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*Sissified
by Scarlett*

**Feminized by My
Wife's Best Friend**

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Friend**

by K.C. Ripley

Author's note: All characters depicted in sexual acts in this work of fiction are 18 years of age or older.

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When I got home from work, my wife's car wasn't there, which was weird. I walked into a dark house.

"Honey!" I said, flicking on the lights.

I was shocked to see a woman sitting crossed-legged in my armchair. It wasn't my wife. It took me a moment to recognize her, even though I'd met her many times. I just didn't expect her to be in my living room on a Friday evening.

It was my wife's best friend, Scarlett.

"Oh," I said. "Hi."

For as much time as she spent with my wife, I didn't know very much about her. She was beautiful, a natural redhead with a luscious pair of tits. Sitting there in my living room, she was wearing a trim black business suit with dark hose and red high heels, an outfit that seemed too sexy for the office and too businesslike for an evening on the town. Light freckles played across her cleavage, and she smiled as she caught me looking.

"See," she said. "That's exactly why I'm here."

My cock stirred in my pants. I'd always thought Scarlett was amazing. What man wouldn't? I knew she wasn't married, and when I'd made a clumsy pass at her alone in her kitchen at a party, she'd spurned me. I didn't know if that was out of loyalty to my wife's friendship or whether she just didn't find me attractive. Maybe she was a lesbian.

But here she was, dressed provocatively, seemingly pleased that I was staring at the tops of her breasts. Had she somehow lured my wife Maryanne away somewhere with a lie so that she could be here alone with me? Had that overture I'd made stuck in her mind so that finally she'd decided she wanted to have a little fling?

Oh how wrong I would turn out to be.

"Can I get you a drink?" I asked, keeping my voice low and trying to sound cool. I was excited, though. I'd grown bored with Maryanne. I hadn't yet cheated on her, but I'd come close, and here was her incredibly hot best friend just waiting for me when I got home.

She gave me a wry little smile. “Yes,” she said. “Gin and tonic.”

“Okay,” I said, moving to the small bar and loosening my tie. I let the silence linger as I clinked ice into the glasses, waiting for her to speak first. She didn’t.

“So,” I said. “What brings you by?”

“That isn’t the right question,” she said. I turned to look at her. She had that same strange smile on her lips. I was no longer very sure about exactly what was going on here.

“No?” I asked. I poured the drinks and handed one to her. She took a sip.

“Where’s my wife?” she said. “Where’s Maryanne? Shouldn’t that be the first question out of your mouth in a situation like this?”

I tried to laugh it off, though her tone was accusing. “She’s a grown woman,” I said. “I figured she was fine.”

“No,” Scarlett said. “That’s not what you thought. You didn’t care where she was, only that you were alone here with me.”

I gulped my drink, beginning to get annoyed. “Okay, what’s going on here?”

She sighed. “I better question, but still not the right one,” she said. “What’s going on is that Maryanne has frankly had enough of your shit, and she confided in me. I told her I could help her.”

It occurred to me that I didn’t really know what Scarlett did for a living. She had a nice house, nicer than ours. And though I’d wondered, I’d never asked. Maybe she was some kind of counselor or even a lawyer.

“Help her how?” I asked, my curiosity rising. I didn’t like the tone she was using, or the fact that she was butting into my marriage, but I did want to hear what she had to say before I kicked her out.

“By setting you straight,” she said, taking another sip. “Teaching you how to not be a piece of shit.”

I snorted a laugh. “You know, this isn’t really all that funny anymore. It was cute at first, but now it’s starting to wear thin. I’m going to go ahead and ask you to leave.”

“No you’re not,” she said, taking another sip.

“What?” It’s like we weren’t have a real conversation. She wasn’t responding in the ways a normal person should talk, and my brain couldn’t quite keep up. “What do you mean no I’m not?”

“I mean if I walk out that door, you’re never going to see me again,” she said. “You’re also never going to see Maryanne again. You’re also going to lose your job. And you’re also going to go to jail.”

Now I really was getting mad. “Jail? What the fuck are you talking about?”

She smiled and looked me right into me. Her eyes were green, flecked with amber. “The Farnham account,” she said. “You fudged the numbers. You’ve been siphoning off a slice every month, funneling it into a private account.”

My balls turned to ice. How the hell did she know about that?

“Who are you?” I asked, really afraid for the first time.

She laughed. “I’m your wife’s best friend,” she said. “And right now I’m your worst fucking enemy. You should never have hit on me at the New Year’s party last year.”

I put my drink down. I felt like I was going to throw up. The room was spinning. “How—?”

“I’m a private consultant,” she said. “My clients pay me a lot of money to find answers to the kinds of questions people don’t even want asked. Unfortunately for you, I decided to do a favor for my best friend, do some digging around.”

“Okay, what do you want?” I asked. I’d finally figured out what this was, a shakedown. Now we were just in the negotiation phase. “I’ve got over three hundred thousand in that account. I’ll give you half.”

She finished her drink and put the glass down, uncrossing her legs. I caught a glimpse of her red bush in the dim living room light. Good God, she wasn’t wearing any panties. I felt flustered all over again.

“You still don’t understand what this is,” she said. “I neither want nor need your money.”

“So what, then?”

She smiled. “Maryanne deserves better. Much better. You’re going to become the perfect husband, and I’m going to help you.”

I stared at her, then burst out laughing. Her expression didn’t change. She was serious.

“So this is what? Etiquette class?” I asked, incredulous.

“Something like that,” she said. “If you agree. If you don’t, there’s the door. Leave Maryanne behind and take your chances.”

Scarlett knew about Farnham, and I could tell by her face she wasn’t bluffing. I sure as hell didn’t want to go to jail. But this whole thing seemed kind of ludicrous. Sure, if she wanted me to search my inner feelings and be nicer to Maryanne, why not? I might even still have a shot at getting between Scarlett’s legs.

I stood up and spread out my hands. “Sure,” I said. “Sounds great. Let’s do this.”

“You sure?” she asked, looking up at me. “Because once we start, there’s no going back.”

“Absolutely,” I said, feeling the smug grin on my face.

She moved quicker than I knew she was capable of, springing out of her chair and crossing the gap between us in two long strides. Her right foot swung upwards, too fast for me to react. She kicked me right in the balls.

I hadn’t been hit in the nuts that hard since I played catcher in little league and a ball ricocheted up off of home plate into my sack. I squeezed my eyes shut, lights of pain blooming behind them. The agony exploded at my crotch, but quickly shot up into my gut, making me feel like I was going to vomit.

I doubled over and dropped on all fours on the carpet, trying to catch my breath.

“Lesson one,” she said, now towering over me. “Respect. You keep that shit-eating grin off your face and that snide tone out of your voice when you address a lady. Do you understand?”

Her red heels were inches from my face. I could smell their oily leather scent and thought I was going to really throw up now. The

bitter tang of bile was at the back of my throat, but I choked it down.

“Yeah,” I said hoarsely.

One of her heels lifted up and she used it to push my head down hard against the carpet, pinning me there. It hurt, but it was also humiliating.

“You obviously don’t,” she said. “You address a lady with respect. Call me Ma’am or Miss Scarlett.”

Goddam, she was vicious. How had I never seen this in her before? I realized just how badly I’d misread the situation.

“Yes, Miss Scarlett,” I said, my lips muffled against the carpet.

“Better,” she said, waiting a few seconds before lifting her shoe off my head. “Now let’s get started in earnest. To the bedroom.”

If she had suggested we go to the bedroom at any point previously in the conversation, I would have been ready and eager. Now I wasn’t sure what waited in store.

I groaned and started to get up.

“No,” Scarlett said. “You stay on the ground unless given permission to get up. Crawl.”

So that’s how it was going to be. Okay, I guess part of me knew I deserved to be treated like this. I had been pretty callous towards my wife, and if her friend wanted to play some games and treat me like shit for a couple of hours, then I’d go along.

I began crawling towards the bedroom and felt a burst of pain on my left ass cheek, making me fall forward. My balls still ached and throbbed, and now she’d just kicked me in the ass.

“Faster,” she said. I started to call her a bitch. I almost told her to go fuck herself. I wasn’t going to play after all. The words were right there on the tip of my tongue. But I held them, straightening up and beginning to crawl again, faster this time.

The lights in the bedroom were already on, and as I crawled into the room, I saw a red dress with white polka dots laid out on the bed. It looked like something a housewife would wear in some show from the 50’s, all bright and glossy. On the floor under the dress was a

pair of white high heels, and folded neatly next to the dress was a pair of white gloves. What the hell was all this?

“Strip,” Scarlett said from behind me. “I’ve already poured you a bath. This is the one and only time that will ever happen. From now on, you’ll be pouring the baths. Scrub your filthy ass from head to toe and then shave from the neck down.”

I turned my head and looked up at her. “What do you mean shave?”

She crouched down to face me and out struck her hand, smacking me across the face. The blow was so hard those lights bloomed behind my eyelids again.

“Fuck,” I said.

“How soon you forget your manners,” she said.

Oh yeah, I thought. Right. “Sorry,” I forced myself to say, “Miss Scarlett.”

I felt her grab my cheeks and lift my eyes up to hers. “From now on you don’t question what I tell you to do,” she said. “You just fucking do it, as fast and well as you possibly can.”

“Yes, ma’am,” I said with my mouth squeezed tight. She let go like she was dropping a piece of trash, and in addition to my aching balls and sore ass, my cheeks now hurt.

I undressed, folding up my slacks and shirt and putting them in a pile on the floor. I was embarrassed about being naked in front of her, but Scarlett didn’t seem to take any interest in my cock. Maybe she really was a lesbian after all. Either way, the air on my balls was a minor relief, though as I crawled naked to the bathroom, my stomach tightened, worried that she might come up behind me and kick them again. I wasn’t sure I could handle that.

I pulled myself into the tub. The water was hot and felt good to my sore balls and all the spots where Scarlett had already either kicked or slapped me. A big bottle of cherry blossom bubble bath sat on the edge, and since it was the only soap within reach, I poured some into the bath and swished it around. The light floral smell was feminine. I figured that’s what Scarlett wanted. This whole thing was about knocking me down a peg, making me feel like I was less of a

man. Hell, at this point I didn't mind. The soapy, girly bathwater felt just fine.

A pink razor rested on the sink near the tub, and I remembered what she had told me to do. Shave from the neck down. Everything? Again, she was going to emasculate me. When she'd had her fun, then she'd leave. After a good night's sleep I'd figure out what to do about her.

In the meantime, I picked up the razor and started shaving, working my way from my left foot up to my thigh. Soon the top of the bathwater was a mixture of frothy bubbles and tiny black hairs. That only got worse the more I shaved, but the smoothness of my shaved skin started to feel nice.

Scarlett showed up in the doorway as I was finishing my right leg. She had another gin and tonic in her hand. She told me to hurry the fuck up. We didn't have all night.

"Make sure you get your balls completely hairless," she said. I guess that answered that question.

Shaving them was rough. They were still sore from being so savagely kicked. Even if they hadn't been, I'd never shaved them before, and the wrinkly skin made it tough going. But I managed, quickly scraping the hair off my arms and under them, as well as my chest.

This was weird, but fuck it. Nobody else was going to see me naked until it all grew back.

When I was done, she told me to stand up in the tub and turn around so that she could inspect me. She pointed out a few spots that I'd missed and made me clean them up with the razor. Then she pointed at the towel on the toilet seat and told me to dry up and come back into the bedroom.

My skin felt soft and tender, now smelling like flowers. I noticed the red dress with the white polka dots again.

"Put it on," she said.

I paused, then picked up the dress. It felt silky and new. I slid it over my head. How long had they been planning this? The dress

was my size, a perfect fit. Scarlett zipped me up in the back, then made me put on the heels and the gloves.

I slid my feet into the shoes. They were my size, but the toes pinched in, cramping my feet as I buckled the straps. The white gloves were made of soft expandable cloth, stretching over my fingers. Now I felt like some housewife out of a 50's tv show, and it was working. My manhood was slowly melting away.

"Look under the bed," she said.

There was a shoebox. But I already had shoes. I pulled it out and opened it up, not really making sense of what I saw. There were two identical flesh-colored mounds of rubber. Next to those was a curly brunette wig. I knew what to do with that, but what about the other things?

I took out the wig and slid it over my head, adjusting it.

"Now the tits," she said.

Oh, I thought. God, this really was going all the way, wasn't it? I was about to ask her if she was kidding, if this was really necessary. But I could tell by the look on her face this was no joke.

I took out the first rubber mound and slid it down the front of my dress on the right side. They weren't huge, just big enough for me to feel like I really was sporting a pair of women's breasts. I put the other one in, and they felt hot against my nipples, already making me sweat.

"Makeup," Scarlett said, pointing at the chair in front of my wife's makeup desk.

I sat obediently and looked at myself. I was well on my way to becoming a woman. And what then? This was all supposed to make me feel what Maryanne felt? To humiliate me? Was she going to take some pictures? Well, the joke was on them. I was actually kind of starting to enjoy myself.

I picked up the eye liner and began to mimic what I'd seen Maryanne do so many mornings. I worked on my eyes for a while, making them look dark and wide, thickening out the lashes with mascara.

Then I powdered my face and brushed on some heavy red blush. Scarlett folded her arms and watched me from behind, that wry smile on her face.

For the lipstick, I was about to put on a soft pinkish shade when she stopped me.

“That one,” she said, pointing at a tube in the drawer. It was the brightest, most glaring shade of red that Maryanne owned. It was whore’s lipstick.

I puckered my lips and began to spread a layer on, feeling fully like a girl now. When I was done, she told me to put on more. I laid it on even thicker, making a kissing motion after the second coat.

“Good,” Scarlett said. “Now look at yourself.”

I did, not believing the transformation. I looked like a pin-up girl, like a housewife who’d just put the chicken in the oven and had now made herself as pretty as possible for when her husband got home. Only I was the husband, and they had flipped the tables on me.

“You look like a bitch,” Scarlett said. “And you’re going to dress like this whenever you’re home with your wife.”

No, I thought. I’d play dress up for tonight, but this wasn’t going to be a regular thing.

“Stand up and turn around,” she said.

I did as she told me to, but my patience was starting to fade.

“Lift up your hem,” she said.

I did, feeling the cool air on my cock and balls. I was surprised to find I was starting to stiffen a little.

Scarlett put an end to that. She reached out and grabbed my balls, giving them a hard squeeze. They were still tender, and I cried out in shock and surprise.

At some point she’d put her drink down, because now in her other hand she had what looked like a tiny steel cage. With an expert touch, she slipped it over my cock, looping a curved bar underneath my balls, and clicking the whole mechanism shut with a tiny golden lock.

“What the hell is this?” I asked.

She slapped me, hard. Then came back across the other cheek even harder. My head buzzed from the blows, the skin on my face burning.

“Respect,” she said. “Your little pecker stays locked up until your attitude changes. A woman will let you out if she chooses, and only then.”

“Wait,” I said. “Miss Scarlett, where’s the key?” I didn’t see it anywhere, and fresh panic rose up in my throat.

“Maryanne has it,” she said.

Fuck, I thought. I was locked up in this thing until she got back from wherever she was? “But ma’am,” I said. “How am I supposed to use the bathroom?”

She laughed. “How do you think? Like a little girly bitch. You sit on the toilet to pee from now on.”

I lowered the hem of my dress. The cage was heavy, making my cock and balls sag. The stainless steel was cold against my inner thighs, making me jump a little each time I moved.

“Now you’re starting to learn what it’s like to be a dutiful wife,” Scarlett said. “How much effort is involved in making yourself pretty. But that’s just the beginning. For too long now, Maryanne has done all the work. Not anymore. From now on, you do all the cooking, all the cleaning, every single bit of housework, and it starts tonight.”

It had gone too far. I was willing to play along based on what she knew about me, but this was too much.

“I’m out,” I said. “Done.” I started for the door, wobbling on my heels. I was going to get in my car and get the fuck out of here. I didn’t care if I looked like a woman. I’d get on the road and figure out my next move. But I never made it all the way to the door.

I felt the shock hit my crotch like a bolt of lightning. I doubled over and stumbled, falling to my knees. The zap traveled up my gut. I felt it in my teeth.

Scarlett was laughing. I turned my head to see her holding a small plastic case with a red button.

“Oh dear,” she said. “I don’t know what she sees in you, but there must be something. It’s definitely not your smarts. But I told her I’d help, and I love her, so here we are.”

I lifted up the hem of the polka-dotted dress and looked at the steel cage around my cock. I saw a little electric device clipped underneath that I’d missed before.

“You are way past the point of no return, my friend,” Scarlett said. “As far as thoughts of getting out of this, just get that out of your pretty little head right now.”

I turned to her, my head flush with anger. “You can’t—“

The jolt hit my sore balls again. I grunted and planted my head against the carpet, groaning. The first zap had only been for a second. This time she held it for ten. Every moment was agony.

When she finally let up, I was gasping for air. “Okay,” I said. “Please. I’ll be good, Miss Scarlett. Just please don’t do that again.”

“Whatever, bitch,” she said. “You’re only compliant because of what I know and because of this little gizmo. But before long, you’ll get into the actual sissy slave mindset. You’ll want to serve just for the sight of making your woman happy. And it’ll actually take less time than you think.”

I didn’t know what she was talking about. I didn’t believe her. But from that moment on, I followed her every command, as quickly and as well as I could.

She told me to start with the bathrooms. We had two. I realized I’d never really cleaned them before. Maybe I’d swished a toilet brush around in the bowl a couple of times. But Scarlett had me down on my hands and knees with a scrub brush, cleaning every little corner until it sparkled and shined. I cleaned the main bathroom from top to bottom, and it took me over an hour. The hall bathroom was next.

After that, my hands were already sore from the bleach and other cleansers. Scarlett said I was doing much better, and that if I kept it up, as a reward she would let me paint my fingernails and toenails and have a little rest.

That break wouldn't come for another six hours. I cleaned the kitchen, scrubbing the floor, dusting, wiping, and even scraping out the stuff caked into the oven. Then I vacuumed the house and washed all the windows.

It was nearly dawn when I finished wiping the last of the windows clean. My arms shook with exhaustion, and I was dizzy. The whole night, Scarlett had followed me around. She was my tormentor, my inspector, my master. Whenever I was moving too slow, she gave me a slap or a kick, or sometimes a zap of the godforsaken buzzer. She put out a bowl of water in the kitchen and let me lap it up like a dog, but I didn't get any food, and I was starving.

She didn't seem to get tired at all. When the morning sun began to shine through the newly-washed windows, she led me back to the kitchen.

"Fix me some breakfast," she said. "A nice omelet, some toast, coffee, and juice." My stomach rumbled.

I was already a decent cook, though I hadn't done much of it since college. I prepared the food, the smells floating up into my nose and making my mouth water. She sat at the kitchen table, watching me.

"You're doing pretty well now," Scarlett said. "Could be a lot worse."

I didn't see how that was possible. She seemed to read my thoughts.

"Right now this is a private training session," she said. "But I could move it into the public eye very easily. With that lipstick on, you look like you're ready to suck some dick. I could take you out to the truck stop near exit twelve and pimp your mouth out to truckers looking to get their balls sucked dry by a precious little bitch like you."

Terror gripped me, even through my exhaustion. Would she really do something like that? And was I in any position to stop her? I imagined climbing up into a truck cab with some fat, oily trucker,

putting my head in his lap, and taking his chubby cock out of his jeans with my fingers. I shuddered.

“Or we could go out under the bridge, and I could pimp you out there,” she said. “A dollar for you to suck them off, two dollars for you to take it up the ass. How does that sound?”

“Please,” I said, whimpering now. “Please don’t do that, Miss Scarlett.”

“See,” she said. “Now you’re getting it. By tomorrow night, you’ll be in much better shape.”

“Can I lie down?” I asked. “Just for a little while?” I was so tired. My mind and body were spent.

She laughed. “You don’t have time for sleep, bitch,” she said. “You’ve still got a lot of work to do around the house. Laundry, for one. And the lawn needs mowing. Plus, you’re going to wash and wax my car. But the first thing you’re going to do after breakfast is massage my feet. They’re tired.”

“Yes, Miss Scarlett,” I said, putting the food down in front of her. She made me kneel at her feet as she ate. She even threw me a couple of scraps. I was ashamed to lick them up off the floor, but I couldn’t help myself. I was starving.

When she was done, she snapped her fingers. I quickly cleared the table, then returned to the floor at her feet. I slid off her heels and began to massage them.

My own feet were killing me, but I was beginning to finally learn this wasn’t about me. This was about making her happy, and as I kneaded the ball of her foot, I thought about Maryanne and how poorly I had treated her. I’d been such a bad husband, but now I was going to make it up to her.

“Kiss them,” she said. “Each toe.” I did as she told me to, starting with the big toe and working my way down, massaging the whole time.

Her phone rang. She looked at who it was and smiled before answer.

“Hey sweetie,” she said. “How’s it going?” I watched as the smile on her face grew. “That’s really great, girl. That sounds like a

wonderful time. Oh, us?” She looked down at me. “It’s going just fine. Do you want to talk to her?”

Her. Not him. Her. And that could only be one person: my wife. Part of me wanted to talk to her, to tell her I was sorry for being so shitty. But another part of me felt a deep shame, sitting on the floor dressed like a girl, my cock locked up in a cage, and even though she couldn’t see me, I didn’t want to hear her voice when I was like this.

“Hold on,” Scarlett said. I thought she was going to hand me the phone. Instead, she snapped a picture of me. Oh God, I thought. She pressed a few more buttons, then put the phone to her ear again. “Yeah, I just sent you a pic. Isn’t she cute?” She laughed, and I could also hear Maryanne’s delighted laughter on the other end. I felt myself blush, my face growing hot. Then Scarlett handed me the phone.

“Hello?” I said, immediately receiving a slap against the side of my head. “Hello, Miss Maryanne.”

My wife laughed again, sounding more relaxed and carefree than she had in years. “Hi,” she said. “Scarlett told me the training is going well. You look amazing.”

“Thank you, Miss Maryanne,” I said. Tears were welling in my eyes, threatening to spill down my cheeks.

“While you were up all night cleaning the house, do you want to know what I was doing?” she asked me in a teasing voice. Now that she mentioned it, I wasn’t sure I did. Some part of me knew what was coming before she told me. “Scarlett let me stay at her place. And before she left, she called up one of her male friends, a fuck buddy named Marcus.”

No, I thought. Please, no.

“He took me out for a nice dinner,” she said. “Then we came back here and spent the night together. He fucked me for a solid hour. I’d forgotten what it was like to be fucked like that. God, it felt good. We just took a shower together and had some breakfast.”

I didn’t know what to say. My throat had tightened shut.

“Well?” Maryanne said. “Don’t you have anything to say to that?”

“I...I’m happy for you, Miss Maryanne,” I said. “I’m glad you had a nice time.”

She burst into laughter at that. “Oh, that’s priceless,” she said. “Scarlett’s already worked her magic on you. That’s amazing. Well just so you know, this is how it’s going to be from now on. You’re my sissy bitch. You’re doing all the work around the house. You’ll serve me drinks and pour my baths and do my toenails. And your cock stays locked unless I feel like letting you out. Scarlett already gave me the key. When I want a real dick, I’ll find a man to please me. A real man, not you. How does that all sound?”

“That sounds...wonderful,” I said. “Miss Maryanne.”

“Good,” she said. “I’m going to say bye now. I need to kiss Marcus goodbye, and you’ve still got a ton of work to do. I’ll be home tomorrow around seven. You’ll be waiting for me on your knees by the door with a drink, won’t you?”

“Yes, ma’am,” I said, my voice soft now.

“Good girl,” she said, and I heard the click on the other end of the line.

So this was it? My new life. Not only was my manhood taken away, so was all my dignity, along with all my free time. On top of that, my wife was going to fuck other men, all the men she wanted to, while my dick stayed lock up in a cage.

“Buck up, bitch,” Scarlett said. “If you’re a good girl, I’ll let you eat my pussy.”

She laughed as I scooted over on the floor and began to massage her other foot.

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