



*Cross-Dressed At The  
Halloween Party*

*by Crystal Summers*

**Crystal Summers Classic TG Tales**

**Chapter 1: Laying The Trap**

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# **Cross-Dressed At The Halloween Party**

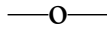
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**by Crystal Summers**

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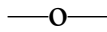
# Chapter 1: Laying The Trap



Jack and Terri had been dating for almost two years. It seemed inevitable that they would one day marry. But there was something about Jack which bothered Terri, and it kept her from agreeing to make that commitment: his arrogance and his sexism. This wasn't a problem which displayed itself all the time, but it arose enough to drive her crazy dealing with him. What she needed was some way to prick his ego and take him down a notch. She needed something she could keep in her back pocket, so to speak, to stop him dead in his tracks whenever he started to get a little full of himself. It needed to be something big too, something she could hold over him, something he would never want anyone else to know. But what? She didn't know.

Then one day it struck her. She had an idea.

She just needed to get Jack to agree.



Jack pursed his lips and furrowed his brow. He did not like what his girlfriend Terri was proposing, not at all. In fact, he couldn't think of anything he wanted to do less.

"You're kidding, right?" asked Jack sourly.

"No, I'm not," replied Terri and she flashed her beautiful smile, which told him she really wanted this.

"Honey, there's no way."

"Oh, come on. Don't be a chicken, Jack!"

Jack furrowed his brow even deeper. "I'm not being a chicken! I just don't want to do it. It's not my style."

"You mean you're afraid people will make fun of you," said Terri.

"I am not afraid of anything."

"Yes, you are. You're too insecure in your manhood."

Jack folded his arms. "I am not!"

Terri leaned back against the couch and crossed her legs. She twisted her ankle around in a giant circle and flexed her toes inside her high-heeled wedge sandal. They peaked out just beneath her wide-cut jeans. "Ok. How

about this? Would you wear a Superman costume if I asked you to do that instead?” asked Terri, seemingly ignoring his question.

Jack nodded his head. “Sure,” he said happily, thinking that Terri had given up her silly idea.

“What about a construction worker costume?”

“Yeah, sure. We can do that too. No problem.”

Terri flexed her toes again, drawing Jack’s eyes to her pretty red toenails. “So you’re fine with those costumes?”

“Yeah, sure. Why not?”

“No worries about feeling stupid or anything?”

Jack shook his head. “No, why would there be?”

Terri shrugged her shoulders, which made her ample breasts jiggle. “I don’t know. I guess because it’s a costume and you’re not really a construction worker in real life.”

Jack snickered. “Why would that matter? What are you talking about?”

“I just thought maybe you didn’t like wearing costumes.”

“No, I love costumes.”

Terri twisted her ankle around again and raised the front of her other shoe off the floor before slapping it down against the hardwood with a *THUD!* “Is that so? Then tell me this: if you like costumes and you’re fine with dressing like a construction worker, something you aren’t, or as Superman, a fantasy person, then what is the difference between that and going as a woman? They’re all just costumes. The only reason you cringe and chicken out about going as a woman is that you’re too insecure about your manhood to let anybody see you dressed like a woman. You’re afraid people will think you like it.”

“That’s not true!”

“Explain it to me then. Tell me what the difference is between a Superman costume and a dress.”

Jack’s face blushed red. “It’s just different!”

“How, Jack?”

Jack opened his mouth to explain what seemed so obvious to him, only he suddenly couldn’t think of any reason other than the one reason Terri suggested: that he was insecure in his masculinity. He couldn’t tell her that though as that was not something he was willing to admit because “real men” are not insecure in their masculinity.

“Come on, Jack. What’s the problem?” asked Terri tauntingly when he didn’t respond right away.

He bit his lip. “There’s no problem. It’s just different... that’s all.”

“You already said that, and I asked how and you haven’t answered,” she said. A huge grin slowly appeared on her face. “Face it, Jack. The only reason you object is that you’re scared to be seen dressed as a woman. You’re scared people will see you and will think you’re a sissy.”

The word “sissy” sent a jolt down Jack’s spine. This jolt was part shame and part fear. Interestingly, there was also excitement in this jolt. Indeed, much to his surprise, Jack immediately felt his penis rising to attention inside his pants. It seemed the idea turned him on somehow. He subconsciously reached down to hide his erection, which he hoped his girlfriend didn’t notice. “I’m not a sissy,” he insisted. “And it’s not true. I’m not scared of anything. I’m perfectly fine with my manhood and I have nothing to prove to anyone.”

“It is true! You’re just a scared little boy afraid everyone will think you like it,” said Terri before adding, “I guess I should have realized that by now. You are kind of girly at times.”

Terri’s words cut into Jack’s ego like a knife. It was like she had snapped off his balls with the flick of her wrist and he now saw himself morphing into a woman in his mind. “I am not girly!” he almost squealed. As he did, he felt his erection throb in his pants.

“Then prove it. Agree to do this. Wear the costume.”

Jack bit his tongue. He felt shaken. His girlfriend had trapped him expertly. He wasn’t sure how that had happened because he didn’t think she was usually that clever, but she had done it all right. If he refused to let her emasculate him, then he knew that he was setting himself up for years of merciless mocking: “What do you have to say about it? You aren’t even man enough to put on a dress for a costume party, little boy!” he heard her repeating over and over every time she wanted to tweak him. The only way to prevent that was to agree to do this. The worst she could say then was that he did it, and to that he could respond that he did it because he wasn’t afraid or insecure.

But agreeing wasn’t that easy. For despite his denials, there was a good deal of truth to what she said. Deep down, he *was* terrified of being seen as a sissy. He knew that, even if he never wanted to think about it, and the idea of dressing like a woman, even for a costume party, triggered that fear like

bomb inside him.

Still, he had to do it, he knew that. It would be much, much worse to hand Terri this ammo she could use against him over and over than it would be to just do it and get it over with. Besides, it wouldn't be so bad, right? It was just for a party. Everyone else would be in costume too. Heck, half the guys there would probably be in some form of drag too. And it was only a costume, everyone would know that. No one would think that he dressed like this every day.

"Lots of guys do this," he tried to tell himself, but he felt himself shudder.

"I'm waiting... *sissy boy*," said Terri, giving him a taste of what was to come if he refused. She knew that Jack wasn't the most secure male on the planet and she knew that this was an excellent point of attack. Indeed, she had used it many times before to great effect.

It worked this time too.

Jack's shoulders slumped. There was no way he could put up with Terri's taunting over and over, and he knew it. As much as he hated the idea with a passion, he realized that he would need to agree or life with Terri would become unlivable. He tried again to reassure himself.

"It's only a costume. It doesn't mean anything. It's a costume party. It's not like I'm wearing a dress around in public. Everyone does it," he told himself. He still said nothing to Terri, however.

After another moment of silence passed before Terri made a chicken-like clucking noise and then covered her mouth. "Ooops." Once again, she knew Jack far too well. He could not take having his manhood or his courage, concepts he linked, impugned. He would need to prove her wrong to satisfy himself.

"Ha ha," said Jack sourly.

"'Ha ha' isn't an answer. Are you going to do it or are you going to wimp out?" asked Terri.

Jack couldn't bring himself to respond. He knew what he needed to do, but he couldn't bring himself to say the words. It's not as easy as it may sound to commit to something like this, after all.

"Come on, honey. Don't be a sissy!"

"I'm not a sissy!" said Jack. Terri could see in his eyes that he was weakening.

"Then agree."

There was another moment of silence as it was obvious Jack was struggling. Terri waited briefly and then shook her head condescendingly. She sighed.

“Oh well, I guess you aren’t strong enough,” said Terri.

That was it. Her taunts finally became too much for Jack to take. He felt an overwhelming need to stand up and defend his manhood, even if doing so meant rather ironically that he would need to let himself be feminized. He glared at his girlfriend and took a deep breath. He was ready.

“Well, I hate to break it to you, but you’re wrong,” said Jack confidently.

“Oh?”

“Yes. My masculinity is more than secure enough to wear a female costume for a Halloween party. So put away the dirty looks, girly. I’ll do it.”

“Yes!” screamed Terri on the inside and an uncontrollable grin spread over her face. She had trapped him. She realized, however, that he was not stuck yet and that she needed to stay calm, so she pinched her thigh to calm herself and wipe the grin off her face. Then she cleared her throat and said, as calmly as she could manage, “Great. I’ll arrange the costume.”

“Fine,” said Jack almost defiantly.

He had no idea what he was getting into.

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The party was Friday night. Terri told Jack that she would go shopping for costumes during the week and they should meet at her apartment in the early evening on Friday so she could dress him before they went to the party. She didn’t want to give him any time to think about what he was doing. Basically, she wanted to dress him up and race him to the party before his fears had a chance to change his mind and help him find the courage to refuse.

It was now Friday evening. Jack found himself in Terri’s bedroom at her apartment. He had spent many a night here, but he’d never done anything like this... he’d never even considered it before.

“Before I dress you, you need to shower,” said Terri.

“I showered this morning. I’m clean,” replied Jack.

“This isn’t about being clean. I need you to shave—”

“I shaved this morning too.”

Terri felt her boyfriend's face with her fingers. It felt stubbly, so she shook her head. "First of all, your face is covered in stubble, and unless you want someone spotting you as a man, then you need to make your face as smooth as possible. Women don't have stubble."

Jack sighed and nodded his head.

"But more to the point," continued Terri, "your face isn't all you need to shave."

Jack bit his lip. He should have known this was coming. "What else do I need to shave?"

"You need to shave your legs, your chest and your arms—"

"My chest?!" exclaimed Jack.

Terri nodded her head. "Yes, your chest. And you need to trim the hair on your crotch too."

Jack's jaw dropped. "Trim my crotch?! Who's going to see my crotch?"

"No one, if you shave. But you don't want a thick patch of hair sticking out the sides of your panties where it can be seen through your stockings or building up beneath the panties so it makes it look like you have a dick hidden under there," said Terri in a matter-of-fact tone.

"I *do* have a dick hidden there, remember?"

Terri shook her head. "Not tonight you don't. I'm trying to make you passable."

"What does that mean?"

"It means that I want you to be able to walk around the room and not have a single person know that you aren't really a woman."

Jack rubbed the side of his face. He hadn't really thought about that. He had assumed that he would probably look like a caricature of a woman at best. Hence, he braced himself for being spotted right away and looking like a fool. In fact, he figured he would use his ugliness as a woman as a means to act uncomfortable and so over-the-top that everyone saw this as a joke. He hoped that would keep anyone from thinking he wanted to dress like a woman. It never occurred to him that Terri might be able to dress him up in such a way that no one would know who he really was. That would be much better, if she could pull it off, because then no one would ever know he had done this! That is, assuming Terri didn't tell anyone.

"Are you saying that you can make me look like a real woman?" asked Jack.

“I think so.”

“And no one will recognize me?”

“That’s the plan.”

“And if no one recognizes me... uh... will you tell them who I am or are you going to keep that a secret?” he asked cautiously.

Terri snickered. She saw the wheels turning in Jack’s mind. He was thinking that if he could disappear into this costume, then no one would ever know he had worn it. Ironically, that was actually her plan all along. She wanted Jack to do this without being recognized so that it became their secret... *something she could hold over his head*. After all, you can’t really blackmail someone with something everyone knows about. Rather than tell him this was the plan all along, however, she decided to take advantage of his thinking he had found an escape from his fate.

She sighed. “Well, I was going to tell people who you are,” she lied, “but I’ll make you a deal, Jack.”

“What deal?”

“If you do your best to pass yourself off as a woman, so no one at the party recognizes you, then I promise I won’t tell anyone who you are tonight. If they ask, I’ll tell them you’re my friend from across town,” said Terri.

Jack smiled. This was an unexpectedly good turn of events, or so it seemed.

“But,” continued Terri, “passing will not be as easy as it sounds. To pull it off, you will need to act as girly as you can. You will need to think of yourself as a real girl, adopt feminine mannerisms, and act like a real girl no matter what happens. Can you do that?”

Jack nodded his head.

Terri did not view a nod as enough. She wanted to hear the word. “Agreed?” she asked.

“Agreed.”

“Good boy... er, good *girl*,” said Terri and she patted him on the rear. She then handed Jack her shaving cream and kissed him on the cheek. As she did, she slapped him hard on the rear and pushed him toward the shower. “Go shave.”

Jack blushed but went to shave.

As Jack shaved, Terri gathered several shopping bags she had collected for this occasion. She had everything planned out. She could barely wait to

get started! Jack could be such a macho jerk at times that she couldn't wait to extract a little revenge by taking him down a notch or two... or three. She pulled a pair of high heels from one of the bags. They had major heels and would be very uncomfortable for Jack. Worst of all though: *they were high heels!*

She snickered.

"I can't wait to see you tottering around in these!" she said.

Meanwhile, Jack stood in the shower, watching his hair disappear down the drain. He felt strangely weak watching this. He felt like he had lost part of his masculinity somehow. He felt emasculated. And it only got worse as the hair all vanished and his legs became silky smooth. They felt like women's legs now without the hair.

He took a deep breath.

"It will grow back," he told himself.

He then stepped out of the shower and dried himself off. Again, he rubbed his legs. They looked and felt feminine to him. Oddly, this seemed to spark another erection which rose despite his best efforts to think of something else. Why had this turned him on? He didn't want to think about it.

Just then, Terri entered the bathroom.

"There you are! Oh, you look fabulous," gushed Terri and she rushed over and ran her hands up and down his thighs. This made his already-erect penis stand up even straighter and start to throb. It looked almost tense it was so hard. Terri noticed this immediately as it tented out his towel. "Oh, somebody likes this!"

Jack blushed bright red. "I do not!" he gasped.

Terri yanked away his towel and grabbed his erection. "Yes, you do! Look how hard you are! You never get this hard for me!" As she sang this, she felt her hand become wet with precum. "Oh, somebody's *cumming!*"

Jack felt utterly humiliated. He tried to yank his penis away from Terri so he could hide it, but he couldn't because his girlfriend's grip was too strong. "It's just a coincidence!"

Terri let out a mocking laugh which ripped through Jack's ego. "Yeah, right!"

Jack felt the hot sting of shame light his face afire. He had no idea how to respond. This was all so humiliating to begin with and now he had been caught with an erection apparently caused by shaving his body. What could

he possibly say to that? There was nothing. So he cast his eyes to the ground and said nothing.

“Come on, my little cross-dresser,” continued Terri gleefully, “let’s get you dressed all pretty and girly! I’m so excited!” She then smirked and glanced down at his erection before adding, “And so are you!”

Jack felt very small. He wasn’t a cross-dresser. He had never had a thought in that direction in his entire life. Yet, for some reason he could not comprehend, he was hard as a rock at the suggestion that he should put on women’s clothes. He felt deeply humiliated by this and that began to show in his face, in how he spoke, in how tentatively he acted and in how he held himself.

Terri noticed her boyfriend’s discomfort and decided to push even harder. This was payback for all the times he had suggested that men were superior to women in some way or another to humiliate her and make her feel inferior. She took his hand and led him over to a chest of drawers, where she continued to hold his hand as she dug through what appeared to be her collection of panties, but were actually panties she had bought specifically for this. Holding his hand made him feel like a child.

“Now we need to find you some panties,” said Terri.

“Why can’t I just wear my regular briefs?”

“Because they’ll look really funny under your dress.”

Jack bit his lip. He kind of knew that answer was coming.

“You should be able to squeeze into some of my panties,” said Terri with a knowing smirk. She was now exploiting something else she had discovered about Jack. Jack was not a large man and that bothered him. In fact, any suggestion that he was small or that they were roughly the same size in something seemed to cause him intense embarrassment. She decided to mess with him about this now. To that end, she had bought panties in his size, which she placed in her panty drawer so she could make the claim that they wore the same size.

Naturally, Jack rejected Terri’s assertion because he could never accept that he was as small as his girlfriend in any way... that wouldn’t be manly. “What?!” exclaimed Jack incredulously. “There’s no way you and I can wear the same size. I’m way bigger than you. I’m a man, remember?”

Terri smiled politely at her boyfriend, which made his shame even worse. “I know you think that, honey, but I assure you that you will fit into my panties. You aren’t that large.”

Jack shook off his girlfriend's hand and folded his arms. This was an affront to his view of himself as masculine. "Never," he said flatly.

Terri shook her head. "Try them on."

"They won't fit."

"Yes, they will."

"No, they won't."

"Try them," repeated Terri.

Jack rolled his eyes. "Fine. I'll prove it to you. Which ones?"

"That's up to you."

Jack reached for the first pair he could see, as Terri knew he would. These were black satin panties with little bows as decorations. They were very feminine, and Terri had placed them on top intentionally because these were the only pair that would fit her. She chuckled that he had done exactly as she expected. She now needed to get him to give her those pair and then take another pair.

"What?" asked Jack when he heard her chuckle.

"Oh nothing."

"Seriously, what?"

Terri shrugged her shoulders. "I just find it funny that of all the panties in my drawer, you took the most feminine pair."

"I just took the ones on top!" he insisted. His face burned red with shame.

Terri smirked. "Oh, I'm sure," she agreed in a way which made it obvious that she didn't believe him. This sent another shudder down Jack's spine.

Again, this made Jack feel small. He started to toss them back into the drawer so he could begin digging for another pair, just as Terri knew he would. She took the opportunity to cement the idea in his head that these were indeed her panties.

"Here, give them to me. I'll wear them tonight," she said.

Jack handed the panties to Terri and she hiked up her black pencil skirt and pulled down the panties she wore. She dropped those to her ankles and stepped out of them without removing her spike heels. She then slipped the black satin panties over her heels and pulled them up her legs into place. They fit perfectly. At that point, she knew that in Jack's mind, everything in this panty drawer had to be hers because he had chosen a pair at what he thought was random and she had worn them and they fit perfectly. Little did

he know that every other pair remaining in the drawer were a larger size.

Jack now reached into the drawer and shuffled through the panties.

“Now what are you doing?” asked Terri.

“I’m looking for something less feminine,” he growled.

Terri laughed. “Too much for your ego?”

He didn’t answer. Instead, he pulled out a pair of plain light-blue panties. He held them up. “I’ll take these,” he said. “But it won’t matter because they won’t fit.” He then pulled them up his legs expecting that he wouldn’t be able to get them over his thighs. He was wrong.

They fit.

Not only did they fit, but they fit *perfectly*. They might even have fit better than his normal male underwear! Jack was shocked. He stared down at the offending garment wrapped around his crotch.

“How is this possible?” he asked. He was stunned.

“I told you that you aren’t as big as you think,” said Terri and she laughed to herself at the game she had played on Jack. She also laughed at how easily it had been to manipulate him so far. Too bad for him, she was far from finished.

She picked up a pair of tan stockings from the bed.

“Now put these on,” she said.

## Chapter 2: Getting Him Into “Costume”

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The next few minutes were a blur for Jack. Before he even realized what was happening, Terri added a matching bra, a matching corset which was very very tight, the tan stockings and a black garter belt. Then she applied nail polish and makeup, and she stuck earrings in his ears and a pearl choker around his neck. She even stuck a blonde wig on his head. Now he had a cascade of blonde curls flowing all the way down to the center of his back.

Then it was time for his heels. Terri basically pushed him down onto the bed and slapped a pair of black high-heeled sandals on his feet. These had massive five-inch heels sitting atop a one-inch platform. These were incredibly difficult shoes to wear, especially for a beginner. When she told Jack to stand up, he nearly fell over.

“I think we’re going to need practice,” she said. She looked at her watch. “Fortunately, it’s early.”

“How much practice do we need?” asked Jack.

“You need a lot.”

With that, Terri started him across the room. For the next ten to fifteen minutes, she gave him the best training she could in terms of how to walk in high heels. By the end of that training, he was walking well enough that he wouldn’t fall on his face. He wasn’t passable yet, and by no means was he graceful, but he could walk.

“You’ll need more practice, so we’re going to leave those on so you get used to them,” said Terri.

“Can’t I just wear flats?” asked Jack.

“No.”

“You wear flats all the time.”

“Yes, but flats won’t go with your dress and the dress won’t fit right,” said Terri. This was a lie, but she knew that he would never know the difference. “Besides, you need them to give your legs the right shape and to give you a feminine walk. Without them, you walk like you’re marching.”

Jack wasn’t sure if he was happy to hear this or not. On the one hand, it felt good to hear that he was struggling to appear feminine. That made his masculine ego proud. On the other hand, this was terrible news as he had to

be passable soon.

“Step over to the mirror and let me look at you,” said Terri.

“But I don’t even have the costume on yet.”

“I know. I need to make sure all your foundational garments are in place properly before we add the costume,” said Terri. This wasn’t her real purpose, however. Her real purpose was to move Jack into better lighting so she could take some pictures.

Jack tottered over to the mirror, where Terri put him into a feminine pose with his feet and legs together, one arm at his side and the other on his hip with his limp wrist bent inward. He looked ridiculous.

“Do I need to stand like this?” asked Jack. His embarrassment was clear.

“You do if you want to pass as a woman. You need to adopt feminine mannerism, remember?”

Jack bit his lip and nodded his head. He felt like a fool. What’s more, this feeling made him hard again beneath his panties. It even leaked precum. Terri saw this as she circled him, adjusting his garter belt and his panties. She tickled his penis as she brushed her hand over his panties and she giggled.

“There’s no way you can tell me this doesn’t turn you on!” she said.

Jack blushed, but didn’t respond. What could he say after all? The evidence was right there standing out before him. She even had her fingers on it.

Terri tickled his penis once more and then stepped away to her living room. While she was away, Jack examined himself in the mirror. He couldn’t believe how feminine he appeared. With the corset squeezing his midsection, he almost had an hourglass shape. He even had tiny breasts from the fat on his chest being squeezed up into his bra. What’s more, in the heels, his legs looked distinctly feminine, especially without hair. The only thing that wasn’t feminine was his erection.

“This is really weird,” he told himself and he suddenly shuddered.

He shuddered because while he was happy that this meant he would be able to hide at the party without anyone recognizing him, it simultaneously felt emasculating that his masculinity could be hidden so easily. He viewed himself as a real man and it struck him that real men could not be turned into attractive women so easily.

Even worse, he worried about Terri. It worried him that she was seeing

him this way. Would she be able to “unsee” this when this party was over or would she always see him as only partially a man after this? And that brought out another terrifying thought: what if someone at the party did recognize him? If they saw him looking this feminine, it would be much worse than if he made an obvious show being poorly cross-dressed for the party. People would start to think, and they would wonder why he looked so believable. He was starting to wish he could back out.

Unfortunately, it was too late to back out now. The party was in an hour and trying to change plans would cause a lot of friction with Terri. No... he was committed to trying to pass himself off as a woman, whether he wanted to or not.

He felt sick.

Terri, on the other hand, was having the most amazing time of her life. She couldn't believe she got her sexist, macho boyfriend to agree to do this. Even more amazing to her was how feminine he appeared! When she came up with this idea, she thought she could make him passable, but just barely. She never expected he would look like an attractive woman. That just made this all the sweeter! In fact, it was so sweet, it made her tingle all over, and it made her nipples hard and her pussy wet. She was loving this!

“Now it's time to collect a little evidence for the future,” she told herself.

Terri picked up her camera and returned to the bedroom. She began snapping photos immediately. It took Jack a moment to realize what she was doing. When he did, he tried to cover his erection with one hand while holding out the other hand to block the camera's view. This was entirely futile. In fact, it only gave Terri better poses as he struggled to maintain his balance on the heels by turning his knees in against each other and hunching over as a woman might.

“Stop that!” he squealed.

“Why?”

*Click click!*

“Because I don't want you taking pictures of me like this!”

“Don't be silly!” replied Terri. “This is fun. I want to be able to look back on it in years to come.”

*Click click!*

“Stop!” he squealed again.

“Why?”

*Click click!*

“I told you!”

Terri shook her head. “You never gave me a real reason. What are you afraid of? You wouldn’t be trying to stop me if you were wearing a Superman costume. You’d probably be posing!”

*Click click!*

“I don’t want anyone else seeing me like this!”

“Why? What are you afraid of? Besides, no one’s going to see these, just you and me. Don’t you trust me?”

Again, Terri had put him into a difficult place. He either needed to admit that his ego was weak and that he struggled with the idea of wearing women’s clothes *AND* that he didn’t trust his girlfriend, or he needed to find some other excuse where none existed. He was stuck.

“Smile, honey,” said Terri when Jack didn’t respond and she started snapping photos at will.

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“Good. Now let’s get you dressed!” said Terri. She went to the bed and picked up the black cocktail dress that lay there. “Slip this over your head.”

Jack felt an icy chill race down his spine and he shivered. Yes, he was wearing panties and lingerie and high heels, but somehow wearing a dress was different. Dresses were the symbol of womanhood. Terri handed him the dress. He could barely bring himself to take it. This was the moment that it truly struck him that he was being feminized.

“Just slip it over your head and I’ll zip it for you,” said Terri.

Jack stood there for a moment, not moving, feeling the texture of the dress in his hands. He trembled. He did not want to do this.

“Come on, *Jackie*,” said Terri.

This sent another chill down Jack’s spine. He had never been referred to in the feminine in any way before and here his own girlfriend had casually feminized his name. He suddenly felt very weak and worried. How far would this ultimately go? Would his manhood survive? Those worries may sound ridiculous, but they weren’t to Jack in that moment.

“Slip it on, baby,” said Terri kindly but firmly.

Jack took a deep breath. He turned the dress the right way in his hands and then slipped it over his head. It slid down his body and into place. As it did, his penis jumped to attention once more.

“Excited, are we?” asked Terri and she brushed his erection with the backs of her fingers. This sent a tingling wave of pleasure racing throughout Jack. Then she helped adjust the dress into place. She stepped back and admired her boyfriend. “You look fantastic!”

Jack smiled weakly. He didn’t know what to say. He took a deep breath and tried to clear his mind. As he did, he immediately realized that he’d never worn anything that felt like this before. The dress seemed to grab his torso in a way no shirt ever had. It let cool air race up his legs too as pants just didn’t. It was low cut enough to show some cleavage, something he never had before. These were all new feelings.

Terri brushed his long blonde hair over his shoulders. Then she placed her hand on the back of his thigh and ran it up to his butt cheeks. She kissed him on the back of the neck.

“You should dress like this more often, *Jackie*,” she purred. She was very wet.

Jack suddenly felt very turned on and super humiliated. “Don’t get used to it, it’s just a costume,” he said nervously.

Terri laughed to herself. “Must have hit a nerve,” she thought. Terri looked at her watch. The party was starting soon. She patted her boyfriend on the thigh. “All right, honey. It’s time to go,” she said.

Jack felt ill. He knew this was coming, but it still terrified him. “Do we really need to go to this party?” asked Jack.

“Of course we do. I already told Kelly we were coming.”

“That doesn’t mean we *need* to go.”

“Yes, it does. Besides, what’s the point to the costume if we don’t go?” asked Terri. “Or did you just want me to dress you up like a woman for fun, *girlfriend*?” She winked at Jack and chuckled as she said this.

Jack felt shame pass over him at the suggestion that he wanted to dress this way. “No, I’m not doing this for fun.”

“Then come on, girly. Let’s go,” said Terri and she left the bedroom.

Jack took a deep breath. He knew that he needed to do this. He needed to go, ironically, to prove his manhood to his girlfriend by showing he was willing to dress as a woman at this party. If he didn’t, then all of the humiliation he had experienced so far would be for nothing and he would

face years of mocking from Terri. This was not a happy moment.

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Jack shuddered as he stepped out of the bedroom and walked down the hallway to the living room. **CLICK! CLICK! CLICK! CLICK! CLICK! CLICK!** He'd heard that sound many times coming from Terri as she returned from the bedroom dressed in her high heels. He'd never made that sound himself before. It felt deeply emasculating. On the plus side, he was walking more naturally in heels already, if that could legitimately be considered a plus. His penis grew hard at the thought.

"Let me get our purses and then we can go," said Terri.

"A purse?"

"Yes, you're a woman. Women carry purses," said Terri and she picked up a white designer bag for herself and a black bag with an animal print pattern for her boyfriend. As she handed the bag to Jack, Jack suddenly furrowed his brow.

"Wait!" said Jack.

"What?"

"Where's your costume?"

Terri's face slowly turned red. She didn't have an answer for that. In fact, it never occurred to her that he might ask. "My costume?" she asked to buy time. She needed to think of something. Where was her costume? Where was her costume? It took a moment, but she finally had an idea. "Kelly has it. It's a little bulky, so I brought it over there so I wouldn't need to drive while wearing it."

"Drive? You? I always drive," protested Jack. This was something that bothered Terri too. Jack insisted that he drive everywhere even though he was a terrible driver because he thought that men should always drive. Making him the passenger tonight would be yet another little victory for her.

"Yes, you do always drive... but not tonight you don't. Tonight, I drive."

"And how is that?" asked Jack.

Terri giggled. "Have you seen the way you're dressed? Somehow, I don't think you match your driver's license right now, so good luck if you get pulled over. Besides, do you think you're ready to drive in heels and a corset?"

Jack looked down at his dress and his painted toenails sticking out the front of his high-heeled sandals. He thought about how hard walking and even standing had been and he realized that driving like this might be dangerous.

“I guess not,” he said reluctantly.

“Exactly. That’s why I’m driving. Now let’s go!”

The look on Jack’s face as Terri took his keys was priceless. She would never forget it. It was almost pure humiliation. This really was turning out to be her best idea ever!

As Terri savored her victory, Jack started toward the door to the apartment. As he reached for the knob, it suddenly occurred to him that he was about to step outside. Somehow, that thought hadn’t occurred to him before this. He was going to step outside. *He was going to step outside.* Outside, where lots of people could see him. Outside, where there was no safety and nowhere to hide. Outside.

He froze.

Terri came up behind him. “Come on, Princess, open the door.”

“I can’t go out there,” said Jack.

Terri snickered. “So much for Mr. Macho who can handle anything,” she thought. She shook her head disapprovingly. “Why not?” she asked.

“There could be people out there.”

Terri wanted so much to make fun of Jack and his insecurities at this point, but it was more important that she get him to the party, so she decided to soothe him instead. “It’s ok, baby. You look gorgeous. You’re very believable. No one will guess that you’re a man. Now let’s go.”

Jack didn’t move.

“Jack, honey, open the door.”

He still didn’t move.

Terri moved around him and opened the door. She looked outside. “The hallway is empty. Now go.”

Jack still didn’t move.

Terri finally moved behind him and shoved him through the door. A moment later, Jack found himself stumbling out into the hallway. He turned to race back into the safety of the apartment, but Terri had followed him out and slammed the door behind herself. She was already walking down the hallway. Jack realized instantly that unless he wanted to be left alone, dressed as he was, then he needed to follow her, so he swallowed hard and he

began after her.

“Please don’t let anyone see me!” he said beneath his breath.

Terri was a good deal faster in her black skirt and pumps than Jack was in the unfamiliar sandals, but he caught up to her at the elevator. Jack thought about telling her to slow down, but he was too nervous to speak. His nervousness got worse when the elevator opened and then every time it seemed like it would stop at some floor. Fortunately for him, however, he lucked out and he saw no one, not even in the parking garage.

“This is going to be such fun!” exclaimed Terri as she slid behind the driver’s seat of Jack’s car. Jack felt very strange sliding into the passenger seat next to her. He couldn’t think of the last time he sat in this seat. “Don’t you think this will be fun, Jackie?”

Jack shook his head, which made his curls dance around his shoulders. He still couldn’t bring himself to speak.

“Oh, you’ll love it once we get there,” said Terri and she backed the car out of the space. A few seconds later, they were racing down the street toward the costume party. Jack had no idea of the horrible surprise awaiting him.

## Chapter 3: The Costume Party That Wasn't

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Terri parked the car, and she and Jack got out. It took Jack a moment to figure out how to exit the car in the heels. Getting out of a car was a little more complex than just getting off a chair. Indeed, he needed to swing his legs out and place them on the ground. Then he needed to lift himself out of the car onto the heels and establish his balance along the way. This was very hard and he stumbled, but he managed.

“Have I mentioned yet that I hate heels?” asked Jack sourly.

“I’ve told you that before and you didn’t seem to care when I said it.”

“Well, I didn’t have to wear them then!”

Terri snickered. “Well, after tonight, you never have to wear them again... unless you want to.” She giggled.

Jack rolled his eyes, but at the same time felt his penis become erect. Fortunately, they had wrapped it in a girdle which would keep it from standing up beneath his skirt, so he wasn’t worried about anyone seeing it. Besides, it was dark so no one could see it now anyways.

A moment later, they were still standing by the car. Terri seemed to be looking for something she had misplaced. Jack began to hope that Terri had lost something that would require them to return to her apartment and miss the party, but he knew he wasn’t that lucky. Either way though, he didn’t like the idea of standing around here too long dressed as he was.

“Are we going or not?” asked Jack.

“Yes... I’m just... looking for... something,” said Terri as she pretended to look through her purse. She made sure the car key was well hidden in her makeup kit and that the spare was visible on the floor of the car between the seats.

“What are you looking for?”

“The car key... but I found it,” said Terri and she reached for the door, hit the automatic lock button and slammed the door shut.

***THUNK!!***

The door closed.

***CLICK!!***

It locked too.

“Oh no!” exclaimed Terri with a gasp seconds later.

“What?”

Terri covered her mouth with her hand. “I thought the keys were in my purse, but they weren’t. I dropped them next to my purse on the floor.”

“You what?!” exclaimed Jack who instantly understood what this meant.

“I locked them in the car!”

Jack’s jaw dropped. Here he was, dressed from head to toe as a woman, and now they had no means to get home because his girlfriend had locked their keys in his car. This was a nightmare. “Oh my God!” whined Jack and he rubbed his temples.

Terri laughed to herself that Jack believed her. Now he would think they couldn’t leave. That was exactly what she needed him to believe for her plan to work. It was time to reinforce this idea to make sure. “It’s ok,” she said soothingly.

“How is *this* ok?”

“The party’s over there, only about three houses away. Kelly is one of my best friends. We’ll go inside and I’ll ask Kelly to call a tow truck. Then they can come get the keys out of the car and we can drive home when the party is over.”

“But that means we’ll be stuck at the party until the tow truck arrives!” exclaimed Jack.

“I know, but it will be fine. We came to party, remember?”

“But what if something happens?”

“We’ll be fine,” she insisted. “What could happen at a costume party?”

Jack glared at his girlfriend. A lot could go wrong at a costume party. People could mock him mercilessly for one. He was angry at her for ever putting him in this position, but he realized that they had no other options except to do what she said. That was the only plan that made sense, waiting until the tow truck came. Unfortunately, that meant that they were stuck and if something happened before then, then they would just need to deal with it. He took a deep breath and told himself that he could handle it. He could get through this. It was just a costume party after all and no one was going to recognize him anyway.

“Fine, let’s go call the tow truck so they arrive as soon as possible,” said Jack.

Terri apologized again for her “mistake” and then she took Jack’s hand. They walked to the party. A moment later, she and Jack made their

way to the front steps of the house. It was dark, so Jack wasn't as nervous as he had been leaving the apartment, but he was still nervous. He was particularly worried about walking into the party and having people spot him right away. How would he explain looking so feminine?

"This could get ugly," thought Jack.

He had no idea.

"Are you ready for this, baby?" asked Terri as she took the three steps to the front door. They could already hear music and lots of voices. Based on this and the number of cars out front, it was clear this was a large party.

"As ready as I'll ever be," replied Jack. He followed her up the steps.

Terri rang the bell. A moment later, a young woman opened the door. She wore a pencil dress and spike heels. Around her neck were pearls. She looked very classy and very pretty, though she was not in any costume that Jack could tell. This was Kelly, Terri's friend.

"Terri!" squealed Kelly and she stepped forward and hugged her friend.

"Kelly!" replied Terri with a similar squeal.

They hugged for several seconds. As they did, Jack stood back, hoping not to be noticed. A moment later, the two women let go of each other again. Kelly smiled broadly at Terri.

"I'm so happy you came!" she said.

"We wouldn't have missed it for the world."

Kelly now noticed Jack for the first time. She smiled politely at Jack, who froze. He trembled all over as he waited to see if she identified him. *She didn't!* "And who is this?" asked Kelly.

Jack breathed a major sigh of relief. She hadn't recognized him! This was one of Terri's best friends and she had seen Jack a thousand times and, yet, she hadn't recognized him. So much tension left Jack's body upon this realization that he almost fell down. He didn't though. Instead, he let out an involuntary giggle.

Terri looked at Jack strangely as he giggled. "This is my friend Jackie," said Terri.

Kelly smiled at Jack. "Welcome, Jackie. What a lovely dress!"

Jack blushed at having giggled. "Uh, thank you."

"Well come on in, both of you. I hope you have a great time."

"Thank you, I'm sure we will," said Terri. "By the way, we locked our keys in the car. Can you call a tow truck for us?" She winked at Kelly without Jack noticing. Kelly responded with a nearly imperceptible nod.

“Sure,” said Kelly. “I’ll do that now. In the meantime, why don’t you two just mingle, relax and enjoy the party.” With that, Kelly stepped back and to the side to let them both enter the party. Terri took Jack’s hand and stepped through the door, almost pulling him after her. He followed... he had no choice. And the moment he did, he received the shock of his life.

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Jack stood just inside the doorway with his jaw dropped.

“No one is wearing a costume!” screamed Jack inside his head.

It was true. Jack scanned every single person at the party. Not a single one of them was wearing a costume. To the contrary, all the women were dressed in semi-formal dresses and the men all wore suits. Everyone was dressed in their best... everyone except Jack.

“What is going on?!” whispered Jack angrily into Terri’s ear.

“What do you mean?” asked Terri with a laugh as she pulled him further into the room by his hand. She knew what he meant and she was enjoying this immensely. She had him right where she wanted him now.

“Why am I the only one in a costume?!”

Terri stopped and pretended to look around. “Oh my goodness!” she exclaimed. “There must be some huge mistake here!”

“It’s no mistake. Look around. No one else is in costume!”

Terri snickered to herself. This moment was priceless. She only wished she had some way to record it. “That’s true,” she said.

“That’s true’?! That’s all you have to say? What are we going to do?!”

Terri shrugged her shoulders. “What can we do?”

“We need to leave!”

“How? The keys are locked in the car. We can’t leave until the tow truck gets here.”

Jack’s heart pounded. He felt a very real sense of panic. He felt terrified that any second someone would spot him, point a finger, scream that he was a man, and everyone would burst out laughing.

“Why am I the only one in costume?” Jack asked himself aloud. He was trying to process what was happening. He spoke loudly enough though for Terri to hear him. Terri smirked. She saw this as an opportunity to add to Jack’s fears.

“Well, fortunately, you’re not ‘*in costume*,’” said Terri.

Jack raised an eyebrow. “What do you mean?”

“I mean, it’s fortunate that you’re not really in a costume.”

“You’re not making any sense. Of course I’m in a costume,” said Jack sharply. If this was some joke, he was in no mood for it. “Do you think I dress like this every day?”

“No, of course not,” said Terri and she looked her boyfriend up and down, “but *that* is not a costume. Take a look at yourself. Are you really wearing ‘a costume’? I don’t see a costume. I see a normal looking woman. I see a woman in a cocktail dress and high heels. I see a woman in normal makeup. I see a woman wearing normal jewelry. I don’t see any elements of a costume.”

“But I’m not a—” Jack stopped mid-sentence and looked around. He wanted to be very sure no one else was listening. Fortunately, while they were surrounded by dozens of people, it seemed to be safe to speak because no one was paying them any attention. He leaned in closer to his girlfriend and he whispered the rest in her ear, “*I’m not a woman!*”

Terri let out a laugh which cut through Jack like a knife. “You better be tonight... unless you want this to become incredibly humiliating for you.”

“How do you figure?”

“Well, think of it this way. If you were wearing a costume, then everyone would have spotted it because you would have stood out. So by not wearing a costume, you have the chance to fit in. That’s fortunate. *Unfortunately*, however, it also raises the stakes. Imagine how embarrassed you thought you were going to feel at the costume party if someone recognized you. Now imagine how much worse it will be being recognized here as the only person in the room who cross-dressed.”

“I’m not a cross-dresser!”

“You’ll certainly seem that way... because you’re not obviously wearing a costume.”

Jack looked terrified. “Are you trying to freak me out?”

“No. I’m trying to tell you what you’re face. Think about it. How will you explain this if they do catch you?”

“I’ll tell them you tricked me into it!”

“Gee, thanks, Jack. That is exactly why I’m doing this, to teach you a lesson about that very attitude. Thank you for reminding me why I should be happy to let you humiliate yourself tonight,” thought Terri.

“That should explain it,” added Jack. “It was all some joke gone wrong.”

Terri shook her head. “Listen to me, Jack. That will never work. You’ll claim that you were tricked or that this was a joke, and everyone here will dismiss it out of hand. They’ll see that you came to what is obviously not a costume party dressed as a woman. They’ll see that you came voluntarily. That you mingled. That you stayed for a while. That you never even mentioned your ‘mistake’ to anyone until after you were caught. What’s more, they’ll see that you worked very hard to make yourself passable. Why would you do that if you really thought this was a costume party? You wouldn’t. The only reason you would take that kind of effort and why you would then stay here mingling after discovering your mistake is that your intent from the beginning was to pull one over on them.”

“But I only stayed because we can’t get back into the car,” pleaded Jack.

“Who’s going to believe that?”

“But it’s true—”

“Doesn’t matter. No, Jack, they’ll put two and two together and they’ll see this as a *sissy* who wanted to get off by sneaking into a party dressed as a woman hoping that no one recognized him so he could go home and jerk himself off. They’ll see your claim that you were tricked by me as nothing more than a despicable attempt to shift the blame onto me after you were caught, and they’ll see your claim about losing the keys as a cover story.”

“But you’ll back me up!”

“Sure, I will,” said Terri. “I’m your girlfriend, remember? I’m supposed to back you up no matter what. Everyone knows that. And that’s why they’ll dismiss anything I say.”

Jack swallowed hard. This was all making too much sense to him.

“And once they see you for what you are, a sneaky sissy, they’ll all think back to other parties from the past and they’ll remember you there even though you weren’t there and rumors will start that you’ve been doing this for years. You’ll be that Sissy Guy who used them all for your kinky games.”

Terri laid it on thick to scare Jack. She wanted him to be very nervous and compliant when the next surprise hit. That was the real pay off tonight. And her efforts worked. Jack felt dizzy as visions of his manhood being mocked into nothing danced before his eyes.

“What am I going to do?” he asked himself aloud.

“There’s only one thing you can do, Jack. You need to see this through. You need to do whatever it takes to make sure that no one here suspects that you aren’t anything but a sexy woman in a sexy dress.” She paused for dramatic effect. “That’s the only way you get through this without your reputation being destroyed forever.”

Jack felt sick. Everything Terri said sounded right. But could he do it? He took a deep breath and looked down at his painted toenails and his legs. He looked at his painted fingernails and the purse he held. He looked at his breasts and the hair falling in his face. He had passed so far. Indeed, in this entire room full of people, not a single person had yet spotted him as a man. Maybe he could do it. Maybe, he thought, he could drift over to a corner and just hide out there until the tow truck came. It wasn’t like he had a choice in any event.

“Yes, I can do that,” he told himself.

“Well?” asked Terri.

Jack looked at Terri and nodded his head. “I can do this.”

Terri smiled encouragingly at her boyfriend. On the inside, however, she was laughing herself silly. Now that he had accepted the need to stay here and do his best to pretend to be a woman, it was time for the next phase of her plan.

“Remember, you need to act exactly like a woman would.”

“I know.”

“Why don’t you wait here while I get us some drinks?” said Terri suddenly and she turned and walked off, leaving Jack standing alone in the middle of the room before he could protest.

Jack was shocked when Terri disappeared into the crowd. He was now alone. Well, not really alone, and that was the problem. The problem was that Jack was surrounded by people, some of whom he knew. There were people everywhere. It was wall to wall people. And here he stood in the middle of them all in a dress and high heels. He had never felt more intimidated in his life.

And so he waited.

And waited.

“Where is she?” asked Jack after a few minutes.

He scanned the crowd. It took him some time to find her, but when he did, he saw that she was talking and laughing with a group of women.

“Why are you with them, when I need you here?” he growled.

“Well, hello there,” said a voice next to Jack suddenly.

Jack turned his head and saw a large man holding two drinks. The man held out one of the drinks for Jack.

“You look like you could use some company,” said the man.

“Uh, I’m fine,” said Jack. “I’m just waiting for my girlfr— uh, my friend to come back.”

The man wiggled the drink in Jack’s face. As he did, Terri’s warning that he needed to act like a girl came to his mind and Jack realized that it would be suspicious not to take it, so he did. He placed it to his lips and slammed it back. He knew he shouldn’t have, but right now he needed it.

“Thank you,” said Jack.

The man laughed and took the empty glass. “Here, you look like you need another,” he said and he handed the other glass to Jack. Jack knew he really should not drink this one as well, but he was so tense that he decided to take. He swallowed that one in one shot as well.

“Maybe I should get more,” said the man with a laugh.

Just then, Terri returned. She was all smiles. “Adam! How great is it to see you?” she said as she walked right up to her boyfriend and the man.

“Terri, how’ve you been?” asked Adam.

“Fine. Great actually. I’ve been busy though.” She handed one of the drinks she held to Jack. “Adam, this is my friend Jackie. She’s new to town.”

“We’ve already met,” said Jack.

“Yes, we have,” said Adam, “and I was just about to ask your beautiful friend to dance.”

“Oh, that would be wonderful!” said Terri.

All the color left Jack’s face. He leaned over and whispered angrily in Terri’s ear: “What do you think you’re doing?!”

“You need to fit in, remember?”

“This wasn’t what I had in mind.”

“Well, this is how it needs to be if you want to fit in. It’s just a dance. I think you’ll survive.”

Jack glared at his girlfriend, but a moment later he felt Adam grab his hand and yank him across the room to an open spot where people were dancing. In the high heels, Jack had no chance to resist Adam’s pull. He just stumbled along behind him working hard to keep up in the heels.

*ClickClickClickClickClickClickClickClickClickClickClick!*

The next few minutes were a horrible blur for Jack. Adam swept him up in his arms and spun him around and around. Jack barely felt his feet touch the floor; in fact, he was on his toes mostly and often felt lighter than air as Adam added lift whenever he moved Jack around.

Jack's penis was hard as a rock the entire time. That was humiliating, but there was nothing he could do about it except hope the way they had hidden it remained hidden. Jack tried not to think about it.

Then Adam pulled Jack close and slid his hand down to Jack's rear. Jack wasn't sure how to respond, so he did nothing... except get very, very hard. He could feel his panties get wet too as his penis released precum. Then he could feel Adam press against him. He felt Adam's penis too against his stomach. Adam was rock hard, which made Jack shudder as he realized what Adam was thinking about him. He could smell Adam's cologne too and feel his wet breath.

"This is incredibly humiliating!" thought Jack and he shot a glance at Terri, who smirked at him and waved. That didn't help. She seemed to be enjoying all of this far too much. If only he knew the truth. Right now, for example, Terri was laughing so hard she was almost in pain at seeing her sexist boyfriend dressed as a woman and forced to dance with a man. She hid it well from Jack, however. She also hid the fact she was taking a great many pictures.

Jack felt Adam's penis seem to grow even harder as he moved Jack around the dance floor. Jack was starting to get worried.

"This needs to stop," said Jack to himself.

Unfortunately, Jack had no idea how to make that happen. Since he couldn't do anything that might expose him and since he had no idea how a real woman would handle this situation, he had no idea what he could do to free himself from Adam without running the risk of doing something "unnatural" for a woman and telling everyone who and what he really was; that would be much worse than just being forced to dance with a man. So he did nothing. Of course, it didn't help that the alcohol was making it hard for him to focus his thoughts. In any event, all he could do was wait and hope this ended soon.

"It's only a dance," he kept telling himself, "and no one knows you're a man. By tomorrow, this will all be history and no one will ever know."

Of course, he still didn't know about the pictures Terri was taking.

Throughout the dance, Adam had spoken to Jack, but Jack could barely

make out what he was saying over the crowd noise and the music. Because of this, Jack chose just to nod his head politely whenever Adam spoke. He assumed it was all small talk. It wasn't.

"Should we go then?" asked Adam.

"Go?" thought Jack. Jack had no idea what Adam meant. He had not heard more than a few words of what Adam was saying over the din of the crowd and none of it made sense as a sentence except the part about going. Still, the idea of leaving the dance floor sounded promising, so he nodded his head.

A moment later, Adam took Jack's hand and led him through the crowd. Jack felt relieved until he realized they weren't going back to Terri. To the contrary, they seemed to be going in the other direction.

"Where are we going?" asked Jack.

Adam didn't respond.

Jack assumed he didn't hear him, so he repeated it louder. Adam still didn't respond, so Jack gave up. He just bit his lip and let Adam continue to lead him to wherever. First, they made their way through the crowd. Then Adam led Jack upstairs, past several couples who had stopped on the stairs and were kissing while holding each other tightly. A moment later, Adam pulled Jack into what appeared to be a small library. Books lined the walls from top to bottom. In the center of the room stood a leather chair, an end table and a lamp.

"What are we doing here?" asked Jack.

Adam smiled. "We talked about this on the dance floor."

"Did we?"

"Yes."

"What did we decide?" asked Jack nervously.

Adam walked to the chair, unzipped his pants and turned to face Jack. His huge erect penis stood up out before him. It was a good deal larger than Jack's own penis, which was also hard at the moment. This was not a good sign.

Jack bit his lip. "Uh, what are you doing, Adam?"

"What does it look like?"

Jack twisted his lips. "I, uh, don't think this is a good idea," said Jack.

Adam smiled and stepped over to Jack. It took only three steps before Adam was upon him and holding him firmly in his arms. Jack could feel the larger man's erection pressing hard against his stomach. "Don't back out

now, baby,” said Adam.

Jack swallowed hard. He tried to push himself away from Adam without seeming to push himself away, but Adam was too strong, especially as Jack could get no traction in the heels and he was afraid that his lingerie would fall off him if he struggled too hard, and that could cause his penis to make an unwanted appearance.

Adam moved in and kissed Jack on the lips.

“Mmph!!” exclaimed Jack. He could taste Adam’s lips. He felt Adam’s tongue slide against his teeth. He could smell Adam’s breath. Jack felt sick. Being kissed by another man was not something he ever wanted to experience in his life. This was a nightmare!

“So that’s where you got off too,” said Terri, who stood at the door.

Adam looked up and saw Terri. He smiled and loosened his grip on Jack, who used that moment to escape and tottered over to his girlfriend.

“Thank God you’re here!” whispered Jack to Terri.

Terri wiped away some of Jack’s smeared lipstick with her thumb. “I see you’ve been busy,” she said.

“Do you know what he wants from me?!”

Terri looked at Adam, who left his erection sticking out of his pants. “I have a pretty good guess.”

“We need to get out of here,” said Jack.

Terri shrugged her shoulders. “I’d love to, but we can’t without causing a scene.”

“What kind of scene?”

“What kind do you think?”

Jack looked over his shoulder at Adam’s erection. Then he looked at his girlfriend. She nodded her head.

“Yep. You started it, and you can’t really walk out without finishing it,” said Terri.

“I didn’t start it!”

Terri shrugged her shoulders again. “You let it get this far, and that’s the same thing.”

“I didn’t! He did it on his own,” protested Jack.

“Men don’t end up naked and hugging you without you going along with it. Did you tell him ‘no’ firmly at any point?”

Jack thought back on what had just happened. He wasn’t sure that he ever said “no,” actually. He remembered trying to push Adam away and

suggesting he didn't want to do this, but he couldn't honestly recall flat-out saying "no." He bit his lip. "Well, no, but—"

"There's no but to it, baby. You should have told him 'no.' You didn't and now you've created this problem."

"What are we going to do?"

"That's up to you, but I would say that either you find a way to satisfy him or you tell him who you really are," said Terri calmly.

All the color left Jack's face. "There must be another option!"

Terri shook her head. "Not really."

"But I can't... uh, I can't. And there's no way I can tell him who I am!"

"I know. You would be ruined. He would tell everyone and everyone would know what you did. I can imagine the terror as you make that shameful walk back down the stairs through the party. Even worse, they'd know that you tried to seduce a man and got caught."

"I did not try to seduce a man!" squealed Jack.

"That's how they'll see it."

Jack visibly trembled. "What do I do?"

Terri shrugged her shoulders again. "That's up to you, but you really only have one option, if you want to keep this secret. I mean, no one will ever know that you did this, right. And if you do it quick, then it can be over and we can get out of here before anyone asks any questions."

Terri's words filled Jack's head and caused confusion everywhere. One by one, she had destroyed every option he could image except the one he absolutely hated, and now he was frozen with terror.

"That really is the only way out of this," continued Terri. "Just suck him off and we can get out of here, safe and sound without anyone ever knowing." Except her, of course... and her camera.

Jack looked at the door. He considered making a break for it, but he knew that in the heels he wouldn't get far before Adam caught him. And even if he did escape, he would be escaping into a crowd of people who knew him and who would never let him live down what he had done tonight. He would forever be known as the sissy who tried to pretend he was a woman at their party and seduce another man.

He swallowed hard.

He looked back at Adam. At least, if he did what Terri said, then no one would ever know what he had done. As Terri kept telling him, that was the only option he had to escape with his reputation intact. But could he do

it?

“Make up your mind, Jack,” said Terri. She felt amazing alive watching her sexist boyfriend suffer through this decision. She was loving it. Ironically, if he wasn’t so insecure about his manhood, he could easily get out of this whole jam, but he was. He would rather do something truly humiliating than admit that he, *A MAN*, had put on a dress. That made Terri laugh.

“I... I don’t know,” said Jack.

“The decision is yours,” said Terri. This was true. She wanted him to make the decision himself so that he could never claim that he was forced into it. She planned to hold this over his head for years to come and she wanted to be able to say that it was entirely his choice. Still, that didn’t mean she couldn’t add some pressure: “But you need to decide now.”

Jack took a deep breath. In his mind, there was only one choice. He needed to go the route that kept his reputation safe and let him escape without everyone knowing what he had done. He nodded his head.

Terri smirked. “You are so predictable, Jack!” she laughed to herself. Then she placed her hand on his arm and marched him over to Adam. When they reached Adam, she placed her hands on his shoulders and gently pushed him down to his knees. His legs in their high heels stretched out behind him. The hem of his dress hugged the floor. She brushed back his long, blonde hair over his shoulders.

She leaned over and whispered in his ear: “We can go once you’re finished.”

Jack nodded his head. He was too nervous to speak.

Terri then stepped back and pulled out her phone.

Adam moved slightly to his left and forward so that the tip of his erection hovered less than an inch from Jack’s lips. “Come on, baby.”

Jack’s mind went blank. He couldn’t bring himself to think of any of this. He closed his eyes, opened his mouth and slipped the head of Adam’s penis into his mouth. The taste disgusted him, though this had as much to do with knowing what it was in his mouth as it did the actual flavor. Nevertheless, he took more of the penis into his mouth. And as he slid it inside, it went deeper into the back of his throat. His tongue couldn’t help but run the length of the shaft either.

Soon, Adam was sliding forward and backward slowly and Jack responded by moving in the same directions even faster. This excited Adam

and it didn't take long before he began to throb. Oddly, Jack too was throbbing inside his panties. Both were on the verge of cumming.

Back and forth the erection slid inside Jack's mouth.

Adam began to breathe erratically. He tensed up, as did Jack.

Then Jack felt a shot of hot fluid coat the back of his throat. He had taken another man's seed in his mouth. This was the most humiliating thing he could ever imagine. In that same moment, he shot his own load into his panties. He felt completely emasculated.

Above him, Terri smiled and put away her camera.

"There you go," said Terri encouragingly.

Jack pulled his mouth away from Adam's penis and worked his way to his feet. Terri handed him his purse. She smiled at Adam and then she took Jack's hand and walked him to the door.

"Let's go home, Princess," said Terri.

—o—

Jack never did find out that Terri was behind the "mistake" that brought him to the party dressed as a woman. He didn't realize that she had set him up with Adam either or that she had maneuvered him into giving Adam the blowjob. What he did find out, however, was just how willing Terri was to use this incident to her advantage. After this, whenever Jack got too big for himself, or whenever his sexism showed, she just gently reminded him of something only the two of them knew: that on that one night long ago when Jack, while dressed as a woman, pleased another man with his mouth. That was always enough to put Jack back into his place.

The End

## Check Out Some Of My Other Classic Feminization Stories

Here are some of my other tales of feminization. These 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. Check out my homepage for all of my stories!



### **“Feminizing Her Husband”**

Before they married, Dave swore to Kate that he was sexually adventurous. But after they married, it quickly became clear to Kate that he wasn't. Kate decides it's time for a change. Unfortunately, to make that change, she has to find a way to break Dave's need to control everything about their relationship. What better way to break his need to dominate her than to feminize him?

This 14,500 word story includes female domination, forced feminization, pegging, power exchange, chastity, spanking, erotic humiliation and more!

For Mature Audiences Only



## **“Caught By His Roommate”**

When Peter met Lisa, he thought he'd found the perfect roommate. She was cute. She was friendly. She had a closet full of feminine clothes and very high heels. And she was just about Peter's size. Peter couldn't wait for her to move in so he could explore her wardrobe. Unfortunately for Peter, she catches him doing exactly that and she's not happy about it. Peter's life is about to change in a very big way.

This 19,200 word story includes female domination, cross-dressing, forced feminization, pegging, oral, power exchange, spanking, erotic humiliation and more!

For Mature Audiences Only

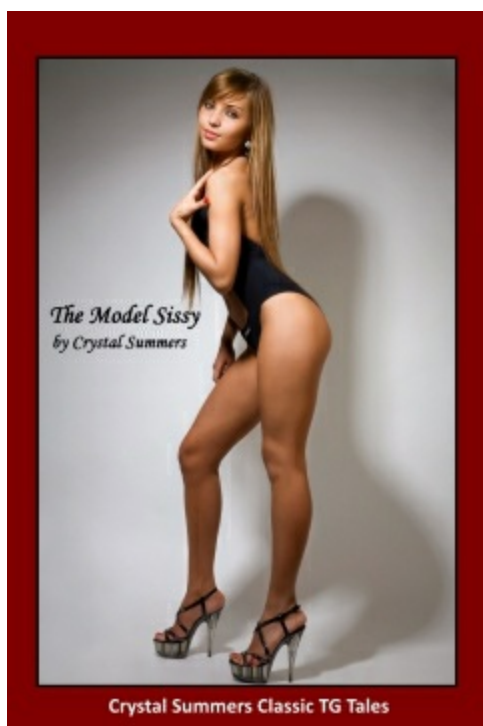


## **“The Sissy Newscaster”**

Dave Anderson is the most trusted name in news. But Dave leads a secret life unknown to his viewers. When Dave is off camera, his producer Karen Stills turns him into a submissive sissy. One night, Karen decides to have a little fun with Dave at the station. What could possibly go wrong?

This 13,400 word story includes female domination, cross-dressing, pegging, bondage, power exchange, paddling, erotic humiliation and more!

For Mature Audiences Only



## **“The Model Sissy”**

Tom Wilson was an up-and-coming male model. Unfortunately, he was also an arrogant man who mistreated his fiancée and the photographers with whom he worked. But now the shoe is on the foot as Tom’s fiancée and her friend trick him into modeling women’s panties and high heels. Unbeknownst to Tom, he’s about to become the face of a national advertising campaign for women’s clothes.

This story includes three captioned images!

This 19,300 word story includes female domination, forced feminization, pegging, oral, power exchange, public exposure, erotic humiliation and more!

For Mature Audiences Only



## **“Caught Cross-Dressing By His Wife”**

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

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

For Mature Audiences Only



## **“The Sissy Maid”**

Katie accepts a position as the personal assistant of a powerful business woman. She soon learns that this woman has a mysterious maid, and that she doesn't mind humiliating her maid. Who is this maid and what is her secret?

This 13,700 word erotic story includes female domination, forced feminization, sissy maid, spanking, oral, erotic humiliation, and more!

For Mature Audiences Only



## **“Putting Her Husband In Skirts” (Part One: Reporting For Work *In Skirts*)**

Gwyneth needs to whip her listless husband Sam into shape. He does nothing around the house and he won't find a job. So she finds a job for him. When Sam tries to escape his wife's efforts to make him take the job, his own deception gives her the idea of making him report for work in a dress! Naturally, this will spin out of control for both partners as the reality sets in that Sam makes a better woman than a man. Things are about to change for both of them!

This 14,500 word erotic story includes female domination, power exchange, forced feminization, cross-dressing, small penis humiliation, erotic humiliation and more!

For Mature Audiences Only



## **“Putting Her Husband In Skirts” (Part Two: A Change of Wardrobe)**

As Sam reports again to work for Harriet Weinstone, her crew have a surprise for him. The ladies want to give him a more appropriate wardrobe, and they intend to put it on him personally. Meanwhile, Gwyneth’s boss Phillip learns about Sam’s feminization and sees this as an amazing opportunity to make love to a woman while her humiliated husband watches helplessly. He thinks the sense of power that will give him will be the ultimate high.

This 14,400 word erotic story includes female domination, power exchange, forced feminization, cross-dressing, sissy husband, small penis humiliation, cuckolding, spanking, erotic humiliation and more!

For Mature Audiences Only

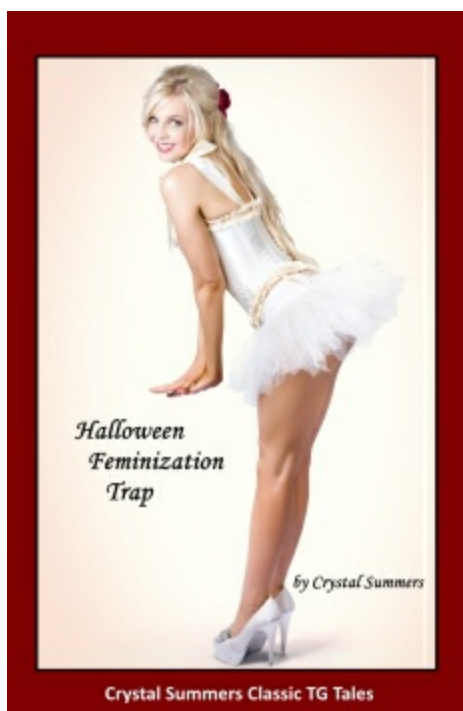


### **“Putting Her Husband In Skirts” (Part Three: Tables Turned)**

In this concluding part of “Putting Her Husband In Skirts,” Sam finds himself at the mercy of his wife’s lover Phillip who is looking forward to humiliating him. But things go wrong for Phillip when Gwyneth decides he would look good in heels too. Soon Phillip joins Sam as a feminized plaything for Gwyneth’s amusement. Will either male escape? And what’s going to happen at this mystery “adult fancy dress” party?

This 14,900 word erotic story includes female domination, power exchange, forced feminization, cross-dressing, erotic costumes, sissy husband, small penis humiliation, cuckolding, pegging, spanking, paddling, oral, erotic humiliation and more!

For Mature Audiences Only



## **“Halloween Feminization Trap”**

Josh is planning to sneak into a girls-only costume party being thrown by the hottest sorority on campus. To do that, he and his friend need to dress like girls. Unfortunately, the women of the sorority know what he’s planning and they may have plans of their own for Josh.

This 13,000 word erotic story includes female domination, power exchange, forced feminization, cross-dressing, erotic costumes, pegging, erotic humiliation and more!

For Mature Audiences Only