



Lesson For A Sexist
by Crystal Summers

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Chapter 1: “Allen Grows Breasts”

Allen shook his head at what he'd just heard and he let out a cynical laugh. “And *that*,” he said, “is why women will never be as good as men.” He swallowed the rest of his beer and set the empty glass on the table. He indicated to the waitress that he wanted another.

“Is that so?” asked his girlfriend Daphne through gritted teeth. It was her comment he was mocking.

“Absolutely.”

“That’s not true,” growled Daphne’s friend Ronda.

Allen shrugged his shoulders. “Doesn’t matter if you think it’s true or not, because that’s how it is. The world’s not going to change just because you don’t like it.” He stood up. “So you can accept it or you can pretend it’s not true, but either way, that’s how things are. I need to hit the can.” With that, he left the table.

Daphne and Ronda watched Allen walk off to the restroom. Their red, angry faces showed their irritation at what he’d said, and this wasn’t the first time either. Allen seemed to be perpetually putting down women and this was wearing on Daphne.

“How can you date him?!” Ronda finally asked.

Daphne pursed her lips. “I wonder that too sometimes.”

“I’m serious. I would dump him in a minute if I were you. I can’t believe you’ve been dating him for over a year. *How can you stand him?!?*”

At the moment, Daphne didn’t have a good answer, but Allen wasn’t always a sexist jerk. In fact, most of the time, he was genuinely nice. She took a deep breath and thought about the things she liked about him.

“He’s a nice guy most of the time,” she finally said.

“When?!” exclaimed Ronda incredulously.

“Usually. He just gets full of himself whenever he starts drinking.”

“Or whenever he’s around me.”

Daphne twisted her lips. It was true that Ronda seemed to bring out the sexist in Allen. Still, she was sure this was mainly the alcohol. “It’s just the drink—”

Ronda shook her head vigorously. “No way! When somebody drinks, their real personality comes out. What you see when he drinks is

what he really thinks all the time. He's just smart enough not to say it when he isn't drunk."

"I don't think that's true," said Daphne defensively.

Ronda nodded her head. "It's true," she said firmly. She sipped her beer. Then she giggled; she was a bit tipsy. "Do you know what he needs?"

"What?"

"Somebody needs to take him down a notch. Find a way to strip away his precious 'superior masculinity' and let him see what being a woman is really like. I'll bet he wouldn't be so sexist then!" said Ronda and she tapped the table with her long, red fingernail as she spoke.

Daphne burst out laughing; she was tipsy too. "Oh my God! Could you imagine?! I would pay real money to see him tottering along in heels or trying to hide his breasts as everyone stared at him and made suggestive comments." Daphne felt her nipples rise beneath her blouse. This surprised her and she shook her leg nervously. Did the idea of seeing her boyfriend emasculated really excite her sexually? Apparently, it did. That made her blush.

"So would I, girlfriend! So would I! It's too bad there's no way to do it."

"Yeah, too bad," said Daphne. She was still giggling at the image in her head of Allen tottering around on high heels. She smirked. Then she looked at her watch. "Oh, I need to put more money into the meter or they're going to tow my car. I'll be right back."

With that, Daphne raced outside to put change into the meter. As Ronda sat alone at the table waiting for the others to return, a woman walked up to the table. She looked young, but somehow seemed old. . . even ancient, and she was shockingly beautiful but in the same way that an image of a whip could be beautiful even as it sends a chill down your spine. She was dressed head to toe in black, with dark red nails and lips. Her eyes appeared nearly black in the subdued lighting of the restaurant.

"I couldn't help overhearing your conversation," said the woman.

Ronda was transfixed by her voice. She couldn't respond. She merely nodded.

"I have exactly what you need," said the woman.

"What do I need?"

“A means to teach your friend’s sexist boyfriend a lesson,” said the woman and she pulled a tiny vial of glowing pink fluid from somewhere inside her ultra-tight black dress. “Pour this into his beer.”

“What will it do?” asked Ronda.

“It will teach him a lesson.”

“What kind of lesson?”

The woman ignored the question. She set the vial on the table and then pulled a second vial from her dress. “Use this when the lesson is complete,” she said and she set that one on the table as well. It contained a bluish liquid.

Ronda reached out and took the vials. She looked at each. Then she looked up again and discovered that the woman had walked off. . . at least, Ronda thought she had walked off. Either way, she wasn’t there anymore. A moment later, the waitress arrived with another round of beers. Ronda considered pouring the pink liquid into Allen’s beer, but she wasn’t sure.

“I don’t even know what this is. For all I know, the woman’s some crazy person who just handed me radioactive drain opener or something,” she said to herself. She looked at the two vials more closely for any markings. There were none.

As Ronda examined the vials, Allen emerged from the restroom. As he walked past the waitress, he pinched her butt and winked at her. Ronda saw this and it made her blood boil. That was too much. Without another thought, she emptied the pink vial into his drink.

Things were about to change for Allen.

—o—

Allen awoke with the worst headache. He couldn’t remember anything about the night before, but apparently he had overdone it. . . whatever *it* was. He turned his head to one side and looked at his clock. It was almost time to get up and go to work. He could hear his girlfriend Daphne in the bathroom.

“Ugh. I don’t want to get out of bed,” he said.

“Come on, honey, get up,” said Daphne as she returned to the bedroom. She had a towel wrapped around her chest, covering her beautiful breasts.

“I think I may just stay in bed.”

“You can’t. You need to get ready for work. You have that big meeting today with your boss, remember?”

Allen pinched his eyes shut and then pursed his lips. He had forgotten about the big meeting. That meeting could be the difference between getting a raise and getting fired; he had to be there. “Fine, I’ll get up,” he said. He yawned and stretched his arms. “What did we do last night? I don’t remember a thing, but I’m certainly paying for it right now. My head is killing me!”

Daphne slipped on her panties and walked over to her nightstand. She grabbed a couple aspirin. “Take these, they’ll make you feel better. And maybe, in future, you’ll lay off the beer.”

“Lay off beer? Never,” he said and he took the aspirin.

“Then don’t whine about hangovers.”

Allen swung his feet over the side of the bed to sit up. The blanket still wrapped around him like a jacket. He sat like that for a minute or two as he watched Daphne dress. Then he grabbed the water from his bedside and he popped the aspirin into his mouth. He sipped the water and swallowed the pills. “I hope these work fast,” he said to Daphne, who had slipped into a pencil skirt and was examining it in the mirror. “This headache is a killer and I need to be fresh for my meeting. This is going to be a rough meeting.”

“You always say that. I’m sure it will go well.”

“Ha! You don’t know my boss. He hates me. He’s always looking for some way to find fault with me,” said Allen.

“I’m sure you’re just being overly sensitive,” said Daphne.

“Hardly. I can’t count how many times he’s told me he never would have hired me if it were up to him. Thankfully, the corporate office disagrees.”

“Well, clearly, someone likes you,” she responded and she finished buttoning her cream-colored blouse and tucking that into her skirt. She then stepped into her shiny brown stilettos. She walked over to Allen and kissed him on the forehead. “You’ll do fine today. Now get up!”

Allen nodded his head. It was time to get up, so he tossed the blanket over his shoulders.

“Oh my God!” exclaimed Daphne immediately.

“What?!” asked Allen in a panic.

Daphne pointed at his chest but didn’t speak; she couldn’t speak.

Allen reflexively looked to where she was pointing. His jaw dropped. Hanging from his chest were two massive. . . *massive* breasts. They had to be an E-cup if they were anything, and they had dark areolas about three inches across with nipples the size of dimes.

There was absolute silence in the room.

Neither breathed.

Slowly, timidly, Allen reached up one hand and carefully touched his right breast as if he were testing a trap. This tingled and it made the nipple pop up, which felt very strange. He ran his finger over the nipple, which sent an electric shock racing throughout his chest and to his brain. He felt dizzy.

“Wha— How— I don’t—”

He fainted.

—o—

Allen awoke a few seconds later. Daphne was standing over him shaking him and lightly slapping the side of his face.

“Allen, are you all right?” she asked.

He nodded his head. “I don’t know what happened. I had this dream or vision or something. . . I thought. . . I had. . . well,” he said and he blushed.

“You had breasts. Is that what you were going to say?” asked Daphne.

He furrowed his brow. “How did you know that?”

She pulled him to a sitting position and he immediately saw, and felt, the breasts hanging from his chest. “Oh God, they’re real!” he squealed.

“Calm down,” said Daphne firmly.

“Calm down?! Calm down?! I have tits!”

“‘Breasts’, you have ‘breasts’.”

“Same thing! I should not have breasts!” he whined in an agitated tone. He was clearly deeply upset by this and it sounded like he was beginning to panic and might cause himself to faint again. He took several shallow breaths to keep from hyperventilating.

Daphne grabbed his shoulders and held him fast. “Calm down! Take a deep breath. Panicking isn’t going to help.”

“But they’re breasts!” he squealed.

“Lots of people have breasts, darling,” she said soothingly.

“But I’m not a woman!”

They both froze.

This comment triggered the same thought in both of them. Their eyes met. Both looked worried. They were clearly thinking the same thing. Daphne then raised an eyebrow and bit her lower lip. She slowly lowered her eyes to his crotch. Allen, meanwhile, watched this and swallowed hard. He ran his tongue over his teeth and he too looked down at his crotch.

“Go on,” said Daphne.

Allen reluctantly nodded his head. He licked his lips nervously. Slowly. . . very slowly, he reached down and stuck his fingers inside the waistband of his pajamas. He took a deep breath, closed one eye, and then pulled them down.

His penis popped out. It was hard as a rock.

“Oh thank God!” exclaimed Allen and he let out a massive sigh of relief.

Daphne snickered and tickled his penis. She then let go. “Now that we’ve settled that, let’s get back to the question at hand. How in the world did you get breasts? And not only breast, but huge breasts?! Stripper breasts!”

Allen ran his hands over his breasts again. They tingled. “I don’t know,” he said. “I don’t understand how this could have happened. I didn’t have them last night and then—” His jaw dropped.

“What is it?” asked Daphne.

“My headache! I blacked out. What if someone knocked me out and surgically gave me breasts while I was unconscious?!”

Daphne burst out laughing, which made Allen suddenly feel very small.

“Why are you laughing?” he asked.

“Because that’s impossible,” she said. “For one thing, there would be scars, and I don’t see any scars.” As she said this, she put her hand on his breasts and moved them around to examine them for scars. The feeling of her hand on his breasts was intense and made Allen’s nipples hard and his penis throb. He couldn’t believe how amazing this felt and he found his eyes closing as he took it in. She continued: “For another, I would have seen something and no one touched you before you went to bed.”

He tried to respond, but he barely heard her as he was basking in the feeling of her hand tracing his nipples. As humiliating as it was to have breasts, a humiliation he was only just beginning to feel, having breasts certainly had an upside! He purred and his penis throbbed and began to bob around on its own.

Daphne laughed. "I see you like having breasts!"

This snapped Allen out of his trance. "What?! No. Why would you say that? I'm a man and men don't have breasts. No!" He pushed her hand away from his breast and folded his arms to hide his erect nipples.

She giggled. "Well you sure seemed to like it when I played with them," she said and she ran her fingers over them again. This caused Allen to purr again and he lowered his arms. Daphne slid her fingers over a nipple and pinched it. When she did, she could feel him shudder beneath her touch.

"I— uh—" was all he was able to say in response.

A wicked smile crossed her face and Daphne began to tickle his breasts. To Allen, this felt like a million fingers invading his most private parts and he instinctively doubled over and tried to get away from her hands. He couldn't escape them, however, and he ended up curling himself into a ball instead, which left him at her mercy.

"Please stop!" he begged through his bursts of laughter. His penis was hard as a rock and throbbing away uncontrollably.

"Why? Don't you like this?" she asked with a laugh. She kept tickling him.

"Stop!" he squealed.

Daphne grabbed his erection with her free hand and started jerking it up and down. "But you clearly love it!"

He was laughing so hard that he began to cry.

Suddenly, without warning, he shot cum all over. It landed on Daphne's hand, on his stomach, on the bed, on the floor and on the front of her skirt. Daphne looked down at her skirt and frowned.

"Oh Allen! Now I need to change my skirt!" she said and she let go of him. She walked over to her closet, reaching around behind her and unzipping her skirt as she went.

Allen, meanwhile, lay on the bed still recovering from her tickle assault. "It was your fault. . . and please don't ever do that again! These breasts are too sensitive."

Daphne snickered.

“What?” asked Allen.

Daphne dropped her skirt to the floor and stepped out of it. Her panties were lavender. “My breasts are just as sensitive, but that never stopped you before. Just be glad I didn’t bite you like you did to me that one time.”

Allen shuddered at the thought of what that must feel like. . . though part of him was intensely curious about the idea. And when he realized that part of him was in fact interested in the idea, he felt a jolt of shame race down his spine. He decided to change the topic. “Look, we need to get back on track here. I can’t have breasts—”

“Clearly you can, because you do.”

“I know I do,” he responded snidely, “but I shouldn’t.”

“Doesn’t matter,” she said matter-of-factly as she slid a dark gray pencil skirt up her legs. “The fact is that you have them. So what are you going to do about it?”

“That’s my question,” he said. Now that the adrenaline of her tickle attack was fading, he was starting to focus his mind again and he didn’t like any of the thoughts that were occurring to him. What was he going to do about these? How would he hide them? And in particular, he was worried about work. Indeed, his mind now focused on work. “Oh no! I need to go to work.”

“Call in sick.”

“I can’t! My boss is already upset about the number of days off I’ve taken. He’s not going to like me taking more.”

Daphne raised an eyebrow. “You would think ‘growing breasts’ would be a good enough excuse.”

Allen shook his head. “I doubt it.”

“Surely he’ll let you go see a doctor?”

Allen shook his head again. “I doubt it.” He paused. “Besides, there’s no way I can tell him I’m growing breasts and I can’t see a doctor in any event,” he said nervously. Even under normal circumstances, Allen had a bit of a phobia related to doctors, but in this case, that was multiplied many times. Allen knew that if he went to a doctor and showed him these breasts and said they appeared overnight, then the doctor would demand that he stay in the hospital so they could watch him. They might even want

to study him, to experiment on him. He began to sweat just thinking about it.

Daphne furrowed her brow. She knew about his doctor phobia, but this was a special case; surely he would see the need to go now. “You need to see a doctor,” she said firmly.

“I can’t.”

“Are you kidding?! This is one time you need to see a doctor!”

Allen licked his lips nervously again. “There’s nothing a doctor can tell me.”

“Nothing a doctor can tell you?!” she exclaimed in surprise.

“Yes. Think about it. This isn’t medicine. You can’t grow breasts like this overnight. No one’s ever heard of this. And if they had, someone would be working to turn it into a pill.”

Daphne raised her eyebrow. “If you don’t think this has a biological cause, then what exactly do you think is causing it?”

Allen paused. He wasn’t sure how to answer that, or at least, he wasn’t sure how to answer that without Daphne thinking he was insane. “Well,” he said and he paused. He didn’t know how to continue. Naturally, this caught Daphne’s attention.

“Well, what?” she asked suspiciously.

“Well. . . I mean. . . it sounds like *magic*, doesn’t it?” he asked cautiously.

There were several seconds of deeply uncomfortable silence. Allen felt very small waiting for his girlfriend to finally speak, waiting for her to pass judgment on him and his theory. Each passing second seemed to get longer too, until Allen felt like it was taking an eternity. Then, he finally saw her lips curl up into a smirk. This wasn’t going to be good.

“Are you serious?” she asked smugly. She stifled a giggle.

Allen felt like he was shrinking. He withered under her obvious mocking disbelief. But he was committed. He had said it and he honestly couldn’t think of any other explanation. “Yes, I’m serious,” he said.

“You’re joking, right? Allen, there’s no such thing as magic.”

His face turned bright red. “Well, what do you think it is?” he asked angrily.

She shrugged her shoulders. “I have no idea. That’s why I would visit the doctor.”

He glared at her. "I don't need to see a doctor. It's probably just some swelling. It's water retention. . . an allergic reaction to something I ate that caused me to retain water. That's all it is." As he said this, he actually started to think that maybe that was all it was; at least, that was what he wanted to believe, so that is what he told himself he believed.

"This is not an allergic reaction," said Daphne.

He ignored her. "Besides, how harmful can this really be? They're just breasts. Women have breasts. It's no big deal."

Daphne glared at him. "You need to see a doctor," she said firmly.

"I'm not going to see a doctor."

"What are you going to do then?"

"I'm going to work. And you're going to help me hide them."

Daphne stared at him in disbelief.

Chapter 2: “Allen Takes His Breasts To Work”

Allen felt like a fool when he walked into the office. Daphne had done her best to hide his new breasts, but it wasn't working. In truth, it just wasn't possible. If they had been A-cup breasts, then perhaps he could have hidden them with a strong wrapping and his suit jacket, but these weren't A-cup breasts. Hiding these was like trying to hide a basketball; no wrapping and no suit jacket were up to that task. Hence, his breasts were obvious for everyone to see. And see they did. Everyone stared at him the moment he stepped through the door and all eyes followed him wherever he went.

“This is so embarrassing,” said Allen beneath his breath.

The blushing Allen rushed to his seat to get away from the staring eyes. He sat down without removing his jacket, a jacket he hadn't been able to button. When he sat down, he tried to hide himself behind his desk by hunching over and crouching down as much as possible. He hoped that would help him vanish. Unfortunately, it wasn't working, and people kept looking. Strangely, most of the women seemed rather angry as they glared at him. He didn't understand that.

His phone rang a minute later. It was his boss.

“My office, *now!*” growled his boss. He hung up.

Allen shuddered. All these angry stares were making him nervous, and now his boss sounded equally angry. This day just kept getting worse. Allen rose from his chair and pulled his jacket as tightly closed as he could to hide his breasts, which wasn't much. As he made his way to his boss's office, he walked through a crowd of people who all pretended they weren't watching him, even though the grins on their faces said they obviously were. He felt like he was on display as he went.

“You wanted to speak to me?” asked Allen when he reached his boss's office.

“Sit down,” said Ray, Allen's boss. He pointed to the chair that stood before his desk.

“I have my report ready if you want me to get that so we can have our meet—”

“This isn’t about your report,” said Ray in an annoyed tone. “Sit down.”

Allen bit his lip. This didn’t sound good.

“Sit down,” growled Ray again.

Allen swallowed hard. He stepped into the office and slowly lowered himself into the chair. As he did, his boss walked over to the door and closed it. He then returned to his side of the desk. He didn’t sit down though. Instead, he folded his arms and he glared at Allen.

“Do you mind explaining just what the hell you think you’re doing?” asked Ray.

“What do you mean?” asked Allen nervously.

“What do you think I mean?! Why the hell are you walking around the office with a pair of gigantic fake tits beneath your suit?! Every single woman in this office has complained to me already and you’ve only been in the office a couple minutes at the most.”

“I—”

“Seriously, Allen, what in the world made you think, ‘Gee, I think I’ll go to work and insult every woman in the firm today!’ What in the world is wrong with you, Allen?! Can you tell me why I shouldn’t fire you right now before the firm gets sued for sexual harassment?”

Allen cringed. Until he walked through the office door moments before, he had hoped he could hide these new breasts. Indeed, he had refused to believe Daphne when she told him that was impossible, and he planned to sneak to his desk with his chest covered and hide behind it all day until he could figure out what was happening and find a solution. If he needed to leave his desk he would close his jacket tightly and only he would know about the shameful thing that had befallen him.

That was the plan.

That wasn’t how things were working, however. To the contrary, Daphne had been right, and rather than no one spotting him, everyone had. Even worse, the women in the office had apparently taken offense to this and, because of that, he was now in trouble with his boss, and the only solution he saw to avoid being fired was to do the one thing he never wanted to do: tell his boss what had really happened to him. Just the thought made him sick to his stomach.

“Well?!” demanded Ray.

“There’s. . . uh, well, it’s. . . uh, I can’t really, uh,” said Allen. He struggled to say what he needed to say. It was humiliating enough to admit that part of him had become feminine, it was beyond humiliating to make that admission to his macho asshole boss. “Why didn’t I listen to Daphne and stay home?” he asked himself.

“Get on with it,” growled Ray.

Allen knew he had no choice. He took a deep breath and he said what he needed to say: “They aren’t fake. . . they’re real.”

Ray furrowed his brow. “What do you mean they aren’t fake?” he asked sourly.

Allen looked down at Ray’s desk as he couldn’t meet his eyes directly. “This is going to sound crazy, but the proof is on my chest. I went to bed normal, but when I woke up, I had this massive swelling on my chest. It looks like breasts, but it’s not. . . it’s just swelling.”

“Swelling?” It was clear from his tone that Ray didn’t believe him.

Allen nodded his head. “Yes, sir.”

“Let me see this ‘swelling’.”

Allen blushed. “I, well—”

“Let me put it this way,” said Ray and he tapped his finger against the desk. “Let me see it now, or I’ll fire you. Which is it going to be?”

Allen bit his lip. This was something he absolutely wanted to avoid, but how could he? He had barely gotten this job and if Ray fired him, he would never find another good job. He’d played around too much early in his career and now he was paying the price for it. That was why he couldn’t call in sick earlier and stay home, and that was why he had no choice now.

“Yes, sir,” said Allen softly.

Allen stood up and removed his jacket. His breasts came into view beneath his shirt as they pushed hard against it. Even beneath the shirt, Ray could tell they were magnificent in shape. He had expected to see fake plastic breasts, but these didn’t appear to be plastic at all. Or, if they were, then they were very well made.

“I really can’t explain this,” said Allen as he started unbuttoning his shirt.

“Just get on with it,” said Ray. He was strangely anxious to see these breasts now.

Allen unbuttoned his shirt. Soon, the front of his shirt opened. Visible beneath it was the white bra Daphne had given him to hold his breasts up and to keep them from rubbing against the shirt; it was too small and it barely held them in place, but it was better than nothing. Visible beneath the bra were his breasts.

“I’ll be damned!” exclaimed Ray.

“I told you. . . they’re real,” said Allen and he blushed.

Ray walked around the desk. His eyes were transfixed on the magnificent breasts before him. He reached up and put his hand on the side on Allen’s right breast. Allen wanted to recoil; he didn’t want another man touching his breasts. . . but he didn’t recoil. To the contrary, the touch of Ray’s hand felt so amazing that Allen found himself instantly turned on and he actually pushed his breast into Ray’s hand rather than pull it away. His penis shot to attention and began to throb as well.

“These are amazing,” said Ray. His tone suggested a certain degree of awe. “They put my ex-wife’s breasts to shame!”

“Thank you,” said Allen involuntarily and he blushed.

Ray pulled the dress shirt off Allen’s shoulders. He pulled it down Allen’s arms and tossed it over a chair. Then he unlatched Allen’s bra and pulled that off as well. He dropped that over the chair. This allowed Allen’s breasts to hang freely and exposed their massive, erect nipples.

“Uh, please don’t,” whispered Allen.

Ray ignored him. He began kneading Allen’s breasts. As he did, Allen’s penis shot out some precum and it started throbbing much stronger.

“Please,” said Allen between the shallow breaths he was now taking. “I really don’t want to do this.”

Ray continued to ignore him. He slid his hands all over Allen’s breasts and tickled his nipples. “Look at those incredible nipples,” he said. Ray seemed to be entranced.

“Ray, please,” said Allen, who was feeling his entire body tremble now. Then, embarrassingly, he moaned. This caused Ray to lean forward and lick Allen’s nipple. Allen gasped and more precum dripped into his pants. Allen was breathing heavily now.

“Hmmm,” said Ray with a strange giggle.

Allen purred in response.

Ray then grabbed Allen’s nipple between his teeth and he sucked on it. He sucked it between his teeth and then he pinched it with his teeth.

When he did, a sharp blast of pain, mixed with an intense blast of pleasure, shot from Allen's nipple straight to his brain. Allen's penis exploded instantly and shot cum all over the inside of his underwear.

A wet spot appeared on Allen's pants. Both men saw it.

Ray looked Allen in the eye. They stared at each other for a moment. Both were blushing. Suddenly they both felt deep shame at what had happened. Allen immediately yanked his breast away from his boss. He quickly pulled his bra and shirt back into place. He tried to look his boss in the face, but he couldn't. Ray couldn't look him in the face anymore either. For a brief moment, however, their eyes did meet and, in that moment, they made it clear to each other that neither ever wanted to mention this again or hear the other mention it again. They definitely agreed on that point, even without a word being exchanged. Both felt deeply humiliated that Ray had made Allen cum.

"I should return to my desk," said Allen. His mouth was dry.

Ray cleared his throat. "Uh. . . yeah, do that. I'll put out a memo that says you have a medical condition that's known to the firm and that everyone should just treat you normally," said Ray.

Allen started to nod his head in agreement, but then stopped. He suddenly realized that if Ray did that, then everyone would know about his breasts. That would be like sending out a memo telling everyone to come look at Allen's new breasts. He didn't want that at all. "But—"

Ray shook his head to cut off his objection. "That's what we'll do," he said firmly. "Now get out of my office."

Allen started to go, but stopped. "Is there any chance I can have some time off to deal with this?"

Ray considered this for a moment. On the one hand, it would be the smart thing to do to give him time off. It would eliminate a potential distraction. On the other hand, Allen had abused the time-off policy already and Ray didn't want to let him get away with that. Even more importantly, however, Ray thought about the erection in his pants right now and he realized that he wanted to see these magnificent breasts again, even if they were wrongly located on a man. He shook his head. "No way."

“It was a nightmare,” said Allen to his girlfriend. “After he sent out that memo, everyone on our floor and even people I’ve never seen before all came by to look at my breasts.” He didn’t tell her about Ray sucking on his nipples or that he came as Ray did it. Nor did he tell her that he suspected Ray masturbated in his office after Allen left.

Daphne smirked. “They came by to look?” she asked doubtfully. “Is that what they said? ‘Hello, we want to see your breasts.’ Somehow, I doubt that. I can’t imagine anyone was that blatant?”

Allen pursed his lips. “No, that’s not what they said, and no, no one was that blatant. They all said they came by to wish me well or they made other excuses, but you could tell they just came by to see my breasts. It was humiliating being on display like that.”

Daphne laughed.

“What’s so funny?” he asked sourly.

“You. You can dish it out, but you sure can’t take it. How many times have you told me about you and your buddies gawking at some poor woman who just happened to cross your path with a nice pair of breasts? Do you think she liked being stared at?”

“That’s different!” he said.

“Is it really? How?”

“Well, those were real women. They have real breasts. They expect men to stare at them,” he said, though he knew this was nonsense the moment he said it.

Daphne snickered cynically. She then patted her boyfriend on the thigh. “Well, now you have real breasts too, honey, so welcome to womanhood, baby girl.”

“That’s not funny,” he protested.

“It wasn’t meant to be. You’ve now experienced what women go through all the time.”

Allen shivered. He didn’t want to think about whether or not she might be right. He just wanted everything to return to normal.

“So are you going to see a doctor finally?” asked Daphne.

Allen shook his head. “No. I’ll be fine,” he said nervously.

“Allen!”

“Trust me, it’s just swelling. It will probably be gone by morning,” he said confidently, even though he didn’t feel so confident. In fact, inwardly he felt anything but confident.

Daphne frowned at her boyfriend. "Just swelling, huh?"

"Yes."

"All right. I'll make you a bet. I'll bet you that I can make you cum just by playing with your nipples."

"What would that prove?"

"That this isn't just swelling."

Allen ran his tongue over his teeth. He knew that would be a losing bet, but he didn't want to admit that, so he didn't respond.

Daphne took his silence as fear. "Come on, honey. If it's just swelling, then I shouldn't be able to do it. But if I can, then you need to admit to me that you've somehow grown women's breasts, real breasts."

"Forget it, I'm not betting."

"Coward."

"No, it's pointless."

"It's only pointless because you know I'm right. I'll tell you what. Let's give it a point. We'll make it a bet. I want you to let me dress you up like a woman this weekend. If I can make you cum, then you have to let me dress you up."

"Forget it," he repeated.

"No way. My boyfriend's grown breasts and there is *no way* I'm going to just ignore that," she said. As she said this, she pushed Allen back onto the bed and climbed on top of him. She placed her knees on either side of him, pulling up her skirt far enough so she could straddle him, and she pinned his arms. She then leaned forward and placed her teeth around the first of the buttons on his shirt.

"What are you doing?" asked Allen nervously.

"Quiet breast boy! I'm having my fun," she said with a giggle. She then closed her jaw and yanked the button off his shirt. She spit it out.

"Hey! My shirt!"

"You should have agreed," she said and she attacked the next button. "Now I have to do this the hard way."

"Don't do that," he protested and he tried to free his arms, but he was pinned to the bed. As he struggled, his nipples shot to full attention, as did his penis.

Daphne ignored him and ripped off the third button with her teeth. His shirt fell open, exposing his breasts. She then pulled his bra down

beneath his gorgeous breasts. “Oh what nice breasts you have, girlfriend,” she said, and she thrust her lips onto his nipple.

Allen felt the same thrill he got from his boss earlier. It raced throughout him and made his penis hard. He stopped struggling immediately. Daphne giggled at his docile acceptance of this girlish pleasure. She then pinched his nipple between her teeth and she sucked on it and pulled on it. She was grinning wildly the entire time and her panties were soaking wet.

A moment later, the most amazing thing happened. Milk squirted out of Allen’s nipple into her mouth.

“Oh my God!” squealed Daphne and she came harder than she had ever cum in her life. She wasn’t even ready to cum a moment before and she had no warning, and when it happened, it exploded through her and shook her entire body. She had never experienced anything like this before.

At the same time, Allen felt the most incredible feeling. It felt as if someone had wrapped their mouth around the head of his penis, touching the entire surface of the head, and sucked so hard that the cum was literally pulled out of him. . . only, this feeling happened in his breast, not his penis, and it was his nipple which felt like his penis. He would never forget that feeling for the rest of his life.

He came too. In fact, he came just as hard as Daphne had, which caused his cum to shoot up into the air behind Daphne and it covered the back of her skirt.

They were both shocked.

“Did that really happen?” asked Daphne.

“I think so,” squeaked Allen. He was terrified at what any of this meant.

“You really just produced milk,” said Daphne with amazement. She could still taste the warm milk in her mouth.

Allen nodded his head.

“Real milk,” she added.

Allen again nodded his head.

“Wow! My boyfriend can lactate!” exclaimed Daphne and she laughed. “I need to see this again!” Without warning, she jammed her mouth back onto his nipple and again started sucking. Allen didn’t even try to resist because, as stunningly humiliating as this was for him to produce milk, it also felt so good that he wanted to feel it again.

He moaned.

“Oh, one more thing,” said Daphne.

“What’s that?”

“You lost our bet, girlfriend. I’m dressing you up this weekend.”

“I never bet!” he protested.

She didn’t respond. Instead, she slipped his nipple back between her lips and she started sucking again. Allen immediately forgot his protest. He was lost in the pleasure as he arched his back and waited for Daphne to ravish his chest, which she did all night long.

He would spend the weekend dressed as her girlfriend. . . and that was only the beginning.

Chapter 3: “High Heels For Allen”

Allen awoke well before his alarm clock. He'd had the wildest nightmares about being turned into a woman as everyone in the office took turns playing with all of his new parts. Strangely though, he still had a penis in his dream, and it was huge. And much to his horror, Ray sucked on it. That's when he woke up dripping in sweat.

“Oh God, what a nightmare!” exclaimed Allen to himself.

He lay there, afraid to move. Was any of this real he wondered, or had this all just been a nightmare? Perhaps, he didn't really have breasts after all, he thought. Oddly, this thought made him more nervous than anything and he found it hard to get up the courage to check. For a long time, he lay there, unable to move. Then he slowly, reluctantly slid his hand beneath the blanket to see if he really had breasts.

He did.

He felt deflated.

“Why?!” he asked himself. He wanted to scream the question, but he didn't. “How can this be?! I'm a man! Men don't have breasts! Men don't. . . *they don't produce milk!*” As he said this, he felt a shiver race through his body and he felt emasculated and weak.

Allen lay there frustrated with these questions pounding his mind. After some time, he finally rolled over and looked at his alarm clock. It was only half an hour before he normal woke up, so he decided to get up and get dressed; he knew he wasn't going to get any more sleep.

“Might as well start my day. . . my humiliating, humiliating day. . . with tits,” he said sourly. This caused Daphne to stir next to him.

“Are you awake?” she asked. She yawned.

“Yeah. It's a little early, but I'm going to get up anyway.”

“Ok,” she said. A moment later, Allen heard a gentle snore come from her side of the bed; she had fallen back asleep. Of course, she didn't have anything weighing on her mind like the sudden appearance of breasts like he did. No, to her, this was all just funny, something to laugh at.

“I'm glad one of us can sleep,” he said sarcastically. He shook his head and swung his legs over the side of the bed so he could sit up. His toes hit the carpet. . . but his heels didn't. “That's strange.”

Allen bent forward and looked over the side of the bed. There didn't appear to be anything unusual. At least, there was nothing on the floor beneath his feet, and his feet looked normal. In fact, everything seemed normal. So he pushed down on his heels again, but they still refused to go down to the floor. For some reason, his feet stood at an angle where his toes and the balls of his feet lay flat on the floor and touched the carpet, but the rest of each foot remained elevated in the air. He tried again to press them flat against the floor, but they wouldn't budge.

"What is going on?" he asked himself.

He scratched his head.

"This doesn't make any sense. . . unless there's something medically wrong?"

Allen licked his lips nervously. Had his foot been broken somehow? It didn't seem injured; there was no pain. So why wouldn't it go flat? Was there some way to "lock" a foot in place at a strange angle? He'd never heard of such a thing. Maybe, he thought, he just needed to apply more weight to it to push through whatever was holding his foot, so he braced himself against the bed and he tried to lift himself up onto his feet. A moment later, he was standing. . . standing on tiptoes. He still couldn't bring his heels down.

"I don't understand this," he said to himself.

He tried to walk across the room, but found that he was walking solely on his tiptoes. He simply could not lower the heel of his foot to the ground. He decided to try something else, so he sat down again and physically bent his foot with his hands. That didn't work either. It seemed to bend at first, but it didn't bend far and he certainly wasn't able to straighten out his foot.

"This is insane!"

Allen put his feet back on the ground. This time, he put his feet down at an angle so the heels hit the ground first. That let him put his heels onto the carpet, but it didn't change the angle of his toes, which now ran awkwardly parallel to the floor; he certainly couldn't stand that way.

"What the hell?!" he exclaimed.

This woke up Daphne, who rolled over and looked at him. "What is it?" she asked. "Are we out of milk?" She giggled.

Allen blushed, but ignored her comment. "My feet won't bend," he said.

“Won’t bend? In what way?”

“I can’t put them down flat on the floor.”

“Why not?” she asked.

“I don’t know. If I knew, then this wouldn’t be a mystery.”

Daphne yawned. “What do you mean you can’t put them down flat?”

Allen rose and walked across the room on tiptoes to show her what he meant. “See.”

“Well, get off your tiptoes and put your feet down,” she said.

“I can’t,” he responded harshly. As he said this, he noticed that his calves were starting to feel rather sore.

Daphne had been somewhat groggy before, but now her mind was waking up, and what her boyfriend was telling her did not make sense to her. She sat up. “What do you mean you can’t?” she asked.

“They won’t go flat. I’ve tried everything. They just won’t do it. I must have broken them somehow or the muscle is locked or something,” he said. He really had no idea how this could happen, but it sounded reasonable to him that he had somehow broken his feet, even though he didn’t remember that happening and they didn’t feel at all broken.

“Walk across the room again. Let me see,” said Daphne.

Allen strode across the room on his tiptoes. Because of the angle, he was forced to take shorter steps than normal and to walk more delicately. This seemed to increase the pain in his legs. In fact, his calves were becoming so sore that he felt like he needed to sit down immediately. . . so he did.

“Why did you sit down?” asked Daphne.

“My calves hurt.”

Daphne moved to the edge of the bed next to him. “Do you know what your feet are shaped like?”

Allen shrugged his shoulders. “No idea. . . feet?” he asked sarcastically.

“Your feet are in the exact shape of a woman’s foot when she wears high heels.”

Allen blushed at the suggestion. “That’s not funny, not with the breast thing.”

“I’m not trying to be funny,” she said. “Your feet are in the exact shape as if you were wearing invisible high heels.”

“You’re crazy,” said Allen nervously. He stood up again and tried to force his feet to go flat upon the ground as he moved around the room. It wasn’t working.

Daphne watched this with great interest. . . and amusement. Watching her boyfriend wiggle around the room on tiptoes as his enormous breasts jiggled all over the place was proving to be surprisingly erotic and it was making her very wet.

“Ow!” exclaimed Allen some seconds later and he rubbed his calf.

“What?”

He sat down on the edge of the bed again. “The leg pain, it just got really bad,” he said. He bit his lip. “This is a problem. If my legs hurt this much just walking around the room, then I can’t even walk to my car, much less make it through the parking garage and all the way to work.”

Daphne watched her boyfriend rub his legs.

“This is a real problem,” he repeated. “What am I going to do?”

Both were silent for several seconds as they pondered this. Then Daphne spoke. “I have an idea,” she said and she walked to her closet. Once there, she pulled out a pair of five-inch high-heeled slingbacks she rarely wore because they were a little too large for her. These were black with a peep toe and a stiletto heel.

“What are you doing with those?” asked Allen suspiciously.

“You’ll see,” she said and she bent down before him and, before he could even react, she slipped one of the shoes onto his foot. The pain in his leg instantly vanished. “What do you think?”

Allen blushed. “There is no way I’m wearing high heels,” he growled and he yanked the shoe from his foot. The pain immediately returned. He winced.

“It worked didn’t it? It stopped the pain,” said Daphne. “Admit it.”

“I’m not wearing high heels,” he repeated and he stood up to walk across the room. Each step was painful and it seemed to be getting worse. By the time he reached the other side of the room, he could barely stand it. He raced back to the bed and crashed down onto it. “This is impossible!”

Daphne smirked and held up the high heels. “Here’s your answer,” she said and she wiggled them back and forth before his eyes.

“Forget it.”

“They made the pain go away,” she sang.

“It was a fluke.”

Daphne laughed. “Ok, have it your way,” she said. “If you’re too much of a sissy to wear high heels and you would rather spend your day in pain, then be my guest. If not, then here’s your ticket out.” She placed the shoes onto the bed next to him. “I’m going to get some coffee.” With that, she left her boyfriend in the bedroom.

With Daphne gone, Allen sat on the bed. “What am I going to do? I can’t walk,” he said. He scratched his head. Then he looked at the heels lying next to him and he shook his head. “No way. There’s no way I’m wearing high heels!”

He looked around the room again. He couldn’t even make it across the room at this point and he knew that.

“There’s no way I can get to my car. Maybe I could get a wheelchair, but how?”

He looked at the heels again. They would solve his problem, but they were *high heels*!

“No,” he said firmly. “I’m *NOT* wearing heels!”

He glanced at the shoes again. He bit his lip. He exhaled through gritted teeth. He felt the pain in his feet and his calves. Then slowly, very slowly, he reached out and picked up one of the shoes. He held it in his hand. Had this really helped with the pain or had he imagined that? He wasn’t sure.

“One way to find out, I guess,” he said.

He ran his finger along the line of the shoe. It was a pretty shoe, but it was meant to be on a woman’s foot, not his own. Still, there was no harm in finding out if the shoe had helped him or if he had just imagined that, right? Any bit of information would be helpful in terms of solving this problem, wouldn’t it? Sure, it would.

“There’s no harm in checking,” he said.

He took a deep breath and slipped the shoe onto his foot. The soreness in his calf instantly went away. His toes, his arch, his whole leg. . . it all felt better immediately. With this shoe on, his foot and leg felt fine. Without it, he could barely walk. He realized right away what this meant: he would need to wear heels. He cringed at the thought.

“This is going to be humiliating. But I don’t have any choice, do I?”

He slipped on the other shoe and moved around the room. He moved expertly for someone who had never worn heels before. More importantly, his legs and feet felt great. This would work.

“She’s never going to let me live this down,” he said.

He was right.

Daphne nearly spit out her coffee when her boyfriend emerged from the bedroom a few minutes later in his suit, with its far too-tight jacket which did nothing to hide his enormous breasts, and wearing her high heels. She instantly became wet.

“Oh my God! You look precious!” she exclaimed with a giggle.

Allen withered. He felt utterly humiliated. He felt emasculated. He felt even more humiliated somehow than he had the prior day when he awoke with the breasts. At least those could be explained as a medical condition. Who was going to believe he was wearing high heels because of a medical condition?

Even worse, this was all making him hard as a rock and that troubled him.

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“Let me get this straight,” said Allen’s boss Ray doubtfully. “You’re wearing high heels because you *broke your feet* and the doctor said you need to wear women’s high-heeled shoes to keep them in the right position so they heal. Is that right?”

Allen blushed. It sounded ridiculous to him too, but it was the best he could come up with. “Right,” he said.

“Don’t they normally put a broken foot into a boot?” asked Ray, before adding, “And I don’t mean a high-heeled boot!”

Allen blushed further. “Yes, but the doctor said this is an unusual break. This is a mid-foot break.”

“A ‘mid-foot break’,” repeated Ray skeptically.

Allen nodded his head. “That’s what the doctor said.”

“A doctor who just happened to forget to give you a note.”

“Uhm. . . yes.”

Ray took a deep breath and then exhaled loudly. “This is a joke, right?” he asked pointedly.

“No, sir.”

Ray looked at his desk for a few seconds before shaking his head. “No. . . I can’t let you wear heels.”

“Why not?” asked Allen. It wasn’t that he really disagreed with Ray’s decision; in fact, if he had been in Ray’s position, he would have made the same decision. But Allen simply couldn’t take no for an answer because he couldn’t take the pain of not wearing the heels. So he felt compelled to press on.

“The dress code,” said Ray. “That’s why you can’t wear heels.”

“The dress code allows heels.”

“No, it doesn’t.”

“Yes, it does. Women can wear heels under the dress code.”

“Yeah, but you’re not a woman.”

Allen cringed; he couldn’t believe he was about to say this: “That’s sexist, Ray.”

Ray’s jaw dropped. He looked Allen up and down. He furrowed his brow. “You know what, Allen? I think you’re messing with me. I think you’re trying to get me to fire you for some reason, but it’s not going to work because I’m not going to let you make my decisions for me. If you want to humiliate yourself, then you go right ahead. Watching you humiliate yourself will be a much more fitting punishment than firing you.” He leaned forward and typed something into his computer. He hit the enter key. Then he leaned back in his chair. “You’re dismissed,” he said.

Allen felt a shiver run down his spine. He had no idea what had just happened and that made him nervous, but it didn’t sound good, that much was for sure. He stood up, turned and walked out of Ray’s office. As he did, he had the feeling that Ray’s eyes bounced between his heels and his breasts. This made him feel ashamed as he slunk his way out of the office.

“I see you’re making a bold fashion statement now,” said Ray’s secretary snidely when Allen emerged from the office. She looked at his high heels, shook her head and snickered.

Allen blushed. “It’s a medical condition,” he said quietly.

“Oh, is it?” she asked condescendingly.

Allen decided that now was not the time to fight this battle, so he raced to his desk as fast as he could. He sat down. He was determined to stay behind his desk until it was time to go home. “Hopefully, no one will see that I’m wearing heels as long as I remain seated. Maybe nobody will notice,” he told himself.

Then he opened his e-mail.

“You can’t believe how humiliating it was,” said Allen to Daphne. They were both naked except that Allen still wore high heels; he had no choice. He lay on top of her. His penis was flaccid and lay harmlessly up against her crotch.

“Will you stop thinking about that and focus,” she said. She ran her hand up and down his penis and squeezed it. It remained soft.

“I am focused,” he protested.

“You’re not. Think about this,” she said and she squeezed his penis again, “not about work.”

“I’m trying, but he shouldn’t have sent that e-mail.”

“Well, he had to say something,” responded Daphne and she tried scraping her fingernails across the head of his penis. That always made him cringe in the past, which in turn made him hard as a rock, but it didn’t work this time.

He remained flaccid.

Allen continued: “No, he didn’t need to say anything! And he certainly didn’t need to say this!” exclaimed Allen and he quoted the message for the tenth time: “‘Allen has requested to wear high heels around the office, even though he understands that these are women’s shoes. Despite the dress code, the firm will honor his request and let him wear them from now on.’ I didn’t ‘request’ it, I told him it was doctor’s orders. And he didn’t need to point out that these were women’s shoes. That was just an attempt to make fun of me. He even underlined that part.”

“What did you want him to say?” asked Daphne.

“He shouldn’t have said anything. That’s the point. If he hadn’t said anything, then I could have sat behind my desk and no one would have known—”

Daphne laughed. “You can’t keep something *like that* secret.”

Allen ignored her. He was still angry. “He shouldn’t have sent it. Now everyone knows. And not only that, the moment he sent out the message, people started dropping by our floor to try to get a glimpse of me. I felt like I was on display.”

Part of Daphne laughed. She was glad that Allen was learning that many of the things he’d done to women were not as flattering or sexy as he wanted to believe. However, the other part of her was more interested in

having sex at the moment. It seemed that the more feminine Allen became, the more turned on she became and the more she wanted him. But *this*, what they were doing now, was not having sex, not by any definition she knew. “Allen, let it go. Focus on what we’re doing,” she said and she yanked on his soft penis again.

Allen gritted his teeth. “I’m trying.”

“You’re not trying. You’re talking about this e-mail and you’re all flat and soft.”

“I am trying, but it’s not working for some reason.”

“Clear your mind and think of something that you know will turn you on.”

She had a good point, so Allen nodded his head. He closed his eyes. He focused on the first thing to enter his mind that really turned him on. Disturbingly, it was when Ray sucked on his nipples in the office. It made him feel a great deal of shame to think about that. Still, he knew from earlier that this would make him super hard.

Only, it didn’t.

“It’s not working,” he said in a worried tone. He bit his lip.

Daphne looked at her boyfriend. “Ok, I know what will work. Get off me and roll over onto your back.” He did, and Daphne rolled on top of him and slid down between his legs. She placed his penis between her fingers and held it in place, then she slipped her lips around it and tickled it with her tongue.

“Hmm, that feels good,” he said.

But his penis didn’t become erect.

Daphne blew on it, tickled it, pinched it, and licked it, but it just refused to grow. “Something’s wrong here, Allen. You’re totally flaccid.”

“Let me try something,” he said. He wrapped his fingers around his penis and thought of having sex with Daphne. That usually worked. . . but it didn’t this time. He furrowed his brow. He took a deep breath and stroked his penis again. This time he let his mind run to more forbidden subjects, like the humiliation he felt from the stares of the people at work, the sound of his heels on the office’s tile floor, and again the feel of Ray’s lips on his nipples. That should have worked; he knew that because it instantly made him hard every time he thought about it recently. Yet, as his mind raced through these thoughts of all these humiliations which had made him so hard these days, he felt distressed to discover that none of them

worked now. He even tried playing with his nipples, which sent tingly waves all over his body. . . but he stayed soft. It was like his penis just wasn't connected. "I don't get it."

They sat like that for several minutes as both contemplated what was happening.

"I have an idea," said Daphne finally.

"What kind of idea?"

"Trust me," she said. "Roll over onto your stomach and get up on all fours."

Allen did as she suggested, though he felt somewhat nervous. This was an unusual position and he felt a bit silly. "What are you going to do?" he asked.

"Hold on, you'll see in a moment," she said. "Close your eyes and keep them closed. I don't want to ruin the surprise."

Allen agreed.

Behind Allen, Daphne slipped off the bed and went to a box she kept in the closet. This box contained her toys, toys Allen didn't even know about. From the box she pulled out a strap-on with an enormous dildo on the front. It had to be at least eight inches long and three fingers across. She fastened the belt around her waist, added some lube to the dildo, and then climbed back onto the bed behind him. She didn't actually expect this to work, but she always wanted to try it on Allen and now seemed like a good time to give it a shot since he was receptive to any solution she could offer.

"Here it comes," she said.

"Here comes what?" he asked.

A moment later, she drove the dildo deeply and recklessly into Allen's rear. She expected him to squeal and panic and jump away. She assumed his manhood would be offended and he would demand she stop. But she was in for a shock because he didn't panic and he didn't demand that she stop. To the contrary, the moment she drove the penis inside her boyfriend's rear, he started to moan and purr and shake his rear in rhythm to her thrusts.

"Wow," she said to herself. She reached down beneath him and felt his penis. It was hard as a rock. This made her giggle.

"Don't stop!" he exclaimed breathlessly.

Daphne laughed and kept going. In and out, she drove the penis. . . in and out. She kept getting faster too. She found that the faster she went, the more he started to sound like a woman rather than a man and that was strangely alluring to her.

“Do you like that?!” she exclaimed as she pushed even harder.

“Oh yes!” he replied.

“Do you like me taking you like a woman?!”

“Oh yes!”

“Tell me, then. Beg me!” she ordered with a laugh. She wasn’t sure what to expect.

“Oh!” he moaned. “Please take me like a woman!”

Daphne laughed even harder. She couldn’t believe this was her macho boyfriend. She couldn’t believe this at all. First, he had breasts. That was just impossible, but also so very sexy. Then he started to wear heels. That made her tingle with delight at how helpless he looked tottering around in her heels, scared that people would notice. That tingling feeling was like a drug to her. And now. . . now this.

Suddenly, Allen shuddered. He lurched forward. “Ooooooh!” he squealed, and he shot cum all over the bed without warning.

Daphne saw this and she laughed again. She pulled the dildo from his rear and saw his penis go flaccid immediately. Her eyebrow went up.

“I wonder,” she said.

“Wonder what?” he asked.

She didn’t explain. Instead, she stuck the dildo back inside him and he instantly became hard again. And when she removed it, he went flaccid once more. “I guess you can’t get hard without a nice hard penis in your rear,” she said with a condescending laugh. Then she slapped him across the rear. “There you go, girly. Now change the sheets so we can sleep.”

Chapter 4: “The Truth Is Revealed”

Ronda set down her purse at the table. She had been out of town for the last few days on a work assignment which kept her too busy to return Daphne’s messages asking her to call. Now she was back and she and Daphne were at their favorite coffee shop.

“So what’s up, Daph?” asked Ronda.

Daphne bit her lip and blushed. “You’re never going to believe it.”

Ronda raised an eyebrow. “I’m intrigued. What happened?”

“I . . . well, you’ll never believe me if I tell you, so let me show you,” said Daphne. She pulled her phone from her purse and opened her photo album. She clicked on a folder called “Allen.” She giggled. Then she handed the phone to Ronda.

“I don’t get it?” said Ronda as she flipped through the pictures. “Pictures of some woman with huge breasts and various shots of her wearing high heels. Why wouldn’t I believe that?”

Daphne giggled. “Take a closer look.”

“At what?”

“That’s no woman. . . that’s Allen,” said Daphne. She was grinning from ear to ear.

“Allen?!” exclaimed Ronda and her eyes became huge. She flipped through the photos, devouring them.

“Yes, Allen. That’s Allen in the heels and those are his breasts.”

Ronda laughed loudly. “You mean to tell me that Mr. Sexist is a cross-dresser?!”

Daphne shook her head. “Not exactly. Those are *his* breasts.”

“I don’t follow you.”

“They’re real. . . he has real breasts.”

Ronda’s jaw dropped. “Tell me more.”

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Meanwhile, Allen’s day was going poorly. It started with him waking up feeling intense shame. Indeed, the moment he awoke, the first thing he remembered was allowing his girlfriend to take him like a woman the night

before with a dildo stuck up his rear. That was embarrassing. Even worse, he had moaned and wailed like a woman as she did it. That was humiliating. Worse yet, he could remember her giggling softly in the dark as she fell asleep. He'd never felt more emasculated in his life.

"She's never going to forget this, and I'm never going to live this down," he said to himself and he shuddered.

He then swung his legs over the side of the bed and immediately slid his feet into the high-heeled mules he had taken from Daphne. He needed those; he'd tried several times the prior day to walk in bare feet and he found that he simply couldn't stand or walk without wearing heels. He looked down at his feet in the heels and sighed. Then he shook his head. As he did, a waterfall of long blonde hair cascaded past his eyes.

"Oh no!" he exclaimed.

This awoke Daphne. "What?!"

"My hair!"

"What about it?"

"It's grown," he said, which was a true understatement.

Realizing this was not an emergency, Daphne let her head sink back into her pillow. "Hair does that," she said with a yawn.

"Not like this," said Allen.

Daphne raised an eyebrow. Had there been another change, she wondered? Then she rolled over and sat up. She looked at the thick, wavy blonde hair which hung from his head all the way down past his shoulders to the center of his back. She reached out and touched it. It was smooth and soft and beautiful. It was ultra-feminine.

"Wow. I'd kill to have hair like that!" she said.

"You can have it! I don't want it!" whined Allen and he grabbed a scissor from his nightstand.

Daphne laughed.

"Why are you laughing?" he asked angrily.

"You. You haven't figured this out yet, have you?"

"Figured what out?"

"Something is turning you into a girl. It's like magic. You grew breasts. You're forced to wear high heels. You can only get hard if someone sticks something inside your ass. And you can't change any of that. Now you have gorgeous feminine hair, again as if by magic, and you think you can just cut it off? Forget it!"

“Of course I can cut it! It’s just hair,” he replied. His tone sounded somewhat desperate. He was enduring enough humiliation already between the breasts and the heels; adding women’s hair to this would only make it worse. He needed to cut off this hair immediately. If he didn’t, the humiliation would be even worse today. And, frankly, that worried him because was he was starting to like it. . . it turned him on and that was starting to scare him.

Daphne shook her head slowly. “Good luck,” she said dismissively.

Allen grabbed a handful of hair and tried to cut it. It didn’t work, nothing cut. He tried again and met with the same result. He couldn’t shorten or remove a single strand from his head.

“Told you so,” said Daphne.

Allen wanted to cry.

An hour later, Allen found himself at work. Once again, he was called into his boss’s office. Thus, he found himself sitting in the small, uncomfortable visitor chair before Ray’s desk, in his suit which didn’t cover his enormous breasts, in the high heels he needed to wear to walk, and with a gorgeous mane of blonde hair flowing from his head.

Ray wasn’t happy about this.

“I’m only going to say this once,” said Ray. “I don’t care why you have long blonde hair now, and I don’t care why you’re still wearing high heels or why you have tits—”

“Breasts,” said Allen softly.

“Whatever. I don’t care. But I do care about my office and I can’t have these constant distractions. And since you’re obviously trying to turn yourself into a woman, I’m going to help you cut to the chase. Rather than having you add something new each day and get everyone all abuzz at what you’ve done, you’re going to go home, you’re going to change your clothes so you are dressed completely as a woman from head to toe, and then you’re going to come back to work and start answering to Ally. Or you’re going to come back dressed as a man. . . no heels, no hair, no breasts. Your days of being a half-man, half-woman are over.”

Allen’s lip quivered. He didn’t want this, not at all, but he couldn’t do anything about the changes, so he had no choice but to agree. And truth be told, he realized that this was probably for the better anyway because he was starting to look like a woman and, yes, there would probably be more

changes. So all he would be doing now was cutting to the chase and ending this idea of being half and half.

“Do I make myself clear?” asked Ray when Allen didn’t respond.

Allen shuddered. He nodded his head. “I will, but I can’t today.”

“Why not?”

“I don’t have a way home. I can’t drive like this, so Daphne has my car.”

Ray folded his arms. “Fine, I’ll drive you home. Get your purse, *Ally*.”

—o—

Daphne had just finished telling Ronda everything that had happened. This, of course, involved a lot of giggling, some raised nipples, and a good deal of wetness for both women. They were still at the coffee shop and they were having a very good time at Allen’s expense.

“I have got to see him in person,” said Ronda who felt intensely turned on at the moment. Had they not been sitting out in the middle of the room where they had no privacy, she would have stuck her finger inside her panties. “The photos you have are nice, but I need to see the real thing. Seriously.”

“I could always invite you over to dinner,” said Daphne.

“We could go to that little Mexican place,” suggested Ronda.

Daphne shook her head. “That won’t work. Getting Allen out of the house these days is almost impossible. It would have to be at our place.”

Ronda smiled. “I’m fine with that. Invite me over for dinner!”

Daphne smiled now too. “Sure. Maybe later this week. In the meantime, I should get going. I have some things to do at home before Allen gets home. With all these exciting changes, I’m finding it hard to get much work done when he’s around,” she said with a laugh.

They went to Ronda’s car.

—o—

Allen stood in his bedroom. His boss Ray was standing before his closet flipping through his suits and shirts.

“Where are they?” asked Ray.

“Like I’ve said, I don’t have any women’s clothes,” said Allen. He had told this to Ray at least four times before and during the drive to the apartment, but Ray refused to believe him. Perhaps he would believe him now. “I’m not trying to turn myself into a woman.”

“Then where did you get the heels and the bra?” asked Ray.

“My girlfriend.”

“Where did she get them?”

“From her closet.”

“Then we can look through her clothes.”

Allen ran his tongue over his teeth. He didn’t want to dress like a woman and he certainly didn’t want his boss helping him. The whole thing felt really, really weird to him. But even more, he didn’t like the idea of going through Daphne’s closet and he *absolutely* didn’t like the idea of his boss going through her closet. He started to protest, but Ray cut him off.

“Let’s see what she has,” said Ray and he walked over to her closet.

“Ray, I’d rather n—”

“Oh, that’s better,” said Ray as he opened the closet door. He began pulling out dresses and blouses. “She’s got excellent taste.”

Allen blushed. “Nothing in there will fit,” said Allen.

Ray looked Allen up and down. “Don’t be so sure. Your shape has changed a lot.”

Allen furrowed his brow and then turned to examine himself in the mirror. His jaw dropped. Ray was right! With his focus on the breasts, the heels and the hair, he had missed the fact that his body had been changing as well. It was curvier all around. His waist was narrower. And the whole thing seemed, strangely enough, smaller somehow. He gasped.

“What is happening to me?!”

He didn’t have time to think about it though because Ray walked up behind him holding up a red silk dress and a pair of silver high-heeled sandals. “Put these on,” said Ray.

Allen wanted to protest, but for some reason, he didn’t. Instead, he took the dress and laid it down on the bed. Then he stripped off his clothes down to his bra. He went to Daphne’s panty drawer and grabbed a pair of panties, some stockings, and a garterbelt. Embarrassingly, his penis was hard as a rock as he pulled these from her drawer. He prayed that Ray didn’t see that: “Please don’t look down, Ray,” said Allen to himself.

But Ray had noticed. “Look at that,” said Ray. “It turns you on to turn yourself into a woman!”

Allen blushed. Then he noticed that Ray was hard as a rock too. In fact, his penis was visibly pushing against his pants.

“Come on, get dressed,” said Ray. His tone worried Allen.

Nevertheless, Allen returned to the bed and slipped the panties up his legs and over his penis. It still stuck out and was obvious beneath the panties, but at least it was covered. Then he attached the garterbelt and pulled the stockings up his legs. They felt cool and exciting as they encircled his legs. That made his penis twitch.

“Now the heels,” said Ray and he held up the silver sandals. He sounded oddly excited.

“Yes, sir,” said Allen meekly.

Ray put the silver heels on the floor before Allen. Allen stepped into them and Ray knelt down and buckled them. Then he stepped back to admire the shoes on Allen.

“Sexy. Now put on the dress,” said Ray.

Allen stood up and picked up the dress. He opened the zipper and slipped it over his head. It fit. He never would have believed it, but it fit. He turned around and held up his hair so Ray could zip it up. Then he smoothed it out all over his body.

“Wow!” said Ray and he reached out and touched the side of Allen’s breast.

Allen tingled all over.

“Strut for me, baby,” said Ray.

Allen heard a warning bell go off inside his head. He knew he didn’t want this, wherever it was headed, but he didn’t seem to be able to stop. Almost involuntarily, he put one hand on his hip and he walked out into the living room. He shook his hips as he went.

Ray smiled and followed the feminized Allen.

—o—

Ronda and Daphne pulled up before Daphne’s apartment. They were in Ronda’s car. Daphne fished through her purse for her key. Ronda bit her lip. She was thinking about Allen as a woman. She loved the fact he was getting taken down a notch and getting to experience a bit of humiliation. It

was fitting. And she absolutely wanted to see him. But she also realized that it wasn't right, what she had done, and she certainly shouldn't withhold the antidote, even if she hadn't been able to see him yet.

"Where is my key?" asked Daphne.

Ronda took a deep breath. "Daph, I have something I need to confess."

Daphne didn't hear her however, as her mind focused entirely on her lost key. "It was in here earlier."

Ronda shrugged her shoulder. "In your purse probably."

Daphne shook her head. "I can't find it. It's not in here." She furrowed her brow. "I must have left it in the apartment. Shoot!" She turned to face her friend. "Do you still have the key I gave you so you could water the plants when we were away on vacation?"

"Yes," said Ronda and she pointed to her keychain, which hung from her ignition. "Do you want it back?"

"No, I'd rather you kept it for moments like this, but would you mind walking up with me and unlocking the door so I can get in?"

"Sure, no problem," said Ronda. She pulled the car into a parking spot and removed the key from the ignition. Both women grabbed their purses. Before they could step out of the car, however, Ronda grabbed her friend by the arm. "Daph, I have something I need to confess," she said again.

Daphne looked at her curiously. "What?"

"I know why Allen's turning into a woman. I also know how to reverse it."

Daphne's jaw dropped. "You do?!"

Ronda pulled the small vial of antidote from her purse. "This will reverse all the changes and he'll go back to the way he was. . . I think *you* should have this." She paused. "Here's what happened."

—o—

Meanwhile, Allen shuddered. He couldn't believe how good this felt. Still, he knew he didn't want this, not at all; after all, he wasn't gay. So he opened his mouth, intending to tell Ray that he would not allow this to go any further and that Ray should leave. . . *but he couldn't say the*

words. Instead, he pecked Ray on the cheek and then slid down to his knees.

“What am I doing?” he screamed inside his head.

Allen reached out and unzipped Ray’s zipper and opened his belt buckle. He pulled Ray’s pants and underwear down to his ankles. Ray’s penis stood before him, pointing directly into his face.

“No! I don’t want this,” he told himself.

“Oh yes, you do,” responded another part of him.

“Go on, baby,” said Ray.

“Hmmm,” responded Allen and he giggled.

Allen bit his lip. He struggled not to do this, but something inside him was in control and it was determined to make this happen. All he could do was watch as, a moment later, he bent forward and put his lips onto the head of Ray’s penis. It was salty and musky. He kept screaming, “No!” inside his head, but it was obvious that he was about to do something he never wanted to do in his life.

Against his will, he slipped the entire head of Ray’s penis inside his mouth.

“Oh baby!” exclaimed Ray.

Just then, the front door to the apartment opened behind them. In walked Daphne and Ronda. Both immediately froze. Daphne had a horrified, shocked look on her face and Ronda looked like she was going to explode into laughter.

“What the hell is going on here?!” demanded Daphne.

Allen remained frozen, on his knees, with Ray’s penis partially inside his mouth. He was too stunned to speak or to move. Ray too remained frozen. He was blushing brightly.

“That’s my dress!” screamed Daphne and she raced over to Allen. “Why are you wearing my dress?! What do you think you’re doing?!” She looked directly at Ray’s penis and visibly shuddered. “What is going on?!” She glared at her feminized boyfriend on his knees with a man’s penis in his mouth. This was unacceptable! There was no way she could allow this. It was time to turn him back into a man, *immediately*. She would need to give Allen the antidote right now. She started fishing through her purse for it.

Allen saw the angry look in Daphne’s face and he felt a moment of panic. He wanted to flee the room. But then something else occurred to

him. He let Ray's penis slide out of his mouth and he turned on his knees to face his girlfriend. He reached up beneath her miniskirt.

"What are you doing?" she asked suspiciously, though she didn't try to stop him. Her search through her purse for the vial was temporarily stopped.

Allen didn't respond. Instead, he pulled her panties down to her knees and then jammed his head between her thighs and began tonguing her. He had no idea what made him do this, particularly as he'd never been into anything like this before, but he did it.

Daphne was momentarily taken aback. She wanted to scream, "STOP!" and then shove him away. . . but then she felt his tongue slide inside her and she felt wave after wave of pleasure racing through her as his tongue moved around inside her. She trembled and closed her eyes. Instinctively, she spread her legs to give him more room.

"Oh God!" she moaned.

As this was happening, Ray walked around behind Daphne and wrapped his hands around her waist. He slid his hands up her body until they were at her breasts, then he lifted her blouse and slid his hands beneath it. He started to massage her breasts and tickle her nipples.

Daphne moaned. She'd never felt anything like this before.

"If you like that, how about a little more?" asked Ray. As he said this, he slid his penis inside her rear. He thrust it in and out, deeper and deeper, faster and harder. Each thrust drove Daphne forward onto Allen's tongue and shook her entire body. She was awash in sensations of pleasure and was almost overwhelmed. The only thing that even kept her standing at this point was that Ray held her tightly.

With Ray taking Daphne from behind and massaging her breasts, and Daphne squirming in pleasure, Allen needed to concentrate to keep his tongue inside her. He could smell Ray's penis inches away too and he periodically felt Ray's balls slap his chin as he thrust deeper inside Daphne. All of this was making Allen incredibly hard and his penis was throbbing.

"Well, well, well," said Ronda and she let out a laugh at this scene. She had been watching in amazement from across the room, but now she walked over to the threesome and bent down next to Allen. She whispered in his ear: "How does it feel that another man is taking your girlfriend while you service her on your knees?"

Allen blushed. It was humiliating, but he didn't want to admit that. Besides, it just seemed to add to the excitement.

"Some man you are," continued Ronda. "I'll bet you're hard as a rock right now, aren't you?" She reached down and pulled Allen's dress up, exposing his erection. "Thought so."

Daphne started moaning continuously. She was getting near cumming.

"I'll bet it turns you on to have breasts and wear heels and suck off a man, doesn't it? And here you are telling us how men are superior to women, yet look at yourself, sissy boy." As she said this, she leaned forward and started stroking his penis with her fingertips. She did it very gently in an effort just to tease him.

It worked. A moment later, he couldn't stand the teasing anymore and he grabbed his own penis and started stroking it.

"I guess we know what you really are, deep down, don't we?" asked Ronda with a cruel laugh.

Allen blushed further.

Ronda then moved behind Allen and she kneeled down. She pulled a toy from a secret part of her purse, a small dildo. She raised his dress in the rear and she jammed it inside him. She then stood back up and pushed the dildo around inside him with her foot and the front of her shoe.

He winced. Even though this dildo was small, it felt enormous to him. It seemed to fill him, and it shot both feelings of pleasure and pain throughout his body. Between this and the masturbating, he was ready to cum within seconds.

Daphne and Ray had begun as well.

As Ray shot his load inside Daphne, Daphne arched her back and thrust her hips toward Allen. She screamed, "Yes!!!" and cum poured out of her, all over Allen's face and tongue. Simultaneously, Allen's own penis shot cum all over the floor before him.

Allen felt tremendous relief, but also tremendous shame. He turned bright red.

Ronda stood over him and snickered. She took his photo.

Ray held Daphne for a minute before he let her go.

Daphne looked deeply satisfied.

As Ray went to the bathroom to clean up, Daphne stood before Allen giggling. This had been amazing. She had never experienced anything like

this before and she wanted to feel this again and again. Still. . . she couldn't have a feminized boyfriend, could she? It just wouldn't work, right? She needed a man, not a woman with a penis. Besides, it wouldn't be fair to leave Allen like this when she could change him back. . . that should be his choice, after all. Shouldn't it? Yes, it was time to give him the antidote and to move on.

Daphne pulled the antidote from her purse. Then she looked down at her sissy boyfriend on his knees, with his penis still dripping cum and his face covered in her cum.

"He has been more responsive to me lately," she said.

She sighed.

"And he is really cute like this, that's true."

She bit her lip.

"But I do need a man."

She ran her tongue over her teeth and thought of Ray and of how amazing it felt to have both Ray and her sissified boyfriend working on her at the same time. She wouldn't get to experience that again if she returned Allen to normal. She took a deep breath. Finally, she smiled.

She put the vial back into her purse.

"Maybe just a little while longer," she said.

The End?

Other Feminization Fables

These are my stories. They are “**Feminization Fables,**” 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.



“Sissifying Her Rival” (Part One: Captured)

Amy and Brandon are up for the same promotion, though Brandon has the inside track because the firm prefers to hire men. Amy has a plan to fix this however, by eliminating the competition. All she has to do is turn Brandon into a woman. Is such a thing possible? Brandon is about to find out. Can he escape this feminine fate or will he spend the rest of his life as her feminized servant?

“Sissifying Her Rival” is a cautionary tale of a man who finds himself turned into a woman and at the mercy of his rival. In this first part, Brandon finds himself turning into a woman and he discovers who is behind this, and why. This 12,000 word story includes female domination, gender transformation, forced feminization, breast growth, pegging, oral sex, erotic humiliation and more!

For Mature Audiences Only

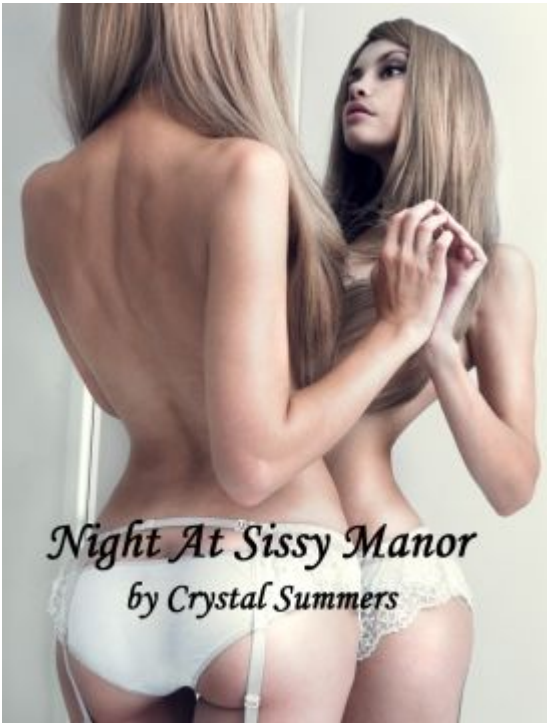


“Sissifying Her Rival” (Part Two: Turning Tables)

Brandon Ryan has found himself turned into a woman in the most humiliating way by his coworker Amy Simms. Amy wants him out of the way so she can get a promotion. Now he’s trapped as her maid at home and as her secretary at work. Can Brandon escape her clutches and free himself from his feminine prison? Does Amy have something worse in mind for Brandon?

“Sissifying Her Rival” is a cautionary tale of a man who finds himself turned into a woman and at the mercy of his rival. In this second and final part, Brandon must find a way to escape the fate Amy has set for him. This 17,000 word story includes female domination, gender transformation, forced feminization, breast growth, oral sex, shemales, spanking, erotic humiliation and more!

For Mature Audiences Only

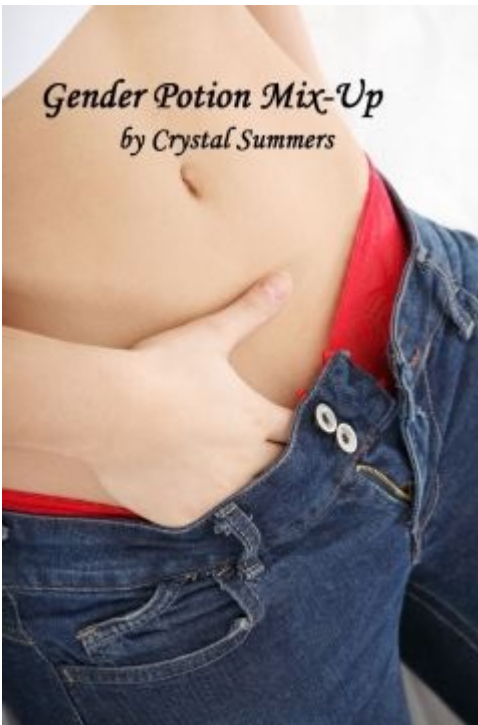


“Night At Sissy Manor”

There’s no such thing as curses, are there? Bill, Ron and Dwayne certainly don’t believe in them. So they weren’t afraid when their cheerleader girlfriends challenged them to spend the night at Sissy Manor, a home with a curse upon it. . . a curse to turn any man who stays there the entire night into a woman. Would the boys make it through the night? Would they still be boys in the morning?

“Night At Sissy Manor” is a cautionary tale of three sexist athletes who discover their feminine sides on the wrong side of a curse. This 10,000 word story includes female domination, gender transformation, shemales, forced feminization, mind control, forced-bi, oral sex, spanking, erotic humiliation and more!

For Mature Audiences Only



“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

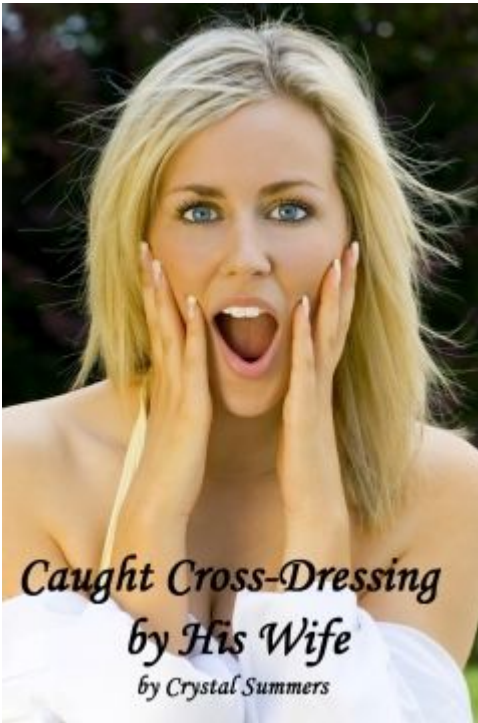


“Sissy Side-Effects”

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!

For Mature Audiences Only

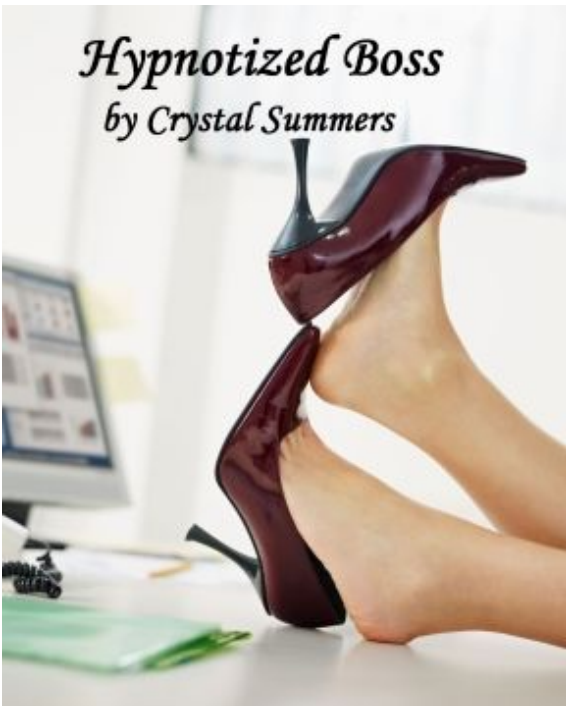


“Caught Cross-Dressing By His Wife”

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 behind 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”

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



“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



“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