. A month before he was on top of the world. He had most of his ex-wife’s money. He had a beautiful new girlfriend. He never needed to work again. His would be a life of leisure and pleasure. But he hadn’t earned that life. To the contrary, he tried to steal it, and now he was paying the price for that. Now he was feminized and dominated by his ex-wife. He was her sissy maid and she made him work as a stripper on weekends. He had no way to free himself and there was nowhere he could run even if he could. This would be his life from now on.

Shawn had learned his lesson, but he’d learned it too late.

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.



“Gender Potion Mix-Up”

Martin bought a magic potion to make his girlfriend Erin into his perfect woman. He didn't tell her he planned to do this. When she discovers what he's up to, she becomes so angry that she tricks him into taking the potion instead. Soon, he's sprouting breasts and curves in all the right places. Meanwhile, his girlfriend grows something new between her legs as well, something the potion causes Martin to find irresistible.

“Gender Potion Mix-Up” is a cautionary tale of a man who loses his masculinity when he tries to remake his girlfriend without her knowledge. This 12,000 word story includes female domination, gender change, shemales, pegging, breast growth, a shrinking penis, erotic humiliation and more!

For Mature Audiences Only

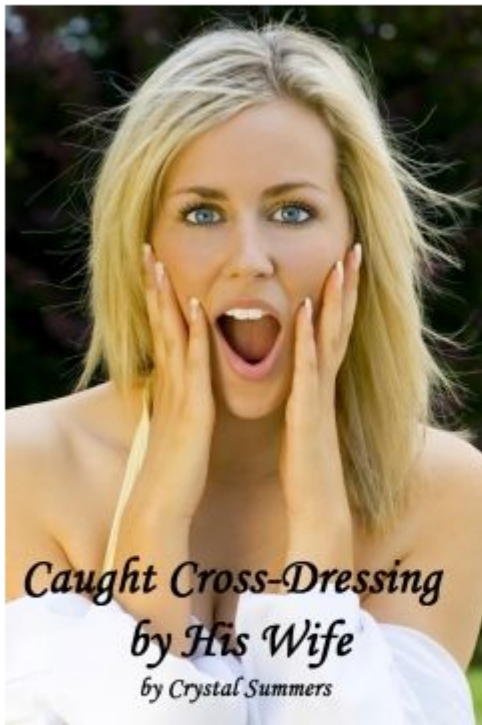


“Sissy Side-Effects”

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!

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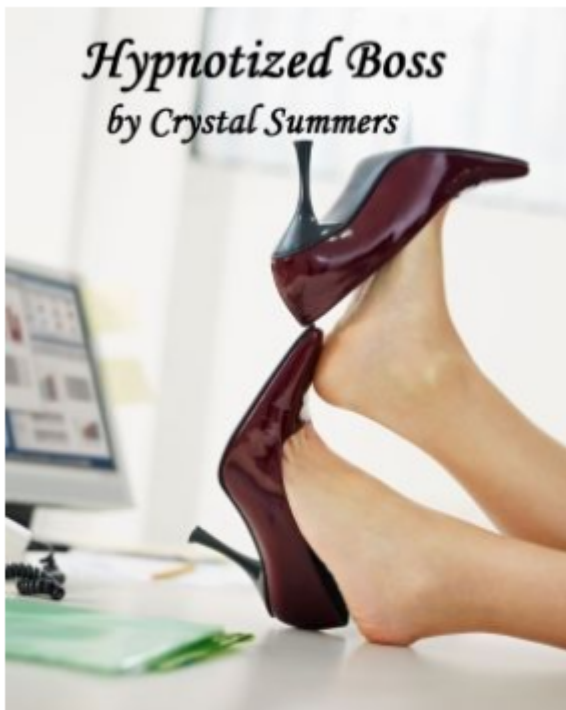


“Caught Cross-Dressing By His Wife”

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



“Hypnotized Boss”

Rick Campbell let himself be hypnotized at the company Christmas Party for fun. The next day, Rick began to change. High heels, panties, painted nails, little by little Rick started turning himself into Bridget the Secretary. And while Rick didn't seem to notice, everyone else did. Was he really under hypnosis or was this something else? Could his secretary save his masculinity? Did he want her to?

“Hypnotized Boss” is a cautionary tale of a man who starts turning himself into a woman after being hypnotized at a party. This 10,000 word story includes female domination, forced feminization, spanking, erotic humiliation and more!

For Mature Audiences Only



Feminized And At Her Mercy
by Crystal Summers

“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 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



“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



Be Careful What You Wish For
by Crystal Summers

“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



“Secret Sissy Game”

After nearly getting caught wearing his roommate Candy’s panties, Len found he had a taste for risking exposure. Each day, he risked wearing a bit more. Then he heard about the party. Did he dare go to a party dressed from head to toe as a woman? Could he pass? This could be the biggest thrill of his life. . . or his biggest disaster.

“Secret Sissy Game” is a cautionary tale of a man who gets caught up in dressing up as a woman. This 11,000 word story includes female domination, cross-dressing, pegging, forced-bi, oral sex, erotic humiliation and more!

For Mature Audiences Only