



Feminizing Her Husband

by Crystal Summers

Crystal Summers Classic TG Tales

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Chapter 1: “Laying The Trap”

Truth be told, Dave and Kate’s love life was getting a little dull, and the fault lay with Dave. When they first met, Dave spoke about being adventurous and how important that was to him. This excited Kate a good deal. She had been in dull relationships before with uncreative or uptight partners and she didn’t want to relive that, especially in a marriage.

“I don’t want someone who just lies there,” Dave had assured her.

“Me neither,” said Kate.

Dave smiled. “I want to try new things.”

“I want to try *everything!*” purred Kate.

“Me too.”

“Swear to me, honey, that if we ever get married that we won’t slip into a rut. Swear to me that we will always keep finding new things.”

Dave kissed his then-future wife. “I swear. Whatever it takes, we’ll keep it exciting,” said Dave.

Kate smiled warmly. “Good. I never want to get boring,” she said and she rested her head on his shoulder, knowing she had found the man she would marry.

But boring, they became.

It was around two years after their marriage when Kate finally admitted to herself that they had slipped into a rut. She loved Dave, but every time they had sex, it was the exact same thing. She still wanted to try new things and she pushed Dave constantly to expand his horizons, but he always refused. In fact, it seemed to her that he was willing to do less now than he had done in the past. And at this point, the only things Dave considered acceptable were traditional sex and getting a blow job. This was not what Kate had in mind when he promised her he would try “everything.”

Thus, after two years of the exact same thing, twice a week on schedule, week after week, Kate finally had enough. She needed to make a change. And if Dave could not be convinced to lead them into new waters, then she would lead him.

Unfortunately, leading Dave would be very difficult, for Dave had a burning need to be in charge of everything. Kate found this annoying, especially as he just wasn’t good at it. He was secretive and made bad choices. His investment decisions weren’t good. He struggled to maintain a

budget. He had no impulse control when shopping and he made bad decisions on several major purchases. Worst of all though, he refused to experiment in their sex life. To change all of this, Kate knew she needed to break Dave's control over their relationship and she needed to break his need to control everything. Fortunately, she knew exactly how to do that... but things weren't going to turn out quite as she expected.

—o—

“This feels *really* kinky,” said Dave uncomfortably. He felt so incredibly strange standing naked before his fully-dressed wife as she sat on the couch and toyed with his erection with her fingers. In fact, what made this even stranger was that Kate wasn't so much fully-dressed as she was over-dressed. Normally, she wore sundresses and wedge-heeled sandals around the house, which looked nice but were ultimately casual. Today, she wore one of her few skirt suits, which was made of a heavy black textured material and featured a pencil skirt that stopped just below her knees. With that, she wore open-toed black snakeskin spike-heeled slingbacks. The whole outfit was sharp and severe, for lack of a better word, and it really made his nakedness stand out even more. It made him feel intimidated.

“Just relax and enjoy it, dear,” said Kate.

“I didn't say I wasn't enjoying it,” said Dave defensively. “I just said it feels *really* kinky and kind of strange.”

“You always said you wanted to try new things. Well, this is new. This is something we haven't tried before.”

“I know, but this feels a little weird.”

“New things always feel a little weird. That's kind of the point. You're supposed to feel a little weird or you're not pushing your boundaries, right?” asked Kate.

“Yeah, I guess,” said Dave doubtfully.

“Trust me, baby. You'll enjoy it.”

“I do trust you. But could we maybe move to the bedroom?” asked Dave.

“Dave, honey,” said Kate with a hint of annoyance, “for this to work, you need to stop trying to be in charge.” This was the problem with Dave in a nutshell, even in a meaningless sex game, he couldn't give up control. She continued. “The purpose of this game is for you to give up control and let me

take over. That's the thrill... me getting control and you losing it. But you can't feel that thrill if you keep trying to be in charge."

"I'm not trying to be in charge!" protested Dave. "I just think it might be more normal and less weird if we moved to the bedroom."

Kate furrowed her brow and glared at her naked husband. "Dave!"

Dave bit his lip. "I'm sorry," he said. "I'm trying to let you lead."

"Just relax... and do as I say," she ordered.

"Fine," said Dave without commitment.

"No, not 'fine.' You're supposed to say, 'Yes Ma'am'," said Kate.

Dave blushed. He felt awkward enough letting his wife be in charge, and having to now address his wife as "Ma'am" honestly felt rather humiliating... perhaps too humiliating. But he did agree to do this and he knew that going back on his word to his wife would be trouble, so he swallowed his pride and he said it.

"Yes, Ma'am."

Kate giggled, which made Dave feel really small. "Good boy," she said and she patted his dick.

Dave felt a shudder run down his spine.

Meanwhile, Kate stopped toying with his penis and she began stroking it. She started slowly at first, but picked up speed. As she did, she gripped it more and more firmly until she was squeezing it a good deal harder than she ever had. Dave winced when she did this, but it soon became clear that it felt really good to him. She took note of this, just as she had taken note of everything else he had said or done. She was learning a lot about his weaknesses and his limits.

"That feels good," said Dave.

Kate knew it would and she kept stroking. Little by little, Dave was getting to the point of orgasm. Kate could always tell when he was near orgasm because his breathing changed and she saw his thigh muscles flex and his knees buckle. That was happening now... so she decided to stop.

"That's enough for now," she said and she let go of his penis.

All the thrill Dave felt and the expectation of cumming stopped instantly. This was jarring to him. "What? Wait! Don't stop!" he exclaimed.

"I've decided."

"Honey, seriously, don't stop!"

Kate leaned back further into the couch, crossed her legs and folded her

arms. She shook her leg angrily. “Dave, what did I tell you about being in charge,” she growled.

“I’m not trying to be in charge!” he protested.

“Yes, you are.”

“No, I’m not. It’s just not fair that you get me that close and then you stop.”

“I’m in charge, Dave. That’s what female domination is about... the female dominates. *She* is in charge. That means I am in charge. The male, that’s you, obeys her. He follows her commands. He doesn’t try to control the situation. He doesn’t try to order the female around. And he doesn’t complain when the female chooses to do something he doesn’t like. Do you understand that, honey?”

“Sure, b—”

“That means, Dave, that I can do whatever I want to you, and you need to accept it. You need to trust me to bring us both pleasure.”

“But it feels weird!”

“It’s supposed to feel weird to you, Dave! The sensation you’re supposed to get is the feeling of a total loss of power: to go from strong man in control to afterthought... a mere toy for the woman who owns you. That’s supposed to be scary. And since you’re *always* in charge, tha—”

“Hey! That’s not fair!” objected Dave. “We’re partners. We’re both in charge!”

Kate let out a cynical laugh and shook her head. “No, Dave, that’s not true. You are *always* in charge, every day in every way. It’s who you are. You seem to need to dominate everything and you never, ever let me make decisions. Well, today is *my* day, so let me enjoy it and stop trying to tell me how to dominate you!”

Dave bit his lip. He knew deep down that his wife was right, and he felt bad about marginalizing her, but he just didn’t like being under anyone else’s control. Still, he had agreed to this and it was just a game, so he took a deep breath to calm himself and he agreed.

“Fine,” he said, only to catch himself a moment later. “I mean, yes Ma’am.”

“Good,” said Kate. “Now do as I say and just enjoy it. As I said, I can do whatever I want to you and you must obey. If I want to stroke you to the point of cumming and then stop two-dozen times, I can do it. If I choose to let you cum each time, I can do that too. But what we do and when is up to

me. Do you understand, Dave?"

"Yes, Ma'am."

Kate smirked. It was obvious that he felt a little guilty now. That would help her with her plan. It was time to take advantage of this.

"Good boy," said Kate.

"Thank you," said Dave to get the last word, which again made Kate shake her head. She ignored it, however, as it was time to move forward.

"But I'm still not sold that you will obey me. Let's test your obedience, shall we?"

Dave pursed his lips and waited to see what this meant. He felt nervous.

Meanwhile, Kate rose to her feet, latched her hand onto her husband's erect penis, and used it as a handle to pull him down the hallway to their bedroom. Her sharp heels echoed off the floors and the walls as they walked, which was in direct contrast to her husband's bare feet.

CRACK-CLICK CRACK-CLICK CRACK-CLICK!

thud thud thud thud thud thud!

When they reached the bedroom, Kate ordered Dave to lie down on his back on the bed and spread his arms and legs toward the corners of the bed. He did. She then went to the closet and pulled out a duffel bag full of toys she had obtained specially for today. From it, she removed four sets of restraints. These were essentially leather straps with buckles on each end. They were strong and sturdy and, once attached, they would not be easily removed.

"What are those for?" asked Dave.

"I'll tell you when you need to know. Right now, you don't need to know," replied Kate in an annoyed tone. She was trying to use the annoyed tone to mask her nervousness. If she could get him tied up, then she could get what she wanted... but she knew this would not be easy because Dave was going to fight her the entire way.

Dave ran his tongue over his teeth. "I take it you're going to tie up my hands?" he asked nervously.

Kate ignored him. Instead, she hiked up her pencil skirt to give her more mobility and she climbed on top of her husband on the bed. She straddled his chest with her knees. Her feet, in their high-heeled shoes ran parallel to his torso and touched his hips. She then took his right arm in her hand and pulled it to her crotch. Once there, she wrapped the leather restraint

around his wrist and buckled it closed. She could see him watching her very, very closely. She saw sweat on his brow. He clearly didn't like where this was headed, so she moved slowly.

"I love you," she said. She smiled at him.

"I love you too," he said back. He didn't smile.

Kate leaned forward and kissed her husband. As she did, she bent her knees further which brought her feet in their high heels up onto his crotch. She squeezed his dick between her toes. It was hard as a rock!

"Hold still, baby," she whispered.

Dave nodded his head nervously.

She then slowly pulled his arm up over his head to the top of the bed, where she pulled the leather strap through the bed frame and back to the strap on his wrist. She buckled the strap to a second buckle on the wrist. As she did, she left the strap with about six inches of slack so Dave wouldn't feel restrained. She smiled at him and kissed him again.

"See how easy that is?" she said soothingly and she wiggled her toes to tickle his penis.

Dave shuddered, but in a good way this time.

"Now the other one," she said and she slowly pulled his left arm to her crotch. Once there, she tied the other strap to it. She then slowly pulled that arm up to the headboard as well. She got the leather strap around the headboard and pulled it back to his wrist.

"Hold on, baby. I'm not so sure I want to do this," said Dave.

Kate smiled at him and then gave him a pouty look. "You've been so brave so far, honey, don't stop now." As she said this, she kissed him and she rubbed her toes up and down his penis behind her. "Be brave, baby."

"I don't know," he said cautiously.

Kate didn't wait, however. She pulled the strap through the cuff and secured it. He was now secured, even though he had enough slack that he didn't feel it yet. "Well, you've been tied now for almost two minutes," she lied, "and nothing bad has happened, has it?"

"I have?" he asked and he yanked on both straps.

"See? And everything is just like it was! There's nothing to fear!"

Dave took a couple deep breaths. "I guess you're right."

"You know I'm right. Now stop complaining and be submissive like you promised."

"I'm trying," he said nervously.

“I know,” said Kate and she climbed off him. She picked up a third strap and tied his ankle to the bed. He didn’t really object to that one. When she picked up the fourth, he did protest again, but she again put an end to that. And once he was completely tied, she took hold of the strap on his right wrist and suddenly tightened it.

“What are you doing?” he demanded.

“I’m tightening the straps. This doesn’t work if you can move too much.”

“Hold on! That, I really don’t want.”

Kate ignored him and tightened the other strap. The moment he was locked in place, her mood suddenly changed. She laughed. “Do you know what, dear? What you want really doesn’t matter anymore. Do you know why? Because I’m in charge now.”

Dave’s mouth went dry. “Untie me, Kate. I want to stop this.”

Kate shook her head.

“Kate!” growled her husband.

Kate chuckled. “No, Dave. It’s time to make some changes.”

“What kind of changes?” he asked, but his wife just smiled. Dave felt sick to his stomach and couldn’t believe he had ever agreed to this.

Chapter 2: “Dave Gets Feminized”

After tying her husband to the bed, Kate left the room for a few minutes. She did this intentionally to give her husband a chance to try to free himself. She thought letting him try and fail might help convince him how hopeless his situation was. In the meantime, she gathered various things she had acquired for today. One of those was a nail polish kit, which she brought with her when she returned to the bedroom. She sat down at the foot of the bed with it, near Dave’s feet.

“I see you’re still here,” she said with a chuckle.

“Untie me,” growled Dave.

“No,” said Kate and she pulled out the nail polish.

“What are you doing?” asked Dave when he saw the polish. His tone was somewhere between angry and scared, but ultimately helpless. Letting him try to escape and fail had proved her point as she hoped.

“Don’t worry, honey. This won’t hurt a bit,” said Kate with a giggle. She adjusted his foot.

“Hey, that tickles!” he exclaimed and he moved his foot away as best he could.

“Hold still,” admonished Kate.

“Or what?”

Kate rose from where she had been sitting near the foot of the bed. She moved to the middle of the bed and stood over her husband. In her hand, she held a riding crop, one of the items she had bought special for today. She took the crop and slid it beneath Dave’s testicle sack. As she raised it, his testicles appeared to hang from the crop instead of his body.

““Or what,” you ask? Or I’ll punish you, Dave,” said Kate.

“Is she serious?” wondered Dave. He had never seen his wife act this way before and he never guessed this was inside her, but it certainly seemed to be there now. He felt a pit in his stomach at this realization. He visibly shuddered.

“Listen up, Dave,” said Kate. “We need a change. There’s no other way to say it. You’ve led us into a rut. What’s more, your brilliant leadership has almost bankrupted us and caused us any number of other problems. I can’t take that anymore, so I’m taking control. That’s what this is about.”

“You’re what?!” asked Dave incredulously.

“I’m taking over, Dave. It’s that simple. From now on, I will make all the decisions for this family and you will obey my orders.”

“You’re kidding?”

“Hardly.”

“Is this some kind of game?”

“Not in the least.”

Dave furrowed his brow. “If this is about something you think I’ve done wrong, then why are you doing it this way? Why not prove to me that you’re right and show me that you can do a better job?” asked Dave doubtfully.

“Because there was no other way with you, Dave. Did you see how hard it was for me just to get you to calm down and take a few orders for fun during a meaningless sex game? Can you imagine how impossible it would be for me to get you to hand over the power to make real decisions for us? And even if you agreed, what are the chances you would keep that agreement once I made a decision you didn’t like?” Kate shook her head. “No, Dave. This is the only way.”

“How is this going to help?” asked Dave suspiciously.

“Because after today, you won’t have any choice but to obey me.”

Dave raised an eyebrow. “How are you going to do that?”

“You’ll see.”

“Tell me now!”

Kate shook her head. “Forget it, Dave. That won’t work anymore. From now on, you’ll be the one taking orders, not giving them. And if you don’t obey my orders, then I’ll punish you,” said Kate and she wiggled his testicles with the crop.

“You wouldn’t!”

“Wouldn’t I?”

Dave looked into his wife’s eyes and saw nothing but resolve. He realized in that instance that he had a problem. He seemed to shrink away into the bed.

Kate breathed a sigh of relief. She didn’t want to punish her husband. She would do it if necessary and she knew that would be the case, but she definitely didn’t like the idea. In fact, she kept having to tell herself, “It’s for the better,” to maintain her willingness to do it.

In any event, with Dave seemingly having surrendered, Kate returned

to his feet for the moment and inserted the separators between his toes. She picked up the bright-red nail polish and shook it. She opened it and started working on his toenails. But after getting the first couple nails painted, Dave began shaking his toes whenever Kate got near his feet. Kate decided she couldn't tolerate this, so she picked up the riding crop and, without even looking in her husband's direction, she slapped it down hard against his exposed thigh.

SLAAAAPPPPPPPPP!

It landed within millimeters of his penis. In fact, it landed so close that the vibration from the strike made his penis shake. This terrified Dave, and even though the strike didn't hurt very much at all, the sheer fact that his wife had struck him with a riding crop and had just missed his penis was enough to unnerve him completely. From that point on, he kept his toes entirely still as she painted each nail. Likewise, he kept his fingers still as she painted his fingernails.

Next, Kate untied Dave's right foot. She then slipped a pair of panties over his right foot and up his leg to the middle of his calf. She added a stocking after that. When she had both over his ankle, she tried to attach the restraint again to that leg, but Dave's courage had returned and he struggled to keep his leg free.

Kate sighed. "You're being silly," she said.

"How so?"

"First, I'm strong enough to overpower your leg if need be. You don't have any strength with your arms and other leg bound. I would just rather not do this by force. Secondly, even if I can't physically force you, I can just leave you like this until you comply. You'll give in eventually and it's not like having one free leg is going to help you," said Kate calmly.

"You have to untie me sometime!"

Kate shook her head. "No, I don't."

The sincerity in his wife's voice sent a shiver down Dave's spine.

"And finally, if I get tired of waiting," said Kate and she sat down on the bed next to her husband and she took his testicles in her hand. "I can always punish you." As she said this, she squeezed his testicles until her husband winced and then gave in.

"All right! All right! All right! You've made your point!" exclaimed Dave and he pushed his leg back toward the restraint where Kate could secure him.

“See, Dave. You can’t win,” said Kate and she locked him back in.

With his leg secure again, she unlocked his other leg and pulled the panties up that leg as well. After adding a stocking, she secured that restraint as well. Then she pulled the panties and the stockings up his legs to where she wanted them. Next, she unlocked his right arm, but not before adding something to the left restraint.

“All right, Dave. Before you get any grand ideas that having a hand free is better than a free leg, I want you to go ahead and try to free yourself,” she said and she stepped away from the bed.

“Seriously?” asked Dave.

“Yes. Go on, I won’t try to stop you.”

Dave immediately lunged over across his body and grabbed the left arm restraint. He got his hand around it and even managed to get the buckle into a position where he could undo it. Unfortunately for him, Kate has stuck a padlock through the buckle in a way which made it impossible for him to remove it.

He had been beaten... and he knew it instantly.

“Well?” asked Kate.

“Well what?” he asked bitterly and he crashed back down onto his back.

“Do you see the bind you’re in now? Are you going to cooperate?” asked Kate.

Dave exhaled angrily, but said nothing. He didn’t need to say anything. They both knew that he was stuck.

After this realization, Kate got to work much quicker. With Dave no longer resisting, she was able to dress him in a bra, a corset, a garter belt, a little black mini-dress and some high-heeled sandals with straps that crisscrossed over his feet and four-inch heels. He looked strange because he was neither female nor male at this point. Indeed, he was dressed as a woman, but he was definitely still recognizable both as a man and as a specific man, i.e. himself. Of course, that’s exactly what Kate wanted.

“Now what?” asked Dave sourly.

“Now I take some photos,” said Kate.

All the color left Dave’s face. He suddenly realized what his wife had been working so diligently toward – *blackmail!* He couldn’t allow that.

“Uh honey, let’s talk about this,” said Dave.

“Talk about what?”

“Uh, you don’t need any photos.”

“Is that so?” asked Kate with a chuckle. “And why is that?”

“Because I’ll do what you ask without them,” said Dave. “I understand now what you want and I’m happy to give it you—”

“Oh, I doubt that, Dave.”

“It’s true!” he said.

Kate shook her head. “You don’t even have a clue what I want. You still see this as a game. And you will never give me what I want voluntarily. It’s just not in your nature.”

“That’s not true. I can be exactly what you want! So there’s no need for the photos. In fact,” he added in a somewhat desperate tone, “having the photos around is just too big of a risk.”

“Is that so?” asked Kate. She was humoring him now.

“Yes! What if someone finds them accidentally? That could be really embarrassing for both of us. It’s better never to take them. That way, that can’t happen,” said Dave.

“Yeah, I’m sure we would *both* be horrified if someone found these,” said Kate sarcastically.

Dave ignored her tone. “Exactly. So just untie me and we can discuss how you want our relationship to be.”

Kate laughed cynically. “Oh Dave, you are something else. Did you really think you can talk me out of this? You don’t even understand what I want from you yet, much less are you going to be able to give it to me without me forcing you. So you can stop trying to sell me on your fake contrition. I’m taking these pictures, and if you don’t want them ever to see the light of day, then all you need to do is obey me in all things. It’s that simple.”

With that, Kate walked over to the closet and pulled out a camera bag. She checked to make sure the camera was working and then she smiled. This camera was about to change her life. She pointed it at her husband, who lay on the bed dressed as a woman with his penis sticking up in the air.

“Say cheese, girly!” said Kate with a laugh.

And she took the first photo.

It felt like a cleansing to her. All of the frustration she had built up ran out of her body and was replaced with a hopeful vision of a new and better future. She took another. It felt stupendous as well. She took another and another. Soon, she was moving around her husband taking pictures from

every angle. At one point, she freed his hand and ordered him to masturbate as she documented it with the camera. Then she got really creative.

“Hold on, baby,” said Kate and she went to her underwear drawer. From it, she pulled a large dildo shaped like a penis. It was flesh colored. “I want you to hold this and suck on it.”

“Suck on it!” exclaimed Dave with a sense of horror.

“Yes, suck on it. And I want you to look like you’re loving it too or I’m going to be very upset,” said Kate and she squeezed his testicles again until he submitted.

“All right! All right! Yes, Ma’am!”

Kate smiled. “Good girl,” she said.

Kate handed her husband the dildo and watched as he slipped it between his teeth. Neither his lips nor his tongue touched it. He was clearly trying to avoid making contact with it as much as possible. She shook her head.

“No. I want to see lip and tongue action. I want to see you suck on it and lick it... like a real dick,” said Kate. “Do it right, or you’ll be doing it for hours.”

Dave swallowed hard. He had no choice; he didn’t want her squeezing his testicles again. So he slid the dildo in and out of his mouth. He licked it in an exaggerated motion and he sucked on it. And his wife took photos of all of it. He had never felt so humiliated in his life.

But there was worse to come.

“Now that I have some nice photos, photos which will ensure your compliance, there’s one more thing we need to do before I can untie you,” said Kate.

“What’s that?” asked Dave in a defeated tone.

“This,” said Kate and she produced a chastity device. It looked like a penis-shaped metal cage.

“What is that?”

“That is going on your little dickie, Dave. It’s going to keep you from touching yourself without my permission. That means I will control when and under what circumstance you will get to cum from now on. It also means you will need to sit to pee, just like a girl. Isn’t that great?” she gushed.

Dave cringed. This was getting worse all the time.

Chapter 3: “Kate Trains Her Husband”

Kate untied Dave a few minutes after attaching the cage. He was not happy about any of this, especially the cage, and he immediately tried to remove the cage once he was free. It wouldn't come off, however. At first, Kate thought about punishing him for trying, but she liked that he had tried and failed. Failure remained the best teaching device for Dave to learn that his situation was hopeless. He now sat on the edge of the bed staring down at the cage. His penis was hard as a rock inside it.

“Please take this off,” he said.

Kate shook her head.

“Come on. The game's over. I've learned my lesson. Just take it off,” said Dave.

Kate shook her head again. “No. I told you what's going to happen.”

“Are you serious?!” exclaimed Dave and he tried to stand up, only to discover that the high heels he wore were too difficult to stand in. So he sat back down. “Honey, look—”

“No Dave, you look. This has been decided. I'm taking over and you're taking a new position in our household. You belong to me now. You will do everything I command and nothing without permission—

“You're kidding!”

“Don't interrupt me, Dave, or I'll start punishing you!” growled Kate. Something about the intensity of her tone told Dave that she was very serious and that he needed to stay quiet right now and do as his wife commanded.

“Yes, Ma'am,” he said by way of a peace offering.

“As I said, Dave, I'm taking over. I will make all the decisions from now on. You will do as I say. You will belong to me. You have no rights around here, only privileges and those are at my whim. Got it?!”

Dave nodded his head.

Kate put her hands on her hips. “You will always answer my questions verbally.”

Dave groaned inwardly, but responded as demanded. “Yes, Ma'am.”

“You will address me that way at all times from now on. Got it?” asked Kate.

“Yes, Ma'am.”

“Any failure and I will punish you.”

“I understand,” said Dave.

“Good. Now, here’s what’s going to happen from here on out, Dave. From this moment forward until I say otherwise, I will be in charge of making every decision. You don’t even pee without permission. If you behave, we’ll consider loosening some of the restrictions, but first you need to prove to me that you can surrender to me completely,” said Kate.

“How do I do that, Ma’am?” asked Dave.

“By following my orders without objection or resistance.”

“I see.”

“To make this easier, I’ve decided that you’re going to use your vacation time at work and spend the next six weeks at home.”

“How are we going to afford that?!” asked Dave sourly.

Kate instantly slapped the exposed instep of his right foot with the riding crop: **THWAAAPPPPP!** The sting from that strike shot up his foot through his leg and along the nerve to his spine. It hurt and he cringed.

“Ouch! What was that for!” he blurted out.

She struck him again: **THWAAAPPPPP!**

“*What was that for, Ma’am!*” she growled.

“I’m sorry, *Ma’am!* Please don’t hit me again! What was that for, Ma’am?!”

“That was for your tone. I will not take the disrespect you keep showing,” said Kate.

Dave bit his tongue. “I’m sorry, Ma’am,” he said reluctantly.

“As for your question, you asked how we can afford that. Well, husband dear, that is the type of question you may no longer ask as money matters no longer concern you. I will handle all matters related to money.”

Dave felt a chill race down his spine to his testicles. He felt suddenly smaller and weaker.

Kate continued: “As I was saying, you will take six weeks off to be my full-time servant. During that time, you will learn to obey me. What’s more, you will dress as a woman the entire time to—”

“Dress as a woman?!”

THWAAAPPPPP!

“Ouch! I’m sorry, Ma’am! Please stop hitting me!” whined Dave, whose foot was becoming quite bruised and painful.

“I’ll stop hitting you, once you stop fighting me.”

“Can I ask a question, *Ma’am?*” asked Dave.

“Yes.”

“What if I refuse?” he asked. “What if I say no and I just rip these clothes off?”

Kate glared at him. “I should punish you just for the thought, but I’ll answer that because it’s important. If you refuse, then I’ll show those photos I took of you frolicking in the bed in drag and sucking on my dildo to everyone... *everyone*. I’ll show them to your boss, your coworkers, your family and your friends. *Everyone*.”

Dave swallowed hard. That would be a disaster. Most of those people would never let him live that down. And it would kill him to know that they knew. He could seriously never see half of them again without dying of humiliation. What’s more, he knew right away that he could never explain it either. He couldn’t pass this off as some misunderstanding or costume party or prank. No, there was no way. His reputation would be ruined. But could he bear the alternative?

“How long is this going to last?” he asked.

In truth, Kate didn’t want this to last any longer than it needed to. Sure, she was getting a kick out of seeing him feminized, but she wanted a man for a husband, not a woman. All she really wanted right now was to break his need to control her so that she could make the decisions for the family. Then she would return him to being a man and they would live happily ever after with her in charge. “Until you prove that you can be submissive to me,” said Kate honestly.

“Then you’ll let me go back to dressing as a man?” he asked cautiously.

“Yes.”

“And I have your word on that?”

“Of course.”

Dave ran his tongue over his teeth. One thing he knew he could trust was his wife’s word. Unfortunately, that was about all he could trust at the moment. Indeed, it seemed to him that his wife had lost her mind and there were horrific surprises around every corner. Even worse, he was awash in strange feelings he didn’t understand, chief among them being that his dick remained hard as a rock since the moment his wife put women’s clothes on him; he didn’t want to think about that. In any event, there was hope at the end of the tunnel.

“Who else will find out about this?” he asked.

“If you behave, then no one,” said his wife.

Dave scratched the side of his face. That was a positive. So as it stacked up at the moment, he could either do as his wife wanted for some period of time that obviously had to be less than six weeks because that was when he needed to go back to work, and no one would find out about it either, so his shame would be private. Or he could tell his wife to take a hike. That would probably ruin his marriage and it would lead to everyone in his life seeing pictures of him wearing a dress and high heels jerking himself off and sucking on a penis-shaped dildo. The choice seemed kind of obvious to him, even though he hated the answer.

“All right. If you promise that no one finds out about this and that it ends whenever I meet your condition, then I will agree,” said Dave reluctantly. He didn’t feel particularly good about this, but he had been backed into a corner and he had no other choice.

Kate smiled to herself. She had trapped him expertly. Now she could set about making her husband more pliable to following her orders. She would have the adventurous life she wanted yet.

—o—

Kate decided to start slowly, in a sense. She spent the first few days getting Dave used to dressing as a woman and taking orders. Consequently, the outfits she chose for him were relatively conservative and basic – lots of simple dresses and pumps or wedge-heeled sandals. The orders she gave were rather basic too and not too threatening. Even the punishments she inflicted were relatively light. She wanted him to be as comfortable as possible in his new role for now, and by the end of the first week, Dave was convinced this would all be quite easy.

One problem did emerge, however, and she couldn’t let this pass. Dave decided not to learn to walk in heels because he didn’t want to wear them. In his mind, this was a great test. If he could get out of wearing heels by simply failing to learn to walk in them, then he had found a way out of anything he wanted. He had done something similar as a child when his mother demanded that he start unloading the dishwasher. By repeatedly putting everything away incompetently, his mother soon became frustrated and she took the job away from him again and she did it herself. He now tried the same thing to get out of wearing heels.

Unfortunately for him, his wife was not about to give up as his mother had. To the contrary, Kate came up with a great way to force him to improve: she ordered Dave to walk on the treadmill in high heels for half an hour each day. Not only was she trying to force him to learn to walk more gracefully in heels, but she saw this as an excellent way to make him exercise too. Indeed, this was a great way to kill two birds with one stone.

Dave hated it.

“I can’t do this!” growled Dave.

Kate smirked. “You don’t really have any choice, Dave.”

“But Kate!”

“No, don’t ‘but Kate’ me, Dave. You’re doing this, *the end*. And let me tell you, if you improve your walk and make it more feminine, then this will be a lot easier. If you don’t, then this will be difficult and painful.”

Sure enough, she was right. At first, Dave fought the whole thing and he marched in the heels. But this proved very, very tiring. It made his muscles burn too because of the unnatural motions he adopted. Consequently, after each walk, his arches hurt like crazy, his toes felt crushed and bruised and his calves were on fire. He was panting too and struggling, and the danger of falling was greatly increased – the danger of falling was already enhanced because Kate would cuff his hands behind his back before he started walking to keep him from leaning against the machine because she wanted him to focus entirely on walking in the heels.

Dave kept this up for several days before he could take no more. And when he finally gave in and he tried to walk like a woman would walk in heels, everything changed. Suddenly, he found he could walk much farther before his legs became sore. His toes never hurt as much. And he rarely became winded. In fact, after a while, it struck Kate that this had become too easy on her husband, so she turned up the pace to keep him challenged. She made him walk longer too. Soon, a half an hour stroll became a brisk forty minute walk and then an hour and then an hour and a half.

It didn’t take long for Kate to notice some interesting side-effects of all this walking in the heels. For one thing, making her husband do this took the fight out of him and he became more cooperative. For another, she noticed that his walk improved dramatically; and by “improved,” that meant that it became much more feminine. Indeed, when he wore heels, he now walked like a real, sultry woman. Even more interestingly, this seemed to carry over even to when he didn’t wear heels. For example, Kate noticed that even out

of the heels, he soon began to walk on tiptoe. He tended to sway his hips more too and even in flat shoes or barefoot he now typically placed one foot directly in front of the other when he walked and he took smaller steps than before. The result was that even out of dresses and heels, he still walked like a woman.

She decided not to tell him this.

The other thing she noticed was even more interesting. The more he walked, the more his muscles seemed to take on a feminine shape. After a month or so, his legs looked very much like a woman's legs.

She decided not to tell him this either.

The rest of the training picked up fast as well. By the fourth day, Kate was adding a requirement that her husband wear a corset. This too paid bonuses very quickly. For one thing the immobility it brought made him even more passive. For another, as with the heels on the treadmill, she soon began to notice that her husband's constant wearing of the corset was reshaping his body. His sides seemed to become narrower and the fat that had been there was pushed down to his hips, which seemed to widen, and up to his chest, where the flab looked a bit like breasts, especially in the corset. Once again, she decided not to tell him what she observed.

Beyond that, she implemented new rules that were designed to teach Dave submission and dependence. For example, she took away his wallet, his driver's license and his money, but she made him carry a purse. This took away his power to spend money or to go anywhere. She put a password on the television and the internet. Thus, she denied him outside information and the freedom to entertain himself. She also put a cover over his cage, which she tied in the back in a knot. This kept him from removing the cover without cutting it off – something he could not hide from her. With the cover on, she could control when he got to use the bathroom. Essentially, he needed to come to her and ask permission and she would untie the knot so he could go... or she would make him wait. And when she did let him go, she made him leave the door open so she could monitor him; she actually came to watch on several occasions. This loss of privacy humiliated him more than anything.

Further, she stepped up his punishments. Rather than a quick slap on the instep, she now went for very real spankings and she did so for even the most minor infractions, such as when he failed to curtsy, another new requirement she imposed for whenever she entered the room.

“What are you required to do when I enter the room?” asked Kate coldly.

Dave cringed. He had failed to curtsy for the second time today; his rear was still sore from the punishment he received for the first violation. He had been trying very hard to obey all of Kate’s requirements because he wanted this to end quickly and he wanted to avoid punishment, but she had so many requirements that he kept forgetting some of them all the time. It was confusing.

In any event, punishment was unavoidable and he knew it.

“I’m sorry, Ma’am. I am to curtsy like a dutiful girl whenever you enter the room,” he said as required. As an aside, Kate had added various “feminization phrases” as she called them to his instructions and she commanded him to use those when discussing his obligations. For example, he “curtsied like a dutiful girl” and he “obeyed like a good girl” and he did his makeup “like a pretty girl.”

“Then why didn’t you curtsy when I entered the room?” asked Kate.

“I forgot, Ma’am. I’m sorry. Will you please correct me,” he asked reluctantly and he shuddered. He hated being made to ask to be punished.

Kate stroked her husband’s face. “Of course, I will dear.”

“Thank you, Ma’am.”

Kate pulled out a chair and sat down. She crossed her legs and removed her high-heeled pump. She then kicked off the other one and she set her feet flat on the floor. She pointed to her lap. Dave approached her, curtsied, and lay himself across her lap. This wasn’t easy either in the black and white pencil dress he wore and the black strappy high-heeled sandals. They had five-inch heels

“I’m ready, Ma’am.”

Kate ran her fingers over her husband’s rear. She felt his cheeks through the wool skirt. Ideally, she would spank him without the skirt, but she knew her shoe was enough to overcome the protection afforded by the skirt. She held the shoe before his lips and he kissed it, right where her toes had made an impression. Then she raised it into the air and she brought it down as hard as she could.

CRACK!!

CRACK!!

CRACK!!

CRACK!!

CRACK!!

Five blows landed in a row. The first hurt. The second hurt worse. The rest hurt even worse.

Kate rested her arm for a moment before firing away again.

CRACK!!

CRACK!!

CRACK!!

CRACK!!

CRACK!!

Five more. By this point, Dave's rear was flaming hot and stinging. Each blow added more and more heat and sting. It felt like Dave's rear was ten sizes larger and on fire. Kate wasn't finished yet, either.

CRACK!!

CRACK!!

CRACK!!

CRACK!!

CRACK!!

Another five.

"I'm sorry, Ma'am!" exclaimed Dave involuntarily.

Kate chuckled. This was the point where she normally stopped, where the pain was enough to make Dave beg for mercy. She knew the difference too between a genuine exclamation declaring that she had broken him and Dave trying to fake her out, and she let him know that if he ever faked it, she would add another hundred strikes, something Dave simply could not fathom taking, so he never tried. This had the added benefit of making him hold out even longer before begging.

"Have you learned your lesson?" asked Kate as her fingers circled his rear, feeling the intense heat coming off his skirt.

"Yes, Ma'am. Thank you for correcting me, Ma'am," said Dave. There were tears of pain and tears of humiliation in his eyes.

"You're welcome, honey. Now get back to work," she said and she playfully slapped him on the rear to make him stand up. This little finishing pat always felt deeply humiliating to Dave. To him, it was his wife announcing that his emasculation was a playful matter to her. That always made him feel insignificant.

Nevertheless, Dave rose and started back to work. At the last second, however, he remembered his duty. He turned around and took Kate's shoes.

He got down on his knees and placed each onto her foot. When they were in place, he leaned over and kissed each of her shoes. Then he rose and got back to work.

Kate smiled.

These punishments proved very effective in terms of making him learn to obey. Other punishments were similarly effective, except they worked on different aspects. For example, Kate made him stand naked in the corner except for high heels to make him think about whatever failure she was addressing. He always found that difficult because it would just be him and his thoughts alone for up to an hour or two, and that forced him to think about his situation. Sometimes, she would add time to his treadmill workout or would make him wear impossibly high heels. On two occasions, she took him to a park and made him walk around a track as a soccer team practiced nearby. That was sheer terror. Kate had many punishments she could employ.

By the time all of this was in full swing, she had literally stripped Dave of all of his independence. She was reveling in her new power.

—o—

Dave, on the other hand, wasn't reveling in any of this. Unlike Kate, Dave was struggling to adjust to his new position. He had never been good at giving up control over anything to anyone and this was about as big of a loss of control as one could experience. His wife told him what to wear, what to do, and where he could go. She decided when he would work out, when he did chores, or when he could relax. She made him act as her personal servant too. She stripped him of having any say over money or other family decisions. She even took away his wallet and his credit cards. Most humiliatingly, she took away his ability to touch his own penis, so she effectively stripped him of control over his dick.

In fact, she rarely let him take it out at all. At first, she thought about letting him touch it as a reward for good work, but she realized he was better behaved if he didn't touch it. So she slowly began to demand more and more before letting him cum. He almost never satisfied her demands. It got to the point that she let him touch it perhaps once a week and that was only after his being particularly good.

If he was bad, by the way, she might tie him down and ride his cage as

if it were a penis. This would drive him crazy because he could literally feel the warmth and moisture from her pussy, but his dick just couldn't reach her. It was the ultimate tease and his inability to satisfy himself would leave him feeling weak and pathetic.

Unfortunately, Kate's use of chastity proved to be a bit of a double-edged sword. Indeed, while the effects of chastity and the intense frustration that came with it were immediately noticeable in Dave and his willingness to comply, Kate found herself incredibly turned on by this whole thing but she had no husband capable of satisfying her. Hence, she was equally frustrated. It took her some time to realize that there were other ways Dave could satisfy her without using his penis. Once she figured that out, Dave found himself with his tongue inside her pussy at least twice a day. That didn't help his horniness.

Chapter 4: “Dave Returns To Work”

For the first four weeks of Dave’s forced vacation, Kate pushed him harder and harder to make her husband increasingly feminine and submissive. Her goal was simple. When it came time for him to return to work, she would need to let him go. She could still blackmail him to stay in charge, but she couldn’t keep him dressed as a woman; that would never work – not to mention that while she had enjoyed feminizing him and treating him as her slave, she didn’t ultimately want to be married to a woman. So she needed to break him before those six weeks were up so he would no longer fight her to control everything and she could rule the roost. Hence, she needed to push as hard as she could now to break his controlling ways.

To that end, she imposed all of the rules and punishments previously mentioned and more. She also gave him tasks which were meant to force him to embrace submissive feminine thinking. For example, she ordered him to spend time online researching kinky sexual practices. She wanted him to find everything out there and then write reports about each. These reports would be a detailed step by step story of how they would engage in the act together, with him taking the female role. Kate hoped this would help neuter his aggressive instincts and open him up to being more passive. Each night, then, they would act out the report with Dave indeed taking the feminine role.

It worked. In fact, all of this had a very strong effect on Dave, much stronger than Kate suspected, and by the fifth week, they seemed to reach a sort of breakthrough. Indeed, Kate noticed a dramatic change around that point where Dave suddenly became much less combative and feisty and much more passive and accommodating. From Dave’s perspective, he noticed that he struggled with standing up to his wife. Try as he might, he just couldn’t resist her commands anymore. Even worse, a big part of him seemed to think that was a good thing.

It felt like victory to Kate... and total surrender to Dave.

—o—

The fifth and sixth weeks were surprisingly calm for Kate. Dave had stopped resisting and was now following her orders to the letter. He was respectful, courteous, and very submissive. He was also rather feminine in

appearance now and actually seemed to take pride in appearing feminine, something that had not been true before. Kate was very pleased. Dave was not. Part of him could not believe what he had become or that the controlling part of him seemed to like it. He wanted to hate being a woman, but that part just didn't. That made him sick.

As a reward for all of this, and to celebrate what she had achieved over the prior six weeks, Kate decided that she and Dave would spend the final night having a candle lit dinner and a little romantic get together.

Both dressed in their best.

Kate wore a floor-length white gown she had gotten for a friend's wedding. It was silk, with a plunging neckline and it hugged her curves in all the right places. To this, she added crème-colored white platform pumps with a peep toe and a sling back. She wore no underwear. Dave she dressed in a royal blue cocktail dress with a bouncy skirt. His dress was taffeta and it excited Kate when it rustled. In addition to this, she made him wear black stockings and silver high-heeled sandals with a one-inch platform and a five-inch heel.

They looked like two amazingly beautiful women as they ate dinner. Naturally, Dave served them.

After dinner, Kate took her husband to the kitchen and she made him take off his black satin panties. Then she made him grab the island in the kitchen and spread his legs. Meanwhile, she went to her bag of toys and she pulled out a strap-on. She strapped it around her waist and then came up behind him and she stroked his hair.

"This is something I was sure we would have done long before now if you hadn't been such a chicken. At the very least, I would have expected you to stick yours inside me. But since you apparently had no desire to do that, I will go first and I will stick mine into you," she said. She added some lube to the dildo which stuck out prominently from her crotch.

Dave seemed really nervous, but he didn't object. He couldn't.

"This may hurt quite a bit because it's rather large and you aren't accustomed to it, but we'll see," said Kate and she hiked up her husband's dress and put lube in his rear with her finger. He still wore his cage.

Now Dave looked really nervous.

Kate leaned forward, which caused the dildo to glide into her husband's rear. "Happy graduation, baby," she whispered in his ear.

Dave instantly tensed up the moment the head of the dildo slipped

inside him. It felt to him like something slick was slithering its way into his rear, especially as the first ridge slipped past his rectum. Then the dildo widened. Suddenly, his rear felt like it was being thrust open much further than it was ever meant to go. The pain from this was oddly intense... but so was the pleasure. Indeed, Dave's mind was awash with the feeling of pleasure racing throughout his body, not only from his wife pounding away at his rear right now but all the other things they had tried. He realized now just how wrong he had been to refuse to try new things in the bedroom.

"This is incredible!" he thought.

Suddenly, his wife touched something inside him with the dildo. At first, it shocked him and scared him, but a moment later, he felt his penis explode and a massive amount of cum shot out of him. This was the first time he had cum in weeks and it felt amazing. He was instantly hooked and he pushed his rear backwards to try to drive the dildo in even harder.

"Whoa! Down girl!" exclaimed Kate with a laugh.

Dave stopped trying to push against the dildo.

Kate looked around and saw his cum dripping to the floor. "You naughty little girly, you!" said Kate with a laugh.

Dave blushed.

Kate then took him in her arms. She kissed the back of his neck. The dildo was still inside him. "Tomorrow morning, you go back to being a man," said Kate.

"Yes, Ma'am," said Dave.

"But no matter how you are dressed, you won't be back in charge. Do you understand? I am in charge from now on."

"Yes, Ma'am."

"Do you have a problem with that, dear?" asked Kate.

"No, Ma'am."

Kate raised an eyebrow. She expected a bit more doubt... maybe even a fight. Perhaps her training had been as effective as it seemed. Perhaps her husband had changed. "Only time will tell, I guess. At least I have a ton of blackmail material if he tries to get bossy again," she thought, though she also knew that she could never use it. Material like that was only good for one big threat, not for use on a daily basis. No, she had to hope that Dave had learned a little humility, a little compromise, and a little about the benefits of letting her make the decisions for them.

She would find out soon enough.

The morning finally came. Kate made sure that Dave washed off all of his makeup and removed his nail polish. Unfortunately, his eyebrows still looked a little feminine, but they would grow back. The platinum blonde hair dye in his hair would slowly fade over time as well and return him to his natural brow-haired state.

Kate felt intensely sad as she packed away her husband's nightie and his other clothes and she got out his drab male clothing. Dave was in the shower as she made the switch. A few minutes later, he returned to the bedroom. He had wrapped a towel around his chest and placed another on his head to hold his longish hair. On his feet were still the low-heeled wedge slippers he had wore for the past six weeks.

"I guess we forgot those," said Kate and she pointed at the slippers.

Dave blushed.

"Oh well. Are you excited?" asked Kate.

"Yes, Ma'am," said Dave.

Kate smiled. She would miss being addressed as "Ma'am." She tossed her husband a pair of white briefs. He slipped out of the slippers and stepped into the briefs. He pulled them up his legs.

"Hm," said Dave.

"What is it?"

"They don't fit right, Ma'am," said Dave.

Kate raised an eyebrow. She rose from the bed and walked over to her husband and ran her finger over his underwear. Sure enough, his underwear didn't quite fit right. It seemed that his hips were wider than they had been and his waist was narrower, so his underwear were stretched across his hips, but lay loose around his waist.

"I'm not sure I can wear these," said Dave. "Can I wear my panties instead?"

Kate didn't see a problem with that, so they swapped out the briefs for a pair of pink cotton panties. Those fit much better. Dave next pulled up his slacks and they ran into the same problem. These were very tight around his hips and too loose around his waist.

"What do we do now?" asked Dave.

Kate shrugged her shoulders. "I'm not sure. I can let you wear my

slacks, but they're a little short."

"That would be better than this," said Dave and he tried to close his slacks one more time and again failed to get them zipped up over his hips.

"Ok, let's try it," said Kate.

A few minutes later, Dave was wearing his wife's tan slacks. They looked very strange on him, especially as they stopped right at his ankles, but what else could they do? His own male pants simply didn't fit and he owned no other pants; Kate had kept him in skirts.

"We should have checked all of this yesterday," said Kate.

"Why can't I just wear a dress?" he thought before he caught himself and reminded himself how happy he was to be returning to be a man again. He *was* happy, wasn't he?

"I guess this will have to do," added Kate.

Meanwhile, Dave tossed aside his towel. Kate immediately saw the next problem coming from a mile away. After six weeks of wearing the corset, Dave had developed quite the hourglass figure. He would never look natural in a man's shirt. Moreover, the fat on his chest had been shaped into tiny breast-like lumps, which would jiggle beneath his shirt.

"You're going to need to wear a bra," said Kate.

"A bra?"

"Yes. Also, you'll need to wear one of my blouses. Your own shirts will never look right."

Dave twisted his lips, but didn't object.

Kate went to her closet returned with a neutral-colored bra, which she hoped would vanish beneath the blouse as much as possible. She also brought a white blouse. Unfortunately, it had inlaid flowers on the collar and the sleeves were too short and needed to be rolled up, but this was the most masculine thing she owned. Kate finished the outfit with brown socks and his brown wingtips.

"Oh boy!" said Kate.

Dave looked silly in the high-water slacks and the feminine blouse. It was almost bad enough that Kate didn't want to send him to work, but they had no choice, not if he wanted to keep his job.

"Well," she said doubtfully, "let's hope this works."

"I'm sure it will be fine," said Dave, who had annoyingly begun this past week to approve of everything Kate did. She at least wanted some independent judgment on his part, though that would apparently not be

forthcoming.

“We’ll see,” she said. “Let’s get some coffee and then I’ll drive you to work.”

“Yes, Ma’am.” The idea of driving himself never occurred to Dave.

Kate walked downstairs with Dave following. Behind her, she heard him complaining to himself. “What’s wrong?”

“It’s these shoes, Ma’am. They’re so heavy and clumsy, and they hurt my feet.”

When they reached the kitchen, Kate asked Dave to walk for her so she could see what the problem was. It only took a couple steps before she saw exactly what was going wrong. Indeed, right off with his first step, Kate noticed that her husband was trying to walk on tiptoe as if he were still wearing high heels. What’s more, he was still swinging his hips and landing one foot directly in front of the next. Essentially, he had a very feminine, very sultry walk even in his male shoes. She took a deep breath and shook her head.

“Uh, baby. Don’t be offended, but could try to walk more like a man?” she asked.

Dave furrowed his brow. “I am walking like a man.”

“No, you’re not. You’re walking like you’re wearing high heels.”

“I’m walking normally. This is how I always walked.”

Kate bit her lip. Part of her wanted to laugh at this, but part was concerned. She didn’t know what to do about this at the moment, however. “I guess I just have to hope that his walk will adjust quickly now that he’s out of heels,” she told herself.

“Oh, it’s time to go, Ma’am!” exclaimed Dave excitedly.

Kate looked at the clock. Indeed, it was. She hoped this went well. She hoped she hadn’t missed anything. Most of all, she hoped Dave could pull it off. “How twisted is that,” she thought, “that I’m worried about whether or not my husband can pull off being a man?!” She shuddered. “I’m sure it will be all right.”

Both Kate and Dave grabbed their purses and made their way to the car. Kate dropped him off twenty minutes later and watched him sashay his way into the building. He looked very, very effeminate. His transition back to a man had not gone as smoothly as she thought it would.

“I’m sure this will be all right. It will be all right. It will be all right,” she told herself.

Less than half an hour after Kate got home, she received a call from Dave's office. It was his boss, Martha Quinn, and she wanted Kate to come pick him up and take him home.

"What's wrong?" asked Kate.

"It's best if you come get him. We can discuss it when you get here."

"I'll be there right away," said Kate.

Twenty minutes later, Kate pulled up in the parking lot at Dave's office. She walked through the doors and took the elevator to the third floor, where Dave's boss Martha met her in the reception area. She led Kate to her office.

"I didn't want to talk over the phone because I didn't think you would believe me," said Martha.

"What happened?" asked Kate.

"Has Dave been on any medication or anything? Anything that would make him act strangely?" asked Martha.

Kate shook her head. "Why?"

"Well... he's been acting a little strangely from the moment he got here. I don't mean to intrude into your personal life, but uh... well... his behavior has been very odd." She handed Kate a purse. "Here is his *purse*, by the way."

"Whoops," thought Kate as she realized she should have noticed him carrying a purse. Unfortunately, he had been carrying it so regularly for six weeks that it seemed to be a natural part of him.

Martha continued. "Like I said, it was all so strange. And then, when he curtsied to my assistant and then dropped to his knees and asked to be, uh... *punished*. Well, it seemed that I should call you."

Kate's jaw dropped. "He did what?"

Martha blushed. "He, uh, curtsied to my assistant. Then he dropped to his knees and he asked her to 'punish' him. Now, honestly, that's sexual harassment and he could be fired for that, but there's clearly something wrong. I mean, have you seen the way he's walking?"

Kate nodded her head. She knew immediately what the problem was, but she didn't tell Martha that she had been feminizing her husband and training him to submit and her training had just gone a little overboard.

Instead, she told Martha that he had been under great pressure from a family loss and he was in therapy. Martha seemed thankful to have a rational explanation, a non-sexual explanation, and she offered another two weeks off. Kate took it for now, but she already knew that there would be no way to return Dave to being a man, not that fast... if at all. She had been too effective in her training and this feminized creature was her husband now.

She sighed.

“What have I done?” she asked herself. “I’ve turned him into a woman!”

She sighed again.

“Well, I’m going to do everything I can to turn him back!” she thought.

Then she thought about how much she enjoyed having a maid and a personal servant. She thought about how much it turned her on to see him prancing around the house in high heels. She thought about how much better everything was going with her in charge... and she smiled.

Maybe this wasn’t such a bad thing after all.

Kate rose from the chair and walked down to the break room where Dave was waiting. He sat in a chair with his legs crossed in a feminine manner and his hands folded in his lap. If he could have let his shoe dangle, he would have.

Her smile broadened upon seeing him. “Come on, dear, let’s get you home... and out of those ugly boy’s clothes,” she said.

Dave smiled back. “Thank you, Ma’am.”

The End

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Jack’s girlfriend Terri wanted to take him down a peg and give her something she could hold over him whenever he started acting like a sexist. She came up with quite the idea. After a little convincing, she got Jack to dress as a woman for a costume party. Only, this party wasn’t a costume party.

This 14,500 word story includes female domination, cross-dressing, forced feminization, oral sex, erotic humiliation and more!

For Mature Audiences Only

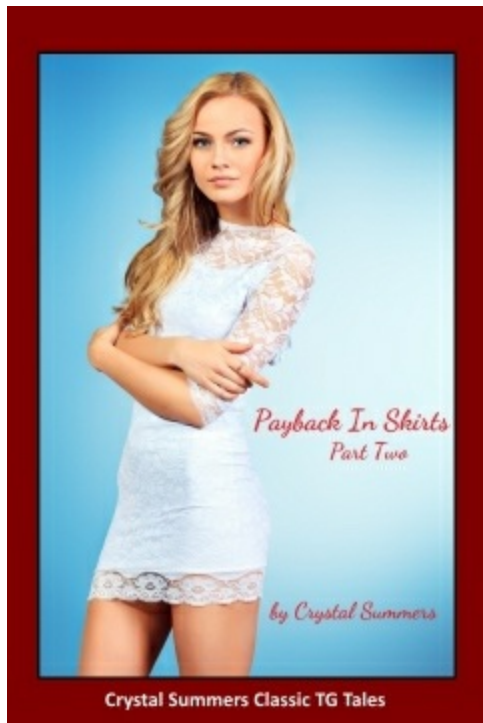


“Payback In Skirts” (Part One: Feminized By His Wife)

Paul made a lot of mistakes in his life, but his biggest mistake was borrowing money from a mobster to gamble on a horse. With no choice but to beg his wife for money to pay back this debt, Paul put himself at the mercy of his wife. She decides to use her newfound power to extract a little feminized revenge.

This 16,200 word erotic story includes forced feminization, female domination, chastity device, bondage, oral, and more!

For Mature Audiences Only



“Payback In Skirts” (Part Two: Hiding In Skirts)

As Paul becomes a feminized prisoner of his vengeful wife, he begins to wonder if his wife ever plans to let him go and why she keeps exposing him to the very mobster from whom he is hiding!

This 14,500 word erotic story includes forced feminization, female domination, chastity device, bondage, paddling, erotic humiliation, oral, and more!

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“Payback In Skirts” (Part Three: Paying His Debt)

In this concluding part of “Payback In Skirts,” Paul finds himself turned over to Tony Carmine by his wife. Tony feminizes Paul and gives Paul as a gift to his daughter Jill to be part of her doll collection. There is only one way out for Paul, and that is to pay back his debt. Unfortunately, the only way he can do that involves convincing Tony’s deadbeats to pay their debts.

This 12,900 word erotic story includes forced feminization, female domination, hormones, anal, oral, erotic humiliation and more!

For Mature Audiences Only



“Sissified Husband”

Sam got way more than he bargained for when he followed his wife to the club where she worked. What Sam did not know was the true purpose of the club, but he would find out now. Can Sam escape before he’s feminized? Will he want to?

This 16,500 word story includes female domination, partial gender transformation, forced feminization, anal, breast growth, a shrinking penis, erotic humiliation and more!

For Mature Audiences Only

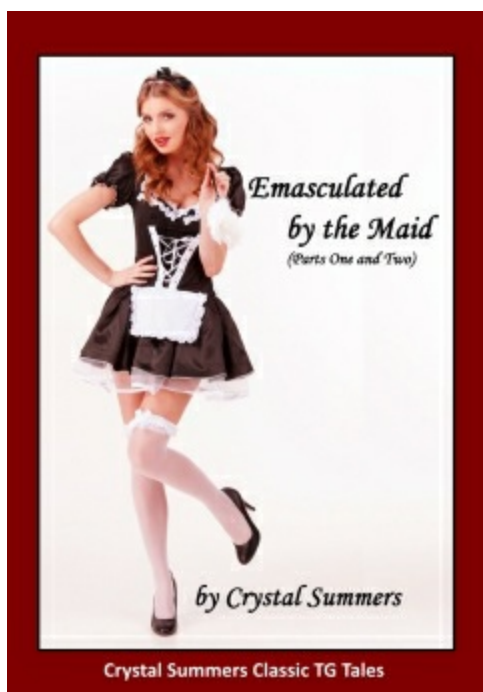


“How I Feminized My Boyfriend”

This first person story tells the tale of a young woman who has always wanted to feminize a man, but was never able to find one who would let her. Imagine her surprise the day she discovered her boyfriend playing with himself while looking at images of men dressed as women. It was time for her to fulfill her fantasy!

This 14,000 word erotic story includes forced feminization, paddling, chastity devices, pegging, small penis humiliation, and more!

For Mature Audiences Only



“Emasculated by the Maid”

The complete story! Both parts now combined in one volume!

After divorcing his wife, Alex decided he needed a maid to keep his house clean. None of the candidates were all that promising, however. That is, until June walked through his door in her little black dress and sexy high heels. Little did Alex know that hiring June would change his life forever and, before everything was over, he would be the one in the little black dress and sexy high heels.

“Emasculated by the Maid” is a cautionary tale of a man who finds himself turned into a submissive woman by his maid. This 26,500 word story includes female domination, cross-dressing, maid costumes, spanking, power exchange, erotic humiliation and more!

For Mature Audiences Only

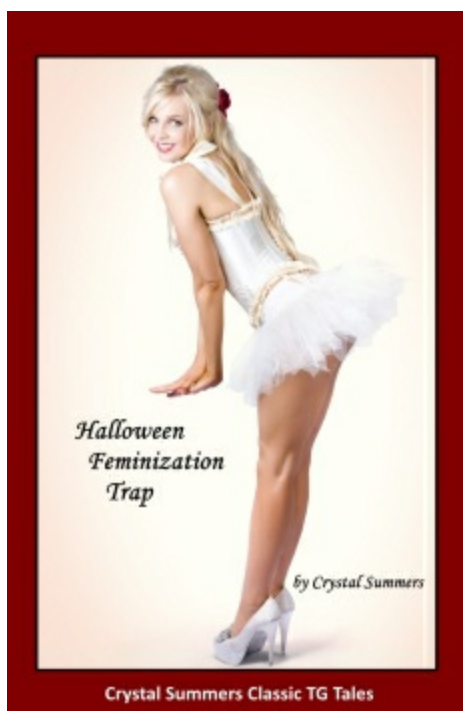


“Secret Sissy Game”

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

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

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