



Sissy Side-Effects
by Crystal Summers

Chapter 1: “Unexpected Side-Effects”

Chapter 2: “A Lesson For Eric”

Chapter 3: “Turnabout At The Mall”

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Feminization Fables Vol. 6

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Chapter 1: “Unexpected Side-Effects”

Cheaters never prosper. Though, sometimes, not prospering is the least of their worries. Take Eric Masters, for example. Eric wanted the perfect body, but he wasn't willing to do the hard work it takes to get that. Instead, he thought a new steroid pill could do it for him. But as Eric was about to learn, life has an ironic sense of humor when it comes to cheating, and his wronged girlfriend is just the person to teach him that.

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Eric loved his body. He loved his body more than anything, even his girlfriend Heather, and he never missed a chance to tell people how he'd spent years in the gym crafting it. What nobody knew however, was that Eric didn't get his body through hard work. No indeed. To the contrary, Eric had used every steroid know to man to help him because he had no qualms about taking shortcuts. Sadly for him, this would prove to be his undoing.

“Trust me, this stuff is amazing,” whispered one of the men. He and another man were sitting together in the back of the locker room where they thought no one could hear them. They didn't know that Eric sat on the other side of a row of lockers listening.

“Is it better than those red pills you got last year?” asked the other man.

“Absolutely!”

“How much?”

“Look, those red pills gave you what? Like five percent more muscle mass, right? Plus, it comes up on steroid tests if anybody tests you. This stuff can't be tested, and I've been taking it for like six months now, and I've added seventeen percent to my mass. Seventeen percent!”

“Wow! That's amazing!”

“Yeah, and get this: I didn't even have to work for it. It was like magic, I kid you not. I took the stuff and my muscles just grew whether I worked out or not. It was awesome. It just happened.”

Eric raised an eyebrow. Even with the steroids he had already taken, he was struggling to add more muscle to his body, so this sounded really

appealing. In truth, it sounded especially appealing since the reason he hadn't been able to add more muscle was that he wasn't willing to work that hard to get it. A pill that would do it all for him sounded like exactly what he needed.

"All right, so what's the name of this stuff?" asked the one man.

"It's called protylas—"

Another man suddenly appeared before Eric. "Excuse me, you're sitting in front of my locker," said the man. He spoke loudly enough that Eric couldn't hear the rest of the name of the steroid the other two men were talking about.

Eric ground his teeth at the man who had interfered with his eavesdropping but said nothing. What could he say? Besides, he'd heard enough of the name. He could look it up online when he got home, which was exactly what he did.

He wasn't finding it though.

"What the heck was the name of that thing?" he asked himself. "It's prota-something. . . prota-mmm. Protalash. Protalap. Protalaaaah." He pursed his lips. "This is going to kill me if I can't figure this out."

He started typing in what he knew: P-R-O-T-A-L—

Suddenly the auto-suggest feature of the search engine kicked in.

"There it is! Found it! 'Protolactacine'," he read. He skimmed the rest of the description. "Let's see, 'A powerful hormone that controls development blah blah muscle tissue blah blah blah.' Yep. That's the stuff." He skipped over the warning labels and the usages.

"Where do I get it? Prescription only, huh? We'll see about that."

Eric clicked over to a pharmacy he used which never asked questions. He placed his order.

"This is going to be amazing!"

The drug arrived a few days later.

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Eric's girlfriend Heather walked through the mall with her friend Kendra. They were talking about Eric. Heather was thinking of breaking up with him.

"All he cares about is his own body," said Heather.

"That sounds like Eric," said Kendra sourly.

“I’m serious!”

“So am I! I never did see what you saw in him,” said Kendra.

Heather sighed. “When I first met him, he seemed funny and nice. Sure, he could be a jerk at times—”

“At times?! You know how he treated his prior girlfriends: Krista Stewart, Janey Williams, Molly Ladd. There’s more too.”

“I know,” said Heather. “But he could be downright sweet at times too. I thought that somewhere inside him was a decent person just trying to get out.”

“The guy’s a jerk to the core. . . always has been.”

“I know,” said Heather softly. “I see that now.”

“So leave him,” said Kendra.

Heather sighed again. “I’m thinking about it.”

“What’s there to think about?”

Heather shrugged her shoulders. “I don’t know. I guess I should just do it.”

“Yes, you should. Get it over with and move on.”

“I don’t know, Kendra. I know I should leave him, but I feel like I need to give him one more chance.”

Kendra looked at her friend doubtfully. “If you insist, I guess, then give him one more chance. I wouldn’t, but if you want to, then do it. Just don’t expect anything good to come from it.” She saw that they were outside their favorite shoe store. “In the meantime, how about a little retail therapy?”

Heather smiled and hugged her friend.

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Heather thought about dumping Eric the following morning, but she didn’t because he was on his best behavior. The following day was the same. In fact, every day that week, he was on his best behavior. This surprised her, and she’d almost reached the point where she thought he might have turned a corner. Then he did something completely obnoxious. He’d called her over to his apartment with the idea that they would go see a movie. When she got there, however, she found him in his bed beneath a blanket. Assuming that he was sick, she approached the bed. She put out her hand to touch his forehead. That’s when he slapped a pair of handcuffs

on her wrist and pulled her down onto the bed and slapped the other cuff onto her other wrist.

“What are you doing?!” she demanded as she struggled to regain her balance.

“Oh come on, let’s play! It’ll be fun,” he said and he rolled on top of her and kissed her on the lips. He slid his hand inside her shorts.

She tried to push him off of her. “I don’t want to do this. I told you that!”

Eric rolled his eyes, exhaled his displeasure, and climbed off of her. “What’s your problem?” he growled.

“I told you, I don’t want to be tied up. I’m not into that,” she said. Not only was this something which she didn’t particularly like, but she also remembered the one time she had let him do this and how he had refused to uncuff her for several hours. That had angered her a lot. And it angered her more when she found out he had done something similar to another girlfriend.

“It’ll be fun,” he insisted. “You’ll like it.”

“No.”

“Why won’t you do this?”

She sat up. “Look, Eric, I’ve told you before. I don’t want to be tied up.”

Eric pursed his lips.

She held out her wrists. “Open them!”

He ignored her demand. “What about a threesome? How about we get one of your girlfriends to join us? How about Kendra? She’s hot. She’s got a big butt and she could learn to dress a little more sexy, but other than that she’d be great.”

Heather glared at Eric. She had been right about him all along. He was a jerk. There was no other way to put it.

“You know,” he said, “you should be willing to do these things for me. I mean, what’s the point in dating if you won’t do anything I want?”

“What’s the point indeed,” she said sourly. “Uncuff me.”

Eric rolled his eyes. “Fine,” he said and he gave her the key.

Heather unlocked each cuff and removed them. Then she dropped the cuffs to the floor and she stood up. Her high-heeled shoes had been knocked off her feet when Eric pulled her down onto the bed, so she located

those and she slid one foot into the first shoe. Her pretty pink toenails poked out the front.

“I’ll bet most girls would do it for me,” he said, continuing their argument.

“I’m not most girls,” she said with her back to the bed. She slipped into the other shoe.

Eric pursed his lips. “Maybe I need a new girlfriend,” he said and he rose from the bed.

Heather raised an eyebrow. Perhaps this was the perfect moment to end their relationship. It was clear he would never change his behavior and this seemed to be an invite to move on. She took a deep breath to aid her courage and she turned to tell him that she was breaking up with him. . . but she didn’t. She didn’t because when she turned to face her macho soon-to-be-ex-boyfriend, she froze. Her mind scrambled to process what she was seeing.

Eric was smaller than he had been.

A lot smaller.

Indeed, his shoulders were much less broad, his legs and arms were thinner, and he looked all-around. . . smaller. He might even have been shorter, though that could just be an optical illusion, as he was never very tall to begin with and because he just seemed all-around “less.”

“Oh my God!” she blurted out.

“What?! What’s wrong?” he asked.

“Eric. . . you’re. . . what happened?” asked Heather. She was starting to come out of her confused state, but she still didn’t understand what she was seeing.

“What do you mean?” he asked.

“You’ve shrunk!”

“What do you mean, I’ve shrunk?”

She walked over to him and turned him so he could look into the mirror. “Look at your body. Your muscles, they’re gone. Your whole body. . . your shoulders. . . your arms. . . you’re shrinking!”

Eric blushed. Her words struck him as an attack on his masculinity. For one thing, he was on the short side and any suggestion that he was small always bothered him. That’s why he wasn’t particularly thrilled when she wore really high heels as she could actually end up taller than he was. For another, his muscles were a point of pride and to suggest that he was

losing them was like telling a woman her breasts were vanishing. Not to mention, her claim was obviously ridiculous because people don't shrink and muscles don't vanish overnight, so the only reason he could see that she would say this was to tweak his ego. He didn't like that one bit and he was about to tell her so. Then he looked in the mirror.

He gasped. "What?! I don't. . . I. . . what's going on?"

"See," said Heather.

Eric looked closely. Everything was smaller. Everything about him was smaller and less masculine.

"I don't understand this," he said to himself.

"What could do this? Are you still taking steroids?" she asked.

Eric bit his tongue. That was something he thought he'd kept a secret and he had no intention of admitting it. Besides, he was still too stunned to talk; he just stared into the mirror.

Heather meanwhile went to his bathroom and searched his medicine cabinet, where she came upon a container of pills. She read the label. "Is this what you're taking? I'll bet this is what's making you shrink. What else could it be?"

"I'm not shrinking!" he protested.

"Yes you are. Isn't it obvious, Eric? You've been taking some stupid drug and it's making you shrink."

Eric's mouth went dry. He had no idea what to say. He didn't want to admit taking steroids nor did he want to admit that he seemed to be losing his muscles. But he wasn't sure how to handle this. Should he admit that something was clearly wrong? Should he deny it? Should he call a doctor? What should he do? He decided that denial was the best course for the moment. "I don't know what you're talking about—"

Heather laughed. "Don't know what I'm talking about? Eric, you shrank, *pip squeak*. Your muscles. . . your body. . . everything. . . smaller." She placed her arms on his shoulders and pulled him toward her, something she had never been able to do before. She then turned him around so she could see him from all angles. She was measuring him with her eyes.

He immediately pushed her away. "You're crazy!"

"No, I'm not."

"You're just imagining things. You're wearing extra high heels or something, or the light is wrong, I don't know, but you're wrong!" he said and walked away from her.

“Eric, you need to see a doctor. People don’t suddenly shrink overnight.”

Eric’s face burned red with shame at the idea that he was somehow smaller. “I’m not shrinking!” he growled. “And I don’t need to see a doctor.”

“You do.”

“No way!” he said and he pushed her toward the front door.

“Eric!”

“No,” he said and he pushed her through the front door and slammed it. There was no way he would see a doctor about this. For one thing, he told himself, this had to be temporary, whatever it was. In fact, he wasn’t even sure it was real yet. It could just be water retention or funny lighting or something.

“Exactly, it’s just an optical illusion!” he told himself.

For another, what would a doctor do for him? The last thing he wanted was to be locked away in some hospital or turned into a science experiment. No, thank you! Not to mention, he wasn’t sure that the steroids he was taking were entirely legal and he wasn’t going to risk getting into trouble for a fantasy put into his head by a girlfriend who was just upset that he tried to sleep with her.

“No way!” he told himself.

Later that night, Heather sat at her computer giggling. She’d looked up “Protolactacine.” She discovered that this was an experimental drug meant to help women who need massive doses of female hormones. Its side-effects include breast growth, extreme muscle loss, weight gain in hips and rear, and a few other things. Essentially, it mimicked puberty for girls at a massively accelerated level. This was what was happening to Eric. Fortunately for him, the effects appeared to be mostly temporary. He would likely lose some muscles permanently and might end up with enlarged breasts, but everything else should reverse itself over time. In the meantime, however, she giggled at the idea of her macho boyfriend being taken down a notch.

“Leave it to Eric not to read everything,” she said.

Then she smiled.

“Maybe,” she thought, “this can be a valuable lesson for him.”

Chapter 2: “A Lesson For Eric”

Two days later, Heather invited herself over to Eric’s apartment again. She was intensely curious to see how he looked now that the Protolactacine had a couple more days to take effect. Eric had refused to see anyone, but she had a key so she let herself in. When he heard her turning the lock, he dashed to the couch and covered himself with a blanket.

“Eric, it’s me, Heather,” called out Heather as she walked into the apartment.

“I don’t want to see anyone,” he called back.

“I know, but I wanted to see how you’re doing.”

“I’m doing fine,” he said.

She smiled. “Then there’s no reason not to see me,” she said and she walked down the hallway to his living room and then over to the couch. She wore a pink jumper and pink wedge-heeled sandals. “Have you seen a doctor yet?”

“There’s no reason to see a doctor.”

She pursed her lips. “Eric, you shrank. Humans don’t shrink. You need to see someone.”

“No,” he said firmly.

“Stand up, let me see you.”

“No. Go home. I want to be left alone.”

“Eric, stand up,” she repeated.

“No.”

“Come on, stand up. I want to see you, *little man*,” she said with a giggle.

Eric blushed. “No.”

Without warning, Heather grabbed his arms and yanked him off the couch. She didn’t expect to be able to do that. She was just making a point. She expected that she would pull on his arms and nothing would happen. To both their surprises however, she pulled him right off the couch and to his feet. He now stood before her.

Heather’s eyes became huge and her jaw dropped. She covered her mouth with her hand. “Oh my God!” she squealed. Interestingly, she became very wet.

Eric turned bright red. This was why he didn't want to stand up. Whatever was happening to him was getting worse. . . a lot worse.

"Oh. . . my. . . God!" Heather repeated.

"It's not that bad!" he said.

She didn't respond. Instead, her eyes searched his body. Even in sweat pants and an oversized sweatshirt, she could still see the changes. His shoulders had shrunk and his muscles were vanishing fast. His arms and legs were small and thin and flabby. Only his rear and hips had grown. Even his face looked soft and more feminine, though he could still be recognized by anyone who knew him.

Eric could feel her eyes all over every inch his body. He felt like he was under a microscope and it embarrassed him deeply. "Stop looking at me," he said, though he knew there was no chance of that.

"Show me the rest," she said, and before Eric could say anything, Heather grabbed his sweatshirt and yanked it over his head. He protested, but it was too late and she was too strong for him. "Oh. . . my. . . God!" she squealed a third time when she saw his chest. In the past two days, his chest had become quite flabby. Only, it wasn't flab. To the contrary, it was little globes of tissue which appeared on his chest right beneath his nipples. His nipples had grown too and were now the size of the end of a pencil or larger. There was no doubt it, these were breasts, and his chest looked like that of a teenage girl in the middle of her development. No doubt, there was more to come too.

Eric tried to cover his chest with his hands, but Heather pushed those away easily.

"You've got breasts!" she exclaimed.

He turned even redder, if that was possible.

"You really, truly have breasts. Oh my God," she said.

"Will you stop saying that," he protested.

She ignored him and shook him by the shoulders so she could watch the little balls of flab that hung beneath his nipples jiggle back and forth and then shake until they came to a rest. This made her laugh and cause her pussy to tingle.

"Do you mind?" growled Eric and he tried again to cover his breasts. As he did, his sweatpants, which were now way too large, fell to the floor. This exposed his penis, which was much, much smaller than it had been. Interestingly, despite the sexual tension of this scene, he wasn't hard at all.

Heather was wet and her nipples were erect, as were Eric's nipples actually, but his penis. . . his penis remained flaccid. It had been that way since the changes began. Indeed, try as he might – and he did try – he just couldn't make it hard.

“It's so tiny!” she squealed and she instinctively grabbed his penis. In the past, she could hold it with both hands, but now it fit entirely within one hand. His testicles were tiny too. They were no larger than two grapes. “It's like it belongs on a child!”

“It does not!” he exclaimed defensively.

“You're turning into a girl, *Erica!*” said Heather with a laugh.

Eric knew this was true, but the humiliation of hearing it made him cringe. It sent shivers down his spine and made his entire body feel weak, like he would faint. This was utterly humiliating, but things were about to get worse.

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Eric stood frozen for what felt like an eternity. It was truly humiliating to have his now-larger girlfriend examine his feminized body and hold his penis while he could do nothing to stop her. Even more humiliatingly, despite the fact he had been unable to make his penis erect since the changes began, it now sprang to life within her hand and she started stroking him slowly back and forth. It was shameful to him to let this happen, but at the same time, he needed the release because he had been unable to cause that himself for two days. . . so he didn't stop her.

Heather giggled. “You like that, don't you. Yes, you do,” she said.

He didn't respond. He was lost in the feeling of her stroking him. This was the first time he'd gotten hard in three days so he was enjoying this. He also felt too ashamed to answer.

“Tell me you like it,” she said.

He said nothing.

“Oh well,” she said when he didn't answer. “If you don't like it, then I guess you want me to stop.” She stopped stroking him, but didn't let go of his penis. When she reduced the pressure her fingers asserted, his penis softened again.

“No, don't stop!” he said, despite himself when he felt his penis go soft.

Something about his tone caught her attention. She knew the Protolactacine would make erections difficult, if not impossible, and she wondered if maybe he needed the extra stimulus her warm hand provided to make that happen. She giggled at the thought that he couldn't get it up on his own anymore and she decided to test her theory.

"All right then, tell me you like it," she said.

"I like it."

"Tell me you like your big strong girlfriend jerking off your tiny little penis," she said with a laugh. As she said this, she marveled how small it had become and she wondered how much smaller it would become before the effects of the Protolactacine wore off. The thought made her even wetter. There was something about seeing Eric emasculated which definitely turned her on.

He hung his head. "I do, I like it," he said.

"No, tell me what I said. . . I want to hear it exactly like I said it."

He swallowed hard and his face turned red with shame. He should have walked away, but he was too desperate to cum at this point. He had an amazing amount of tension built up from watching helplessly as his body become feminine, and he needed to release that tension, and apparently, only she could do that. Indeed, no matter what he had tried when he was alone, he simply could not make it happen. He needed her.

He cleared his throat.

"I . . . I want my girlfriend to jerk me off."

Heather glared at him and loosened her grip on his penis even more. The fact he said that much told her that his need was indeed strong, but she wanted more and she knew now that she had the upper hand. "I guess you don't want it after all," she said and she pulled her hand away.

"Wait! I do!" His voice seemed higher-pitched and more feminine.

"Then say it."

"I like having my big strong girlfriend play with me."

"No. Say, 'I need my big strong girlfriend to play with my tiny little girly-dick.' And get on your knees when you say it."

Eric bit his lip. He didn't like this, but he needed it. He knew that, and the more he fought, the more conditions she seemed to be adding to it. He decided it was best to accept her conditions now before she added more, so he slowly dropped to his knees. "I need my big strong girlfriend to play with my tiny little girly-dick."

Heather laughed. "That's better, *Erica*."

Eric felt a strong blast of shame wash over him.

Heather indicated that he should rise and he did. When he was on his feet again, she grabbed his penis and started stroking it again. It didn't take long before his penis was hard, relatively speaking, and throbbing. He was breathing heavily now. His chest heaved up and down, causing his breasts to jiggle. That was a humiliating thing for Eric, but it also felt good. His breasts tingled as they bounced.

For Heather, the sight of her boyfriend having breasts was making her incredibly wet. She wanted to explore this more, so she reached her free hand over and ran it over his breasts. They were so soft, yet firm, and warm. She shivered as her hand explored them. Eric did too. She then tweaked his nipples, which resulted in a shock which blasted through his nervous system and almost made him cum on the spot. His penis jumped, which told Heather he would cum any moment now.

"Oh yes," said Eric.

Heather was now certain that he couldn't get himself off. That gave her power, power she decided to use. She smirked and stopped stroking him. She had a wicked idea.

"Don't stop!" he exclaimed.

She ignored him and sat down on the couch. She still held his penis loosely in her hand, but she wasn't stimulating it. It went flaccid again.

"We need to talk about this, Eric," she said. She crossed her legs.

He shook his head. "Forget it!"

"Forget what?"

"I'm not going to a doctor!" he said.

"Who said anything about a doctor?" she asked and she laughed to herself. Sending him to the doctor was the last thing on her mind. She knew the effects were only temporary, so she wasn't worried about his condition. What she wanted instead was to teach him a lesson. This was the most amazing chance to see Eric completely humbled and taught that he could not treat women the way he had been treating them. She did not intend to let this opportunity pass.

"You did."

"No, I said, we need to talk. I never said you need to see a doctor."

A confused look crossed Eric's face. "Talk about what?"

“Talk about the obvious. You’re turning into a girl, Eric, and you’re going to need me to help you.”

“Help in what way?” he asked cautiously.

“Help in every way. You’ll never pass as a man, that’s for sure,” she said and she flipped his penis upward, causing it to bounce. “But you won’t pass as a woman either, not without my help.”

A look of horror crossed Eric’s face. “Pass as a woman? I don’t want to pass as a woman!”

Heather laughed, which made Eric feel small and helpless. “Really? So you want to go around pretending to be a man? You want everyone to stare at you and point and say, ‘Look at that weird little man with breasts?’”

Eric swallowed hard. He hadn’t thought about that, and what she said made him shudder. He knew that passing as a normal man would be impossible. Indeed, he couldn’t imagine walking into a men’s locker room looking like this. Not to mention that none of his clothes fit and he suspected that his shape was going to make finding replacement men’s clothing difficult. Passing as a woman, on the other hand, well. . . that was *possible*, now that he thought about it, but it wasn’t what he wanted. In either event though, he would need Heather’s help, because right now, none of his clothes fit well enough that he could even leave his apartment to go buy more.

“Yeah, I guess,” he said, acknowledging that he needed her help.

She laughed. “There’s no ‘guess’ about it. You need me, or are you planning to walk naked to the grocery store?”

Eric pulled himself away from her hand, which still held his penis. “Fine, I’ll accept your help.”

Heather chuckled. “Uh. . . no. You misunderstand me, Eric. I’m not offering my help for free. There is a price for my help.”

“What price?”

“If you want my help, then you’ll need to play by my rules. That’s my price, Eric. Take it or leave it.”

He furrowed his brow. “Play by your rules?” he asked sourly.

“Yes. If you want my help, then you need to do what I tell you. Otherwise, I’ll walk out that door and you’ll be on your own.”

Eric stared at his girlfriend. He’d never been submissive to anyone in any way and here she was demanding that he submit to her. He didn’t think he could do that, but he also knew in the back of his mind that he had no

choice. Still, there had to be an alternative. He just needed time to think of one.

When Eric didn't respond quickly enough, Heather rose to her feet and started toward the front door of his apartment. When she reached the hallway, her high heels clicked off the tiled floor: CLICK, CLICK, CLICK.

"Wait!" called Eric when he realized she was actually leaving.

She didn't respond.

"Where are you going?" he asked

"You obviously don't want my help, so I'm leaving," she said.

CLICK, CLICK, CLICK.

"Hold on!" he said and he chased after her.

"No Eric, this is all or nothing. You either do as I say or I'm not interested, and clearly, you aren't willing to do that," she said and she opened his front door.

He cringed when he realized that their conversation would now be carried out into the hallway and that anyone out there could not only hear them, but could look into his apartment and see his naked feminized form.

"I will!" he said. "I'll do that! I promise! Please come back so we can talk about this *in here*."

"You won't, you made that clear," she said and she started down the hallway.

CLICK, CLICK, CLICK.

"I will, I swear!" he pleaded from his doorway.

She stopped. She stood about twenty feet down the hallway with her hands on her hips. A gentle breeze made her loose pink skirt dance around her legs. She turned to face him. She smirked. "Prove it," she said and she paused. "Come out here, get down on your knees, and tell me that you'll do anything I tell you."

"You're kidding!" said Eric with a gasp.

Heather turned and started down the hallway again. As she did, Eric saw his one chance to get through this leaving with her. She was the only person who could help him, and he needed her help.

He needed her.

Eric cringed. He had to act, he had no choice, so he swallowed his pride and his fear and he raced down the hallway after her. He was naked and his tiny penis and his growing breasts bounced and jiggled as he ran. He caught her by the elevator and he dropped to his knees.

“Please don’t go. I’ll do anything you say,” he said.

Heather stood with her back to him. A smile crossed her face. She had won. She turned and looked down at her naked, feminized boyfriend on his knees before her. The sight was exquisitely thrilling. It sent a shock through her which made her wetter and wetter and made her nipples hugely erect. She felt an incredible rush of power. It was time to teach him a lesson.

“All right,” she said, “come with me.”

He did.

Chapter 3: “Turnabout At The Mall”

When they returned to Eric’s apartment, Heather made him shower and shave his legs. He tried to object, but one piercing glare from her stopped him cold. When he finished showering, she fluffed up his longish hair and made him sit on the bed. She got out her makeup kit. She brushed back his hair and went to apply eye shadow. He leaned back away from her.

“What are you doing?” he asked.

“I’m putting makeup on you,” she said.

He furrowed his brow. “Why?”

She raised an eyebrow. “I thought we settled this? You’re going to do anything I tell you or I’m going to leave, remember? Do you want me to leave? I’ll leave if you like.”

He cringed. He hated this idea. It felt emasculating and humiliating, but he had no choice. He needed her to help him. At the very least, he needed to do what she said until she got him some clothes and he could go out on his own. “All right,” he said.

“Apologize.”

“I’m sorry.”

“Don’t forget this, Eric. I won’t keep reminding you. The next time I feel like you’re breaking our deal, I’ll leave and I won’t come back. You can figure all of this out for yourself.”

“I’m sorry,” he repeated.

“Now be quiet and do as you’re told,” she said firmly.

Heather finished applying his makeup and then painted his fingernails and toenails bright pink. As they dried, she went to his closet. She found one item that might prove useful, but nothing else. This was an old sweater of his which was always too large on him. It was cream-white with a brown zigzag along the chest.

“This will do,” she said and she made him stand up. He looked pathetic with his tiny penis and his blossoming breasts. This made her giggle. “Boy oh boy, if anybody sees you, they’re gonna have a field day.”

Eric blushed. He hoped no one saw him. . . ever.

Heather slipped the sweater over his head and pulled it down into place. It hung to the top-middle of his thighs. In effect, it was a little longer than a minidress.

“Ok, come with me,” she said and she started for his front door.

“Where are we going?” he asked nervously.

“We’re going to buy you clothes.”

Eric bit his lip. Was this really a good idea? He wasn’t even wearing any underwear or shoes. Besides, maybe it would be better if she brought him some clothing. She could measure him and then he didn’t need to leave. “Couldn’t I wait here—”

“Stop making a fuss,” she said firmly.

He froze. He really did not want to go out his door into the world beyond, not looking like this. Indeed, despite the makeup, he was still recognizable to anyone who knew him. He would probably pass as a woman to everyone else, especially given his body, but what if they ran into someone he knew? Also, the idea of being seen just terrified him. He was used to being the largest, strongest, most intimidating person in the room. Now what would he be? He needed an excuse to stay here.

“Uh. . . what about some underwear? I can’t go out without underwear,” he said.

“Women do it all the time.”

“But my, uh, thing. What if it sticks up?” he asked and he blushed.

Heather laughed. “You mean your penis? Your dick? For one thing, you can’t get hard without me making you hard, so it’s not going to stand up. For another, it’s so tiny now that no one will notice. Besides, you don’t have any underwear that will fit. Now quit stalling and come with me.” She started toward the door again.

He didn’t move. “What about shoes?”

She stopped and glared at him. “Do any of your shoes fit?” she asked snidely.

He bit his lip. Her commanding tone and her focused gaze made him feel small and intimidated. “No,” he said softly.

Without another word, she turned and walked out of his apartment.

Eric took a deep breath and followed her.

It was a terrifying feeling to ride down in the elevator with her with his face made-up and wearing only an oversized sweater. His hands shook

with fear that someone would notice him. His pink fingernails and toenails mocked him. He wanted to hide, but couldn't.

"This is—" He caught himself. He was about to tell her this was terrifying, but he didn't want her knowing that. She didn't need any more power over him. Not to mention, his ego struggled to admit things like that.

Suddenly, the elevator stopped and a large man stepped onto the elevator. Eric had seen him before in the building, but never really noticed him *per se*. He was a little larger than Eric, but never as muscular, so Eric saw himself as stronger and more dominant. But now, Eric was a lot smaller and he realized just how huge this man was. His muscles bulged beneath his shirt. Eric swallowed hard. He prayed the man didn't recognize him. That could be a disaster.

Slowly, the elevator door closed and it began its voyage down again.

Another floor passed.

Then another.

Every once in awhile, the man snuck a peek at Eric, particularly at his bare feet and his painted toenails, but he never said anything. Each peek made Eric want to run away, but there was nowhere to go. He held his breath and clenched his fists and hoped this ride would end soon.

Finally, the elevator opened on the ground floor and the man stepped aside to let Eric and Heather off the elevator. Eric felt relieved that he hadn't been spotted. But a moment later, he felt a bit humiliated that the man had treated him like a woman and stepped aside for him. Making this worse, the man eyed his chest, his rear and his feet as he left. This felt dirty to Eric, as did the stares of the other people who watched him step from the elevator, so he hung his head and he raced after Heather, who had gotten ahead of him despite her high heels.

He felt totally relieved to get into her car.

"Where are we going?" he asked after he calmed down.

"I told you, we're going to buy you some clothes."

"I can't go into a store like this," he said.

"I know. That's why we're making a quick stop on the way."

A few minutes later, they pulled up before Heather's apartment building. She made him wait in the car as she ran inside and grabbed a few items. She also made a call to her friend Kendra and to a few others. She then returned to the car, holding a white clutch purse, a pair of tan sandals

and her own purse. She handed the white clutch purse to Eric. It matched his sweater.

“This is for you,” she said.

“Why do I need a pur—”

“Because you’re a woman,” she said flatly, cutting off his question, “all women carry purses.” She then handed him the sandals. They were tan with several straps that crisscrossed the foot and a beige wedge heel. . . a five-inch wedge heel. “Strap those on.”

“I can’t wear these! I’ve never worn heels before.”

“They’re wedges and they’re wide. That means they’re easy. You can wear them. You just need to take more careful steps.”

“But—”

She pointed her finger at him. “Don’t start or I’ll let you out right now and you can walk the five miles back to your apartment.”

He bit his tongue. He didn’t like this one bit, but realistically, there was nothing he could do about it. He just needed to put up with it until he could buy some clothes. Then he could tell her to take a hike and he could take care of himself. Thus, he reluctantly slid his feet into the sandals, and wow, did it ever feel strange to have his feet in high heels. It felt emasculating. It also felt uncomfortable to have his feet bent in such a strange angle. He wasn’t going to like this at all, he told himself as he bent over and buckled the ankle straps into place.

“Done,” he said unhappily as he closed the last buckle.

Heather nodded her head. She drove them to the mall.

—o—

A few minutes later, they pulled up before the entrance to Heather’s favorite store at the mall. She and Kendra were regulars here and she knew all the staff. She bought a great many of her clothes here.

“This is a fantastic store. They’ll have lots of things that will fit you. . . lots of very pretty things,” she said gleefully. She was looking forward to this.

“Great,” he said sarcastically.

She slapped him on the thigh. “Let’s go, girl,” she said and she stepped out of the car. Eric, however, didn’t move. He was frozen in place and no matter how much he told himself to get out of the car, he just

couldn't get his body to obey. When she noticed that Eric wasn't moving, Heather came around to his side of the car and opened the door. "Come on," she said. "Get out."

"Can't I wait in the car?" he asked, though he knew the answer.

"And miss your world debut as Erica? I wouldn't think of it."

"I don't know if I can do this," he said.

Heather smirked. She recalled once saying something similar to him about a stripper costume he made her wear to a party, and he ignored her concerns then, just as she intended to ignore his now. She folded her arms. "You're getting out of the car either way," she said. "Either you come into the store with me and we get you some clothes, or you get out of the car and I leave you to walk home." This was nearly verbatim what he had said to her at the time of the costume party.

"Walk home," he repeated nervously. The thought of walking home either barefoot or in the heels and the sweater-dress made him shiver. Not only was it more than fifteen miles, but he would probably end up in jail, or worse, if he tried it.

"Yes, walk. Unless you brought your wallet for cab fare," she said. He hadn't, and they both knew it because Heather had rushed him out of the house. "So what's it going to be?"

She didn't need to ask really, as there was only one choice, and they both knew it. Eric swallowed hard and swung his legs out of the car. This was going to be difficult, but it had to be done. "I only need her to buy me some clothes. . . some pants and a shirt, and then take me home again. I can do this," he told himself.

He slowly lifted himself to his feet.

He was outside the car.

This was the first time he'd ever stood on high heels and the experience was not at all pleasant. He'd never needed to worry about being unsteady on his feet before, but he did now. His ankles struggled to stay in place as they kept trying to buckle. The pressure on his toes was immense too, and his calves felt strained. Even worse, it was utterly humiliating to be wearing high heels. Yes, people would see him as a woman, he was reasonably sure of that, but there was still something awful about wearing them. Men weren't supposed to wear these. What's more, Heather knew and that was something he would never live down.

"Come on," said Heather and she started for the store.

Eric took a step toward her and almost fell down. The only thing stopping him from hitting the pavement was that he caught himself against the car at the last possible second. He stood up and tried again with similar results.

“I can’t do this!” he called out.

Heather stopped and turned to face her boyfriend, who leaned against the car. “Really? You can’t do something teenage girls do all the time?”

He swallowed his pride. “I need help. Tell me how to walk in these things.”

She chuckled and she returned to where he was standing. “It’s simple. If you want to do this without breaking your ankle, you need to walk like a girl. So stop trying to walk like a guy. Take small, delicate steps. Keep your legs together and your arms by your side. Keep your chin up.”

Eric looked at her and bit his lip.

“Oh give me a break, Eric,” she said in an annoyed tone. “Anyone can do this. Watch me.” She walked ten paces, turned around and walked back. “Simple. Now do what I did.”

“Here? In the parking lot where everyone can see?”

“Where else?”

“I don’t know.”

“You’re pushing your luck, *Erica*. I told you that I’ll leave you here to find your own way home if you put up a fight. Now, are you going to walk the right way or do I leave?”

Eric gritted his teeth and did his best to mimic his girlfriend’s walk. After several attempts, he was able to walk. He didn’t look particularly natural or feminine doing it yet, but he didn’t look so out-of-place either that people would be staring at him. He looked like a woman who bought heels that were a little higher than she could handle.

“Now follow me,” said Heather.

Eric followed Heather through the parking lot into the store. They went very slowly. When he finally stepped inside the store, he entered a different world. Indeed, while he’d been inside women’s clothing stores before, he’d never actually paid any attention because he wasn’t expecting to buy anything. This time was different. This time, everything could potentially end up on his body. And his first thought was finding pants. Where were the pants?

Heather, however, wasn't interested in pants. She led Eric to the dresses.

"Ooo, some of these are really cute," said Heather. She held up a teal cocktail dress. Then she grabbed a strapless red tea dress. She smiled as she held the dress up to his body. "You don't have the boobs for this yet, but who knows what tomorrow will bring!" She winked at him.

Eric cringed. The idea that he would become more feminine scared him and it troubled him that Heather was so happy to take advantage of this. "Can't we just go buy some pants and then go back home?"

"Pants?!" she exclaimed with a laugh. "No. Not until I've seen you in some of these dresses."

"I'm not trying on dresses," he said.

"Then I'm not paying for your clothes. And since you didn't bring your wallet, that pretty much ends this trip, doesn't it? So are you going to try on whatever I want first? Do that, and then I'll think about maybe buying you pants if you behave like a good little girl. Otherwise, forget it."

Eric felt his face burn. He wanted to scream, "I'm not a little girl!" but he knew better. He had no power at all at this point. He was entirely at Heather's mercy. And that meant he needed to do what she wanted until she was ready to give him what he needed, which in this case meant some pants and a ride home. "Fine, what do you want me to try on?" he asked.

Heather smirked. Then she picked up a golden minidress. "This is nice, but maybe a little too formal." She set the dress back on the rack and moved to the next one. "Oh! This one you need to try on!" she said with delight. She held up a black babydoll dress with spaghetti straps.

"Fine, buy it and I'll try it on."

Heather laughed. "Uh. . . no. You'll try it on *before* we buy it."

"You want me to try it on *here*?!"

"Of course," she said. "That's why we're here."

"I thought we were just going to pick something out and then go home?"

She laughed again. "Hardly." She grabbed his hand and pulled him to the dressing rooms. The dressing room she chose was relatively large, being perhaps eight feet by ten. A full-length mirror hung on the wall as did a series of hooks. Heather hung the dress on one of the hooks and took his purse. "Strip out of the sweater, but leave your heels on," she said.

Eric reluctantly pulled the sweater over his head, exposing his breasts and his penis in the process. He looked. . . strange. His general shape was feminine. His hips were wide and full. His six-pack abs were gone and were replaced with a soft belly. His shoulders were tiny. His chest was soft and his breasts seemed to be even bigger than they were a few hours ago. All of this made him look like a shapely young lady. The only thing out of place was his face, which remained recognizable, though feminine, and his shrunken penis.

Heather giggled, causing Eric to blush.

“What do you want me to do now?” Eric asked. He couldn’t meet her gaze, so he looked down at her feet.

“Now you put on the dress,” she said and she pulled the dress from its hanger. She unzipped it in the back and slid it down over his body. She then zipped it up in the back. It fit perfectly. “Spin around so I can see you.”

He did.

Heather smiled. “Very sexy.”

Eric bit his tongue. He didn’t like thinking of himself as “sexy” in a dress. “Ok, I tried it on. Can we please buy some pants now?”

Heather snickered. “We’re going to play a little game first.”

“What game?” he asked suspiciously.

“It’s called, ‘You be a good boy and do as you’re told very, very quietly.’ Do you understand me? Quietly.”

This didn’t sound good. “What do you have in mind?”

An evil grin crossed Heather’s face. She picked up Eric’s purse, which she had set on the chair. From it, she pulled a pair of handcuffs. . . the same handcuffs he had used on her and on several prior girlfriends.

“What are those for?” he asked nervously.

“You seemed to know the last time you used them. Don’t you remember? Don’t you remember trying to cuff me in them? My, how quickly you forget.”

“Look, I’m sorry about that, really I am—”

She patted him on the cheek. “I’m sure you are. . . now. Now give me your wrist.”

Eric thought about racing for the door, but where would he go? He had no money and no way to get home. The only clothes he had were the oversized sweater and the high heels on his feet. Whether he liked it or not,

he had no choice but to do what Heather wanted, so he closed his eyes and stuck out his wrist. He felt a shiver run down his spine when he felt the cold steel of the handcuff lock around his wrist. Then Heather made him hold his hands up to a metal pipe that ran the length of the room near the top of the dressing-room stall. To reach this pipe, he needed to stand on his tiptoes, even in the high heels he wore. Heather then slipped the other cuff over the pipe and brought it down and cuffed his other wrist.

He was now stuck with his wrists cuffed around this pipe. What's more, because of the height of the pipe, he needed to stand on his tiptoes in his high heels to keep his wrists high enough to keep the cuffs from hurting his wrists. This was extremely difficult, as he could only rest his feet for a few seconds at a time, and this would become increasingly more difficult with each passing minute.

Heather giggled and ran her fingers over his butt cheeks. His stance caused his rear to poke outward behind him, presenting a very tempting target. "You are so unbelievably cute like that. This deserves a photo," she said and she pulled out her phone and took several photos.

Eric said nothing because he knew that anything he said would be useless and would only make things worse.

Heather then took a scarf from her purse and tied it over his eyes so he couldn't see what was happening. When it was secure, she hugged him from behind and ran her hands over his chest, causing his nipples to become erect.

"You try to be a good girl while I'm gone," she said.

All the color left Eric's face. "What do you mean?! Where are you going?"

"I'm going to do a little shopping. I told you this was my favorite store and I just love to see what they have in stock each week. So you just wait your cute little girly self right here so I know where to find you and I'll be back when I'm finished shopping."

Eric's mouth went dry and his heart raced. "You can't leave me like this!"

She laughed. "Erica, dear, I can do anything I want to you now."

"Heather, please," he pleaded.

"You just stay here nice and quiet and hopefully no one will realize you're in here," she said with a giggle. "I'd hate for you to be discovered."

"Heather, please," he begged, but she had already gone.

Eric had no idea how long he stayed like this, but it felt like forever. His feet were killing him. It was bad enough he was wearing heels for the first time in his life, but then he needed to stand on tiptoes on top of that. It was cold too, under the air conditioning in the little black dress. That made his nipples uncomfortably erect. There was also a sense of fear that Heather might not come back. . . what would he do then? But worst of all, as he stood there trying his best to remain absolutely silent, he heard women come and go in the other dressing rooms. It was always the same, he would hear them approach carrying a load of clothes; he could hear the rustling of the clothes. They often came in twos, though not always. They would pick a dressing room. They would enter. He would hear more clothing rustle or he would hear two women speaking softly to each other. He could never make out the words, but it was enough that he knew they were just a few feet from him. They would eventually leave. A few minutes later, another would arrive.

On one occasion, a woman actually put her hand on the doorknob to the dressing room in which he was tied up, but for some reason, she didn't enter. He almost yelped when he heard her jiggle to knob, but something stopped him thankfully and she went to another room.

He'd been lucky so far, but Eric's nerves were getting the best of him and he almost started to cry. Even worse, this was strangely turning him on, even though he couldn't satisfy himself. His need to masturbate was growing exponentially.

"When is this going to end? When is she going to come back here?" he asked.

A moment later, he heard another woman approach. She put her hand on the door to his room! He tensed up.

"Please, go away!" he screamed to himself inside his head.

She didn't.

She turned the knob and opened the door.

She began to giggle. It wasn't Heather. He could tell by the voice.

Eric swallowed hard. This was both frightening and humiliating. He had no idea who this woman was or what she would do next, but he feared

the worst. After all, what would most women do if they stumbled upon this?

“Uh. . . I can explain,” he said. His mouth went dry.

She giggled again. Then she approached him. He could hear her footsteps against the carpet and he could smell her perfume as she approached.

“This is. . . uh, a uh, prank,” he said.

She put her hand on the back of his thigh. Her hand was soft and warm and she had long nails. He instinctively lurched forward when he felt her hand on his thigh and he almost fell over because he was still struggling to balance in the heels, especially on tiptoe and with his calves burning so much.

“Someone. . . uh, did this to me as a prank. Can you please untie me?” he asked. His voice cracked.

She giggled again and stepped even closer to him. He could feel the warmth of her body radiating against his back. As she stepped closer, she slid her hand up his thigh, very slowly, until it went up beneath his dress.

“Uh. . . please don’t do that!” he said. As he said this, he felt his penis starting to grow, something which hadn’t happened since Heather last touched him. He liked the feeling of that, though not the circumstances.

Despite his protests, the woman didn’t stop her exploration. Her hand slid beneath his dress and played with his cheeks, even pinching him once. She tickled his crack. Then her hand slid lower and between his legs. He tried to close his legs to stop her from doing that, but he wasn’t in a good position to do that and not fall over, so he waited helplessly as she slid her fingers toward his penis.

She touched his penis.

Her hand stopped.

Nothing happened for the longest time.

Eric expected her to run away screaming, but she didn’t. Why didn’t she run away? Maybe this was Heather after all, he thought. Maybe this was just Heather having a joke. Maybe she sprayed herself with new perfume and then disguised her giggle just to scare him.

The mystery woman giggled again. Then her hand brushed over his penis and testicles. She squeezed them and rolled them between her fingers. Her long slender fingers tugged on his penis. It was erect, but it

was still small and somewhat soft. Still, it was enough that she could stroke it back and forth.

“Look Heather,” said Eric finally. “I’m sorry for the way I acted before, can you please let me down?”

“Not yet, Eric,” said Heather.

Eric breathed a sigh of relief upon hearing Heather’s voice. Heather’s voice meant this was indeed Heather. He hadn’t been exposed. Only. . . a moment later, he realized that Heather’s voice had come from across the room by the door! That meant Heather couldn’t be the woman with her hand on his penis!

“Now, wait a minute!” said Eric as the woman began stroking his penis harder.

Eric felt a wave of pleasure radiate from his penis through his body and it made him shudder and lose track of what he wanted to say. As he tried to focus, he felt the woman run her other hand across his chest. She grabbed his breasts and squeezed his nipples. This felt amazing.

“Are you sure you want me to stop?” asked the woman, whose voice sounded familiar, though Eric couldn’t place it.

“Uh. . . well—”

“I can stop if you like.”

“No, no, go ahead,” said Eric. Sure, this was humiliating, but it was also highly erotic to Eric and he had yet to cum, so he was feeling quite desperate to get the release he’d needed for several days now.

“Are you sure?” Heather asked.

“Yes, go ahead.”

Heather laughed. “Anything you say.”

A moment later, Eric felt the woman remove her hands from his penis and his breasts. She raised his dress in the back. Then he felt her place something plastic against his rear and she slid it inside him. This caused all of his muscles to tense up and put tremendous pressure on his rear and lower back. And as the plastic whatever it was drove deep inside him, the woman hugged him and pushed it with the force of her hips, which caused the pressure inside him to become unbearable. This was made all the worse by the fact he needed to stay standing on his tiptoes and his legs were straining to remain standing. His feet were intensely sore and his calves were positively burning.

“Hold on, I need a picture of this,” said Heather with a giggle. She pulled out her phone and took several pictures. “Maybe we’ll show these to your friends. What do you think, Eric? Do you think your friends would like to see them? It’s clearly you in the photos.”

Eric would have cringed, but he couldn’t, all of his muscles were busy as the giggling woman kept driving the plastic device deeper into him and then pulling it back out. She was simultaneously stroking his penis which was building a tremendous amount of pressure. He would cum soon. And despite the humiliation of all of this, of being taken anally by a woman he didn’t even know as he was locked to a pipe, or perhaps because of it, this would be the greatest ejaculation he’d ever had.

Only, it wouldn’t happen.

The woman suddenly stopped.

A moment later, Eric felt the woman back away from him, but she left whatever it was in his rear. Then he felt her hand on his penis again, only it wasn’t stroking him, it was just exploring again. Her other hand returned to his left breast and played with his nipple.

Then a third hand grabbed his right nipple!

Suddenly, a fourth hand slid beneath his dress and pinched his rear.

Yet another hand grabbed the thing in his rear and shook it back and forth, which caused him to wince.

He heard giggling all around him and he smelled many different perfumes.

“Who wants some pictures?” asked Heather.

Eric heard a half-dozen voices asking for pictures and they began to talk to each other. It sounded like a party. He had no idea what was happening, only that they were mocking him and taking very humiliating photos with him. Someone even wrote something on his rear in lipstick.

“What’s going on?!” he demanded.

When he said this, someone stuffed a pair of panties in his mouth. He ground his teeth.

For the next ten or so minutes, the women took their turns playing with him and posing for pictures with him. He couldn’t tell the poses exactly, but they all wanted picture of themselves touching his penis or playing with the thing in his rear. They also each wanted photos of themselves playing with his breasts.

Then one of the women got behind him and drove the plastic thing inside him as deeply as it would go. Another woman grabbed his penis and began stroking it. Between the two of them, his penis became as erect as it could get at the moment and it began to throb. The other women watched and cheered them on.

On the one hand, Eric felt a great deal of shame at this, but on the other, he wanted to cum so badly at the moment that he actually smiled when they started doing this. This made the women laugh.

“He’s smiling!”

“He likes it!”

“Look at his nipples grow too,” said another and she reached out and pinched his right nipple, which caused his penis to jump.

He ignored their taunts. He needed this. He felt the rhythm and he started breathing heavily again. His chest heaved rhythmically. His breasts jiggled. His penis throbbed in rhythm with his chest. He was about to cum.

But he didn’t.

The women stopped. They stop stroking his penis. They stopped ramming the thing in his rear inside him.

His penis went flaccid immediately.

“Like I told you, he can’t get it up himself,” said Heather.

He suddenly felt deeply ashamed that he had fallen for this. This was all just a tease to expose his need to these women and he had fallen for it. They knew now how emasculated he had become, as if they couldn’t tell from his tiny penis and his bouncing breasts.

The woman all burst out laughing.

“Better luck next time, *girlfriend!*” said one of them.

“Aw, he’s pouting,” said another when she saw him bite his lip.

“It’s not like he never left any of us that way,” said another.

The women all laughed again.

“Ok girls, I think our princess has had enough,” said Heather finally.

The women made a collective “aw” sound, but slowly began to leave. They each pinched his rear one more time as they left.

“Will you please untie me now?” asked Eric when only Heather was left.

She didn’t. Instead, she sat down on the bench across the room. “So Eric,” she said and she paused. “Now you know how it feels to be treated the way you’ve treated your girlfriends in the past.”

Eric blushed. "I wasn't that bad. . . was I?"

Heather laughed. "Eric, who do you think those women were? Those were all ex-girlfriends of yours. Do you think they would have come do this if they didn't think you deserved it?"

Eric bit his tongue. He didn't know what to say, though he knew that she was right. He had actually started to realize this before the women left as he slowly began to recognize some of the perfumes and some of the voices. These women had been women he'd dated, and the fact they had come to do this to him was probably not the best sign that they liked him all that much. He swallowed hard.

"Hopefully, you've learned that you can't treat women the way you do," said Heather.

Eric nodded his head. "I have," he said.

"We'll see," she said. "They all have pictures of you now, pictures they can show to anyone at any time."

Eric swallowed hard. This didn't make him happy.

"So we'll see. In fact, we'll see soon because they're all waiting outside. They want to walk you around the mall and have you try on clothes all day. It's going to be a real sissy party and you're the guest of honor."

"Please no!"

Heather giggled. "Oh yes. Your day isn't over," she said and she reached up and unlocked him.

Eric felt amazing relief that he could let his arms down again and that he could get off his feet. He ripped off the blindfold, pulled the thing from his rear, which turned out to be a large plastic penis, and immediately sat down on the bench and rubbed his legs and feet.

Heather folded her arms and watched him.

It was clear that he had heard the lesson, but it wasn't clear yet that the lesson would sink in. Perhaps, he would learn. Perhaps he wouldn't. Only time would tell. In the meantime, the others would indeed walk him through the mall and make him try on anything and everything they thought he should wear for them. And when they were finished, they bought him just one item: the little black dress he wore in the dressing room.

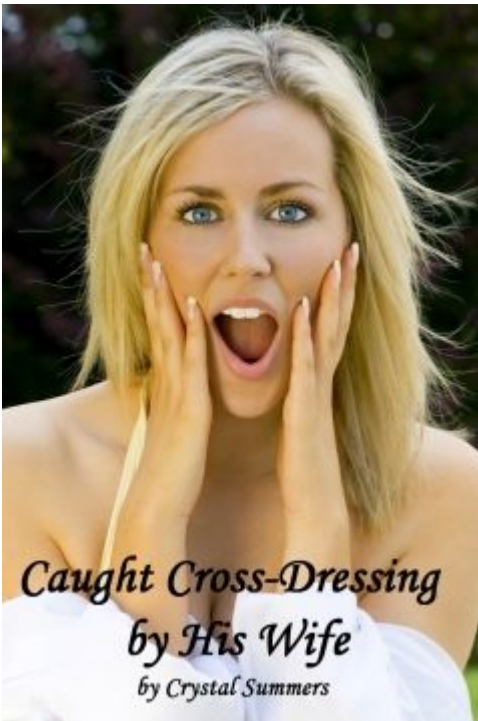
A few days later, the Protolactacine would start to wear off, but his muscles wouldn't return. His breasts didn't go away all the way either, nor did his nipples. That would make it hard for him to return to his arrogant,

macho ways. Moreover, with so many women having photos of him feminized, he knew better than to act too macho lest they put those photos online. These things would serve to remind him of what he had done to himself. And if they weren't enough, Heather made sure that he kept one more reminder. . . hanging in his closet. . . a little black dress.

The End

Other Feminization Fables

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



“**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

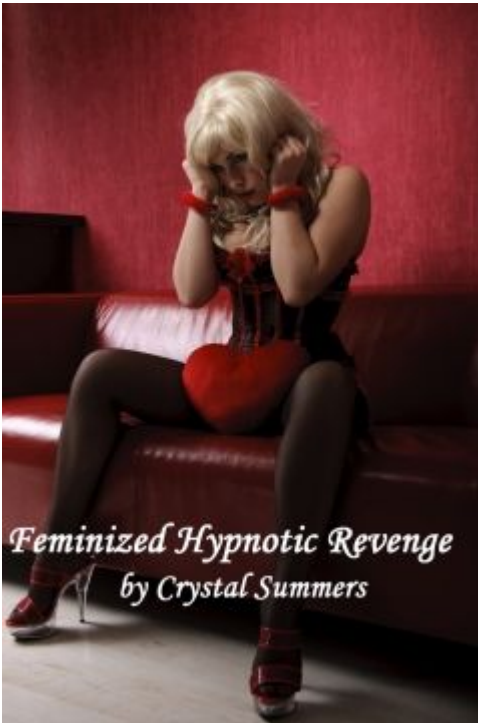


“Feminized And At Her Mercy”

Doug thought his girlfriend was fooling around on him. To put his mind at ease, Doug planned to use a revolutionary DNA altering process invented by Doug’s firm to turn himself into a woman so he could spy on her. When things go wrong, however, Doug finds himself at the mercy of his assistant Julie, a woman he never should have trusted.

“Feminized And At Her Mercy” is a cautionary tale of a powerful, macho man who finds himself at the mercy of his assistant when he turns himself into a woman so he can spy on his girlfriend. This 9,000 word story includes gender transformation, female domination, erotic humiliation, spanking, and more!

For Mature Audiences Only



“Feminized Hypnotic Revenge”

Todd was an arrogant man who believed the world revolved around him, until he angered a master hypnotist. Suddenly, things go wrong for Todd. Not only does he develop a strong desire to feminize himself, but his wife wants to push him further, and he quickly learns he cannot resist any order she gives.

“Feminized Hypnotic Revenge” is a cautionary tale of an arrogant, controlling man who finds himself feminized and at the mercy of his wife after he crosses the wrong man. This 9,000 word story includes female domination, forced feminization, erotic humiliation, 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



“Feminized Justice”

Tony thought he'd dodged a bullet when he was offered a chance to participate in a new reform program rather than going to prison, but he didn't read the fine print. Now he's feminized and put under the control of his last victim. . . his former girlfriend. Can he escape? What plans does she have for him?

“Feminized Justice” is a cautionary tale of a criminal who learns that not all time is the same when he finds himself serving his sentence as a woman. This 9,000 word story includes gender transformation, shemales, female domination, spanking, erotic humiliation, and more!

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