

*Frat House
Feminization Revenge*

by Crystal Summers



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Epilogue

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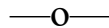
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Chapter 1: “The Big Mistake”

Jessie Carter was excited. She was an awkward girl with few friends and she never really fit in at school. She had never been invited to a party either. Thus, when she heard that the school’s most popular girl, Katie Gordon, and her boyfriend, Alpha Theta Chi President Carl Pierce, were planning a year end party at the ATC frat house, and that they intended to invite the entire senior class to attend, Jessie became very excited. This would be her first party and, for the first time, she felt like she might fit in.

Yet, it wasn’t going to happen.

As Jessie was about to discover, the actual invite was much more selective than rumor had it. What’s more, she was about to learn this in a very cruel and publicly humiliating way. But there would be a price to be paid for the humiliation inflicted upon her, and it would be a price paid in skirts and high heels... and more.



As mentioned, Jessie Carter was excited. At least, she had been excited only moments before. That had changed now. It changed because when Jessie found Katie Gordon to thank her for inviting everyone to the party, and Jessie thanked her, Jessie didn’t get the response she had expected from Katie. To the contrary, no sooner had the words of gratitude left her mouth than Katie began laughing cynically. That was when Jessie first realized that something was wrong... very wrong.

“Where did you hear *that*?” asked Katie mockingly.

“Everyone’s talking about it,” said Jessie sheepishly.

“‘Everyone’? I doubt that. It sounds like you have an overactive imagination.” Katie paused and looked Jessie up and down. She shook her head. “Seriously, why would we invite a bunch of losers to the best party of the year?”

Jessie mouthed the word, “losers,” but no sound accompanied it.

“Yes, *losers*. Nobody wants them at the party. And that includes you, *Toad*,” said Katie.

A tear rolled down Jessie’s face. “Toad” had become the derogatory nickname for Jessie ever since she brought a pet frog to class one day. She

hated it. Even worse, she hated being called a loser. Just because she wasn't popular with the other students didn't make her a loser!

"I'm not a loser!" she protested.

"Yes, you are, *Toad*. And you aren't coming to the party."

"But—"

"No!" exclaimed Katie. "You can't come! Why? Because you're a loser. And because I don't like you." Katie now spoke loudly enough that the other students in the hallway all stopped and gathered around to watch her tear into Jessie.

"Why do you treat me this way? I've never done anything to you!" said Jessie, who was stunned not only to discover that her dream of attending the party had been completely shattered, but also to find herself blasted by Katie so cruelly. This was humiliating.

"Why?! Because you're a loser. And because I don't like you. It's that simple. I get to decide who comes and who doesn't and I don't like you, so you aren't coming. See how easy that is?" asked Katie rhetorically.

Jessie felt crestfallen. She had wanted to go to the party so badly, but that wouldn't happen now and that made her sad.

Meanwhile, Katie continued her assault: "So why don't you crawl back to wherever you came from and stop pretending that you can fit in with normal people, because you can't, you fake little witch wannabe."

"I'm not a witch wannabe!" blurted out Katie defensively.

Katie snickered. "You sure act like it."

Another tear rolled down Jessie's face. When she first arrived at the school, she was bullied by Katie and her friends for the way she dressed; she typically dressed in heavy, dark, drab clothing. Rather than ignoring Katie, which she should have done, Jessie made the mistake of lashing out at Katie and her friends, and she did so by loudly proclaiming that she really was a witch and that she would get even with them using magic. This brought derisive giggles from all around. Even worse, word spread of what she'd said and no one would speak to her after that. Even the few students who had been kind to her before suddenly avoided her.

The irony, of course, was that Jessie really was a witch. Unfortunately, her mother forbade her from using her powers at school. Hence, she couldn't do anything to fix the problem she had caused. Moreover, her mother also forbade Jessie from telling anyone what she really was, so Jessie couldn't even explain the problem to her mother because her mother would punish her

for announcing that she was a witch! Thus, Jessie just had to bear the consequences of what she'd stupidly said. And that meant putting up with the derisive looks and turned backs from the other students, and the constant little humiliations from the popular students like Katie and her boyfriend and their friends.

Jessie snapped back to the moment as Katie slammed her locker shut.

"So don't come anywhere near the frat house, *witch*," said Katie and she turned and arrogantly strode off on her high-heeled designer wedges. Her gorgeous blonde hair swayed back and forth as she walked off.

The other students began to break up as well. They would tell everyone what they saw here and, within an hour, everyone would know how Katie had humiliated Jessie once more.

Jessie sighed and walked outside to wait for the bus. She felt sad and frustrated.

"I wish I'd never told them I was a witch," she mumbled to herself.

As she made her way to the bus, however, her sadness and frustration began to morph into anger. It wasn't that she was naturally angry, but as she passed student after student and each either ignored her completely or mocked her with their eyes, the humiliation and pent up frustration of being the outcast began to gnaw at her.

"Not one of them has ever been nice to me," she growled. This caused the students to steer clear of her, as they always did when she walked down the hallways talking to herself; a far-too-common occurrence.

She kept walking.

"Katie and her friends in particular have always been nasty to me."

She shot an evil glare at a young girl, who ducked into the mensroom just to escape her gaze. Strangely, that made her feel a little bit better.

"I have feelings too, but they don't care. None of them cares!" she mumbled.

Her lips curled into a snarl and a little drool escaped her mouth. She stopped right in the doorway and turned and looked back down the long hallway. Several students were watching her from a distance.

"Fine!" she proclaimed. "You want to humiliate me? Well, two can play that game! Let's see how you feel about this party when I get through with you, Katie Gordon and your little cabal!"

Jessie wiped away a tear and stormed off to the bus.

"I'm going to teach them all a lesson," she growled.

Two days later, Katie was busy planning *her* party; it was actually an Alpha Theta Chi party, but Katie had effectively taken over control of the party through her boyfriend, who was happy to let her. At this point, she still needed a theme, a caterer, and a few other odds and ends. Then she needed to pick out the perfect dress for herself. This would be her last party ever as a college student and she wanted to make such an amazing entrance that no one forgot it for the rest of their lives! This would be her crowning moment from college.

But things suddenly weren't going well... not well at all.

Katie glared at her boyfriend Carl. Was he serious? How could he be? He had to be joking, didn't he? What else could it be if not a joke? And as a joke, Katie could certainly say that she didn't like this, not one bit.

"That's not funny," said Katie coldly.

"I'm not trying to be funny. I'm serious," responded Carl.

Katie furrowed her brow and narrowed her eyes at her boyfriend. She shot him one of her famous disapproving looks. "This has to be a joke!"

"It's not."

"It better be!"

"It's not. I just think it would be fun," he said.

Katie looked deeply into his eyes. Carl seemed to genuinely like the idea, though she couldn't understand why. What she didn't know, however, was that something strange was happening deep within his mind. Specifically, while Carl proclaimed his love for this idea and how much he wanted to do it, he was simultaneously screaming within his own mind that this was not something he ever wanted to do. But he didn't seem able to say that or to stop himself from telling everyone how much he loved the idea. He'd even enthusiastically suggested the idea to his buddies, much to his personal horror. Now he told Katie and she was stunned.

"Fun?! No, it will not be fun!" she growled. "It will be humiliating. It will be humiliating for you and it will be humiliating for me. I can't believe you would even consider this stupid idea!"

"I love the idea and I want to do it."

"Forget it! You're not ruining *my* night!"

"Your night?" asked Carl curiously.

“Yes, *my night*, Carl. I’m spending close to ten thousand dollars on the perfect dress to pull this off, and I’m doing it because I want to build an amazing memory that sticks with me and everyone else in our class for the rest of our lives.” She stepped closer to her boyfriend and jammed her red fingernail into his chest. “I want every single one of them, for the rest of their lives, to remember the moment I walk into that room in my amazing designer dress. I want them to think back on that in years and say, ‘Katie was the most beautiful vision I have ever seen.’ That is why this will be *MY* night!”

She poked him again for emphasis.

“What I do not want,” she continued, “is for them to say, ‘Gee, do you remember that weirdo party where Katie’s boyfriend showed up in a dress? I wonder whatever happened to them.’ *That... will... not... happen!*” she growled. “Do you understand me, Carl?”

“I’m not talking about just me wearing a dress,” said Carl with a laugh. “I think we should all do it.”

“I understand that, Carl, but what did I just tell you that I wanted? I want to be the belle of the ball, Carl. I want to be the center of attention. I am not dressing as a man and giving all that up just so you can satisfy this sudden weirdo urge to cross dress. Seriously, Carl, I thought you were a real man, what is going on? Are you seriously a sissy?”

Carl recoiled. “No, I’m not a sissy! I just thought it would be fun.”

“Well, you’re the only one who thinks that!”

Carl shook his head gently. “Actually, that’s not true.”

Katie furrowed her brow even more sharply. “What are you talking about?”

“I thought the idea was so great that I called the other ATC brothers together and I told them about it—”

Katie’s jaw dropped. “You didn’t?!” she gasped.

“Sure, I did.”

“You mean to tell me that you mentioned this to other people?!” she demanded in an exasperated tone. “You mentioned this to other people before you cleared it with me?”

“Since when do I need to clear the things I do with you?”

Katie glared at her boyfriend. “Before you decide to humiliate yourself and me in the process, you damn well better get my approval if you want to remain my boyfriend, Carl!”

“What’s the big deal?” asked Carl with genuine surprise.

“What’s the big deal?! What’s the big deal?! The big deal is I don’t want people thinking my boyfriend is gay or a sissy!”

Carl snickered. “Nobody’s going to think I’m gay or a sissy. This is just for fun.”

Katie put her hands on her hips and glared at Carl. She shook her finger at her boyfriend: “If you show up at a costume party in women’s clothes, then everyone will think you’re gay... *everyone!* And if you look good dressed like a girl, then everyone will think you’re a sissy... *everyone!* And I don’t want anyone thinking I would ever date a sissy!”

“You’re being hypersensitive,” said Carl.

“I am not! You are the only person alive who thinks this is a good idea!”

“No, I’m not,” he said with a laugh. “Seriously, they all loved the idea.”

Katie froze. “‘They’? Who is ‘they’? Who loved the idea?”

“The ATC brothers and the other people I asked.”

Katie’s jaw dropped.

He continued. “I was like you. I thought that when I suggested it that they would all say, ‘heck no,’ but everyone I asked loved the idea. They all want to do it now,” said Carl.

Katie glared at her boyfriend. “Just exactly how many people did you contact?”

Carl shrugged his shoulders. “The football team... the wrestling team... the guys on student council. A couple more too. Everyone we invited, and they all said they thought it was the best idea they’d ever heard. So we agreed to do it.”

Katie crashed backwards into a chair. If he told all these boys this idea and if they truly wanted to do it, then it was too late to save the party. Carl had ruined her moment in the sun. Rather than being the shining star in her amazing dress, Katie would now be drably dressed as a male as her boyfriend sent signals to the world that he was secretly a sissy.

“It will be fun,” said Carl assuringly.

She wanted to cry.

“Can you believe it?” asked Katie indignantly into the phone. She had called her friend Penny to discuss what Carl had done. She hoped Penny might be able to suggest a way out. So far, however, Penny had remained strangely silent. It was starting to bother Katie.

Silence.

“Seriously, can you believe it?”

More silence.

Katie paused. “All right. What’s going on with the silence?” Katie finally asked.

“What do you mean?”

“You’re not talking. Why?”

Penny paused. “Why do you ask?”

Katie let out a cynical laugh. “Why?! Well, I told you that my boyfriend wants to wear women’s clothes to my party and he’s somehow convinced a bunch of the most macho guys at the school to join him in this prank. But so far, you don’t seem bothered by any of that. Does that explain why I asked?”

Penny remained silent for several seconds before softly replying, “I guess I just don’t see the problem.”

Katie’s jaw dropped. That was the last response she expected from Penny. Penny usually agreed with her no matter what, and she had never shown any interest in boys wearing dresses. Far from it, in fact, she liked her men to be very macho. So her not seeing a problem with this was the last thing Katie expected.

“You don’t see the problem. How can you not see the problem?!” asked Katie.

Penny shrugged her shoulders, though Katie couldn’t see this over the phone. “It just doesn’t seem like a problem to me. I think the guys will look cute dressed as girls and everyone will have a really good time.”

“You’re joking! You’re playing with me, right?”

“Um... no.”

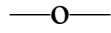
“So you honestly think having everyone cross dress will make this a good party?” asked Katie incredulously.

“Yeah, I do.”

“And you have no problems wearing pants to this party?”

“No, not really. It will be a nice change.”

Katie twisted her lip. “What is wrong with all my friends?”



Meanwhile, a few blocks away, Jessie was laughing. She had cast the spell perfectly and everything was starting to take effect; she saw evidence of it everywhere. By this time Friday, her revenge would be complete, and then Katie would learn never to anger a witch.

Chapter 2: “Things Get Weird(er)”

Katie examined the dress’s material and sighed. It was gorgeous. It wasn’t as nice as her own dress, but Tina still would have looked great in it. But now she wouldn’t. Because of this stupid idea Carl came up with, neither would be wearing a dress and that bothered Katie. Nor would their friend Ashley be wearing a dress. Ashley was the reason they were here at the dress shop right now. She was, much to Katie’s chagrin, buying a dress *for her boyfriend*.

“I can’t believe everyone wants to do this stupid cross-dressing party,” growled Katie.

Tina shrugged her shoulders and ran her fingers over the dress she had wanted to wear. “I don’t know, it seems like fun.”

“Fun?! Hardly. Fun is getting to buy an amazing dress. Fun is getting ready to be seen at the premier event of our college lives *in that dress*. Fun is spinning around the room *while wearing that dress* in the arms of your boyfriend, who just happens to be wearing an amazing tux, as everyone watches you jealously. That’s fun.”

“This will be fun too,” said Tina sheepishly.

Katie shot her an evil look. “There is nothing fun about watching boys pretending to be girls. There is nothing fun about wearing male clothes to a dance. And not just any dance, but the last dance we will ever have at this school. Do you know what that means?”

Tina started to speak, but Katie cut her off.

“It means that this is the last chance we will ever have to shine at a dance like this. They just don’t do dances like this after college. Think about that Tina. This is our last chance to be the belles of the ball and the boys have ruined it by wanting to play at being girls!”

Tina tried to look sympathetic, but she clearly didn’t share Katie’s problem with this turn of events. Katie was finding this everywhere she went and it was frustrating her. No matter who she spoke to, they all seemed enthusiastic about the cross-dressing party and none of them wanted to hold the party the regular way. At least the girls agreed to her proposal that the girls be allowed to wear lingerie and high heels beneath their male clothing; though that was a nearly pointless concession in Katie’s mind except that she would have felt naked without both.

“I think I found him something!” gushed Ashley as she emerged from a back room. She held up a silky emerald-green tea dress.

“Wow! That’s really feminine. Do you think Greg can carry it off?” asked Tina.

Katie rolled her eyes. “None of the boys will be able to carry off *any* dress.”

Ashley giggled nervously. “Of course they will.”

Katie put her hands on her hips. “No, they won’t. Most of these guys are athletes. They have strong, very male bodies. They have muscles and sharp curves. They have strong chins, wide shoulders, and hulking biceps. They are covered in hair from head to toe. They are what happens when the male body is subject to massive amounts of testosterone. Simply putting a body like that into a dress will not make it appear feminine in any way.”

Ashley shrugged her shoulders. “I don’t know. Greg looked pretty good when we tried on some dresses at my place.”

Tina’s jaw dropped. “You got Greg to try on dresses?”

“He insisted.”

Katie raised an eyebrow doubtfully. “If he insisted, then why isn’t he here finding something himself. Why did he send you?”

Ashley blushed. “I made him stay home. If he came along, it would have taken too long. You know Greg. He likes to see everything, to try everything on, and he debates it *endlessly*.”

“Are we talking about the same Greg?” asked Tina.

“Yeah, the Greg I know is super decisive,” added Katie.

“Maybe in some things, but when it comes to his clothes, he will take forever deciding between dresses. He wants everything to be perfect... and don’t even get him started on shoes!” said Ashley. “That boy has a serious shoe problem!”

“I don’t believe it,” said Katie in a stunned tone.

“He is a perfectionist, after all.”

“I guess he must be.”

“Anyway, that’s why he’s not here. If he was here, this would take forever and I’d just rather go buy what we need and leave... I’m not really into shopping,” said Ashley.

Katie raised an eyebrow. This didn’t sound like Ashley at all. Ashley typically loved to shop and could spend hours in a single store. There was no shopping experience that was too long for her. Katie almost questioned her

about this, but she became distracted before she could open her mouth.

“What the heck is that?” asked Katie.

“What?”

“That!” Katie pointed toward two males, wrestlers from the school and also invited guests, who were fluttering around a rack of dresses. Bizarrely, one wore a green sundress while the other wore a yellow a-line dress, and both wore five-inch heels. Both also had painted their nails and wore makeup. Even more bizarrely, they were holding hands and they were giggling.

“Oh, it’s Chad and Grey,” said Tina and she waved.

The boys saw her and waved back and blew her kisses.

“Look at how they’re dressed,” said Katie. “And they’re holding hands.”

“So?”

“Doesn’t that strike you as unusual?”

Ashley and Tina looked at each other and then both shook their heads.

“We used to hold hands sometimes when we shopped, remember,” said Tina. Ashley looked visibly uncomfortable at this reminder and she blushed.

Katie shook her head. “But we’re girls... they aren’t.”

Ashley and Tina again looked uncomfortably at each other and then both shrugged their shoulders.

Katie pursed her lips. “This isn’t right.”

At that point, Ashley and Tina walked off to another rack. Katie continued to watch the boys who acted like the silliest of little girls. There was something really wrong about this. That was obvious. Katie knew both boys and neither had ever shown a hint that they might be sissies. In fact, neither had ever even shown a hint of femininity. They were, in fact, cavemen as far as Katie was concerned. Yet, here they were, in public, prancing around a dress shop in dresses and high heels, touching each other and giggling like schoolgirls.

“This is all too strange,” she told herself.

It was about to get even stranger.

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The following day, Katie found herself standing in the hallway between classes staring in amazement at what was happening. Almost every boy who

had been invited to the party seemed to be wearing some article of women's clothing. Some even went so far as to be decked out entirely in women's clothes from head to toe. And these weren't just things like a random woman's t-shirt. No. These boys wore skirts, dresses, stockings, high heels of all styles and heights, lingerie and makeup. Several carried purses. Some even had their hair done in feminine styles.

What's more, they were acting like women by showing off what they wore, by hugging each other, holding hands and kissing each other on the cheek, by walking in feminine styles, and by standing in feminine poses.

It was bizarre.

Naturally, they were attracting quite an audience of "normal" students, who were getting a kick out of watching the school's self-described elite make fools of themselves. Oddly, the party students seemed oblivious to how the other students were mocking them. Some even seemed to revel in it.

"This is shocking!" exclaimed Katie in horror. "We're never going to live this down."

"Live what down?" asked Ashley.

Katie waved her hand toward the cross-dressed boys. "You don't see it?"

"See what?"

"All the boys in women's clothes."

"What about them?"

Katie furrowed her brow. "Are you kidding? You really don't see it?"

"I don't understand."

Katie looked at Ashley. She genuinely didn't seem to understand the point Katie was making. This, along with her other strange behavior, had begun to confuse Katie. In fact, one of the strangest things she noticed this morning, was that Ashley was wearing pants... *pants!* In all the time Katie had known Ashley, she had never once worn pants. It just wasn't something she did. Katie, on the other hand, dressed normally in a black and white striped blouse, a yellow miniskirt and very high-heeled neutral wedge sandals.

"Let me put it this way, Ashley. The party isn't until the weekend. Today is only Tuesday. Why would the boys start wearing girl's clothes *to school* today? In fact, why would they do it at all? Boys don't do that. They cringe when their masculinity is questioned... but not these boys. Oh no. They're all loving their new-found girly sides." She sighed. "And another

thing: why did they all apparently reach the same decision at the same time? That doesn't make any sense. Maybe one or two would do it to see what it felt like, but all of them? Never," said Katie.

"Maybe they like it," suggested Ashley.

Katie pivoted her shoulders to look Ashley directly in her big, brown doe eyes. "And you don't see anything strange about that?"

Ashley took a moment to consider. Then she smiled innocently. "No, not really," she said.

Katie twisted her lips. "Apparently, I'm the only sane person left on the planet."

"Oh look, there's Brad! He looks so cute!" gushed Ashley and she ran off.

Katie shook her head again.

"Looks like you're going to have an interesting party," said a voice behind Katie, which Katie knew immediately belonged to Jessie Carter. Carter let out an evil laugh. "Very interesting indeed."

"What do you want, Toad?" growled Katie.

"Nothing... nothing at all. I'm just enjoying watching everyone get ready for your party. You picked an interesting theme... if you're into that sort of thing," said Jessie, causing Katie to blush deeply with embarrassment.

Katie had no retort.

"It looks like lots of other people are enjoying it too," added Jessie as she pointed to several of the students who had not been invited to the party, who were now pointing and giggling at the displays of Katie's party guests.

Katie felt a deep sense of shame and she started to storm off in a huff.

"Just wait, it will get better!" called Jessie ominously after her. "I can promise you that."

Katie froze. She turned around and returned to Jessie.

"What are you saying? Are you saying you're behind this somehow?!" demanded Katie.

Jessie smiled. "How would I be behind this?"

Katie blushed. She realized that the suggestion sounded paranoid and silly. It also told Jessie just how much this bothered Katie. Hence, once again, Katie had embarrassed herself, so she spun around again and again started to storm off.

"Maybe I cast a magic spell," called Jessie after her.

"There's no such thing!" growled Katie over her shoulder.

“Then I guess all your friends just like cross dressing!”

Katie shuddered and picked up speed. She wanted to get away from Jessie. A moment later, she turned the corner to escape the main hallway and ran straight into Carl, her boyfriend.

—o—

Katie’s jaw dropped. “What are you doing?” she exclaimed and she grabbed her boyfriend and shoved him behind a bay of lockers. She looked Carl up and down, from his painted toenails sticking out the open-toes of his dark blue high-heeled sandals to his white hotpants to his white dress shirt, which he had tied in a large knot at the belly, and she felt intensely sick.

“Well, hello to you too,” said Carl. He smiled.

“Why are you dressed that way?!”

Carl shrugged his shoulders. “I dunno. It seemed like a nice choice.”

“A nice choice?! A nice choice?!” growled Katie. “No, it is not a nice choice. It’s a horrible choice and I won’t allow it!”

“Should I have worn different shoes?” he asked.

“No! You should not have worn different shoes! You shouldn’t have worn any of this!”

Carl looked confused. “So the shoes are good—”

“Why are you wearing women’s clothes, Carl? What were you thinking?!”

“Well—”

She cut him off. “No boyfriend of mine is going to walk around school dressed like a sissy!”

Carl looked down at his clothes and checked out his long, red fingernails. “A sissy?” he repeated in a confused tone.

“Go home *now*, Carl, and take off those clothes immediately!” she commanded.

Just then two other students walked by. They had not been invited to the party. When they saw Carl and Katie, they both began to snicker.

“Nice outfit, Carla!” said the one student.

“Thanks!” replied Carl, which caused Katie to blush bright red with shame.

“You two look great together,” said the other.

“We’ll leave you two girls to your fun,” said the first student.

“Ta ta, *girls!*” said the second and he made a kissing noise.

Katie’s face burned red. The idea of letting two students speak to her like that was just anathema to her, but right now she had no way to fight back. Indeed, it just wasn’t possible to defend herself with her boyfriend dressed the way he was. She turned on him angrily and jammed her pointer finger into his chest.

“I will not have you embarrassing me,” growled Katie. “Now go home and change.”

“Into what?”

“Into something manly!”

Carl looked temporarily confused. “I don’t understand.”

Katie put her hands on her hips and glared at her boyfriend, whom she assumed was just being difficult for some unknown reason. “Fine, I’ll spell it out for you,” she said angrily.

Carl smiled. “Ok.”

“Go back to your house,” said Katie, “and take an outfit of male clothes from your closet and put those on instead.”

Carl scratched his chin and bit his lip. “I’m not trying to be difficult, but I don’t get it. What do you mean a male outfit?”

Katie glared at him. “Fine, I’ll dumb it down for you. Take off the heels, the shorts and the panties you are no doubt wearing—”

“But if I take off the heels, then I’ll be too short.”

“Carl, you’re over six feet tall.”

“Not without my heels I’m not.”

“Take them off,” she hissed under her breath. Then put on some closed shoes that don’t show your toes or your heels or your instep. Replace the hotpants with walking shorts. Replace the dress shirt with one of your many t-shirts with a rock band logo on it. Got it?”

“Oh, ok,” said Carl and he happily turned on his heels and skipped down the hallway.

Katie could not believe her eyes. He actually skipped. She wouldn’t believe her eyes either when he returned to school in a white shirt with a boy band on it, a pair of hot pink walking shorts, and simple black pumps. Moreover, his nails were still painted and he wore makeup. That would be the final straw for her on this day.

In the meantime, however, as Katie watched Carl bound off down the hallway toward his apartment, she heard a loud noise behind her. It was

Coach Maze, the football coach. Coach Maze was old school and did not allow any “sissy stuff” on his team. This was going to be interesting.

“Coach Maze will put an end to this,” thought Katie.

“Just what in the hell is going on?!” demanded Coach Maze.

“Hi coach,” called out several of the boys.

“What in the name of all that is holy are you wearing? Did you all go gay overnight? You all look like sissies! Are you trying out to be cheerleaders?” he growled at the boys, who now gathered around him in the main hallway. Katie drifted closer to see what happened.

“What’s wrong, Coach?” asked Quarterback Tommy Lane, who wore a bright yellow romper and high-heeled wedge sandals that had an espadrille base and a bright yellow canvas tops.

Maze looked like he would explode. “What’s wrong? What do you think is wrong?!”

As he said this, the football players all looked at each other and began shrugging their shoulders. Meanwhile, a group of other students had gathered around and were laughing at the exchange.

Maze rubbed the side of his head. “We have our final game against North City this weekend. If we win, then we make the playoffs for the first time in decades. So tell me why you aren’t in the weight room or studying the playbook. Tell me why I instead find half the team dressed like sissies, prancing up and down the hallway in girly dresses and high heels! Why is that, Lane?”

Tommy scratched his head. He wasn’t quite sure what the problem was, but he knew the answer. “Don’t worry, Coach! We’ll be ready!”

Maze ground his teeth. “You’re not filling me with confidence, Lane. Not at all.”

“We’ll be ready, Coach,” said several of the other football players.

The Coach looked around at the feminized boys. “That would be easier to believe if you didn’t all look like cheerleaders!” He ground his teeth as he looked at each boy. “I will never know what is wrong with this generation.” He shook his head. “All right. Practice is at three. You will all be in uniform. None of you will be wearing anything feminine, and I don’t want to hear anything about you wearing anything feminine. Understood?!”

The players looked at each other and slowly nodded their heads.

The Coach took a moment to decide if he could trust this. “I guess I can,” he finally told himself. He started to walk off. “No dresses, no heels,

no makeup... none of that crap!" he called over his shoulder. "I want *men* on the field, real men, not sissies and half-women."

With the Coach having put his foot down, Katie expected that things would now change, and they did... only, not in the direction she expected. Rather than going back to normal, by the following morning, every boy invited to the party was instead dressing entirely in women's clothes. And every girl invited had started wearing pants. The boys also seemed to be getting less extroverted too, while the girls were becoming increasingly more aggressive.

Only Katie remained normal.

"I don't understand any of this," said Katie.

She couldn't wait for the party to be over so things could return to normal.

Chapter 3: “Gender Revenge At The Party”

It was the night of the party and Katie was bitter. She felt so bitter in fact that she wouldn't have gone to the party at all if she hadn't been responsible for it. Not only had everyone been acting so strangely throughout the week, making her party into a mockery, but her boyfriend Carl was embarrassing her beyond the breaking point. He was acting full-on like a sissy now. He even bought a bunch of women's clothes just so he could wear them throughout the week. She felt utterly humiliated, and she knew it would be even worse at the party.

The worst part, however – the thing that truly outraged her – was that she wouldn't get to wear the awesome Kordior dress she had bought specially for the party. Instead, she was stuck wearing a man's business suit. Granted, it was metallic blue and very stylish, but to Katie, it was still drab and disappointing. At least the other girls had agreed to allow two concessions to their femininity: lingerie and high heels. That helped too, but it wasn't enough.

“I hate this,” grumbled Katie. She sipped her fruity drink and admired her own jewel-encrusted sandals.

“Hate what?” asked Katie's best friend Ashley. She held a beer can.

“This whole party. It's not at all what I wanted.”

“Everyone seems to be having a good time,” said Ashley.

Katie rolled her eyes. “That's not my point,” she said coldly. Then she noticed what Ashley was holding. “What are you holding?”

“A beer.”

“I see that. But since when do you drink beer? And when have you *ever* drunk out of a can?”

“What's wrong with beer?”

Katie shook her head. Ashley was the most feminine girl she knew. That's what she liked about Ashley. She reveled in silks and lace and high heels and makeup and fashion magazines and everything Katie loved. She was incredibly well-mannered and delicate in her sensibilities. She didn't watch sports. She didn't care about cars or working out. And she didn't drink beer... and she would never, *ever* drink out of a can. It just wasn't something a lady did.

“So now you like beer out of the can?” asked Katie doubtfully.

“Sure,” said Ashley and she brought the can up to her lips, tipped it back and drained it. Then she belched.

Ashley giggled. “Excuse me!” she said.

Katie’s jaw dropped. This wasn’t the girl she knew, not in any way. She couldn’t act this boyish if she wanted. Heck, even if she was playing the role of a boy in a play in acting class, she still wouldn’t be able to act this boyish. Something was seriously wrong here. But what was it? Why was everyone acting so strangely?

Katie grabbed Ashley by the shoulders. “Ashley. Something is wrong! Don’t you see it?”

Ashley rolled her eyes. “Give it up, Katie. You’ve been going on about this all week. There’s nothing wrong.” She paused. “Look, I get that you wanted to wear some dress to the party, but that’s all this is. You’re upset about that and you’re projecting it on everyone else. Everyone else is just having a good time. They are acting perfectly normally.”

Katie glared at her best friend. “I am not!”

“You need to get over this, Katie,” said Ashley. She took Katie’s fruity drink from her hand and set it down on a nearby bookshelf. “Now why don’t you go get yourself a real drink. Then go ask one of the boys to dance.” She pointed toward a group of boys who had clustered in one corner of the room. They stood together talking softly and swaying gently to the music. Several were holding hands.

Katie stared at them for a moment. “Nothing about that scene bothers you?”

Ashley rolled her eyes. “Why would it?”

“Ashley, those are football players. They’re the toughest, most aggressive boys in school. Look at them now though!”

“They look normal to me.”

“Normal?! Apart from the fact they’re all wearing dresses and walking expertly in high heels, apart from the fact each clearly spent a fortune getting their hair and makeup done, look at how they’re acting. They’re standing around demurely and in feminine poses. They’re timid. Several of them are holding hands. I even saw several of them hug each other earlier!”

Ashley exhaled loudly. “So what?”

“It’s not normal!”

Ashley shook her head. “You need to get help, dude,” said Ashley and she walked back over to the bar to get another beer.

“Dude?! Did she call me a ‘dude’? What is going on?”

A moment later, Katie watched as another girl approached the group of football players. While the boys were huddled in three groups placed at different corners of the room, the girls stood in groups of two and three spread around the room. This girl, Melanie Cotton, was an accounting major. Normally, she was shy and somewhat of a bookworm. Today, however, she seemed to move around the room with her chest puffed out. She looked sharp and aggressive too in a dark gray three piece suit without the jacket. Her hair was pulled back in a pony tail.

“Hey boys,” said Melanie as she approached.

The boys blushed and several responded with polite greetings. “Hi Melanie.”

“So who wants to dance with me?”

The boys blushed even deeper. Katie couldn’t believe this. These guys were never submissive when it came to girls, and Melanie had never been this aggressive in her life. It could possibly be that the boys were just ashamed of what they wore and Melanie somehow felt empowered by that, but it seemed unlikely. This seemed to be too extreme a change for that just to be the case.

“How about you, cutie?” asked Melanie and, without waiting for a response, she grabbed running back Ty Mitchell’s hand and pulled him to the dance floor. He stumbled along behind her in his heels. Though, it wasn’t lack of balance that caused him to stumble; it was that Melanie walked too fast for him.

Katie assumed this had to be because Ty wore very high spike heels whereas Melanie wore flat, male shoes. But when they reached the open space that had been designated as the dance floor, she suddenly realized this wasn’t the case at all. Ty did indeed wear spike-heeled sandals with probably a five-inch heel, but he was quite graceful in them. Melanie, however, also wore heels, the one concession the girls allowed.

“If Melanie is wearing heels and Ty is so graceful, then how can she have such a longer stride? After all, Ty is a lot bigger than she is,” thought Katie.

She looked again.

Then it struck her.

“Oh my God!” she gasped. “They’re the same height!”

Katie’s eyes shot all around the room. It shocked her to discover that

everywhere she looked, every single boy seemed smaller than normal. It was as if they had all shrunk twenty percent. And not only were they shorter, but their entire bodies were smaller and appeared less muscular!

“How can no one else notice this?!”

Before Katie could react or even think another thought, the front door burst open. Standing in the doorway was Coach Maze. He looked angry.

“What in the hell is going on here?!” screamed the Coach.

“It’s Coach Maze,” went the whispers all around the room. Each of the football players seemed to disappear behind other boys or the girls they were with. They seemed terrified.

The Coach moved to the center of the room. “Our last game is tomorrow!” he yelled. “This is no time to party and carry on. You need to be studying the playbook and getting a good night’s sleep, not throwing a party!”

“But Coach, we’re ready,” said Quarterback Tommy Lane. He wore a little black dress and killer high-heeled sandals. His legs were amazing.

The Coach looked at Lane. He froze. Something inside him seemed to be struggling, and he looked like he was getting ready to explode. This terrified the football players even more and froze everyone else around the room. Everyone waited to see what would happen next... all except Katie.

Katie knew exactly what was coming. She knew that the Coach now had long enough for his mind to process what he was seeing. Not only were his players dressed as women, but they were acting like women too. And no doubt, he noticed too that they seemed a good deal smaller and more feminine than they should have been. He couldn’t help but notice that! So she waited with a smile on her face to be proven right; she waited for the Coach to start screaming at the boys that they need to start acting like men again. Then the others would see what she had been saying all week.

“I simply do not believe my eyes,” started Coach Maze.

“What’s wrong, Coach?” asked Lane.

The Coach looked down at Lane’s high-heeled sandals, with all their crossing leather straps which formed an infinity symbol on top of his foot.

Katie smiled broadly. “Here it comes!” she said gloatingly.

“Those are absolutely amazing shoes, Tommy!” blurted out the Coach.

Katie’s jaw dropped. “What?!”

The Coach looked at his best wide receiver next. “That’s an incredible dress, Eric!”

The football players all smiled and started to swarm around their Coach.

“You’re all amazing!” said the Coach.

Then, as Katie watched, the boys took their Coach by the hand and slowly walked off down the hallway with him toward the bedrooms. Katie was too stunned to follow to find out what happened next.

“What the hell just happened?” asked Katie a moment later, when she regained her senses.

“That was sweet,” said Ashley, who had returned with another beer.

Katie turned to Ashley and grabbed her shoulders. “Ashley, you’ve got to see what’s going on!” she said desperately.

“Oh, give it up,” said Ashley angrily and she downed the beer in her hand.

Before either could speak again, they heard a girl from their economics class yell, “Wet t-shirt contest!”

Immediately, the girls all began cheering and pumping their fists in the air. Most held beers in those hands.

“A wet t-shirt contest? At a party like this? No!” exclaimed Katie.

But it was too late. The girl from the economics class had opened the glass door to the patio in the backyard. Most of the other girls were already streaming outside with their boyfriends to where two other girls had cleared away the chairs to form an impromptu stage. A third girl had found a bucket and was filling it with water from a faucet as another girl found a soaker.

“Come on, let’s go watch!” said Ashley.

“Really? Are you serious? Aren’t you the one who always told me that wet t-shirt contests are demeaning and sexist and that you have no interest in seeing another woman’s wet breasts anyways?”

Ashley laughed. “Lighten up, Katie. Everyone is just having fun.”

Katie couldn’t believe this was her demure, ultra-feminine friend who now took her by the hand and marched her out to the patio to watch a sexy wet t-shirt contest... a contest that had no place at a party where everyone was dressed in suits and designer dresses.

“What in the world is happening?” asked Katie to herself.

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When Katie and Ashley reached the make-shift stage, Katie was in for

another shock. By this point, she probably shouldn't have been, but these changes were so dramatic that they still shocked her. What shocked her this time was the discovery that it wasn't the girls who were standing on the stage waiting to be watered down... it was the boys. What's more, they seemed to genuinely have breasts!

"Oh my God!" gasped Katie.

"I know. Hot, right?" asked Ashley.

There, on the stage, were nine boys total. Two still wore the skin-tight bandage dresses they wore to the party. One was hot pink and the other a royal blue. Both had enormous breasts with enlarged nipples sticking up prominently. Two other boys wore what appeared to be silky tank tops, which had been part of their dresses. The other five boys had stripped off their dresses and now pranced around the stage in panties, bras and heels. They too had large breasts with prominent nipples.

The girls cheered.

"How can this be?" asked Katie.

The boys started dancing and shaking their butts and jiggling their breasts.

The girls cheered even louder.

Katie looked around. "How can no one else notice what's going on?"

A moment later, the girl with the bucket appeared at the stage area. She walked back and forth before the boys holding the bucket over her head. After she walked across the stage twice, she set the bucket down and pulled out the soaker which had been floating in the bucket, taking in water. She held it up.

The girls cheered.

Even the boys in the audience were excited. They were jumping up and down and clapping.

The girl with the soaker walked up to the first boy. He wore a silver mesh tank top. She pointed the soaker at his chest and started spraying. As she did, he placed his hands on either side of his breasts and squeezed them toward the spray. Water shot from the soaker and covered his breasts. It was cold and that caused his large nipples to shoot straight up beneath his top. She kept spraying until the silky material of his top clung to his breasts and his nipples showed right through.

Everyone cheered.

Katie's jaw dropped. There was no doubt that this boy, a wrestler, had

real breasts. Not only that, but they were the kind of breasts that any woman would have killed to have. Katie couldn't believe her eyes.

But that wasn't even the biggest shock.

As Katie looked around the crowd at the reaction of the girls and boys watching the contest, she noticed that many of the girls had lowered their hands to their crotches and were massaging bulges down there. Other girls too had bulges, many of which looked suspiciously like erections!

"This is insane!" said Katie.

When Katie then looked to her left, she saw something even stranger. One of the boys had pulled an enormous penis out of his girlfriend's pants and he was trying hard to jerk her off without drawing attention to what he was doing.

"Oh my God!" gasped Katie.

Meanwhile, on stage, two of the boys began dancing together, rubbing their wet breasts together. After rubbing together nipple to nipple, they wrapped their arms around each other and started kissing. Then they both felt up each other's breasts. She looked down. Both had erections, but they were tiny.

Suddenly, Katie felt something truly strange. Her pussy began to tingle. Then it felt like it was filling with something. At first she thought she had peed herself, but she hadn't. As it kept filling, it felt like it was unfolding and becoming rigid. An instant later, she felt the skin "peel back" for lack of a better word and her pussy began pushing hard against her panties.

She gasped... she knew what this meant!

"Oh God! I've got a dick! Now it's happening to me!"

Katie turned and raced back inside. She was determined to leave the house before anything worse happened to her. As she raced to the front door, however, her boyfriend Carl appeared before her. Carl wore a tiny dress which stopped right in the middle of his thighs. The dress was dark red and it was held up by spaghetti straps. Beneath the straps, Carl sported D-cup breasts. They were real and they were held up by a push-up bra. His long, blonde hair fell about his face and shoulders to the middle of his back. His makeup and nails were perfect. On his feet, Carl wore five-inch high-heeled sandals with three thick straps across his feet and no ankle support.

"Where are you going, Katie?" asked Carl in a soft little voice.

Katie looked down at her tiny boyfriend. He must have been only five foot two inches tall and he had a nearly perfect feminine shape.

“I need to get out of here,” she said.

Carl giggled. “Are you sure?” he asked and he reached out and ran his nails over Katie’s crotch, causing her “pussy” to begin throbbing.

The moment Carl touched her pussy, Katie froze. She knew she needed to leave the house immediately, but she suddenly no longer wanted to. Instead, she now wanted her feminized boyfriend to play with her new parts.

Carl sensed this.

“Let me see if I can help convince you to stay,” said Carl.

Katie tried to run to the door, but she couldn’t move.

Carl slowly dropped to his knees. He reached out and unzipped Katie’s zipper and pulled her pants to her ankles. He pulled down her panties too, which barely contained her erection. As the panties slowly dropped down her legs, her “pussy” came into view. It was no longer a pussy, as she had expected. Instead, she now had a large penis with large balls to match.

“I’m a freak!” she thought.

Katie began to cry, though her crying stopped a second later as Carl slipped her penis between his pouty lips and began sucking. Katie couldn’t believe how amazing it felt to have her tiny, feminized boyfriend sucking her enormous erection. She grabbed his head and pushed more of her erection deeper into his mouth.

Carl tried to pull away, but couldn’t because he was too small.

From his perspective, this was the ultimate nightmare this night. All week, he had found himself acting increasingly girlish and he couldn’t understand it. Nor could he understand why he couldn’t stop himself. It was humiliating, but he just couldn’t stop. Then the party came and he found himself in such a strange world that he almost believed he was dreaming. All of his friends were dressed like and acted like women, and their girlfriends were strong and dominant. Soon, he began to notice the other changes. He felt himself shrinking little by little until he realized that he and the other boys were much smaller than any of the girls. Then the other changes began. His penis shrank until it was no larger than a peanut. His breasts grew. His nipples became large and enlarged. And he developed a strong desire to suck on a penis.

“I don’t want to be a girl!” he whined to himself and he tried to escape, but he couldn’t.

In fact, every time he got near the door, some girl grabbed him and

played with him, before releasing him back in the middle of the room. This time it was Katie. And the moment he saw her, he felt absolutely compelled to drop to his knees and to suck her penis, something that repulsed him so much... but he couldn't help himself.

So Carl slipped her penis into his mouth and he sucked.

... and he sucked.

... and he sucked.

After a few minutes, Katie felt her penis throbbing in rhythm. She wasn't sure, but she had a good idea what this meant. She thought about warning Carl, but then decided not to. After all, he'd done the same to her. Thus, instead, she pulled back her hips and lunged forward a second later.

Carl felt hot cum shoot out of Katie's penis into his mouth. His mouth was covered. Then he felt her yank her penis from his mouth before it shot off again. This time, he felt hot cum cover his face. He wanted to scream, but instead realized that his tongue was now busy cleaning it off and tickling the head of Katie's penis.

"That was incredible!" gasped Katie.

She looked down at her tiny feminize boyfriend, covered in her cum and she laughed. This made him feel even smaller. She wanted to do it again and again. She wanted to fill every part of him with her seed... and he would have no choice but to let her.

A moment later, however, her head cleared.

"I need to get out of here!" she said.

Katie pulled up her pants and zipped them. She pulled Carl to his feet and started marching him toward the door. Behind them, the girls were disappearing to the bedrooms with their boys in tow; each was about to discover how sex felt from the opposite perspective. Ahead of her was clear sailing to the exit and safety. A moment later, they were at the front door. She grabbed the handle, turned it, and pulled the door open.

A person stood there.

On the other side of the door stood Jessie Carter. She held a camera. She took one look at the unhappy couple and she started laughing. "How precious!" she said with an enormous grin.

"This is all your fault!" growled Katie.

"Me?"

"You cast a spell on us!"

"I thought you didn't believe in magic?" said Jessie.

“What else could it be? You did this! It’s your fault!”

Jessie smiled. “Yes, yes it is.”

“So have you come to gloat? Is that it?”

“Something like that,” said Jessie and she patted the camera that hung around her neck. “I just want a little something to remember the night by.”

“Well, I’m done with it and I’m done with you! Get out of my way.”

Jessie raised an eyebrow. “I wouldn’t try to leave if I were you.”

“I am leaving and you can’t stop me!”

“Oh, I won’t try to stop you. But seriously, Katie, I wouldn’t try to leave if I were you. If you stick around, then everything will go back to normal. But if you don’t, then you’ll be stuck the way you are.”

Katie let out a cynical laugh. “Like I would trust you, *Toad!* Now get out of my way!”

Jessie shook her head and she snickered. “Fine,” she said and she stepped aside. “You’ve been warned.”

Katie, dragging the hapless, tiny, feminized Carl behind her, left the house.

Epilogue

It was a party no one would soon forget, though many wished they could. The students who weren't invited would never forget seeing the popular kids make fools of themselves the week before the party. They also enjoyed the embarrassed looks and much more timid attitudes of the former self-appointed kings and queens of the school for the rest of the year. It seemed a real power shift had taken place within the student body and they weren't going to give that power back.

Jessie too would never forget. She felt vindicated.

The students who attended the party would never forget either. In the morning, they were relieved to discover that they had changed back physically into who they had been before the spell changed them. They did, however, retain full memories of what had happened to them, what they did when they were changed, and what all their friends did as well. Those humiliating memories would stick with them.

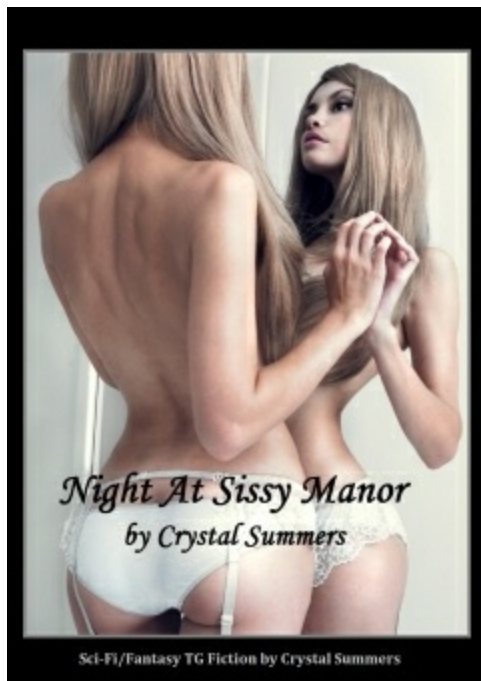
Two students, however, were not so fortunate. Shortly after Katie and Carl left the party, each of the people remaining at the party fell asleep. That's when they changed back. Hence, when they awoke in the morning, they found themselves still cross dressed and in some compromising positions, but physically, they were normal. But Katie and Carl had left the party before that portion of the spell kicked in and they missed the part of the spell which undid all the change. Thus, when they awoke in the morning in Katie's bedroom, Carl was still a feminized creature with large breasts, a peanut-sized penis and a desire to suck Katie's penis. Katie, while appearing to be a normal woman to the outside world, still had an enormous penis and balls between her legs.

And that is how they would stay.

The End

Here Are Some Of My Other Science Fiction/Fantasy TG Books

Here are some of my science fiction and fantasy feminization stories. 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!



“Night At Sissy Manor”

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

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

humiliation and more!

For Mature Audiences Only



“Sissifying Her Rival” (Part One: Captured)

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

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

For Mature Audiences Only

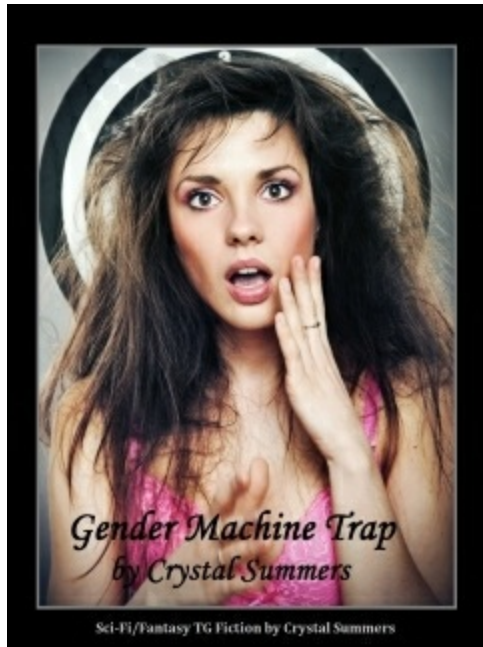


“Sissifying Her Rival” (Part Two: Turning Tables)

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

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

For Mature Audiences Only



“Gender Potion Mix-Up”

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

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

For Mature Audiences Only



“Sissy Side-Effects”

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

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

For Mature Audiences Only



“Feminized And At Her Mercy”

Doug Handler was playing a dangerous game. Doug planned to use a revolutionary new DNA altering process invented by his own firm to spy on his girlfriend. He intended to turn himself into a woman so he could spend the weekend with her, without her knowing, so he could see if she was fooling around. Unfortunately for Doug, things go wrong with the transformation and he soon finds himself at the mercy of his assistant Julie. Can he save himself and return to being a man?

“Feminized At Her Mercy” is a cautionary tale of a powerful businessman who trusts the wrong woman. This 9,000 word story includes partial gender transformation by science, breast growth, a shrinking penis, female domination, spanking, erotic humiliation, and more!

For Mature Audiences Only

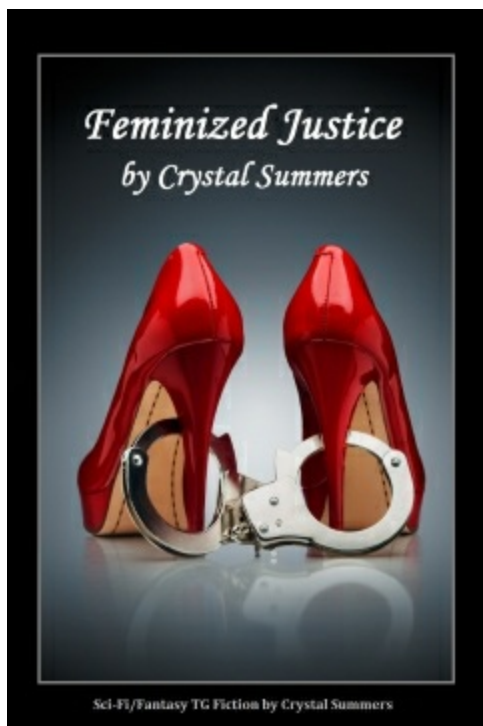


“His Ex-Wife’s Revenge”

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

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

For Mature Audiences Only



“Feminized Justice”

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

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

For Mature Audiences Only



“Feminized Hypnotic Revenge”

Todd Wilson believed the world revolved around him. But things start to go really wrong for Todd, when he angers a master hypnotist. Not only does Todd develop a strong desire to feminize himself, but his submissive wife suddenly becomes very dominant and very interested in seeing him feminized. What’s more, he learns that he can’t resist any order she gives. Can he free himself and save his masculinity before his wife feminizes him completely?

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

For Mature Audiences Only