

*Hypnotized Boss*  
*by Crystal Summers*



**Chapter 1: “Hypnotized To Be A Secretary”**

**Chapter 2: “Increasingly Feminine”**

**Chapter 3: “Calling His Bluff”**

# **Hypnotized Boss**

## **Feminization Fables Vol. 8**

—  
**by Crystal Summers**

**This book and its characters are copyrighted, all rights reserved. For mature audiences only. Don't buy or read this book if you are under the legal age or anything herein is illegal where you live. All characters are above the legal age.**

## Chapter 1: “Hypnotized To Be A Secretary”

*Rick Campbell was the owner and manager of a small firm until he met Dr. Mysterio, the magician. After being hypnotized by Dr. Mysterio at the firm’s Christmas Party to act like a secretary, Rick began to change. Rick didn’t seem to notice, but everyone else did. But what was really causing these changes and how far would they take Rick?*

—o—

The office Christmas party was always a good time. It was the one time of year when everyone could let their hair down and just be themselves. Rick Campbell, the owner, made sure of that by arranging a series of games and skits and other surprises to keep the staff entertained. This year, he invited a magician to perform.

“For my next trick, I will need a volunteer from the audience,” said Dr. Mysterio.

Everyone looked around, but nobody moved.

“Anyone?” repeated Dr. Mysterio and he tossed his black cape over his shoulder.

Still, no one moved.

“Surely, someone in the audience must be brave enough? I can assure you that no harm will come to you!” As he said this, Dr. Mysterio pulled an old pocket watch from his pocket and swung it like a pendulum between his fingers.

“I volunteer,” said Rick finally.

Everyone cheered.

“This should be fun,” said Diane to Maria and Cindy, both of whom stood next to her. Diane, Cindy and Maria were Rick’s assistants/secretaries and they worked in the main office with Rick; most of the rest of the staff worked at various warehouses. Though young, Maria was the senior secretary.

“I hope he does something really embarrassing, something we can blackmail Rick with to get raises,” said Cindy with a giggle.

“I’ll drink to that,” said Diane, and she and Maria both laughed and tapped their glasses against Cindy’s in a toast.

As the women toasted, Rick made his way to the front of the room, where Dr. Mysterio had placed a chair. He bade Rick to sit down.

“This isn’t going to hurt, is it?” asked Rick.

“You’ll never feel a thing,” assured Dr. Mysterio.

“You’re not going to do anything permanent?”

Dr. Mysterio laughed. "Hardly! Please be seated."

"You're not going to try to embarrass me, are you?"

"I can make no promises," said Dr. Mysterio.

"In that case, do your worst," said Rick with a laugh.

The audience applauded again.

When Rick was seated, Dr. Mysterio asked the audience for silence and then swung his watch back and forth before Rick's eyes. He told Rick to think of himself as a beam of light floating through the darkness. He suggested that Rick felt tired and that he should surrender to that feeling. He kept swinging his watch back and forth, endlessly back and forth, as he urged Rick to relax in increasingly calmer tones.

Suddenly, Rick was asleep.

Dr. Mysterio whispered some instructions in Rick's ear and then turned to the crowd. "So what shall it be, ladies and gentlemen? How shall your boss entertain you?" he asked.

"Make him think he's a chicken!" said one person.

"I want a raise!" said another, which drew a lot of laughs.

"Make him act like a secretary," said Diane with a smirk.

At this comment, Dr. Mysterio snapped his fingers and pointed in the direction of Diane. "An excellent suggestion!" He turned back to Rick and he waved his hands toward him. "You have given your best, but it's time for less. You once were the boss, but that is no longer necessary. Now it's a toss and you are but a secretary," he said and he snapped his fingers. "Tell us who you are."

"I'm Rick."

"No, you are Bridget and you are a secretary. Now tell us who you are."

Rick's demeanor immediately changed. He seemed to shrink in his chair as he folded his arms in his lap and crossed his legs femininely. "I'm Bridget," he said in a breathless feminine voice. "I'm a secretary."

The audience burst out laughing.

Dr. Mysterio smiled. "Very good, Bridget, but don't you want to giggle when you speak?"

"Oh yes, sir," said Rick, and he giggled.

"Now Bridget, you are at your desk. Tell me what you are doing."

"I'm typing my reports, sir," said Rick and he giggled again.

Dr. Mysterio smirked. "Wouldn't you rather paint your nails, dear?"

This brought a snicker from the audience.

"Yes, sir, but I don't want to get into trouble."

"Don't worry, Bridget, you won't. All secretaries need pretty nails and I'm sure your boss will understand. Go ahead and paint your nails."

Rick smiled and then mimicked opening his purse and pulling out a nail

kit. He set it on the desk before him and picked up what must have been an emery board and started filing his nails. His leg swung lazily back and forth as he did this.

The audience burst out laughing. Rick was known as quite a macho boss and had told everyone who would listen that hypnosis isn't real and that no one could hypnotize him. Yet, here he was acting like Bridget the secretary and filing and painting his nails. The irony was intense.

"Will you look at that? I can't believe how easily that worked," said Maria.

"I know!" exclaimed Diane. She smirked. "I'll tell you what though. I always heard you can't make anyone do anything under hypnosis they didn't already want to do. Just think about that."

"You're saying he really is a sissy secretary on the inside?" asked Cindy.

Diane just winked at her, which caused the three women to giggle.

"Well, whatever it is, I'm not letting him live this one down," said Maria. She pulled her cell phone from her purse and recorded Rick pretending to paint his nails with her camera. "I'm going to bring this up every time he whips out one of his sexist statements."

The other two women laughed.

After a few minutes and a few more tricks, Dr. Mysterio released Rick from the hypnosis and everyone gave him a hand. The show was over and everyone had had a great time. Rick denied remembering anything that had happened after he was hypnotized, but he was a good sport about all the ribbing he took afterwards.

The party was a hit, though there was a dispute about the bill for Dr. Mysterio's appearance, but no one knew about that except Rick and Dr. Mysterio.

—o—

Maria walked into the office the following morning. It was early. She was usually the first to arrive. She set down her purse at her desk and went to make some coffee. She had enjoyed the party very much, especially the part where her boss had been hypnotized into pretending he was a female secretary, but now it was back to work. She got her coffee and returned to her desk.

"Good morning, Maria," said Rick when he walked into the office an hour later.

Maria looked up at Rick and smiled at him. "Good morning, boss."

"I hope you enjoyed the party?"

"Oh, I did. It was a lot—" Maria frozen midsentence. Something was wrong. Something was different about Rick. Was he taller? Had he lost weight? Did he have a new hairstyle? She quickly shook this off when she saw him raise his eyebrow and finished her sentence, "—fun. It was a lot of fun."

“I’m glad you enjoyed it. I try to do things I think everyone will enjoy.”

Maria nodded her head. “I’m sure everyone had a good time.”

“Good,” he said. “I’ll be in my office. Lots of work to catch up on today.”

With that, Rick left her desk and started across the room toward his own office. Something still seemed wrong though. Indeed, now his footsteps sounded strange on the carpet. Maria watched him walk away with a confused look on her face. She couldn’t quite place what was wrong. Then he got about ten feet away from Maria’s desk. Her jaw dropped. She suddenly knew exactly why he seemed different.

“Rick!”

He stopped and turned to face her. “What?”

“Your shoes!” she exclaimed and she pointed toward his feet.

Rick raised an eyebrow. “What about them?”

Maria’s jaw dropped again. “What do you mean, ‘what about them’?! Look at what you’re wearing!” she said and she again pointed at the high-heeled shoes on his feet. These were serious heels too, not kitten heels or flats or low-heeled shoes with chunky heels. These were open-toed black slingbacks with a five-inch stiletto heel.

Rick looked down at his shoes. “What about them?” he repeated.

Maria raced around her desk and came to him. “Rick, why are you wearing high heels?”

Rick folded his arms and raised an eyebrow. “Now that’s a strange question.”

Her jaw dropped. “A strange question?! How is that a strange question? Do you really think you should be wearing high heels in the office?!” asked Maria. She was shocked. Not only could she not imagine Rick wearing high heels, he was just too macho for that sort of thing, but to wear them in the office of all places was just . . . just bizarre.

“And just what is wrong with me wearing high heels?” he asked. He looked down at the basic black pumps on her feet. “You’re wearing them.”

“Yes, but I’m a woman! You shouldn’t be wearing high heels.”

Rick pursed his lips. “If this is a joke, I don’t get it.”

Maria froze. “A joke?! Rick! Rick. . . I. . . I don’t even know what to say at this point. You’re a man, Rick. Men don’t wear high heels, it’s just not done.”

“Don’t be silly.”

Her jaw dropped again. “Silly?”

Rick smiled at Maria and then hugged her. “It’s ok, Maria. Don’t worry about it. Everything is fine. Now please get back to work. I have a lot to catch up

on and I don't have time to chat this morning."

Without another word, Rick turned and walked into his office. Maria stood there stunned as she watched him walk away. Her boss. . . her macho boss. . . was wearing high heels. He even walked in them like he was born to wear them. And nothing about that seemed strange to him. She simply could not understand what was going on.

"This is bizarre," she said.

—o—

Maria said nothing when Cindy and Diane arrived. Not only did she not want to cause a stir, but she wasn't even sure what to say. Rick could be going through some sort of trauma or this might be his way of announcing he was gay or something. If that was the case, then she certainly didn't want to interfere. Or it was possible this could all be a joke on her. That was something she kept thinking in the back of her mind. And if that was the case, then she was determined not to play the part of the fool. Either way, it was best to say nothing and to wait for Rick to make the next move.

She didn't have long to wait.

"How would you girls like some coffee?" asked Rick as he walked into the main room from his office. Maria immediately heard the distinctive sound of his heels against the carpet.

"Sure," said Cindy and she turned around to face Rick. Her jaw dropped. Diane looked up as well and her eyes shot wide open. She stared at his feet. "Uh, boss, do you know you're wearing high heels?" she asked.

Rick looked down at the slingbacks on his feet. "Right," he said.

*"High heels."*

Rick rolled his eyes. "Are you going to give me grief about this too?"

Diane raised her eyebrow. "Too? Who gave you grief about this?"

"Maria, but I still don't get her point."

Diane looked at Maria who shrugged her shoulders. Diane then ran her tongue over her teeth. "Can I ask why you're wearing them?"

"For the same reason you are," he said. "They're my shoes."

"But they're high heels."

"Well, obviously."

Diane furrowed her brow. "Is this a joke?"

Rick rolled his eyes. "What is it with you all today? I really don't see the joke in this."

"Wait a minute. What joke?" asked Cindy with a great deal of confusion.

"Exactly," said Rick. "I don't see what's funny about this. Now, do you

want coffee or not?”

“But you’re wearing, high heels. You do know that, right?” asked Diane.

“Of course, I know that,” said Rick in an annoyed tone.

“*High heels*. . . women’s shoes,” added Diane.

Rick put his hand on his hips in a strangely feminine manner and glared at her. “If you have a point, make it.”

Diane ran her tongue over her teeth again. She couldn’t understand what was going on, but she had started this, so she decided to see it through. “Well, it’s unusual for men to wear women’s shoes, is all. Are you feeling all right?”

“Of course, I’m feeling all right.”

“Is there something you want to tell us?”

Rick shot her a sour look. “Like what?”

“Oh, I don’t know. Maybe you’re gay or something,” she said very cautiously.

Rick snickered and shook his head. “What is wrong with you three today? Anyway, I’m going to get some coffee. What would each of you like?”

“You’re getting coffee *for us*?” asked Cindy.

“Yes.”

“Wouldn’t you rather that one of us does it? You know, we are secretaries. It is part of our jobs.”

Rick laughed. “Why are you all acting so strangely today? Did I miss a memo or something?”

The three women looked at each other uncertainly. Then they examined his feet again. Then they looked at each other again. None of them seemed to know what to say at this point except to go along with whatever their boss wanted.

“Ok, I’ll take a latte,” said Cindy finally.

“Just black for me,” said Diane following Cindy’s lead.

“Cream and two sugars,” said Maria.

With that, Rick walked off down the hallway to the break room to prepare their coffee. He moved gracefully, fluidly on the heels; each of the women was amazed to see this. When he was out of sight, they huddled in the middle of the room.

“What in the world is going on?!” Diane asked Maria.

“I have no idea,” said Maria.

“You saw him first. . . a fact you didn’t share.”

Maria shrugged her shoulders. “All I know is that he acted the same way when he first showed up this morning. I saw his heels, I asked him about them, and he acted like it was no big deal. Then he got upset when I suggested that maybe the office wasn’t the right place for him to be wearing high heels. After that, he went to his office and didn’t emerge until a few moments ago.”

“Do we have any idea why he’s wearing heels?” asked Cindy.

The other two shook their heads.

“Could he be gay? Is this his way of coming out?” asked Cindy.

“No, I don’t think he would go about it this way,” said Maria.

“Maybe he’s a transsexual and he wants to be a woman,” suggested Diane.

Maria shrugged her shoulders. “I still don’t think this is how he would go about that. And if that was the case, why not just tell it? Why pretend there’s nothing unusual about walking around the office in heels? No, something else is going on here.”

They stood in silence for nearly a minute.

Suddenly, Cindy giggled. “Well, I like it.”

The other two looked at her. “You do?” asked Maria doubtfully.

“Yeah, why not? I think it’s great that he’s wearing heels. He’s looks adorable in them.”

Maria frowned at Cindy, though if she was being honest, she would need to admit that she was feeling a definite sexual thrill at seeing her boss walking around the office in high heels. She had no idea why, as the thought had never occurred to her that something like this would excite her, but somehow this was proving to be rather thrilling.

“What do we do now?” asked Diane.

“I say we take him shopping for dresses,” said Cindy with a giggle.

“Will you be serious!” growled Diane.

“I am.”

Diane rolled her eyes. “Putting aside the vote for feminizing him, what do we do next, Maria?”

Maria took a deep breath and scratched her cheek. “I think there’s nothing we can do at the moment. We have no idea what’s happening or what he will do next. I say, we just need to go along with it and see where Rick takes it. So let’s all get back to work and act like nothing unusual has happened. I’m sure he’ll let us know soon enough.”

## Chapter 2: “Increasingly Feminine”

Seeing their boss totter around the office in high heels had been strange, but it had only been the beginning for the ladies. The following day, their boss showed up at the office again in a pair of high heels. These were very similar to the slingbacks he had worn the day before, only these were kidskin. In addition to the heels, he had painted his toenails, which were white, and he clearly wore stockings or pantyhose beneath his pants, though the women weren't sure which he wore.

“I think they're stockings,” said Cindy.

“No way! They have to be pantyhose,” said Diane.

“Maybe we should ask him?”

“Ok, let's ask.”

“Forget it,” interjected Maria sternly. As the head secretary, her job was to keep the other two in line and letting them go down this path was not helping, so she decided to put an end to it. “Get back to work, ladies.”

“Aw, you're no fun,” said Cindy.

“Back to work,” repeated Maria. “And keep your voices down from now on. I don't want Rick knowing you two are out here gossiping about his underwear.”

“*Lingerie*,” Cindy corrected her. “We're gossiping about his *lingerie*.”

Maria glared at her.

This made Cindy laugh. “Yes, Ms. Maria,” said Cindy sarcastically.

The two women returned to their desks and started typing. A moment later, however, Diane smirked. She looked up at Cindy. “Why do you think they're stockings?” she asked.

“Ladies, stop talking about this,” cautioned Maria.

“We will, we will, I just want to know this one thing,” said Diane.

Maria rolled her eyes.

Cindy smiled. “For one thing, all guys think women wear stockings. So if he's going to turn himself into a woman, then it makes sense that he would wear stockings because he's a guy and that's how he thinks women dress. For another, I like the thought of him wearing stockings much better than the thought of him in pantyhose. They're sexier somehow.”

“That's poor evidence,” said Diane.

“Ok, how about this then,” said Cindy, “I saw his garterbelt through his pants. He's got pantylines and garterbelt lines. That means he's wearing stockings.”

“Why didn't you just say that in the first place?”

Cindy laughed. “Dramatic effect.”

Now Diane laughed. "I'll say. I don't suppose you happened to notice the color?" asked Diane.

Cindy smirked. "No, my x-ray eyes only do black and white."

"I'll bet it black," said Maria, who had been much more interested in this conversation than she should have been. She knew she should have stopped them from discussing this, but it was just too fascinating. . . too exciting. In fact, the thought of Rick in a garterbelt and stockings was enough to make her very wet, which was a little difficult for her to understand at this point.

Diane shook her head. "It's got to be red. He seems like the red garterbelt type."

"I'd like to see pink or purple or something, but I'll bet it's white," said Cindy.

"We should do an office pool," suggested Diane.

"Forget it, there won't be an office pool," said Maria. "Now get back to work."

"Yes, boss," said Cindy and Diane with giggles.

A few minutes later, Rick returned from the break room with coffee for the three women. He carried it on a tray like a waiter, which made his ability to balance so expertly in the high heels very handy. As he set down each cup, each of the women took the opportunity to look over his rear end to see if they could spot his garterbelt or his pantylines.

"Thank you for the coffee, Rick," said Maria.

He smiled. "You're welcome."

With that, he returned to his office and did some work.

"Definitely black," said Maria.

The other two women giggled.

—o—

Later that afternoon, Maria looked up when she heard Diane and Cindy giggling. Maria looked at them and they nodded toward Rick's office. Through the open door, Maria could see Rick sitting at his desk staring at a bottle of nail polish. He had chosen a deep red.

"Oh no, what now?" she asked rhetorically. "This is really too much."

Maria rose from her seat and walked over to Rick's office. She knocked on the door and he bade her enter. She did and she now stood before him. The bottle was open before him and the office smelled of nail polish.

"What are you doing, Rick?" she asked.

Rick shrugged his shoulders. "I've caught up with my work and I have a few minutes, so I thought I would paint my nails," he said.

“Is that really a good idea?”

He said nothing.

“You can’t paint your nails in the office,” said Maria.

Rick blushed. “I, uh, yeah. I guess I knew that, but I’ve seen the other girls do it from time to time when they weren’t busy and I wasn’t busy at the moment so I didn’t think there would be any harm.” He took a deep breath. “Don’t worry, it won’t happen again.”

“Good,” she said and she turned to leave, but she stopped. She needed to find out what was going on. This was becoming disruptive to the office and she couldn’t allow that. “Rick, maybe this isn’t any of my business, but what is going on?”

“What do you mean?”

“I mean with the high heels and the nail painting and the panties.”

“What about them?” he asked.

Maria pursed her lips. “Rick, do men wear high heels and panties?”

Rick shook his head. “No. . . no, they don’t.”

“Yet, you are wearing both. Do you see a problem there?”

He shook his head again. “I don’t follow you.”

“Rick, you should not be wearing women’s clothes.”

“Why not?”

“Because you’re not a woman!”

Rick scratched his cheek. “I don’t understand.”

Maria clenched her jaw. Why couldn’t he see this? This had to be a joke. He must have been making fun of her, and if that was the case, then she didn’t want to continue being the butt of this joke. “Fine, never mind,” she growled and she stormed out.

—o—

The next morning, Rick appeared at work with his fingernails and toenails already painted. His fingernails were cotton-candy pink. His toenails were an icy blue. He again wore high heels, only today they were pink. They matched the pink slacks he wore. This added a level of excitement as far as the girls were concerned as he seemed to be moving forward with his own feminization.

“Oh my God, he’s wearing pink slacks!” said Diane.

“I know, I saw him when he first arrived,” said Maria. “I don’t get it.”

“He wants to be a woman, what’s to get?”

“No, he doesn’t. It’s like he’s oblivious to it. It’s like he’s been brainwashed or something,” said Maria.

“Well, whatever the reason, I still want to know how he can move so

naturally in heels. He walks like he was born in them,” said Cindy. She pointed her finger at the other two women. “I’ll tell you something. I think he’s been wearing women’s clothes for a long time now. I think this is just the first time he’s showed us.”

Maria shrugged her shoulders. “But why go about it this way? If he wanted to wear women’s clothes, why not just tell us? He’s the boss; he could do that if he wanted. So why go through the whole charade of acting like he doesn’t realize he’s doing anything strange.”

Cindy pursed her lips. “Yeah, it’s strange, that’s for sure. It’s like he’s been hypnotized.”

The moment she said this, jaws dropped all around. Each of the three women stared at the others in shock.

“Could it be?” asked Maria.

“It doesn’t seem possible, but it would make sense,” said Diane.

“What else could it be?” asked Cindy.

“What do you mean?”

“Think about it. Why else would he suddenly start dressing like a woman? Why else would he not realize he’s dressing like a woman or not think it matters? Have you noticed that he also has been getting us coffee each day?” asked Cindy.

“So?” asked Diane.

“So think back to the party and ask yourself what Dr. Mystery or whatever his name was made Rick do. He made him pretend he was a female secretary! He even made Rick paint his nails. That’s why Rick’s behaving the way he is, because the programming is still there and he thinks he’s some sort of female secretary.”

There was silence for several seconds.

“I don’t buy it,” said Diane. “He’s faking. He’s just a perv and he’s faking. He probably goes home and laughs at us as he masturbates until he passes out. Trust me, this hypnosis story is just a cover-up.”

“If it was a cover-up, he would have told us the story: ‘Gee, I’m hypnotized, too bad for me, just let me dress like a woman now.’ He wouldn’t have left it up to us to figure out on our own,” said Cindy. “At the very least, he would have given us a lot of clues to figure it out.”

“Forget it, he’s faking,” repeated Diane.

Maria, however, was unable to dismiss the possibility of hypnosis so easily. She ran her tongue over her teeth. “Ok, let’s suppose for a second that this is true. Let’s suppose he’s been hypnotized and that’s why he’s slowly turning himself into a woman – into a female secretary. Let’s suppose that’s true and that’s what’s happening. Then the question becomes: what do we do about it?”

Diane smirked. “You mean, should we take advantage of it?”

Maria blushed. The thought actually hadn’t occurred to her, but in the millisecond after she heard the words come from Diane’s mouth, she found herself having visions of Rick fully dressed as a woman serving the three of them as they ordered him around. She found that exciting. . . very exciting. But right now she had more to think of than what turned her on, so she tried to banish those thoughts from her head. “No, I mean how do we get him help? Or do we need to wait for him to figure it out for himself?”

Cindy smiled. “I kind of like Diane’s idea. I mean, if he’s going to turn himself into a girl and then act as our servant. . . well, I’m all for it.”

Maria found herself unbelievably tempted to agree. For one thing, she liked the way he had started treating her as somewhat of a superior and she was sure she would like it even more as he went further, which seemed inevitable. Even more, she was finding the whole thing to be a tremendous turn-on. Still, Rick was a nice man and she realized that they owed it to him to help him if this was the result of hypnosis, so she shook her head. “No. We need to help him,” she said firmly.

The other two women pouted, but reluctantly agreed.

“Let me go talk with him,” said Maria. “Maybe I can figure out what happened. Maybe that can help us put an end to this.” Maria then left the other two women and went to see Rick in his office.

“Hi Maria, what can I do for you?” asked Rick. He let out a nervous giggle.

Maria bit her lip. She stood across from him on the other side of his desk; he was seated. “Rick, we need to talk.”

“About what?”

“About the way you’re dressing,” she said.

Rick looked down at his white dress shirt and his pink slacks. “What about it?”

“Rick, we think you’ve been hypnotized—”

Rick started to laugh. “Hypnotized?! Hypnosis isn’t real, you now that.”

“It must be because there’s no other way to explain. . . *this*,” she said and she waved her hand up and down the length of his body.

“What ‘this’?”

Maria leaned forward and tapped his desk for emphasis. “Rick, you’re wearing women’s clothes. You’re wearing high heels and panties and garterbelts and stockings and pink slacks. You’ve painted your nails.”

“So?”

“So men don’t do that. You’re a man. Those are things women do.”

Rick shrugged his shoulders. “Don’t you think I would know if I was hypnotized? Seriously, don’t you think I would realize that I’m doing strange things

against my will?”

Maria ran her tongue over her teeth. “Rick, you are doing strange things against your will.”

“I am not.”

“Then how do you explain it?”

“Explain what?”

“Explain what you’re wearing.”

Rick folded his arms and shook his head. “Is there anything in the dress code that I’m doing wrong?”

Maria was taken aback by this question. “Well, no,” she said reluctantly as the dress code never established gender differences. . . it had just been assumed.

“Then you really have nothing to say, do you?”

“Rick, you were hypnotized by Dr. Mysterio to want to be a female secretary. For whatever reason, that command is still inside you. It didn’t go away. And now, you are trying to turn yourself into a female secretary. This needs to stop.”

Rick leaned back in his chair. “Maria, I appreciate that you want to help me, but there’s nothing wrong with me.”

“There is!” she insisted.

Rick ran his tongue over his teeth. “Maybe you’re the one who got hypnotized. Did you think of that? Maybe you’re the one who doesn’t understand what people should or should not be wearing and who and what people are. Why don’t you take the afternoon to relax and if you still have this problem in the morning, then maybe you should think about seeing a doctor?” he asked. His tone was actually rather condescending.

Maria was shocked. She had not expected this. She had come to help him, and the fact he rejected her help and then suggested that she was the one with the problem simply did not sit well with her. It insulted her and she became angry.

“Fine,” she said. “Wear whatever you want.”

She started to storm out.

“Seriously, Maria, see a doctor if you need to,” he said.

Maria’s face burned red and she stopped cold. She turned to face him. “Two things, Rick. First, secretaries wear skirts, not slacks. Got it? Skirts. Secondly, your fingernails and toenails should match.” She then turned again to leave. “See how you like that,” she said and she stormed out.

“What happened,” asked Diane when Maria returned to her desk. “You look upset.”

“He said I need to see a doctor.”

Diane giggled. “That’s funny.”

“No, it’s not.”

“Oh yes it is. Give it time, you’ll see the humor. After all, this comes from a man who doesn’t seem to be able to realize he’s dressing like a woman. I call that absolutely hilarious!”

Maria ground her teeth. “It’s still insulting.”

Cindy came over to Maria. “What happened to the loyal secretary who wanted to help her boss through a difficult time?” she asked. She hugged Maria tightly. “Better?”

Maria sighed. “Yes. And you’re right. That’s not him talking, that’s the hypnosis. Clearly, it won’t let him get help, so I need to figure out a way to get around that to get help for him.”

“Now you’re talking. What are you thinking?”

“I’m thinking we need to find Dr. Mysterio and get him to release Rick again,” said Maria.

Diane laughed. “You really think he’s hypnotized?”

Maria nodded her head. “I do.”

“And you think he would accept your help except the hypnosis is stopping him?”

“I do.”

Diane shook her head. Then she giggled.

“What?” asked Maria.

Diane smirked. “Think about it. If you’re right, imagine what’s going through his head. Imagine poor Rick, trapped inside his own body, as he helplessly watches himself put on women’s clothing. ‘Help! Help! Oh no! Not panties! Not high heels!’ I can see it now. Outwardly, he’s calm and feminine. But inwardly, he’s crying like a little girl about how humiliating it is to be feminized and to be seen as a woman. It must be killing the macho inside him!”

Cindy immediately snickered.

Maria, however, pursed her lips. She knew that Diane was making fun of her belief that Rick was a victim in this. She knew that Diane thought Rick was faking, so she took Diane’s statement with a huge grain of salt. Yet, at the same time, truth be told, the idea kind of turned her on. It turned her on that he was helpless to stop that and that he was totally dependent on her to save him from femininity. Having that much power over her boss, or any man for that matter, really was erotic.

Then suddenly she blushed.

“What?” asked Cindy when she saw Maria blush.

Maria bit her lip. “I got angry and I did something I shouldn’t have. Before I left his office, I was upset and I told him to wear a dress and paint his nails a matching color. Do you think he’s going to do what I told him?”

The other two women burst out laughing.

That night, Maria lay in bed masturbating. She masturbated for hours. Seeing her boss flitter around the office in high heels and those pink slacks had turned her on. But even more to the point, the idea that he was currently picking out a dress and painting his nails because she had given him the idea positively thrilled her. In fact, this whole thing was amazingly thrilling. Did he know he was slowing turning into a woman? Was he desperately trying to stop it? Was some part of him screaming out to save his manhood? As simply wrong as this sounds, the idea set her body afire and she had fantasies of pushing him further and virtually enslaving him in femininity.

She came at least three times that night.

“God, I hope he wears a dress tomorrow,” she finally admitted to herself before she went to bed.

She would not be disappointed. Indeed, she was thrilled to see him report to work the following morning wearing a skirt. His skirt was a knee-length pink pencil skirt which matched his open-toed pink pumps. He seemed to favor shoes that showed off his painted toenails. His toenails and his fingernails matched.

“Will you look at that,” said Diane. “He’s wearing a skirt.”

“How can he move so naturally in a skirt and heels? That’s a tight skirt too, but he moves like he’s wearing pants,” said Cindy. “He should be stumbling all over the place.” She pointed her finger at the other two women. “I’ll tell you something. Like I said before, I think he’s been wearing women’s clothes for a long time now. I think this is just the first time he’s showed us.”

“Could be. Either way though, I think it’s time we pushed our little sissy boss to go all the way and become the sissy secretary of his dreams,” said Diane.

“No, we need to find this Dr. Mysterio,” said Maria firmly.

Diane smirked. “Suit yourself.”

The three women returned to their desks and Maria hopped on the internet to look for the mysterious Dr. Mysterio. She found him almost immediately. “Ok, he’s across town. I’ll tell you what. I’m going to run over to see him. You two stay here and keep things calm. I’ll be back as soon as possible, hopefully with a solution.”

Cindy and Diane nodded to her. Maria then left. The moment she did, Diane called Cindy to her desk.

“You don’t really believe he’s hypnotized, do you?” asked Diane.

Cindy shrugged her shoulders. “I don’t know.”

“Well, look, I think he’s faking. I think he’s playing some game with us and I’m more than happy to play back.” Saying this out loud was shocking to Diane and Cindy, but simultaneously liberating.

“What do you have in mind?” asked Cindy, who liked the idea.

“I think we need to take advantage of this. Any objections?”

Cindy smiled. “No, not really.”

“All right, then here’s what we’re going to do,” said Diane. “We should both push him in the direction of being a secretary and a woman. Give him orders. Give him assignments. Criticize any male clothes he’s still wearing or any male mannerisms. Reward his femininity.”

“Can do,” said Cindy.

Diane held up her coffee cup. “To the new girl!”

They both toasted.

As they did, Rick came from his office. He moved amazingly smoothly in the tight skirt and heels; his walk was very feminine. He walked over to Cindy. “I’ve been meaning to ask you,” he said. “I need a new purse and you have such lovely purses, would you be willing to help me find something appropriate?”

Cindy smiled. Not only did she like the compliment, but she liked the idea of picking out women’s accessories for her male boss. She noticed that he must have liked it as well because she saw his erection pressing against his skirt. “Sure, I’d be happy to help.”

Now Rick smiled. “Thanks!”

Cindy rose from her desk. “Why don’t we start online in your office. If you see something you like, maybe we can go to the store later and see it in person.”

—o—

Maria returned to the office disappointed. Dr. Mysterio was clearly a dead end. She’d found him, but he was hardly the master magician and hypnotist she expected. To the contrary, he was just a performer at parties who went through the motions and otherwise worked his day job at a fast food restaurant. He had no gift for hypnosis that she could see.

“That was a waste of time,” said Maria as she set her purse on her desk. She looked up and saw only Diane. “Where’s Cindy?”

Diane smirked and nodded her head toward Rick’s office. “In there.”

Maria cautiously walked over to the door to Rick’s office and peered inside. She saw Rick and Cindy sitting behind Rick’s desk. There was a bottle of nail polish on the desk and they were both doing their nails. On the screen behind them, she could see that they had been shopping for purses and shoes.

“Uh, what’s going on here?” asked Maria.

“We’re just taking a break,” said Rick.

Maria ran her tongue over her lips. She was all but sure after meeting Dr. Mysterio that Rick was faking. Seeing this scene only furthered that idea; for

whatever reason, Rick simply enjoyed this game of his. She decided to test it. “Rick, do you recall Dr. Mysterio, from the Christmas Party?”

For a millisecond, Rick blushed. “Yes, I remember him. What about him?”

“Would you say he was a good hypnotist?”

“He told me he was a master hypnotist, the greatest in the country,” said Rick.

This conflicted with what Dr. Mysterio told Maria without even prompting. She thought it unlikely that Dr. Mysterio would have lied to Rick about his level of skill when he was so open with her. That meant Rick was lying. Clearly, Rick wanted her to believe Dr. Mysterio was something he was not because he wanted her to believe that Rick was under Dr. Mysterio’s spell. She continued her test. “Do you remember when he hypnotized you?”

Rick blushed again; she saw it this time. “Hypnotized? He never hypnotized me,” said Rick.

“Are you sure?” asked Maria.

Rick ran his tongue over his lips. “Well, I supposed he might have hypnotized me and then told me to forget he’d done that, but I don’t recall being hypnotized.”

Maria clenched her fist. This was a lie. Rick had even talked about being hypnotized that evening. Obviously, he now wanted her to believe that his conduct was the result of hypnosis, but it had to be a game. “Well, if he wants to play that game, then I’ll play that game,” she said to herself.

## Chapter 3: “Calling His Bluff”

For the next few days, the women did their best to call Rick’s bluff. Maria actively encouraged this because she wanted to push Rick to the point that he would finally admit that he was faking. Thus, they made him paint his nails, told him to wear higher heels and shorter skirts, sent him to get his hair done on his lunch break, and ordered him around all over the office. Try as they might though, Rick never even hinted that he might be faking. To the contrary, he did all of this as if it were natural.

“I can’t believe we can’t break him,” said Maria dejectedly.

Diane shrugged her shoulders. “He’ll break eventually. In the meantime, I say we just keep taking advantage of this. I don’t know about you two, but I’m having a blast seeing him feminized.”

Maria blushed. She was enjoying it too. In fact, she was finding it to be the most thrilling thing she’d ever done in her life. Seeing Rick feminized was just an amazing experience and it turned her on so incredibly that she could hardly believe it. Hence, Diane’s idea held a lot of appeal for her.

“Maybe he’s not faking it,” suggested Cindy.

“No, he’s faking it,” said Diane.

“Why would he do that though?”

Maria rubbed her throat. “I’m not sure, but Diane is right: he’s faking it. We just need to find the right thing to push him with and then he’ll admit it.”

“Well,” said Diane, “we’ve tried the one angle, by making him more feminine and that hasn’t worked. In fact, I’d say he’s enjoyed it. . . at least, that’s what his constant erections tell me.”

Cindy giggled. “I’ve noticed that too.”

Maria pursed her lips. “That’s my point exactly. If he was under hypnosis, this wouldn’t turn him on because he wouldn’t even realize there is anything wrong. That means he’s faking it.”

Diane nodded her head. “Agreed. So, as I was saying, let’s try another angle.”

“What angle?”

“Let’s push on the secretary part. Let’s take away his responsibilities and his authority and see how he likes being the lowly office girl. Maybe that will finally be too much for him.”

Maria nodded her head. “That might just work.”

"I'd like to see you when you're finished," said Maria to Rick as he sauntered down the hallway to get the women coffee.

Rick nodded and continued to the break room. He returned a few minutes later balancing three cups of coffee on his serving tray. Today was particularly difficult for him as he wore a tight white pencil skirt, a restrictive tailored jacket, a corset Cindy had bought him on a lark, and high-heeled sandals with an inch more heel than he had gotten used to. The women almost applauded when he pulled it off without spilling a drop.

"You wanted to see me, ma'am?" asked Rick demurely when he finished.

Maria leaned back and crossed her legs. Beneath her desk, she let her pump dangle from her toes as she shook her leg back and forth excitedly. She was wet as a sponge in a bucket of water. "I've been thinking about the seating arrangements in the office," she said.

"Yes, ma'am," he responded.

"Doesn't it strike you as strange that you have your own office when none of the other girls do?"

Rick blushed. "I hadn't thought about it," he said cautiously.

"Well, I have. It strikes me as strange."

Rick licked his lips. "What do you recommend?"

Maria rose to her feet and walked around her desk so she could stand next to her feminized boss. "I think it would make more sense if you sat out here with the other secretaries while I took over the desk you currently occupy. After all, I'm basically running the office now," she said. "I am the boss." This was all intended to shock him.

It didn't work.

"Yes, Miss, I think that would be more appropriate," he said.

Maria folded her arms. She couldn't believe he was letting all of this happen. But she wasn't finished yet. She had another card to play. "I also expect you to start answering to 'Bridget' from now on."

"Oh yes, Miss," said Rick.

Maria noticed his penis pushing hard against his tight skirt. He was definitely enjoying this. "All right, get to work," she said.

For the next several hours, the women tried to work their boss ragged. They had him filing and typing and making copies and running for coffee. As soon as his rear hit his chair, they gave him some new assignment. It didn't work though. The more they ordered him around the more he enjoyed it.

"I'm telling you," said Cindy. "He is hypnotized and he's been programmed to like being servile. The more orders we give, the more he loves it."

Maria and Diane looked at each other. Maybe, just maybe, Cindy was right. They'd tried everything they could to humiliate him by feminizing him and it

hadn't worked. They tried to take away his authority and that hadn't worked. They tried to push him around and order him around to the point that he should have felt put-upon. That didn't work either.

"What do you think, Maria?" asked Diane.

"I'm not sure. Maybe he really is under hypnosis. Maybe we should find a doctor," she said.

The other two women reluctantly nodded their heads.

Maria took a deep breath. "I'll start trying to find a doctor tomorrow."

—o—

When the workday finished, they all grabbed their purses and left, all except Rick. Rick stayed behind to lock the doors. Indeed, despite his demotion, he still was the owner and he held the keys. As the women made their way to their cars, Maria couldn't help but notice that Rick had yet to emerge from the building.

"Wait a minute," she said. "Where is 'Bridget'?"

"She's locking up," said Cindy.

"I know that, but she should have been out by now."

Diane raised an eyebrow. "Maybe we should go back and see what's going on?"

Maria nodded her head.

The three women turned around and marched back inside the building. A few moments later, they stood before their office. The door had not been locked and there was no sign of Rick. They stepped inside. Sitting on Maria's desk, now Bridget's desk, was Rick's purse. It was a large pink tote which Cindy had selected for him. His overcoat still hung on the coat rack. The lights were out across the office, except in Rick's former office.

"It looks like he's back in his old office," whispered Diane.

"I wonder what he's doing?" asked Cindy.

"One way to find out," said Maria.

Maria took the lead and slowly, quietly crept to the door to Rick's office; the other two followed right behind her. When they reached the door, they stood against the wall for a moment before making their move. Fluorescent light streamed from the door. They could hear some nondescript movement inside the office.

"Ready?" whispered Maria.

The other two nodded.

Maria turned and stepped into the light. She could see into the office. Her jaw dropped. There was Rick, sitting in his chair behind the desk. His legs, still in their stockings and with his feet still in his high heels, were up on his desk. His dress was hiked up over his crotch and his penis was exposed; his panties were

down beneath his testicles. He was masturbating furiously and hadn't noticed them.

"Rick!" screamed Maria and she stepped into the office. The other two women rushed after her.

"Bad Bridget!" said Cindy with a laugh.

Rick froze. He never expected to be caught doing this! "W... w... what?! What are you doing here?" he asked in a broken voice and he yanked his hand away from his penis and tried to throw his dress over it.

Maria folded her arms. She laughed cynically. "I suppose I should be asking you the same question."

"Yeah, except we know what he's doing," added Diane snidely.

Rick blushed. "Uh, this isn't what it looks like."

Maria laughed. "You're kidding, right?"

Rick swallowed hard. He had no idea what to say.

"It's time to tell the truth, Rick," said Maria. As she said this, his dress slid backwards off his penis and again exposed his erection. He moved to cover his penis, but Maria ordered him to stop. "Leave it. Let everybody see it as you try to explain what you've been up to."

Rick reluctantly let go of his dress and let it fall. His erection stood straight up in the open for all to see.

"Well?!" demanded Maria when he didn't answer.

"I . . . I'm not sure what to say," he said sheepishly.

"Start with the truth. You weren't hypnotized, that was obvious. So why did you do it?"

Rick ran his tongue over his teeth. His face turned bright red. "Well. . . it's like this," he said and he paused. "All day, I sit in this office and I hear you girls out in the main office having such a good time. I keep thinking how great it would be to be out there with you."

Each of the women furrowed their brows. This was not the explanation they expected.

He continued: "And then every so often, one of you would pass before my door and I would see you walking past in your beautiful skirts and dresses, your soft stockings, and your exquisite high heels. . . and I just wanted to be one of you."

Now the women's jaws dropped. They never would have guessed this.

"So I pretended to be hypnotized," he said. "That way, I could wear the same clothes you wear and spend time with you as one of you."

Maria took a moment to shake off her shock. "Why didn't you just ask?"

He blushed. "It was easier to pretend. That way, I didn't have to admit that I was doing it because I wanted to. And since each of you thought I was under the hypnosis, none of you made fun of me as I got comfortable. You even helped me with tips on what kinds of clothes to buy and where to get my hair done and the

such.”

The women looked at each other. They had no idea what to say.

“Well, you are the boss and if you want to dress like a woman and have us call you ‘Bridget,’ we’ll do it,” she said finally.

Rick smiled.

Diane suddenly laughed. “Yeah, if you want us to boss you around, I’m up for that. That was fun!” She winked at him.

Rick smiled even more broadly.

Diane continued: “Of course, there is the initiation ceremony.”

“What ceremony?” asked Rick.

“If you want to be the new girl, then the new girl needs a proper welcome,” said Diane.

“A proper welcome?” asked Maria. She seemed confused.

“Yeah,” said Diane and she nudged Maria in the ribs. “It’s like a birthday. This is really Bridget’s first full day as Bridget the secretary. That makes today her first birthday. And what always happens with birthday girls?”

“Uh. . . I’m not sure,” said Maria as Rick watched in embarrassed fascination.

Diane laughed. “You’re not sure? Why, spankings, of course! Birthday girls always get spankings. And since you’re the birthday girl,” she said to Rick, “you get a spanking. Don’t you agree? Don’t you ladies agree as well?”

Rick smiled slyly. “Ok,” he said.

Maria immediately felt her pussy tighten. She never would have suggested spanking Rick, but now that Diane had said it and Rick seemed to accept it, she was thrilled that she would get the chance.

A moment later, the three women moved Rick around to their side of his desk. They made him hold his dress up over his rear and they pulled his panties down to his knees. This simultaneously exposed his rock-hard erection.

“Bend over,” said Diane.

Rick bent over at the waist as he’d seen pinup models do.

“Ever been spanked before?” asked Diane.

“No, Miss,” said Rick.

She giggled and looked at the other women. “‘Miss,’ I like that.” She then bent down and grabbed his penis, which made him jump. Once she held it firmly in her hand, she tied a string around the base of his penis and his testicles. She then pulled the string back between his legs and stood behind him holding the string tautly, with his penis pulled back between his legs. “This is to make sure you don’t try to run off,” she said and she tugged on the string, which made Rick wince. “So you stay nice and still.”

“Yes, Miss,” he said.

Diane giggled. "Good girl."

As Rick stood there holding up his dress, with his panties down around his thighs, his penis held back between his legs on a leash, and his feet balancing precariously in very high heels, Maria walked up behind him. She was holding a yardstick from the conference room.

"Are you ready?" she asked.

"Yes, Miss," said Rick and he giggled.

Maria smirked. She was going to enjoy this. If she'd been asked three weeks prior if she ever thought she would enjoy spanking a man, she would have thought the question was insane, but now she knew she wanted this and she would be thinking about this when she masturbated that night for sure. She lined up the yardstick against his cheeks, pulled back her arm, and let fly.

CRACK!

The first blow hit. It stung. It perhaps wasn't as bad as everyone suspected, but it was clear that it was strong enough. Indeed, Rick's entire body shook from the blow and the padding on his rear jiggled. He also struggled to remain standing in his heels, though he did catch himself.

"Thank me and count," demanded Maria.

"Yes, Miss. Thank you, Miss! One."

CRACK!

"Two, Miss. Thank you, Miss."

CRACK!

"Three, Miss. Thank you, Miss."

CRACK!

CRACK!

CRACK!

The fourth and the fifth and then the sixth blow landed. Each time, Rick counted and thanked Maria. As the blows landed, Diane held firmly onto the leash, holding his penis back between his legs. This was rather difficult too as he was strongly erect from this entire scene.

CRACK!

CRACK!

The next two landed. By this point, Rick's rear was starting to feel a little warm. It would be another ten blows before it would start to feel hints of feeling bruised as well. Strangely, that made him even more erect. And ironically, he thanked Maria for each and every blow.

For her part, Maria was thrilled. She was completely wet and her pussy was throbbing with each blow. There was just something about spanking and dominating her boss which appealed to her. In fact, it appealed to her so much that she actually didn't want to stop when she reached twenty-five blows, which was the

number to which the ladies had agreed. Hence, she took it to thirty before she could stop herself.

“That was amazing,” said Maria when she finished. Her panties and her thighs were soaked.

“Thank you, Miss,” said Rick. His face and his rear were red and his penis was throbbing.

Maria smiled, and in that moment, she decided she could take no more. She set down the yardstick and she walked right up to ‘Bridget.’ She hiked up her skirt, lowered her panties, and pushed ‘Bridget’ down to his knees. And as Diane and Cindy watched in amazement, she pushed his face against her crotch and made him lick her to orgasm. This would be the first of many to come in the office. . . the first orgasm given to her by her new secretary.

—o—

Later that night, after the women had left the office, Rick sat alone and stared out the window. He waited for a phone call.

His phone rang.

Rick picked it up. “This is Bridget,” he said breathlessly.

“Bridget, do you know who this is?”

“Yes, Dr. Mysterio.”

“Good. Are you ready to pay me what you owe me yet?” asked Dr. Mysterio.

Rick looked down at his dress and his high heels and his erection and he smiled. “No, Dr. Mysterio, I still refuse.”

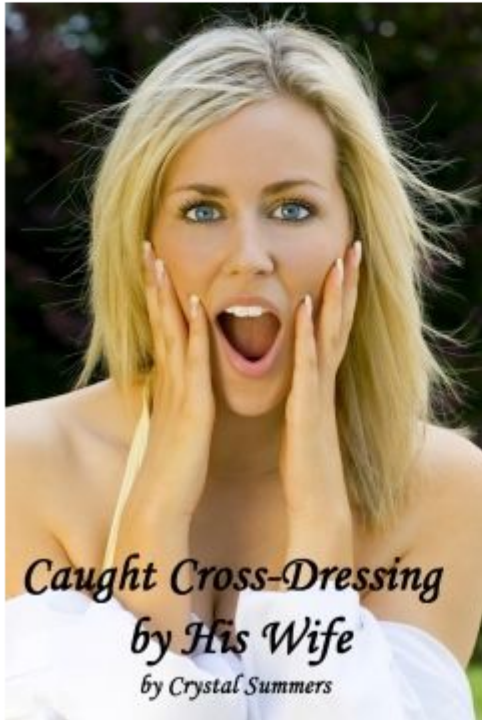
“Very well, but be warned that you will remain Bridget the secretary until you pay my bill. That is the only way to free yourself from this increasingly feminine prison!” He hung up the phone.

Rick giggled to himself. “Who wants to be freed from this?”

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*  
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 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*  
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