

James J. Craft

My Neighbor's Secret Plan

Illustrated by Avaro



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Chris and I became friends almost immediately after he and Denise moved into the house next to ours. Julie and I had been living in the neighborhood for about a year already and although we felt 'settled' we never really felt connected to anyone. That is...until our new neighbors arrived. The neighborhood was just outside of the city, far enough away to retain its small-town charm, but close enough for those, like us, who didn't mind an hour's commute. We would all pile into our cars and hit the interstate every morning, then repeat the drive home to our sleepy little town each night. But we would never interact – we all just kept to ourselves. I didn't even know my neighbor's names until Denise and Chris moved in.

Both Denise and Chris worked in the city like Julie and I did, at least...before I was 'downsized'. With the economy the way it was, my firm felt it was a good time to shed some salaries – *why they chose to shed mine I'll never know*. Shortly after moving in a similar thing happened to Chris. It was actually how we started to get to know each other. I was cutting the lawn one afternoon when he came home from work – early. He had a dreadful look on his face...a look that I had seen before only a month ago, on *my* face.

He shrugged when I asked him how he was doing, as was a customary greeting for guys.

“I’ve been better,” he muttered, “I just got canned. I can’t believe that I just got canned.”

“Canned?” I asked.

“Yeah, you know...canned, sacked, let go...” he paused and looked up as if composing himself, “Fired.”

“Oh shit,” I said, suddenly wishing I hadn’t asked, “you too?”

My words seemed to almost perk him up, “You got fired?”

“They called it an indefinite layoff,” I chuckled, “Now I like to say that I am working from home.”

He chuckled, “Yeah, I guess I’m working from home now too”

“I’m Glen by the way...” I extended my hand for him to shake.

“Chris” he replied as he gave my hand an anemic pump. I’d let him off the hook for that one, he did after all...just get canned.

“Hey, you want a beer?” I asked.

And that was the beginning of our friendship.

We took a short walk down the street, chatting all the way, to the little pub I had always looked at but had never attended. Like I said, I had been sleeping in this little town, but never really ‘living’ it in.

I had suggested to Julie one day that we should check out some of the local establishment, but she would always snicker with a snotty tone. Julie never wanted to move to the ‘burbs’. She as a big city girl...to the core.

“You’ve got beer in your fridge,” she would say as she rolled her eyes, and then complain that she missed her favorite restaurants back in the City.

But Chris...he understood the concept of grabbing a beer, or two,...or three, at the ‘local’ watering hole. So the two of us ventured into the pub and had a few, while I told him all about becoming a house husband. I complained and complained about having to clean the house, doing the laundry and having to cook most of the meals while my wife was working in the City to support us.

“She’s started to call me her live-in maid” I scowled between sips of my beer, “I hate it when she calls me that.”

I could see Chris’ eyes looking very worried, “I’m kind of in the same boat, man,” he muttered, then took another swig from his frosty glass, “I wonder how long it’ll be before *she* starts calling *me* the maid”

I shrugged, but as fate would have it, it wouldn’t be very long.

I spent the next several weeks ‘scouring’ the internet when I wasn’t ‘scouring’ the bathroom, trying to find a job. But my labor proved to be fruitless. There was simply *nothing* available – well, in fairness, nothing available that would satisfy my requirements for a base salary – and I was only searching in a very small radius, as I didn’t want a long commute. I figured I could be picky, as I still had a few months left to survive on the severance package that I was given. And even after that, with some belt tightening around the house – I knew we could survive on Julie’s salary alone.

I was explaining this fact to our neighbors one evening while Julie and I were over for dinner. We were all sitting around the living room swapping stories of men being unemployed while the wives were working. Both Denise and Julie were mocking Chris and I quite badly, but Denise was absolutely relentless.

“I make enough that, if need be...Chris could continue to be the maid,” Denise gloated, “And *I’ll* continue to be the bread winner.” We all chuckled together at the statement, but admittedly; Chris looked at more than a little uncomfortable with her statement.

“Although,” she continued, “if he works as my maid much longer, I might want to get him to look the part.”

“Oooo, good idea,” Julie laughed as she turned towards me with a devilish glint in her eye, “I think I’d get the same for Glen.”

Chris and I looked at each other, laughing nervously. It was joke...right? I kept telling myself that, as the idea of Julie trying to squeeze me into a French maid’s costume was *quite* unsettling.

“Well Glen...” Chris finally said, “I don’t know about you, but I’m certainly not in any hurry to dress up like a maid for *my* wife. I sure hope my job interview pans out this Thursday.” It was obvious that he was trying to stand up for himself a little...but to no avail, Denise was very clearly the ‘Alpha’ in their relationship.



Denise grinned proudly and nodded, “Chris has an interview for a management position”

“Management?” I asked, looking impressed. I knew that most companies were shedding their managers, not adding them. I was a tad bit jealous of him for finding that posting...*how did I miss that one??...*I wondered to myself.

“Or any other job opening he might have...” Chris piped up as he glared at his wife, “Hell, I’ll pick up the dry cleaning if that’s what they want.”

“Whatever you like dear,” Denise smiled and rubbed his knee, then turned to Julie with a scowl, “They just better offer you something or you’ll be living as my little live-in maid.”

“What was that?” Chris asked with an offended tone in his voice.

“I said I’ll love you no matter what happens,” Denise chuckled as she grinned at Julie.

“What’s the name of the company Chris?” I asked.

His and Denise’s smiles melted slightly and he shifted in his seat, “Oh...I don’t want to jinx anything Glen...let’s just say it’s a good company to work for”

I nodded in the uncomfortable silence that followed.

“I’m sure that Chris will get you an interview if he gets hired,” she smiled at me, then grinned at Julie.

Chris forced a smile, “You mean *when* I get hired”

“Well I sure do wish you good luck Chris,” Julie chimed in, “And if you can get Glen a job too that will just be the icing on the cake...otherwise he’ll just have to be *my* live in maid too.”

We all nodded in uncomfortable silence again. I hoped she was kidding, but something told me that she might not be.

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A few days after our dinner with the neighbors, Julie had loaded up my task list with dusting and vacuuming, cleaning and polishing nearly every-single-day. I told her I was going to wear to the carpet down to the subfloor if I kept vacuuming that much, but she just told me, essentially...to shut up and keep working.

Later still, she produced a ridiculous white apron for me to wear. I initially refused...for several days...until I could not bear to deal with the icy glares and cold shoulders she was giving me.

“Fine!” I finally shouted loudly as I slipped the apron over myself, “I’ll wear the *stupid* apron!” I had to shout, because Julie was reading in her room while I was dusting in the living room. She came scampering out in time to see me put my mp3 player’s earpieces back in and carry on with my work. I could see her in my peripheral vision smiling from ear to ear as I performed domestic chores.

How humiliating.

I prayed that Chris’s interview went well and that he would have a job offer for me too, so that I wouldn’t have to be subjected to any more of this ‘torture’.

But it didn’t, and I would.

Thursday, the day of his interview, came and went, and several other days passed also, before I had the opportunity to check in with him to see how the interview had gone.

“No dice,” he sighed as we grabbed a beer at the local watering whole one afternoon. “Apparently they’re re-evaluating the kind of candidate they’re looking for...*but* if anything *changes*, they’ll let me know.”

“Meaning?” I asked.

“They probably filled it internally,” he sighed again, “You know how these big multinationals are...they’re required to post it externally, but they already have someone in mind when they do”

“Geeze,” I replied, “That sucks. I had hoped something would have worked out for you.”

“You and me both man,” he nodded, “Denise was *pissed*. She told me that a *real* man would already *have* a job. That a *real* man wouldn’t allow his wife to support him. She told me that I obviously *wasn’t* a real man and took all my...” His face suddenly went red and he closed his mouth.

“Took all of your....?” I asked, “All of your what?”

He gulped and looked around to see if anyone else was within earshot, they weren’t. Then he leaned forward and said -very quietly, “You can’t tell *anyone*, okay?”

“Tell them what?”

He sighed then continued, “Tell them that she took all of my boxers away. Said that if I wasn’t a real man that I didn’t need to wear real man’s underwear.”

I chuckled, “That’s it?? That’s what you’re all embarrassed about? Denise’s making you go commando? That’s no big deal man.”

He shook his head, “No, that’s not it Glen...she *isn’t* just making me go commando.” He paused for a moment then quieted his voice again, “She um...shaved me...you know...down there.” He pointed down at his groin.

“Again...what’s the big deal? It sounds kinda kinky...don’t you...”Chris cut me off, “She shaved me down there...and...” he looked anxious as continued, “she, um...replaced all my boxers with”



He rolled his eyes as if I should know...but I didn't have a clue what he was talking about.

"Dude, I haven't got a clue what you are talking about."

"Panties Glen!" he blurted out, "She's making me wear f-ing panties man! You know...girls' underwear?? She said that if I wasn't going to act like a real man, that I wasn't going to dress as a real man either." I tried not to let a smile form on my lips... 'cuz to me it *was* kind of funny.

"It's not funny man. I need to get an f-ing job or I don't know what she'll make me do next."

"Well..." I said finally, "As much as I want to be supportive buddy, as long as she doesn't give *my* wife any bright ideas...I frankly don't care *what* she does next."

Chris scowled at me, "Oh thanks, it's good to have supportive friends like you..."

"Oh come on," I replied, "It's just a 'thing' you know? A phase...she'll grow tired of it soon enough, you'll see. You'll get your boxers back."

But *that* sadly, would *never* happen.

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"Really?" Julie said after Denise told the entire story of Chris' pantying over again.

We were all sitting around the patio at our house, chatting and enjoying a few summer 'beverages' when Julie and Denise began to talk quietly amongst each other.

“Really.” Denise whispered, “And in fact I think he might even like it a little. I’ve caught him playing with himself while he was putting them on the other day.”

Chris’ face turned a deep crimson. As quiet as the two girls were trying to be, we could clearly hear every word. It was probably intentional.

“Well I don’t think he has anything to be ashamed of. Panties *are* so much more comfortable than boxers anyway...” Julie came to Chris’ defense.

“I know!” Denise exclaimed, “He should be *thanking* me”

Julie then turned to face me, “And you make a very good point Denise...why *should* they get to dress like men if they don’t *act* like men.” Her glare cut into me like a knife into butter, “Isn’t that right Glenney?”

I sighed and blushed, knowing that she was about to let out her highly competitive side, and that anything that was going to be good enough for Denise to do to Chris, *she* was going to do to *me*.

I had seen it a hundred times. She not only had to be *as* good as everyone else around her...she had to be just a little bit better.

I just looked away...but I knew that something would happen soon.

And it did.

A few days later I discovered a drawer full of high-cut panties where my boxers had once been. I was shocked and embarrassed but not the least bit surprised. I knew Julie well enough to know that once Denise had done it Chris, it was an open invitation for her to do it to me.

The high-cut panties, were -according to Julie- just a little more girly than the regular cut panties that Chris was wearing. And the colors...black, red, pink and light purple, were a whole *lot* more girly than the whites and beiges that Chris was supposedly wearing. And to go one step further again...instead of just shaving my groin...she called me into the bathroom what night and shaved everything from the waist down, and further instructed me on how to do it myself from now on.

“From now on??” I cried.

Her face took on a stern expression “*You* got yourself into all of this...so all you need to do to get out of it is to show me that you are a real man who looks after his wife...and *get a job*. Understood?”

“This isn’t my fault,” I lamented, “I didn’t ask to get laid off Jules!”

She put her hands on her hips and glared at me, “In the wild...do you think a real man tells his wife...*its not my fault the caribou migrated...there’s nothing we can do about having nothing to eat for the winter...*”

“What?” I exclaimed.

“You heard me Glen,” she scolded, “This is something that should be written into your DNA...you should instinctively *want* to protect and provide...*show* me that you *want* to protect and provide for me...”

I sighed and nodded obediently, “Okay...okay...I’ll get a stupid job...”

“It shouldn’t be that hard Glen,” she continued, “Get a job, support your wife, and you can have all your boyish boxers back...and be as hairy as you like.”

I nodded, and spent the remainder of the day, sending out as many resumes as I could manage.

I *didn’t* want to wear panties any longer then I had to. So if Julie wanted me to be a hunter and gatherer, than that’s what I would be.

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A couple of weeks later I was cutting the grass, with the ridiculous old-school reel mower that Julie had purchased for me. She argued that I could use the gas-powered mower again, when I could afford to buy the gas to run it. It was already a hot day, made worse by the fact that I was wearing a pair of long pants. I didn’t dare wear shorts outside, for fear of my smooth, hair-free legs being spotted by someone in the neighborhood. I had seen how my legs looked in the mirror after they were shaved, and it wasn’t pretty. Or rather...it *was* pretty, and *that* was the problem. I was just finishing up when I saw a very dejected Chris returning home from an interview. This one, like all the others, was supposed to be a *sure thing*. By the look on his face, I could see that it wasn’t. I waved at him and made the hand gesture for drinking a beer. He nodded and headed towards me. Soon the two of us were throwing a couple back in the garage.

“So how’s it going?” he asked.

“I was going to ask you the same,” I replied, “How’d the interview go?”

He shook his head and looked down before taking another swig of beer, “It didn’t. I’m not qualified...or I’m over qualified...I don’t know anymore. It’s the same thing every time.”

“I know what you mean,” I nodded and took a sip of my own beer.

“And to make matters worse, it feels like these friggin’ panties are constantly riding up my ass all the time.”

“Try cutting the grass in them!” I blurted out.

“I have!” he chuckled, “It’s been non-stop ever since Julie told Denise about your high cuts and shaving your legs and what not. She’s so competitive, you know? She went right out and got me all new underwear.”

“Oh, great” I said as I swigged my beer, “Your wife is like that too huh?”

“Yup,” he nodded, “You have no idea” He shifted around in his seat, “These friggin’ things are one step down from a thong I think.”

I nearly spit out my beer at that comment. If her was one step away from a thong, than I had better get a frickin' job before Julie found out.

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“Honestly,” Denise lamented a few days later, “If it wasn’t for his being *such* a good maid...I don’t know *what* I would keep him around for.”

We had gone over to their house for dinner, and Denise was –again-expressing just how disappointed she was in her ‘Chrissy’ for failing yet another job interview. “I just don’t know how much longer I can put up with having such a sissy around the house” she muttered loudly.

“Where *is* Chris anyway?” I asked finally after not seeing him around.

Denise stood up, smiling...and walked to the far side of the room, “Oh Chrissy!” she called. The sound of clunking footwear from across the house started to get louder, until a forlorn – looking Chris appeared in the room.

Julie gasped, “Oh-my-god...” she exclaimed.

Denise’s smile grew wider as she modeled her husband for use, “You’ve all met Chrissy, right?”

Chris stood still as if he was hoping to become invisible. He was wearing a pair of snug fitting girl’s jeans with a airy purple-pink spaghetti strap top that showed a *lot* of skin.



A lot of very soft-looking, smooth skin. It looked like his chest and arms had been shaved smooth as well as his feet and presumably his legs and nether-regions.

The clunking noise we had heard in the hall was obviously caused by his new wedge heeled sandals...which were anything but manly.

“Chris?” I gasped in disbelief. I was astounded that he had let his wife do that to him.

“It’s Chrissy now Glen...” Denise corrected me.

Chris’ face turned bright red as he sat quietly, “You don’t have to be such a...” he started to mutter back, only to shockingly realize that he was speaking out loud.

“Oh?” Denise sneered, “I don’t? Then why haven’t you found a job yet then? I thought that you would have responded to wearing panties and being shaven like a girl – but you didn’t. Then I thought that if you were wearing a corset every day that it would serve as a constant reminder of how un-manly you’ve become...and give you the impetus to do something about it...but clearly... *you* are happy to be a little sissy-maid Chris, so I can *see* how you might think that *I* am a bitch for wanting you to be a *real* man!”

She threw down her napkin and stormed out of the room. Chris’ face turned from red to a ghastly white. I thought I could see tears welling up in his eyes. He quietly excused himself from the table.

I looked at Julie, who was going off to console Denise, and decided it was my job to do the same for Chris. I found him outside, nursing a drink as he stared off into space, looking mortified. I tried to think of something supportive to say to him to change the mood, “You’re wearing a corset?”

Oops! I thought, *that wasn’t the kind of support I wanted to get.*

“Not right *now*...” he snapped back at me, looking down at his wispy girly top.

“Well, I...er,” I fumbled the question not expecting him to respond like that, “I guess there’s nothing wrong with that...it’s just corset...”

I saw his eyes darting to something behind me and turned to see both of our wives standing there. The expression on my wife’s face worried me.

“Well I’m glad to hear that Glen,” Julie smiled.

“I think that *both* of our sissies could use a constant reminder of just how badly they’ve failed their wives...don’t you think Jules?” Denise growled.

I was trying to come up with a good response, but Julie was one step ahead of me.

“Absolutely Denise,” she concurred, “I can’t think of a better way for my little Glen to get motivated to find a job and be the man he used to be.”

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But simply degrading me the same as Chris was not enough for Julie. Within a few days, she had taken me for a humiliating trip to a local salon to have my body completely waxed (the single most painful procedure I had ever experienced). Then an equally mortifying journey to small boutique took place where I was fitted an excessively uncomfortable satin corset.

After only a few hours in the tortuous device, I was motivated enough to rethink my job-hunting, and began to apply for work at places that I once would have scoffed at. Places that were *far* below my desired pay scale, and for which I was *severely* overqualified.

But the results remained the same. ‘We’re sorry Glen, we’re not looking for someone with your skillset’, or ‘We’ll put your resume on file for while Glen’.

Back at home, Julie would lace up my tortuous corset every morning and let me out every night... until she found out that Denise had purchased a second cincher for Chris to wear while he slept, which meant that I was soon to be robbed of any relief from the torment of being corsetted.

Instead, I would spend the day cleaning. Everything in the house from top to bottom...and when I got to the end of the list...I would start over again. Chris’ day was much of the same. Sometimes we would work together, cleaning at my house in the morning, and his house in the afternoon, then we’d cook and serve our wives their dinner, do the dishes and hit the computer to find a job.

But it would never come.

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“What are these for??” I asked Julie one day after she came home from work. She had plopped a container of pills down in front of me and told me to take two of them.

“What are they for?” I rephrased my question.

“These...are for a bad little girl who doesn’t want to get a job in the real world.”

“What??” I sputtered, “Who said I didn’t *want* to get a job?? You think I *like* this??” I motioned to my corseted waist.

“I *real* man would try harder Glen. You haven’t responded to any of my ‘suggestions’ so far. So this...my silly sissy...is my way of upping the ante,” she unscrewed the lid and took two caplets from inside of it into her hand, “Open up!”

I opened my mouth and felt her deposit a pill onto my tongue, then swallowed it down with a mouth full of cold coffee.

“And the other one too,” she smiled.

I repeated the procedure, then asked my question for the third consecutive time, “What...are these? Why am I taking them?”

“They’re blockers dear.” She smiled as she continued to unpack the other groceries she had purchased on the way home.

“Blockers?” I stupidly repeated, “What kind of blockers? What they block?”

“They block your manliness dear,” she grinned evilly, “and until you get a job, they will continue to block your manliness, until you are no longer manly anymore.”

“Wh...no...longer a man?” I stammered, “What the hell are you talking about??”

“You are to take two pills twice a day until you get a job...or until you’ve completely turned into the sissy that you are already well on your way to becoming. Chris has been on them for two weeks already. Denise told me where to get them, and how many for you to take...of course I increased the dose.”

My jaw hung stupidly open, “No way Julie, this thing has gone too far already. I’m not taking any of your voodoo pansy pills...it ain’t happening.”

“Oh?” she raised her eyebrow in angry kind of way, “You really want to play that game Glen? How would you like to have pictures of you in your corset and panties sent to all of your family...and all of your friends.”

She had me there.

And as it would turn out Denise had Chris in the exact same place.

To Be Continued

Part Two

Illustrations by Avaro

Chris and I sat for coffee and chatted in between cleaning houses one morning a few days later. I had been throwing up for half the week, which is something that Chris said he went through for a full seven days when he started on the ‘pills’. For me, it would turn out to be closer to twelve.

He told me all about how Denise had threatened to humiliate him, by sending his picture to the local newspaper, “You’ll never set foot outside again when I’m done with you.” She apparently said.

It was hard not to look at her differently that night, when we were having dinner together...knowing how cruel she was being to poor Chris. She made it even harder when she started to show off her newest form of humiliation. Her husband, once as manly a man as I had ever seen, had come over for dinner dressed in tight girly jeans and cork soled flip-flops. A tight fitting girl’s blouse adorned his upper body...and flattered him I had to say...and his hair had been styled in a short wavy feminine style. I kept looking at his eyes, as they looked somehow ‘different’ - I was pretty sure that he was wearing mascara and maybe some eyeliner.

We sat down to a meal of Chinese take out, where the girls talked about work and how pathetic we were, and the two of us exchanged embarrassed glances. It was almost a look of pity that Chris was giving me, because he knew that Julie would have to out-do Denise as soon as they left.

“Don’t you just *love* these new jeans I got Chrissy?” Denise chimed, “His bum is filling out so nicely...and the sandals have just enough of a heel in them to give him a sexy stride. I’m pretty sure I saw our neighbor across the street checking him out on the way here.”

Chris blushed deeply.

“I think I need to get a pair for Glen, his ass is looking pretty sweet too,” Julie smiled then turned to me, “Isn’t that right honey?”

It was my turn to blush deeply. There was no way I was going to say ‘yes’ to her request, but I knew that she had already made up her mind on the matter.

So, the very next day Julie arrived home from work unexpectedly early, so she could take me out for lunch...and shopping spree. We began at the salon, where she instructed the beautician to style my hair into something fun, funky...and girly.

The results would be quite drastic as my once fluffy spikey hair was trimmed and styled into a straight-cut, chin-length feminine look. I couldn’t believe the transformation. How had they made my hair longer?

I gazed into the mirror with a shocked expression, “Oh god,” I sighed.

“What was that?” Julie glared at me over my shoulder.

“Oh good” I muttered sarcastically, “I said oh good. It looks good...I’m so happy”

“Perfect!” Julie proclaimed, “Now...let’s go shopping!”

“Oooo,” The stylist cooed, “Lucky girl! I wish someone would take *me* shopping.”

I just glared at her, with a ‘*shut-up*’ expression, than turned to my wife with a panicked expression, “I cant go out like *this*...”

Julie turned her head to me, “Oh? And why not?” she said.

“Julie...I ...I look like a ...” I tried to sputter a response.

She glared at me and I lost my nerve, opting instead to just sigh and say, “Oh nevermind”

I knew that fighting with her would be futile.

Moments later left the salon and headed to the same boutique where I had been fitted with my first corset. Julie was impressed by what she saw that Denise had put Chris into, and now was determined that I would wear jeans that were just as girly. But her competitive streak wouldn’t allow her to just stop there.

She found a girly beige sleeveless top with a high neck and a pair of strappy sandals with a fairly high wedge heel for me to wear as well.

I tried to complain to her that it wasn’t fair to make me dress this way...but she didn’t seem to care.



“When you get a job and be a man...*then* you can start to dress like one again,” she glared at me as she spoke in her low authoritative voice.

What she was doing to me simply wasn't fair...and it made my stomach turn. But I had little choice in the matter.

Upon our return home that day, Julie decided to march me right over to the neighbors for an impromptu visit. She had first 'informed' me that were going next door so she could show me off while we were in the car on our way home. I had told her that there wasn't any f-ing way I was going with her. But Julie could be quite persuasive.

“You never told me you were going to go *this* far Jules,” I complained, “I look like a total sissy!”

“Well that's because you *are* a sissy Glen!” she retorted, “Any man that cannot provide for the woman he loves is nothing more than a glorified pansy – and you know it. So we're *going* next door and that's all that there is to it.”

I burned with anger towards her for doing this to me, but knew there was little that I could do to stop it. Nearly everything we owned was in *her* name. I could try and leave her, try to fight her in court, but what were my chances of actually winning?

“Besides,” she continued in a much calmer voice, “Once you prove your manhood is back by getting a job...all of this will be over – just as long as Chris doesn’t beat you to it.”

“What the heck is *that* supposed to mean??”

But there would be no reply from Julie, as we were already at Denise and Chris’ front door.

Once inside Julie introduced the new-and-improved me to our neighbors. Denise nodded her approval while Julie showed off the recent ‘upgrades’ she had made to me. Even Chris seemed to be impressed. I looked him over in his jeans and sandals, I was actually feeling pretty proud of myself. He looked good...but I knew that *I* looked better, even *if* it was only temporary.

Chris got up to grab the paper from the kitchen counter and even though we were both guys, I just couldn’t help but steal a glance at his butt while he moved. It was round and perky and firm...just like a chick’s.

A hot chick’s.

And what’s worse is that I knew that mine wasn’t far behind.

“Hey look at this,” he spoke quietly with an excited grin, “There’s a job fair tomorrow for a clothing company that just moved offices and warehouses here. Hiring for all positions, it says.” He paused for a second, his eyes lighting up, “Hey! I drove a forklift in college one summer...I bet I could easily get a job there!”

“What?” I exclaimed reaching to grab the paper, “Let me see that...”

“Hey,” he whispered, as if not trying to draw the attention of our wives who were in the other room laughing and carrying on, “wait your turn.”

He read through the ad a second time before handing it to me, “We are *so* applying for this,” he bubbled in an excited valley-girl tone, “the girls didn’t say *where* we had to work, just that we had to have a job, right?”

I finished scanning the ad, then turned to him with a smile, “Absolutely! We’ll be back to our old selves in no-time!”

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“Hun?” I whined later that night, “Is my butt getting big?”

Julie laughed, “I don’t know dear...why do you ask?”

I had been rummaging through my old dress clothes to find something that fit – but nothing did. She came into the spare room where I was changing and burst into a giggle, “Oh my goodness Glenyth,” she mired, I was too hung up on my ill-fitting clothes to pay attention to the strange mutation she had put my name through, “What *are* you trying to do?”

I had put on the last suit that I thought might fit...the shirt and jacket hung too loosely on my thin corseted frame, and the pants were far too big for my waist, yet failed to go over my butt.

“I’ve got a job interview tomorrow, and I can’t find anything that fits,” I whined again.

“Well that’s because your body has gotten so used to wearing girly clothes that those ugly boyish outfits just won’t work anymore,” she said in an authoritative tone.

“Well that’s just great Julie!” I snapped, “I’ve been playing this silly game of yours for so long that when I finally get the opportunity to *show* you that I can be the kind of *real*, employed man that you want me to be...”

“Now hold on just a second young lady,” she scolded, “You will not take that tone of voice with me. If you had been more proactive in your job hunting, we’d never have gotten to this point. And you have the nerve to blame *me* for...”

“Oh, so it’d *my* fault that the economy around the world fell apart and no one is hiring guys like me,” I interjected, “is that what you’re saying?”

Julie’s face turned angry red and she stormed out of the room without a word.

“Where are you going? What are you doing??” I called after her. Whenever Julie got very angry and very quiet, I knew it wasn’t good. I followed her into the kitchen where she was taking the memory card out of her camera and inserting it into her laptop.

“What are you doing Julie?” I repeated my inquiry.

“I told you that if you crossed me that I would show *everyone* what a sissy you’ve become...” I watched her as she started to upload the contents of the memory card onto the computer’s hard drive, “but you didn’t think I would do it...did you?”

“Wait!” I exclaimed, “You’re reading me all wrong...I’ll be a good....er... girl and I’ll listen to you better dear...I’m sorry.”

She kept downloading the pictures.

“Come one Jules,” I pleaded...I could feel my face burning and my pulse quickening...if she followed through on her threat, I’d be ruined, “I’ll listen. I promise. It’ll never happen again...just don’t send those pictures out....pleasse.”

“Say it again...softer” she quipped.

“Softer?”

“Yes, like a girl would” she smiled.

She was taunting me – and loving it.

“Pull-eeeea-sssse,” I whined in my girliest voice.

“Fine,” Julie smiled and closed her laptop, “Let’s go pick you out an outfit for your interview tomorrow.”

With that she kissed me on the cheek and left me standing in the kitchen.

*

The job fair was the very next day, and Chris and I carpooled in his truck. Both of our wives had had similar ideas when helping us to find appropriate outfits to wear, and loaned us dressy lady's pantsuits.

Denise's suit had slim tapered pants, with brown ankle boots, and was quite effeminate, on Chris, especially since his hair had been growing out.

But...it was nothing as compared to what Julie had dressed *me* in.

I was adorned in a pantsuit with hip-hugging flared pants. I had insisted on wearing my own black dress shoes, but the pant legs were so stupidly long, that they dragged on the ground.

"Those pants need to be worn with heels Glen," Julie smiled, "They're designed that way."

"There is absolutely *no* way that *I* am going to wear heels," I argued.

"Well then," she crossed her arms in a stern expression, "Then I guess there's absolutely no way that you're going to your interview, now is there?"

"We... 'compromised'..." I made the quotation symbols with my fingers as I pointed at the of black 'mary-janes' with a sturdy heel and slight platform sole.

They were *unmistakably* feminine, as opposed to his footwear, which could possibly pass for a men's shoe. Not that it mattered. Both Denise and Julie had insisted that they help us do up our hair, and that we wear at least a *minimal* amount of makeup. When we questioned them as to why...they simply replied, "Because we said so."

Chris and I arrived at the complex where we registered and were placed in the line that had formed for warehouse workers. We were surrounded by gruff and rough looking men of all ages, who whispered and smiled and leered at us. We realized that we were a little over-dressed to work in a warehouse, a fact that one of the company's H.R. staff also picked up on.

"Uh, excuse me," the mousy looking girl in thin glasses said as she approached us, "I think you two are in the wrong line. The office staff are being hired over there..." she pointed across the hall to the group of ladies waiting for an interview.

"Isn't this the line for the warehouse jobs?" Chris asked.

"Uh, yes...it is," she chuckled, "but I'm pretty sure that you would be better of interviewing for an office job. Don't you think?"

"But we have experience," I piped up, "with forklifts."

The girl chuckled again. This time, she was joined by the men in the line next us.

"I'm sure that you have all the right qualifications, but I'm pretty sure that you'd have a better chance in 'that' line," she pointed at the line of women again.

"But...." Chris tried to interject.

“Listen...if you came here to find a job...I would *strongly* suggest that you get in the other line. Otherwise I’m pretty sure that both of you are going to leave here disappointed.”

I sighed and looked at Chris, and he and me. “Well...we used to be executives...so we *are* qualified”

He nodded, “Plus we’d be the only guys in the line. It will give us the competitive edge.”

He smiled, then sighed and hung his head for moment. We both knew that we couldn’t afford to take any chances...we *needed* to get a job...today, so begrudgingly, we headed for the other line.



The interview process was a joke, they scratched down notes as they asked us stupid questions like “how many words per minute can you type”. I was pretty sure the old bat that interviewed me was half-deaf, as she kept calling me Gwen instead of Glen. I gave up trying to correct her.

We were then called into the Human Resources Department Manager’s office, one at a time, where we were offered positions as ‘support staff’. The whole time, the manager acted like he was afraid to offend us, as if he *needed* us to accept the jobs.

Weird.

We were to report for work at the next beginning of the next week, and told that the dress was considered to be ‘office appropriate’. Whatever that meant.

One thing was certain, for Chris and I, it meant we’d be borrowing more clothes from our wives wardrobes, as nothing that we might have had from our old careers would fit anymore.

We were, on the other hand, elated to finally have found a job, as it would soon mean that could start rebuilding our own manly wardrobes.

But that that night, both of our wives would correct our misinformation.

Julie returned home with boxes in her hands and a smile on her face.

“What are you up to?” I asked as I served her the home-made lasagna I’d been working on all afternoon.

“I just thought I’d get you some new clothes for your new job” she smirked, “Go ahead, open it”

I tore into the box, hoping it might be boxers or something else with a hint of masculinity. But it wasn’t. I gasped in shock as I held up the contents of the box, “What is *this* for?” I asked as I removed several new pairs of girls pants and tops.

“Some new clothes for you to wear to work” she smiled.

“But Julie,” I whined, “I got a *job* today...this crap is all finished...isn’t it??”

“Did you two idiots even look at the employment contracts you signed today?”

“What??” I gasped, “What the hell are you talking about?”

She held up the papers that I had brought home from the job-fair that day, and pointed to a particular box on the application form, “Did *you* fill this out, or did someone else?”

“Um...well...” I paused, “There was this old lady that was filling the forms out...why?”

“Did she ever *ask* you what gender you were?”

I looked shocked and worried, “No...why? What did she put down?? Did she think we were girls??”

Julie chuckled, “No...not girls...not *yet* anyway” he chuckled burst into a controlled burst of laughter.

I grabbed the sheet from her hand and scanned the box labeled ‘gender’. It didn’t say ‘M’ or ‘F’, but instead a ‘T’ had been placed in the box.

“T?” I gasped, “What the fuck is ‘T’??”

“I don’t know dear...” she smiled, “It could be transsexual, it could be transgendered, it could be transvestite...they’re all legal gender definitions in this state, but whatever it is, it’s what they’ve hired you based on...so you’re kind of stuck with it now.”

“What??”

“Honey,” she smiled, “I know you might not like this, but I’ve worked with HR long enough to know that if you’ve been hired under the pretence of being transgendered, and you’re *not*...its grounds for termination...so I wouldn’t even so much as *ask* about it if you want to keep this job.”

My jaw was hanging open. I knew she was right. The phone ringing on the kitchen wall broke my silent stupor. I knew it had to be Chris. I answered the phone in a quiet, trance-like tone, “Hello?”

“Yes”

“Yes”

“I know”

“I know”

“I don’t know”

My eyes were locked on Julie as I conversed with my friend and neighbor. She was trying not to laugh out loud.

“She does?”

“Okay...see you later”

I handed the phone to Julie, who covered the receiver, “Why don’t you go try your new clothes on dear...I think you should ‘test-drive them’ while you do your chores”

She uncovered the receiver and spoke to Denise, “Hello?”

“Yes, oh-my god how funny is that?”

“I know!”

I grabbed my boxes and headed to my room, dejected, defeated, to change.

“Oh my...” Julie grinned at me as I passed by her in the kitchen. She was still chatting with Denise on the phone “All that work to prove how manly they were and they end up getting hired as a transgendered secretaries. If it weren’t so funny it would be sad.”

I shook my head, and continued to the living room where I started to vacuum the carpet, in my wedge heels.

Julie giggled as she hung up the phone and stood in the doorway grinning like a cheshire cat, “Well *Gwen*, you’ve really done it this time.”

I scowled as I ignored her and continued to vacuum the carpet.

“I spent a lot of money on that outfit dear, so you better not ruin it” she chuckled.

I was about to turn and argue, but she wasn't done talking yet, "And don't worry, I'll make sure that we stock your closet with enough pretty things to last you through the week"

I sighed and continued my chore.

*

The next day...Chris and I reported for work...something we hadn't done in quite a while.

We were assigned to a cubicle where we were to file and sort and file and sort, and type, then file and sort again. All day, every-day. We were clerks. Lowly office clerks.

I furrowed my brow as the realization set in.

All of the staff in the office must have known about our 'situation' as they all acted ridiculously nice around us, as if afraid to offend us somehow.

The company was very large clothing manufacturer, and had moved its marketing offices from New York to surplus office space in the warehouse complex below us, in order to save money. As the days passed, Chris and I quickly began to learn more about clothes than we had ever thought we wanted to know.

And about a week it got even worse.

Chris and I were called into the office of our supervisor, to meet with the head of the marketing department. She had noticed that Chris and I had a particular 'look' to us...and wanted to know if we would mind if she picked out brains on a new line of clothing the company was gearing towards people like 'us'

And by 'us', she meant, transgendered.

The problem was...that both Chris and I still maintained that we were guys, in a bad very temporary situation. So, we very politely...declined.

*

"Are you in-sane?!"

Later that night, Julie was less than impressed with our decisions.



“They offered you two to be part of a study-group and you turned them down??,” she began, “Oh-my-God Glen...I can’t believe how useless you are. Useless as a man, as a woman...” she shook her head angrily, “As anything!”

“What does that even mean?” I scowled.

“I means that you don’t fully appreciate the position that you’re in Glen...or should I say Gwen” she replied.

“Stop calling me that,” I retorted, “All I appreciate is that a mistake was made, and I need to find a way to correct it...it doesn’t make me *like* this any-more Jules...I don’t *like* this at all!”

“Well we’re going to have to change that then,” she said sternly, “If you won’t come to terms with it on your own, than I am going to have to ‘help’ you come to terms with it.”

“Come to terms with what??”

Julie shook her head, “You need to come to terms with the fact that you’re no longer Glen the manly executive...”

“I think I’ve come to terms with that Jules!” I shouted, “You won’t let me forget it”

“You may have come to terms with *that* part Gwen,” she smiled, “But have you come to terms with being my little sissy transvestite maid, and a pretty transgendered secretary?”

I could feel the blood draining from my face. I glanced at her blankly, “Seriously?”

Julie looked angered by my reply, “You’re just lucky I don’t kick you right out of this house Glen. You seem to think that it’s okay to be a layabout mooch, living on the back of all my hard work. You and Chris both!”

She paused to regain her composure, “Well no more buster. You’re living in *my* house and you’re living by *my* rules. And my rules are...that you are going to be my little maid until I say otherwise...and don’t you go crying next door either...because I happen to know that Denise is laying down the law with Christine just the same as you’re getting!”

I could feel tears welling up in my eyes. I had never felt so completely powerless in my life. I wanted to run out the door and never come back...but where would I go?

What would I do?

I realized that – at least for the time being – I was stuck....trapped.

Trapped by my own wife into living as her girly domestic servant at home...and as girly administrative assistant at work.

Trapped, trapped, trapped.

*

Several weeks later, Julie and I were invited over to our neighbors for dinner. Julie was dressed to the nines in a sexy leopard print skirt with a tight blouse and sharp stiletto heels. Denise, was dressed in a similar fashion with a zebra print skirt and stiletto ankle boots. I was *ordered* to put on a pair of tight new girly jeans that Julie had recently purchased for me, with my ramped wedge heeled sandals.

Upon arrival I saw that Chris was wearing a very similar set of effeminate clothing. He caught my curious gaze and gave a mocking sexy pose, balancing the drink that he had made for his wife on his tray. I rolled my eyes at first but then noticed something ‘different’ on his chest.

There were two very noticeable, swollen orbs in the place where his normally flat pectorals should have been.

My jaw dropped open.

“He had them done yesterday,” Denise said, seeing my reaction, “I figured...now that Chrissy is working as a full-time sexy-tary that she needed a little something extra up top.”

I looked at her, then back at him with a baffled expression. *Huh? Done? Them? What?* I said to myself.

“Well Crissy,” Julie smiled, “Gwen and I think they look wonderful. How big did you go?”

“They’re only ‘B’ cups right now, that’s all the Doctor recommended as a start...it’s one cup up from his old size,” Denise smiled approvingly at her newly breasted husband through her shiny painted lips, “And they’re expandable...so in a month or two I can ‘up-size them’” she patted Chris on the bum, causing my formerly masculine neighbor to place his delicate hand in front of his mouth and giggle daintily.

“How big do you want to go?” Julie asked Chris, looking genuinely interested.

“We haven’t decided yet,” Denise interjected before he could respond, “But I think she should go as big as she can. We all know men like big boobs.”

The two wives burst into giggles...Chris and I just smiled politely, my eyes wide as I tried to process what was being said.

“When we put the padding back in her bra they’ll look like a small D...so just imagine how big she could be...” Denise leered at her husband as if turned on by his new ‘endowments’.

“Have you thought about how big *you* would like to be?” Julie chirped as she turned towards me.

“Uh...” I shook my head as if trying to shake away the fog, “Oh...um...well honey I...I don’t think need to do *that*...” I pointed at Chris’ new rack.

“Well you might have to reconsider that *honey*,” she said in a mocking tone, “Because you’re seeing the Doctor *tomorrow* for *your* assessment.”

“The Doctor?”

“Julie liked Chrissy’s so much that she decided you needed them too,” Denise jumped in, “Just think of all the heads you girls are going to turn at work. Hopefully they’ll accept your apologies and let you be on that advisory team that they asked you to be in before...” She smiled, “and *this* time, you’re both going to say *yes!*”

“But” I began to complain.

“No buts,” Julie interjected, “You’re *doing* it”

“But Julie...” I pleaded, “I’m going to look like girl if I have...” I paused and pointed at Chris’ chest “*those*”

Julie just glared at me, “It’s not up to you anymore. You boys have done such a terrible job of being men lately, that Denise and I have decided that you won’t have to do it anymore.”

The look of shock across my face spoke volumes, but no-one was listening. I was clearly out numbered.

“From now on you’re going to be living as girls...” Denise declared.

“Until we say otherwise” Julie finished her sentence.

Back to Stories

Part Three

Illustrations by Avaro

I hopped into Julie’s sedan the next morning and headed off to the salon we had visited before. They were all smiles when we arrived, goofy...over the top smiles...as if they all knew exactly why I was here...and more depressingly...where I was going to next.

“I thought that we were going to the Doctor’s today” I asked Julie finally.

“We are dear,” she smiled, “But I thought it might be fun to have a little makeover first before we go”

I shuddered. I suddenly knew why I was here. I was here to be made over...into a girl.

A girl like Chris.

They began by swabbing my ears with alcohol, then somehow freezing them with an local anesthetic, and then the real purpose of their work on my lobes – two piercings in each ear, with small silver studs were placed in each before they moved on to my hair and face. A ‘team’ of ‘stylists’ worked tirelessly on my transformation. It seemed to take them all morning to do their work, as they primped and cut and dusted and painted my hair and face, then dressed me in clothes that were unlike anything I had ever been in.

Finally, they led me carefully to a full length mirror, as I hobbled in the shoes that they had strapped to my feet. As their hands were lifted from my eyes, I could see my feminized reflection for the first time.

My jaw fell open in amazement.



They had dressed me in shiny opaque black leggings, which...when paired with the pink top that they had chosen for me, gave the illusion that my legs went on for miles. Very sexy open-toed pink platform pumps had been fitted on my feet – pumps with very tall three-inch heels.

My eyes had been lined with black liner, and my eyebrows had been waxed into two thin, upward pointing arches that made me look permanently surprised. My cheeks and lips were a soft muted pink...as were my finger nails...which had been extended well beyond my fingers.

I knew I wasn't *completely* girly, yet – but I could see that it wouldn't take very much to get there.

“Glen,” the head stylist smiled, “We’d like you to meet the new Gwen”. I smiled slightly, then blushed at the sound of my effeminate name.

I could feel myself slightly aroused by the sight of my reflection, hoped that it wouldn't show. Thankfully they had somehow contained my little man, yet I was certain that Julie could read my signals like a book.

"I think she likes it girls," she grinned, "I can't wait to see what the Doctor says."

Julie smiled the whole way as we drove to the Doctor's office. I sat quietly in the passenger seat. She had shown me the proper way for a 'lady' to get in and out of the car...planting my rear on the seat first, putting my knees together second and pivoting my legs into the automobile third. I asked her why it was so important to be so careful.

"Because when you're wearing a skirt," she smiled, "You'll need to know how."

"But..." I gasped, "You're not suggesting that I'll have to wear a...a..." I stammered a moment, "a...skirt...are you?"

I didn't realize it at the time, but my voice had cracked into a very girlish sounding whine.

"Oh-my-goodness Glen," she beamed, "You even *sound* like a girl!"

I frowned.

She kept stealing glances of me as she maneuvered through town, "I can't wait until Denise sees you. She's gonna freak-out!" She chuckled while turning the car into the parking lot of a very high-end medical complex.

"Well?," she said very matter-of-factly as she stopped the car in front of the front door, "Don't just sit their sissy...."

I scowled at her then exited the car.

A pretty receptionist greeted me at the front entrance, introducing herself as Sherry. When she stepped out from behind her desk to take me to my interview, I got full view of her lithe body wrapped in a tight mini-dress, black stockings and high heeled shoes. Her hips and rear were impossible not to stare at, and her flowing auburn hair cascaded down her back in a shimmering mass of amber. Sherry...in short...was a knock out.

On our way to our final destination, we must have passed at least two or three more beauties in similar dress to Sherry's – all of whom smiled and waved to me as we walked on.

It was more than apparent that the doctor's staff were also some of his best clients.

At the end of the hall, I was shown into an office, where an older man in a silvery-grey suit, with a matching beard and hair, welcomed me and offered me a chair. As I sat, I could feel him giving me 'the once over' with his eyes, which I suppose was typical for a first interview.

He introduced himself as Doctor Conrad, and asked me why I wanted to have breast augmentation.

I opened my mouth to reply, but nothing came out. The truth was, that I *didn't* want to have breast augmentation; it was all my wife's idea. But I was certain that he already knew that.

“Well?” the Doctor asked again, leaning forward against his desk.

“Well Doctor,” I began, “I’m not sure what my wife may have told you but it really isn’t my idea...”

“Oh?” he interjected, “Glen...I was of the impression that you *wanted* this...actually that you *needed* this” he paused for a moment, the serious look on his face melting into a cocky smile, “Unless, of course, you really *want* your wife to release certain photos of you to your friends and relatives.”

“How did...you...” I stammered, realizing my wife had already prearranged everything to happen exactly as she wanted.

Doctor Conrad smiled at my comment, “Denise and I are very good friends, and I understand that her and your wife are good friends too.”

I nodded.

“I would have thought that Christine would have told you that” he chuckled.

“Um....*who?*” I replied.

“Christine...your neighbor.”

I paused for a moment to think about who I knew in the neighborhood who’s name was Christine that he would have been referring to, but after scratching my head for a moment, it popped in....*Chris*.

He handed me an appointment card, “Well that’s too bad Gwen, if you thought you had a choice in the matter, that is. Your appointment is for a week Tuesday, be sure to be get a good night sleep before you come dear.” He winked as I took the card from him hesitantly.

Doctor Conrad then stood up and came around to the front of the desk where he leaned forward and ‘air-kissed’ each of my cheeks, “We’ll see you next week Gwen,” he said as he patted my butt with a firm ‘smack’, then pointed to the door politely.

I turned and headed for the exit, my heeled shoes clicking as I exited the building. Julie was grinning from ear to ear as she leaned against the car waiting, “Well?”

I just scowled and looked away. She already knew what the outcome was. She had prearranged it.

I had no choice in the matter.

*

The next day after work, I dialed up Chris to see what he was up to. At first I didn’t recognize his voice when he answered, as it sounded much higher and sweeter than usual. He told me that Denise was working late in the city, and offered that I could join him for dinner. Since Julie was *also* working late, I agreed and headed over.

I was still wearing my work-clothes with a minimal amount of makeup when I entered Chris's house, but couldn't find him anywhere. I looked all over the place until I heard a sexy voice call from behind me, "Hi Gwen?"

I turned and saw the source of the voice. A lovely woman wearing a snug fitting deep black colored – strapless – cocktail dress, that showed just a hint of her smooth luscious legs that ended in dainty, strappy white leather heels, four-and-a-half inches tall followed on her feet.

Her short blonde hair had been straightened, and was styled in an attractive feminine do. Her makeup was minimal, yet ever-present, with smooth flawless skin, gently highlighted with pale pink lips and soft blush, with eyelined eyes that seemed wider and brighter than I can recall them being.

The dress was snug enough to show swollen globes of flesh on her chest, and her face was carefully made up to look very sexy, but not over-done. She was vaguely familiar, until my mind began to fill in the blanks.



"Chris?"

My mouth fell open...My macho buddy had been replaced with a sexy, curvy young woman.

We had been moved to different areas of the office at work a few weeks ago, and hadn't seen each other in several days. I had to do a double take, and look him over again, just to be sure it was him. He had developed a very feminine set of hips, accented by either a very thin waist – or very

plump buttocks – or both! His hair was slightly longer than I remembered it being and styled in a straight girly style. I realized that I was staring at him as he approached me.

“You might as well start calling me Christine now Glen...” he chuckled, dodging the question, then turned his voice to a girlish giggle, “or Crissy.” I noticed how glossy his lips were and how well defined and his bushy brows had been thinned into graceful arches, his lashes were longer and darker too.

We sat at the table and ate, while Chris told me stories about some of the outfits that Denise was making him wear and the lingerie he had to wear underneath it.

“Lingerie?” I interjected after listening for a time, “But you’re a guy...doesn’t it creep you out??”

He giggled in his high girly Christine giggle, “Well...” he began, pausing as if trying to regain his train of thought, looking around as if he thought he was being watched, then he leaned in and lowered his voice to a whisper, “Denise blackmailed me to go this far...you think I wanted to get breast implants? You think I wanted to wear lingerie? You think I like being a sissy-girl?”

I looked shocked by his sudden change of tone, “I thought that you were on-board with this? I thought you liked it.”

He shook his head and sighed, “I don’t know...I’m all mixed up. Denise keeps leading me along. On one hand telling me to do it or she’ll blackmail me, on the other hand telling me how happy she is that I’m becoming a girl. It’s messing me up. Some days I almost think I like it, but then I think to myself...I’m a guy! This can’t be happening to me!”

I watched his eyes start to well up with tears and leaned forward to offer him a hug. I felt terrible for him...and for me, since I was feeling similar things. There *was* something undeniably sexy about skirts and heels, and I was starting to become quite good and my hair and makeup application, but at the same time...for me to be thinking of wearing it...and liking it...it was so *wrong*!

I felt tears forming in my own eyes as I looked into Chris’, and he into mine. *What the hell is the matter with us??* My mind was racing, my heart pumping...as I leaned slowly forward to let Chris’ lips gently come into contact with my own. I saw his mascaraed lashes flutter, and heard his mouth release an excited ‘sigh’, and realized I was on the verge of the same.

Chris...or rather Christine...returned the kiss with ‘her’ soft lips and for a moment I truly forgot that she was in fact my once-manly neighbor. Time seemed to stand still, as our lips connected.

The moment was broken by the sound of the phone. It was Denise. Chris nodded as he spoke to her.

“Yes Ma’am. Yes Ma’am. Of course Ma’am. Yes Ma’am. Thank you Ma’am.”

He hung up the phone and turned back

“Where were we?” he smiled as he leaned back in for another kiss.

I was helpless to resist. It had been so long since I had had any attention from Julie, that it didn’t seem to matter that it was my guy-turned-girl-friend next door that I was kissing. I was into it.

“Go ahead and touch them Gwen,” Christine said in a sexy purring voice...motioning at her breasts.

I just shook my head, “Oh no...I”

“No-no...really,” She interrupted, “Feel them...they’re perfect.”

I looked at him...her...looking unsure. She thrust them out, as if insisting that I touch them, and nodded her head, “Gwyneth,” she said in an authoritative tone, “Miss Denise gave me an instruction. She wants me to be touched by you. Please help me”

She leaned forward and kissed me again.

“Oh...I’m not so sure...” I whined, but Chrissy was insistent.

“Pleeeeeease” she whispered in my ear before nibbling on it seductively.

I blushed obediently reached my hand forward to touch the waiting breast. It felt as good as it looked.

I looked at Chris hesitantly, but was surprised by her reaction.

She was turned on by it, “Mmmmm,” she cooed, “Unzip me.”

I was nervous that this was going to go in a direction that I couldn’t return from.

Chris averted her eyes as I reached behind her and undid her dress. The material spilled away from her shoulders exposing the tops of her breasts to me.

“Mmmmm,” she smiled, “touch my nipples Gwen”

With her ‘in-control’ tone of voice in my head I slowly looked into my feminized neighbor’s painted eyes and began to roll the end of his...her left nipple between my fingertips. She reacted just as any woman would, and gasped slightly, parting her lips and closing his eyes. A low moan escaped her mouth as I continued.

“Now kiss them”

The order was clear and the wording was specific. Kiss them. I realized that Chris and I might well be on the verge of some kind of point of no return, and as much as I wanted no part in pushing us further, when the instruction was repeated again ...”Kiss them”...I had no option but to obey.

I leaned in and kissed one nipple and breast, then the other. It felt just like any other womanly breast. Maybe, in fact, better.

Chris moaned as I kissed her bosom all over, then gave a little suckle on her nipple again. I could see that she was pleased.

And I was turned on. It was the most sexual contact I had had in months...and clearly it was the same for Chris.

But eventually our sensibilities returned, and I helped my effeminate neighbor zip himself back up.

We made a pact that it had been a mistake to kiss...and that we would never, ever tell another soul....especially our wives.

_*-

The next day, after much coercion from our wives, and by coercion, I of course mean that we were essentially blackmailed...both Chris and I complacently asked our supervisors to be reconsidered to partake in the 'Trans-Gender Fashion Advisory Group' that we had at first rejected the idea of participating in. The group met later that same day, and after happily welcoming us in, we met in the conference room to offer our opinions on different outfits and shoes.

Apparently the company believed transgendered persons to be a major market, with more than a million estimated cross-dressers and T-girls in America, and when you factored in the ones who were still 'in the closet' plus men like Chris and I that were being forced or blackmailed into being girly by our wives...the numbers were predicted to be double.

I was completely floored by the idea of a million men who, like me and Chris, were being made to dress and act as women.

The next day, we continued to participate in the group's dialogue...this time regarding the early photo shoots that the marketing department had done. The images were all of beautiful women...beautiful...real...genetic women, wearing the kind of flashy, kinky outfits that our firm predicted the TG market would like.

Midway through the meeting, our marketing director removed his glasses, and rubbed his eyes.

"They're nice...beautiful in fact," he began as he sifted through the photos a second time, "But I just don't know if it will be *real* enough. The research we've done so far suggests that this target market is savvy, they see through things..." he pointed at the images, "And if they think that something is bogus, they'll avoid it like the plague."

One of the other marketing execs in the room looked over at Chris and I, "What do you guys..." he paused, looking embarrassed to call us guys, as we were both wearing girly pant suits...then continued, "er...you *two* think?"

Chris glanced at me, then we both turned and stared blankly back at the group, "Us?"

"Yeah," the Director said, "You're our target market...would you believe that these girls in here..." he pointed at the images, "are T-girls?"

I sighed. What loaded question if I ever heard one.

"Um," I began...but Chris was less eloquent.

"No..." he blurted out, "They're *way* to fake looking to be real."

I wanted to smack him in the head for being too forthright in his opinion. I had an inkling that I knew where the director was going with this...and a moment later he would prove my suspicions to be true.

“Ah-ha!” he said, “I knew it. There’s no way our market will buy into this...we need real Transgendereds!”

Transgendereds? I thought to myself, *Is that even a word?*

The Director turned back to Chris and I, “Girls...” he began, “I’m assuming you like to be called girls...” Chris and I shrugged at each other then turned back to the head of Marketing, “I’d like to offer you the opportunity to represent your people...and...if you would be so inclined...be our spokesmodels.”

I gasped.

I knew that Julie would kill me if I declined the offer...and was certain a similar fate would await Chris if he turned the offer down too.

In short...we were screwed.

We both sighed and turned back to the director with a forced smile, “Sure!” we lied, “We’d love to!”

*

Later that day we broke the news to our wives that we would be the new models in the campaign to market the firm’s new line of TG friendly clothes. Both Julie and Denise were predictably ecstatic. I concluded that it was more the idea of their ‘girls’ dressing up and being photographed than anything else that got them excited. It was a forgone conclusion that neither of us had a choice in such matters any more.

My first gig as a TG Supermodel began promptly the next morning. I had arrived in the office in my typical black pants and pinkish top, but was hurried into an unused office which was standing in as a dressing room to be ‘Trans-Formed’.

That was the joke that my Marketing Director had made... “Get it?” he said, “Trans-Formed?”

Once inside my ‘dressing room’ a *very* kind stylist began by asking me to strip down to my panties. She then affixed a very tight waist cincher around my midsection. The tortuous device forced me to move and breath very slowly...which was fine since I had no-where I needed to run to. The adjacent boardroom would serves as a makeshift photo studio.

I was then dressed in a body hugging, low cut pale pink minidress, with smooth white stay-up stockings that ended in towering five-inch platform heels in the same color as my skimpy dress. Matching bracelets, earring and a thin choker finished my accessories.

My nails were re-done...with quarter inch acrylic tips painted in a pink tone that matched the skirt, before the stylish began to work on my face. She smooth out a base of pale foundation, followed by loose powder than began to work on my eyes, curling the long fake lashes that had just been glued to my eyelids and coating them in black mascara. She then lined my eyes and eyebrows in black

and filled in my eyelids with bright pink shadow before applying bold pink blusher to my cheeks. The stylist then carefully filled in my lips with a lush pale pink color.

She moved back to inspect her work, then turned me towards the mirror. “Well Gwen,” she said as I looked at the sexy brown-haired beauty with a killer curvy body that was staring back at me with a terrified expression.

“Oh my gawd!” I gasped, “*This* is our target audience??”



The stylist shrugged, “I don’t know...I’m a *real* girl.

I turned back to the mirror with a stunned expression.

What had I become??

The stylist let me have a few moments before snapping me out of my trance.

“We really should be going,” she said finally, “We’ve got a lot to do today”

I was escorted down the hall to a make-shift studio in the conference room. I spotted Chris from across the room in a deep purple gown with a corset-style top. He didn’t recognize me at first, but when he finally did, he smiled and giggled girlishly, “Oh-my-god Gwen you look amazing!”

“Indeed,” the marketing Director eyed us up like a wolf eyes up it prey, “You *both* look terrific. I think this is going to be a great shoot”

So dressed as two ‘tarty’ T Girls, Chris and I posed for the camera all afternoon long, acting as girly as our wives had trained us to, and changing into many different versions of the same skimpy outfits.

It was, admittedly...a little bit more fun than being a lowly office clerk, and certainly more than a little fun to see the other boys in the office eyeing us up as we went from our ‘change-rooms’ to the board room to be photographed.

But I swore that I would never admit that to my wife.

I couldn’t give her that kind of power over me.

I returned home that night to find that (thankfully) Julie wasn’t yet home from work. I stripped out of my outfit, showered off my makeup and hair care products. I couldn’t chance her seeing me as I was for the photo shoot...it just be too humiliating.

I was so exhausted to that I curled up on the sofa in my pajamas and fell asleep, and didn’t wake up until later that evening when Julie returned from work.

“So?” she grinned as we sat at the kitchen table, eating pizza that she had picked up on the way home, “How’d it go?”

I told Julie all about how boring a night it had been...and for lack of a better word – easy.

“And you were all worried nothing,” she laughed, “All you had to do is walk around and act pretty.”

“And it turns out that I am *really* good at it!” I piped up, then covered my mouth, not wanting to give the impression that I enjoyed it in *any* way.

“I knew you would be Glen,” she smiled as she sipped from her can of soda, “You make a very sexy woman...after all...you really aren’t much of a man, now are you?”

I sighed and looked down at myself. She had me there. Even wearing basic flannel pj’s, I was still looking very feminine.

“I think it’s time we make a little change around here,” she said suddenly, “Let’s go to the bedroom.”

I grinned, figuring that she was wanting to have some good old fashioned boy on girl sex...but when we arrived...it became apparent that she had something different in mind.

"I think its time you had a place of your own..." she began, "You know...your own space..."

I looked at her with a dumbfounded expression.

"I'm not kicking you out...silly..." she reached forward and tapped my shoulder in a reassuring way. I smiled. "Well...out of the house anyway."

She turned and opened the closet, then turned back towards me, "But I think its time you got your own room..."her eyes narrowed, "Gwen"

"What??" I gasped.

"You heard me...your more girl than boy to me Glenny...and every girl needs her own space...so I want all of this..." she motioned at my small wardrobe of feminine clothes that was hanging in the closet...where my menswear had once been... "all of this...out of here, and into the spare room... and now."

"But..." I began to argue.

"But nothing Gwen..." she scolded me, "You aren't man enough to support me yet...so you aren't man enough to be in the *master* bedroom..." she narrowed her eyes again,

"Now get moving!" She smiled as I started moving my stuff to the other room.

"Fine..." I muttered.

"Pardon me?" she asked looking sternly at me.

I stopped dead in my tracks, "What?" I said, looking at her with a confused expression, "I said it was very important."

"I heard you," she scowled, "Yes Miss...is the correct response from the maid of the house."

I was flabbergasted. I could feel my face turning red with anger and resentment; surely she didn't actually expect me to say that.

Suddenly Julie burst into a fit of laughter, "Oh my good Gwen, you're so serious all the time...loosen up!"

I sighed and turned away. I could hear her continue to chuckle at me as I carried another load of stuff from 'our' room into 'her' room.

How could I loosen up when you expect me to sleep in a different bed?



She would continue to stand in the doorway leering at me as I slowly carried my belongings past her. I felt so completely humiliated and for the first time felt resentful of my wife.

Why was she doing this to me?? I wondered.

My face was burning I completed my chores under her watchful eye. Partially because I was dressed in girl's jeans and girly top, wearing makeup and earrings and partially because where ever I went that evening, my wife would follow...stop and stare at me with an amused...even aroused... expression on her face. It was like it excited her to see me vacuuming out the section of the master bedroom closet where my manly clothes *used* to be.

When I had finished, Julie called me over and instructed me to remove her clothes, which I happily did...then she ordered me to touch and kiss her in ways and places I had never dreamed of before. We made love for hours in a heightened stake of arousal...and any doubts I had about being her maid were quickly eased.

The next day I arrived at work in my snug jeans, cork soled wedge sandals and tank-top. It was supposed to be casual Friday. That is, until the marketing director showed up. He smiled and offered his arm to me as he escorted me to the office that had been turned into a dressing room.

“What’s today?” I asked.

“Oh...” he smiled, “You’ll just have to wait and see.”

I was first fitted with a new, smaller fitting corset that reduced my waist down to twenty-four inches, then a special thong panty that doubled as a gaff.

When my session was done, a familiar looking girl in a classic outfit looked back at me from the mirror. Her name was Gwen, and she was pretty hot looking...except for her lack of cleavage.

The top of the corset had been stuffed with my usual breast forms, but I knew that I could do so much more. I had seen how Chris looked with a set of ‘her’ own boobs, and was actually looking forward to my appointment next week.

I quietly hoped that by getting a pair of breasts, maybe Julie would allow me to move out of the guest room and back into our bedroom.

To Be Continued...

Part Four

Illustrations by Avaro

Tuesday couldn’t come fast enough, and soon I was back at Doctor Conrad’s for my appointment.

I felt very anxious as I entered the clinic. I couldn’t believe that I was actually excited about getting breasts. But they were only temporary, until I could prove to Julie that I was able to provide for her like I used to.

“Welcome back Gwen,” Sherry, the nurse at the reception desk smiled warmly, “We’ve been expecting you. The Doctor is ready...if you’d just follow me, we’ll get started.”

I smiled back and waited for her to lead me into a small change room where I disrobed and donned the customary hospital gown. A stretcher was wheeled in, and two attractive orderlies helped me onto it. Soon I was being wheeled into the surgery suite, where I was given an IV, followed by an injection. The nurse told me to count backwards from ten.

“Ten, nine, eight,” I began, pausing for a moment to yawn.

That moment turned out to be several hours, as I awoke later...with the words *seven, six, five* in my head...and an unfamiliar weight on my chest.

I looked down and gasped at the bandaged mounds that were now a part of me.

I had breasts.

*

I was allowed one week off ‘modeling’ in order to recover, which I spent working at my regular job as ‘support personnel’ as the initial swelling in my chest gradually decreased to the modest B-cup I had been promised.

Just like Christine had. Just like I swore I’d never get.

In order to keep Christine and I ‘engaged’ while I recovered, the Marketing department brought in piles of outfits for us to wear at the office, and most of them were pretty ‘risque’ for an office setting. But the Marketing Manager insisted that we wear them.

Chris didn’t seem to notice, I but swore I could feel the managers’ eyes on us every time we walked past him.

Him and nearly every other guy in the office.

The outfits were almost consistently short miniskirts with smooth hosiery and very high platform heels, which...don’t get me wrong, we looked totally *hot* in...it was just weird to have the eyes of every guy in the office on you...especially the boss.

“Oh don’t be such a sissy!” Julie dismissed me when I brought my concerns to her later that week. Even though things felt very different at work, at home I was still Julie’s domestic, and nothing more.

We hadn’t been intimate in weeks. In fact, most nights she and Denise were out doing one thing or another, leaving the ‘boys’ to entertain ourselves.

To break the monotony, I suggested that Julie had invite Denise and Chris over for dinner on Friday night, which I of course would have to prepare.

She agreed, but warned me that the house better be in pristine condition...or else.

The ‘or else’ came in the form of the back end of her largest hairbrush across my pantied backside...a punishment she had started to administer just before I acquired my busom. It had been for a minor thing – not cleaning up the sink when I tidied the bathroom, but she made sure I wouldn’t forget that ever again.

And I didn’t.

Julie returned from work later that day. She had spent the night in the City on business and looked exhausted when she entered the house.

“Good evening Miss Julie,” I chirped...she had instructed me to wait by the door in my maid’s outfit at the predetermined time, to greet her and take her coat. Failure to do so would lead to a good ‘thwacking’ of my rear.

I took my wife’s coat and hung it in the closet as she gave the house a quick inspection, “Looks good Gwen,” she smiled, “You’ve been a busy girl.”

I smiled, “Thank you Miss Julie.” The words burned as I turned red with humiliation at my situation. My wife was slowly turning me into her domestic servant and the more it happened, the more I hated it.

The doorbell chimed, breaking my train of thought.

Julie’s eyes lit up, “Who could that be??” she gushed fakely.

I looked at her with a confused expression.

“Run along and get the door dear!” she commanded, “Don’t just stand there looking like a bimbo!”

I grimaced at her. I hated the way she treated me lately. I felt like I was the hired help...not her equal partner.

I opened the door and gasped at who was standing before me on the other side. I had half-expected to see Denise or Chris...even though it was hours too early....but instead saw the stylist that helped me to prepare for my photo shoots at work.

“Hi Gwen!” she chirped, “Surprise!”

I opened the door for her...and her crates and bags of ...stuff...and followed her into the living room. Julie was grinning from ear to ear.

“I thought I’d get you all gussied up for your night out...and who better to do that than Nancy here...” she motioned at the stylist...who up until that point...I had never bothered to ask for a name from.

Nancy smiled and began to unpack her things...makeup...haircare...and clothing...all over the living room.

“Shall we get started?” she asked.

*

Over an hour later I emerged from the Nancy’s make-shift salon wearing a very short pleated pink minidress, with a layers of white chiffon petticoats underneath. It looked like fetishistic ballet outfit if not for the crisp white pair of stockings and pink high-heeled platform heels pumps. Nancy had caked on my makeup, with a near-white base, bold cheeks, glossy lump pink lips and dark painted eyes with a mass of curly black lashes (at Julie’s request).

I slipped in my set of one-inch silver hoop earrings and gazed at my sexy feminine reflection in the mirror. *Would Julie find me sexy like this?* I wondered. *Is this what she wants her man to look like?*

I shrugged it off and made my way to the living room, just in time for the doorbell to ring again.

Julie had already let our neighbors in when I arrived. Denise was wearing a very casual outfit – jeans and knit top, as was Julie. Chris...on the other hand...was *far* from causal.

“Heyyyyy!” he giggled as he saw me for the first time.

Chris's outfit as wasn't as girly as mine was, but his strapless body-hugging mini-dress was super short and super sexy...especially with his towering ankle-strapped black platforms.

"I got a new bra," Chris proclaimed proudly, showing them off to me and to Julie.

"I figured, she didn't have to wear that awful corset tonight, her body is a perfect hourglass now, even without it. So we did some bra shopping together, right dear?" Denise giggled.

"Oh absolutely!" Chris agreed, "I can't wait until your rack is big like mine Gwenny." he smiled and patted my ass, "Then we'll do some bra shopping together too!"

I gasped. *What the hell had gotten into him??*

"So you're probably wondering why you're both dressed up and we're not, huh?" Julie said suddenly.

"Well we thought we'd put you two on a date...but not with a *us* ..." Denise chimed in, smiling at Julie, "but with each *other*." I looked at my wife with a shocked expression

"So we've ordered a limo for you two to have a fun girls night out!" She smiled, pointing out the window to the massive stretched limousine that was parked on the street.

Chris and I both turned towards our wives with the same surprised look. They *both* expected that we were going to go out...in public...like this...with each *other*?



“Well?” Julie asked...after a few uncomfortable seconds had passed.

“Well...” I repeated her words, still too shocked to speak.

“Shouldn’t you two be going?” Denise interjected.

I tried to not look so completely dumfounded by what our wives had done to use and forced an enthusiastic smile before looking at Chris, who also forced an enthusiastic smile back at me.

“You two girls have fun!” Denise giggled as we turned towards the door, “Don’t do anything that I wouldn’t do...”

Julie giggled after her, “And be sure to use protection!”

The two burst into laughter as we left the house, our faces burning with humiliation as we walked towards the limousine on the road.

“This thing is *huge*” Chris chuckled as we approached the waiting stretch. The driver had opened the rear door for us and extended a hand to help us inside, “All ready ladies?”

I turned and looked behind me. My instincts were still programmed to think of myself as a guy.

“I think he’s talking to us,” Chris whispered.

The chauffeur chuckled as we entered.

“Sorry,” I sighed, “I’m still not used to all this...its really...weird, you know.”

He nodded, as if he knew *exactly* what I meant.

The Limousine began to move forward, jarring us for a moment. Chris sighed and looked around the otherwise empty cabin of the long car, “You know...I’m starting to think of myself as Chrissy...or Christine...whatever you want to call me more and more. I’m actually starting to think of myself... at least sometimes...as a *her*”

I was a little shocked, and my face showed it. I had always thought that Chris and I were on the same page when it came to all this. I had always thought that we were allowing our wives to play this game, but we were remaining men at our cores. To hear him say that I was wrong...that he was starting to think of himself as a ‘she’ was disturbing to me, beyond belief.

“Don’t look so shocked Gwen” he scoffed, “Don’t tell me you haven’t thought of yourself as a girl...”

I regained my composure, “No...I haven’t...and my name is *Glen* Chris...*G-l-e-n*...”

He rolled his painted eyes.

“This is only temporary,” I continued pointing at myself, “Once I get a job back in the real world, Julie isn’t going to make me...”

“Make you do what Gwen?” Chris interrupted, “Make you act like a girl? Think again...our wives have got it in for us dear. There’s no turning back. You obviously don’t know my wife very well...”

“I don’t need to know *your* wife Chris...” I retorted, “I only need to know mine...and I know that...”

He interrupted me again, “You *used* to know her Gwen, but Denise is working on her too...”

He suddenly gasped and covered his painted mouth with his pretty polished finger nails, as if he suddenly realized that he had said too much.

“What do you mean?” I asked.

“This night...this ‘Girls Night’,” he made the hand sign for quotations, “It isn’t just about us Gwen...she’s making a move on Julie tonight while we’re out partying...”

“Wait a sec...a move??” I blurted, “What the heck are you talking about? Like a sexual move? Like a lesbian move? Are you crazy??”

Chris shrugged, “Haven’t you noticed that they’ve been spending a lot of time together lately?”

I shrugged, “I dunno...I guess” I thought back to nights that Julie had left me alone to clean the house while she went out for coffee with our neighbor. I knew that Julie had told me stories of curious sexual escapades in college...before she met me...but surely what Chris was saying couldn’t be true.

Julie wouldn’t do *that*...would she?

“Aren’t you two still married...aren’t you still having sex with each other?” I tried to change the subject.

I could see Chris blush under his makeup, “I don’t know if I’d call it sex, per-say. We fool around a lot and do things with each other. She’s really become aggressive in our sex life...she likes to be in control more now.” He looked away, gazing out the limo windows.

I looked down. I knew that Julie and I hadn’t had sex in weeks...maybe longer. I wondered if Chris was having trouble...getting it up. I knew that I could *barely* get it up anymore...and he had been on hormones for weeks longer than me...so naturally it would only make sense.

“So you think that *your* wife is going to make a move on *my* wife tonight...while you and I go out to a club, dressed like sluts...to flirt with men...” I summarized the conversation as we rounded the corner to the street where the club was located.

He sighed and nodded...forcing a smile.

“Fuck...” I sighed in an exasperated tone, “I need a drink!”

Chris smiled and giggled as we pulled up to the curb, “Well...I’m sure there are plenty of strange men who’d love to buy us rounds of drinks sweetie.”

I giggled back. A few minutes ago, the idea would have seemed to be crazy to me...but now...it was entirely possible.

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The club, called Alter-native, was goth bar Sunday to Wednesday, a gay bar Thursday, a lesbian bar Friday...and tonight – Saturday, was for T-girls and their admirers.

Lucky us.

Chris paused, his hand on the Limo’s door latch, looking over at me with a tentative expression. He saw a similar look on my face, and my hand also on the door handle. We had been dressed as girls in front of our wives, and in front of a few individuals at work, but we had *never* been in a situation like this...in public...surrounded by other people...men in specific.

But then it occurred to me, that if we were good looking enough as girls to be photographed at work to appear in ads for clothing, then why couldn’t we be seen in public? And besides, it’s not like I had a faithful wife waiting for me at home...she was just waiting for an opportune time to up and *leave* me...for Denise...so whatever happened tonight....*who cared??*

My unsure expression turned to one of feminine confidence as I smiled at my friend, “You ready to go have some fun Christine?”

He smiled, “You bet Gwyneth.”

With that the Chauffeur opened the door and the two of us daintily exited the vehicle and headed to the front door of the club, our tall thin heels clicking loudly on the sidewalk.

The lineup to get in was a mixture of pretty – and *not-so* pretty - t-girls and handsome – and *not-so* handsome – men, and was at least sixty people long and moving slowly. I looked at Chris with a defeated expression. “It’ll take for *every* to get in” I whined as I leaned up against the wall with a defeated look.



“Oh *there* you are!” a loud voice bellowed from the line in front of us, “We’ve been waiting for you two.”

I looked to my right to see two smiling men, next in line to be admitted into the club, looking at us.

I looked at Chris and he at me, then looked back to the stranger with a very nervous expression. I wasn’t sure that we should answer, but Chris had already determined that it was to our advantage to look interested, “Oh hey!,” he smiled, “I didn’t see you there. How *are* you guys. It’s been forever!”

He went into full-on girly mode, his voice and body language exuding femininity as we approached the two men. He acted like he knew exactly who they were and played along with whatever game it was they were playing.

I on the other hand...looked a little like a deer in headlights.

"They with you?" the bouncer asked one of the men. "Oh yeah," the other man, who had been quiet thus far, said with an uncomfortably leering look on his face, "They're with us alright."

A tiny part of me thought that I should have just stood in line like the rest of the pretty T-Girls were, but I could tell that Chris was ready to move, and would likely leave me behind.

"Ladies," the bouncer held the door open for us, and our new 'dates' each took one an arm as we entered the club.

Inside, it was sheer tranny madness... stockings heels and lipstick everywhere, combined with thumping techno music and copious amounts of alcohol. Having never been there before, we let our new-found friends take the lead. And lead us they did, right a booth in the back corner.

"So," one of the men said as he ordered us a round of martinis, "You girls new in town?"

"Why do you ask," Chris replied.

"Well," the other man answered, "We come here all the time and we've *never* seen anyone as beautiful as you two. You're fucking gorgeous."

The first man picked up from his friend, "Excuse Bruce, he's got the mouth of trucker...but the you-know-what of a horse."

He and Bruce laughed out loud while Chris and I nervously offered feminine giggles, all the while shifting glances at each other.

"Well Bruce," I smiled, turning to Chris with a knowing smile, "You might call us 'new girls'"

"I knew it!" Bruce exclaimed, "Man you're hot. When I saw you and your girlfriend coming up the sidewalk, Ed was like, they've got to be 'real'...you know...real girls."

"But then when you stopped in front of the line, I was like, no-fucking-way." Ed piped up.

I laughed nervously again and thanked the cute tranny waitress for our drinks, then poured half of it into my mouth.

"Mmmmm," I grinned, "So good"

"What do you girls do?" Ed asked, "When you're not being gorgeous."

I scrunched up my face and looked at my feminized neighbor with a smile. The alcohol was now coursing through my veins and I was looking to have some fun, "Oh, we're always gorgeous Ed," I smiled with cocky sexy tone to my voice. "We're models" Chris added.

The two men smiled, "Models huh?"

We smiled back and nodded girlishly.

"I like the idea of you gals posing for us" Bruce smiled wickedly.

Before I could think of a clever response to get out of this conversation, Chris had opened his mouth, "Mmmm, me too. He leaned forward and kissed Bruce on the cheek, staring into his eyes, "But it's gonna cost you."

Bruce was too aroused to be taken aback by Chris' statement, "Oh yeah?" he said raising an eyebrow as he looked at Ed, "How much?"

Neither one of us was expecting *that* response. But rather than look shocked, I kept my composure, "Buy me another drink I'll think about." I smiled at him, just like I smiled at the camera...in a sweet, seductively sexy smile.

He motioned to our waitress as she sauntered past for another martini, then turned back to Chris with a terrified expression,

The waitress returned with two more martinis, I took a sip out of Chris' before handing it to him, then consumed half of mine in a single gulp.

"Let's go dance," I said to Chris...tugging him onto the dance floor. We started grinding and shaking our modified bodies, while our 'patrons' watched.

"Can you believe those guys?" I said as we danced.

"Yeah...I can...they're typical guys ..." he smiled, "just like *we* used to be..."

He took a dainty sip from his martini glass and looked around with a seductive smile, "Lets see how many drinks we can get out of them"

"Seriously?" I asked as I threw the other half glass down my while Chris looked on.

"A few months ago, I would have never considered flirting with another guy, but now..." he grinned, "I can't think of anything I'd rather do"

I looked back at him with a hesitant expression, "Well okay...but I don't want to do anything too...too...far...you know?"

Chris' eyes lit up with excitement, "Yeah?" he asked, as if wanting me to reaffirm my position on flirting with men.

I sighed and shuffled in my high heels. My wife was practically gone...my manhood...near gone...my career...gone...my self-respect...nearly gone. Why *not* flirt with a couple of guys for free drinks?

"Sure" I forced a half smile.

I realized I was still feeling more anger towards Julie than I realized. I couldn't believe that my wife...my life partner...my soul mate...had conspired to turn me into a girl and then allowed

herself to be sucked into the trap of being wooed by another another woman. *I'll show her*, I thought to myself, *she wants me to be a girl...I'll be a girl!*

I turned and headed back to the table where Ed and Bruce were waiting with Chris following close behind me.

I snuggled up close to Ed and Chris sat down next to Bruce, who handed him his fourth martini. I turned to address both of them with a coquettish grin, "So what do you boys have in mind?"

They both smiled at me, and the night began to unfold.

They bought us drinks...and ran their hands over our bodies...and occasionally would kiss our necks and ears, and whisper dirty things to us. If things got too intense, Chris and I would go back out to the dancefloor and shake our pretty asses for a song or two.

The drinks were certainly loosening up both Chris and Mine inhibitions, as we discovered when our courtiers challenged us to kiss each other. We smiled and cocked our heads to the side, as if to signify that since we'd already done it once...it wasn't such a big deal to do it again.

But as the night passed by, Bruce and Ed grew tired...and drunk...and had to call it a night.

They both left us their numbers and offered to take us out for an even better time next week, to which we smiled and giggled.

Flirting with them had been fun, and even letting them touch and kiss us had been somewhat stimulating, but I was pretty sure that they wanted to go all the way with us...and I wasn't quite ready to consider that...yet.

"Well?" Chris asked after our 'dates' had left, "What now?"

I shrugged. I had just spent the night flirting and drinking with men...men I had just met...men who knew my true identity as a guy and didn't care. It was a lot to take in in a night, "I'm exhausted Chrissy" I finally sighed.

"Really?" he said in a half scoff – half disbelief expression, "I still want to party!"

I looked at my neighbor with a surprised expression. Clearly he and I were *not* on the same page.

"I'm going to get a cab and head home...if you want to stay...that's fine...but..." I tried to word my sentence in a cautionary way so he would be convinced to come with me...but it was clear that he wasn't interested.

"Have a safe ride home Gwen!" Chris tittered as he leaned forward to air-kiss my cheeks. He then turned and sashayed away...just like a sexy girl would.

I sighed, then walked out of the club to call a cab.

To Be Continued...

Part Five

Illustrations by Avaro

That night, I returned to an empty home.

In fact, I wouldn't see my wife until quite late the next morning, when she staggered into the kitchen looking quite tired.

"Wow!" I exclaimed, "Where were you?"

Julie smiled and took a deep breath, "Denise and I were out on the town..." she paused as if savouring the moment, "I haven't had *that* much fun in a *long* time"

She was dressed in a very short black cocktail dress and carried her stiletto heels in one hand as she sprawled out at the kitchen table. I remembered a time when *we* used to party that hard *together*. It seemed a little sad that she had intentionally sent me out to party – dressed as sexy girl...while she did the same.

"Cool," I tried to sound like I was happy for her, "Maybe one night we can go out ... together...you know..." I paused, "Like we *used* to"

She chuckled...but it sounded more like a scoff, "Yeah...may-be" She didn't say another word, but instead left the kitchen and headed to *her* room.

*

The next day back, both Chris and I were called into the director's office. It was only my first week back since my breast surgery, so I was having trouble understanding what the issue could be.

It turns out – the surgery itself *was* the main issue.

"I know you gals are trying to live out your dreams of being real girls...but with your breasts as big as they are now...and your bodies so curvy..." his voice trailed off.

I lowered my head, fearing what he was going to say next.

"You've just gotten too 'real' looking for your own good girls" He said finally, "After-all, it was you yourselves who said that it had to be 'real'...and I'm afraid the marketing team feels that you've just gotten too 'real' to be our spokes-models anymore. In fact, the head office has decided that they want to put this whole project on hold for a while, while they hire a proper ad-firm to look after the marketing aspects of it."

I gasped.

I heard a similar sound escape from Chris' lips as well.

"Further...because the project has been temporarily cancelled...I'm afraid I have no choice but to let a few clerical staff go..." he sighed, "But to avoid any ... litigation ...I've prepared what I think are very handsome severance packages..." he slid two envelopes across his desk to us.

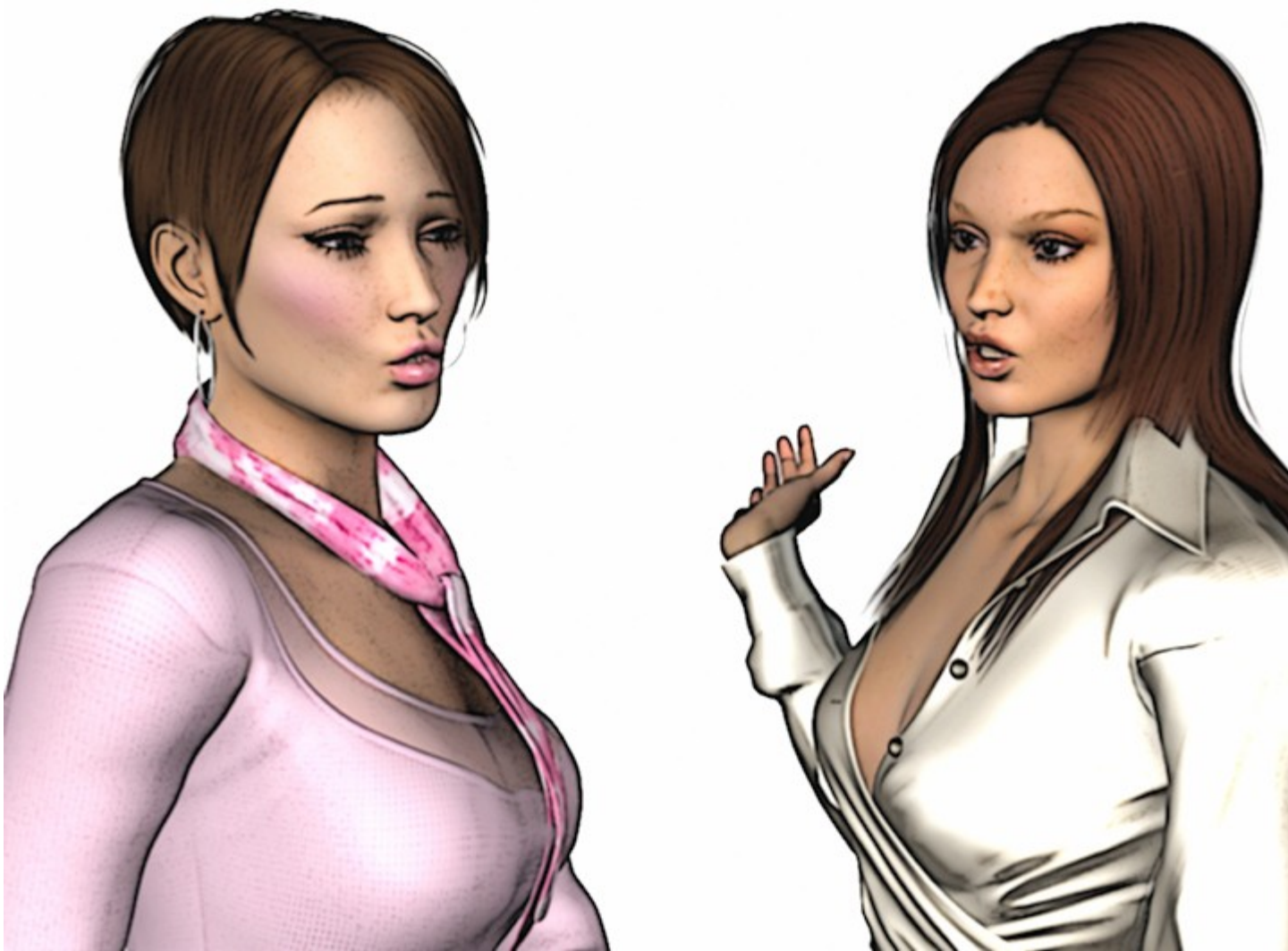
We stared down at them, then at each other, then back at the envelopes...not knowing what to do... but both knowing one thing to be certain....our wives were going to *kill* us.

Or worse.

But when I found Julie angrily packing boxes of clothes in her bedroom, I knew that something even stranger than 'worse' had happened.

"What's all this?" I asked.

"Don't you start!" she growled at me, "If you had been more of man than *none* of this would have happened!"



"I don't understand..." I tried to reply but she was clearly not finished talking.

"You failed *me*," she continued verbal assault, "And you failed men in general. Especially now that you've lost...yet another job!"

“How did you...?” I stammered.

“Oh save it...” she mumbled as she began tape the box she was working on closed, “Chris told Denise...and Denise tells me everything”

“So I Chris was right...you really *do* have a thing for Denise,” I scoffed.

“HA!” she exclaimed, “A thing? Denise cares for me in a way that you never could...but don’t you worry dear...” she smiled evilly, “You’ll soon find out for yourself”

“Whatever that means...” I wondered aloud.

“It means...” I heard Denise’s commanding voice behind me, “That I’ve got a special place in my home for a little *doll* like you Gwenyth”

I gasped as I turned around to see her, dressed in a black leather cat suit, standing in front of me with a wicked smile. Julie came to her side like an obedient pet and laid her head on her shoulder.

“What do you mean?” I asked, my mouth hanging open in shock and curiosity, “What the *hell* is going on??”

“There-There now,” Denise smiled, “No reason to get upset. What you haven’t figured out yet, is that your lovely bride was given *her* walking papers too today...which means right now that of the three of us...” she paused to smile, “*I* am the only one with a meaningful job – or a job of *any* description for that manner...”

“What??” I covered my mouth in horror and turned to Julie, who was nervously looking down at her feet as if completely embarrassed.

She looked up at me sheepishly and nodded the affirmative...she *had* in fact lost her job.

I was reeling. Julie had been the rising star of her firm for years. Her job was ‘rock-solid’... or so I thought. Now as the new reality of our situation began to set in, I could feel a sense of dread begin to wash over me.

For the first time since this whole ordeal had begun, since the moment I had lost my job and been forced to be Julie’s little sissy servant...I felt unsure of what was going to happen next.

“So congratulations Glen...” Denise said, breaking the daydream gaze that I had been in while I digested this latest news, “You’ve really fucked this up,” she scowled at me, “You’ve lost your job, your man-hood, your wife...and soon, your house...”

“Our house??” I lamented, turning to Julie with a pleading expression.

But it was very clear that Julie was not the one in charge, as Denise began to speak for her, “Oh yes – with no income and a very pricey mortgage...” she shrugged and paused, letting me fill in the blanks... “so as result, I arranged this morning to put your house on the market, and I’ve asked for a short closing date so we can get this issue resolved quickly.”

“But...” I whimpered.

“But nothing,” she interrupted me, “Quit your sissy whining and get packing” she motioned towards my room, “or be a homeless sissy-bitch on some park-bench somewhere!”

“Live with you?” I asked.

“Well I don’t see where else you’re going to live...what with no job and no-where to stay and everything,” Denise smirked at Julie, “Besides, its *your* fault this is happening, so its somehow fitting that you should end up in this situation.”

“You can’t put this on me!!” I shouted, “This isn’t *my* fault!”

Denise narrowed her eyes and walked towards me, “Don’t you even realize that if you had been more of *man* and provided for your wife like a real *man* does that none of this would have happened?”

“What??” I scoffed. My mind was racing...I was certain that I had done all that I could do to provide...*hadn’t* I? Could this all be my fault? Could Denise and Julie be right?

“Let’s go Jewel,” Denise said to my wife as she grabbed a box and with Julie in tow headed towards the door.

I felt tears welling up in my eyes as I felt my world start to crumble around me.

._*._

The days that followed, were practicably horrid. Julie filed for divorce...and we both filed for bankruptcy. It seems that we ended up owing a *lot* more on the house and our cars than they were worth, which meant that once everything was gone, we *still* owed.

I complied with Denise’s demands and moved into one of two guest rooms on the main floor of her and Chris’s house. I was told that Julie was in the other room and that Chris ...or sissy-maid Chrissy as Denise tauntingly called him, was in a room constructed in the basement.

I didn’t see *either* of them very often, Denise was sure of that. She was intentionally segregating us so that we couldn’t rebel against her...at least that’s what I figured.

But with no money and no possessions, no jobs and no prospects – the reality of it was that we were all pretty much dependent on Denise for just about everything.

In some ways I started to become thankful to have her.

All she asked in return was to cook and clean and for the occasional sexual favor, which I assumed Chris was okay with...not that it mattered, his opinion no longer counted.

When not at work – which was most of the time - Denise was busy taking all of us to see Doctor Conrad for more ‘consults’...though I suspected it would soon be much more than that.

My fears would come to fruition one afternoon as I entered the Doctor’s office at Denise’s side.

“Hi Denise!” Sherry beamed cheerfully, “So I hear that you’re going ‘all out’ with Jewel and Gwen”

“All out?” I chuckled nervously turning to Denise,

Denise just smiled at Sherry, “Now-now Sherry...don’t go ruining any surprises...”

Sherry chuckled as she grabbed my chart and led me to an open exam room, “Doctor Conrad will be right with you dear”

I thanked her and sat down beside Denise, clutching my purse in my hand. I was wearing my standard black slacks and pink top...officewear...and had applied my typical office makeup. It was all I really how to do.

I chuckled at my reflection in the mirror. I realized that I *already* looked rather feminine...*quite* feminine in fact. Was there really anything else that the Doctor could do?

Another person appeared behind me in the mirror...smiling, “Do you like what you see Gwen?” the person asked.

I turned around to face Doctor Conrad, “I...I...don’t know Doctor...” I said. I was feeling so very confused by all of this.

“Show us what you have in mind for my little doll Doctor” Denise cut right to the point.

“Come around over to this side,” he said to her, motioning for her to come around his desk to view his computer screen, “You want to show ‘her’ too?” he asked.

Denise looked over at me with an evil smile, “Oh no...I want it to be a surprise for her...”

“It’ll be almost the same as I showed you for Chrissy,” he smiled as he began to show her what was in store for me. Occasionally she would say something like ‘make these bigger’ and ‘do these’.

I blushed and sat quietly.

What else could I do?

“Are you okay Gwen?” he would ask.

I would blush again, thinking to myself...*what the hell is the matter with me??* But all I would say is “Yes Doctor,” as I looked up to Denise as if afraid to say anything else.

He booked me in for surgery the following week.

I had no idea what I had agreed to let him do...but I was sure it wouldn’t be *too* drastic ... would it?

*

The surgery happened without any problems.

Or so I was told.

Truth was I didn’t remember much of it.

I remember lying on a gurney waiting for my anesthetic to kick in. Sherry, who was apparently the clinic's anesthetist (*who'd have thought?*) had instructed me to count backwards from ten...and by the time I got to six, I blanked out.

My first memory of waking up, was finding my face and chest wrapped tightly in white gauze bandages, and of me thinking...how am I going to get home like this??

"I look like a monster!" I cried when I saw my swollen bandaged face in the mirror.

"Don't worry" the Doctor smiled, "After a couple of weeks of rest, Denise will get you all painted up and you'll be as pretty a peacock" he winked.

"Or a doll," I heard Sherry chuckle. The Doctor grinned and nodded in agreement.

I wasn't sure exactly what he meant, but I knew that I'd find out soon enough though.

I was brought home by Denise, and cared for in my room by Julie for the following fourteen days, after which the Doctor dropped by to remove my wrappings.

"She needs another week..." he said, "Just like Chrissy."

Just like Chrissy? I wondered to myself. *Had they done something to him too?*

I would find out a week later.

Denise had Nancy the stylist over to the house to prepare me for my 'debut'. I hadn't seen a mirror in over three weeks, so I could barely recall what I had looked like before – in my already feminized state.

But when she was finished with me, I knew the change would be substantial.

Once she was done with me, she left to go work on Chris. Denise called me into the living room and had me sit quietly on the sofa to wait for 'Chrissy's' grand entrance. I could tell by the look on Denise's face that she was *more* than pleased with the way I looked, but aside from my vantage point – looking straight down at the outfit I had been placed in – I had no idea what I looked like.



After about two hours of anxious waiting I heard the tell-tale clicks of high-heeled shoes that foretold of Chris' impending entrance. Once he rounded the corner, my jaw hit the floor. It was Chris...or Chrissy...but a lot had changed since we had last seen each other.

Chris was dressed in a skimpy French Maid's costume with a very low-cut top that gave a glimpse at his very 'enhanced' bosom. The skirt was uber-short and layered over lacy petticoats. His hair was now down to his shoulders and arranged in curly blonde ringlets. His face was near-white pale, with oversized glossy pink lips, long feathery lashes and bold blush on his cheeks.

In short, he looked like a porcelain doll-maid.

"Chris?" I gasped in a soft breathy voice as I stood up to approach him.

Chris turned his head in a curious way as if he wasn't sure who I was, "Glen?" he whispered softly.

He was obviously as dumbfounded to see me as I was to see him, in our newly transformed personas. I turned to where Denise had been standing and saw instead a full sized mirror on a stand, with Denise standing proudly beside it.

Both Chris and I turned to see our new selves revealed for the first time.

I gasped at my reflection. I couldn't believe what Denise had done to me.

My face had been softened and remade in the perfect feminine form. My mouth and breasts had been overly augmented, especially my lips, which had been inflated into an over-sized pout and painted with a slick, glossy pink that made me look like some kind of human doll. My near-white face proved to be a perfect contrast to my boldly blushed cheeks and over-done eyes...complete with extra-long feathery black false lashes.

I was dressed in a pink micro-mini with a snug fitting lacey top that hid my much-larger breasts to some degree. The short skirt had two layers of white petticoats underneath it, and gave ample view of the tops of my new white fish-net stocking tops.

My familiar pink platform pumps and hoop earrings, along with a new pink leather choker and multiple dangling bracelets finished my look.

"My god," Chris and I gasped at the same time.

"My little maid Chrissy and her dolly friend Gwen are the perfect pair...don't you think?" Denise smiled.

"Was this your plan the whole time??" I exclaimed.

"Not at all," she chuckled, "But once I started to see how beautiful my husband looked as a girl...I just couldn't stop." She smiled at Chris. He lowered his eyes again shamefully.

"And once I saw that you would make an equally delicious dolly-girl...I just *had* to have you both together."

“Does Julie know?” I asked shamefully.

“It’s no longer her concern Gwyneth dear,” Denise smiled with a wicked glint in her eye, “And besides that...” she paused as if the words were causing her to become aroused, and she wanted to savour the moment, “She’s off at Doctor Conrad’s as-we-speak...getting an *update*, if you will” I gasped loudly.



“It’s like I’m a little girl again, playing with my many dolls, dressing them up...and making them sooo pretty.” she winked at me, “Just you wait and see how pretty *she’s* going to be!”

The words sent a chill down my spine, as I realized that my wife...my *former* wife...had now been reduced to the same level as Chris and I...to the level of Denise’s playthings.

And worse – there was nothing we could do.

*

In the weeks the followed, it became very apparent that Mistress Denise (as we were to refer to her as) was no ordinary woman. She worked very hard in the City in her executive role, but when she came home, she wanted to play with her dolls...Chrissy, Gwen and Jewel as she now referred to my one-time spouse as.

Julie had since returned and recovered from her ‘modifications’ at the hands of Doctor Conrad, and had been transformed from a stern and proud woman to mere sex object, like Chris and I before her.

With over-sized breasts, and pouty cock-sucking lips...Jewel was kept dressed in slutty attire, while Chris remained the Maid, and I ... the Doll. Mistress had restyled my hair and died it a reddish pink – whilst Julie’s once lustrous brown mane had been bleached to pale platinum that cascaded over her shoulders and down to her back.

Denise would have us prance around, and ‘satisfy’ her...and each other, on her command, when we weren’t doing the menial tasks of running the household.

Over the weeks that passed, we all talked less and less about our old lives and of escaping from Denise’s rule. Instead we settled into our new roles...our new lives as her toys.

Life became much simpler for everyone that way.

And it was all exactly as she...my neighbor, had planned.



The End