



Night At Sissy Manor
by Crystal Summers

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Feminization Fables Vol. 11

by Crystal Summers

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Chapter 1: “The Challenge”

There’s no such thing as curses! That’s what Bill, Ron and Dwayne believed when their cheerleader girlfriends challenged them to spend the night at Sissy Manor. Perhaps they shouldn’t have been so sure.

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Bill laughed condescendingly at his girlfriend Heidi and he rolled his eyes at his friends Ron and Dwayne, which caused them to chuckle. “This is the modern world, baby. No one believes in curses,” he said. He downed his beer and he let out a loud burp.

“Gross!” said Heidi and she pushed him away.

“Then take the bet,” said Dwayne’s girlfriend Caroline.

“Forget it,” said Bill.

“I told you he was afraid,” said Caroline.

“I’m not afraid of anything,” retorted Bill angrily.

“Then take the bet.”

“Yeah, take the bet,” said Heidi. “Prove it.”

“It’s a stupid bet,” said Bill dismissively.

“If it’s so stupid, then you have nothing to fear, do you?” asked Caroline.

Bill shrugged his shoulders. “I don’t want to waste a perfectly good night staying at some supposedly haunted house when everyone knows there’s no such thing as a curse or magic.”

“You’re afraid. I can see it in your eyes,” said Caroline firmly. Ron’s girlfriend Barb and Heidi both giggled at this comment. This made each of the boys blush; they didn’t like having their manhoods impugned.

“I’m not afraid,” insisted Bill.

Caroline ignored his denial. “Imagine that! A big strong athlete like you, the star of the team, afraid to spend one single night in a strange house because he’s scared of a little curse.” This comment made Bill’s blood boil.

“I told you! I am not afraid of anything!” he growled.

Caroline stared right into his eyes. “Then take the bet,” she said firmly. She looked at Ron and Dwayne next. “Each of you. All three of

you need to take the bet or we're going to believe you're all just a bunch of scared little girls."

Heidi and Barb both nodded their heads in agreement.

Bill pursed his lips. He wasn't scared. After all, it was just a legend, a myth, a stupid superstition. It was nothing to fear. He just didn't like wasting his time. But he also wasn't going to sit here and let others think he was afraid, especially his girlfriend and her friends. So he looked to Ron and Dwayne to make sure they were with him. They were. He turned back to face Caroline.

"All right, we'll take your stupid bet. The three of us will spend the night at 'Sissy Manor.' And here's what we get when we win," said Bill.

"If you win—"

"*When* we win," he said firmly.

"Fine, name your terms," said Caroline.

An evil smirk crossed Bill's face. He and his friends had only been dating these three girls for a few weeks and he liked Heidi a lot, but he found he had a strong sexual attraction to Caroline. Here was his chance to get something he had wanted for some time now. "*When* we win, you will give each of us a blowjob."

Caroline raised an eyebrow. "Me?!"

Bill saw Dwayne frown out of the corner of his left eye and Heidi glare at him to his right. He decided to adjust the terms in a way that would still get him what he wanted from Caroline, but wouldn't be so obvious. "*You* as in all three of you. If we win, then all three of you need to give each of us a blowjob."

The three girls furrowed their brows, but the other two boys chuckled.

"No way!" protested Barb.

"Yeah, forget it," said Caroline. "Name something else."

"No. You made this big deal about how you *know* the legend is real and you spent half an hour daring me to do it and calling me a coward if I didn't, but now you aren't willing to put your money where your mouth is. Who's the scared little girl now?" asked Bill condescendingly.

This got under Caroline's skin immediately. She had a lot of pride. She also knew that the boys would never make it through the night. No one ever did. Everyone who tried came running from the house before morning. That made this a can't-lose proposition for her. If the boys ran, then she would have taken these sexist, arrogant boys down a notch; they

had become unbearable since their team won the state championship. On the other hand, if they stayed the night. . . well, then she got what she really wanted.

“Fine!” growled Caroline. “If you win, then we’ll give each of you blowjobs. But if we win, then each of you needs to stand before the whole cheerleader squad and tell them that you’re scared little girls who are too afraid to sleep in the big bad house overnight.”

Before anyone could stop them, Bill and Caroline had shaken hands. It was a bet.

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It was the first Friday after the bet. It was early evening. The three boys stood before “Sissy Manor.” Its official name was 425 Rockingbird Lane and it had been unoccupied for years. Rumor had it that no one wanted to buy the house because of a legend that sprang up almost twenty years prior. Others said the house was just too expensive for the neighborhood, while others said it was tied up in a trust. No one knew for sure, but everyone knew the legend:

One day, a happy young couple moved into the house. They were very much in love and they wanted to start a family. They had chosen the house because the wife was pregnant with twins. . . some versions say triplets, and they needed a large house. But the wife’s mother despised the wife’s husband and she wanted to break them up. So she put a curse on the house which would cause the husband to turn into a woman.

The couple moved in and spent their first night in the house. In the middle of the night, they awoke to discover that the husband was indeed turning into a woman. He had breasts and curves and everything by that point. The only part of him that hadn’t changed was his penis because the curse hadn’t finished yet. In a panic, the couple fled the house, never to return.

Unfortunately, by fleeing the house before the curse finished, the couple caused the curse to become permanently affixed to the house. Because of this, any male who dares to sleep in the house overnight will awake to find himself turning into a woman, with the exception of his penis. If he doesn’t flee by morning, that too will be gone. That is how the house derived its name: Sissy Manor.

Many have tested the curse and so far they've all fled before midnight. Each reported strange happenings before they fled, happenings they wouldn't describe, and refused to ever return. There are, of course, rumors of a guy known only by a friend of a friend who did stay the whole night and was completely transformed, but no one has ever come forward to admit that this has happened to them. As for the couple who abandoned the home, there are rumors that the husband now works as a stripper. . . or a hooker. . . or a nurse, depending on which version you want to believe. Some versions even have him pregnant.

Many people actually believe this story, though most know better.

"So that's Sissy Manor," said Dwayne. He looked up at the large house before them. "I've never been this close to it before."

"Kind of creepy, isn't it?" asked Ron.

"Oh yeah, I can feel my dick shrinking already," said Bill snidely. "Look, it's just a stupid house. Don't let the girls mess with your head. It's just one night and then we each get blow jobs from three of the hottest chicks in the school."

A car pulled up behind the boys as they stood on the front walkway. It was the girls.

"Speaking of the girls," said Bill and he motioned over his shoulder toward the car. "Remember: don't fall for anything they say."

The other two boys nodded their heads.

Meanwhile, the girls climbed out of the car. They were beautiful, as one would expect from cheerleaders, and their beauty was enhanced by their red and white uniforms, uniforms which showed off their shapely legs and their firm breasts.

"Hey guys," called out Caroline.

"As you can see, we're here," said Bill.

"It looks to me like you're standing around *outside*, not inside. Besides, you know the curse, nothing happens until you try to stay overnight," she retorted as the girls walked over to the boys and wrapped their arms around them. Heidi stood on her tiptoes to kiss Bill on the lips. He was much larger than she was. The other two were large boys as well, though Bill was the biggest.

Bill wrapped his arm around Heidi's small shoulders and then focused on Caroline. He got hard just looking at her, and her soft lips. . . lips he desperately wanted to see around his penis. It was a good thing Heidi

couldn't read his mind. "Yeah, well, we'll be inside soon, and then tomorrow, you'll be on your knees," he said to Caroline.

Caroline snickered. "We'll see about that. More likely, tomorrow we'll be taking our new *girl*friends shopping for clothes. You're going to look so darn cute in a tight pink dress, and I've got the perfect heels for you, girlfriend."

"You're crazy. There's no such thing as magic or curses," said Bill, though he blushed at the mention of the idea of wearing women's clothes.

"All talk," said Caroline. "I still don't see you headed toward the door."

"I don't have the key," said Bill sourly.

At this comment, Barb stepped forward. She produced a silver key from her purse. "My mom is a realtor. I got his from her. Don't lose it," she said.

Bill took the key. For the next few moments, they all stood there in silence, staring at the house. Were they really going to do this? Was there a curse? Was it smart to tempt fate?

Caroline finally snickered. "Well? You have the key. What are you waiting for? Or are you planning to back out already?"

Bill glared at her. He looked at his two friends. They each nodded their heads. They were determined. They turned to face the house and the boys marched inside. The girls watched them enter.

"So long, *boys*," said Caroline softly.

Heidi and Barb snickered.

Chapter 2: “Inside The House”

Once inside, the boys were amazed to find the house fully furnished. Not only that, but everything seemed to be clean and well cared-for. They had expected it to be completely empty, with everything dirty and in disarray.

“That’s creepy,” said Dwayne. “Why would an abandoned house be furnished and cleaned?”

“Maybe the ghosts clean it,” said Ron and he laughed nervously.

“It’s a curse, not ghosts.”

Ron shrugged his shoulders. “When it’s magic, who knows how it works? Maybe the curse hires a ghost to keep it clean. Or maybe there is no curse! Maybe it’s been a ghost all along. . . the ghost of an owner who woke up one morning to find that his wife had dressed him in her clothes and cut off his balls.”

Both Ron and Dwayne cringed.

Bill rolled his eyes. “Will you two grow up?! There is no curse. There are no ghosts. This is all bullcrap invented by kids to explain why a house has stayed empty over the years. *Don’t believe it. Don’t even start to believe it.* If you start to believe this, then it will take hold in your mind and you’ll start to fall for it.”

Ron bit his lip. “But how do you explain the house being clean?”

Bill glared at him. “Most likely, I’ll bet the realtors hire someone to keep the place clean. Alternatively, the girls snuck in here and cleaned it just to scare you two into thinking the place is haunted by a ghost with a cleaning fetish.”

Ron and Dwayne blushed. They suddenly felt stupid.

“So what do we do now?” asked Ron.

“I was thinking we should all take a seat in the living room and wait out the night,” said Dwayne.

Bill furrowed his brow and shook his head. “Forget it. We’re not going to act like we’re scared and sit around in a circle, holding hands like little girls. Seriously, what would Coach say? We won state. We can handle anything, and acting all gay isn’t going to happen.”

“What do you suggest then?”

“I say we hang out here and play some cards until bedtime. Then we pick our bedrooms and we go to bed, just like we would any other night. Then, in the morning, we get up and we leave.”

Ron and Dwayne both visibly cringed.

Bill saw this and let out a withering laugh. “Oh come on, don’t be cowards, you little pussies.”

Ron bit his lip. “It’s not that we’re cowards,” he said cautiously, “but why take the risk?”

“‘Risk’?! Dude, listen to yourself! You’re telling me that you want to huddle together like scared little girls because you’re worried about ‘the risk’ from some made-up magical curse. Seriously, grow a pair! Be a man!”

Ron blushed, as did Dwayne. It was clear they were worried, but they couldn’t admit that to Bill, and neither was willing to mention their real fears. . . so they would follow Bill’s lead, even as both of them wanted to run screaming from the house right now and never come back. Thus, they moved to the living room and, for the next hour, they played poker. After a string of bad hands, however, Bill grew tired of the game and he decided it was time to explore the house.

“I could use a break. I’m gonna check out the rooms,” he said.

The other two looked at him nervously as he rose from the table. They didn’t budge.

Bill snickered. “Come on, chickens.”

They still didn’t move.

Bill shook his head. “You two are unbelievable. Fine, stay here and be chickens. I’m gonna go claim a room.”

With that, Bill went upstairs.

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Bill stood at the top of the stairs looking down the hallway. The hallway was long and dark with several rooms on either side. This was an enormous house, even larger than it looked from the street. He started down the hallway. He moved slowly, somewhat cautiously. He came to the first bedroom. Much to his surprise, the room was furnished like the rest of the house and there were even sheets on the bed. He walked over to the bed and sniffed the sheets. They smelled freshly cleaned.

“I guess the maid came today,” he said to himself. For a brief moment, he bit his lip as he suddenly doubted that the realtors would have the house cleaned after this many years on the market. Then he shook off his doubts. “Well, that’s lucky that we won’t have to sleep on the floor.”

He looked around the room. This was a small bedroom obviously intended for guests. Everything was pinkish with white trim. The room contained a bed, a small table, a mirror, and a chair. The closet was open and it was empty. Lace curtains blocked the view out the window.

“Well, it’s a nice room, but it’s too small for me. Where’s the master bedroom?”

Bill walked back out the door and made his way down the hallway. He stuck his head into each room as he went. In each, he found roughly the same thing: a bed, complete with clean sheets and bedding, a desk or table, a chair, a dresser or chest of drawers, and an empty closet. And as he made his way down the hallway, the rooms became bigger. Finally, he arrived at the other end of the hallway.

“This has to be the master bedroom,” he said.

Unlike the other rooms, the door to this room was closed. Thus, he couldn’t see what was on the other side of the door, in the room. That made him nervous, so he stood there for a moment, trying to build up the courage to open the door.

“Stop being an idiot,” he told himself.

He reached for the doorknob. He still couldn’t bring himself to turn it.

“Just do it,” he said.

He took a deep breath.

He finally opened the door. He was right, this was the master bedroom. The room was huge, being at least double the size of the other rooms. The room had a large bed, probably king-size, and more furniture than the others. Included among that furniture was a stand-alone mirror in which he could see his entire body. He saw his image reflected in that mirror as he stood in the door.

“Nice room,” said Bill aloud. He still felt strangely nervous, though it was passing.

Bill walked over to the bed. He sat down on the mattress and instantly felt more relaxed. In fact, he felt so relaxed that he kicked off his shoes and he pulled his legs up onto the mattress. He lay on his back with

his legs crossed at the ankle and his head resting on his arms, which were crossed behind his head. His eyes felt heavy.

“Wow, I feel like I could sleep,” he said.

A moment later, his shot eyes open. Had he fallen asleep? He didn't know. He sat up on the edge of the bed. He felt good. He felt relaxed. He wasn't worried about the curse at all anymore.

“I should go downstairs and see what Ron and Dwayne are up to,” he said to himself. He stretched. Then he derisively added, “They're probably hiding in the corner, hugging each other.”

He rose from the bed and started toward the door. That's when he noticed a white piece of cloth sticking out the closed closet door; it was trapped between the door and the frame of the closet; he didn't remember seeing that before. He walked over to the closet and he opened the door. To his surprise, the white cloth turned out to be the sleeve of a wedding dress. . . a very pretty wedding dress. It hung alone in the closet. On the floor of the closet were a pair of high heels that matched the dress.

Bill laughed. “That's really weird. I swear this wasn't here before.”

He ran his fingers over the dress. It felt nice, and he was sure that any bride who wore it would look good in it. But he still didn't understand how it had gotten here, nor did he understand what a wedding dress would be doing here in the first place.

“Who would put this here?” he asked. Then he let out a cynical laugh. “I get it! This is a joke! The girls put this here before we showed up. They're having fun with us. I'll bet it's even in my size.”

Bill pulled the dress from the closet. He looked at the tag inside the dress. It was indeed large enough that he could just barely squeeze into it. He then picked up the shoes. They were women's size 8.

“Sorry girls, that's way too small,” he said, looking down at his size 12 feet.

He tossed the shoes back into the closet.

“What should I do with this?” he asked as he continued to examine the wedding dress. He thought about taking the dress downstairs and tossing it out on the front porch to show the girls that he would not fall for their joke. . . but then a different idea hit him. He smirked. “This is going to be hilarious!”

“I’ll tell you,” said Ron to his friend. “If it wasn’t for Bill, I’d be out of here. This place gives me the creeps.”

Dwayne nodded his head. “You and me both.” He looked at the cards in his hand and he pulled out two, which he set down on the table. “Give me two,” he said.

Ron dealt two cards to Dwayne. Then he took two additional cards for himself. He arranged them in his hand the way he wanted. He had a full house, queens over jacks. Dwayne had a queen-high straight.

“Your bet,” said Ron.

Dwayne looked at his cards and then he looked at Ron. “Tell me honestly: what do you think about tonight?”

“What about it?”

Dwayne looked around to make sure they were alone. They were. He leaned forward. “About this house. About tonight. What do you think about staying?” he asked quietly.

Ron ran his tongue over his teeth. “Are you saying you want to leave?” he asked cautiously.

“Well—”

“Wooo, woooooo,” moaned a voice behind them.

Both Ron and Dwayne jumped out of their chairs and spun around. To their amazed eyes, they saw Bill coming toward them, with his arms out before him like a zombie. He was dressed in an ill-fitting white wedding gown.

“What the hell?!” exclaimed Dwayne.

“I’m sooooo pretty,” moaned Bill as he lurched toward them.

“It’s Bill!” said Ron.

“Pretty. . . I’m so pretty,” said Bill.

Ron and Dwayne both froze, unable to process what was going on. Both were trembling. Both looked to the door as if they might make a break for it. Then Bill laughed and the tension in the room immediately vanished.

“Ha! I had you both!” exclaimed Bill.

Dwayne grabbed his chest. “You had me all right. You almost gave me a heart attack. I thought you’d turned into a girl. I was getting ready to run for my life to save my balls!”

All three of them laughed, though Ron and Dwayne did so nervously.

“Where did you find the dress?” asked Ron.

“It was in one of the closets. I think the girls left it to scare us,” said Bill.

“Figures. I knew they would try something,” said Ron.

“Yeah, you knew they had to,” said Bill. “But if this is the best they’ve got, then this is going to be an easy night. You guys should check out the rooms. They’re really nice and the beds are super comfortable.”

Ron looked at the queens in his hand. “Yeah, sure, after we finish this hand.”

Dwayne looked at the straight in his hand and then at the small pile of money at the center of the table. He smiled. “Yeah, after this hand.”

“Fine, one more quick hand,” said Bill.

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Naturally, it took more than just a quick hand. Indeed, “another hand” quickly turned into two more and then three more and, before they knew it, two hours has passed. It was getting rather dark throughout the house.

“All right, let’s wrap it up,” said Bill. He rose from the table.

“Now?”

“Now.”

“Are you sure you wouldn’t rather we just stay down here all night?” asked Ron.

“Come on,” growled Bill. He grabbed the skirt on his wedding dress so it wouldn’t knock things over as he made his way through the house, and he started toward the stairs.

Slowly, nervously, Ron and Dwayne rose to their feet. They didn’t want to go. They wanted to stay right here, within sight of each other, but Bill wasn’t going to let them do that, and neither had the nerve to stand up to him. They glanced at each other. Their eyes met. Each could see that the other was nervous, but there was nothing they could do about it.

“Come on!” called Bill again. He now stood by the staircase.

Ron and Dwayne very slowly made their way over to Bill. Bill, meanwhile, started up the stairs. He needed to lift his dress so he wouldn’t trip over it, so it still took him several seconds to reach the top of the stairs.

Once there, he turned the corner and disappeared. Ron and Dwayne looked at each other and winced. Then they started up the stairs together.

“I hope Bill knows what he’s doing,” said Ron.

“You and me both,” replied Dwayne.

“I don’t know about you, but I’d just as soon we left already.”

Dwayne nodded his head, but didn’t speak; his mouth was too dry to speak.

A moment later, both boys were upstairs. The hallway was long and dark with several rooms on either side. There were lights every ten feet or so, but the bulbs were low and old and offered very little illumination; this really gave the house a haunted feel which added to their nervousness.

“My room is at the end of the hall,” called out Bill as he disappeared into his room. He closed the door behind him.

Ron and Dwayne walked down the hallway to the two rooms next to the master bedroom. They felt nervous. When they reached that end of the hallway, Ron went left and Dwayne went right. Both stopped on the threshold of their rooms and glanced at the other.

“Good luck,” they both said in unison.

Reluctantly, they went inside.

Chapter 3: “Feminine Changes”

Bill closed his bedroom door. He pulled the wedding dress over his head and he tossed it onto a nearby chair. Then he lay down on the bed. He stared at the ceiling and he shook his head. He couldn't believe Ron and Dwayne were scared of this stupid curse.

“Who knew my friends were cowards?”

He exhaled his frustration. As he did, something caught his eye near the closet. The door was closed, even though he had left it open, and there appeared to be a pink piece of cloth of some sort sticking out the door, just as the sleeve on the white wedding dress had stuck out before.

“That's strange.”

He sat up on the bed and looked at the closet. There was definitely pink cloth sticking out the closet door. It was stuck between the door and the frame, exactly as the wedding dress had been.

“Now wait a minute! I *KNOW* I closed that door and I *KNOW* the closet was empty!”

He swung his legs over the edge of the bed to the floor and he stood up. He walked over to the closet and yanked open the closet door. He was stunned to find that the closet was overflowing with clothing! There were dresses and blouses and skirts and shoes and coats and hats and a dozen other things.

“What the hell?! How in the world did all this get here?” he asked.

He rubbed his eyes, but the clothes were still there. They weren't an illusion.

“I don't understand this. Someone must have snuck this stuff in here while I was downstairs. . . did the girls do this maybe?”

He scratched his head.

“But how could they? We would have seen them sneaking upstairs. Besides, there's no way they could get this many clothes up here without anyone noticing. This must be at least a moving box full of clothes. . . maybe two.”

He ran his fingers over the clothes. They felt electric, and that electricity made him hard. That had never happened before for him; he had never been turned on before by anything to do with women's clothes.

“They are nice,” he said unexpectedly.

As he said this, he pulled a pink dress from the closet. It was cute, but not exciting. He returned it. Then he pulled out a green housedress with a floral pattern. That was better, but it still didn't make his heart race or anything.

“Maybe something in off-white,” he said absently.

He dug through the collection of dresses until he came to an off-white dress with dark-blue trim. The colors immediately caught his eye. They looked very sophisticated and he liked that.

“Wow! Beautiful!” he said and he pulled the dress from the closet. He held it up against himself and he ran his fingers down its silky front. This sent shivers down his spine and made his penis throb. “What an amazing dress!”

Bill walked over to the full-length mirror and held the dress up to his body so he could see the full effect. It was obviously too small for him, as any woman's dress would be. Still, something told him he should try it anyway. He spread the dress out over his body with his hand and admired it in the mirror. The dress had a 1940's feel to it, with buttons down the front, capped sleeves, and a dark-blue trim around the collar, the sleeves and around the hem. There were also two thin dark-blue lines running parallel down the length of the body from the collar, which approximated the collar on a man's shirt, all the way to the bottom of the hem. It had an amazing retro, yet modern feel.

“I wonder if it would fit,” he asked himself.

He looked at the tag. It said, “Size 0.” He had no idea what that meant, but he was determined to try it on and find out, so he walked over to the bed and he stripped off his jeans and his shirt. He kicked off his shoes and pulled off his socks. That's when he realized that he couldn't put on this dress. . . not without putting on the right lingerie first. But where would he find that? He eyed the set of drawers across from his bed.

“I wonder,” he said.

He reached out and pulled open the drawer. Sure enough, it was packed with lingerie. “Yes!” he exclaimed and he giggled.

Bill rifled through the drawer until he found a pair of white panties with blue polka-dots, which matched the dress perfectly, a matching bra, a white garterbelt, and a pair of tan stockings.

“These will make my legs look divine!” he said.

Bill then sat down on the bed and rolled up one of the stockings. He pulled his foot up to the mattress to slide the stocking over his toes. As he did, he suddenly realized that something was wrong. He felt disoriented, like a wave had washed over him and he no longer knew which way was forward. Something was screaming inside his head, but he couldn't hear it. . . he couldn't make out what it wanted. He looked around confused, trying to figure out what his mind was telling him. Then he looked down at his foot and the stocking he was about to slide over it. That's when it hit him.

"I know!" he exclaimed. "My toenails are really dull! I can't wear this gorgeous dress without painting those first!"

Bill looked around and found a vial of nail polish by the mirror. Without a moment's hesitation, he grabbed the polish and started painting his fingernails and his toenails bright red.

"That is so much sexier!" he said and he felt more calm again.

It took Bill about ten minutes to paint his nails. Then he needed to wait for them to dry. As he waited, he moved over to the mirror and picked up a lipstick; he was careful not to mess up his nails. He looked into the mirror and saw himself.

"What the hell am I doing?!" he suddenly exclaimed.

He jumped up from the chair and looked down at his body. He was naked except for the paint on his nails. But somehow, he'd pierced his ears and there were dangly earrings hanging from his ears. He also noticed that he no longer had any hair on his legs, his chest, his arms or his penis.

"This is impossible!"

Bill raced out into the hallway. He stopped at the first closed door and he pounded on the door. He didn't know if this room belonged to Ron or Dwayne, but right now it didn't matter. Clearly, something was going wrong and he needed help.

"Let me in!" he yelled.

A moment later, Ron opened the door. He was wearing a pink miniskirt and a tight pink top. He had been curling his long black hair. Bill froze upon seeing how he was dressed. Clearly, he wasn't the only one undergoing whatever was happening.

"What's wrong, Bill?" asked Ron calmly.

"What's wrong?! Look at how you're dressed! Look at how I'm dressed!"

Ron looked Bill up and down and he giggled. “You’re not dressed, Bill,” he said with a smile. Then he reached out and fingered Bill’s penis, which stood out erect before him.

Bill cringed at the very idea that another male would touch his penis, but strangely, he wasn’t able to push Ron’s hand away. It simply felt too good to move, so he stood there as his friend rubbed his fingers over his penis.

“You should get dressed, Bill. You can’t go around naked,” said Ron as he continued tickling the head of Bill’s penis. This caused a feeling of warmth to come over Bill and he suddenly felt very content and happy.

Bill giggled. Then he blushed. “You’re right; I should put on some clothes.”

The two boys leaned forward and kissed. . . yes, they actually kissed! Then Bill returned to his room as if nothing unusual had happened.

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“Where was I?” asked Bill as he sat down at his mirror again.

He picked up the lipstick and applied it to his lips. Then he brushed out his wavy blonde hair. He shook his head, causing it to dance. He then returned to the bed and again picked up the stockings. He rolled those up and pulled them up his legs. He stood up and wrapped the garterbelt around his waist. He attached its straps to the stockings to hold those up. Then he looked down at his freshly painted toenails beneath the silky stockings. He wiggled his toes and he giggled.

“So cute!” he squealed. “I need some shoes next.”

Bill returned to the closet and dug through a number of shoes he found on the floor of the closet. There were a lot of shoes. There were shoes to match each of the dresses. There were shoes in all colors. There were shoes with different types of heels and different styles. Some were funky, some were sleek, some were classic, and some were simple. They were all beautiful and he would have loved to wear them all, but he could only choose one pair ultimately.

“How am I going to choose?” he asked and he pouted.

Then he picked up the first pair he saw and he examined them. These were leopard-print pumps. He admired them from several angles. Then he closed his eyes and he imagined himself wearing these. That made him

smile and it made his penis rock hard again. . . but they weren't what he wanted.

Bill picked up another pair, a pair of silver sandals. These were divine, but they too weren't what he needed. Then he found some red wedges. Then some yellow pumps. One by one, he eliminated the shoes that didn't match his dress. Finally, he zeroed in on a pair of off-white platform sandals. These had five-inch heels, a one-inch platform, and lots of delicate straps that would crisscross over his foot. Even better, the straps were outlined with black edges, which gave them a retro feel. These would match the dress perfectly.

"These are gorgeous!" he squealed and he flipped them over. "Size six. I wonder if they'll fit. I guess we'll find out."

He pulled them from the closet and set them on the bed next to the dress.

"Time to get dressed!" he said. He felt excited. He was hard as a rock.

Bill walked over to the bed and picked up the polka-dot panties. He slipped those up his legs to his crotch. They felt really sexy. His erection stood up like a tent pole beneath the panties. This made him giggle.

"Oh, how naughty," he said and he stuck his fingers inside his panties and stroked himself for about a minute. That felt amazing! He debated continuing until he came, but there would be plenty of time for that later. Right now he was excited to get dressed. "What's next?" he asked himself giddily as he looked over the assembled clothing.

Bill immediately noticed the heels and he smiled. He wanted to wear those. . . no, he *needed* to wear those, so he grabbed the shoes and he sat down on the bed. He raised his right foot as he had done with the stockings, bringing his knee to his chest, and he slid his foot inside the shoe. It fit like a charm. He buckled the shoe and then did the same with the other foot. When both shoes were strapped to his feet, he stood up and walked over before the mirror. He turned his ankle back and forth and spun around so he could see his shoes from every angle.

"I love these heels!" he exclaimed.

He then walked back to the bed. He felt completely natural walking in the heels, as if he'd done it his entire life. Bill next looked at his breasts, which swung free in the mirror. They were large and beautiful. They were

DD-cup breasts, which was impressive on his small frame. He ran his hands up his torso and then up the side of his breasts, squeezing them.

“That feels so good,” he purred.

He giggled as a naughty thought occurred to him. He looked over his shoulder to make sure he was alone. Then he licked his fingertips and he ran his wet fingers over his nipples. He pinched and squeezed and pulled them, moaning the whole time.

“Hmm, that’s fantastic!”

He kept sliding his fingers over his nipples. Meanwhile, his penis was rock hard and jutting out beneath the panties. He smiled when he saw that in the mirror and he reached inside his panties and started stroking it. Back and forth, he worked it. It felt so good, rubbing against the soft panties. He closed his eyes and imagined lying on beach, stroking his penis.

Suddenly, his eyes shot open.

“Wait a minute! This isn’t right! I’m a man!”

He looked down and saw his penis.

“Well, of course, I’m a man. I have a penis,” he said. He felt confused. He furrowed his brow and focused on his penis. Should it or should it not be there if he was a man? He looked up at the mirror and saw the heels, saw the stockings, saw the wavy blonde hair, and saw the breasts.

His jaw dropped. This wasn’t right.

“What is happening to me?!”

Bill started for the door, but decided it would be better to cover his penis before he left, so he raced to the bed, grabbed the bra and pulled that on, and then grabbed the dress, pulling that down over his head. He then tottered to the door and out into the hallway. The other bedrooms were empty and Ron and Dwayne were gone.

“Where are they?!” he asked himself.

Then he heard the sound of voices downstairs, only they were unfamiliar voices.

He swallowed hard. “That’s where I need to go.”

Chapter 4: “The Boys Meet Downstairs”

Bill carefully made his way down the stairs. It wasn't walking in the heels so much which was the problem, it was not knowing who or what he would find when he got downstairs. He was genuinely frightened, though he felt he had no choice but to go find out who this was.

“Ron. . . Dwayne,” whispered Bill from the stairs.

There was no response.

“Guys?” he whispered slightly louder.

There was still no response, but it was clear now that he was hearing what sounded like two women talking quietly in the living room. Could that be the girls? Could it be ghosts?

“There's the answer,” he told himself.

Bill bit his lip and summoned his courage. He needed to find out who these women were. He needed to find out what was going on and get help because he was finding it hard to control himself at the moment. Everything he did seemed to end up with him getting more and more feminine. But heading into the unknown, in this darkened house, was really scaring him.

“I don't have any choice,” he told himself. He agreed. He swallowed hard.

Bill reached the bottom of the stairs and made his way across the tiled entrance hallway toward the living room.

click. . . click. . . click

His heels tapped softly against the hard floor as he tried to walk as quietly as he could so as not to draw any attention to himself.

“There's nothing to fear,” he told himself as he inched closer to the living room doorway and the women's voices. “There's nothing to fear. . . there's nothing to fear.”

He reached the living room entrance. He stopped by the wall and slowly craned his neck around the entrance way so he could see what was going on inside. He had no idea what he would find. . . he was prepared for the worst, whatever that may be.

“Oh thank God!” he exclaimed to himself when he saw what was going on.

Sitting on the couch in the middle of the room were Ron and Dwayne. They were holding hands and talking softly. Their knees were bumping together. Ron wore the same pink miniskirt and pink top he had worn when Bill saw him last. He had added some strappy high-heeled silver sandals and his gorgeous main of jet black hair had been pulled back in a playful ponytail. Dwayne wore a yellow minidress, a white and black necklace, and black open-toed heels. His auburn hair danced feely around his shoulder blades.

Bill exhaled and then took a deep breath. He felt very relieved. "Thank God it's only you two. What are you doing down here?" asked Bill in his little voice as he walked into the room on his towering platform heels.

"I thought I heard a noise," said Dwayne in a very light, girly voice. "Ron came with me to check it out."

"Safety in numbers," said Ron in a throaty, feminine voice.

Dwayne and Ron stood up as Bill approached and the three of them hugged. Then they stepped back to examine each other. As they did, each of their penises raised to full attention beneath their dresses. They all noticed.

"You two look stunning," said Bill.

Ron giggled. "Thanks! I was going to say the same thing about you." He then leaned over and hugged Bill. As he did, he slid his hand down the front of Bill's dress and squeezed his penis through his dress. Bill instinctively did the same to Ron.

"Hey, don't leave me out of it!" said Dwayne and he joined the hug and slid his own hand down to grab Ron's penis.

A moment later, Ron slid his hand lower and raised Bill's dress up over his penis and pulled his penis from his panties. It was now free and it seemed to hang in the air between the three boys. Dwayne immediately did the same thing for Ron and Ron did the same for Dwayne. That opened the flood gates and within seconds, they were each kissing each other and stroking each other's penises. A few seconds after that, Dwayne dropped to his knees and took Bill's penis in his mouth. Ron followed immediately and then Bill. All three boys were on the floor, bobbing their heads up and down on each other's penises. They were giggling wildly.

As Bill licked and sucked on Dwayne's salty penis, his mind began to focus. It was like a fog was lifting from his mind and suddenly he realized

what he was doing. . . and he wasn't happy about it. He jumped up onto his knees and told the other two to stop.

"Listen! Listen! We need to think this through," said Bill.

"Think what through?" asked Dwayne.

"The curse! If we don't leave the house before morning, we'll be turned into girls!"

Ron giggled. "Would that be so bad?"

"I'm serious!" protested Bill and he slapped away Ron's hand as Ron tried to tickle his penis. He pulled his dress down over it. "We need to get out of here!"

"Oh, that's just a myth," said Dwayne. "You said so yourself."

"Did I?"

"Yeah, you've been saying that all night."

Bill heard this and began nodding his head. "Yeah, I guess so," he said doubtfully. He reached for Dwayne's penis, but then he shook his head clear. "No! Wait. Listen. There *IS* a curse. It's working already. Look at us!"

"What about us?" asked Ron.

"Just look. None of this is normal. Where did these clothes come from? They weren't here when we got here."

"They must have been," said Dwayne.

Bill shook his head. "They weren't. My closet was empty when I first went into the room. All of this," he said and he waved his hand down his body over his dress, his stockings and his heels, "appeared later."

"You're saying magic is real now?" asked Ron doubtfully.

"Yes, I am. Did you have breasts when you came here tonight? How about you? Did you have curves or such a small waist? How about a desire to wear dresses and high heels? Did you have that?!" demanded Bill.

"Of course, I di—" Ron froze. He felt dizzy for a moment, then his mind cleared. "No," he thought, "I absolutely never had those things before. What in the world am I doing dressed this way?!" His jaw suddenly dropped. He looked at the feminized Bill and screamed: "The curse! We've been cursed!"

"Yes, that's what I'm trying to tell you," said Bill.

"I don't understand what you're talking about," said Dwayne.

Bill turned to face him. "Dwayne, think back on practice this morning. Did you have breasts? Did any of us?"

Dwayne furrowed his brow. He tried to think back, but it was all hazy. He remembered a field, a coach yelling, and some uniforms, but little of it made sense. It was just images and they felt like they belonged to someone else.

“Dwayne, you’re turning into a woman. Look at your clothes, your hair, your body. You had none of that this morning. This morning, you were totally male!” said Bill forcefully.

Dwayne’s eyes suddenly became huge as he looked down at his feminized body. “Oh my God! What’s happening?!”

“It’s the curse,” said Bill. “It’s real.”

“So what do we do now?” asked Ron.

“Now we get out of here while we still have our dicks.”

“But what about the rest? I don’t want to have a girl’s body, even if I do have my dick! How do we change back? I don’t want breasts!” exclaimed Dwayne. He sounded like he was on the verge of panic. . . or tears.

“We’ll have to chance it and hope it changes back when we leave. If we don’t go soon, the curse will finish and we’ll lose everything,” said Bill anxiously.

Ron nodded his head. “You’re right! We should go while we can. But our male clothes are still upstairs. Let’s go upstairs and change and then—”

“Forget that,” said Bill. “We don’t have the time, and it’s too risky. We need to leave now, while we have the wherewithal to get out. If we don’t go now, we might slip back into whatever state we were in and start acting like girls again!”

“What about the bet?” asked Ron.

“Right now, I don’t care about the bet. I care about my dick.”

Ron closed his eyes and nodded his head vigorously. “Yes! We need to leave *now!*”

“Then it’s agreed?” asked Bill.

The other two nodded their heads.

“All right,” said Bill. “Then let’s leave now.”

They all stood up and looked at each other. They reached out and took each other’s hands.

“Ready?”

“Yes.”

Bill tightened his grip on the hands of the other two boys. They turned toward the hallway and started for the front door. They made it through the living room fine, but then they came to the front hallway. . . which had a hard surface.

Click, click. . . click, click, click. . . click, click. . . click, click, click.

Click, click, click. . . click, click, click, click. . . click, click, click.

Click, click. . . click, click, click. . . click, click. . . click, click, click.

Their heels echoed throughout the room. It sounded like a parade of women all in high heels. Each of the boys was instantly turned on and found themselves hard as a rock with a strong compulsion to start masturbating. Then it started to go wrong.

“I love your heels, Bill,” said Ron unexpectedly.

Bill blushed. He felt flattered. At least, that’s how part of him felt. The rest of him still remained conscious to the danger and it screamed to keep moving.

Dwayne giggled.

The other two glared at him, but a moment later, Ron giggled. Then Bill giggled. Soon, all three were giggling like school girls at the sound of their own high heels. They were starting to slow down too.

Then they stopped.

“We can’t give in!” Bill screamed, even as he succumbed to the giggling. He squeezed the other two boys’ hands. “We need to hold it together. Remember, we need to save our manhoods! We need to get to the door.”

The other two stopped giggling and nodded their head. They each took a deep breath. They could smell each other’s perfumes.

“Oh, I love that smell, what are you wearing?” asked Ron of Dwayne.

“Obsession,” said Dwayne.

“Me too!” squealed Ron and the two boys started hugging and hopping around.

Bill saw this. He realized his friends were lost. He had no choice now, not if he wanted to escape. He let go of their hands. He turned to face the door. He dug down deep inside himself and started toward it.

Click, click. . . click. click.

He stopped. A single giggle passed his lips. He took another deep breath and tried again.

Click, click. click. click.

Another giggle. He stopped again. He was inches from the door. He reached out for it, but his hand was just short. He only needed to take two more steps, that was all. If he could only take two more steps. He dug down deep again. He found the strength he needed. He focused the strength.

Click, click, click. . . click, click, click, click.

Click, click, click. . . click, click, click, click.

The other two boys walked up next to him. They were holding hands and giggling. He could smell their perfumes. He saw their beautiful dresses and their heavy penises sticking up beneath their dresses.

“Hi Bill,” said Dwayne and he kissed Bill on the cheek.

Bill giggled. A grin appeared on his face. “Do you know what?” asked Bill.

“What?” ask the other two boys in unison.

“There are a ton of just fabulous shoes in my closet upstairs, plus a ton of other clothes! We should go upstairs and play dress up!”

The three boys looked at each other and squealed. They grabbed each other’s hands and raced up the stairs. It was time to play dress up.

Chapter 5: “Morning”

Morning came and Caroline, Heidi and Barb let themselves into the house. Technically, the three sisters had lost the bet, but they knew they wouldn't need to pay up. They had gotten what they wanted. Caroline walked over to the stairs.

“Girls, we're here to pick you up. Come on down,” she yelled up the stairs and the three sisters went to the living room to wait.

A minute later, the girls heard the sound of motion on the stairs. It was clear that a group was coming down the stairs. They heard giggling. When the group reached the bottom of the stairs, the girls heard the sounds of high heels walking down the hallway toward them.

Click, click. . . click, click, click. . . click, click. . . click, click, click.

Click, click, click. . . click, click, click, click. . . click, click, click.

Click, click. . . click, click, click. . . click, click. . . click, click, click.

Caroline and Heidi smirked. Barb actually laughed.

“I can't wait to see this,” said Caroline.

As she said this, three young women appeared in the doorway. Two were cute and one was beautiful. They were all short and thin, with the tallest being just five-foot three-inches tall. They had shapely legs, curvy rears and hourglass figures. Each had enormous breasts. Their faces were pretty with doe eyes and pouty lips. Each had long, gorgeous hair. And they were dressed to kill in short, figure-hugging skirts and dresses, towering heels, and tight tops which showed a lot of cleavage.

Caroline walked over to the girls and hugged the blonde. “Wow! You're so beautiful, Bill!”

This made Bill blush. “Thank you,” he said in a tiny voice.

“The boys are just going to love you!” she gushed, which made Bill cringe. She then hugged the other two, who also blushed and thanked her.

Heidi came over and snickered. In her four-inch heels, she stood several inches taller than each of the boys; it turned her on to look down upon them. “I guess you boys learned a lesson, didn't you?”

Bill suddenly raised a highly-arched eyebrow. “Wait a minute! How do you recognize us? How do you know who we are?”

The three sisters laughed. “Haven't you figured it out yet?”

“Figured what out?”

Caroline snickered. “We set you up, boys. We did this to you!”

“You?”

“Yes.”

“But how did you even know the curse was real?” asked Bill. He was still trying to figure this out.

Heidi laughed. “Here’s a clue. We’re sisters. Does that tell you anything?”

The boys shook their heads, causing their hair to flow around their shoulders. They never knew the girls were sisters, as the girls never told anyone, but that clue still didn’t help the boys understand what had happened.

“Ok, try this,” said Heidi. “Our grandmother cast the curse.”

Bill’s jaw dropped. “You mean your father is the guy who was turned into a woman?”

“Yes, while our mother was pregnant with us. And when we came to the school and ran into you three, and you acted like such sexist pigs, we decided to put the curse to good use and to teach you a lesson!”

Bill suddenly dropped to his knees and grabbed her legs. “Please change us back! Please! I don’t want to be a sissy!”

Heidi laughed. “You’re not a sissy, you’re a girl now.”

“I don’t want to be a girl!”

“Too bad, Bill. That’s what you are.”

“I don’t wanna be!” he continued to protest. “Please turn us back!”

“We can’t. We’re not witches or anything, it’s the curse that changed you.”

“I don’t believe you! Change us back! Now!” he demanded.

Heidi pursed her lips and looked down at her shrunken, feminized ex-boyfriend. “You may have been able to order people around when you were bigger, but not anymore, sister!” she exclaimed and she grabbed a chunk of his blonde hair and pulled him away from her legs. Then she pulled him over to a large chair. She sat down in the chair and put her knees together. She then yanked her tiny ex-boyfriend up from the ground onto her knee. She flipped up his dress, exposing his panties.

SLAP!

SLAP!

SLAP!

SLAP!

SLAP!

SLAP!

SLAP!

She smacked his rear so hard and so fast that Bill was completely stunned at what was going on and couldn't even respond. Tears began pouring out of his eyes. Strangely, this turned everyone in the room on and the boys experience becoming wet for the first time. It made them tingle.

Barb and Caroline looked at their former boyfriends. Evil smiles appeared on their faces. The boys looked back sheepishly.

"Maybe you want a spanking too?" asked Caroline coyly.

Dwayne blushed, but didn't say no.

Caroline snickered. "Maybe after we go shopping."

"Shopping?"

"Yes, you girls need more clothes. You don't have anything at home, I'm sure. Also, we need to get you all uniforms."

"Uniforms for what?" asked Ron.

"Cheerleading uniforms, of course! You're all going to be cheerleaders."

The boys gasped.

"You need to help turn us back!" squealed Bill as he wiped away the tears. The other two boys nodded as well.

The girls looked at each other and then burst out laughing.

"You really don't get it, do you? We did this intentionally. Even if we could change you back, we wouldn't. You were three of the biggest sexists in school. And we brought you here to punish you. Now you get to spend the rest of your lives as girls. There's not going to be any changing back," said Heidi.

"And not only that," added Caroline, "but we're going to show you off to everyone. You're going to be cheerleaders. If there's a dance, you're going to dance with all comers. You're going to run for homecoming queen and one of you will win. In the summer, you're going to wash cars in bikinis for charity."

"Never!" said Bill defiantly.

The girls giggled.

"Oh yes," said Caroline. "You don't have a choice. It's morning. You spent the night here. That means the curse is complete—"

“Well, we may be stuck as girls, maybe we can’t change that, but we don’t need to play along with you!” exclaimed Bill.

“Oh yes you do. See, Bill, the moment you walk out that door, you’re going to find that you have an irresistible urge to do just that. Oh, you’ll know inside your head that you don’t really want any of this, but you’ll be helpless to resist any of it. You’ll be yearning for that trip to the salon. . . to go shopping for clothes. . . to be a cheerleader. . . to feel pretty. . . to find that perfect boyfriend. . . and then that perfect husband.”

Bill shuddered, as did the other two.

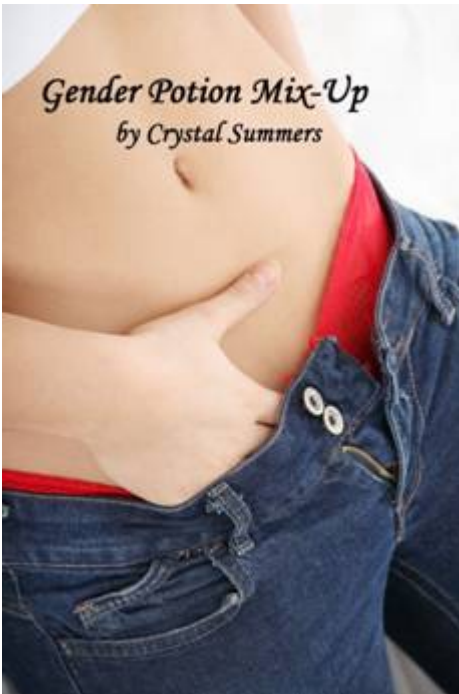
“Now come with us, little girls,” said Caroline as she took Dwayne’s hand. She led him to the front door. Barb and Ron and then Heidi, with Bill in tow, followed. Caroline opened the front door and the fresh air and sunshine hit them all in the face.

“Let’s go shopping.”

The End

Other Feminization Fables

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



“Gender Potion Mix-Up”

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

“Gender Potion Mix-Up” is a cautionary tale of a man who loses his masculinity when he tries to remake his girlfriend without her knowledge. This 12,000 word story includes female domination, gender change,

shemales, pegging, breast growth, a shrinking penis, erotic humiliation and more!

For Mature Audiences Only

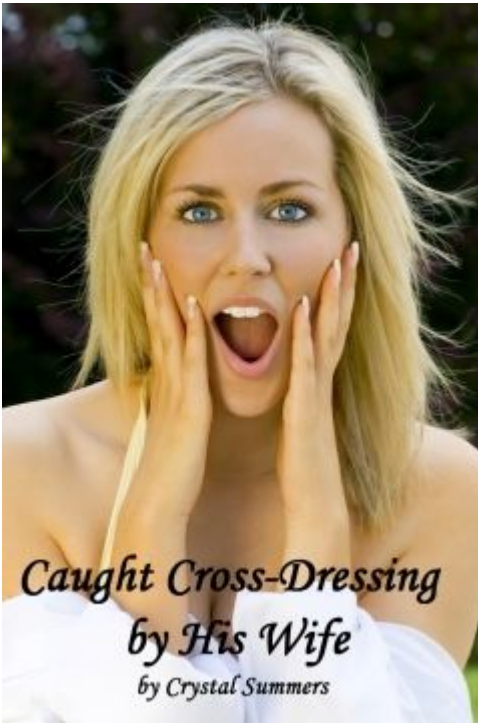


“Sissy Side-Effects”

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

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

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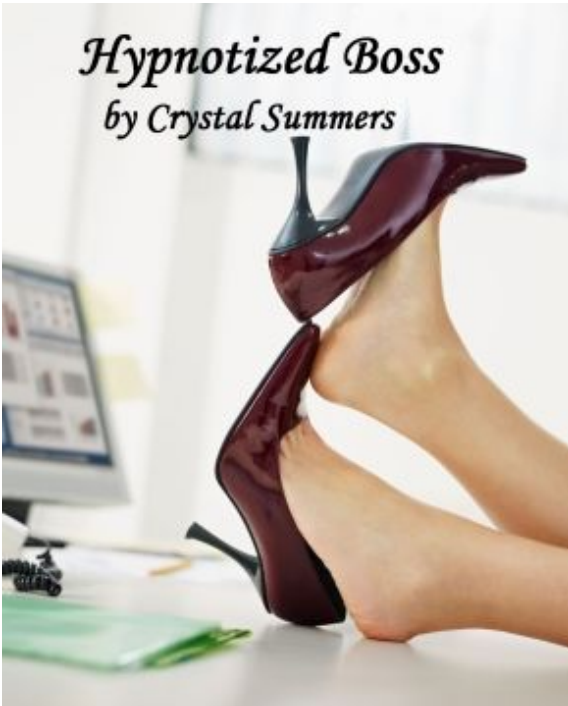


“Caught Cross-Dressing By His Wife”

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

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

For Mature Audiences Only



“Hypnotized Boss”

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

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



“Feminized Justice”

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

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

For Mature Audiences Only



“Be Careful What You Wish For”

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

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

For Mature Audiences Only



“Secret Sissy Game”

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

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

For Mature Audiences Only