

A woman wearing a vibrant red dress is seated on a floor with a black and white octagonal tile pattern. She is holding a black high-heeled shoe in her hands, positioned between her legs. She is also wearing black tights and another black high-heeled shoe on her right foot. The scene is lit with dramatic, low-key lighting, creating strong highlights and deep shadows.

Secret Sissy Game
by Crystal Summers

Chapter 1: “A Dangerous Hobby”

Chapter 2: “The Thrill of Risking Exposure”

Chapter 3: “An Opportunity At The Party”

Chapter 4: “Caught!”

Secret Sissy Game

Feminization Fables Vol. 10

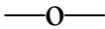
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read this book if you are under the legal age or anything herein is illegal where you live. All characters are above the legal age.

Chapter 1: “A Dangerous Hobby”

Taking risks can be exciting. And excitement can become an addiction. But taking risks can be dangerous too. This was the lesson Len Smith forgot when he became addicted to the thrill of wearing his roommate Candy's clothes right under her nose. He would re-learn this lesson soon enough, however, and it would change his life forever.



Len peeked out the window. His

roommate Candy sat in her car. She was going to the library to study. That would give him several hours to do what wanted to do. Unfortunately, she wasn't moving. She was just sitting there, looking through her purse as if she couldn't find something.

“Come on, Candy!” exclaimed Len. “Get a move on!”

Candy scratched the side of her head and then shrugged her shoulders. She started the car. A moment later, she put her hand on the steering wheel and backed out of the parking space. She was gone.

Len smiled.

“This is going to be so awesome!” he said.

Len walked down the hallway to his own bedroom, where he quickly stripped off his shirt and his pants, exposing his shaved legs. He pulled off his underwear next, letting his penis flop out. Then he sat down on his bed and pulled off his socks, revealing red-painted toenails.

“I thought she’d never leave,” he said to himself as he stripped.

When he was naked, he walked across the hallway to Candy’s room. His penis swung between his legs as he walked. He opened her door and was immediately hit by the smell of her perfume, which permeated the room and seemed to saturate the air. He loved this smell and, for the next few seconds, he

stood in her doorway with his eyes closed just taking it in.

As he stood there, his penis became erect.

This was no surprise. Not only did the thought of what he was about to do excite him, but thoughts of Candy herself excited him. She was a beautiful girl who checked all the right boxes for him: great legs, great breasts, pretty face, gorgeous hair, and an amazing sense of style. Everything she wore was fantastic and excited him. He even suspected she was kind of kinky, which he also liked, though he couldn't say this for certain; all he knew for sure was that he had found a pair of handcuffs in her underwear drawer the last time he did

this.

Len looked down at his penis and gave it a couple strokes. Then he stopped. “Not yet, not yet. There’s too much to do first!” He shuddered at the thought of what he was doing, which made him give his penis several additional strokes. “Hmmm.”

Finally, he walked into her room and went straight to her underwear drawer. He opened the drawer. He could see the handcuffs hidden beneath several pair of plain panties. Those didn’t interest him at the moment though, nor did the plain panties. He looked at the other side of her drawer, where she kept some sexier selections. He picked up a pair of black satin panties with a

series of ruffles that cascade down the rear.

“These would be amazing with a school-girl uniform,” he said.

He held the panties out before him and then stepped into them. As he pulled them up his body, his erection surged to full size. It strained like an over-full balloon. He didn't want to play with it yet though, so he gave it a couple strokes before pulling the panties over it. Then he walked to Candy's mirror and he turned around. He saw all the ruffles lined up in rows on his butt and he shook his rear and made the ruffles jiggle. He couldn't resist.

“Oh you sexy girl!” he said.

Next, he turned sideways in the

mirror so he could see his erection standing up beneath his panties. He gave it a couple more strokes through the panties, which caused some precum to seep out of it and created a wet spot on the panties.

“Oh oh!” he exclaimed. That made him giggle.

Len returned to Candy's panty drawer and pulled out a black bra which matched the panties. He had gotten very lucky with Candy that most of her clothes actually fit him, and he knew this bra was one of those, so he slipped it on and closed the latch behind him. The cups were empty, but the bra itself fit. Next, he pulled out a pair of black stockings.

“I love stockings!” he exclaimed and he ran the stockings over his face. They smelled like Candy.

Len sat down on the bed and rolled up the first stocking. He slid it over his foot and up his hairless leg; he had shaved his legs this morning in anticipation of what he planned to do after Candy left. That’s when he painted his toenails too. Those now showed through the stocking as well, which sent a shiver down his spine. It gave him a strange feeling to think that it was his toenails in the stocking with the red polish. He couldn’t explain it, but it somehow made him feel simultaneously weak and yet completely natural.

“If only Candy could see me

now!” he said and he giggled again. He sometimes fantasized about Candy catching him and then dressing him up, but that was only a fantasy. He knew it would be a disaster in real life if she caught him.

Len slipped into the other stocking and then stood up. As he did, he heard a noise. It sounded like someone at the front door. His jaw dropped.

“Oh no! It’s Candy!”

Len raced across the hallway to his own room. He knew he would never get the stockings and panties off in time if this was indeed Candy, so he threw his jeans on over them. He fumbled then to get the bra off his chest and tossed it into his own underwear drawer. He

grabbed his shirt and yanked it over his head.

“I’m back,” called Candy down the hallway.

She was less than five feet from his door. He heard her heels in the hallway approaching his room. That meant Len had no time to put on socks. He jammed his feet into a pair of loafers and prayed she didn’t notice the stockings at his ankles.

“I’m in my room,” he called back, trying to act as if everything was normal, even as his heart was ready to explode and he had stopped breathing. “Stay calm,” he told himself and he felt thankful that he hadn’t gotten much further in his dressing. “Stay calm.”

A second later, Candy appeared at his door. She wore tan walking shorts, a yellow blouse and white wedge-heeled sandals. Her wavy, blonde hair was done up in a ponytail which sat high on her head.

“Have you seen my phone?” asked Candy.

“Your phone?” asked Len.

“Yeah, I can’t find it,” she said and she looked him up and down.

He tingled all over. He felt an intense need to masturbate. The thought that he was wearing Candy’s panties and stockings beneath his jeans as she stood only a few feet away looking right him, yet completely unaware of what he was wearing, felt like a drug to him. He felt

high.

“Never mind, I’m sure it’s in my room,” she said and she turned around and walked into her room.

Len ran his tongue over his lips. He wanted more. . . he needed more.

Chapter 2: “The Thrill of Risking Exposure”

Candy left again for the library after finding her phone. The moment she was gone, Len threw himself onto his bed and masturbated furiously. He thought about how he felt wearing Candy's underwear right in front of her; how excited and how terrified he had been. He imagined wearing all of her clothes and walking around the house in one of her dresses and her heels somehow without her noticing. Then he imagined her catching him. He imagined the emasculating look on her face as she

put her arms on her hips and glared at him. She was tapping her foot too. That's as far as he got however, because he came almost immediately. Indeed, just as she was about to open her mouth to speak, he shot white, hot cum all over his stomach, his crotch and the black ruffled panties, which he had lowered beneath his testicles.

Len purred to himself and closed his eyes.

“That was incredible,” he said.

For what felt like an eternity, Len lay there holding his penis and smiling. He'd never cum so powerfully or felt so turned on before, and now he lay there catching his breath and thinking about what he was feeling: he had discovered

something new about himself.

“So it’s not just the clothes that turn me on,” he said. “I’ve worn her clothes a dozen times and never felt like this. . . it was never this strong. It must be the risk of getting caught. That’s what this must be.”

He squeezed his penis, which was showing signs of getting hard again.

“I’ll tell you what, the most awesome moment was when she looked right at me and didn’t see what I was wearing. That was amazing!”

He slowly stroked his penis again.

“So what do I do now?”

He looked down at the feminine clothes he wore and his erection jutting out in the middle of it. He took a deep

breath and stroked his penis several times.

“I wonder.”

Len was lost deeply in thought. The obvious answer was that he got a thrill from risking exposure. But was that really something he wanted to play with? There was a huge difference between getting caught in a fantasy and getting caught in real life. Getting caught in real life probably wasn't a good thing. Still, the level of thrill had been something he had never experience before. Maybe. . . maybe this was a worthwhile game.

Len rolled off the bed and went to Candy's room. He sat on her bed, still in her panties and her stockings. His

eyes scanned her room.

“I wonder indeed,” he said.

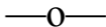
He rose and walked to her closet. There he noticed that she had several blouses that could almost pass as male shirts. He saw several pair of shorts that he suspected would fit him and would look almost masculine, with just a hint of femininity. He imagined that any girl who owned a pair just like these would spot them, but no one else would. He noticed a couple pair of loafers, which looked like men's shoes except for the two-inch heel. Then he walked over to her panty drawer and he ran his fingers through her panties, her stockings, and her lingerie. He imagined how hard he would be if he got to wear

these all the time.

He smiled.

Len took a pair of panties and another pair of stockings. He took a pair of shorts, a blouse, and a pair of the loafers. He returned to his room and stuck them in his own closet.

The game was about to begin.



Len awoke the following morning and got dressed. Only, he didn't get dressed the way he normally did. Today, he slipped into Candy's panties and her stockings beneath his slacks. He didn't add socks. Instead, he slipped straight into a pair of his own loafers.

The idea that he would flash stockings when he walked made him tingle and caused him to become massively erect.

He went to the kitchen, where he heard Candy cooking breakfast.

“Good morning,” he said.

She smiled. “Morning. I’m making some eggs. Would you like some?”

“Sure, why not,” said Len and he sat down and crossed his legs. He knew that would pull his slacks up slightly and expose his ankles. He felt his heart race. One look at his ankles would be all it would take now. . . she could see the stockings if she looked closely. Would she look? Would she realize what he was wearing? The thought of

this made him sweat and it made his penis throb. It stood up beneath his slacks, causing a massive bulge at his crotch.

He kept his foot completely still and he watched her eyes.

She didn't turn around.

He licked his lips. There we dry. He was nervous.

She kept cooking. Then she turned. . .

Len's heart skipped a beat!

. . . but she looked at the fridge.

He wiped the sweat from his brow. He didn't know how long he could take this. He was holding his breath. His heart was pounding in his chest as if he were running a marathon.

He felt sweat all over his body.

“Maybe I should stop now,” he suggested to himself, as his mind screamed that it was really stupid to do this. But his erection told him to wait this out; greater rewards were coming.

Candy grabbed a couple plates and shot a glance at him, but her eyes never made contact. She was looking at the table.

Len swallowed hard. He'd gotten his thrill, what more did he want? He should leave.

Suddenly, she looked right at him and she ran her eyes down his body to his feet.

Len's jaw clenched and his brain screamed “RUN!”

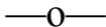
But Candy didn't say anything. She didn't freeze. She didn't give him a double take. She didn't say, "Hey, are you wearing stockings?" She didn't react at all. She had looked right at his ankle and seen he was wearing stockings, but she hadn't recognized them. This was finally too much for Len.

"I'll be right back," Len said and he bolted from the room. "Oh my God! Oh my God! She looked right at my ankles!" he squealed as he raced down the hallway to his bedroom. He was squeezing his penis as he went.

When he reached the bedroom, Len threw himself onto his bed and jammed his hand into his pants. He started furiously jerking himself off. He

couldn't resist. The thrill of exposing himself to Candy had been too much. This was an amazing turn on to him, and he came almost instantly.

He wanted more. . . and more was what he got.



Over the next few days, Len did his best to keep raising the risk. First, he wore panties and stockings and he kept trying to expose those to Candy. She didn't notice. Then he added Candy's loafers. He was sure this would be the final straw. He was almost too scared to step out of his room in them. Surely she would spot the two-

inch heels? She didn't. She never said a thing. He had gotten away with it.

He needed more.

Next, Len started wearing her more masculine blouses. Again, she didn't notice. Thus, as with the panties, the stockings and the loafers, the blouses now became part of his wardrobe for around the house. And each time she entered the room and looked at him, his penis jump to attention at the idea that this would be the time she would finally figure it out. She never did though, but that was a good thing. He didn't want to get caught, he just wanted to chance it. The risk was what he wanted and he was getting it in abundance. Indeed, he spent most of the week masturbating as he

found himself compelled to do this every time he had a close call with getting discovered.

After a week of this, he was getting bolder. Len started wearing her shorts, which was a real risk because he had shaved his legs. She had to notice that, right? No, she didn't. He was amazed and he almost considered wearing the stockings with the shorts, but the point was not to get caught, it was to push this as close to the line as possible without getting caught, so he didn't do that.

On Wednesday, he tried something even bigger.

Len stood behind the curtain looking out the window. Cindy had just

returned home, right when he expected her, and she was making her way to the front door. She would be inside any second. Hence, he really needed to go hide himself, but he had bet himself that he could stand fast for five seconds after she got out of her car.

“Two... three...”

She was only a few steps away from the front steps. She was approaching much faster than he had expected.

“Four,” he counted and he lost his nerve.

Len tottered to the couch as fast as his feet could carry him on the four-inch high-heeled pumps he wore. It was only maybe ten feet away, but it sure felt like

a mile in these shoes, with Candy at the door. The thrill of possibly getting caught in the open was setting his body afire and causing his erection to throb, even as he focused on tottering over to the couch.

Candy put her key into the lock and turned it.

Len reached the couch and grabbed the blanket. His picked it up and wrapped it around his body to hide the pink babydoll dress he had borrowed from Candy's closet. He spun around and planted his rear on the couch.

Candy turned the doorknob.

He pulled his stocking-covered legs, along with his high heels, up onto the couch beneath him and sat cross-

legged. He pulled the blanket into place over his entire body, covering everything from his feet to his neck.

The front door opened. Candy's foot appeared in the front hallway. She wore low-heeled white sandals. Her nails were painted the same red as Len's toenails; Len had done that intentionally. As the rest of her appeared in the front entranceway, Len pushed and pulled and tucked the blanket as best he could to hide all traces of the dress and heels he wore. His heart was pounding as he yanked the blanket up to his neck to hide the collar and shoulders of the dress.

"Hey," said Candy.

"Hey," said Len back, trying to sound as calm as possible despite the

risk he was taking. He felt amazingly lightheaded by this. And he was pretty sure his penis was dripping cum all over the panties he had borrowed from Candy. No matter what though, he knew he couldn't move.

Candy walked over to him. "What are you watching?"

Len looked at the television. It was on, but he honestly had no idea what it was showing. He needed to think fast. "Uh, just some stuff. I wasn't really watching. I've been sitting here thinking about a test I have next week."

Candy nodded her head. "I know the feeling."

"How was class?" he asked.

She shrugged her shoulders.

“Same as always.” She sat down next to him.

“Oh my God!” squealed Len to himself. She’s inches away. If she puts her hand under the blanket, she’ll know what I’m wearing!” As he thought this, Len began to worry that he had failed to cover some part of himself. Did his heels poke out? Did the collar on his dress show? Was the hem of his dress exposed? He couldn’t check. To check would require him to move and that would expose whatever part of him moved beyond the blanket. He needed to hope that nothing was amiss.

“Oh, I know this show,” said Candy and she leaned back and crossed her leg.

Len swallowed hard. He hadn't expected this adventure to last longer than a few seconds before he could change, but for the next hour, Candy sat within inches of her femininely dressed roommate, unaware of what he really wore. Len was both terrified and thrilled beyond words by this. He was having the erotic time of his life.

Chapter 3: “An Opportunity At The Party”

Later that night, Len heard about the party for the first time. Candy was a popular girl around campus and she had been invited to a party at one of the frats. She and some friends planned to go. At first, Len saw this as a fantastic opportunity to dress fully and to lounge around the apartment in her clothes. He would have all night to wear whatever he wanted and he could masturbate anywhere he wanted.

But then a different thought occurred to him.

Little by little, Len began to think that perhaps the party represented an even bigger opportunity. He had access to all of Candy's clothes. He knew where the party would be. He knew it would be crowded and most people would be drunk, meaning they would be hard pressed to make him as a man.

"Maybe. . . just maybe, I could. . . no," he said.

He put the thought out of his mind, but it came back.

"You know, this might be an amazing chance," he said to himself a few days later. "No, it's waaaay to risky."

He again dismissed the thought, but it kept coming back. By Thursday

night, he was imagining himself sneaking into the party dressed in Candy's clothes. He had a wavy blonde wig in his room. He had even taken a stage makeup class the prior semester so he could learn how to apply makeup – he told his family he wanted to go into the special effects industry, but what he really wanted to know was how to make himself passable. He could do this.

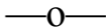
“Yeah. . . this could work,” he said. He ran his tongue over his teeth. He was nervous about the idea. It appealed to him, but it scared him too. He didn't know if he could do this, even if he wanted to. “This would be my biggest challenge ever. . . but it would be the biggest reward too.” He rubbed

his chin. “Imagine how totally thrilling it would feel to walk into that party and be seen by a hundred people, and not one of them knows who I am!”

Still, a voice inside him warned him that there was a real risk here. It nagged at him.

“Yes, I know,” he said to himself. “I know there’s a risk. . . but maybe. . . maybe it’s worth it.”

He struggled with this for days.



Len waited anxiously as Candy finished her preparations. The door to her room was slightly cracked and he could see her primping before her

mirror. She was a beautiful girl and the black dress she had chosen was divine. Watching her excited him, but his mind was elsewhere at the moment. He was thinking about his own plan for the evening.

“Hurry up,” he said beneath his breath.

He was burning up. He had buried himself under a blanket on his bed and was pretending to study. Beneath the blanket, he wore sweatpants and a sweater. Beneath those, he wore black satin panties, tan stockings and a black corset. The panties and the stockings belonged to Candy, but the corset was purchased from a catalog to fit him specifically. He needed it to give him

the right shape to appear to be female tonight. It was painful, but well worth it; it also made breathing somewhat difficult for him.

“Come on,” he said as Candy twirled around once more to see herself from all angles. She stopped and looked at herself, then she went to her closet. “She must be getting shoes,” said Len.

He heard her rummaging around in her closet.

“Not the black sandals. . . not the black sandals. . . not the black sandals!” he chanted to himself.

Candy returned a moment later carrying something he could not see. She sat down on the bed with her side to the mirror and she bent over out of the

view of the mirror. Clearly, she was putting on her shoes, but he couldn't tell which ones she had chosen.

“Not the black sandals!” he repeated under his breath.

She stood up and walked to the mirror. She had paired her stunning black dress with gorgeous black sandals.

“Shoot!” exclaimed Len in disappointment. He had wanted to wear those tonight. “I've been looking forward to wearing those!”

He sighed.

Candy then checked her makeup in the mirror. When she was ready, she grabbed her purse and left her room. She stuck her head into Len's room, where he lay under the blanket

pretending to read.

“I’m going to a party. See you later,” she said.

“Have a good time,” he said.

She then turned and left. Len could hear her heels clicking their way down the hallway to their front door. A moment later, the door opened and then closed and then there was silence. Len rose from his bed and went to the front window. Outside, he could see Candy getting into her friend’s car.

They drove off.

“So it begins,” said Len and he laughed.

Len returned to his room and removed his sweatpants and sweater. He now wore only Candy’s panties, her

stockings and his corset. His legs were smooth and hairless, as was his chest and his underarms. His toenails were dark red. His penis stood erect beneath the panties. He thought about trying to hide his penis with a girdle, but he wanted to feel the rush from the risk of discovery, so he decided against it. . . he would just need to be careful.

He sat down to paint his fingernails.

“Too bad I couldn’t do this earlier,” he said. “But Candy *would* have noticed that.”

It took him about twenty minutes to paint his fingernails and another ten before they were all dry. Now his fingernails matched his toenails. He

looked at the clock. He had about an hour before the party start and another hour before it hit full stride. It was time to get dressed.

When his nails were finished, he slipped into a pushup bra he had hidden in his underwear drawer. Like the corset, he had brought this bra specifically to fit his own body. Into each cup, he placed a breast form which gave him the appearance of small, but definitely feminine breasts. He adjusted these in the mirror until he liked his silhouette. Then he left his room and went to Candy's room.

“This is going to be an amazing night,” he said.

He went straight to her closet. He

saw the empty spot where the black sandals had been and he sighed. He really was looking forward to wearing those.

“Oh well, I’ll find something.”

Len looked through Candy’s dresses until he found what he wanted. This was a red pencil dress with open shoulders and no straps; instead, the sleeves acted as straps. He pulled the dress from the closet and held it against his body. It smelled like Candy’s perfume, which he found intoxicating. He walked over to the same mirror in which Candy had primped half an hour before and he examined himself, while holding the dress before him.

He smiled.

Len removed the dress from its hanger and pulled it down over his body. It took some effort to zip it up in the back, but he managed it; his breasts looked great beneath the dress, as its collar stopped just above where the forms began. He smoothed the dress down over his hips and into place. He'd never worn this dress before, but it fit like a glove because of the corset. He was thrilled. He was so thrilled actually that his penis created a bulge in the dress.

“Down tiger!” he said and he giggled.

He grabbed the small black clutch purse he intended to carry from Candy's desk and he held it over the bulge. That

effectively hid his penis, so long as he rested it right over his erection. He pulled it away exposing his erection and then covered his erection again. Then he did it again, like he was playing a game with it.

“This is going to be exciting!” he gushed. He had never been more excited in his life. His heart was pounding and he felt positively intoxicated.

He set the purse down and then walked to the closet. Only, it turned out that walking wasn't as easy as he expected. He'd never worn a pencil dress before and he didn't realize how restrictive this dress would be. He could barely move his legs apart. In fact, he couldn't move them apart

sideways and he couldn't get them very far apart front to back either before the dress stopped them. As a result, he could take only short, delicate strides, moving more from below his knees than above his knees, and he struggled to move in any direction except straight forward. He realized right away that this would make things tricky tonight and that he would be unable to escape should something happen.

That thought actually made him harder.

It was at this point that Len asked himself if maybe this wasn't a good idea. He clearly was enjoying a lot of aspects of this that his own good judgment told him he should not be

enjoying. In fact, they were setting off warning bells all over his brain. Should he continue or should he stop, he asked himself. He knew the answer: “There is no way I’m stopping! I’ve come this far, I’m going the distance.”

That was that.

Len continued to the closet, which took him twice as many steps as it should have. He tried to bend over and discovered that he would need to bend at the knees, not at the waist, so he crouched down and he examined Candy’s extensive collection of shoes. Such beauty. He zeroed in on what he wanted and he grabbed them. These were a pair of black t-strap sandals with five-inch heels. These were higher

heels than anything he had worn before, but if there was ever a night to wear them, this would be it; he wanted to go all out. He took them to the bed and tried to put them on his feet.

He couldn't bend over to do it.

"Hmm."

He tried to cross his legs so he could bring his ankle up to his knee. That didn't work either.

"Now what?"

Finally, he realized that he needed to set them on the floor, step into them, and then crouch down as he had by the closet and buckle them beneath himself. So that is what he did. It was awkward, but it worked. Then he stood up.

"Whoa!" he said as he adjusted his

balance. “Everything’s lower!”

Len moved around the room to get accustomed to the tight dress and the high heels. He struggled with his balance and he found that his steps barely covered any ground, but he did get used to it. Unfortunately, he needed to hold his arms out somewhat for balance, which made him look strangely sissyish, like a little girl who was too ambitious in putting on her mother’s heels. But it worked.

He kept practicing.

When he was comfortable moving around in the dress and heels, he sat down at the desk where Candy kept her makeup. He made a point of crossing his legs like a woman, which made him

giggle and caused his penis to throb.

“Not yet,” he said to himself and he patted his penis.

Len looked over Candy’s makeup. He knew about makeup from the class he took, plus he had worn makeup before and he was actually quite good at applying it. The key was to make it look like he wasn’t wearing any, even though he was. And being a man, he would need to wear a lot more than most women to hide his features. Fortunately, he was up to the task and after about ten minutes, his face looked rather feminine.

“Good,” he said. “No one will recognize me!”

He then added a pair of heavy, stylish glasses to further hide his

features and he slipped a blonde wig over his short hair. He fluffed the wig and then examined himself closely. He was confident that no one would identify him as a man.

Len stared at himself in the mirror. He looked amazing. He looked at his watch. It was time.

“Are you really going to do this?” he asked himself.

“Yes,” he responded in a soft, feminine voice.

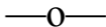
He smiled.

A moment later, Len rose from the chair. He stuffed some makeup into the purse. He would add some money, his ID and his keys in a moment. First, he wanted to check himself in the mirror

one more time.

“You’re hot, girl!” he said. He stared at himself again for several minutes.

He went to his front door.



Len felt a moment of terror as he stepped out of his apartment onto the sidewalk and heard his high-heeled shoes echo off the concrete. The door closed behind him. The cold night air raced up his dress and tickled his penis beneath his panties. This was an amazing rush. He trembled. He was so incredibly excited. This was the most exciting thing he had ever done. Just the

thought was enough to put everything else he had done to shame. He wanted this so badly. Yet, he was very, very nervous.

“Do I really want to do this?” he asked himself.

He stood there frozen trying to decide if this was really such a great idea. Sure, it would turn him on, but the risk of getting caught was really high this time and the consequences were possibly even higher. In fact, he had no idea what would happen if he got caught and that scared him.

He bit his lip.

“I don’t know. This is really risky.”

He ran his tongue over his lip and

tasted his lipstick. He felt the corset pressing against his ribs. He felt his erection pushing against the panties and his dress.

“That is part of the thrill though, isn’t it? Taking the risk?”

He still didn’t move. He just stood there on the front walkway to his apartment, unsure what to do next. His penis screamed to move forward, but his mind told him to go back inside. . . to forget the whole thing. . . to enjoy himself *inside*.

Len took another step along the sidewalk.

“This could be the biggest night of my life. This could be an experience I’ll never forget!” he told himself.

He twisted his lip. He exhaled.

“Yeah, or it could be a disaster.

This could be the night I end up in jail, and they aren’t going to treat me well dressed this way.”

He scratched his cheek. He felt his knees shake.

“Yeah, or this could be the night Candy finds out I’ve been wearing her clothes. She might tell everyone at the school. That might even be a crime. Then what do I do?” He shuddered as a group of horrible images flashed before his eyes, images involving Candy yelling at him, the police arriving, and himself pushed up against the bars in the jail as a group of criminals explore beneath his dress. “Yeah. . . this isn’t a great idea,”

he said. His mouth was dry.

His courage failed.

Len turned to go back into his apartment. The door was only three steps away. He took those three steps rather hurriedly. He now stood before the door, which had automatically locked when it closed. He opened his purse and looked for the key.

It wasn't there.

“Where's my key?!”

Len furrowed his brow. He pushed aside Candy's lipstick and her mascara and her blush. There should have been a key there, plus some money, plus his identification. Only, there wasn't.

Suddenly, Len's jaw dropped and

his eyes became huge.

“Oh my God! I left the key and my money on my dresser. I intended to get them, but I forgot! How am I going to get back inside?” he squealed to himself.

A moment of panic gripped Len. He grabbed the apartment door and desperately tried to turn the knob, as if he could maybe force it open. It didn't budge. He tried to push the door, hoping it hadn't closed correctly. It still didn't budge.

“I'm stuck!”

Len swallowed hard and looked around him to see if he was alone. He saw no one else. He thought about trying to break the glass to go through the front window, but he knew that would be a

disaster. For one thing there was a thorny bush before the window, so he would find it difficult even to get to the window. Not to mention that the window was a good deal higher than he stood and he would struggle to climb inside. Then there was the noise problem. The moment he broke the glass, every light in the complex would turn on and they would all see him crawling through the window. They would either see him and report him as a pervert to the landlord, and probably to Candy, or they would think he was a burglar and they would call the cops on him. No. He could not break into the apartment. Nor did he have any money to call a locksmith.

That left him with only one choice to get back inside: he needed to get the key from Candy.

“How do I do that without telling her who I am?”

After a few moments, it hit him. He needed to go to the party and hopefully steal the key from Candy’s purse. If he could do that, then he would be fine. If he couldn’t do that, then he would need to ask her to let him back in. . . and expose himself to her. He saw no other way.

Chapter 4: “Caught!”

Len's feet were killing him. He had walked the six blocks to the party in the pencil dress and the five-inch t-strap heels. These shoes were not made for walking, and the tight dress didn't help either. Still, it was time to forget that; he had made it. Now he had another problem. He stood before the house where the party was clearly ongoing. He needed to go inside, find Candy, find her purse, dig through her purse for her key, and steal it, all without being spotted or recognized as a man. Just the thought of what he needed to do made him shudder and made him want to run

away screaming. It seemed impossible now that he was here.

Still, he had no choice. He needed that key or he had no way to get back into his apartment without alerting Candy to what he'd done.

“Here goes nothing,” he said and he walked up the stairs to the front door.

CLICK, CLICK, CLICK.

His heels clicked off the wooden stairs.

Len reached out and grabbed the doorknob. He braced himself. He expected a million accusing eyes and pointing fingers. He expected laughter and mocking and maybe anger. He clenched his jaw. He opened the door.

Nothing happened.

There was no screaming, no mocking, no laughing. Instead, he was immediately hit with the smell of alcohol and perfume and the sounds of loud dance music blasting in his face. The room was a mass of people all moving about. No one pointed at him and started screaming.

“Oh thank God, I’m passable,” he said. He had been sure he was passable, but there really is no substitute for knowing. Until that moment when a group of people look you over and don’t freak out, all the looks in the mirror and careful efforts to hide every last bit of masculinity mean nothing. He felt amazingly relieved.

Len walked into the house and

moved into the crowd. Lost among these people he actually felt a good deal more comfortable than he'd felt since he left his apartment. Out there, he had no idea who was watching him as he walked along the sidewalk beneath the streetlamps. Here, these people were drinking and dancing and talking to each other and there was very little chance that any of them would notice him. So he moved about quite freely.

That didn't last.

“Hey there, sexy,” said a deep, booming voice behind Len.

Len swallowed hard. He thought about ignoring the young man and moving on, but that wasn't going to be possible; he needed to deal with this, so

he turned around. He recognized the young man as a member of the football team. They called him “Horse,” though Len didn’t know why and he didn’t want to know why.

“Hello,” said Len, sheepishly. He felt a sense of terror welling up inside him. He had been so focused on getting his keys from Candy that he hadn’t even considered what would happen if he ran into an amorous male. But now he had. He blushed.

“I haven’t seen you around the school. Wanna dance?” asked Horse.

This seemed a little too straight forward even for a party, but before Len could object, Horse grabbed him and pulled him to the middle of the floor. He

began waving his hands in the air and gyrating his hips. Len, feeling he had no choice, followed suit.

At first, Len was really nervous and felt uneasy about dancing with another male, even if they weren't technically touching each other. He was nervous too about the clothes he wore. His feet struggled for balance in the heels and the dress kept him from moving around freely. And of course, in the back of his mind was the fear of being caught. But the more he danced, the more comfortable he became. He even found himself laughing.

“Here I am dressed like a woman and none of these people have a clue!” he said and he giggled.

As he giggled, the sense of panic receded and the thrill of risking exposure returned to him, and he felt his whole body tingle. A moment later, his penis became erect, for the first time since the walk from the apartment.

“Oh no!” he said. “Not now!”

He had no idea what to do. He couldn't dance while covering his erection and he couldn't suddenly flee the dance floor. But he had to do something. All it would take would be one look down by Horse, or anyone else, and they would see Len's erection pushing up his dress.

As Len thought this, Horse's eyes began a long, slow slide down the front of Len's red dress. Len decided he

needed to bolt from the dance floor. He started to turn to race away as best he could, but he bumped right into another football player called Boomer.

“Mind if I cut in?” asked Boomer.

“Hell yeah, I mind,” said Horse.

“I saw her first.”

Boomer slid between the two of them, with his back to Horse. “Too bad. Go talk to your girlfriend before Mickey steals her.”

Horse looked over his shoulder toward his girlfriend and saw another football player talking to her. He furrowed his brow and immediately stormed off in that direction. Boomer then wrapped his arms around the helpless Len, just as the music change to

something slower. He pulled Len to his body. Len could feel the young man's erection pushing against him through the young man's jeans. He prayed Boomer couldn't feel his erection pushing through his dress.

"I haven't seen you here before," said Boomer.

"Wow, you guys are creative," thought Len sarcastically, but he said, "I go to a different school."

"That's great."

Len didn't respond. He just let Boomer hold him in his arms as the song continued. He intended to escape the moment the song ended, when Boomer loosened his grip. He needed to find Candy's purse and get out there.

Unfortunately, in his short walk around the room, not only had he not seen Candy, he had not see anywhere that purses or coats were stored. And since none of the girls had their coats or their purses on them, he assumed they were being stored somewhere. Perhaps Boomer would know.

“Let me ask you a question,” said Len.

“Ok,” said Boomer and he loosened his grip so Len could put some space between them. Len held up his purse.

“Where are you keeping purses and coats?”

“Oh, they’re upstairs. Want me to have yours taken upstairs?”

Len raised an eyebrow. He'd found what he needed. Candy's key would undoubtedly be in her purse, which Len now knew would be upstairs. That meant he needed to go upstairs. Only, when he looked at the stairs, there was another football player guarding the stairs.

“How am I going to get through him to go upstairs?” Len asked himself.

Then it hit him. The answer was right here before him, poking his erection into Len's thigh: Boomer! Boomer could get him upstairs. He just wasn't sure how to ask this.

“Wanna go upstairs?” Len finally asked. He realized the moment he said this that he should have phrased this

better, but if it worked, then it worked. He could deal with any problems once he got upstairs.

“Absolutely!” said Boomer and he smiled from ear to ear.

Len felt pensive, to say the least.

A moment later, Boomer took Len's hand and walked him to the stairs, right past the guard, and right up the stairs, which proved challenging in this pencil dress and these five-inch heels. He needed to move his legs somewhat sideways to get them up each step. Making this worse, he felt rather embarrassed having a man hold his hand as he walked across the room and then up the stairs, but it got him to where he need to be. He was upstairs.

“Now I just need to find the purses. They must be hidden up here somewhere,” thought Len.

“There are the purses,” said Boomer, pointing to the first bedroom.

Len chuckled to himself. “That was easy,” he told himself and he looked through the door at the pile of coats and purses. He was about to walk into the room, except Boomer yanked on his arm and pulled him down the hallway to another room. In these heels and this tight dress, there was no way he could resist.

“Where are we going?” asked Len as Boomer pulled him along.

Boomer didn't respond. He opened the door to a bedroom and

pushed Len inside. Len started to feel nervous.

“What are we doing?” asked Len, though he knew what the young man had in mind. Len suddenly felt very weak and wasn’t sure how to handle this. Sure, he got off on wearing women’s clothes, but he wasn’t gay and he’d never once thought about touching another man or doing anything sexual with one. In fact, the idea made him sick to his stomach. But the way Boomer had stripped off his jacket and was now unzipping his pants, it was clear that Boomer expected something along those lines. And in this tight red dress and these high heels, there was no way Len could run away or resist. His only

choices were to go along or to reveal himself, which would probably not end well.

“You’re hot,” said Boomer.

Len blushed. His penis shot to full attention beneath his dress, so he immediately placed his purse over it to hide it, but Boomer took his purse right from his hand and tossed it onto the bed. Len then tried to cover his penis with his hands.

“This is gonna be great,” said Boomer.

Len shuddered. He needed to find his way out of here fast. “Look, I uh, changed my mind.”

Boomer snickered. “Too late.”

Just then, the door opened.

“Oh, thank God! I’m saved!” said Len to himself.

Only, he wasn’t. Standing in the doorway was Horse.

“What do you want?” asked Boomer.

“I saw her first,” said Horse.

“Too bad. You lost her.”

“I’ll flip you for her.”

“All right, winner gets her.”

Len felt a sense of terror race up his spine. One or both of these males intended to have sex with him and there was little he could do about it. And they weren’t going to be happy when they learned that he was a man.

“Wait a minute!” he suddenly said, which surprised everyone, including

himself.

Everyone froze.

Len wasn't sure what he meant to say next. In fact, he had no idea why he'd even spoken up. Then it hit him, he did have a plan. If he could get them both to leave the room, then he could sneak out, get Candy's purse and make for the front door. And the best way to get them to leave the room was to get them both to go wash up. To do that, he needed to make a promise he didn't want to make.

"There's no reason for you two to fight," he said. His mouth was dry. He could barely force himself to speak. "I'll make you both happy, but you need to clean up first. There's nothing nastier

than a dirty penis. So why don't you two go wash yourselves right now and I'll wait here."

Boomer and Horse looked at each other. They smiled.

"All right," said Boomer.

"Yeah," agreed Horse.

"Go on, right now. . . together," said Len.

And with that, they both went to the bathroom to clean up.

"Oh thank God!" said Len and he breathed a major sigh of relief. He immediately made for the open door. Just before he reached it, however, a woman appeared in the doorway. It was Candy!

"Hi there," said Candy. She had

an evil grin on her face.

“Uh, hello,” said Len and he blushed deeply. He was trembling. Not only could he not risk her spotting him, but he only had a minute tops before the two football players returned and expected their rewards. He didn’t have time for this.

“You look familiar,” said Candy.

“Yeah, I get that a lot. Anyway, it was nice to meet you,” said Len and he stepped toward the door.

Candy didn’t move; she still blocked the doorway. “That’s a great dress,” said Candy. “And I love your shoes.”

“Uh, thanks,” said Len nervously.

“I have a dress just like it at home,

and I even have shoes like that.”

Len faked a smile and a giggle. “Great minds think alike,” he said. He cast a glance over his shoulder at the bathroom where he could see the two boys standing around the sink. “Well, I need to go,” he said and he made another motion toward the door.

Candy still didn’t move. “So soon?”

“Afraid so.”

Candy raised her right arm which was holding an object Len hadn’t noticed before. It appeared to be a plastic penis on a belt. It took him a second, but he realized that she was in fact holding a strap on.

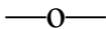
“Sure you can’t stay?” she asked.

Len's jaw dropped. Was Candy a lesbian? Was she coming on to him? What should he do now? "Oh my God!" he screamed inside his head. "This is not happening! I need to get out of here before those two idiots return!" He looked at Candy and smiled politely. "I'd love to stay and play, but I, uh, really can't."

Candy took two steps into the room, so that she stood less than a foot away from him and slightly to his side. She leaned her head forward to his shoulder and gently bit his earlobe with her teeth. Then she thrust her left hand onto the bulge on the front of his dress and squeezed the head of his penis as hard as she could. This made Len cringe

and almost caused him to double over.

“My dress better not be dirty, Len,” she growled.



Len was stunned. Here he stood in the middle of this bedroom, dressed from head to toe as a woman, with two football players about to return to demand sexual favors from him, and now he had an even bigger problem: Candy knew who he was.

“You know!” he gasped.

“Of course I know, you little perv. You’ve been wearing my clothes all week.”

“But, but—”

Candy put her hands on her hips.

“But what?”

Len turned bright red. “I have no idea what to say.” He looked over his shoulder at the two boys who seemed to be finishing up in the bedroom. “I need to get out of here.”

Candy laughed. “And miss your chance? Hardly.”

Now all the color left Len’s face.

“What do you mean?”

“What do you think I mean? You stole my clothes. You followed me here. And then you seduced your way upstairs.”

“I don’t want to be here! I just need a key. I got locked out of the apartment.”

Candy laughed cynically. “Yeah, right. Tell me another one. No, Len, I think you came to party and I’m not going to deny you that chance. In fact, I’m going to help you.”

“Help me how?” he squeaked.

She smiled evilly.

A moment later, the two young men returned. They had stripped naked and washed their penises, which now hung freely in the breeze. Boomer’s semi-erect penis was around six inches long. Horse’s penis, however, was almost double that size. It was thick too, and it wasn’t even hard yet.

“Boys, my friend *Lynn* here wants to try a new game. She wants you both to sit down on the bed and she’s going to

give you boys the attention that only a pair of female lips can give,” said Candy. She chuckled. “She swallows too.”

Both Boomer and Horse looked at each other and smiled.

“What about you?” asked Boomer.

“Me? I’m going to pay special attention to her with this,” said Candy and she held up the strap on.

Both of their penises instantly became hard. They raced over and sat down on the bed. Len, in the meantime, looked at Candy. His eyes pleaded with her to let him escape this fate.

“Please,” he mouthed.

Candy leaned in and whispered in his ear. “The alternative is I leave and

let Horse and Boomer have their way with you. You aren't going to sit for a week after Horse rams his dick into you. Of course, that assumes they don't find what you have hanging between your legs and rip it off."

Len shuddered. "No choice?"

"No choice."

Len swallowed hard and turned to face the two young men. He'd never even considered touching another man's penis and here he was about to jam two of them into his mouth. He felt faint.

"Let's get started!" said Horse and he wiggled his penis.

Len cringed, but he knew he had no choice, so he slowly got down on his knees. He actually needed Candy's help

to do this because of the restrictive clothing he wore. When he was down, he walked over on his knees before Boomer. He decided to start with the smaller penis first. Just the sight of it made him shudder.

As Len stood before Boomer on his knees, Candy moved around behind him. She had attached the belt around her hips, and the strap-on now stood out from her crotch like a pole. She got down on her knees behind Len and she lifted up Len's dress far enough to expose his rear. Fortunately, in the front, it bunched up around his penis, which kept his penis from being exposed. She then pulled his ruffled panties down his rear, exposing his

crack.

Len had no idea what he was about to experience, but there was nothing he could do about it, so he closed his eyes and he bent over and pulled Boomer's penis into his mouth.

It was disgusting.

Len had never had another man's penis in his mouth before, and just the thought of what was squirming around in his mouth made him wretch. It was huge too. It felt like someone had shoved a baseball bat inside his mouth and it was now pushing against the back of his throat. His face burned too with the humiliation. Not only was it humiliating that he was doing this, but that Candy was behind him, watching him and

laughing at his emasculation, made this many times worse.

Len took a deep breath. He could smell the man's sweat. He wanted run from the room, but he knew that was the one thing he could not do.

“I need to get this over with fast,” he told himself.

He began moving his head up and down on Boomer's shaft. In and out, the penis went, filling Len's mouth and then retreating. Len could feel it throbbing inside his mouth. Spit was building up inside his mouth too, which was making this even worse because he needed to swallow every few seconds, which passed the taste of Boomer's penis over his tongue and down his throat.

“Just get it over with,” he told himself. He bobbed his head faster.

Suddenly, Len felt something he couldn't describe. Without warning, Candy had maneuvered behind him and lined the strap-on up with his rear. She then thrust her hips forward and pushed the dildo deep inside him with one stroke. This thing moved swiftly and smoothly through him and, as it did, it created a massive internal pressure. It made him feel like he might explode. This was such a shock that it almost made Len clench his jaw, but his instincts kept him from doing that. He was lucky about that.

“Ahh!” screamed Len inside his head as he felt choked by Boomer's

penis in his mouth and impacted by Candy's strap-on in his rear. This was an intense amount of pressure on his body.

Yet, despite the humiliation, the fear, and the physical pressure and discomfort, something amazing was happening. Len's penis was rock hard and it was pounding away inside his panties. There was no doubt at all that this was turning him on. He wasn't sure how to handle that.

"That is so damn hot!" exclaimed Horse suddenly. "I've got to get in on this!"

Len glanced at him in terror out of the corner of his eye. What did he have in mind? A moment later, Len found

out. Horse slipped off the bed to his knees. When he was on his knees, he pointed his penis at Len's face and started masturbating. As he did, he rubbed his penis along the side of Len's face and the corner of his mouth.

"You must be loving this, *Lynn*," said Candy from behind him. She reached around beneath him and felt his penis. Then, without warning, she yanked his penis out of the panties and started stroking it.

Len couldn't believe what was happening. "What is she doing?! If they see my dick, they'll kill me!" he screamed to himself. At the same time, his mind started to go blank. It was being overwhelmed by the sensations.

He began to breathe hard.

Boomer began to breathe hard too. His penis positively danced and throbbed in Len's mouth. Candy wiggled her hips too, sending electric shocks of pleasure and pain coursing throughout his body. She also stroked his penis hard and fast, holding it only with her nails now which added an element of pain. And Horse continued to rub his penis up and down the side of Len's face.

A moment later, it all happened.

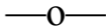
Boomer shot his load first, deep into Len's throat with the first burst, and then all over his mouth with the second. Len could taste the salty, sticky goo all over his tongue and tonsils and throat.

He would have wretched except that his own penis exploded and launched cum all over the floor beneath him. A millisecond later, Horse exploded all over Len's face and hair. His cum hit Len on the side of the cheek, the forehead, the nose and in his wig.

A bright light flashed.

Len spit out Boomer's penis and turned around. He saw Candy taking his picture.

"For the yearbook!" she said and she winked.



The party was over. Candy was walking Len home. She insisted. She

liked the idea of making him walk the six blocks back to the apartment in her five-inch t-strap heels. She held her own heels in her hand.

She had not let him rinse out his mouth.

“I hope you had a good time,” she said with a laugh.

Len blushed, though she couldn't see this in the dark. The truth was that he was absolutely turned on by what he had experience. It was humiliating and it scared him that anyone might ever find out about it, but it had thrilled him too. Still, there was no way he was going to admit that this was anything other than horrible.

“No, I did not have a good time,”

he said grumpily.

She laughed. “Your erection says you did.”

“It lies.”

She laughed again. “Well, that’s too bad. You better get used to it. You were a real hit. I might loan you out to more football players. I think it would be hilarious to know that the whole team got a blowjob from a sissy.”

Len cringed. That would be too much. Yes, he admitted to himself, in some small ways, this had been thrilling, but he didn’t want to do this again. . . *ever*. It was terrifying. It was humiliating. It was emasculating. He shook his head. “I’m done. I’m never doing this again.”

“Oh nonsense.”

“No, I’m serious.”

Candy stopped. “You don’t seem to understand, sissy. You don’t have a choice. I have photos that could ruin your life. Trust me, Horse and Boomer aren’t going to like seeing pictures of the real you with your testicles swinging away beneath you as you sucked Boomer off.”

Len gasped. “You wouldn’t!”

She smirked. “You played chicken with getting caught. You took the risk of putting yourself at my mercy if I caught you, and you took some real liberties with me to do it. You stole my clothes. You wore them around me. You jerked off in my panties. Well, I

caught you. . . I just waited to let you know I'd caught you until I really had the proof I needed to make catching you worthwhile."

Len trembled. "When did you first spot me?"

"From the beginning. Did you really think I didn't notice you wearing my stockings around the house? Or my loafers? They have two-inch heels, Len. Didn't you think that was obvious?"

Len hung his head. He knew this was the risk he had been taking the whole time, but somehow he hadn't expected it to happen, nor had he expected Candy to take advantage of it. He felt sick.

“What do you want?” he asked meekly.

She laughed. “Everything. You’re going to become my toy. You’re going to wear what I tell you. You’re going to do what I tell you. When I have friends over, you will serve them. When I go to parties, you’re coming with me.” She reached out and brushed back his wig. “You’re going to do every single thing I tell you, no matter how humiliating.”

He cringed.

She then pulled his wig from his head, which made him shudder. If it wasn’t so dark, being late at night, he knew he would be spotted in seconds. Fortunately, it was dark and it was unlikely anyone would see them as they

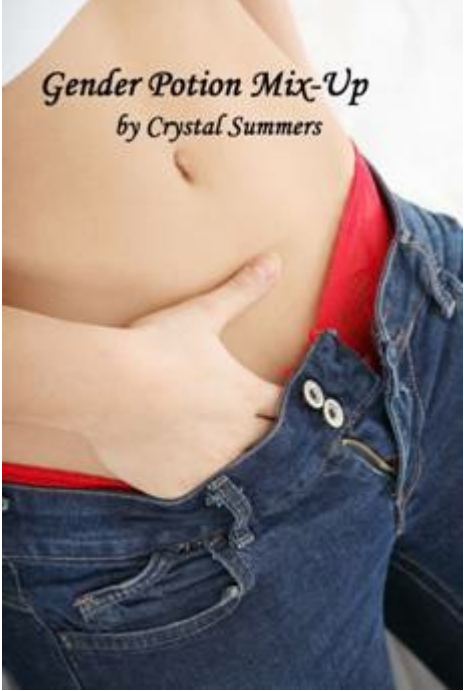
walked the last two blocks home.

“Now let’s get back to the apartment. I have changes to make to your wardrobe and I feel like starting tonight. . . sissy.”

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
by Crystal Summers

“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
by Crystal Summers

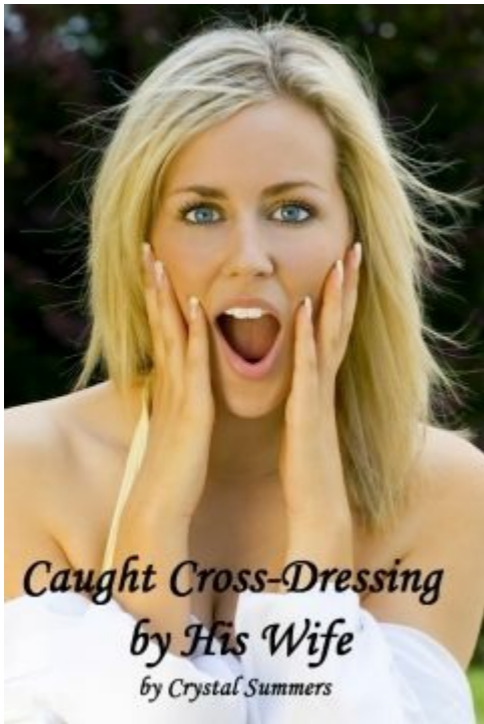
“Sissy Side-Effects”

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

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

penis, pegging, erotic humiliation and more!

For Mature Audiences Only



“Caught Cross-Dressing By His Wife”

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

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

For Mature Audiences Only

Hypnotized Boss
by Crystal Summers



“Hypnotized Boss”

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

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

For Mature Audiences Only



Feminized And At Her Mercy
by Crystal Summers

“Feminized And At Her Mercy”

Doug Handler was playing a dangerous game. Doug planned to use a revolutionary new DNA altering process invented by his own firm to spy on his girlfriend. He intended to turn himself into a woman so he could spend the weekend with her, without her knowing, so he could see if she was fooling around. Unfortunately for Doug, things go wrong with the transformation and he soon finds himself at the mercy of his assistant Julie. Can he save himself and return to being a man?

“Feminized At Her Mercy” is a cautionary tale of a powerful businessman who trusts the wrong woman. This 9,000 word story includes

partial gender transformation, breast growth, female domination, spanking, erotic humiliation, and more!

For Mature Audiences Only



His Ex-Wife's Revenge

by Crystal Summers

“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!

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Feminized Justice
by Crystal Summers



“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!

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Feminized Hypnotic Revenge
by Crystal Summers

“Feminized Hypnotic Revenge”

Todd Wilson believed the world revolved around him. But things start to go really wrong for Todd, when he angers a master hypnotist. Not only does Todd develop a strong desire to feminize himself, but his submissive wife suddenly becomes very dominant and very interested in seeing him feminized. What's more, he learns that he can't resist any order she gives. Can he free himself and save his masculinity before his wife feminizes him completely?

“Feminized Hypnotic Revenge” is a cautionary tale of an arrogant, controlling man who finds himself feminized and at the mercy of his wife

after he crosses the wrong man. This 9,000 word story includes female domination, forced feminization, mind control, erotic humiliation, and more!

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Be Careful What You Wish For
by Crystal Summers

“Be Careful What You Wish For”

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

“Be Careful What You Wish For” is a cautionary tale of a man who loses his masculinity when he makes the wrong

wish. This 9,000 word story includes female domination, gender change, forced bi, shemales, erotic humiliation and more!

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