

# **My Neighbor Feminized Me**



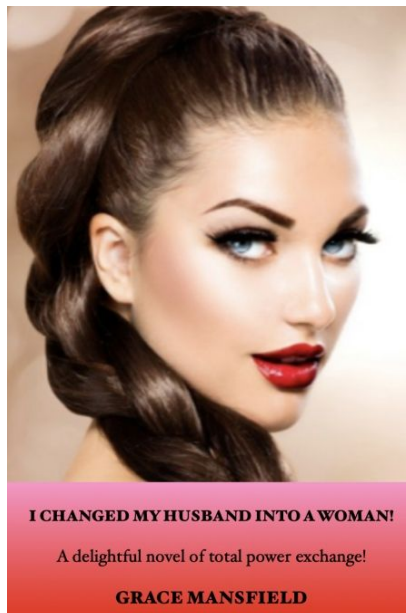
**Grace Mansfield**

# My Neighbor Feminized Me

Grace Mansfield

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## PART ONE

I don't know what's wrong with me. I've always been this way. Obsessed with bosoms.

Breasts. Mammary glands. Those wonderful, delightful mounds that sit upon a lady's chest and make my own gland do a...boing!

Oh, I've read the crap psychiatrists talk about on the net: patients have a mammary fetish, doubtless stemming from their own lack of, or surplus of, breast feeding.

They say that about anybody who loves breasts, and they can't just accept the fact that bosoms are the heart of the world. Sure, maybe I loved mother's milk when I was an infant, or maybe I didn't get enough, but babies don't get boners from breasts, and I do.

When I see a mother breast feeding a baby I can't stop from staring. I slip my sunglasses on, act like I'm staring at something off to the side, but my eyes are locked on that wonderful, dripping tit.

And if I'm in a restaurant I am constantly watching women who have large ones. Who invariably spill a crumb on her expanse of flesh. Who realize it, and act like nothing happened. And I envy that crumb, and wish I was one.

Of course, I didn't realize where this fetish would lead me. If I had...

I was doing the lawn, I cut lawns around the neighborhood, and I saw...brassieres.

Mrs. Johnson hung her brassieres on a clothes line.

I know, who does that, right? People have washing machines. People even hand wash those flimsy, delicious undergarments. They

run their hands over the cups, use a mild soap, wash the sweat of their bosom off the cups.

Well, no matter who doesn't hang their sexy underthings on a line in the backyard, Mrs. Johnson did, and I had noticed it, and I was hooked.

I came back that night. Tiptoed across the lawn, then realized I had left footsteps in the dew.

The moonlight was bright that night, and I stared at my path in horror. I definitely did not want Mrs. Johnson to see evidence of my visit to her clothes line. I did not want her to stop hanging those delightful boulder holders. Funny, I didn't even think about the shame of being caught. I was just too obsessed.

So I grabbed a rake and rubbed all the dew off the lawn. I didn't know what else to do. And I made that lawn clean and neat, grabbed a red bra off the line and took off.

Ah, God! That first bra! That was the needle that hooked me, addicted me, changed my life.

I hid that bra under my mattress, then in a shoe box in my closet, then in a little box in the garage storage attic.

I was terrified that I would be caught. And I couldn't let go of that bra. I rubbed it on my privates. I kissed and even licked the insides of the cups. I wore it. Oh, how I wore it.

I wore it with softballs in it. I wore it with water balloons in it, and had a fright when one of them burst. I was terrified that I had broken the bra. I put it in the drier and sat in the garage, hoping and praying, watching the machine go around.

It was good to go, and so was I.

And, let me say it outright, I masturbated endlessly to it.

Yeah, I guess you could say I was obsessed.

But, as all clothes do, the bra finally wore out. The straps were stretched from my own shoulders, the cups were near splitting from all the things I placed in them.

A broken bra. What to do? What to do?

Heck, that was easy, pay a visit to my favorite brassiere store.

Late that night, only a slice of moon, and there weren't any bras on her line. A pair of nylons, and that was all. Sheer, body hugging fabric.

I shaved my legs and wore them until they wore out.

But my real love was bras. So, on another night, wearing Mrs. Johnson's stockings under my pants, I slithered through Mrs. Johnson's yard, walking on the redwood chips around her roses and avoiding the lawn.

Bonanza! Three, incredibly wonderful brassieres, just waiting for me. I took all three, sniffing them, one at a time, then slinging them over my shoulder. I was half way home before I realized that that was stupid. If her bras all disappeared Mrs. Johnson would stop leaving them out. And I needed her to leave them out. I really needed her to do that.

So I went back and hung two up, then left with the third. It was a shelf bra, and I thought that was sexy, but shelf bras don't hold the condom's filled with water very well. The condoms tend to sag over the lip of the cup, and even fall out.

So, a week later, unable to help myself, I stole another bra.

And, over the months I stole more. I tried to hold myself down to one bra a month, and an occasional pair of nylons. Or panties. And, once, a corset.

I was in heaven. I had taken to wearing the garments under my clothes. Especially in the winter, with a bulky jacket, I could get away with it. I even wore the bra, and put socks in the cups, just a small pair of bumps on my chest. But I kept the jacket half open, and hanging a bit, so as to hide the bulges on my chest. And I walked a little hunched. Actually, I had to walk hunched, because I had the most terrific boner I had ever had in my life.

Oh, I was stiff. My pants were bulging big time. I walked quick, a little hunched, and tried to stay seated.

None of my friends noticed. But then, which of them would ever suspect that I was a..sicko.

At least that's the way I thought of myself. Because I didn't know what was wrong with me.

I would just salivate for a week or two, then make a midnight raid, and then fondle and sniff and wear those incredible under things.

I couldn't stop myself. I just got so hot, so hard, and I couldn't think.

I was worse than a heroin addict.

Which brings us to a certain, dark night.

I was starved for her flimsy bras. I hungered for a sniff of her flesh on the inside of the cups. I wanted to wear a bra in the worst way.

I waited up, couldn't sleep, actually, and about two in the morning I set out.

The Johnson's live next door, and I slipped out the side door of the garage and tip toed back along the walk. We didn't have a fence between our properties, but a big, thick bush. Better than a fence, it insulated sound, was too thick to see through, and there was a little slip through between where the bushes ended and the Johnson's house.

I slipped through, and walked up the side walkway.

I peered around the corner.

It was dark under the eaves, and the patio stretched to the lawn. The lawn was a bean shaped patch, and the roses ran around the edge of the lawn. In the middle of the roses was the clothes line. In the near darkness I could make out shapes. Zingo bingo, it looked like a dozen bras, all hanging in the breeze, waiting for me to come and make my selection.

Seeing those delicate bits of underwear I could hardly breath. I was light-headed, near dizzy, and I walked on the inside of the circle of rose bushes.

I was in heaven. I bent my head and sniffed. A wonderful thing, but the cup material was too thin. I needed something to hold big, water filled, condom balloons.

The next one was thin, not much more than a long band aid.

The next one was garish. Even in the moonlight I could see the bright redness. I could never wear that under my shirt. That was too much. I moved to the next bra, and...bingo!

White, full, straps thick enough to support my fake 'titties.'

I took it off the line, held it up and inspected it. I sniffed it. I couldn't help myself, it was a warm night and I was only wearing a tee shirt, and I slipped my arms through the straps and held it up. Gazed at my chest, flat for the moment, and I reached into my pants. My boner was so hard. It was so hard it was difficult handling it inside my pants. I undid my zipper, undid my belt, and my prick burst free.

Oh, God! Oh, God! Oh, God! I stroked myself, felt myself building, the sheer pleasure, the promise of tits on my chest, and I felt it...I felt it...AHHHH!

FLASH! A white light filled the yard. Even though my eyes were closed I perceived it.

And I was frozen. Like a statue. Like a petrified tree. Unable to move. My mind shattered. I was in that dilemma, the worst thing in the world had just happened...I was caught!

"Well, well."

Another flash. I tried to stuff my dick in my pants, but it was stiff and throbbing and shooting jism. All I succeeded in doing was messing up my pants. And Mrs. Johnson's nylons.

She came out from under the eaves. She was a tall, statuesque woman. Great boobs, thin waist. Long hair that hung down her back. And, even though it was dark, I knew she wore her red lipstick.

Flash. Flash.

"Hello, little Jerry. Though perhaps I shouldn't say 'little.'"

She walked slowly around me. She was wearing a peignoir, but I couldn't tell what color it was. This close, even with not much light, I could see her large breasts. They were in a bra. A half bra, and I could see the nipples under the peignoir.

Flash.

And, finally, I began to think. "Please, Mrs. Johnson..." my face was on fire with humiliation. I was shivering with fright. "...don't tell my mother."

She snorted, a delicate grunt in the night, and continued to walk around me.

"So you are the one who's been filching my panties and bras."



“I’m sorry. I didn’t mean...I’ll do your lawn for free!”

“Oh, yes. You certainly will. And you’ll do a lot of other things.”

I started to turn, to follow her path around me, but she said, “Don’t move, little Jerry. I want to remember this moment forever.”

She circled me again. Flash. Flash.

She stopped in front of me. She stood, one hand on her hip, her hip tilted up, her head tilted slightly to the side.

“So. What do we do now?”

“I can go home, and—“

“That was a rhetorical question, Jerry. No answer required. And, to tell the truth, I know what comes next.” She turned on her heel and walked towards her house. “Come inside.”

Unable to do anything else, my legs feeling about as lively as dead stumps, I followed her. It was the ultimate walk of shame.

I entered her house. It was dark, and then it got darker. She pulled the shades.

I stood in the pitch dark for a moment, then she turned on the living room lights.

I was standing just inside the sliding doors. To the left was a large kitchen. To the right was a hallway leading to bedrooms.

She had money. I knew that, and she lived well. She had good furniture, everything was clean, and she always dressed nicely.

“Follow me,” she led the way across the living room and down the hallway. She turned into a small bedroom that was fitted up as an office. There was a big, L shaped desk, a big Mac with a big screen, filing cabinets, a big screen TV in one corner, and artwork on the walls.

“Stand there.”

I stood, shivering, and not from the cold. If it’s possible, I was shivering because I was too hot. Heated by humiliation.

She sat down behind her computer and began pressing keys. After a minute she stopped and stared at the screen. Then she looked up at me. “Take off your clothes.”

“I don’t...I can’t...”

"I have uploaded everything to the cloud. The next step is Facebook. Take off your clothes."

Shivering became shaking. I have never been so scared in my life my mother was going to kill me. And, worse than death, everybody who looked at Facebook would laugh at me.

Caught, wearing a bra, masturbating, actually cuming.

Slowly, sniffing, starting to cry, I stripped off my clothes.

She smiled when she saw her nylons, then grinned when she saw the mess I had made on them. The sperm was still wet.

I stood, and she contemplated me.

"Jerry," she finally said. "In my kitchen there is a six pack of Pepsi in the frig. The glasses are in the right hand cabinet. The frig will dispense ice. Go pour two Pepsis and bring them here."

"I...I..." Tears were coming out of my eyes. I was blushing so furiously that I was probably a source of light. Red light.

"Go. Go." She made a flicking wave of her hand, and I stepped back, turned, and made my way down the hallway, across the living room, and into the kitchen.

Even though I had squirted, I had a boner. It was stiff, rigid, and it swayed and bobbed as I walked.

I found the glasses, filled them with ice, then took out a couple of cans of Pepsi.

My body was still shivering, and my dick kept hitting things. The counter, the frig door, the counter again. And my nipples. I stared down at them. They were stiff, hard as...hard as...hard as I don't know what.

I picked up the glasses and walked back through the house.

Mrs. Johnson was still sitting behind the computer, hands clasped behind her head, swivel chair tilted back, her eyes closed and a smile on her face. She opened them and leaned forward when I entered.

"Here," I blurted, holding both glasses out to her.

She laughed. "One's for you, Little Jerry."

She took one, put it to her red lips, and sipped.

I stared at her creamy throat. I imagined that liquid going down the pipe, behind those overwhelming tits of hers.

She placed the glass on the desk and spoke wryly, "Take a drink, Jerry. It will help."

Like a robot, I lifted the glass, drank some liquid, and didn't feel a thing. I was shattered, crying openly now, my whole body was red, tingling with humiliation.

I had been caught. I was a pervert. I didn't know what was wrong with me.

"Jerry, I have caught you. I have caught you wearing one of my bras, your penis in your hand, and actually shooting semen."

"I'm sorr—sorr—sorr—" I blubbered.

"Tell me why you are sorry, Jerry."

"I was wearing...wearing your...your clothes. I was...jacking... jacking off. I don't...please...don't tell my mother...I'm sorry!"

By the end of that choppy sentence I was wailing.

She stopped smiling and pursed her lips, It looked like she was kissing at me.

"Tell me, Jerry. Are you sorry you wore my underwear? Or are you sorry you got caught?"

"I'm sorr—sorr...I didn't mean...I—"

"Answer my question."

"I'm sorry I wore your underwear!" I blurted. This was getting worse and worse. I was literally burning up with shame.

"No, you're not." She shook her head slowly, watching me.

"No...I am...I am..."

"Jerry, Jerry," she sighed. She wasn't smiling, but I think she was smiling on the inside. The cruel woman was really getting off on my situation, my embarrassment. She suddenly changed tacks.

"Jerry, why did you do it?"

"Wear...wear your under...underwear?"

"Unless there is some other heinous crime you've committed."

"I don't know!" I wailed miserably.

"But you've been wearing women's underwear for some time now, correct."

I hung my head and nodded. I was gulping and gulping.

"So you get off on wearing women's clothes. All clothes? Or just underwear."

"I don't know. All clothes. I don't know." Now I whispering. I was one second wailing, one second whispering, and didn't know what to do. This was totally the end of my life.

"Okay. Look at me."

I did. And it hurt to look her in the eyes.

She was beautiful. She had blue eyes, the kind that seem stark, piercing, and they were gently framed by eye liner and shadow. Her lips...her lips...they were red. Were they redder than they had been when we had first entered the house? Had she reapplied her lipstick?

"Do you like to wear panties."

I nodded, lowering my eyes.

"Keep looking at me. Don't take your eyes off me."

I looked at her again, and it was funny. Her eyes were focused on me, almost like she was...she was consuming me. If that makes sense.

"Do you like slips?"

"Yeah."

"Bras?"

"Yes."

"Have you worn any of my corsets?"

"One."

"And did you like it?"

I was dying here. Every question she shot at me made me feel smaller, less human, like the dirty, stinking pervert I was.

But she wouldn't let up. She kept asking me questions. Did I like nylons, had I ever worn garters. What did I pad the stolen bras with. Had I ever put on make up. She kept going on and on, and I kept feeling like I was shrinking more and more.

Finally, she reached into her desk and pulled out a tape measure. She stood up and walked around the desk. "Hold out your arms." She measured them. Then she measured my neck. My dick bumped against her leg but she didn't seem to notice. And my chest. And when my dick bumped against her again she looked down at it and smiled. And my legs. She measured every part of me. And she even measured my dick. She stretched the tape measure out along side it, then she wrapped it around, taking note of my length and circumference. Her hand wrapped around it, I was throbbing, and even though I had just cum, I could feel it about to squirt again.

"How small is it when you're not hard." She let go and I managed not to cum.

"Not very big."

She held up her thumb. "As big as this? Bigger? Two thumbs? How long?"

I answered as best I could, and now the deep shame I was feeling was replaced by a hair prickling sensation.

And she measured my head.

"How much do you weigh?"

"140 pounds." I'm not one of those big, beefy guys. I'm slender.

Finally, done, she sat back down. She sipped her Pepsi, leaving beautiful red lip marks on the glass. She watched me.

"So, my little pervert. Here's how it's going to go. On Friday night you will come to me. I am going to tell your mother that I need help at my cabin, and you will help me. Do you understand?"

"Yes, ma'am."

She gave a quirky smile, somehow pleased by my response.

"Excellent. Then—"

"What's going to happen to me?"

"Oh, you'll probably live a long life and..." she grinned. "Right now?"

"Yes. Are you going to tell anybody?"

"That depends on you, Little Jerry. If you do everything I say... you might survive. But if you displease me, if you even hesitate to follow one of my instructions...then those pictures I took will be all

over the internet. Little Jerry Smith. Pervert. Crossdresser. Masturbating to bras.”

Each word dug into me, and she seemed to take great pleasure in the digging.

“But...but I’m sorry.”

She sat back in her chair. She was still wearing her peignoir. It was pink, translucent, and I could see every square inch of her mammoth breasts.

“Sorry, eh?” Then she said the oddest thing. “Let’s see how not sorry we can make you.”

Then: “Go on home now. And I will see you this Friday night.”

I bent to pick up my clothes.

“Leave those.”

“But...but I’m naked!”

“So?”

I stumbled back through the house, between the drawn curtains and onto the patio. I went through the bushes, into the garage, and tip toed back to my room. All the way I felt my cock swaying in the night. The redness slowly left my body, but not all the way. In fact, I would be blushing all the way to Friday night, and then beyond, though I didn’t know it.

I woke up the next day, and found that I was still ashamed. I hadn’t slept much, all I could do was wonder at the mess I had gotten myself into, and even when I slept I think I was humiliated.

“Jerry? Are you feeling well?” Mom felt my forehead. “You look red, and you’re a little hot.”

“Oh, I’m okay.” I mumbled. I was okay, if you think that being found out as a pervert is okay.

“Well, Mrs. Johnson called. She needs some furniture moved at her cabin and she asked if she could take you up there. But if you don’t feel well...”

But I had to go! I couldn’t risk pissing Mrs. Johnson off! “No, no. I’m fine. I think I just got a little sunburn.”

“Well, if you’re sure.”

"I'm sure."

"Well, good. I told her yes, and I know you need extra money, so it's all right?"

"Oh, yeah. No problem."

And my mother nodded, finished breakfast, and was shortly off to work. And all the while I was praying to the Gods...to Mrs. Johnson. *Don't tell my mother.*

And I thought about what would happen if my mother found out what I had done, what I had been doing. I was her pride and joy, a good son, holding down the fort since Dad died. If she was to find out that I wasn't such a good son, that I was a pervert that wore women's underwear...then my life was over.

I was taking out the garbage when Mrs. Johnson backed out of her garage. She saw me and waved. No sign that she had caught me jacking off in the night. Just a neighbor waving to another neighbor. No sign of my deep shame.

I had a couple of classes that day, and I went to them, but I didn't hear much.

The teacher was talking about Gettysburg and the Civil War and...and I had my own Gettysburg. I had visions of being dragged through the mud in female underwear, screaming that I was innocent, put in front of a firing squad who went to fire, but couldn't. They were all laughing and point at me too hard to shoot their guns.

"Mr. Smith? Did you say something?"

I had been so lost I had blurted out a protest, 'no,' and hadn't even realized it.

"No, ma'am."

"Yes, you did. I heard you say 'no.' Just what is it about my lecture that you don't like?"

"Nothing...I mean...I like your lecture..."

"You don't act like it. Are you feeling well? You're awfully red."

I stood up and began walking out of the classroom. "I'm sorry!" I blurted. Sorry that I had been caught. Sorry that I was a pervert. "I don't feel well."

"You should report to the..."

The rest of her words were obliterated by a closing door.

I made it through the next class. I don't know how, I was red and trembling, but I exited the class at the end of the hour and headed off across campus.

"Hey, Jerry, you feeling okay?"

Ron Hartwell was my best friend, but he didn't know I was a pervert, and I wasn't going to tell him.

"Yeah, I just feel a little sick. I'll see ya."

"Okay. Call me if..." then his voice faded away.

I went home. I watched TV. I did some chores. All the time I worried.

Mrs. Johnson had caught me. She had taken photos. She was going to release the photos on the net. My life would be ruined. People would always laugh at me. I would be kicked out of college. No girl would ever consider me. there was nothing I could do.

And so the week passed. A nightmare of torment. A hell of scrambled thoughts. Always red, always embarrassed, always dreading Friday night.

Friday night. What was she going to do to me? Was she going to call the cops? Would my mother find out? How was my life going to end.

And then, like magic, in spite of the lo-o-ong amount of time it had taken for me to get there...it was Friday.

Friday, and I could hardly breath. My heart was pounding all day. And evening came, and it was time to leave, to enter the den of the devil and be destroyed. I kissed my mother good bye and went next door.



## PART TWO

“Good evening, Jerry.” Mrs. Johnson opened the front door and invited me in. I stepped past her, and my dick surged. I mean, she was GORGEOUS!

She was wearing shorts and a blouse. I could see her bra through the blouse, and her breasts were showcased.

Her hair was combed out and tied in a pony tail. Her make up was severe, mascara perfect and lips plump and red.

I walked into her living room, and found several boxes stacked on the couch.

“I’m going to have you take these out to the car, but first...come with me.”

I followed that amazing ass down the hallway, and, interestingly enough, I was calm. Now that the moment had arrived, now that she was going to...do whatever she was going to do to me, I was calm.

Only a little red. Only a little heart pounding. But a LOT of hard dick.

“I hope you didn’t masturbate.”

I blinked. “I...no, I didn’t”

“Excellent. I had forgotten to tell you, but I don’t want you masturbating any longer. I’ll give you something to help you with that. I know how easy it is for young men to lose control and...what do they call it? Flog the chicken?” She chuckled.

We entered her bedroom and she said, “Take off your clothes.”

I understood this, I had done it before, but it was still difficult. She was an older woman, and being naked in front of her...I began to grow dark red all over again.

I stripped, and when I was naked, nothing but my bobbing cock in front of me, she tossed me something. I caught it, looked at it, and

my eyes grew big.

“Put it on.”

It was a bra. A firm one, built for use. Built to carry large objects.

Dazed, not understanding, I fastened the clasps in front of me, slid the bra around my body, and slipped my arms through the straps.

She was sitting on the bed, watching me. Heck, she was scouring me with her eyes.

“Now these.” She indicated a pair of breast forms on the bed.

“What?” Stunned, not comprehending, I put the forms into my bra. They were a perfect fit.

“Now this.” She handed me a heavy duty tummy shaper. That would cinch my waist, make it smaller. Much smaller.

I stepped into it, pulled it up, and with some struggle, felt my waist shrink a few inches.

“It’s hard to breath.”

“Take shallow breaths. Put this on.” Panties. And then stockings, which snapped to the straps dangling from the tummy shaper. And a dress. An actual dress. It was light blue, shimmered in the light, no cleavage allowed.

I pulled it on, marveling at the feel of the material sliding over my skin.

“Now, come sit.”

I sat at her make up table. She sat next to me.

“What is happening?” I asked. Actually, the question was pulled out of me. Just sort of exploded into reality.

“Shut up.” She said cheerfully, and she turned me to her and began cleaning my face. She cleansed and moisturized me, then looked down at my penis. It was sticking out from under the corset and making a stiff point in the dress. She smiled and touched it. I groaned.

“Time enough later, J.” She went back to working on my face. “I’m going to call you J. It’s feminine enough, and when we’re around other people, your mother, they will be able to accept a short cut for

your name. It will be our secret. A very delightful secret that will remind you of me every time I call you by that name.”

“What are you doing to me?”

“Fulfilling your dreams. Now hold still.”

She went through the steps, laying foundation, blush, powder, then she worked on my eyes. She gave me light blue shadow, then painted my lips red.

“God, would I love to stain your lips, or do some other permanent make up.”

“I don’t...”

“Shhh,” she turned my face this way and that, inspected me minutely.

“Okay. It’s time to nail you.”

My eyes opened and she giggled. “To put nails on you.”

“Nails? Fingernails?”

“Not nine penny from the hardware,” she quipped.

She took my hands and prepped the nails. She filed and trimmed and cleaned, and then glued on long nails. They extended a half inch beyond my fingertips, and I suddenly had claws. And she painted them deep red. Red claws. Bloody claws. And she covered them with some kind of fixer.

“This will make them hard, but you still have to be careful. Don’t want to break a nail. Okay?”

“Okay,” I mumbled.

By now I was beyond red. I felt like I was outside my body. My whole body prickled, and I kept glancing in the mirror, or looking at my hands.

She had only trimmed my eyebrows a little, didn’t rob me of being able to return to masculinity after the weekend, and my lips were round and red, she had used a plumper, and I looked like a girl

And, I admit it, a sexy girl.

Except that I had boy’s hair.

She fixed that. She brought out a wig and placed it on my hair. She fastened it with some sort of clips, then had me stand up and look in the full length mirror.

I was a girl. A young woman. A fashionable young lady.

I had a girl's face and hair. I had large boobs, My shape was rounded and sexy.

She spritzed me with perfume and giggled.

I looked at her. I had never felt so...nice...in my life. And yet, I had never felt so...worried. "What are you doing?"

"Come help me load the boxes, then we'll take a long drive, and I will tell you. In fact, I'm not going to tell you, not until we reach the cabin and get unpacked. Until then, I want you to just enjoy this moment."

She led the way back to the living room, and she had me move boxes from the living room to the garage. She drove a big SUV, and I managed to load all the boxes into the back area.

Then she told me to get in, and she started up the car. She had backed in, the better to make a quick getaway, and later I would realize the better to avoid my mother, and she spurted down the driveway and into the street.

The traffic was light, but she drove slowly.

"Don't want to get caught by a cop," she told me. "How would we ever explain you?" And she giggled. She seemed extremely happy.

I sat in the passenger seat. I was a lady, but my dick was sprouting under the material.

"Don't worry, we'll handle that later."

She drove out of town and began the long trek into the mountains. It was getting late now, and we followed a winding road into a deep forest. As we drove she tried small talk.

"How are you doing in school?"

"Uh, okay."

"Do you have a girlfriend?"

"No."

"A boyfriend?" And she giggled.

"No!" I was aghast. Just because I liked to wear girls clothes and get hard didn't make me gay.

"Take it easy, J. I'm just joking."

I didn't see anything funny. I was being kidnapped, feminized, and I was worried about the pictures going out on the internet.

We went through a drive through and she ordered for me. "Chicken strips and french fries. Strawberry shakes."

I got brave enough to say, "I like hamburgers."

She smiled at me as we waited in line. "Young ladies should only eat what won't mess up their lipstick."

So I slid fries and strips into my mouth and chewed, and sucked on a straw, and wished I had a chocolate shake. But girls like pink, I guess.

We left the fast food place and entered the loopy roads of the high mountains. We weren't far now, and Mrs. Johnson smiled her secretive smile as we took the last few turns. Then, at the end of a long road, no other cabins around us, she pulled up to an A frame. On the other side of the A frame was a lake.

"Okay, J, we're here. You want to bring in the boxes?"

I stepped out of the car. I was wearing Mary Janes and the gravel was rough on my feet. While she turned on the lights I began carrying boxes into the house.

The boxes were all Amazon, and they weren't very heavy. Five minutes and I had them all stacked next to a couch.

Mrs. Johnson was lighting a fire in the big fireplace, and I looked around.

Wood beams and wood walls. A loft above the entrance. The back of the building was all glass, and I could see the moon reflecting off the light chop of waves.

"There we go." Mrs. Johnson stood up and wiped her hands off. Then she turned to me. "Would you like a drink?"

"Uh...yeah?" I was young, but old enough to drink. But not old enough to understand how somebody could crave alcohol with their every fiber, except for right now.

"In the kitchen you will find Pepsi and bourbon. The frig should give ice. Fill with ice cubes, half and half on the liquor. We don't want you wasted. I'm going to go slip into something more comfortable."

I went to the kitchen, mixed the drinks, and turned back to the living room. I almost dropped the glasses.

Mrs. Johnson was wearing a bra and a thong. Her breasts were heaving over the top of the bra, and she licked her lips as she looked at me.

"Come, let's sit on the couch," she said. "I have a story to tell you."

I followed. She sat, she patted the cushion next to her. I sat next to her. She sipped from her drink, said, "Woo!" then put an arm around me.

She pulled me close. I could feel her breasts pressing against me. I could feel her delicate breath on my cheek.

"Do you dream, J?"

"Uh, yeah."

"Stop saying 'uh.' It's a conversation waster, and it makes you sound stupid."

I resolved never to say 'uh' again in my life.

"I dream." The fire crackle happily. We each sipped. I looked at my lipstick marks on my glass.

"I married Mr. Johnson when I was but 19. He was so handsome. He was a stud. He was from a wealthy family, played football...he was everything I ever dreamed of."

Not being too suave, I asked, "Did he die?"

She grunted, but didn't upbraid me. "No. No. He's out there somewhere. He's taking care of me financially. I'll never have to worry, but..." she stopped.

"But what?"

She didn't answer, but continued her story.

"So we married, and a few years passed, and I noticed that he didn't like to do it. That when we did do it, it was a struggle for him. That caused a rift in our marriage. We went to counselors, we talked about divorce, children, anything and everything that we thought, in our delirium, might save our marriage.

"Imagine, children to save a marriage, now there's a silly thought." She pressed her lips to my temple and said, "People need

to grow up before they have children.”

I was electric. The most beautiful woman in the world was holding me. I was a girl. She had kissed me. And, to top it all off, I could already feel the light headiness that good bourbon imparts.

“Eventually, however, I found out the truth.”

She stopped talking, got up, took my glass and hers and went into the kitchen. She came back with fresh drinks. She handed me one and I looked at the lip. Red lipstick.

She grinned. “If that’s my glass, you’re kissing me. Would you like to kiss me, J?”

“Uh...” then I realized what I had said. “Sorry.”

She laughed, a merry tinkle, and plopped down next to me. Now she didn’t hold me, now she leaned against me, and she started rubbing the bump in my dress.

“I came home one day. Got off work early, and discovered what the problem was. It wasn’t me. I wasn’t lacking, it was him. He was wearing clothes. Clothes like you’re wearing. And I knew...my husband was a cross dresser.”

I was frozen. What she was telling me, and the way she was rubbing my cock, it had blown my mind.

“Oh, I had a fit. I was a child. I gave him grief, and I drove him away. I treated him like shit, and he finally left me. Odd, I thought he was the one with the problem, but it was me that had the problem.

“I had a few rough years then. I drank, took some drugs, and when I was stoned out of my mind...I sought out cross dressers.

“I was guilty, you see. I had destroyed my marriage. I had treated my husband badly, and there was some piece of me that wanted him back, that wanted to understand it all.”

“Did he come back?”

She smiled wanly. The fire crackled. She snuggled a bit, reached under my dress and grabbed my cock. She didn’t move her hand on it, that would have caused an orgasm. She just held it, and continued her talk.

“No. I had destroyed our relationship. We’ll never get back together, and we both know it. He’s got somebody else now.

Somebody, a beautiful woman, who will accept him for what he is. And that leaves me.”

She took a long drink, demolished the alcohol, put the glass aside, then moved me around. We faced each other on the couch. Our faces lit by the crackling flames. Our breathing heavy, our faces flushed.

“I discovered you stealing my clothes, and it was like God gave me a second chance. Oh, I don’t want to marry you, I just want to experience you. I want to help you, create you, make it all right for you to explore who you really are.”

We stared at each other. Our faces were inches apart. I wanted to kiss her. I wanted to move our faces together and press our lips together.

“J?” she breathed.

“Yes?” And now I wasn’t embarrassed. I was horny. I was in love.

“Will you make love to me?”

Then she leaned forward and kissed me, gently. I felt her warm lips on mine. I felt her breathing on me. I began to kiss her back.

She placed one of my hands on her breast, and she placed one of her hands on mine.

Then we were coming together, pressing our bodies against each other. She thrust her hips forward and felt my cock. She held my face and devoured my lips. She reached down and grabbed me. And held me. And stopped me from shooting.

She laughed. “I know. I know. Don’t worry.”

She began taking my dress off. She slipped it over my head, somehow without removing my wig.

We meshed again, as if our lips were the ultimate liquor and we were addicted.

I undid her bra, and those magnificent breasts tumbled forth.

She took off my bra, and the forms bounced on the floor in front of the couch.

We squirmed, we wiggled, we swallowed each other’s saliva and tongues and lips.



I bent my head and took a nipple in my mouth. I sucked, hard, and she groaned and pulled me to her and arched her back.

She stroked me, then she ducked her head and took me in her mouth.

I was close then, and I had no control, but she backed off, grabbed my penis hard, and controlled me.

Then we fell off the couch and were on the floor, tangled in our discarded clothing, humping and writhing and trying to figure out how to get my dick into her.

Finally, she grabbed me and rolled me over and sat on me. My dick stood up against her belly. She raised up, moved forward an inch, and lowered herself, slowly, excruciatingly, on my cock.

I felt her lower lips kiss the head of my cock, then I was slipping in. I could feel the folds of her vagina as she took me. I felt the rapturous slither of wet flesh along my shaft as she sank to my balls.

She sat on me then, staring into my eyes, playing with my nipples, wondering what Gods had blessed us. Then we started the final rush. She ground on me and groaned, almost a howl. I reached up and grabbed her nipples, roughly, and I could see she liked it, and I pulled.

Another low moan, then a whimper, and I knew she was going over the top.

And so was I.

I was hot and horny, I hadn't masturbated for days, I hadn't cum since she had caught me, and I was desperate.

"Oh...fuck....fuck me." She wailed.

I thrust up, and the cork popped off the bottle. I could feel the champagne shooting up my dick. I could feel my balls tensing and pulling up I could feel that deep throb at the base of my tool.

And she was holding on to me now, squeezing me, arching so that her tits pressed into my chest. Harder, harder.

I thrust my dick upward and felt my sperm splatter in her cave. Thick ropes, white cream, my essence.

And she was caught by some rapturous wave, being tumbled across far sands, feeling the burn of some ancient and foreign sun.

Then we were collapsed on each other, breathing, trying to remember who we were.

Not that we cared.

We slept up stairs in the loft. It was warm, and we were tangled in sheets and each other. I kept waking her up by sucking on her nipple. And she would giggle and stroke my cock. Then we would sleep a bit more, wake up, and do it again.

The sun broke through the trees, a beautiful golden morning, and we roused ourselves. And she grabbed me and threw me down. I realized that though I was a guy, she was older, and actually stronger.

"I go a gym every day," she explained.

She worked on me then, plucked my eyebrows just a little bit more, and made me use Nair and shower.

It felt so electric to have no hair. Now I really enjoyed the feeling of lingerie. Though we had done it twice the night before, I was hard again.

"You have to get rid of that," she accused me, acting like it was bad, and making me laugh.

So we went for a long swing. jumped off the end of the pier and stroked out to a platform bobbing in the water. We wore no clothes, she just laughed when I suggested them. "Nobody wears cloths out here."

Then we swam back, and she rushed me into the house and, before I could get hard again, she made me sit back on the couch and she fiddled with my groin.

It felt weird, something hard going over my cock, then a click. I looked down. "What the...?"

"It's called a chastity tube. You're going to wear it until Sunday night."

"But it's strangling me!"

"It's containing you, helping you be chaste, storing your juices up for me."

"But I don't want my juices stored up."

“Do you want to fit into a dress without the unsightly bulge?”

That stopped me. Yes, I wanted a hard on, and I wanted to sink it to the balls in her. But I was also obsessed, and I realized not just with boobs.

Yes, boobs were the key, the trigger, the thing that fascinated me about women. But the whole picture included all lingerie, having actual boobs, wearing make up and looking like a woman.

She grinned. “Now, let’s really do you up right.”

She helped me pull on another corset, this one tighter, and I felt my breath squooshed right out of my body.

Another bra, and my breast forms. Funny, I already thought of them as ‘mine,’ as if I had actual breasts.

And I discovered what was in the boxes. Mrs. Johnson had ordered me clothes. That was why she had measured me. I had extra underwear, dresses, even shoes. Real high heels!

I wore a short skirt, the kind that shows legs all the way down to the ground. I wore boots with low heels. Very classy with open toes, which showed my red painted nails. I wore a tight fitting tee shirt, and it looked like the boobs I was wearing were totally real.

Then she slipped another wig on me, made me into a redhead with lots of curls, and adjusted my make up to the new hair color.

I was smoking hot. I was slim and big titted, my face was perfectly girlish, and even sultry. And my lips...I loved the plumper she was using on them. I wondered if it would wear off before I got home.

By the time we went out to the car we were laughing and giggling. Two girls on their way to town, though the town we were going to was just a little collection of tourist shops.

She drove, I played with the radio. We couldn’t stop touching each other. I felt her boobs. She ran her hand over my lap. Even though I was caged, it took my breath away, and I discovered something: being caged makes you horny.

Your dick wants to get out, it’s constantly struggling. It’s more sensitive to...everything. If the car went over a bump a thrill shot through my groin.

Mrs. Johnson, to say the least, loved it. She kept saying she wanted to stop and just kiss me. She called me her daughter, and when I laughed, she grudgingly admitted we were more like sisters.

Were we in love?

Yes and no.

We wanted each other, and I knew we always would. But she didn't want marriage, she just wanted a relationship. Then she could go back to being herself, and call on the relationship only when she felt the desire.

I loved her, but only as the young can, uninhibited, knowing it was for a moment, but...what a moment!

We drove up the little main street and looked at all the shops. There weren't many people, but I knew this afternoon the real rush would begin. Until then, we had a couple of hours of walking through little places, holding hands, her brushing the back of her hand across the front of my skirt. Me bumping into her tits with a bare arm.

We wandered through the shops, picking up things and discussing them, and, at one point, I had an interesting realization.

"You know," I whispered in her ear, "I actually don't even know your first name."

She laughed. She whispered back, "Tammi."

And I thought, *Tammi and J, out on the town. Two girls having the time of their lives.*

I whispered that to Tammi, and she smiled, and I could see she was taken up by the idea.

Then we went to a small eatery. We sat outdoors and ordered salads. I wanted a hamburger, but she convinced me I had to act like a girl in every way. Besides, the little bits and pieces were perfect for chewing with lipstick on.

Finally, tired but energized, we hopped back into the car and drove back to the cabin.

There was a console between us, and I wanted to crawl across it and ravage her, but consoles are not sex friendly.

We arrived at the house, and I had a super treat in for me.

First, we had a couple of more drinks. Then we sat on the deck, holding hands, trading kisses every once in a while. And she said: "To really understand what it is to be a woman, you have to learn to make love like a woman."

"How do I do that?"

"Well, the first stage is...you're going to have to make me cum... without your dick."

I squealed, "Wha-a-at!" And we both laughed.

"Then, tomorrow, before you go home, I'm going to deflower you."

"Deflower me? Like steal my virtue?"

"Like a man deflowers a woman," she spoke softly, gazing into my eyes.

"But I don't have a pussy, and you don't have a dick."

She nodded, sipped a little more bourbon and Coke, and said, "There are ways. I will show you your pussy, and I do have a penis. A rather large one, if you like, or a small one if you insist on being a scaredy cat."

Well, I was a manly...uh, girl. And size didn't scare me. Besides. I was half drunk. "I'm not scaredy cat."

"Wonderful. Then perhaps you could get the show on the road by getting down on your knees and showing me how well you can 'lesbian' my pussy."

'Lesbian' her pussy? Oh, my God. Did she really say that?

I sipped the last of my drink, then stood up. I swayed a little bit, and then place a pillow on the deck and knelt on it.

She lowered the bottom half of the lounge and slipped forward so she was half laying on the thing, her pleasure palace on display and ripe for the picking. Uh, licking.

I bent forward, placed my hands on the deck between her legs, and slowly moved my head forward.

She was hot with lust. She was breathing hard and looked flushed. She gulped the last of her drink, then put it down on the deck.

"Oh, yes!" she groaned as I took my first lap, a long slow lick up the slit, my tongue sliding between the labia and ending up on her

clit.

I sucked her clitoris then. I pulled it into my mouth and sucked on it and chewed on it.

She gasped, and thrust her hips into my face.

I pushed her down, spread her legs more, and put my whole face against her pussy. I fucked her pussy with my face. I used my nose and my lips, I could hardly breath, and I ground my face into her.

She placed her hands over my head, my ears, and she humped me.

Then, when she calmed down, I drew back and using three stiff fingers on her. I put them into her and began shoving them back and forth. I could feel the lip of her vagina with my knuckles, and she cried out in wonder.

Again and again, my hand like a piston, ramming and jamming, feeling the juices flow. And before I knew it, she was bucking, on the edge of an orgasm.

I slowed down, pulled my hand out, and she cursed me. "Oh, you asshole! Fuck me! You bitch! Fuck me!"

So I did her again with the three fingers, and I used one of my fingers on the other hand to diddle her clit at the same time.

"Fu....fu...oh...ye-e-es..." She wheezed, holding my wrist and helping me fill her. And this time, when she started to climb the mountain, I pushed her, pushed her right over the edge.

"OHHHH!" she wailed like a siren, yet guttural, like a cave woman.

Then I just sat there, my fingers in her, but not moving. Her holding my wrist, but not pulling. And we breathed. And she caught her breath again. And, finally, the slightest of moves, she pulled my wrist, so I pushed my hand into her, and we were off to the races.

We did that four times that afternoon. Until she was exhausted and wanted only to sleep.

While she slept I tried on some of the clothes she had bought me. I wished I had a real set of boobs, I wondered what mother would think if I started taking hormones.

I loved a grey dress with a plunging back, and I tried on the high heels with it. I strutted back and forth in the cabin while Tammi slept in the loft. Listening to the heels click, and loving it. My dick kept trying to get erect, and it was driving me crazy.

I tried fixing my lipstick, I was scared to fix anything else, and didn't do to badly. After all, you just have to be careful and keep the color in the lines, on the lips themselves.

Then I went out on the deck and watched the sun dip towards the lake. I had another drink in my hand, and I was feeling the horniness just eat me alive. My pecker pounding, throbbing, but with no where to go.

I heard the door open behind me, then Tammi came up to me and put her arms around me. She was wearing only a sheet, and she was absolutely delicious looking.

"How'd I do?" I asked.

She smiled, pressed her body against me so the sheet wouldn't fall, grabbed my face and turned me into her lips. It wasn't a horny kiss, it was a satisfied kiss, a 'thank you' kiss.

"Wow! That good?" I managed to breath out when she took pity on me and pulled away.

"That good. Are you ready to learn about your pussy?"

I could feel my heart lurch. I was light headed. "Sure." Such a glib word, hiding the excitement I felt, even as it committed me to it.

She took me by the hand and led me into the cabin. We mixed a couple of drinks, then we climbed the stairs to the loft.

"Drink up," she whispered to me. "You want to be really relaxed for this."

So I drank, and when I was done, she handed me her drink, and she smiled at me. There was excitement in her eyes. A secret in her smile.

"Okay," she said. She went to the dresser next to the bed and took out a mess of straps and several dildos.

She put the straps on around her waist, and said, "Pick one."

A small black one. A pink one, about the size of my dick, a big, clear one that was made out of some solid type of plastic. "4 inches,

6 inches, and 8 inches. Which one do you want?"

I remembered my boast of earlier. I picked up the plastic one. I could see the world through it, all distorted by the curved shape of the thing.

She didn't try to talk me out of it. She simply nodded, told me to finish my second drink, and screwed the thing into her harness.

We stood for a few minutes then, holding each other, her big dick pressed against my thigh. It hung in her straps, but I knew it wasn't going to be bending in me. This was a dick that meant business.

"Get on all fours."

I crawled on to the bed, my ass towards her, high in the air, the perfect height for her to fuck me.

She slathered lubricant all over the dildo, then she wiped a huge glob onto my ass,

I was high. Not sloppy drunk, but that happy stoned place. I waited on my hands and knees, feeling so open and vulnerable.

"I love you, J," she whispered as she moved between my legs, pressed the plastic pecker against my brown spot.

"Uh!" I grunted. The feel of the thing surprised me.

"You must relax. If you try to tighten up, it will hurt. If you relax, the sky is the limit. In fact, there is no limit."

"Okay," I breathed. My back was straight, I didn't know if I should hunch it or sag it.

She pressed in, slowly but inexorably. My mouth opened, I cried out something, but wasn't sure what. This thing was opening me up, splitting me, and there was nothing I could do about it.

"Don't fall, J. If you fall I'll fall on you, and that will ram it into you before you're ready."

Then I felt the head pop. My ass hurt, but only a little, and pleasure was already starting up.

"Oh, fuck," I breathed. I could feel her grinning behind me. She had her hands around my waist and she held on to me and waited.

I breathed, tried to calm myself down, and my muscles slowly relaxed. More pleasure, eating into me, opening me up, showing me a world I had not known had existed.



“Okay,” I nodded.

Thank God for lubrication, she slipped the whole thing into me. Every muscle in me went into shock. Every nerve woke up and screamed, “What’s that!”

But it felt good. It felt really good. It felt like a giant itch that had to be scratched. And scratched. And scratched.

I pushed back, gently, and she let me. Then I pulled forward, and a gap open up between our bodies, then she shoved it in again.

Somewhere in there I began to cry, but they were tears of joy. I had never experienced such sensations, such completeness. It was better than a dick, and yet, not. It was different. It was sharper, and I didn’t have the control, but I was learning that to really feel it I had to give up control. I had to submit to the big penis in my bottom. I had to give myself up to the woman driving it into me. It was delicious submissiveness, and I had not known how good it could be.

Oddly, I had not thought to ask for the chastity tube to be taken off, and as she fucked me she grabbed the whole thing and moved it around. Twisted it, jerked it, and gave me a thrill not available to a hard penis.

“Oh, god...!” And then I lost it. I fell forward, and she fell with me, and her whole weight rammed the penis deep into me. It felt like it was almost in my stomach, and my mind sort of blanked out. Everything was white, and loopy goopy, and I felt my groin just sort of explode.

Not hard like a squirting orgasm, but a shimmy that seemed to come from the hard dick, spread out through my groin and thighs, and then heat up my whole body.

“Ohhhh” I moaned, again and again, and then, somehow, without me understanding, it was over.

Tammi stopped moving and we lay there, her on me, the big prick lodged between my buns.

I could breath, but barely. I was still wearing the corset. I couldn’t move for her weight. All I could do was wonder what had happened to me.

Finally, she pushed up, and the dong slid slowly out of me. It left a space and I almost cried for the sheer pleasure of the way it had rubbed my nerves, and then left me empty.

She stood up and looked down. I looked to where she was looking. There was a big wet spot under my chastity tube. I hadn't gotten hard and squirted, rather, the big dick had pressured my prostate and forced the semen to ooze out.

"Sleep, if you wish. I'll be downstairs."

I didn't sleep. I sort of dozed, and relieved the vast goodness in my asshole, but I didn't fall all the way asleep.

Finally, I crawled back off the bed and stood up.

My asshole felt used, and my muscles felt like they were made of rubber, but it felt good.

I walked downstairs, and Tammi met me with a hug and a kiss. And we sat, and we talked about men and women, and the differences between them, and the perceived differences between them.

And we made love again. This time me doing her. And we woke up, and she did me again, and then it was the end of the weekend.

Tammi cleaned me up before we left the cabin. She used tons of cold cream and made sure I was completely male, no trace of female. Then we cleaned the cabin, put all my new clothes into a spare closet, and got into the car.

We stopped for a hamburger on the way down, and she laughed at the male way I ingested it.

And I put on a mock male act for her, slobbering and grunting like a caveman.

I really wished we could have stayed at the cabin.

And she said, "Tell your mother how much fun you had, but that you had to work too much."

"Oh?"

"Yes. Next month I want to spend a couple of weeks up there. And. I need a handy man to fix up a few things. What do you think?"

"I think you don't need a handy man."

She looked at me, a little confused.

“You need a handy woman.”

Then she laughed, and I laughed.

And we couldn't wait for our next trip to the cabin.

END

## **A Note from the Author!**

I hope you liked my little tale of J and Tammi.  
Please take a moment to rate me five stars.  
That helps support my writing,  
and lets me know which direction I should take  
for future books.

Thank you

Grace

## **A SPECIAL NOTE:**

Most people don't know how the Amazon star rating system works.

Five stars and a book gets noticed, and Amazon pushes it.

Four stars and it stays within sight. Amazon pushes it, barely, and it usually stays within sight.

Anything less than four stars and it disappears, Amazon simply stops promoting it.

If you love a book, give it five stars.

If you like a book, give it four stars.

If you think the book has value, just not for you, don't rate it.

If you are trying to destroy an author, and this is any author, not just me, give a book three or less stars. It will disappear, and it will be difficult to find even with a word for word search of Amazon.

That's how the star system works. Personally, I think it is a terrible system. I can't tell you how often I have had a great review, and three stars. They loved the book, but took it off the boards because they didn't understand the rating system.

And, here's a nasty one, I can't tell you how many times I've had a 'moralist' rate me with one star, simply because they think the world is better off without erotica.

I think it is important to give an author high ratings, it is encouragement, and makes the system work. On the other hand, if you don't have something nice to say about somebody, best to just let them be.

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## Full Length Books from Gropper Press



[Too Tough to Feminize](#) ~ Sam always thought he was a tough guy. He was cock of the walk, a real, live, do or die Mr. Tough Guy.

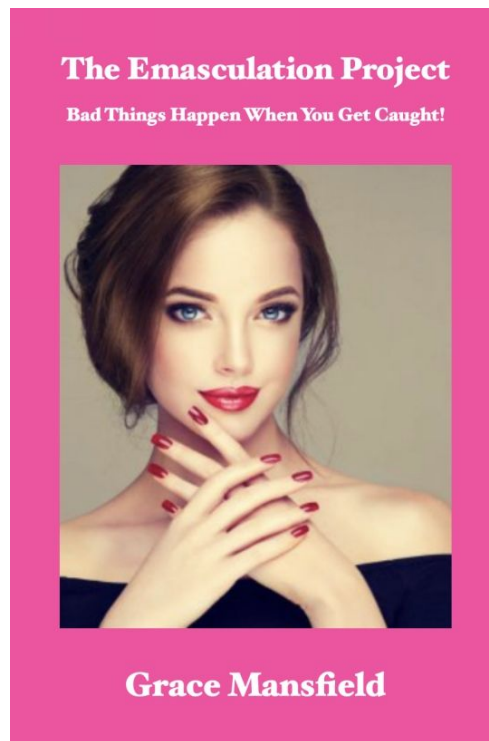
Then he made a mistake. He took on the wrong ... woman.

This is the story of what happened when Sam finally met his match and learned who the really tough people were.

This book contains female domination, male submission, forced feminization, male to female transformation, cross dressing, chastity, pegging, and much more.

**This book is available on Kindle or paperback.**

# Full Length Books from Gropper Press



[The Emasculation Project](#) ~ Jameson is a manly man with a secret, he likes to cross dress a little. One day his Aunt catches him, and decides that the only cure is to give Jamie what he wants. Now Jamie is becoming a BIG cross dresser. Unfortunately, his wife isn't in agreement, and she and Aunt Charlotte are about to fight over Jamie.

This book has female domination, feminized submissive, hypnosis, forced transgender.

**All books are available on Kindle or paperback.**



## Full Length Books from Gropper Press

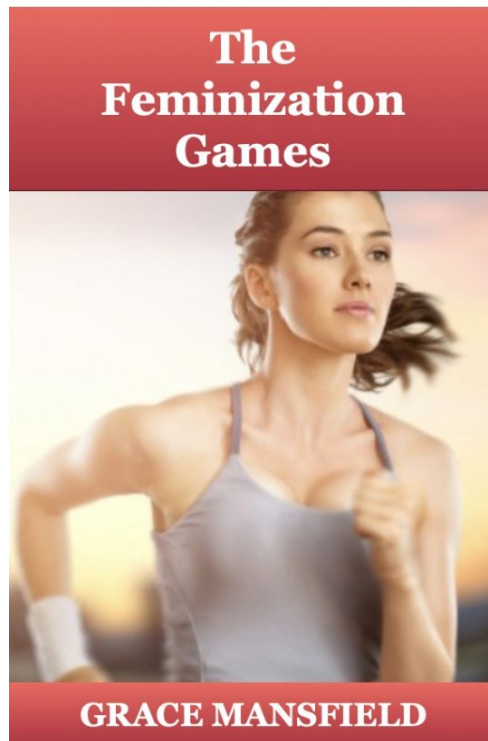


**Feminized by a Ghost** ~ Alex has to live in an old, decrepit mansion for the summer. Worse, he's supposed to follow the directions of an old biddy who, right off the bat, makes him wear girl clothes! Alex is in for a surprise, however, because the house is haunted, and wearing girl clothes is the least of what is going to happen to him!

This book has feminization, female dominance, male submission, tease and deny, supernatural sex, gender transformation, crossdressing.

**This book is available on Kindle and paperback.**

## Full Length Books from Gropper Press

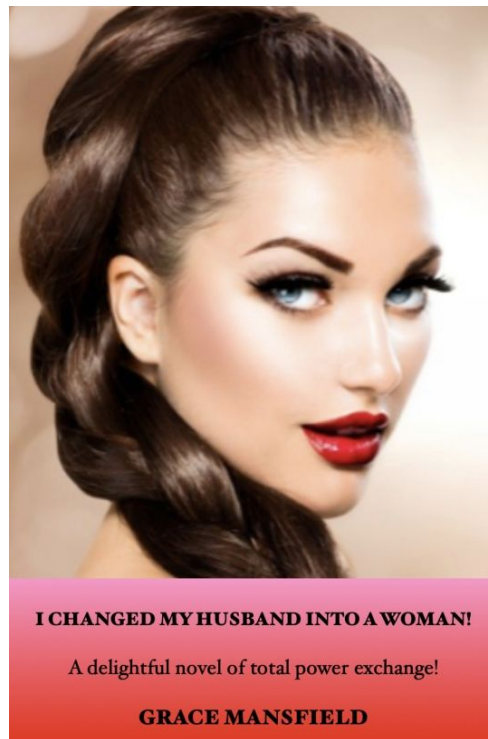


[The Feminization Games](#) ~ Jim Camden was a manly man, until the day he crossed his wife. Now he's in for a battle of the sexes, and if he loses...he has to dress like a woman for a week. But what he doesn't know is the depths of manipulation his wife will go to. Lois Camden, you see, is a woman about to break free, and if she has to step on her husband to do it...so be it. And Jim is about to learn that a woman unleashed is a man consumed.

This story has female domination, forced feminization, cross dressing, chastity belts, pegging, shrunken manhood and orgasm denial.

**This book is available on Kindle and paperback.**

## Full Length Books from Gropper Press

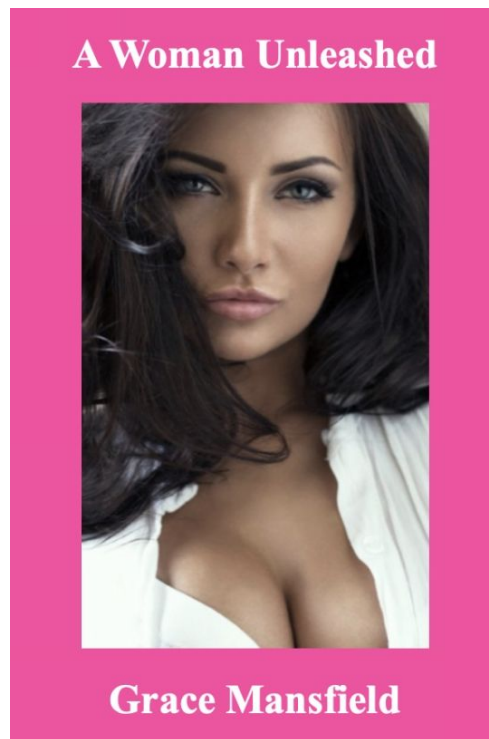


[I Changed My Husband into a Woman](#) ~ Roscoe was a power player in Hollywood. He was handsome, adored, and had one fault - he liked to play practical jokes. Now his wife is playing one on him, and it's going to be the grandest practical joke of all time.

This book has forced feminization, cross dressing, hormones, breast growth, pegging and erotic humiliation.

**This book is available on Kindle or paperback.**

## Full Length Books from Gropper Press



[A Woman Unleashed](#) ~ Talia was a politician. She was a power player who knew how to use people. Then she met Roger. Roger was raised in a monastery. He lived a spiritual life of giving. Then he met Talia. Two people, a power exchange of spiritual magnitude, and a journey to love and beyond.

This book has female led relationships, power exchange, feminization, orgasm denial, cross dressing, pegging, gender transformation

**This book is available on Kindle and paperback.**

## Full Length Books from Gropper Press

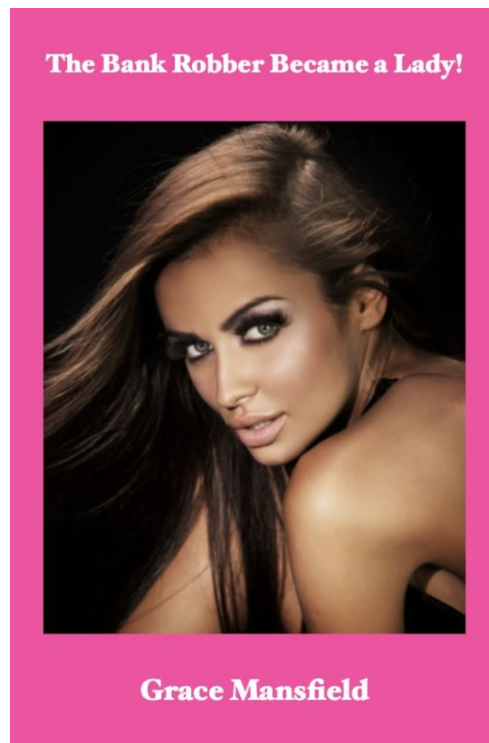


[My Husband's Funny Breasts](#) ~ Tom Dickson was a happy camper. He lived a good life, had a beautiful wife, then he started to grow breasts, his hair grew long, and his body reshaped. Now Tom is on the way to being a woman, and he doesn't know why.

This book has forced feminization, cross dressing, hormones, gender transformation, pegging and breast growth.

**All books are available on Kindle or paperback.**

## Full Length Books from Gropper Press



[The Bank Robber Became a Lady](#) ~ Kimberly is holding \$10,000 when her bank is robbed, and she is taken hostage. Then she finds out the bank robber is her ex-boyfriend! She still loves him, and now she has to get him out of the mess he has created, but there's only one way. Tommy's about to become a woman!

This story has forced feminization, cross dressing, lots of sex and pegging.

**This book is available on Kindle and paperback.**

## Full Length Books from Gropper Press

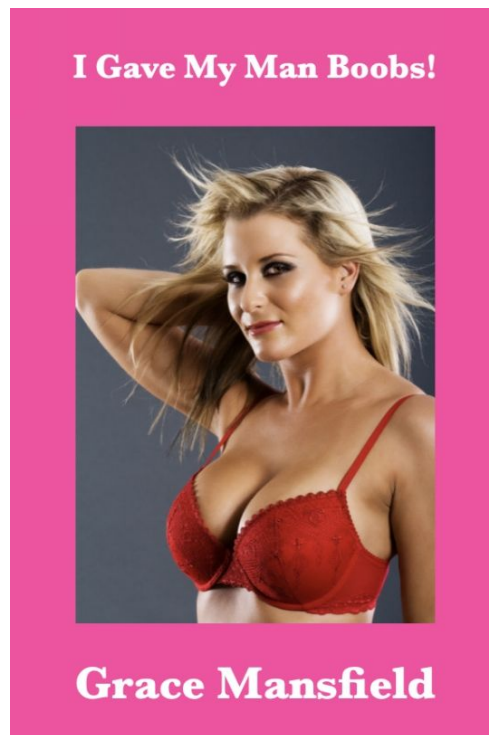


[The Stepforth Husband](#) ~ Rick Boston and his beautiful wife, Jamey, move to Stepforth Valley, where Rick is offered a job at a high tech cosmetics compan. The House of Chimera is planning on releasing a male cosmetics line, and Rick is their first test subject. Now Rick is changing. The House of Chimera has a deep, dark secret, and Rick is just one more step on the path to world domination!

This book has female domination, feminization, cross dressing, hormones, gender transformation, forced transgender and pegging.

**This book is available on Kindle and paperback.**

## Full Length Books from Gropper Press



[I Gave My Man Boobs](#) ~ Henry and Dawn lived a good life, but Dawn wanted a little more. Unknown to her, so did Henry. Dawn was determined to get what she wanted, but what would Henry get?

This story has feminization, breast growth, hormones, transgender, pegging, chastity and cross dressing.

**This book is available on Kindle and paperback.**



## Full Length Books from Gropper Press



[The Day the Democrats Turned the Republicans into...Girls!](#) ~ A note from Grace...I got tired of all the politics on TV, everybody yelling at everybody, and everybody knowing they are the only ones that are right...it's enough to make a girl pick up an erotic book. You know? So, are you ready for the 'transgenderment' of half the country?

This book contains forced transgender, forced feminization, power exchange, gender transformation, bisexual, lesbian, breast growth.

**This book is available on Kindle or paperback.**

## Full Length Books from Gropper Press

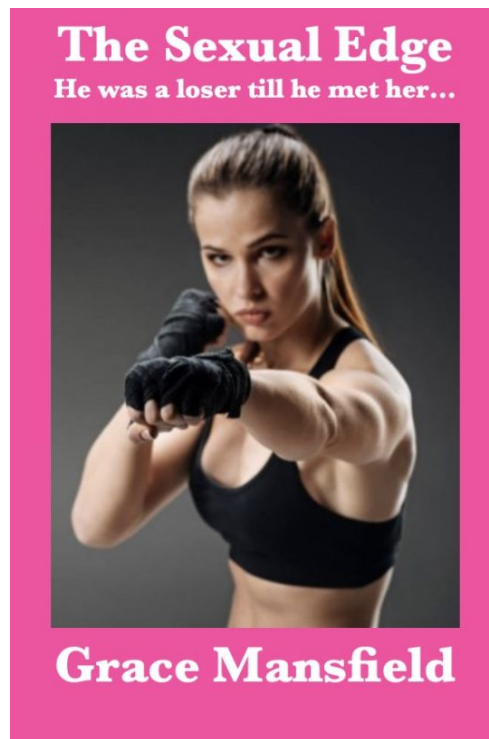


[The Lactating Man](#) ~ Jessica is about to have a bay, the only problem is she can't produce enough milk to nurse. Solution? Her husband, Robert, is about to go on the wildest trip any man has ever gone on.

This book has feminization, cross dressing, hormones, breast growth, lactation, small penis, pegging.

**This book is available on Kindle or paperback.**

## Full Length Books from Gropper Press

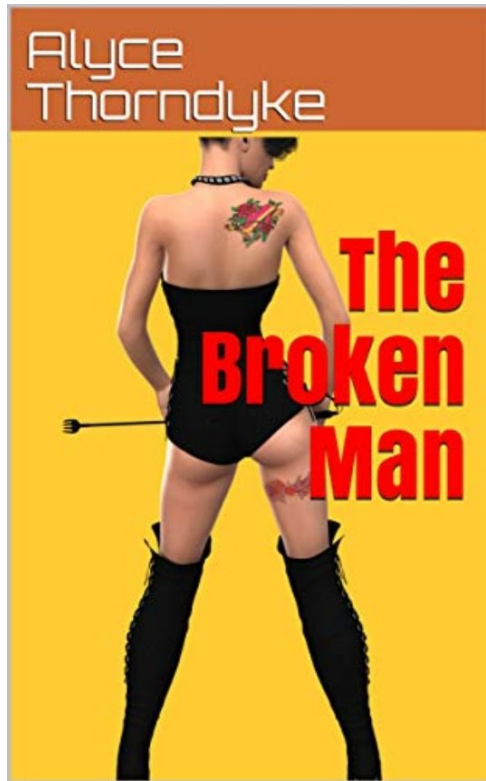


[The Sexual Edge](#) ~ Johnny 'Boom Boom' Jackson was going to be champ. Then he met a girl who took him apart. Now she's offering to put him back together...can he trust her?

This story has male chastity, bondage, orgasm denial, chastity device, teasing and denial, erotic punishment, submission, and more.

**This book is available on Kindle or paperback.**

## Full Length Books from Gropper Press



[The Broken Man](#) ~ a full length novel of unbridled female domination. (50,000 words) from Alyce Thorndyke!

Kyle Talon loves his wife, and he'll do anything for her, including getting into the trunk of a car driven by a beautiful woman. What Kyle doesn't know is that the beautiful woman is taking him to a ranch where men are subjected to unbelievable perversion...and they all love it. All except Kyle. Kyle still loves his wife. Silly man.

This book has bondage, female supremacy, male chastity training and erotic punishment.

**This book is available on Kindle or paperback.**

## Full Length Books from Gropper Press



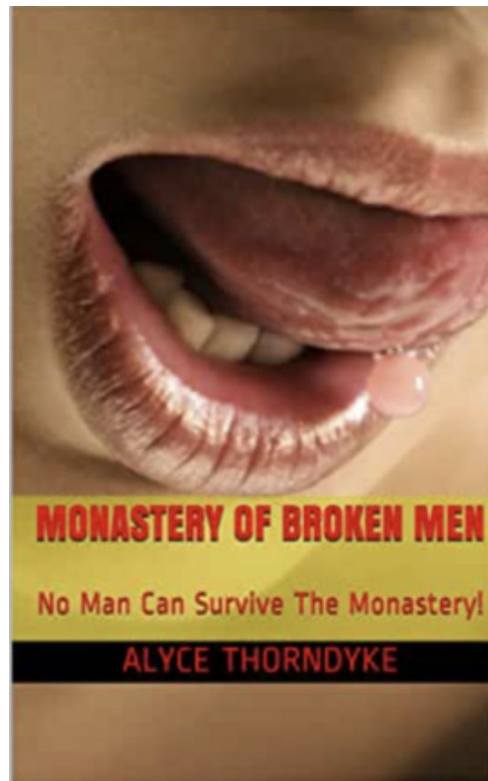
[Breaking Jack](#) ~ a full length novel of heart stopping female domination! (40,000 words) from Alyce Thorndyke!

Jack Windsor has been a bad boy...he cheated on his wife. April is not a forgiving lady, and she has enlisted all her friends on Facebook to help correct Jack's behavior. Things are about to get tough for Jack...but then, shouldn't they?

This book has female domination, male submissive, bondage, erotic punishment , chastity and denial.

**This book is available on Kindle or paperback.**

## Full Length Books from Gropper Press



[Monastery of Broken Men](#) ~ a full length novel of incredible female domination (35,000 words) from Alyce Thorndyke!

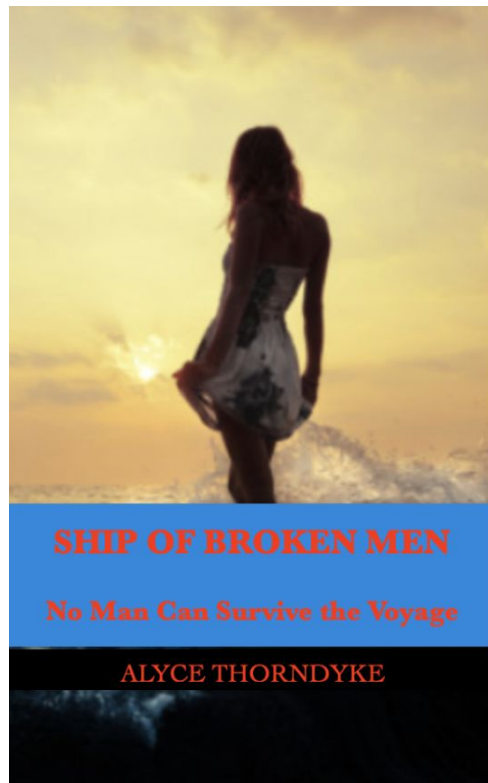
Three men, Judd, Ralph and Jerry, are kidnapped and taken to a remote monastery deep in the Amazon. They are chained, beaten, and...broken.

Three men, and a thousand, horny women. Three men and a singular realization driving all: God is a woman.

This book has gynarchy, female domination male submissive, bondage, erotic punishment, chastity and denial.

**This book is available on Kindle or paperback.**

## Full Length Books from Gropper Press



[Ship of Broken Men](#) ~ An amazing saga of female domination~  
(35,000 words) from Alyce Thorndyke!

The Amazons are back. They are smarter, more beautiful, and they have a plan. 100 men have been selected to be broken. 100 men, and it's just the start.

The men will be beaten, broken, and made to serve. And, in the end, they will love it.

This book has female domination, submissive men, bondage, chastity device, pegging and power exchange.

**This book is available on Kindle or paperback.**

## Full Length Books from Gropper Press



[The Horny Wizard of Oz](#) ~ Here it is, from Alyce Thorndyke, the raunchiest, funniest, sexiest satire ever!

Munchers: tall enough to eat pussy.

The Scarecrow: a pole up his ass.

Tin Man: a walking, talking dildo if ever there was one.

The Wizard, stealing all the dicks in Oz.

What? What the heck does the Wizard need all those dicks for?

A big titted, strutting sexpot from Kansas is determined to find out, and Oz will never be the same!

**This book is available on Kindle or paperback.**



## Full Length Books from Gropper Press



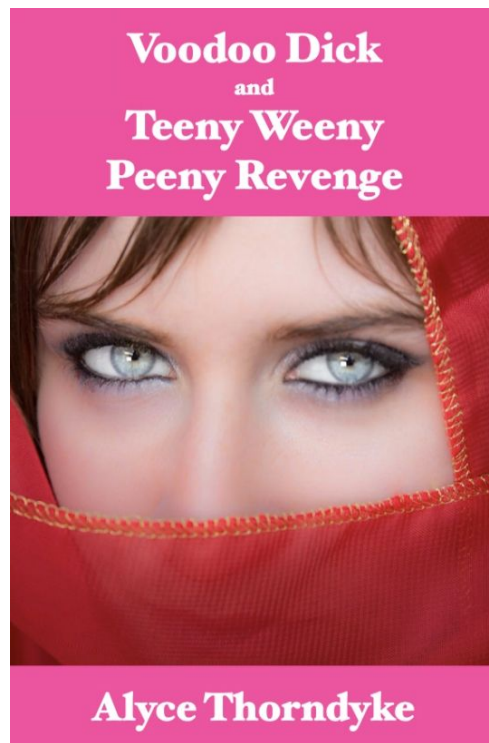
[The Lusty Land of Oz](#) ~ Here it is, from Alyce Thorndyke, the raunchiest, funniest, sexiest sequel to the raunchiest, funniest, sexiest satire ever!

The Lusty Land of Oz picks up where The Horny Wizard of Oz left off, but with the introduction of Tip, a well endowed young man forced into the 'service' of Mombi, the meanest Witch in Oz.

Off Tip goes, on a mad romp through a perverted land, picking up strangers with stranger appendages, a step ahead of Mombi, and always trying to figure out why he just...can't...uh...you know?

**This book is available on Kindle or paperback.**

## Full Length Books from Gropper Press



[Voodoo Dick and Teeny Weeny Peeny Revenge](#) ~ Two novelettes for the price of one.

In Voodoo Dick a man has done his woman wrong, and that woman is about to unleash a little black magic on his dick.

Teeny Weeny Peeny Revenge is another 'man done his woman wrong' story, but this time the revenge is quite a bit different.

These stories have sex, tiny penis humiliation, magic sex , paranormal sex, and more, more, more.

**This book is available on Kindle.**

**SIX ALYCE THORNDYKE STORIES IN ONE VOLUME**  
A mammoth collection of wet and dripping horniness!

# WOMAN ON TOP!



Woman on Top is so good it has been banned by Amazon.

*It is available on the Internet.*

Details of Woman on Top on Next Page...

The following six stories are included in

## **Woman on Top**

### **WHEN BEING BAD IS GOOD**

Scarlett Johnson learns that sometimes there are good reasons for being bad.

### **DR. FRANKENDICK**

Jane Monroe is betrayed by her boyfriend and kidnapped by a mad doctor, but the day is just starting.

### **SPIRIT LOVE**

FBI Special Agent Annie Emerson has just arrested a serial rapist... oops, wrong one.

### **THUMB RIDERS**

Tim and Rhonda were living the good life...until a sex starved monster home invades and decides to change Tim into...a girl?

### **THE KIND OF LOVE THAT HURTS**

Sandra O is tied up and prepped for rape, but her rapist, Billy Joe Wiggins, is about to find out the price of love.

### **FUTANARI: THE WORLD OF SEX**

Sex is bad, a way for men and women to hurt each other...until the first Futanari is born.

This book has weird sex, women taking charge, sex change, hormones, domination, submission, and just about everything else imaginable.

Banned by Amazon...available on the Internet.

**If you liked  
'My Neighbor Feminized Me'  
you will really love...**

## **'I Changed My Husband into a Woman'**

**A full length novel by Grace Mansfield**

**Here is an excerpt...**

"What the fuck!"

I roused myself from a deep and very deserved sleep, only to see Roscoe standing next to the bed, looking down at his feet and cursing.

"Wha..." I mumbled, pulling the covers over me and trying to look like I was still asleep. In truth, though I was tired, I was as awake as I had ever been.

"Did you do this?" His voice was going up. "Is this your idea of a joke?"

"Shut up," I whined. "I wanna sleep!"

"No! Wake up! Why'd you do this?"

"Do what?" and I finally rolled over and made my eyes sleepy and tired.

Oh, baby, was I acting. And I was acting in front of the fellow who had created a half a dozen Best Actor Oscar winners. This was going to take all my prowess to pull off.

“My toes! Look at my toes.”

I blinked, and edged towards the side of the bed so I could look down to where he was pointing. And I exulted. He had felt he had to explain that it was his toes, so he was just working off emotion and blaming whoever was closest. He didn't have any clue as to why his toes were red.

“What the fuck!” I opened my eyes wide and stared at his tootsies.

“Why'd you do this?”

I looked up at him and put a tiny edge of anger in my voice. “I didn't do that! Why the hell would I paint my sissy husband's toes red?” Very important to get the word sissy into the conversation as quickly as possible. “Do I look like I'm the kind of girl who'd marry a sissy?”

He kept trying to look fierce, but I could tell that my arrows had hit the mark. In some odd, almost invisible way he shriveled. He withdrew slightly into himself. I had met the challenge and acted my way out of being the culprit.

“Okay, okay,” then he tried again. “You did this because I jacked off on you the other day.”

“First, I just said I didn't do that!” I pointed at his toes. “And, I already got you back, and, husband of mine, practical jokes aren't my forte.” At least they usually weren't. I was enjoying this; I was thinking of a career change. Sandy Tannenbaum, Practical Joker Extraordinaire!

“So who did this?”

Now I looked at him suspiciously. “There's only two people in this room.”

He sputtered in outrage, so I kept up the attack. “So why did you paint your toe nails red?”

“I didn’t!”

“There’s nobody else here!” I was pushing him now. I had been accused unfairly (he thought) so I had to act the outrage. I narrowed my eyes. “Are you going to pervert on me?”

“I didn’t do this!” he wailed.

“Well I didn’t, and I didn’t figure on waking up next to Bruce Jenner.”

Oh, Jesus!” he almost ran to my make up station and started looking for polish remover. “Where is it!?”

I got out of bed, and went to him. I didn’t want him making a mess, so I handed him a bottle of polish remover. He grabbed at it like a sailor grabs a life preserver after jumping off the Titanic. He sat down and lifted his foot up to the edge of the chair.

“Hold on,” I said. I took the remover out of his hands. “I don’t want you making a mess. Come here.”

I led him into the bathroom. “Put your foot here,” I pointed to the john. He placed his foot on the toilet and I sat cross legged in front of it. I giggled.

“What?” he grouched.

“It is sort of cute. Hubbie gives himself a peddie. Make a good TV series.”

He let his breath out in disgust. “I’m a man’s man, not a girly man.”

Yeah, that’s right, you like to get young girl’s pregnant. how manly. But I didn’t say that, I just thought it, and kept manipulating him.

“Well, you might say so, but Roscoe Junior says otherwise.”

Now, truth, he wasn’t really all that hard, just sort of a morning half woodie, but I reached up and grabbed his meat and in a second he was throbbing in my hand.

“Hey!” he said. But he wasn’t really protesting. What man would object to a pair of sexy hands fondling his man pole? “Take the polish off.”

“Oh, okay.” but the damage was done. He was now erect, and associating that erection with nail polish. Manly man. Huh!

So I hummed a tune and stripped the polish off and returned his toes to their ‘manly’ state.

“Okay,” he said. Standing and looking down at his repaired manhood, uh, nails.

“Not even a thanks?”

“Thank you,” and he did sound abashed. “But I have no idea how...somebody must have broken in and done it.”

“While you slept? They painted your nails and you didn’t even wake up?”

“Well, I was pretty drunk.”

I’ll say.

“Not that drunk,” I lied. “You never get that drunk.”

“Well, yeah. But somebody did it.” We left the bathroom then and re-entered the bedroom. He walked over to the double windows, which led out to a small patio. He tried the doors. “See! they’re open!”

“We’re on the second floor.”

“He had a ladder.”

“He?”

“Well, you don’t think a woman did this?”

“Those nails were done pretty well. Men don’t know how to apply polish that well.” Then I cocked my head and it was obvious what I was thinking.

“Don’t look at me that way! I didn’t polish my own nails.”

I shrugged. “Okay. So Spiderman left off fighting crime for one day so he could paint your nails.”

He made a grimace.

“Or maybe somebody just walked in because our door is unlocked.” I swung the bedroom door opened.

“Well, I don’t...”



“Forget it, Roscoe.” I use his name when I am angry with him, or irritated, and he took notice of that. “just admit that you did some sleep walking.” Then I giggled, “Or sleep toenail painting.”

“Oh, shut up.” he brushed past me and headed down the stairs. It was a mark of how irritated and upset he was that he had forgotten to get dressed.

“Ahem!” I cleared my throat.

He turned at the top of the stairs and looked at me. Oh, the look on his face. Irritated, confused. Priceless.

I looked at his groin, placed an elbow in a palm and wiggled my index finger in the air.

He looked down at himself, mumbled a curse word I dasn’t dare repeat, and stomped back into the bedroom.

This has been an excerpt from  
**I Changed My Husband into a Woman!**

Read it on kindle or paperback