

Sissifying Her Rival
by Crystal Summers

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Sissifying Her Rival

Part One: Captured

Feminization Fables Vol. 13

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Chapter 1: “A Feminization Plot Is Hatched”

Brandon Ryan is about to find out how far some people will go to get what they want, when his co-worker Amy Simms decides to eliminate the competition for an upcoming promotion by turning Brandon into a woman. Can he escape this feminine fate or will he spend the rest of his life as her feminized servant?

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Amy Simms sat behind her desk glaring at the man who was talking to her secretary. The man was Brandon Ryan, a coworker. Brandon was handsome, suave, and everything Amy liked in men. He was smooth too. In fact, she often found herself charmed by him. But right now, he bothered her. . . he bothered her a lot. The problem was that both she and Brandon were competing for the same promotion, and he had the inside track. She, however, had a plan to change that.

“I’m going to win this,” said Amy to her friend Maggie Downie.

Maggie shrugged her shoulders in a noncommittal way.

Amy continued: “There’s no doubt. I’m the better manager by far.”

Maggie twisted her lips, but didn’t respond.

Amy noticed Maggie’s reticence. “What? You don’t think I can win the promotion?” she asked.

“I’m not saying it *can’t* happen,” said Maggie skeptically, “but don’t rely on it. You know how the firm is. Upper-management is an old boys club. They aren’t going to promote a woman unless they have to, and with Brandon in the running, they don’t have to.”

Amy nodded her head. “I know,” she said matter-of-factly, “but I’m not going to lose to Brandon, not on this. This is too important. I *deserve* that promotion! Besides, Brandon needs to be taken down a notch. It’s for his own good.”

Maggie rolled her eyes. Her friend Amy was super competitive, to the point of letting her need to win cause her to make bad decisions. Many a time, Amy pushed things too far, especially where Brandon was concerned. But there was nothing Maggie could do to stop Amy once she started something like this. Maggie knew it was best just to stand back and to let things play out.

“I take it you have some sort of plan?” asked Maggie unhappily.

“Of course.”

“Care to tell me what it is?” asked Maggie before she immediately held up her hand to stop Amy from responding. “Hold it! Never mind. Don’t tell me. I

don't want to know. This is between you and Brandon. But let me go on record saying that this is a bad idea."

Amy laughed. "How can you say this is a bad idea? You haven't even heard it yet!"

Maggie started toward the door to Amy's office. "I don't need to hear it to know it's a bad idea. . . *whatever it is.*"

—o—

Later that afternoon, as Brandon sat at his desk looking over various reports, Amy appeared at his office door. She looked stunning, as usual, in her tight black skirt suit and open-toed spikes. Her legs were amazing, but then so was the rest of her. Her face in particular was gorgeous. She had the softest lips and her eyes were an incredibly warm shade of green, like emeralds that have caught firelight. Just looking at her was enough to cause an erection. Brandon, however, knew to tread carefully where Amy was concerned.

"What can I do for you, Amy?" asked Brandon.

Amy smiled. "How are the reports coming?" she asked, ignoring his question. She was holding two coffees, which she set down on the file cabinet he kept by the door.

Brandon shrugged his shoulders. "Fine."

"I hear they're getting closer to awarding the promotion," she said.

"I've heard that too," he replied.

"You know I'm going to get the promotion, don't you?" she asked. As she did, she leaned against the doorframe of his office door and folded her arms. She crossed her legs at the ankle, leaving her standing on one spike-heeled shoe.

Brandon leaned back in his chair and he chuckled. "Is that so? I'm sure that will come as a surprise to the board."

"I can't believe you still think you can win this!" said Amy condescendingly.

"You've never given me a reason to think otherwise."

This comment made Amy's competitiveness boil over within her. "Oh, really?! How about my reviews? Best in the section by two full points. How about the fact my section turned out more work this year than any other section? How about the fact my section was the most profitable this year?"

Brandon slowly shrugged his shoulders. She was making good points, but he wasn't going to admit it. He knew how competitive she was; she needed to win at all costs, so he liked to tweak her whenever possible. "Doesn't really mean much," he said calmly and dismissively.

"Doesn't mean much?!" Amy screamed inside her head; his comment had

hit its mark and it struck Amy like a slap in the face. She wanted to give him a piece of her mine. Still, she played it cool. She had come to see him for a reason, and that reason required her to remain calm and friendly, so she swallowed her pride. "I guess we'll see," she said.

"I guess so," he replied indifferently.

Amy picked up the two coffees and started to leave. These were gourmet coffees from the coffee shop across the street. Then she stopped. She paused for a moment. This was all for show. Then she turned around to face her nemesis again.

"I'll tell you what," said Amy. "The coffee shop was doing a buy one get one free deal. I'm not going to drink both of these. Why don't you take one of these? Consider it a show of goodwill. . . my gift to you." As she said this, she bit her cheek to suppress the grin that was trying to spring forth onto her face. She held out the cup in her right hand.

Brandon raised an eyebrow. It wasn't like Amy to give anyone anything, especially someone she was competing against. "Maybe she's poisoned it," he thought for a brief moment. Then he laughed. "No, she's competitive, but she's not insane." He reached out and took the cup. "Thank you," he said.

Amy smiled broadly. "To the promotion! May the best woman win!"

Brandon chuckled. "To the promotion. . . I'm sure the best *man* will."

They both drank.

—o—

After Amy left, Brandon felt strangely dizzy. It wasn't a normal dizzy feeling where he thought he might fall, it was more a floating feeling like he wasn't in control of his body. And in fact, that would prove to be the case.

"Wow, I feel strange," he said.

Suddenly, he stood up.

"Why am I standing? What's going on?"

He tried to sit back down, but couldn't. Instead, he grabbed his keys and his jacket and started toward the parking lot. He had no idea where he was going or why. Even worse, he had no control over his own body; it seemed to have developed a mind of its own.

"You have a meeting in twenty minutes," said his secretary to remind him as he walked past her.

Brandon thought about telling her what was happening, but the idea of telling his secretary that had no way to control his own body sounded so ridiculous that he thought better of it; she would probably assume he was crazy or on drugs. He decided to play it cool for the moment. "I know, thanks," he said and he walked past her. Indeed, he walked right past her, right past everyone else, right out the

door, and right to his car. He climbed into his car and left the parking lot. All of this happened against his will.

“Where the hell am I going?” he asked himself as his body drove along.

He got no response.

After a few miles, he realized that he was headed straight for his girlfriend Jill’s apartment.

“Why am I going there?” he asked.

Brandon parked the car and walked up to the apartment. This apartment belonged to Jill and her roommate Erica. Brandon and Erica never really got along. For some strange reason, she seemed to see him as competition, though he didn’t know for what, and she was always trying to belittle him. In any event, he was here now and he used the key Jill had given him to let himself in.

“This should be interesting,” he said.

“Hey Jill,” called Erica from the kitchen when she heard the door open.

Brandon tried to respond, but found he could no longer speak. Try as he might, no words came out of his mouth. “*What is happening to me? Why can’t I speak?*” he asked himself. He tried again, but still nothing came out of his mouth. . . until a moment later, something did.

“It’s not Jill, it’s me,” said Brandon to Erica as she came out of the kitchen. She was drying her hands with a dishtowel. She wore a dark blue silk robe and wedge-heeled slippers. Beneath the robe, she obviously wore a matching teddie with black trim.

Brandon was shocked that he had spoken. These were not his words. Whatever was controlling his body said these words. That worried Brandon even more, if his body could now speak on his behalf. “*What is going on?!*”

“What are you doing here?” asked Erica. “Jill’s not here. She’s at work.”

“I know,” said Brandon. “I need something though.”

“What?” asked Erica curiously.

Brandon smiled and started toward Jill’s bedroom. Erica followed him.

“Are you ok?” asked Erica as they walked down the hallway.

“Yes, why?”

“You seem a little strange.”

Brandon stopped and smiled at her again. “I feel fine,” he said, then he turned and walked into Jill’s bedroom. Erica stopped in the doorway and leaned against the doorframe. Meanwhile, Brandon went to Jill’s closet.

“What are you doing?” she asked.

“I need a few things,” he replied. A moment later, he pulled a dress from the closet. This was a beautiful little black dress made of sequins. The matching sandals sat on the floor of the closet. They had four-inch heels, a minor platform

and lots of straps covered in sequins. He picked those up too. Then he set the dress and the sandals on the bed.

"What the hell am I doing?!" screamed Brandon inside his head. *"Put this stuff back! I need to go to the office. What the hell is going on?"*

"Going somewhere?" asked Erica.

"No, why?" asked Brandon's body.

"Well, I'm assuming you and Jill are going somewhere and she just doesn't have time to come get the outfit she's going to wear. I mean, why else would you come pick through her clothes. And from the look of the clothes you've picked, you're taking her to a very expensive dinner."

Brandon shook his head. "No, we're not going anywhere," he said. He moved over to the dresser and pulled out a pair of black panties, some tan stockings, and a black bra.

Erica furrowed her brow. "Then why do you need Jill's clothes?"

"That's a great question!" screamed Brandon inside his head. *"Why would I need her clothes?!"* He tried to stop himself, but didn't have enough control over his body even to blink his eyes.

Meanwhile, his body looked at the dress and the sandals. As he did, Brandon caught sight of himself in Jill's mirror. He suddenly felt faint. His head began to swim. Confusion clouded everything. Before he knew what to make of this, a pinkish light flashed. It seemed to pass over him and, just like that, he felt completely normal again, only he still had no control.

"Seriously, Brandon, why do you need Jill's clothes?" asked Erica again.

"I'm going to wear them," he said in a matter-of-fact tone as he picked up the panties and ran those through his fingers.

Erica's jaw dropped. "You what?" she exclaimed.

Brandon exclaimed the same thing inside his head: *"I'm what?!"*

"I'm going to wear them," repeated his body.

"You're kidding, right?"

"No. Why do you say that?"

Erica's jaw dropped even further. "Well, uh, for one thing, you're a man. And you're kind of a macho jerk at that. I can't imagine you ever putting on a dress. For another, you're like twice Jill's size. There's no way her clothes will fit you. For another, I mean, you've got to be kidding me, right? This is a joke right?"

Brandon smiled at her and began to unbutton his shirt.

Meanwhile, inside his head, Brandon was screaming: *"No! Stop! I don't want to do this! Stop! Why am I doing this?!"* He tried to focus on his mouth. He wanted to tell Erica that he absolutely did not want to wear the dress and that this little joke had come to an end, but nothing came out. This scared him. *"What is wrong with me? Why can't I speak?"* He looked down at his right hand,

which was busy unbuckling his belt. He tried to open his palm and let go of the belt. That didn't work. Then he tried to tighten all of his muscles to freeze his body in place. That didn't work either; his body just kept right on undressing him. Then he tried to bring his left hand around to physically yank his right hand away from his belt. Not only did that not work, but his left hand now joined his right hand in unzipping his pants.

He had a problem.

Chapter 2: “His Girlfriend’s Roommate”

Erica stood in the doorway. She was stunned. She simply couldn't believe what she was seeing and hearing. Her roommate's macho boyfriend really was intending to put on Jill's clothes. Just the thought made her laugh. This had to be a joke. Brandon must be up to something.

“Fine,” she said to herself. “If you're up to something, then I'm game to find out what it is, and I'm sure Jill will want to know too. Let's see how serious he is.” She walked over and casually ran her fingers over the little black dress. She always liked this dress on Jill; it showed off her wonderful curves just right. Erica smirked at Brandon. “It's a lovely dress,” she said.

“Oh yes, it is,” he agreed. He picked up the dress.

“You aren't going to just toss that on, are you?” she asked.

Brandon stopped. A confused look came over his face. “Why not?”

“Well, you know you can't wear a dress like this with hair on your legs, don't you?”

He looked down at his legs. “What do you mean?”

“I mean you should shave your legs if you're really going to wear that dress.”

“Shave my legs? Are you fricken crazy?!” he screamed inside his head.

“Seriously, if you don't shave your legs, then that dress will never look right,” she added. Her tone dared him to refuse.

Refusing, however, was the last thing on Brandon's mind, not after another cool wave pass over him. A moment later, everything became clear to him: of course, he wanted to shave his legs. How could he not? A dress like this needed smooth legs. Brandon literally felt this idea being added to his brain and now he believed it, even though he knew it wasn't true and he didn't want to believe it.

“What? What just happened?” he asked himself.

Meanwhile, his body smiled at Erica. “Good thinking!” he said happily. Then he dropped his pants and shirt to the floor and he started toward the bathroom. Erica followed him to the bathroom, where he had already finished stripping himself naked. When he saw her, he covered his chest with his right arm and hand as if he were trying to hide his breasts. Erica snickered that he tried to cover his chest and not his penis, which looked painfully erect.

“Can I please get some privacy?!” he asked.

Erica smirked. “Why? We're all girls here, aren't we?”

Brandon smiled. “I guess you're right,” he said. Then he lowered his arm and he stepped into the shower and started spreading shaving cream all over his legs.

“Stop! Don’t do this!” he screamed inside his head.

“Don’t forget your chest,” said Erica with a giggle.

“Shut up! Don’t make this worse!”

“I won’t,” said his body and it giggled too.

“No!!”

Brandon tried to stop himself, but couldn’t. No matter what he tried, his body did what it wanted without his control. He watched helplessly as he picked up a razor and started shaving his legs. One little razor-width at a time, the hair disappeared from his legs and then his chest.

Erica watched him through the semi-transparent shower curtain in amazement and she laughed. “He sure is going a long way for this joke!”

After a few minutes, all the hair was gone from his legs, his chest, and his arms. As he rinsed his body, he watched his hair slide down the drain. At this point, he was hairless except for the hair on his head and the hair on his crotch, which he shaped into a small triangular patch just above his penis.

“Here, use this too,” said Erica and she handed Brandon her shampoo.

Brandon smelled it. It smelled flowery. There was no way he was going to use this, or so he thought. A moment later, he was running her shampoo through his hair without a second thought. He finished with her conditioner and a fruity smelling bodywash.

“Oh my God! You’re so cute!” squealed Erica when he stepped out of the shower. Her tone had a smugness to it. She was mocking him.

Brandon withered on the inside.

Erica handed him a towel and watched him dry himself. “What’s he really up to?” she wondered. “Even without any body hair, he still looks like a macho guy. There’s no way he’ll look good in a dress, much less a dress that must be ten sizes too small for him.”

Brandon, however, didn’t quite see things the same way. He looked down at his hairless body and he felt super humiliated. To his eye, he now looked feminine and that made him feel a great deal of shame. Unfortunately, there was nothing he could do about it, and it seemed there was worse to come.

“Time to get dressed,” he said.

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Brandon stood next to the bed and picked up the little black dress once more. Its silky fabric ran through his fingers like water. His body trembled in excitement at the idea of wearing it. He could feel his penis growing hard as a rock at the thought; that shocked him a bit actually as the idea of cross-dressing never turned him on before. Inside his head, none of this made him happy and he wanted

all of it to stop. But what he wanted didn't seem to matter to his body anymore.

"Hold on, hold on," said Erica from the doorway.

Brandon looked up. "What's wrong?"

"You can't just *throw on a dress*."

"I can't?"

"No. You need to put on makeup first and paint your nails. Women need to do a lot to look good," she said with a giggle. "We'll see how he likes that," she thought to herself. "I'll be surprised if he carries this much further."

Brandon looked at his nails and saw his reflection in the mirror. For the briefest of moments, he started to feel groggy again, like he was waking up out of a dream. He felt his fingertips bend. . . then his knuckles. Had he done that? Could it be that he was regaining control over his body? Could this nightmare be over?

No.

Even before Brandon could complete the thought, the warm pink light washed over him again and he found himself smiling at Erica. "Good idea!" said his body.

Erica chuckled. "All right, then we keep going," she said under her breath. She pointed to Jill's vanity. "Sit down and start. . . or do you want me to show you how to apply makeup?"

Brandon sat down where Jill pointed and crossed his legs. Before him lay Jill's entire makeup collection. It was a daunting collection of powders, polishes and creams. Even if he wanted to, he would have no idea where to start, which of course he did not. But his body did. Without the slightest hesitation, his hand grabbed a tube of cream and started rubbing it into his face. Then he reached for a sort of pencil. As he did, in the corner of the mirror, he could see Erica smirking. Her smirk sent shivers down his spine.

"Why did she even need to be here? Why couldn't she have been out for the day?" he asked himself. *"This is humiliating enough without her Jill's lesbian roommate mocking me."*

His body reached for a small brush and some powder and began applying it to his cheeks. Apparently, he didn't need Erica's help.

"You don't mind if I take a few pictures, do you?" asked Erica.

"Hell yes, I mind! Absolutely not!" he screamed, but the words never came out.

"No, I don't mind," said his body.

Brandon shuddered. *"Oh please no,"* he thought.

Erica laughed. Then she walked off down the hallway to grab her camera. She returned to find Brandon painting his lips. This was going to be a fantastically humiliating shot, and both she and Brandon knew it.

"Say 'sissy'," she said and she took the photo.

Brandon cringed.

For the next twenty minutes, Brandon finished applying makeup all over his face. He removed a few stray hairs from his eyebrows. He even put curlers in his short hair; his hair was barely long enough to hold them. Then he painted his fingernails and toenails bright red. As he waited for those to dry, he posed for Erica so she could take his picture. His erect penis stood straight up in his lap the entire time.

"I look like an idiot!" he screamed to himself and he cringed every time he heard the camera click. *"Stop taking my picture!"*

—o—

When his nails were dry, Brandon returned to the bed. He picked up one of the stockings. He rolled it into a ball and sat down on the edge of the bed. He pointed his toe and slid his foot into the stocking. He pulled it up his leg. His hairless leg looked even more feminine to him in the stocking, and he could see the red polish on his toenails through the nylon.

Erica took his picture again. She was building quite an album of his transition.

Brandon pulled the second stocking up his other leg and he stood up.

Erica snickered.

"What?" asked Brandon.

"Those stockings really don't fit."

Brandon looked down and realized that she was right. The stockings barely made it over his knees. Still, he decided not to take them off.

"I warned you," she said.

He didn't respond. Instead, he took the black bra and slid it around his chest. He needed to yank it really hard to get it closed and it barely latched, but he somehow got it in place. Still, if he moved too quickly, he knew it would snap right off.

"That doesn't fit either," said Erica. "Not even close."

He didn't respond.

"You know, none of Jill's clothes are going to fit you," said Erica. "If you want to do this, you really should go buy something in your own size."

"Don't give my body any suggestions!" growled Brandon.

Meanwhile, his body picked up the panties and pulled them up his legs. They were so tight they hurt and he barely got them into place. Even then, they squeezed his penis and testicles so tightly against his body that he thought they might get crushed. Still, his body continued. Next, he sat down on the bed and jammed his feet into the sandals. His feet were way too large to fit into Jill's shoes, so he

couldn't even close the straps. Nor could he really stand in them because he couldn't fit his feet all the way inside. Instead, he ended up with his feet halfway inside them and then standing on top of them. This was a difficult balancing act.

"Seriously, none of these clothes fit you," said Erica.

"That's because I'm a man and men don't wear women's clothes!"

Brandon ignored her and picked up the dress. As he did, Erica snapped a couple pictures of everything he wore. He then slid the dress over his head. It jammed up at his shoulders and he needed to force it down over his torso. The seams stretched and cracked like the dress would break as he did, but he got it into place. . . it hung all the way to the top of his panties and no lower. He was too tall.

Erica took another picture. Then she laughed and she put her hands on her hips. "You really look silly."

"Just go away. This is bad enough without you," thought Brandon.

Brandon looked down at himself and felt hot burning shame race over every corner of his body. He looked ridiculous. Here he stood in the middle of Jill's bedroom wearing an ill-fitting dress, high heels he could barely stand in, and who knows what else that didn't belong on his body. None of it fit. What's more, he had shaved off his body hair, styled the hair on his head into a feminine haircut of sorts – at least it was non-masculine, painted his nails and applied makeup. He looked like a fool. Even worse, he had done all of this despite not wanting to do any of it. In fact, he fought himself every step of the way and, even now, he wanted to rip all of this off and undo the damage. . . but he couldn't. All he could do was stand there and face Erica.

"So now what?" she asked.

He gave no answer.

Suddenly, a wicked smile crossed Erica's face. "You know what would fit perfectly?" she asked. She didn't wait for an answer. "You want to be a girl, then I'll help you be a girl. Stay right there! Oooh, we're going to have some fun!"

Brandon swallowed hard. This didn't sound good. He needed to get out of here. He tried to jerk his leg off the floor to move it, but it didn't move an inch. He tried to reach for the wall, hoping that maybe he could pull himself along the wall, but his arm remained stuck at his side.

"Oh come on!" he exclaimed to himself.

Then an idea struck him. He took a deep breath and he tried to fall down. That should be the simplest thing imaginable: just stop standing. Yet, he couldn't do it. Nothing he did managed to move him one inch.

"Great," he said sarcastically. *"I'm stuck here. Now what do I do?"*

A moment later, Erica returned to the bedroom. She had stripped off her robe and now wore only the dark blue teddie she had worn beneath the robe. In her hand was a pair of high-heeled pumps with five-inch heels. Around her waist

was a black belt with a six-inch-long strap-on dildo.

Brandon's eyes fixed on the dildo. *"What the hell is that for?!"* he exclaimed. Only, not a word of that came out.

"I figured I might need these," she said and she held up the pumps. "You're pretty tall." She stopped and raised her right foot behind her and slipped her foot into the pump. She returned that foot to the ground. Then she repeated the same motion with her left foot. She now stood five inches taller.

"Whatever you're planning, forget it!" he thought.

She didn't hear him.

Erica walked over to Brandon and stood before him. "I think it would be just perfect if we celebrate your desire to become a woman with a little ceremony. Don't you agree?" she asked and she giggled. She flicked the end of the dildo with her finger.

"Hell no!!" he thought, but he said, "That would be lovely."

Erica smirked. "I thought so. Ok, before we can do that, however, my little friend here," she said and she stroked the penis that stuck out from her pelvis, "needs to get warmed up and made nice and slick. Do you know how we're going to do that. . . how you're going to make it nice and slick?"

"I have a good idea," said Brandon softly.

"Please don't do this!" Brandon squealed to no avail.

A moment later, Brandon felt his body sink to its knees. He now kneeled before his girlfriend's roommate. He saw the dildo just inches from his lips, waving in his face like a pointed finger.

"No!!!"

Brandon leaned forward and slipped his lips around the dildo. This was incredibly humiliating to Brandon. He'd never done anything like this before. In fact, he'd never even considered it before. And yet, here he was, dressed as a woman sucking off a dildo as Jill's roommate stood above him laughing. He looked up into her eyes. Sure enough, she was looking down at him, mocking him with her eyes, with a rotten grin on her face.

"Jill is never going to believe this!" she said with a laugh.

Brandon kept sucking the dildo. It tasted sour. It tasted like Erica had used it recently. Doing this made him cringe, as did her words. He wanted to plead with her not to tell Jill what he had done, but he knew that would be a waste of breath. He was at her mercy and she could do whatever she wanted in that regard. He also knew he couldn't speak the words even if he wanted to.

"We need more pictures of this," said Jill.

Brandon cringed. He wanted to scream at her that he'd had enough, but that wouldn't be happening. So as Brandon sucked on the dildo, Erica reached over and picked up her phone. She took several pictures of Brandon from above and a

couple in the mirror.

“You know, you’re never going to live this down, right?” she asked.

“*Oh, I’m sure of that,*” he thought sarcastically. Meanwhile, his body just kept sucking contentedly on the dildo.

“All right, sissy boy, it’s time for your initiation,” said Erica after a few minutes.

“*Now what?*”

Erica stepped back, pulling the wet dildo from his mouth. “Get on the bed,” she said and she pointed toward the bed.

Without the slightest resistance, Brandon rose to his feet again and jumped up onto the bed. His body knew what was coming, so he immediately centered himself on the bed on all fours. This made Erica laugh and she shook her head before taking his picture. Then she climbed onto the bed behind him.

“*Erica, please stop!*” screamed Brandon inside his head.

“You’re going to love this, sissy,” said Erica and she lined up the dildo with his rear end. She didn’t need to pull the panties down because they fit so poorly that his crack was already exposed.

“*No!*” screamed Brandon.

A moment later, Brandon shuddered as he felt the dildo slide into his rear. He’d never felt anything like this before and he never expected that he would in his entire life. He was a man, and that was a one-way path for men. . . until now. And what he felt was amazing and horrifying all at once. It was amazing to feel this dildo slide around inside him. It made him tingle. It pushed and pulled and set off his nerves everywhere in ways he never expected. He was instantly hard and his penis was throbbing away inside his panties. But at the same time, it was humiliating. It was humiliating that Erica, of all people, had so much control over him that she could do this to him.

It was about to get worse too.

Erica giggled. “You like that, don’t you, sissy boy?” she asked. She reached around beneath him and pulled his erection from the tight panties. She stroked it with her hand. In fact, she stroked it hard enough and fast enough that he was very quickly on the verge of cumming.

Brandon moaned like a woman.

“*How humiliating!*” he thought.

“You like that, don’t you? Does it remind of you of Jill? Do you like it when Jill plays with your dick? Do you know she’s thinking of me when she does?” asked Erica. She was taunting him.

Brandon had no idea what to say, not that he could speak even if he did.

As Erica stroked him, she pushed the dildo around inside him with her hips. This turned him on even more. “Do you want to cum? Tell me you want to

cum. Tell me you want me to make you cum!”

“I want to cum. Please let me cum!” he said. He cringed on the inside as he heard himself say this.

“Should I let you cum?”

“Yes, please.”

“What will you do for me if I let you?”

“Anything you want,” purred his body.

Erica giggled. “Would you lick your own cum off my hand?”

“*Hell no!*”

“Oh yes.”

Brandon grimaced. “*Why is this happening?*”

“I’ll bet you would. I’ll bet you can’t wait to start licking a lot of cum, can you? But I’ll tell you what. I think it’s time we made a phone call. Do you have any problems with me calling someone?”

“No, Miss,” said his body.

“*Miss?! Where the hell did that come from?*” growled Brandon.

“Good slave. . . good sissy slave.”

A moment later, Erica let go of his penis. He heard her doing something with her phone, which had been lying on the bed. He thought she was going to take more pictures, but she wasn’t. She was making a call. She put the phone on speaker and set it on his back.

“Hey Erica, what’s up?” asked the voice of Jill, Brandon’s girlfriend.

“Not much. I’ve been thinking about you all day,” said Erica.

“I have too,” said Jill softly into the phone. “Last night was wonderful.”

Brandon’s jaw dropped. “*What is going on here? Are they lovers?*”

“It was. . . but that’s not why I called,” said Erica. “Have you seen Brandon today?”

“No, why?”

“Is everything normal between you too?” asked Erica and she pushed the dildo inside Brandon really hard. This made him wince, but also made his penis jump.

“As far as I know. Why?”

“*Jill! Hang up the phone, please!*” screamed Brandon.

“He hasn’t been acting strangely?” Erica asked.

“Strangely in what way?” asked Jill. There was concern in her voice.

“*Don’t tell her! Please, don’t tell her!*”

Erica looked at Brandon and smirked. “Hmm. How to say this, I wonder. Maybe it would be best if you saw this in person rather than me telling you over the phone because you aren’t going to believe this.”

“Saw what?”

Erica chuckled. "I think it would better if you saw this rather than me trying to explain it. Let me put it this way. . . your boyfriend is on your bed right now and he's wearing your clothes."

There was a moment of silence.

"What?" asked Jill.

"He's wearing your clothes."

Brandon cringed. "*Great, how am I ever going to explain that?!*"

"My clothes?" asked Jill doubtfully.

Erica laughed. "I didn't believe it either at first. Like I said, it would be better if you saw this in person."

There was another moment of silence. Then Jill cautiously said, "All right, I'll be there soon."

"*No!!*" screamed Brandon.

Erica hung up the phone. She pushed the dildo in as far as it would go. "It looks like sissy has some explaining to do." With that, she unhooked the dildo, leaving the dildo itself in his rear and she got off the bed. "I'm going to shower and change before Jill gets here. Why don't you stay the way you are? There's no point in trying to change. After all, it's not like I don't have enough photos of you now," she said and she took another photo of him before she left the room.

"*Oh God! What do I do now?! What can I do?*" he asked himself.

With Erica gone, Brandon continued to kneel on the bed motionlessly. He caught a glimpse of himself in the mirror. He looked like a fool in the ill-fitting clothes and with the dildo sticking out of his rear.

Just then, Brandon felt the warm pink light pass over him again. He felt like he was floating. It was a strange, tingly feeling, which left him dizzy at first but soon became very comfortable. He was so comfortable that he began to daydream and he was only vaguely aware of what was happening.

Brandon looked around. He was on a beach. It was warm and beautiful. The water was crystal blue, the kind you only see in magazines. He was alone on the beach. He reached up and ran his fingers through his long, wavy, chestnut-brown hair. It was gorgeous hair which cascaded down his shoulders to the middle of his back.

"Where did this hair come from?" he asked aloud.

He pulled his hand out of his hair and he noticed that he had long red fingernails on the tips of each finger. They were oval in shape and extended about an inch beyond his fingers.

He giggled.

"Oh girl, those are hot nails!" he said.

Brandon furrowed his brow. "*Did I really say that?*" he asked himself. He had. So he looked around the beach to make sure no one had heard him.

Fortunately, he was still alone. This realization temporarily brought him back to the reality that he was still in Jill's room, dressed like a fool. Somehow, he managed to roll off the bed and stand up. He wasn't sure how he did that or why. He pulled his dress back down into place. Then he realized that his calves and toes were hurting from the heels he was "wearing."

"I should probably tighten the straps," he said absentmindedly and he bent down and buckled the straps on the sandals. The shoes fit his feet perfectly.

"How did that happen?" he asked.

Then he was back on the beach.

"Hey there," said the gorgeous blonde in the sexy blue and white bikini who sat down next to Brandon. She had the perfect hourglass figure, one which almost matched his, and enormous breasts.

Brandon ran his fingers over his breasts to mentally compare his to hers.

She smiled. "It's ok, if you want to touch them," she said and she reached around behind her and pulled off her bikini. Her beautiful nipples stood at attention on the ends of her perfectly round breasts.

"You don't mind?" asked Brandon.

She shook her head. "Of course not," she said and she leaned forward and reached around behind Brandon and removed his matching pink and white bikini top. His breasts spilled into view.

"Amazing," said Brandon. He didn't realize he had such pretty breasts. He ran his hands over them. They were large, almost as large as the woman's breasts, and they had a gorgeous shape. His nipples were huge too, being about as wide as a dime and maybe half an inch long. He flicked his nipple with his long red nails. That sent waves of pleasure racing through his chest to his crotch. He felt things getting hot and hard down there.

"Why don't you squeeze them a bit?" suggested the woman.

Brandon smiled and began squeezing his own breasts. At times, he reached out and touched hers too, but primarily he played with his own. As he did, he felt his penis slowly pumping in rhythm to what he was doing to his breasts. He rolled over onto his back and spread his legs, but he kept his hands on his breasts, playing with them. He kneaded his breasts and pulled on his nipples.

"This feels incredible!" he said.

"I know. And now you can do it all the time," said the woman.

"Oh yes!" he said.

The woman then reached behind him and seemed to stick her finger inside his rear, only it was a large, long, thick finger. He felt it moving around in his rear. He squeezed and tightened his butt muscles to pull her finger inside and push it back out.

"Mmm," purred the woman.

Brandon began to breathe hard. His chest heaved. His hips flexed up and down. Little by little, his entire body got into a rhythm, the same rhythm as his penis. He wanted more, so he pulled faster and harder on his nipples. As he did, the rhythm sped up. He felt his penis throbbing and shaking. He felt the muscles inside it all working in unison now. Any second, it would shoot hot cum into his bikini bottoms.

Suddenly, the woman giggled. She leaned over and kissed Brandon softly on the lips. "You're so cute when you do that, but you don't have permission to cum, silly!" she said.

All of Brandon's excitement stopped cold. She was right, he didn't have permission to cum, so he couldn't cum. He would need to wait. He sighed. When he did, he again realized he was still standing in Jill's room and not at the beach.

"Wow, what a vivid dream!" he said. He felt overwhelmed by it.

Then he realized that somehow, his entire body felt different. He couldn't explain it, nor could he look down to see his body to see what he might be feeling, nor could he run his hands over his body, but everything felt. . . *different.*

Meanwhile, his body pulled the dildo from his rear and set it on the bed. Then his legs suddenly began moving. Without a word, he walked to the closet and grabbed an overcoat. He slipped that around his shoulders. He also picked up a purse from the floor of Jill's closet and pulled the purse up his arm to his shoulder. It fit snuggle beneath his armpit. Then he turned and walked to the front door.

"Oh no!" screamed Brandon to himself. *"I can't go out like this! What if someone sees me?! I'm going to be a laughing stock!"*

His hand reached out and opened the door.

"Please, no! Please don't do this!" he begged.

Unfortunately for him, his body wasn't listening. His hand turned the lock on the front door and he stepped through it. Once he was outside, he closed the door behind him and then turned to face the next obstacle: the five steps that led to the sidewalk. In these heels, those would be a real challenge, but that was clearly where he was headed. He tried to grab the railing to stop himself from going down the stairs, but he couldn't make his hand latch onto it. Instead, his hand lightly skimmed the railing and his legs sailed down the stairs as if he had been born in heels.

His jaw dropped. *"How did I learn to walk in heels?"*

He received no answer except the clicking of his heels as he walked down the walkway to the sidewalk.

CLICK! CLICK! CLICK! CLICK! CLICK!

When he reached the sidewalk, he noticed that a long black car stood before him. Before he could even wonder what the car was doing there, he walked right up to it, opened the door, and climbed inside. He sat down in the back seat,

crossed his legs, placed his folded hands on his nylon-covered knee, and waited patiently.

The driver never said a word.

Chapter 3: “Brandon Learns The Truth”

Brandon sat in the back of the black car as it slowly made its way across town. He was thankful that the driver didn't speak to him. After all, what would he have said: “Nice dress, dude”? It was better to be ignored than humiliated. Not that Brandon didn't feel humiliated, but at least it wasn't as bad as it would have been if the driver had chosen to notice him. Still, it was bad enough.

“This is so humiliating,” Brandon told himself.

He smoothed his dress over his knee. Apparently, the dress fit better when he was seated, or so it seemed. He couldn't actually look down to check as he didn't control where his head was pointed, and right now his head was facing straight forward over the headrest in the car. Hence, he couldn't see anything except the road ahead.

They drove for several minutes. Then they stopped at a light. As they sat there waiting, Brandon noticed the driver look into his rear-view mirror and smile. This sent a shiver down Brandon's spine.

“Probably asking himself why there's a man dressed like a woman in his car,” he growled to himself, *“or he's gay.”* Unfortunately, he felt his body smile in response. *“Oh great. Let's hope he's not gay.”*

The light changed and they continued driving.

Brandon sighed. He had no idea where they were going. Then something occurred to him: *“Wait a minute! Why was there a car with a driver here at all? How could anyone know this was going to happen? I didn't tell anyone where I was going or what I was going to do. Heck, I didn't even know. So how did this guy know to meet me here? And where are we going?”*

Brandon tried to look around the car for anything that might answer his question, but he could see nothing. Nor could he ask the driver where they were going. All he could do was sit in the backseat, stare out the front and wait. This was a mystery indeed, and he wasn't sure he wanted to know the answer.

Twenty minutes later, the driver pulled up before an expensive home in an upscale neighborhood. The house looked familiar, but Brandon couldn't quite place it. The car pulled into the driveway and stopped. The driver got out and opened the door. This made Brandon blush. He didn't like being treated like a woman. Nevertheless, he rose from his seat, stepped out of the car, and smoothed his skirt. Then he walked to the front door as the driver got back into the car and drove off. . . apparently, he wouldn't be leaving.

When Brandon reached the front door, he didn't knock, as he had expected. Instead, he opened the front door and went right into the house and straight to the living room. He stopped in the middle of the living room and stood at

attention.

He was about to find out what this was all about.

—o—

“I trust you had no problems finding the place?” asked the very familiar voice of Amy Simms with a laugh. She stood behind Brandon, where he couldn’t see her.

Brandon couldn’t speak, but in his head he screamed: “*YOU!!*”

“Oh, that’s right, you can’t speak,” said Amy. She laughed again.

“*How have you done this? Let me go!*” he tried to scream, but nothing came out.

“Such a pity. I’ll bet there’s a lot you want to say right now.”

“*You bet there is!*”

“But you can’t say a single word. . . not without me letting you. Poor dear.”

Brandon cringed. Something was seriously wrong here. A moment later, he could feel her walk up behind him and press herself against him. He could feel her breath on his neck. He felt her fingers touch his shoulders and slide down his back to his rear, tracing his curves.

“I have to say that I’m really impressed,” she said and she kissed his neck.

“*Let me go!*”

“You turned out much better than expected.”

Brandon froze. “*Turned out? What does that mean?*” He tried to look down at his body, but couldn’t see anything. Then he tried to turn around to face Amy, but he couldn’t. He tried to speak to her too, but he couldn’t. He was simply frozen and couldn’t move in any manner.

“Still frozen, huh? I love that. Maybe I should leave you that way and just have my way with you day after day?”

Brandon felt sick to his stomach. Amy sounded insane to him.

“But no, I have other plans for you, girly,” she said and she slid one hand around to his crotch, which she barely touched.

“*What plans?!*” he tried to ask as he felt his crotch grow warm.

She kissed him on the neck. “This is going to be such fun!” she exclaimed. As she said this, she giggled and then she hugged him from behind, grabbing him tightly around the waist and resting her head on his shoulders. Her blonde hair fell into his face. She rocked him back and forth. Then she placed a small vial in his hand. “Drink this, then we’ll talk.”

“*And how the hell am I supposed to do that?*” he thought.

A moment later, however, his hand rose to his lips and poured the contents of the vial into his mouth. It tasted like honey. That was better than he expected. "At least it tasted good," he said.

"Of course, it tasted nicely. It has a honey base," said Amy.

"Well, that explains i—" He froze. Had he just spoken? Had she answered? He had! "You can hear me?!" he exclaimed.

Amy laughed as she slid her hands over his butt cheeks and touched the back of his earlobe with her tongue. This made him feel even warmer in his crotch. Oddly, he felt like he'd cum, though he didn't remember having an erection; everything felt wet and sticky.

"Of course, I can hear you, silly," said Amy. "I'm letting you speak now."

"You're letting me speak?! What is going on?!" he demanded.

Amy stepped back, laughed and slapped his butt with her hand: *SLAP!* "I'll bet you're dying to know. Do you know that I debated not telling you or maybe waiting a couple days to tell you, but I decided it would be more fun for you to know."

"Know what?"

"What do you think is going on?" she asked.

"I have no idea. One minute I was in my office and then everything went crazy! And now I find out that you're behind this. You're in serious trouble, Amy!" growled Brandon. He suddenly realized that his voice sounded strange. It sounded soft and kind of nasally compared to its usual deep tones. Whatever she had done to him must have given him a sore throat.

Amy snickered. "Oh, I don't think so."

"Are you kidding?! You obviously drugged me. You kidnapped me. You—"

"Drugged you? How? With what? Kidnap you? Good luck proving that! You came here on your own. You got in that car all by yourself and you walked into my house all by yourself—"

"You made me!"

Amy pursed her lips. "Prove it!"

"I've had just about enough of this. Release me!"

Amy let out a cynical laugh. "You better watch your tone with me, Brandon. I'm letting you talk. I can take that away again *like that!*" she said and she snapped her fingers.

Brandon swallowed hard. He immediately recognized the danger he was in. Whatever she had done to him, he still wasn't able to move. He didn't know if that would wear off or if she would need to release him. Either way, it meant that he was at her mercy until whatever she had given him was out of his system and he

was able to move around again without her control. Until then, he would need to go along with whatever she wanted.

As if the emphasis the point, Amy chose that moment to run her hand over his butt cheeks again and slowly slide her finger down between his thighs. “Do I make myself clear?” The message was clear: she could do whatever she wanted and he couldn’t stop her.

“Yes,” said Brandon reluctantly.

Amy smiled. She kissed his neck. “Good.”

“Why have you done this to me?” he asked more calmly.

“A fair question,” she said. “I want the promotion. I deserve it. And knowing how the company is run by the old boy network, I decided that getting you out of the way is the only way I can get that promotion.”

“You drugged me to get a promotion?!”

“I didn’t drug you, Brandon.”

Brandon began to wonder if Amy might not be insane. Who but an insane person would think she could get away with this? Who but an insane person would even try something like this? And there was no way she hadn’t drugged him; there was no other way to explain what had happened. “What are you talking about? If you didn’t drug me, then what did you do to me?”

Amy snickered. “I’ll tell you what. Let me show you exactly what I’ve done before I tell you. That might help you better understand your situation,” she said. She then grabbed his shoulders and pointed him toward a long hallway. “Start walking.”

Without a thought from Brandon, his body started walking down the hallway. As before, he felt his body move gracefully in the heels. He knew his hips were swaying back and forth and his steps were delicate and feminine. He could hear his heels echo off the hardwood floor.

Amy’s echoed too.

As they walked, Amy began talking, but it all sounded like insane gibberish to Brandon. She said that he would be staying with her.

“Like hell!” he thought.

She said that he would act as her maid during the evenings and on weekends.

“No fricken way!” he thought again.

During the week, naturally, he would be at work.

By this point, Brandon was sure she was insane. The moment she let him go, he was going to the police. He wasn’t going to pretend to be her maid and he wasn’t going to live here. No way. He was going to the police, and they would believe him. All he would need to do is demand a blood test and they would find whatever was in his system. That would be proof enough. Or so he thought.

Brandon turned left as indicated, walking into the bedroom, and he came face to face with himself in the mirror. He gasped.

“Oh my God!” he squealed.

—o—

“What . . . what’s going on here?” asked Brandon. He was in shock.

Amy smiled. “Nice, huh?”

“What have you done to me?!”

“I would think that would be obvious by now,” she said. She still stood behind Brandon and in the mirror it was obvious that she was at least four inches taller than he was, rather than her normal six inches shorter. Granted, she was wearing stiletto heels beneath her tan slacks, but he was wearing four-inch heels himself. And that was just one change.

“What have you done to me?!” he asked again. His voice was broken.

Amy laughed. “I’ve turned you into a woman, silly.”

Brandon wouldn’t have believed it if he hadn’t see it with his own eyes. There was Amy in the mirror. She was the larger woman behind the smaller woman. The smaller woman. . . well, that was him. He had long brown hair which hung to the middle of his back. It was wavy with loose curls. His face was delicate and feminine. He had hazel eyes and pouty lips and a button nose. The makeup that looked so slapdash on his face before now looked perfect. His nails were long and red and oval too. They must have extended three-quarters of an inch past his fingertips. The little black dress which barely squeezed around his large frame and stopped just above his crotch, it now hugged his sublime curves and showed off his amazing breasts. These were the same breasts he had in the dream about the beach. His hips were wide, his waist was narrow, his legs were toned. His calves were shapely. His feet fit perfectly in the high heels. In fact, he looked like he was born to wear heels.

“How have you done this?” he asked. He was still in shock.

Amy let go of Brandon and walked over to the bed. She sat down and crossed her legs. She let her stiletto pump dangle from her toes. It bounced back and forth as she swung her leg excitedly. She reached up and toyed with a silver locket that hung around her neck. Brandon, meanwhile, stood demurely before her with his ankles together and his hands clasped before his crotch. He still couldn’t move.

“*Everybody* knows there’s no such thing as magic,” she said. “But I’ve made a career of going against the crowd. When everyone says black, I look for white. When everyone says run, I stand pat. So when I ran across this little old man who sold magic potions, I didn’t laugh him off as everyone else had done. I decided

to test what he was offering. I didn't think it was real magic, but who knows what he might have discovered. Maybe he found some new form of alternative medicine."

"Magic? You're insane!" blurted out Brandon.

Amy chuckled. "And yet, there you stand," she said. "Indeed, imagine my surprise when it turned out there was something to his claim. Oh, I doubted his results at first, don't get me wrong. I *knew* there was no such thing as magic, just like everyone else knows. So I ran the test over and over and over. . . and it worked every time." She snickered. "It was real."

"I don't believe you."

"It doesn't really matter what you believe, because it is real—"

"No way! You can't change a man into a woman by magic. You used a hallucinogen or something on me. Yeah, that's it. You're making me imagine all of this!" he exclaimed.

There was a moment of silence. Then Amy's lips slowly curled upwards into a smile. "If you want to believe that, then go right ahead. But you're wrong. You're a woman now and the whole world will see you as a woman."

Brandon started to speak, but she cut him off by raising her hand.

"And let me tell you what that means. It means that I control you," she said.

"Control me? How?!" he demanded.

"I control you because you have nowhere else to go. You have no house, no job, no income. You don't even have an identification. If you go to the police they'll lock you up as a crazy woman. If you try to run to the firm, they'll call the cops. If you run to your girlfriend, she won't even recognize you."

Brandon cringed. He'd forgotten about Jill. He wondered what she must be thinking at this very moment. All she knew was that he had gone to her apartment, put on her clothes, let her roommate have her way with him, and then he left.

"So here's the score, *Brandi*," said Amy.

Brandon shuddered at being called Brandi. It made him feel weak, emasculated.

"I'm going to release you from the part of the spell which keeps you from moving. You'll be able to control your own body again. But don't think that changes anything. You will follow my rules and my orders. You will wear what I tell you. You will do what I tell you. . . *anything I tell you*. You will live here and act as my maid except when you are at work. For work, you will return to the firm and report as my new secretary. I've already put the paperwork into HR," said Amy firmly.

She now rose from the bed and walked over to the shrunken Brandon.

Brandon wanted to flee. Being so much smaller than Amy was genuinely intimidating, especially as she seemed to be crazy, but he couldn't move. She looked down into his face with an evil grin. Then she put her finger on his breast and poked him for emphasis.

"You will be the good. . . little. . . secretary," she said and she poked him with each word. Then she pinched his right nipple, which sent a wave of pleasure and pain radiating out from his breast. "And you will remain my secretary until after I get the promotion and I'm well ensconced in the job. Then I'll turn you back into a man and you can go back to your life. *BUT*, if you act up or cause me any problems, I'll do something even worse to you, and I may never turn you back. Do you understand?"

"You want me to be your secretary until you get the promotion?" he asked.

Amy folded her arms and balanced her foot on the heel of her shoe. "And my maid."

"And your maid?"

"Yes."

"And then you'll turn me back into Brandon?"

Amy nodded her head. "So long as you behave. So long as you don't cause me any trouble. And so long as you help me get the promotion. Otherwise, I'll leave you as this woman you see in the mirror forever."

Brandon collapsed. He was fortunate the spell held his body up or else he would have fallen to the floor. He couldn't believe any of this was real, though it obviously was, and he didn't see that he had any choice but to do as Amy commanded. She had him over a barrel. . . she had him over the biggest barrel ever. In the future, perhaps, he could find a way out, but right now, he could only agree.

"Well?" she demanded, though they both knew the answer.

"Yes, I agree," he said softly.

Amy laughed. "I knew you would," she said. She walked over to her nightstand and picked up a vial. She handed it to him. "Drink this."

He did. A moment later, he felt his chest heave as he took a deep breath. Then a cool wave passed over his body and he felt it tingle. He turned his wrist and looked down at it. He was in control of his body again. He felt amazing relief.

"Now before you do anything foolish, just remember that I'm bigger and stronger than you are, and without me, you won't ever return to being a man," she said. "So don't even try any funny business. I won't give you a second chance."

"I understand," he said.

"Good. So prove it. Let's seal our understanding, shall we," she said. She unzipped her pants and let them fall to the ground. Then she dropped her pink

panties as well. She was completely shaved. She stepped out of the panties and slacks, which lay on the floor, and went to the bed. She sat on the edge of her bed again. "Kneel before me."

Brandon pursed his lips. He didn't like this, not one bit, but what could he do? Reluctantly, he walked over to the bed and lowered himself to his knees. He was surprised to discover that he could still move in the heels as if he had been wearing them his entire life. The rest of his motions remained feminine as well. That was good because he didn't want to learn to be a woman. Unfortunately, however, the part of the spell which made his body automatically follow orders was now gone and that meant he would need to do everything from hereon out voluntarily. That actually made his humiliation worse.

"Now kiss my toes," she said and she slid her foot out of her pump. She still wore nylons.

Brandon bit his tongue and grimaced, but he bent over until his lips touched her foot. He planted a single, delicate kiss on her foot. It was barely enough that he could feel it on his tongue. Still, it made him feel utterly humiliated.

"Keep going," she commanded.

Brandon kissed her foot again. . . and again. He left lipstick prints on her toes.

"Use your tongue. I want my foot to feel nice and wet when you're done."

Brandon winced, but he knew he had no choice. He stuck out his tongue and started running it up and down her foot. It wasn't as bad as he expected. That is, at first. A moment later, she spread her toes.

"Use your tongue to get between my toes. I want everything nice and wet."

Brandon tried to move his tongue between her toes, but the nylons blocked the path. "Your stockings are in the way."

"Then push harder, darling."

He took a deep breath and pushed really hard with his tongue, pushing the nylons against her toes to slide his tongue between those. That worked a little, but he needed more, so he slipped her toes inside his mouth. . . one at a time. This was truly disgusting to him. Her toes smelled of the leather of her shoes and the sweat of her feet. Everything tasted sour and salty.

Amy laughed. "Ok, that's enough. Nice lean back on your rear and masturbate."

"What?"

"You heard me: masturbate!"

Brandon's jaw dropped. He'd never let anyone watch him masturbate, least of all as a woman. In fact, he'd never masturbated as a woman at all. This

was going to be a first, and it was going to be a truly humiliating way to do this for the first time.

“Get on with it,” she commanded.

Brandon took a deep breath. The salty, sour taste of her toes still coated his mouth. He could still smell the stale leather in his nostrils. He was kneeling on his knees as ordered and now he leaned backward, putting a lot of stress on his knees. He raised his dress. Then he pushed his panties out of the way and he slid his finger along the lips of *HIS* pussy.

“Oh my God!” he exclaimed.

His lips were sensitive like the head of his penis, not the shaft, and as his finger ran up and down the lips, a sticky fluid began to leak out. He felt muscles deep inside himself start to expand and then contract. A warmth radiated from within. He dipped his finger inside as well now as he ran it along the lips. It got wetter and wetter. Then he ran his finger higher and it ran right across the clit. This sent waves of pleasure shooting through him. He began to rub his finger all over his clit, faster and faster. His breathing became erratic, heavy at moments, holding his breath at others. He rubbed faster and faster and, as he did, the rhythm grew. He felt like he would cum any second.

. . . he felt like he would cum any second.

. . . he felt like he would cum any second.

. . . he felt like he would cum any second.

It wasn't happening.

He rubbed even faster. He was so close, he felt like he would cum any second.

. . . he felt like he would cum any second.

. . . he felt like he would cum any second.

It didn't happen.

Amy laughed. “I guess I should have mentioned that you can't cum without permission. That's part of the spell.”

Brandon collapsed backward in a frustrated puddle of silk, sequins and anguish. He didn't want to be a woman. He didn't want to be Amy's servant, her slave, her secretary. And he definitely didn't want to need her permission to cum! A tear appeared in his eye.

An instant later, Amy slipped her fingers inside his pussy before Brandon could even react. She ran them along the wall of his pussy, tickling his clit in the process. All of his muscles tensed and immediately exploded. He shot cum all over Amy's hand, over his panties, over his stockings and over his dress.

He had never felt so bizarrely fulfilled in his life. . . nor had he ever felt so utterly humiliated.

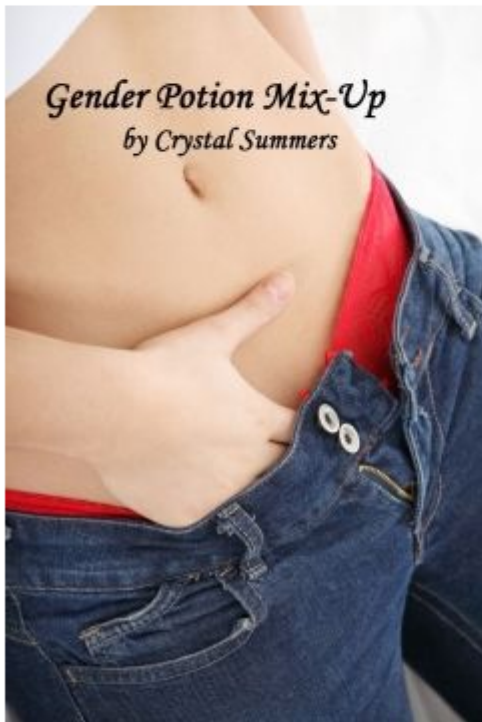
Amy sat above him and laughed. “Come on, Brandi,” she said. “Let's get

you into your uniform.”

To Be Continued...

Other Feminization Fables

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



“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

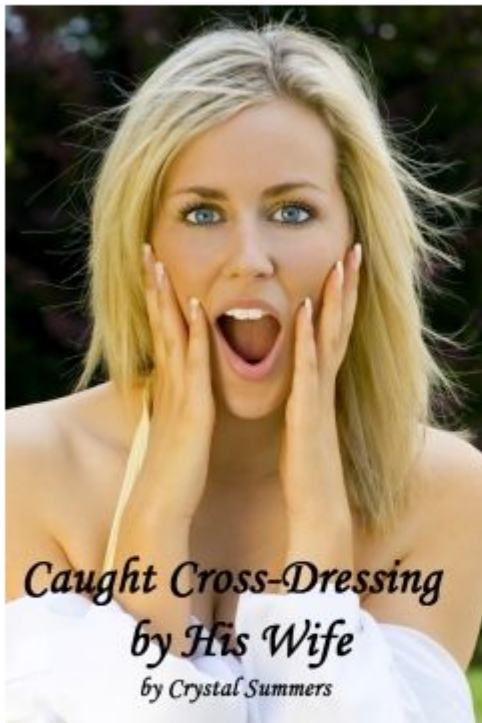


“Sissy Side-Effects”

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!

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“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



“Secret Sissy Game”

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

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

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“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!

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