



Sissified Husband
by Crystal Summers

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Chapter 1: “Snooping On His Wife”

Sam Banner watched his wife slip her little black dress over her head and zip it up. She was having an affair; he was sure of that. Why else would she wear five-inch heels, sheer black thong panties and a push-up bra to work? No job had a dress code like that, no matter what she said. Who works in the evenings anyway? No one! And why wouldn't she tell him where she worked? Sure, she claimed she signed a nondisclosure agreement, but there was only one real reason he could see: she was having an affair. But tonight. . . *tonight* he would find out for himself.

“Isn't that a little much for work?” he asked with a hint of jealousy. His suspicion that she was having an affair was eating at him.

“What is?”

“All of it. The heels, the panties, the push-up bra, the perfume.”

“This is what I need to wear,” she responded and she shook her hips and rear to let the dress fall into place. Then she smoothed it over her curves with her hands.

“Seriously, what kind of job has a dress code like this?”

“Mine.”

Sam ran his tongue over his teeth but said nothing.

Katelyn saw this and it annoyed her. She had been over this with him a million times already and she was getting sick of repeating this argument every time she got ready for work. “Stop being jealous,” she said with some annoyance.

“I'm not jealous.”

“Yes, you are. You do this every time I get ready for work. Just let it go. It's all part of the job and that's just the way it's going to be as long as I work there,” she said. “I don't want to keep having this conversation.”

“Well, you can't really blame me, can you? Especially since you won't even tell me what you do. This might be easier if you at least told me what your job was or where you work.”

Katelyn bit her tongue. This was a bone of contention between them. From their first date, Katelyn made it clear that she couldn't talk about her job. She had signed documents swearing her to secrecy with some very high penalties for violating that confidence. At the time, Sam said that didn't matter to him, but ever since their marriage a few months prior, he started to pick at her over it. She viewed this as very unfair. “You know I can't tell you,” she said and she checked her makeup in the mirror.

“It's not like I'm some stranger off the street! *I am* your husband!”

Katelyn rolled her eyes. They'd had this conversation two dozen times

before. “The company was very specific in their legal papers. I’m not allowed to tell anyone. . . not you, not my parents, *no one*. And if I violate that, then some very bad things will happen.”

“Well, it’s not like I’m going to tell them you told me!” he protested.

“Honey, we talked about this,” she said in a frustrated tone.

“Yes, and you still haven’t answered why you can’t trust me.”

Katelyn checked her dangly silver earrings in the mirror. “It’s not that I don’t trust you, it’s just better to avoid it. All it would take would be one slip at a party or maybe they make some phone call to test you and you say something you think is innocuous but they recognize as proof that I told you about them. We can’t take that chance. There’s no reason to risk this amazing paycheck just to satiate curiosity.”

“Maybe you can tell me what you *don’t* do?” he suggested.

“How am I supposed to do that? How can I possibly list everything I don’t do?”

“It was just—”

“Look, honey,” she said, cutting him off, “this is simply something I can’t talk about. Maybe someday, but not now. Be satisfied with my assurance that I’m not doing anything that would be disloyal to you.” She paused. Then she flared her nostrils. “Seriously, Sam, this jealous routine needs to stop. I’ve never given you any cause to doubt me and it offends me that you act like I’m on trial. I’ve been loyal to you, why can’t you accept that?”

Sam rose from the bed and walked over to wife. He came up behind her and wrapped his arms around her waist. “I’m sorry. You look sexy,” he said and he kissed her on the neck. His erect penis pushed against her lower back. There was no doubt she turned him on. He closed his eyes and took in her perfume. Then he used his arms to sway her slightly from side to side. “How about you skip work and we have sex?”

Katelyn sighed. “Do you want me to lose my job?”

He kissed her on the neck again. “They can’t fire you for missing one day.”

“Yes, they can.”

He let go of her and walked back over to the bed. He sat down with one leg on the floor and the other on the bed. “Fine, if you need to go to work, then go,” he said in a pouty tone Katelyn hated.

Katelyn decided not to respond to his obvious guilt trip. Instead, she tottered over to her husband on her five-inch black high-heeled sandals and kissed his forehead. “We’ll play when I get back.”

Sam folded his arms. “Fine,” he said.

Without another word, Katelyn turned and walked out of the room. Sam

sat on the bed waiting. He was listening, marking her location in the house by the sound her high heels made on their floors. They made a sort of *THUD* sound on the carpet as she walked down the hall from their bedroom. Then they made a hard *CLICK CLICK* sound against the hardwood floor downstairs. This was followed a sharper clicking sound against the tile in the kitchen, where she had gone to get her purse. Finally, he heard her marching across the hardwood floor again to the front door. A moment later, he heard the door close. A moment after that, he heard the car start.

“She gone!” he said.

Sam jumped off the bed. He jammed his feet into a pair of loafers and raced to the garage. Once there, he snuck a peek out a small window in a side door which let him see Katelyn driving off down their street. Then he hopped into his own car and pulled out of the garage. He was intent on following her tonight. He was intent on finding out if she was really going to work and, if so, what she was doing.

“Tonight, I learn the truth!” he exclaimed.

As Sam expected, Katelyn got caught by the light leaving their development and that let him catch up to her. He stayed several cars back so she wouldn’t spot him. The light soon changed to green and they were off, heading downtown. About ten minutes later, Katelyn pulled her car into a parking garage near the river. Sam pulled in as well and followed her. Soon they were on foot. She was easy to follow as her high heels kept her moving slowly. This allowed Sam to keep a safe distance because he could catch up fast at any point if needed.

After a block, Katelyn turned and started down a street awash in strip clubs.

“Where is she going?” Sam asked himself, with growing curiosity as he noted the strip clubs. “She can’t possibly work at one of those, could she?”

This last thought hung ominously in his mind after he expressed it. Could it be that Katelyn was secretly a stripper and she just made up this whole “legal nondisclosure” stuff to keep him from finding out? When she first told him that she couldn’t tell him what she did, he assumed she worked for the CIA or some research company or something like that. He could handle that idea. But he couldn’t handle the idea that her secret job was as a stripper. In fact, the idea of his new wife being ogled and touched by drunks as they slipped money into her panties with their dirty hands made him sick, no matter how much money she brought home. But could she really be a stripper?

“No, she can’t be a stripper,” he told himself.

“Why not?” asked his mind in return.

“She doesn’t look or act like a stripper. Besides, she gets a salary. Strippers get paid in tips. So she can’t be a stripper, right?”

Sam felt sick to his stomach.

"I'm not sure I want to know," he said and he stopped walking.

Just then, Katelyn turned and climbed the steps of an unmarked building with a brownstone facade. It didn't look at all like a strip club. It didn't have the right shape and there wasn't even a sign. If anything, it looked like an accountant's office.

Sam walked over to the building. He bit his lip and stared at the entrance. He wondered what this job could be. The building gave him no clue. It could have been anything. . . lawyer, doctor, accountant, government. He had no idea.

"Maybe there's a directory in the lobby that will tell me something," he told himself. He paused. "Going in is the only way to find out." He paused again. "Yeah, but do I really want to know?"

He took a deep breath.

"Well, I've come this far. There can't be any harm in sticking my head inside, can there? After all, it's not like they know who I am. As far as they know, I'm just some guy who walked through the wrong door."

Sam took another deep breath and started up the stairs toward the door behind which his wife had disappeared. He reached out and grabbed the door handle. He shuddered.

"You'll be fine," he told himself. "You need to know the truth."

He pulled the door open.

—o—

Sam walked into a darkened foyer. Sitting directly before him was a woman behind a counter. In the darkened conditions, he could barely make her out. Something told him, that was the point. Behind her were two rows of elevators and a large wooden door at the end of the corridor. There was a smaller door to the left of the wooden door, on the same wall as one row of elevators. Nothing was marked and there were no signs of Katelyn.

"Can I help you?" asked the young woman.

"I think I may be in the wrong place. What is this building?" asked Sam.

The young woman brushed back her curly blonde hair and smiled at him.

"Are you a member?" she asked after a noticeable pause.

"Member?" thought Sam. "Member of what?" He was just about to tell her no when he realized that doing so would put an end to this conversation and any information he could get out of her. If he wanted her to tell him more, then he would need to play along. Of course, the thought occurred to him that maybe he should just leave because this place seemed strange and ominous somehow, but he had come

too far to give up now. Plus, he really wanted to know what Katelyn did.

Just then, an elevator door opened. Out walked two of the most gorgeous women Sam had ever seen. They were tall, yet curvy, with large breasts and swinging hips. They had long, lush, curly hair. Both were scantily dressed in short dresses that barely hid their panties or their large breasts and high heels with metallic tips which rang off the tiled floor. They were holding hands and giggling.

“Wow!” Sam said to himself. He instantly became hard.

As Sam watched, the two women sauntered across the hallway, arm in arm, from the elevator to the small door next to the main door. They stopped and kissed each other on the lips and then went through the small door. After this, any doubt Sam had about continuing was gone. He *needed* to know more about this place. What kind of place was this? What could his wife possibly be doing here? Who were those women?

“Sir? Are you a member?” asked the young woman again.

Sam smiled. “Yes, I’m a member,” he said. “I’m new.”

“I see,” said the young woman.

“Yes, that’s why I’m not sure I’m in the right place.”

“Do you have your card?”

Sam bit his lip. Obviously, he owned no card. He would need to bluff. “I, uh, forgot it. I’m from out of town and I just flew in for business today and I left my card at home. I’m sorry,” he said. “Is there any chance you can still let me in? I promise I won’t tell.” He smiled and gave the woman his most hopeful, innocent look.

The woman’s eyebrow went up for a brief moment. Then her face returned to normal. She tapped her fingers against her desk. “We aren’t supposed to let anyone into the club without their membership cards, but I understand what happened. We all make mistakes and it would be a shame if we couldn’t make an exception for a new member such as yourself. Let me see what I can do.” She picked up her phone and made a call. She spoke softly so Sam couldn’t hear her. After a few seconds, she hung up again. She smiled. “All right, you can go in this time. Go through the wooden door at the end of the corridor.”

“Great! Thank you,” said Sam.

The woman waved him around and Sam walked around the counter and made his way to the wooden door. When he approached, he heard a buzzing sound and then a click. The door had been unlocked. He grabbed the handle and opened it. A moment later, he was through.

Meanwhile, the young woman picked up her phone again. “He went inside,” she said.

Sam's jaw dropped. He never expected this. As he walked through the door, he was immediately hit with the sound of bass drums and dance music. A moment later, he walked into a bar lit up in neon and packed with people. These people sat at numerous tables or at a long bar that ran the length of the room. Most of the clients were women, though there were some men with them. They were all extremely well dressed and he felt out of place in his jeans and golf shirt. At the front-center of the room stood a stage. This stage was shaped like a U and ran out into the room. It was surrounded by tables on all sides. Above the stage was a large neon sign which read, "Club Femme."

"Wow!" exclaimed Sam.

He took several steps into the room and then stopped to survey everything again. This was the most impressive club he had ever seen, and the fact there were so many women was just amazing.

"This place must be really high end. . . and very private."

Sam walked over to the bar and ordered a drink. The drink was complimentary as part of his membership, which made him smile. He, nevertheless, tossed the bartender a few dollars. Then he went to grab a seat directly in front of the stage.

As he sat down, the music changed. A moment later, two women appeared on stage from behind a curtain. It was the two women he had seen in the hallway. They kissed and then began to dance and move about the stage. The audience noted their approval.

"Wow! They're even sexier in person," said Sam and he sipped his drink.

One of the women slowly worked her way over to the part of the stage where Sam sat. He was close enough to the stage that he could just about reach out and touch her left ankle, which was wrapped in a silver ankle-strap, which attached itself to a silver high-heeled shoe. He could see that her nails were painted bright red. This made his erection even harder; she had gorgeous feet.

"You're amazing!" Sam yelled over the music. He'd temporarily forgotten his purpose in being here.

The woman smiled at him and stepped closer. Sam reached out and touched her toes. He felt his penis throb. He suddenly had images of himself having sex with this woman and that was driving him wild.

As if the woman could read his mind, she walked a few feet to the left to walk down some stairs to the main floor. Then she came over to his table, where she shook her breasts in his face, teasing him as her erect nipples just barely glanced his skin even as they remained well-hidden behind an ornate dark green bra.

"Woo hoo!" exclaimed Sam and he stuck out his tongue and aimed it at her nipples.

The woman let him touch her nipples with his tongue. Then she leaned away and she reached around behind her back and pulled off her bra. Her breasts exploded into Sam's face. He couldn't believe what he saw. Her breasts were perfect globes, they couldn't be real, but man were they gorgeous. Her nipples were even more perfect. They were large and dark and so, so tempting. Sam leaned forward to get his lips on them, but this time she backed away.

In the meantime, the woman placed her foot on his chair right between his legs. Sam felt her toes, which stuck out the front of her high-heeled sandals, touch the underside of his erection and his scrotum. That made his penis tingle. She flexed her toes upwards a few times into his scrotum, which sent shivers down his spine and made him feel weak. He would do anything she asked at this point.

"You're amazing," Sam said again.

The woman smiled. Then she tossed her leg over his and lowered her crotch until it almost touched his. He could feel his erection bumping into her panties as she gyrated, making it sway back and forth.

He almost came.

Sam shuddered. He could smell the woman's perfume. He could feel the warmth of her body. And every time some part of her came into contact with him, no matter how minor, electric shocks shot throughout his body.

"What's your name?" asked Sam in a dreamy voice.

She didn't answer. Instead, the woman raised her arms over her head and shook her breasts at him. She simultaneously pushed his penis back and forth with her inner thighs. Sam was in heaven. . . but he was in for a shock.

"You are so beautiful!" he exclaimed.

The woman smiled at him and then handed him his drink. He swallowed it. Then she slid her hands down her body and slipped them beneath the waistband of her panties. She seductively shook her hips from side to side.

Sam began to feel warm and calm, maybe even a little sleepy.

The woman teased Sam by lowering one side of her panties, but then raising that side again and then lowering the other and raising that side too. He could tell that she was clean shaven, but nothing more yet. He watched excitedly for more. He couldn't wait for her to finally lower her panties all the way.

Meanwhile, without Sam noticing, two large women left the bar, where they had been speaking to the bartender. They made their way toward the stage, toward Sam's table. They were now almost directly behind Sam.

The dancer smiled.

Sam smiled back.

The dancer then thrust her hands straight down, pulling her panties down from her hips to the middle of her thighs. Her entire crotch stood completely exposed for Sam to see.

Sam's jaw dropped.

Hanging from the middle of this gorgeous woman's crotch, to Sam's utter, utter horror, was a small fleshy tube about the size of a cocktail weenie and two tiny testicles the size of grapes. *She was a he!!*

Sam instantly felt sick to his stomach. He started to rise to his feet, but felt so dizzy that he began to fall over rather than rise up. The two women behind him caught him mid-fall. He passed out.

Things were about to change for Sam.

Chapter 2: “The Club’s Purpose Is Revealed”

Sam felt someone shake his shoulder to wake him up. It was his wife. “Sam?! What are you doing here?!” asked Katelyn. Her voice was a mixture of concern and annoyance.

“Where am I?” asked Sam. He felt groggy.

“You’re at the club?”

“What club?”

“The club where I work. Why are you here, Sam? Why?!” asked Katelyn.

Sam focused his eyes and looked around the room. He was strapped to a chair in a pink room. One wall was a giant mirror from floor to ceiling. Various notes and checklists hung on another wall. The third wall was cabinets and medical equipment. To his left stood some surgical gear and what appeared to be a stereo about the size of a small refrigerator.

“What’s going on? Why am I strapped to this chair?” he asked and he yanked on the bindings. They held him tightly.

“Oh Sam, you’ve done it this time,” said Katelyn ominously.

“Done what?” he asked. He looked at his wife. She stood next to him, dressed in what can only be described as a sexy suit. This appeared to be a normal skirt suit a businesswoman might wear, only the skirt was a miniskirt with a leg slit, the jacket was cut wide in the front to allow a good view of the top of her breasts and had the name of the club embroidered in pink over the breast, and she wore no blouse beneath. In fact, with her pushup bra, she gave the appearance of being naked beneath the jacket. Below that, she wore stockings, with the tops showing, a garterbelt and her five-inch heels. “You know what? Forget that. I should be the one asking questions! What kind of job has you wearing *that* at work?”

“Sam—”

“What the hell is going on here?!” he asked angrily.

She ignored him. “Sam, I told you not to snoop. I told you that what I did was secret—”

“You never told me you worked as a stripper!”

Katelyn pursed her lips. “I’m not a stripper,” she said coldly.

Sam very visibly looked his wife up and down again. “You could have fooled me,” he said equally coldly. Then he remembered more of what he had seen so far this night. “And what the hell was that. . . *that thing* on stage? That was no woman!”

“I know.”

“Seriously, Katelyn, what the hell is going on here?!”

“Sam, listen to me.”

He shook his head. “No, you listen to me! Get me out of this chair and then you and I are leaving. I won’t have my wife working at a place like this,” he growled.

Katelyn slowly shook her head. “It’s too late, Sam. I can’t help you.”

“What do you mean you can’t help me?!”

“I mean, it’s too late. There’s no way to escape. They can do whatever they want to you now and I can’t stop them.”

Sam glared at his wife. “They can’t do anything to me. I have rights!”

Katelyn shook her head again. “When you lied your way into their club, you lost those rights as far as they’re concerned. They don’t care and by the time this is over, you won’t be able to assert your rights.”

Sam furrowed his brow. His wife seemed to him to be talking gibberish now. “Listen to me very carefully, honey. Untie me and then we’re leaving,” he said as calmly as he could.

“I can’t, Sam. They’re too powerful. As it is, the only thing keeping them from doing to me what they’re about to do to you is that they understand that you followed me here against my wishes. If they thought otherwise, I would be strapped to a chair myself right now.”

Sam glared at his wife. “If this is a joke, it’s not funny anymore.”

“It’s no joke, Sam.”

“No, Mr. Banner, it’s no joke,” said a tall woman in a white lab coat who entered the room at that very moment. Her enormous heels made her even taller. She walked over in front of Sam. “You are dismissed Katelyn. Return to your duties.”

“But he’s—”

“You have your orders. Now do as you are told,” said the woman softly.

Katelyn ran her tongue over her teeth. “Yes, ma’am,” she said.

“Katelyn, wait! You have to help me!” exclaimed Sam.

“I’m sorry, honey. There’s nothing I can do. You brought this on yourself. Maybe I can help you later,” she said and she left.

As the door closed behind Katelyn, Sam and the woman glared at each other for several seconds. Then the woman chuckled and she began pulling the medical equipment closer to Sam. She said nothing as she worked. Sam, meanwhile, tried to free himself from his bonds, but couldn’t. It was hopeless.

“What are you doing to me?” asked Sam nervously.

The woman smiled. “Exactly what you wanted.”

Sam furrowed his brow and kept tugging at the restraints. “What are you talking about ‘exactly what I want’?! I don’t want any part of this. I didn’t ask to be here!”

“Oh, but you did, Samantha,” said the woman.

Sam ignored the feminization of his name as that was the least of his worries right now, but he kept tugging on the restraints.

The woman continued: “When you broke into our club, when you lied your way in, you volunteered to be part of our program. Why else would you be here? So we’re going to put you through the program. . . *just. . . like. . . you. . . wanted.*”

Sam swallowed hard. He had no idea what this really meant, but he knew it wouldn’t be good. He took a deep breath to calm himself. “What are you going to do to me?” he asked again.

The woman smiled again. “Just lean back and relax, darling,” she said and she pushed a lever which reclined Sam’s chair. As she did, another woman in a pink lab coat came into the room and placed a needle into his arm. A minute later, he was on an IV drip. A minute after that, he was asleep.

—o—

Sam awoke some time later. He had no idea if it had been a minute, ten minutes or ten days that he had been asleep. It felt like it had been some time however. When he awoke, he saw his wife standing over him. She was biting her lip and shaking her head. He tried to speak, but was too tired. He felt a great deal of pressure on his chest and soreness in his nose, his lips and his scalp.

“Hang in there, honey. Remember, the more you fight it, the harder it will be,” she said.

He fell asleep again.

—o—

Once more, Sam awoke. Time had stopped for him. This time, there was a woman talking, but he couldn’t see her. His chest and hips and rear felt sore, as did the arches in his feet. His lips felt puffy. His ears felt strange too. It took him a moment to realize that he was wearing headphones and that the woman he thought was talking was just a recording; he was actually alone in the room. He struggled to make out what she said. It came across as gibberish to him.

“Obey. You are a sissy. Sissies worship their mistresses.”

“Obey,” said a man’s voice.

“You want to wear girlish clothes and heels so high you struggle to walk,” said the woman.

“Obey,” said the man again.

“Obey,” said the woman.

“I feel best when I obey,” said the man. “I feel sick when I think for myself.”

“Obey,” said the woman.

“I want to be a sissy,” said the man.

“Obey,” said the woman.

“I want to wear girlish clothes and heels so high I struggle to walk,” said the man. “I want to obey my mistress. I want her to dominate me and humiliate me.”

“Obey,” said the woman.

“I want to wear skirts and panties,” said the man.

“Obey,” said the woman.

“I am happy when I obey,” said the man.

“Obey,” said the woman.

“Yes, mistress, I am most happy when my mistress humiliates me,” said the man. “I wish I had a tiny penis.”

Sam shook his head. “What is this crap?” he tried to say, but he couldn’t speak. Instead, he just lay there listening until he fell asleep again.

—o—

The next time Sam awoke, he felt numb throughout his crotch. The headphones were still on his head, but only for a second. As he blinked his eyes to adjust them to the light, a woman in a pink nurse’s uniform and white spike heels removed his headphones.

“How are you feeling, Samantha?” she asked.

“Samantha? Who the hell is Samantha?” thought Sam, but out of his mouth came, “I’m a little sore, Miss.”

“That’s to be expected, dear.”

“Thank you, Miss,” said Sam, though it wasn’t what he intended to say. “Why am I saying something different than I’m thinking?” he asked himself. “Something is wrong here.”

“What would you like, dear?”

“I’d like to be a sissy, Miss. I want to wear skirts and heels so high I can barely walk. I want to feel humiliated by my mistress,” said Sam to his utter shock.

“Anything else?”

“Oh yes, Miss. I wish so much!”

“What do you wish most, Samantha?”

“I wish I had a tiny penis, one everyone would laugh at.”

Sam felt like he’d been punched in the gut. He couldn’t believe those words had come out of his mouth. Even worse, he could hear that thought rattling around inside his mind. He truly did believe that was something he wanted. . . at

least, part of him did. The rest of him knew that wasn't his thought. He had a large penis and he was proud of it. It was an impressive penis, the kind that always got the girls' to take note. There was no way he would ever want to give that up, even as part of him suddenly desperately wanted to be rid of it. This newfound duality worried Sam.

The woman, meanwhile, smiled and rubbed her finger over his numb crotch. Then she placed the headphones back on his head. A moment later, Sam heard the same man and woman he had been hearing in his dreams for days now.

"Obey," said the woman.

"I want to wear skirts and be humiliated," said the man.

Sam fell asleep.

—o—

Sam awoke. This time, things were different. This time, Sam wasn't wearing the headphones. He wasn't lying on the bed either. He was sitting in a chair, and he wasn't even tied to the chair. What's more, his posture felt very strange to him. His legs were crossed at the knee with his lower leg tucked beneath him. He held his arms close to his sides and rested his hands in his lap, one on top the other. Then he noticed the other changes.

"Oh my God!" he squealed in a high-pitched voice.

Sitting across from Sam, in the mirror, was a gorgeous if slutty woman. She had long, curly blonde hair hanging down below her shoulder blades. Her nose was small and button-like. Her lips were enormously inflated. On her chest were two melon-sized breasts with nipples the size of half-dollars. Her hips and legs were toned and her feet, strangely, were balancing on their toes as if her feet were encased in high heels.

"What have they done to me?!" asked Sam with a gasp. His voice surprised him, and he covered his mouth with his fingers, which ended in long, oval nails.

Sam stood up and examined himself closely in the mirror. He had a woman's hairline. His eyebrows were trimmed to be small and highly arched. Everything about him was feminine. It was as if he had been reborn a woman. Even his cheekbones were much more delicate than they had been.

"How did they do this?!" he asked and a tear slid from his eye.

Then he noticed a tiny bruise just to the left of his chin, which indicated that he had undergone extensive surgery.

"Surgery?! Oh my God! They put me through surgery. They could have changed anything!" he told himself with a shudder.

Just then, a frozen shiver race down his spine and his jaw dropped. They

could have changed *anything*. . . ***anything!*** Was it possible they changed *that*? Sam looked down at his crotch, which was covered by a pair of cute pink panties with little white hearts on them. He pulled aside the panties. He gasped, he swooned, and he nearly passed out.

“They did it! They took away my penis!” he screamed.

Sure enough, between his legs, where his larger-than-average penis had been now sat a tiny stub of a penis. It was perhaps as thick and long as his pinkie finger, if that, and it was very, very soft. Moreover, his testicles at first appeared to be gone until Sam pushed his penis aside and saw the two tiny grapes hanging there.

“My penis!!”

“I hope you like it,” said a feminine voice behind Sam.

Sam spun around. He was intent on letting this woman have a piece of his mind. “***What the hell have you done?! I’m going to sue you crazy bitches for everything you own!***” he wanted to scream, but he didn’t. Instead, he said, “Oh yes, Miss! I love it! It’s perfect for me! I want to wear skirts and heels and have a humiliatingly small dick!” Then he rushed to the woman and hugged her. Yes! He hugged her!

“Good girl,” said the woman and she patted him on the back. “Let’s get you dressed.”

Chapter 3: “Samantha’s Training”

Sam was still too shocked to pay much attention as the two young women dressed him. He tried, but he couldn’t focus. They had taken away his prized penis and left him with a humiliating stub. No woman would ever want to have sex with him after this! They had robbed him of his manhood. Even worse, the very idea was turning him on and there was nothing he could do about it. So he stood there stunned as the two women dressed him in women’s clothes, which just added to both his humiliation and his excitement. He felt sick.

“What are you doing?” he asked. He tried not to cry.

“We’re getting you dressed,” said one of the women.

“I don’t wama be dressed.”

The woman snickered. “I’m sure that will change.”

Sam swayed back and forth. He took a deep breath and tried to focus. It remained very difficult, but he was coming around. Though, strangely, with each item that went on his body, he felt more and more comfortable in the clothes. Soon enough, somewhere between the slip they pulled down over his head and the stockings they ran up his legs, he was starting to feel quite happy. . . something which made him very, very unhappy. Not only were they dressing him as a woman, but they had completely changed his body. That was no dream. They had given him breast implants and plastic surgery to make him look like a woman, and even worse, they had done something to shrink his penis and testicles to about the size of a baby’s. He should be screaming mad. He should be tearing the room apart and rushing out of there to find a doctor to immediately reverse what they had done, yet all he could do was stand there and feel happy in the embrace of the silks and satins and lace.

“I want to leave,” he finally said with great effort.

The woman smiled. “We are leaving. Come with us,” she said and she took his hand and yanked him out of the room. He stumbled along after her.

“Where are we going, Miss?”

“We’re taking you to class,” said the woman.

“What kind of class?”

“You have much to learn, Samantha, if you’re going to be a proper sissy.”

As the woman said this, Sam felt his tiny penis get hard. He wasn’t even sure it could do that, but it did and it made him shudder. Clearly, he liked the idea of becoming a proper sissy. Then something even worse happened: “I can’t wait, Miss!” he gushed.

Sam’s jaw dropped. Had he really said that? Really? He definitely didn’t want that. So why had he said it? What exactly had they done to him that they

could control his thoughts and how was he going to undo it?

The woman seemed to smile knowingly and kept walking. As they made their way down a long corridor, Sam could hear the woman's high heels echoing off the tile floor. Sam remained barefoot, though he walked on his toes for some reason. He felt jealous that she got to wear heels and he didn't. Still, he had been allowed to wear a dress and, as they walked, his short pink dress danced around his knees and he felt the cold air tickling his inner thighs. This excited him, but he still wished he could be wearing heels too.

"Why can't I wear high heels, Miss?" asked Sam.

"Patience, dear. You need to learn to walk in them first."

"But Miss, they're heels!"

"You need to be trained, Samantha. I know you're anxious, but you need to wait."

Before Sam could say anything else, they reached the door to the classroom and the woman opened it and went inside. Two other women . . . or possibly men . . . were already seated in chairs waiting patiently. Sam quickly learned that their names were Sissy and Prissy and they were brothers.

"All right girls, eyes front," said the woman at the front of the classroom. She wore a tight black dress with a high collar which was somewhat reminiscent of a "schoolmarm" dress from years before, only this one was tailored to be more sexy. It struck Sam as the "stripper interpretation" of the schoolmarm dress. The woman finished the outfit off with knee-high black boots with tall heels and a riding crop which lay on her desk at the moment.

Each of the men gave her their undivided attention, including Sam. In fact, now that he had been told to pay attention to her, Sam wanted nothing more . . . and found he could do nothing else.

"My name is Miss Jordan," said the woman. "I'm going to instruct you in the fine art of being a sissy and how to take care of your mistresses."

Each of the men, again including Sam, instantly broke out into giddy applause.

"I'm glad you approve," said the woman with an ironic laugh as everyone in the room knew they had no choice but to agree, no matter what they really thought. She continued: "Today, we're going to start with basic posture. Then we'll do what I know you're all anxious to do: learn to walk in heels."

More giddy applause followed.

Miss Jordan went to the table in the front corner of the room and picked up three shoeboxes which sat on the edge of the table. She took one box to each of the men and then returned to the table and leaned against it with her arms folded and her legs crossed at the ankle. She could see the men dying to open the boxes, but they hadn't been given such an instruction, so they sat there waiting . . . agonizing.

This made her smile because it meant the training was working properly.

“Open the boxes,” said Miss Jordan finally.

The men excitedly opened their boxes. Three squeals followed. Sam didn't want to squeal. In fact, he resisted as best he could, but he couldn't help himself. The moment he saw those hot-pink gorgeous t-strap sandals, with the five-inch heels and their thick platforms, he just felt overwhelmed and he squealed imagining himself wearing these with his painted toenails proudly sticking out the front. Right now, he wanted that more than anything, and he became hard as a tiny, little rock at the thought.

“All right, sissies, put them on,” said Miss Jordan.

The men grabbed their new shoes and slipped their feet into them. Looks of utter contentment and joy filled their faces; they looked like they had been wandering the desert and finally had their first sip of water in days. They savored every second of this. Not one of them thought to ask why their feet fit so well or why they had been walking on tiptoes before this. Not that they would have received an answer, but the reason was the surgery they had undergone to tighten their Achilles tendons and make it impossible for them to wear anything but high heels.

“Hurry up, sissies.”

“Yes, ma'am,” responded the three men and they each leaned over and buckled the straps. Then they put their feet together and they sat up straight and waited for the further instruction. They were dying to start walking.

“Oh my God!” thought Sam. “Any second, I'll be gliding across the room in these amazing heels.” He took a deep breath to embrace the moment. As he did, deeper inside his mind, where the real Sam had retreated to save himself, Sam felt emasculated that his mind and body were so excited by this whole idea. He wanted to scream and run from the room, but he didn't because he knew he wouldn't get far. He no longer controlled his body, and the part of him that controlled his body was singing, “I want to wear skirts and heels so high I can barely walk. I want to feel humiliated by my mistress.” Sam swallowed hard. This was going to get worse before it got better.

“Now stand up,” said Miss Jordan and she herself stopped leaning against the table and stood up straight. “Do it slowly so you can make sure you are balanced. Keep your feet together.”

Sam stood up. It was harder than it seemed like it would be, but he managed. He struggled even more to stay standing without shifting around; he found he needed to hold his ankles more tightly, push his hips forward a bit, and hold his shoulders back. This wasn't natural to him yet, but it would become so. As an aside, this also caused his breasts to stand out more prominently on his chest, which made him happy. . . very, very happy.

“Now take your first steps, girls!”

Sam took his first step. He almost shot cum into his panties as his heel struck the floor and clicked. Then he took his second. Then his third. Soon, he was moving across the room. As he went, he was shown to take smaller steps, to keep his feet straight and together, to keep his knees together, and to bring down his feet one in front of the other. Soon enough, he was moving across the room with the other men at his side and he was reveling in it. The sound of their high heels on that tile floor sent a shudder down his spine and made his tiny hard penis throb.

CLICK, CLICK, CLICK, CLICK, CLICK, CLICK, CLICK, CLICK, CLICK, CLICK!

“What an exciting sound!” exclaimed Sissy.

CLICK, CLICK, CLICK, CLICK, CLICK, CLICK, CLICK, CLICK, CLICK, CLICK!

“I love it!” squealed Prissy and they both hugged each other and jumped up and down. “I love our wives for sending us here!”

“Oh yes! I can’t wait to serve them!”

CLICK, CLICK, CLICK, CLICK, CLICK, CLICK, CLICK, CLICK, CLICK, CLICK!

Sissy blushed. “I hope they humiliate us,” he said.

Sam raised an eyebrow. As much as he wanted to tell Sissy to shut the heck up and to never say that again, he had just had the exact same thought, even though he knew that was the last thing he really wanted. Of course, while he knew this wasn’t what he really wanted, there was no way he would convince the rest of his body of that as he kept hearing the rest of his brain wishing that Katelyn would find him, take him and dominate and humiliate him.

“Why am I thinking that?” he asked himself. “I don’t want that!”

The instructor saw the confusion on his face. “What are you thinking about Samantha?” she asked.

“My wife, Miss.”

“What about your wife? Do you want her to come humiliate you?”

“Oh yes!” squealed Sam without a second thought and he meant it. . . even though he hated the idea.

“Good girl, Samantha. You’ll be an excellent sissy for your wife.”

Sam felt genuinely pleased hearing this and that made him blush. “Thank you, ma’am.”

The instructor pointed at Sam. “While we’re at it, Samantha, this is a good time to introduce you sissies to the next lesson plan. You need to learn to curtsy!” said Miss Jordan with a laugh.

Prissy and Sissy instantly hugged each other and jumped up and down again. Sam also had to admit he felt happy about this. Curtseying very much

seemed like something a sissy would do and the thought of him curtsying turned him on. . . but it also made him ill. In fact, this whole experience was making Sam ill. His very impulses had been turned into those of a reflexively submissive sissy, and that horrified and humiliated him. This was a nightmare that wouldn't end, a nightmare that strangely turned him on like nothing before.

Where was this headed he wondered. . . and how would he escape?

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For the next few days, the men were taught everything they needed to know to be sissies. They were taught to walk, to talk, to sit and to stand. They were taught how to move in skirts, how to walk in heels, and how to handle every other aspect of feminine dress. Everything was exaggerated. They were taught how to serve their Mistresses too. They were taught domestic duties. They were taught how to care for clothes. They were taught how to care for their Mistress's bodies and hair, how to dress them, and how to please them. They were taught everything they would need to know for their new roles, like how to serve at parties, how to treat guests, and how to submit to public humiliations. And they were taught new social skills, like flirting and dancing. Soon enough, they were very well trained sissies, and there was only one thing left to teach them. . . and one final test.

"Good morning, sissies," said Miss Jordan. She wore her normal tight black dress and high-heeled boots.

"Good morning, Miss Jordan," responded the men in unison.

Sam sat at his small desk with his knees together and his hand resting in his lap. Like the other man, he waited anxiously for orders. Indeed, despite himself, he felt a constant need for guidance these days; he simply felt better when one of the women told him what to do. In fact, it was such a strong feeling for him that he struggled when he was left to make his own decisions, and he found it impossible to resist a direct order. This worried him because he realized that this potentially put him at the mercy of anyone he was with.

"Today we begin the final phase of your training, sissies," said Miss Jordan.

The men looked at each other excitedly.

"We have two things left to learn. The first is very important. This is something all sissies must know. Can anyone guess what it is?" asked Miss Jordan.

The men all looked at each other and blushed. Then they lowered their eyes to the floor. If any of them knew, there were too ashamed to assert themselves and say. This caused Miss Jordan to giggle.

"You will learn how to greet other sissies," said Miss Jordan.

Sam swallowed hard. He realized right away that this would be

humiliating. He also realized right away that the more humiliating it was, the more he would be turned on by it, much to his chagrin. He didn't understand that and he didn't like it, but clearly, they had found a way to change his very being somehow so that these things now turned him on even as the idea itself repulsed him. It scared him that they had this power over him, but there was nothing he could do about it right now. . . not until he got out of here and got a chance to get away from these crazy woman, so he didn't fight it – not that fighting would have helped in any event.

“Come on, girls,” said Miss Jordan. “Come gather round.”

Miss Jordan stood before the class with her legs spread as wide as her pencil skirt would let her. She had one foot slightly forward and was balancing it on the heel of her boot. This pose gave her a strong appearance and it actually intimidated Sam, which made him hard. He wondered if the other two men felt the same thing. Seeing this in his face made Miss Jordan giggle. She liked having this kind of control over these former men. That made her wet.

The men gathered around her.

“When two sissies meet,” she said, “it’s a special occasion. Both sissies should be very excited to see each other. And to show that excitement, you need to greet each other appropriately. Do any of you know how to do that?”

Prissy’s hand shot up in the air.

“Yes, Prissy,” said Miss Jordan.

“Do we hug?”

Miss Jordan snickered. “Sort of. Why don’t you and Samantha come stand before each other and you two can be the first.”

“Oh no!” thought Sam to himself, but he nevertheless dutifully stepped directly in front of Miss Jordan and stood face too face with Prissy, about four feet apart.

“All right. Now, you two sissies just met. You’re excited. Your little wieners are hard as they can be,” she said and she gave the front of both men’s skirts a quick grab and rub. “You both look each other over. You wish you were wearing what the other was wearing because he’s so much cuter than you. You resolve to become even cuter for your Mistresses.”

“Yes, Mistress,” said both Sam and Prissy and they curtsyed. And in that moment, Sam actually did resolve to become even cuter for his Mistress, who he assumed would be his wife Katelyn.

“Now you both smile broadly,” continued Miss Jordan. “Smile to make yourself an open book. Never hide your emotions. Now rush together and hug. Go on.”

The two men rushed together with the sound of high heels scrambling on the tile floor. They wrapped their arms around each other, rested their cheeks on each other’s cheeks and then hugged each other tightly. Sam could smell Prissy’s

perfume and it turned him on. He felt his little penis throb and rub against Prissy.

“Now let go of each other. Lean back. Place your hands before you, folded over your tiny wieners,” said Miss Jordan.

The two men did as instructed, and each time Miss Jordan referred to Sam’s penis as tiny, he felt himself wither under the humiliation of his lost penis which was now smaller than a baby’s penis. He wanted to cry, but at the same time, something inside him reveled in the exquisite humiliation and he felt his tiny penis throb as hard as it could.

“Now you both lean in, head and shoulders only, no arms. . . don’t move your arms, and you kiss each other on the lips. . . big, wet sloppy sissy kisses,” said Miss Jordan with a withering laugh.

Sam shuddered and nearly passed out. The idea of kissing another man on the lips was just too much for him. He couldn’t do it. There was no way. . . except that he suddenly felt an intense desire to do it. Even as he screamed “NO!” within his brain, his mind screamed back “OH YES!”

Then it happened and there was nothing Sam could do to stop it. He and Prissy leaned forward and planted their lips on the other’s lips.

They kissed.

Sam had never felt more emasculated in his life than he did right now, even when he first saw what they had done to his penis. He just couldn’t believe they could control him enough to make him kiss another man! Even worse, *it was turning him on!!* Yes, it was. His penis was hard as a rock, a tiny rock, but still a rock, and he felt giggly and happy about kissing this feminize man. He cried to himself in that moment. . . he knew he would never be Sam again, even if they could undo everything.

His penis shot its load.

Chapter 4: “Samantha’s Final Test”

With the men programmed to react reflexively as submissive sissies and trained how to take care of the women they would be serving when they left here, it was time to complete the procedure and then see if the men could pass their final tests. First came the final piece of the control puzzle. The men were taken one by one to the medical procedure room. Sam went first.

“Strip,” said the woman in the white lab coat as she entered the room.

Sam slipped his feet out of his high-heeled slippers and pulled his dress over his head. His nipples were hard on the ends of his enormous breasts and had escaped his low-cut bra. The sight of those turned him on, even if they were on his own chest, and his tiny penis jumped to attention. Sam then hung his dress carefully on the hanger he had been provided. Next, he reached behind him and unhooked his bra. He removed that. His surgically perfect breasts sprang into view. That they were part of him made him tingle with both pride and horror. He then bent over and pulled his stockings and his panties off his legs and removed his garterbelt. The nurse took each of those from him. All that was left now was the tight corset which was helping redefine his shape. They would not be removing that.

“Climb onto the table and put your feet in the stirrups,” said the woman.

Sam did as he was told, with the assistance of the nurse, and he slid his rear onto the cold table. He then spun around and leaned against the raised back of the table. He lifted his legs and placed one foot in each stirrup. Sitting like this was humiliating as it left his tiny erection and balls exposed, but of course, that was the point.

Without warning, the woman grabbed his tiny penis between her fingers and manipulated it. “This is a particularly small one,” she said. “This must be very humiliating.”

“Yes, ma’am.”

The nurse giggled.

The woman chuckled at the nurse and said to Sam, “You certainly won’t be mistaken for a man with this, will you?”

“No ma’am.”

“Not that you would want to be mistake for a man, would you Samantha?”

Sam wanted to scream that he was going to do whatever it took to become a normal man again and that whatever they had done could be undone, but instead, he giggled. Yes, he giggled. Then he meekly said, “No, ma’am,” and he shook his head, making his earrings jingle.

“Good girl,” said the woman and she stroked the head of his penis with her thumb. Her thumb was larger than the penis.

At this point, the nurse brought the woman a tray. On the tray were various instruments as well as metallic tube, a small silver bell and a remote control. The woman picked up the tube and opened it. It was about an inch long and, where it closed, it had two raised lips that would stand side by side. A ring attached to each lip would allow a lock to be slipped through the rings to hold them tightly. Sam saw where this was headed. . . or so he thought.

“This is a control device. . . not that you need one,” said the woman.

“What kind of control, Miss?” asked Sam.

The woman crouched down and snapped the device onto the shaft of his penis. It fit very snugly, giving the penis no room to escape. The head of the penis stuck out the front. As she checked the fit of the device, she continued speaking.

“Your Mistress will be given the remote control,” she said. “Not only will the remote control tell her when you are erect, but she can deliver a number of pre-programmed sensations depending on her desire.”

“What kind of sensations, ma’am?” asked Sam nervously.

“It can vibrate in several modes, which should feel quite nice. It can also shock to punish,” she said matter of factly. She then took some pliers and squeezed the device until it was even tighter around his penis. Then she grabbed some fluid and poured that into the seam.

Sam was becoming increasingly nervous.

The woman continued: “This fluid will bind the metal together so you won’t be able to remove this device without metal cutters. Don’t worry though, it doesn’t bind with skin.” She paused to let the fluid do its job. “I find that if we just use a lock, then it’s too easy for the subject to remove it without permission,” she said to the nurse.

Sam bit his lip. She was locking him into this and it sounded like removing it was going to be very, very difficult, if not impossible. At the very least, he would need to show someone his penis and he really didn’t want to do that. Even worse, it sounded like they would need to cut it from him and that might not be possible without injuring him.

“How am I going to get out of this?!” he screamed to himself.

Bzzzzzzzzzz!

Sam felt the device vibrate at an extremely high rate. This caused the head of his penis to jump around, as did his tiny testicles, and it sent waves of pleasure shooting throughout his crotch. The pleasure was actually overwhelming his nervous system and he even began to drool. Within seconds, his penis was pumping white fluid out all over the table.

“Note that he lacks control and make a recommendation that he be carefully monitored before pleasure is allowed,” said the woman and the nurse wrote that down on the chart. The woman pushed another button.

Bzzz! Bzzz! Bzzz! Bzzz!

The pleasure vanished instantly and painful electric shocks suddenly shot through Sam's penis. It was intense. Had he been standing, Sam would have fallen to his knees or worse. As it is, he wanted to scream or cry or run, but he didn't have that option. Fortunately, the pain ended as quickly as it began.

"Good," said the woman, "everything works as it should. He's ready for his final test."

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With his device installed, Sam was taken to a room he had never visited before. This looked like a dressing room. Indeed, the room was packed with clothes and shoes and makeup and the front of the room was lined with five dressing stations, each of which had its own mirror and lights. Sissy and Prissy were already seated having their makeup done.

"Oh good, Samantha is here. Let's get you ready and then we can all begin," said Miss Jordan. She waved Sam to the middle dressing station and told the nurse that she could return to her other duties. Then she picked up a phone and made a call.

Sam sat down and waited.

"You're going to love this, Samantha," whispered Sissy, who sat next to Sam. "It's so exciting!" A young woman was doing his makeup.

"What are we doing?" asked Sam.

"We're dancing!"

"For whom?"

"You'll find out soon enough," interjected Miss Jordan, who had hung up the phone. "Just sit still and all will be explained in a moment."

There was a knock at the door.

"But first," continued Miss Jordan as she walked to the door, "I believe you know Miss Katelyn."

Miss Jordan opened the door and in walked Sam's wife. Sam's jaw dropped, as did his wife's.

"Oh Sam!" exclaimed Katelyn.

"Hello, ma'am," said Sam softly and he rose from his chair and curtsied.

Katelyn bit her lip and folded her arms. She slowly circled her feminized husband as he stood before her at attention. He hadn't moved an inch. . . he didn't have permission.

"I warned you, Sam."

"Yes, ma'am."

“I told you just to accept the fact I couldn’t tell you what I did. But no, you had to follow me, and now. . . this,” she said and she waved her hand up and down his body. “What am I going to do with you, Sam?”

Sam didn’t say a word. His conditioning prevented him from speaking his mind without permission. Besides, with Miss Jordan standing there, Sam didn’t want to say too much at the moment anyway.

Katelyn shook her head and put her hands on her hips. She took a deep breath and then exhaled loudly. “Wow, Sam.”

At this point, Miss Jordan came over to them. “Please get Samantha ready for her final test,” said Miss Jordan to Katelyn. Katelyn nodded and immediately dove into the makeup kit. Meanwhile, Miss Jordan returned Sam to the chair.

“Can’t I please go home?” asked Sam.

Miss Jordan laughed. “Without passing your final test? No, we would never allow that. We have to maintain the standards of our product. Once you enter our product line, we will make sure that you are satisfactory in every respect.”

As Sam sat in the chair, his wife returned to him. She carried a makeup kit, which she set on a shelf next to his chair. Then she promptly got to work on his nails, which were long and oval. She made them a bright, glowing red. When she finished, she turned her attention to his face. As she worked, two other women came over and removed Sam’s clothing and replaced it with what appeared to be an oversexed stewardess costume, right down to having tassels hung from his nipples like propellers.

“Ok, stand up, let’s take a look,” his wife finally said.

Sam stood and shuddered. This was truly humiliating. He wore a short dark blue jacket with golden epaulettes and piping. The jacket wrapped around his breasts rather than covering them; his breasts were held in place by a black lace bra. Below the jacket he wore a hot pink miniskirt with a slit up the side. His stocking tops and garter straps were visible below the skirt. His legs were encased in tan stockings. On his feet, he wore six-inch platform-heeled sandals with spike heels. These sandals were royal blue with hot pink trim. His hot pink toenails showed prominently out the fronts.

Turning his attention higher, he noted that his makeup was somewhat slutty. It was definitely more than a normal woman would wear. His lush hair had been pulled back into a ponytail and on the crown of his head rested a small stewardess cap with golden wings pinned to the front.

He looked like a sissy. This made him hard.

“Well, well, aren’t you perfect?” asked Miss Jordan. She turned to Sam’s wife. “Why don’t you take our sexy little stewardess to the stage and let her see if she can apply what we’ve taught her.”

Sam blushed. "But Miss, I've never been taught to strip. I don't know how to do it! I'll be humiliated!" he said, and this last thought made him suddenly very, very hard. He even felt a trace of precum seeping out.

Miss Jordan laughed. "You've been taught everything you need to know. You've been taught to dance. You've been taught to dress and undress. You've been taught how to please your mistress. You know what men like in strippers as you've likely seen a great many in your life. Now get out there and don't you dare fail. There will be severe consequences if you fail!"

Sam swallowed hard. He had no idea what that meant, but he didn't doubt the truth of her warning.

"Come on, sissy," said Katelyn and she took Sam's hand and started toward the door. Sam tottered after her on the unfamiliar heels. He noticed almost nothing as they made their way to the stage. He was so nervous. It even took him a few seconds to realize that his wife was talking to him.

"I'm sorry, Miss, I didn't hear that," he said.

"I said that you better do whatever it takes to make the audience happy. If they ask for something, do it. If they touch you, let them. Whatever they want is what you will provide. Don't think about it, don't debate it, just do it."

"Yes, ma'am."

She stopped and stared right into her feminized husband's eyes. "Don't blow this, Sam. They can send you back through their program until you're nothing but a lisping, simpering sissy, and they'll do it if they think you aren't complying with their orders 100%. So don't resist, don't mess around, and don't screw up."

Sam wanted to scream at his wife that they needed to leave immediately and that he couldn't believe his wife was about to push him out there onto the stage amongst the wolves, but he couldn't mouth the words. Instead, he just nodded his head and said, "Yes, Mistress." He smiled.

Katelyn slowly shook her head. Then she giggled. Finally, she placed her hand on his shoulders and pointed him toward the door. She placed her hand in the center of his back and pushed. A moment later, Sam stumbled through the curtain out onto the stage.

"Oh my God! What do I do now?" he asked.

The music began.

Almost by instinct, Sam felt his body beginning to move. It felt so strange though as his breasts and hips swung back and forth. He took a deep breath and let his instincts takeover. A moment later, he felt his feet start moving. He was headed to the front of the stage.

The next few minutes were a blur for Sam. He recalled stage lights, the smoke, the smell of alcohol and perfume, the sense of a million people out in the darkness beyond the stage, the feel of his high heels sliding on the slick stage floor,

the cheers, his erection, and his nipples yearning to be touched. Somehow, he was dancing. He didn't know how. He wasn't doing it consciously. He wasn't even trained to dance like this, not to his knowledge, but his brain went into overdrive and dug deep down into his memories and here he was gracefully mimicking what he had seen before.

“How am I doing this?”

He swung around the pole and felt the ice cold metal rubbing his erection. It stung.

“Take it off!” yelled a voice from the darkness.

Sam let go of the pole and waved his finger at the voice. Then he strutted toward the darkness and he grabbed the lapels on his jacket. He flung his jacket open, closed it again and then yanked it from his body. He swung it around over his head and then tossed it to an empty part of the stage.

“I can't believe I'm doing this!” he told himself as he started to regain consciousness of what he was doing.

Sam slipped out of his skirt and let it fall to his feet. He stepped out of it with his left foot and then used his right foot to kick the skirt into the audience, which brought on a huge cheer.

Without his skirt, Sam now worried that the audience might see his erection poking up beneath his panties despite how tiny it had become. Still, he had no time to worry about that, as he found himself dancing around the stage again. This time, he moved up and down a lot, causing his ample breasts to jiggle.

“This is so utterly humiliating!”

Sam reached around behind his chest and pulled off his bra. As he did, his enormous globes with their perfect and hard nipples sprang into view. The audience went wild. Sam now grabbed his knees to brace himself and he started swinging his breasts around in a circle. This caused the airplane propellers hanging from his nipples to start to spin. The audience went even more wild.

As he spun, Sam realized that there were steps which would let him climb down off the stage and get closer to the patrons. He simultaneously remembered the shemale stripper coming down to dance for him. He suddenly realized that would be expected.

“I guess I can't avoid it,” he told himself. He swallowed hard.

Sam strutted over to the steps and carefully made his way off the stage in his high heels. He picked out a man by the stage. This man seemed harmless enough. So Sam walked over to him and began to tease him with the propellers on his breasts.

“You're amazing!” yelled the man. His erection became obvious in his pants.

Sam tried to ignore the man's erection, but he'd been taught to respond to

erections by thinking about sucking on them and that was going through his mind right now. Still, it didn't change what Sam needed to do.

“Woo hoo!” yelled the man. “Bring it on, sexy!”

Sam straddled the man and slid his own crotch down onto the man's crotch. He tried to keep his own crotch above the man's, but he sometimes missed and he could feel the man's erection rubbing against his own panties.

“Dance, baby! Dance!”

Sam decided the man had had enough and he swung his leg away from the man. Then he followed that leg and effectively turned his back on the man as he dismounted. He shook his rear at the man.

Then it happened.

Sam couldn't believe what he felt.

The man had leaned forward as Sam started to walk away and he pushed aside Sam's panties and he jammed his fat finger inside Sam's rear as far as it would go. Instinctively, Sam spread his legs to reduce the pressure and he bent over and grabbed the stage for support as if he were grabbing a police car when he was being frisked.

“Oh my God!” screamed Sam inside his head.

The man started to pull his finger out, but it was a trick. A moment later, the man had two fingers inside Sam's rear and he was pushing and pulling and roaming about.

Sam was utterly humiliated. . . and that turned him on.

Even worse, Miss Jordan took this moment to push the control device on his penis. She set it on vibrate and let it run. Sam felt waves of pleasure coursing through his body from this vibrating device. He simultaneously felt intense pressure in his rear as the man was jamming his fingers in and out, deeper and deeper, left and right, tickling, grabbing and pinching.

Sam was so awash in sensations that he's lost track of everything, and despite himself he reached down and pulled down his panties, exposing his tiny erection for everyone to see. There was loud applause and lots of whistles, but Sam was oblivious to it all. He grabbed the head of his penis and he tugged on it. . . and he tugged on it. A moment later, he shot a tiny amount of white hot cum out of his penis to the floor, directly between his feet.

The room exploded in laughter.

It was only then that Sam realized what had happened and what he had done. He turned bright, bright red. He yanked his rear free of the man's fingers and charged up onto the stage. He intended to race to the back, but something inside him made him stop and bow. The humiliation felt like a drug to him and he wanted to bask in it just a little bit more.

Then he turned and raced away. The audience still cheered for him. He

had been one of the more popular shows they'd seen that night. There was no doubt he had a talent.

But it was time to go home.

Epilogue

Katelyn and Miss Jordan met Sam at the doorway to the stage. They both applauded and told him how good his performance had been. They were laughing heartily too. It felt particularly humiliating to Sam, knowing that his wife had watched him, but her laugh was the worst part.

“All right, Samantha. You’ve been fully trained and you’ve passed your test. It’s time we handed you off to your new owner,” said Miss Jordan. She turned to face Katelyn. “You’ve seen the contract and you know the terms. He’s yours.” She handed the controller to Katelyn.

Katelyn nodded her head. “Thank you.”

The two women embraced, which Sam thought was a little strange. Why wasn’t Katelyn as upset as he was? Surely, they should both be racing out of here never to return, right?

Katelyn looked her husband up and down and shook her head. She giggled. “Ok, *Samantha*, let’s go home.” As she said this, she snapped her fingers and reached into her purse. “Oops, I almost forgot,” she said and she paused. Suddenly, she pulled a leash from her purse. She took the end of the leash and she crouched down and attached it to the ring at the bottom of the tube on Sam’s penis. She then yanked it to make sure it was firmly attached. “Ok, no we can go.”

“Ma’am, do I really need a leash?” asked Sam. His face was burning red with shame.

Katelyn shot her husband a withering glare and Sam immediately backed down.

“I’m sorry, Ma’am. Can I at least get another skirt? I lost my skirt on stage.”

Katelyn shook her head. “There will be plenty of skirts at home.”

Sam’s jaw dropped. Was she serious? Did she really expect him to wear skirts at home? Or was she just acting for the sake of Miss Jordan. He didn’t know and that scared him. “Yes, Miss,” was all he was able to say.

Katelyn held the leash firmly and marched her husband to her car. Once there, she opened the passenger seat and made him get in. He sat down and pulled his feet in together after himself, as he had been trained. Katelyn then buckled him into the seat before returning to the driver’s seat and pulling out into traffic. They were on their way home. Sam was a free man, sort of. At last, he was now away from the influence of the club and, to his thinking at least, he and Katelyn could now start the long process of fixing what they had done to him.

He was in for a shock, however.

“Well, there’s bad news, there’s worse news, and there’s even worse

news,” said Katelyn as she merged onto the highway.

Sam said nothing as he hadn't been asked to speak.

“Which would you like to hear first?” she asked.

“Whatever pleases you the most, Miss,” said Sam.

Katelyn let out a cynical chuckle. “Figures. Well, I suppose we should start with the bad news then.”

Sam braced himself. He had no idea what was coming. The whole time he had been trained, he'd prayed for this moment which he viewed as freedom. He prayed that the moment Katelyn got him away from the club, she would make him dress in a short, sissy skirt, very high heels and then humiliate him— wait, that's not correct. No, rather, Sam prayed that Katelyn would set him free from his training and help him return to being Sam. That is what he wanted, right? They could reverse all of this, of that he was sure, or so he hoped at least. But now to hear her suggestion of bad and worse news shook his confidence that this moment would be the freedom-granting moment he had expected.

“The bad news is this, Sam. As long as I work for *Club Femme*, there is no way I can turn you back. You broke their rules and this is their punishment. You just got lucky that I worked there or you would probably be shipped off to some harem of feminized eunuchs right now. And if I try to set you free, they'll swoop down on you and me, and they'll punish us both.” She paused and took a deep breath. “And I'm sorry, Sam, but I'm not going to let the *Club* punish me just because you couldn't control your jealousy. That's too much to ask.”

Sam swallowed hard. This was not what he wanted to hear.

“*When* I quit, *then* we can turn you back, but not before.” She paused again. “That's the bad news. Do you understand?”

“Yes, Mistress,” said Sam and he did his best to curtsy in the car.

Katelyn smirked. She'd seen the other men curtsy and it always made her giggle. She knew her husband would do it as well and, in all honesty, she was looking forward to it. It turned her on, so did having her husband programmed to obey her every word and to act like such a sissy servant. Interestingly, before Sam followed her to work, she sometimes wondered how she would feel if Sam was put into the program and she always concluded that it wasn't something she wanted. Seeing some of the men feminized was a turn on *sometimes*, she couldn't imagine the same with Sam. And yet, now that it had happened, this was proving to be the biggest turn on she had ever experienced in her entire life and she was wet as a sponge at the bottom of the ocean.

She cleared her throat.

“The worse news: I love my job. It pays well. I'm well respected. I like my co-workers. I like what I do. I feel that we provide a uniquely valuable service. So I am very happy at work. What that means is that I have no intention of

quitting any time soon, so you better get used to staying the way you are for quite some time.”

Sam looked like he would protest, though this wasn't really possible, not with his conditioning. Oh, he certainly wanted to protest and deep inside he was, but he had no real way to express such a thought. He sighed.

“Yes, ma'am,” he said and a tiny tear appeared in the corner of his eye.

Katelyn saw the tear and shook her head. “No, Sam, don't try to object.”

“But ma'am,” he said.

She shook her head. “No Sam. You brought this on yourself and I'm not going to lose my job just because you couldn't control your jealousy. And speaking of not giving things up, the even worse news is that I have no intention of going into hiding to protect your ego. I still plan to invite my friends over, to dine with my sister, and to throw the occasional party. I'm not going to become a hermit, and neither are you. We're going to live a very open and public life and all our friends will be told what happened to you. . . sissy.”

Sam felt a shudder. The idea of being exposed to their friends was scary and truly humiliating. . . he liked it, despite himself. In fact, his little penis instantly became hard as a rock and throbbed at the thought of Sam attending one of these parties the way he was right now. The idea terrified him. . . but it turned him on too.

Sam's life was about to change in a big way.

The End

Other Feminization Fables

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



“Sissifying Her Rival” (Part One: Captured)

Amy and Brandon are up for the same promotion, though Brandon has the inside track because the firm prefers to hire men. Amy has a plan to fix this however, by eliminating the competition. All she has to do is turn Brandon into a woman. Is such a thing possible? Brandon is about to find out. Can he escape this feminine fate or will he spend the rest of his life as her feminized servant?

“Sissifying Her Rival” is a cautionary tale of a man who finds himself turned into a woman and at the mercy of his rival. In this first part, Brandon finds himself turning into a woman and he discovers who is behind this, and why. This 12,000 word story includes female domination, gender transformation, forced feminization, breast growth, pegging, oral sex, erotic humiliation and more!

For Mature Audiences Only

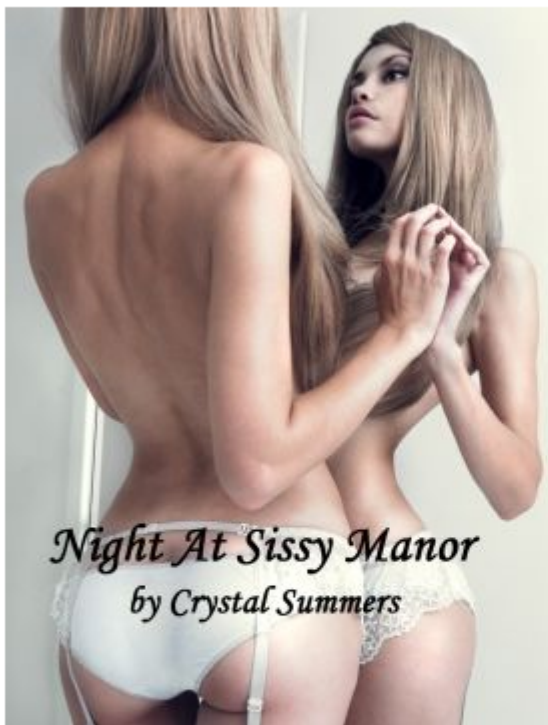


“Sissifying Her Rival” (Part Two: Turning Tables)

Brandon Ryan has found himself turned into a woman in the most humiliating way by his coworker Amy Simms. Amy wants him out of the way so she can get a promotion. Now he’s trapped as her maid at home and as her secretary at work. Can Brandon escape her clutches and free himself from his feminine prison? Does Amy have something worse in mind for Brandon?

“Sissifying Her Rival” is a cautionary tale of a man who finds himself turned into a woman and at the mercy of his rival. In this second and final part, Brandon must find a way to escape the fate Amy has set for him. This 17,000 word story includes female domination, gender transformation, forced feminization, breast growth, oral sex, shemales, spanking, erotic humiliation and more!

For Mature Audiences Only

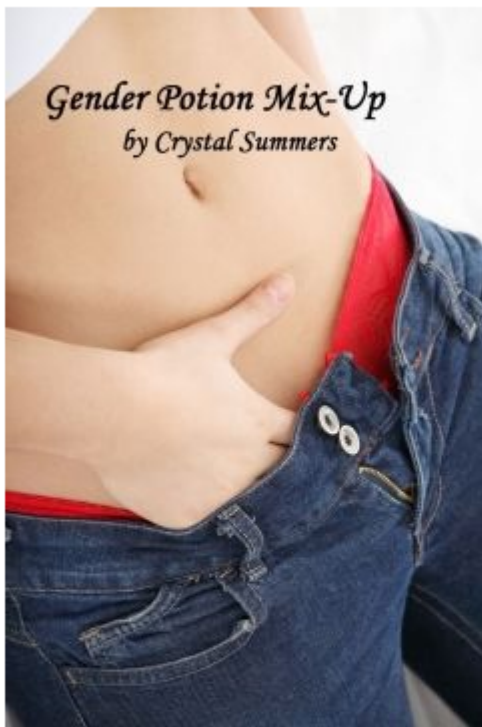


“Night At Sissy Manor”

There’s no such thing as curses, are there? Bill, Ron and Dwayne certainly don’t believe in them. So they weren’t afraid when their cheerleader girlfriends challenged them to spend the night at Sissy Manor, a home with a curse upon it. . . a curse to turn any man who stays there the entire night into a woman. Would the boys make it through the night? Would they still be boys in the morning?

“Night At Sissy Manor” is a cautionary tale of three sexist athletes who discover their feminine sides on the wrong side of a curse. This 10,000 word story includes female domination, gender transformation, shemales, forced feminization, mind control, forced-bi, oral sex, spanking, erotic humiliation and more!

For Mature Audiences Only



“Gender Potion Mix-Up”

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

“Gender Potion Mix-Up” is a cautionary tale of a man who loses his masculinity when he tries to remake his girlfriend without her knowledge. This 12,000 word story includes female domination, gender change, shemales, pegging, breast growth, a shrinking penis, erotic humiliation and more!

For Mature Audiences Only

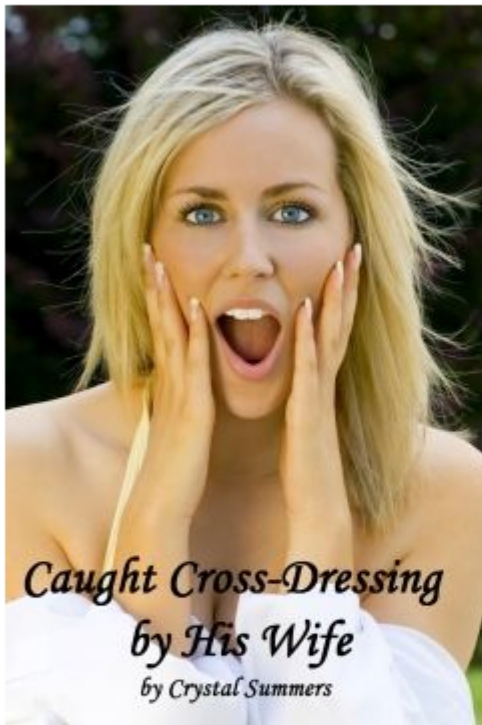


“Sissy Side-Effects”

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

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

For Mature Audiences Only



“Caught Cross-Dressing By His Wife”

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

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

For Mature Audiences Only



“His Ex-Wife’s Revenge”

Shawn was a greedy man who set out to enrich himself through marriage and a quick divorce. But things went horribly wrong for Shawn when his ex-wife found the perfect way to turn the situation to her advantage. With the help of a mysterious charm, she slowly turns Shawn into a woman, leaving him at her mercy.

“His Ex-Wife’s Revenge” is a cautionary tale of a greedy man who loses everything when the ex-wife he wronged turns him into a woman. This 9,000 word story includes gender transformation, female domination, erotic humiliation, pegging, and more!

For Mature Audiences Only



“Gender Machine Trap (Part One: Unexpected Changes)”

What could possibly go wrong with a machine that rewrites the human genetic code to let the user improve their body? David was about to learn the answer to this question in a big way when he went in for a few adjustments before he and his wife went on vacation. Perhaps he should have been more careful about trusting the doctor with whom his wife had had an affair?

“Gender Machine Trap (Part One: Unexpected Changes)” is a cautionary tale of a man who finds himself turned into a woman by his wife and her lover. In this first part, David awakes from surgery to discover that he’s been turned into a woman... except for one tiny area. This 12,500 word story includes female domination, partial gender transformation, forced feminization, breast growth, pegging, erotic humiliation and more!

For Mature Audiences Only



“Gender Machine Trap (Part Two: The Island Vacation)”

What could go wrong with a machine that rewrites the human genetic code to let the user improve their body? David was finding out fast. First, he awoke to discover that he had been turned into woman... a woman with something extra. Then he learned that his wife and his doctor were having an affair. Now they were taking him to a tropical island so they can enjoy their vacation together and carry out their affair right before his helpless, feminized eyes. But who is the mystery woman he meets and what does she want with him?

“Gender Machine Trap (Part Two: The Island Vacation)” is a cautionary tale of a man who finds himself turned into a woman by his wife and her lover. In this first part, David accompanies his wife and her lover to a tropical island where he is forced to participate in their affair. This 12,000 word story includes female domination, partial gender transformation, forced feminization, breast growth, pegging, spanking, bondage, cuckolding, erotic humiliation and more!

For Mature Audiences Only



“Gender Machine Trap (Part Three: Cuckolding & Paybacks)”

David has been turned into a woman by his doctor and his wife, who were having an affair. Having been dragged to a tropical island paradise to serve as his wife’s and her lover’s maid as they vacationed, David now returned home to face his cuckolded, feminize future. But he has a plan to free himself. Will he succeed?

“Gender Machine Trap (Part Three: Cuckolding & Paybacks)” is a cautionary tale of a man who finds himself turned into a woman by his wife and her lover. In this final part, feminized David is cuckolded by his wife and her lover, but he thinks he’s found a way to escape the fate they’ve intended for him. This 13,600 word story includes female domination, partial gender transformation, forced feminization, cuckolding, spanking, erotic humiliation and more!

For Mature Audiences Only