

# *Gender Machine Trap*



*by Crystal Summers*

**Sci-Fi/Fantasy TG Fiction by Crystal Summers**

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# **Gender Machine Trap**

## **Part 1 & Part 2 & Part 3**

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**by Crystal Summers**

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**PART ONE**  
**Unexpected Changes**

## Chapter 1: “The Procedure Goes Wrong”

David eyed the machine suspiciously. He wasn't sure about this. These Genetic Repair Machines were all the rage, but were they really safe? The news report David saw said they were. In fact, the reporter was quite enthusiastic:

“Now we can cure any disease or any defect at its source. Do you have a problem with your kidneys or your heart or your liver? Not anymore. Science has the answer. In the space of a few hours, doctors can solve all your problems by re-writing your genetic code.

Plastic surgeons have gotten into the game too. Do you want to be taller or increase the size of your breasts ladies. . . or your penis if you're a gent? How about thicker hair, broader shoulders or even different color eyes? Now science can remake you from head to toe, all by reprogramming your DNA. And it's all perfectly safe. . . foolproof.”

The reporter then went on to have a facelift done for the segment and the results were absolutely stunning.

Still, nothing was truly foolproof and the more people claimed it was, the more likely they were to be wrong. At least, that's what David thought. To David, this all sounded too good to be true and he wanted some assurance.

“Are you *sure* this is safe?” asked David.

“Of course,” said Doctor Hamilton, who would perform the procedure. Hamilton was tall, dark, and handsome with great teeth and great hair. . . perhaps, a little too great. Indeed, David was fairly certain Hamilton had been giving himself treatments with his own machine.

“I mean *really* safe, as in no danger,” added David.

Hamilton spoke without looking up from the notes he was writing: “Absolutely. We rewrite your genetic code. This machine changes your genes at the base level and your body does the rest. It's an automatic body process. We can remake you as whatever we program into the machine. The procedure is flawless. We have total control. It's absolutely safe.”

David wasn't so sure however. He'd heard a lot of horror stories about these machines. He'd heard they weren't as reliable as advertised and he'd heard stories of people doing damage to their genes, making themselves sick, or doing bad things to their bodies that couldn't be fixed. Maybe those were just urban legends, but those stories were enough to make him nervous. In fact, he had enough doubts that he never would have done this on his own if his wife Tina hadn't insisted that he revitalize himself before they went on vacation. She said he needed it, but the process scared him. So here he sat, unsure if he wanted to proceed or not. Of course, it didn't help either that Tina had brought him to the very man with whom she had had the affair a few years back: Doctor Henry Hamilton.

"It is safe," repeated Hamilton.

"But what if you rewrite it the wrong way?" asked David. He saw his wife scowl at him out of the corner of his eye as he asked this. She had made it abundantly clear that she saw the procedure as safe and that she didn't want to hear any more objections from David. The fact he was shooting nervous questions at the doctor obviously annoyed her and he could tell that she wanted him to shut up and agree to the procedure already. But he still wasn't convinced. "I mean, you *could* make a mistake, right?"

Hamilton laughed dismissively. "You've been reading too much on the internet."

David folded his arms. "As a matter of fact, I have, and what I've read worries me. I've read a lot of bad things."

"All false," said Hamilton. "We have total control and there are no mistakes."

"But what about the stories of people getting turned into freaks or crippled?"

Hamilton shrugged his shoulders. "Exaggerations. Look, David, when the Gen-R Machines first appeared, some doctors didn't know how to program them properly. Manipulating the genetic code was still relatively new and many people didn't fully understand what they were doing. That's why mistakes were made. But those were minor mistakes *and* they were easily correctible. Today we know everything we need to know about the code and how to program it to achieve whatever result we want. This isn't the unknown anymore, or the edge of science; everything is well mapped. Put simply, we don't make mistakes anymore and nothing we do can't be reversed."

“You’re sure?”

Hamilton nodded his head. “Of course I’m sure. I do a hundred of these procedures a week, and I’ve never had a single client who wasn’t completely satisfied. . . not one!”

David scratched his cheek. He looked at his wife who sat in the corner of the doctor’s office with her arms folded and her lips pursed. This look meant she was reaching the end of her tolerance with his indecisiveness. He would need to make a decision now if he wanted to avoid a scene, and he knew there was only one decision she would accept; for being a trophy wife, she could be very demanding. He took a deep breath and looked the doctor up and down once more. Again, the affair came to mind: “Couldn’t she find a doctor to do this that she hasn’t slept with?” he asked himself. He exhaled angrily.

“It really is safe, David,” said Hamilton assuringly.

Tina shot daggers at her husband with her eyes. Time was up.

“Fine,” David told himself. “If it’s really that safe and if they can fix anything they do, then I’ll do it and get it over with. Then Tina will be happy and we can get on with our vacation.” He ran his tongue over his teeth. “It’s just a minor adjustment anyway, what’s the worst that can happen?”

“So what’s it going to be David?” asked Hamilton. “Do we do this or not? I’ve got other appointments lined up, you know.” He looked at his watch.

David nodded his head. “Let’s do it.”

His life would never be the same.

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David awoke feeling groggy. He remembered nothing after the nurse put the needle into his arm and everything went black. He did remember having disturbing dreams however. In particular, he dreamed that he was very tiny, like a bug almost, and Tina was chasing him around the room laughing at him, swatting at him with one of her high-heeled shoes, which she held in her hand. Her laugh seemed to make him smaller and keep him at that size; it cut through his ego like a knife and made him feel so very small and helpless. And the fact she was chasing him around trying to crush him with her shoe scared him. He finally ran beneath the bed to escape her. Then a man appeared in the room, a man who looked very familiar but whom

David couldn't quite place, and he and Tina started making love on the bed as David cowered beneath it. That's when David finally woke up.

His pillow was soaked. He had been sweating a lot. Disturbingly, he was hard as a rock too.

"What a nightmare!" he thought to himself.

He rubbed his eyes and looked around the room. He was in the bed in his guest bedroom at home. That didn't make any sense to him. Why wasn't he in his own bed in his own bedroom? Or more to the point, why wasn't he in the doctor's office where he should have been? And where was Doctor Hamilton?

"What am I doing here?" he asked. His voice sounded strangely hollow.

David thought about getting up, but he knew he must still be dreaming. What else would explain David finding himself at home when he should have been at the doctor's office?

"I must be dreaming," he said and he pinched his wrist to wake himself up.

Just then, Tina walked into the room. She smiled. "You're awake!"

"Yes, I guess I am."

"Still feel a little disoriented?"

David shrugged his shoulders. "Sort of. Why am I here? Shouldn't I be at the doctor's office?" he asked. Again, his voice sounded strange. . . very strange. It sounded too high and weak, kind of breathy and without any base. To him, it almost sounded like the voice of a little girl. He cleared his throat.

Tina sat down on the edge of the bed and stroked his hair, which had been tied back tightly behind his head, which was odd as his hair shouldn't have been long enough to do that. Then she felt his cheek and his forehead. Her fingers were warm and soft, but felt different somehow. . . they felt larger, if that was possible.

"Honey," said Tina, "we need to talk. There's been a mistake."

David felt his stomach drop. "What kind of mistake?"

She sighed. "It's nothing to be worried about, but you won't like it."

"What kind of mistake?" he repeated nervously.

"It can be reversed, but Dr. Hamilton said we couldn't reverse it until all of your genes stabilize again. He said that making two dramatic changes too soon back to back can lead to genetic damage."

“‘Genetic damage’?! ‘Dramatic changes’?! What happened!” demanded David. He started to sit up, but Tina placed her hand on his shoulders and easily held him down. That immediately struck David as wrong: “She shouldn’t be strong enough to do that. What is going on here?!” he asked himself. He glared at her and he asked, “What dramatic changes?!”

“The doctor will explain it to you. He’s coming by tonight for dinner.”

“‘The doctor will explain it to me’? Why isn’t the doctor here, now? Why am I not in the hospital if there was a mistake? And why is he coming by for dinner? What is going on?” he demanded again.

His wife furrowed her brow. “Calm down!” she insisted.

As his wife said this, something bizarre happened to David. As impossible as it seemed to David, he actually felt intimidated by his wife’s commanding tone. He’d never felt that way before in his life. He couldn’t even have imagined feeling that way before, but there it was: he felt intimidated and he felt oddly compelled to do as she commanded. Indeed, the idea of following her orders suddenly felt completely natural to him. . . something he also had never felt before. “I don’t understand any of this,” he thought. David bit his lip. It felt puffy.

“Why don’t you get a little more sleep and I’ll get you dressed when it’s time,” she said and she pulled the blanket up to his chin.

He started to protest, but he fell asleep almost instantly.

—o—

“Rise and shine, sunshine,” said Tina as she walked into the bedroom. She wore a dark red A-line dress and black high-heeled pumps. She was carrying an armful of women’s clothing.

“What time is it?” asked David. He felt groggy and his voice still sounded strangely feminine and childlike to him.

“It’s time to get dressed before Ham arrives.”

“Ham? Who is Ham?”

Tina momentarily blushed. “Dr. Hamilton.”

David furrowed his brow. He still didn’t know what exactly had gone wrong, but he had a few choice words for the good doctor. He did not appreciate being dumped at his house without even being told what had gone wrong. That was unacceptable and he intended to let Hamilton know that. In

fact, he intended to do his best to have Hamilton's medical license taken away and he had no qualms about telling that to Hamilton.

"Come on, get up," said Tina as she set the clothes she was carrying onto a chair.

"Fine," said David and he swung his legs out of the bed so he could sit up. A wave of dizziness immediately swept over him and he fell back down onto the bed. "Whoa! What was that?"

"Get up slowly at first," said Tina.

David nodded his head. "Yeah, I must have sat up too quickly." He took a deep breath and let the dizziness pass. Then he slowly sat up. As he did, he began to notice some things he almost couldn't believe. The first thing to strike him was that his chest felt heavy. . . *and it seemed to move!* Indeed, as he sat up, his chest immediately began to pull him forward and downward. It was like he was wearing a shirt with weights in it. He'd never felt that before. And it simultaneously felt like the fat on his chest was shifting and moving. He'd never felt that before either.

This startled him.

"What is that?" he asked himself and he thrust his hands up toward his chest. As he did, he suddenly realized that his feet weren't touching the floor. They seemed to be hanging in mid-air. This caught him off guard as he expected his feet to hit the ground and balance him, so he instinctively grabbed the bed with his hands to keep himself from tipping over or rolling out of the bed. "How can that be?"

Tina said nothing. She just watched the scene unfold with a great deal of amusement.

"How can my feet not hit the ground?"

David peeked over the side of the bed and saw that, sure enough, his feet were hanging in the air about three inches above the ground. He could just touch the ground with his toes if he pointed his feet straight downward. This made no sense to him because he knew he was taller than that.

"Did you raise the bed?" he asked.

"Well. . . no," said Tina in response. There was a hesitancy in her voice.

David looked up at wife. She had a strange look on her face. She seemed uncertain on the one hand, but excited on the other. She had the look on her face of someone who finally got what they had been wishing for, but now wasn't sure how to handle it and was afraid of doing the wrong thing.

This reminded David of the look on her face when David discovered the first clue that eventually led him to uncover the affair she had with Hamilton. She had been both excited and nervous then too, and seeing that same look on her face now made him shudder. He still remembered the sting of the humiliation as it slowly dawned on him that his wife had been sleeping with another man. She had made him feel so very small then, but he took her back when she told him she loved him and she promised never to do it again.

Oddly, the thought of the humiliation he felt then caused something very, very strange to happen now. As he recalled her guilty but unrepentant look and where it led, his chest began to tingle all over. It was a similar feeling to when Tina ran her fingers over his penis, which always made him shudder and caused his penis to become erect. This time, however, the feeling was in his chest, and as the tingle spread, he felt his nipples pop up. Only, these weren't his normal nipples. These felt much larger and much more sensitive. When these popped up, it felt like tiny erections building on his chest.

"What the hell?!" he exclaimed and he grabbed his chest.

He looked down inside the white tee shirt he wore. Sitting on the ends of his breasts. . . yes, *his breasts*, were two large nipples, about the size of half-dollars, with erect tips as wide as a pencil. His jaw dropped and his eyes shot open. He gasped.

"Oh my God!" he exclaimed.

He immediately grabbed his breasts and squeezed them. They were huge. He didn't know sizes but they were easily larger than Tina's breasts, which were already big as breasts go. And they were sensitive too. Touching them sent electric shocks racing all over his body and made his penis hard. . . a feeling he knew well.

"How in the world did I get breasts?!" he squeaked.

"That's the mistake," said Tina and she picked up a bra from the pile of clothing she had set on the chair.

"*That's* the mistake?! The mistake is that he somehow gave me breasts?!"

Tina smirked. "Not entirely."

"What do you mean?" he demanded.

Tina bit her lip.

David jumped to his feet. He was going to get up in her face and demand to know exactly what was going on here. But as he rose to his feet,

he was in for an even bigger surprise. . . or maybe, a smaller surprise. Indeed, as he stood up, he immediately realized that instead of looking down upon his wife from his intimidating 6'2" frame, a frame which gave him an eight-inch height advantage, he was now looking up to his wife. He nearly freaked out.

“How did you get so tall?!”

Tina laughed. “I didn’t change at all.”

This had to be a trick. She had to be wearing really high heels or something, thought David. He looked down at her feet and furrowed his brow. Indeed, she was wearing heels, but they weren’t anything unusual. Maybe she wore lifts or something inside her high-heeled shoes?

“Take off your shoes,” he said in broken words. He seemed to be in shock and wasn’t communicating as well as he could have. Nevertheless, Tina understood exactly what he wanted to know and why. She stepped out of her pumps and stood before him. She even did a little spin to show she had nothing to hide. David shuddered. Even in her stockings, she was four inches taller than her shrunken, feminized husband. The truth was starting to hit him.

“How can you be so tall?” he asked in shocked tone.

“I’m not. You’re 5’2”, darling,” said Tina with an air of smugness.

“How?! How did this happen?”

“I told you, Dr. Hamilton will explain that. In the meantime, let’s get you dressed.”

“Get me dressed?! If you’re right, then I don’t have anything that will fit me anymore,” he said.

Tina smirked. “These clothes will fit.” She held up the bra in her hand.

David looked at the bra and then at the clothing Tina had dumped on the chair. It was all women’s clothing. He hadn’t realized that when she first walked into the room or that she meant those clothes for him. This had to be a joke, didn’t it? “Honey, these are all women’s clothes,” he said in a confused tone. It still hadn’t fully occurred to him what was happening to him. In fact, he was struggling to understand any of this and the bits he was understanding troubled him; he hoped they weren’t true.

“I know they’re women’s clothes,” she said in a matter-of-fact tone.

“But—”

“But what? Look at yourself dear.”

David's head began to spin. Was she really implying that he should wear women's clothes? He was her husband. How could she suggest this, no matter what had happened! And what exactly had happened? This was too much to take in and he fainted.

## Chapter 2: “Getting Dressed”

David awoke a few minutes later. He was lying on the bed. Tina stood over him and was manipulating his body. She was doing something down around his thighs when he regained consciousness.

“What are you doing?” asked David.

“I’m getting you dressed.”

David looked down the length of his body. He hoped to find that everything was normal, but it wasn’t. Sure enough, there were breasts, extremely large breasts with huge, erect nipples, just as he remembered them. . . it hadn’t been a dream. Both the nipples and the breasts were much larger than his wife’s nipples even though she was apparently larger than he was now. His breasts were encased in a lacy red bra. Below his breasts, he noticed that he wore matching panties, a black girdle of some sort which had garter straps which attached to stockings, and smoky black stockings. It was his wife working the stocking up his right leg which had awoken him.

“What is going on, Tina?”

His wife rolled her eyes. “I’ve already told you. And you may not like it, but there’s nothing we can do to change it for some time, so you’ll just have to get used to it,” she said firmly. She then took his hands and pulled him up into a sitting position. “Now get off your butt and let’s finish getting you dressed.”

“Dressed?! Forget it. I’m not wearing women’s clothes. Why can’t I just throw on a robe and—”

“No. I will not have my husband hiding in the house, wearing a robe, for what could be months.”

“*Months?!?*”

“Months,” she said coldly.

David shuddered. There was no way he could stay this small and with breasts for months. And he certainly couldn’t agree to wear women’s clothes during that period! What if somebody saw him? What about his job?

“How can this be months?!”

“I told you, Hamilton will explain. Now get up,” she said in a commanding tone.

“Look, honey, I don’t want to do this. I don’t want to dress like a

woman.”

“You don’t have any choice.”

“But I can’t do this. What about my job? I can’t show up dressed like a woman?”

Tina shook her head. “How were you planning to dress for work then?”

“The same way I always dress. We can buy some smaller men’s clothes.”

Tina laughed cynically. “Forget it, David. You can’t pass as a man, much less as yourself.”

David furrowed his brow. “What do you mean I can’t pass for myself? How can I go back to work if I can’t pass for myself?”

“You can’t. You’ll have to quit your job and look for a new one.”

“Quit my job?! Are you serious?”

Tina snickered. “Of course, I am, unless you want to report for work like this and explain to everyone why you’re now a 5’2” tall woman. Can you imagine trying to explain that one to the sexist jerks you work with? I’d pay real money to see that. But don’t worry, darling,” she said sarcastically, “I’m sure they’ll all be very nice to you and treat you like the perfect little lady you are once you explain it all to them.”

David cringed. She was right; they would never let him live it down. He would be an object of constant ridicule and the thought of everyone at the office knowing what had happened to him was too humiliating. He would need to quit his job and find a new one. But as a woman? He hated the idea. It felt deeply emasculating. Still, as much as he hated the idea, he realized that was probably the only way. He knew that, he just didn’t want to admit it to himself.

Tina saw the red-hot sting of humiliation in his face and it made her wet. She pressed ahead with her advantage. “It’s the only way, David. You’ll just have to find a new job as a secretary or receptionist or something. Something fit for a woman with no work history and no background.”

David felt like he’d been punched in the gut. He was a hard-charging manager, a leader of men, not a woman who served coffee and took notes for other people. He wanted to cry. . . something else he’d never felt before.

“Come on, David. We need to get you dressed,” said his wife.

She held out her hand.

David took a deep breath. He looked down at the lingerie he was

wearing and at the slinky dress and high heels Tina had set on the chair next to the bed. These were too much. He knew he had no choice about wearing women's clothes, she was right about that, but that didn't mean he needed to dress in such a risqué manner.

"Fine," he said, though he didn't take her hand. "I agree that if this is going to take months, then I can't just hide in the house and obviously I'll need to dress like a woman until I can change back, but these clothes. . . they're. . . why can't I wear something less. . . provocative?"

Tina laughed. "I believe the word you're looking for is 'sexy'."

David pursed his lips and shrugged his shoulders. "I supposed that's one word for it," he said sourly.

"That's the exact work for it. And the reason you can't wear something less sexy, husband dear, is because this is what I want you to wear. As long as you're going to be this little feminine creature you've become, then I have decided that I want you to look the part for me."

"Now wait a minute!" protested David.

"No David, you wait a minute. If I need to put up with you like this, then it will be on my terms."

"Your terms?"

"Yes, I'm in charge from now on," she said firmly.

"Says who?!"

Tina snickered. "Are you serious? Take a look at yourself, David. You need me more than you've ever needed anyone before in your life right now, and this is my price for that."

"And just how do I need you?" he asked doubtfully.

"Because you're a woman now, David, and you don't know the first thing about being a woman. You need me to teach you. You need me to teach you everything from how to walk to how to sit to how to act so people don't think you're a man. Moreover, your driver's license isn't valid anymore because you're no longer a man, or do you think people won't question a 5'2" woman passing off a driver's license belonging to a 6'2" man? You can't withdraw money from the bank for the same reason or even use your credit cards around town because you can't prove that you're 'David.' Face it, honey, you need me. And without a job, you need me more than ever to support you. That's why you need me and that's why I'm in charge." She picked up the high heels from the chair and held them out right in his face. "And this is my price for putting up with having a woman for a

husband and for helping you.”

David furrowed his brow and glared at his wife. What she said was true, any fool could see that, but he didn't see why his wife would take advantage of this, even if they hadn't always gotten along great. He started to object, but she cut him off.

“Forget it, David. This is the way it will be. So long as I need to deal with having a tiny, feminized shemale for a husband, then it will be on my terms and I intend to have some fun with it.” She tossed him one of the high-heeled shoes. “Now let's have some fun.”

—o—

Tina was having fun. David was not. To the contrary, David felt deeply humiliated and it just kept getting worse at every turn. He now stood uncomfortably before the mirror in the guest bedroom. He was blushing deep red. After getting him out of bed, Tina got him dressed. She already had him in the stockings, the girdle and the bra before she started, and then she added a little black dress which David was sure was too short to hide his panties; he knew was too small to hide his enormous breasts. . . *his breasts*. Just saying it made him tingle and wither. Of course, touching them made him tingle all the more.

“Sexy,” said Tina with a giggle as she circled him.

He glanced down at the two monstrous globes that hung from his chest. They felt like basketballs to him. He ran his finger over his right nipple. That sent tiny electric shocks racing down his spine and made his penis hard.

“Why are my breasts so incredibly huge?” he asked.

His wife only shrugged her shoulders and picked up the high-heeled sandals she intended for him to wear. These were “provocative” as well. They had five-inch stiletto heels sitting atop a three-quarter-inch platform. They had six delicate straps that ran over his toes and which would leave his dark red toenails exposed – his wife had painted his nails while he still slept from the procedure – and a t-strap that ran up his foot to the heavy ankle strap. These were “fuck me” shoes if there ever were any.

“I can't wear those!” he protested without taking his finger off his nipple.

“You will.”

“I can’t. There’s no way I can even walk in them,” he said.

“You’ll get used to it.”

“But I’ve never even worn heels before!”

Tina suddenly laughed. “You know, you look so delicately feminine that I almost forgot you haven’t been a woman for very long. We’ll have to teach you to walk in them then,” she said.

“I’d rather not,” he said sourly.

“Don’t start with me, David.”

“Tina, why do I need to wear those? Lots of women wear flats. There’s no reason—”

“There is one reason,” she said, cutting him off, “and it’s the only reason that matters: *because I want you to wear these*. That’s all that matters. So stop fighting me or I’ll buy six-inch heels. If you want to know pain and discomfort and embarrassment, try those. Now is that what you want?”

David bit his lip. These were bad enough. He shook his head.

Tina giggled. She loved being in control. It made her hot and wet. And she loved the idea of dressing her husband up as a sexy little girl. This was the ultimate in control as she was about to control his very essence: his masculinity.

David felt himself wither as she giggled. He felt helpless.

Tina set the shoes down before him and made him step into them. She then buckled up each shoe. When he was strapped in, she set about teaching him to walk in these intimidating heels. Hence, for the next twenty minutes or so, she made David walk back and forth across the room. At first, he needed to grab furniture to balance himself, but with each pass across the room, he became better and better at balancing. Soon, he was ready to walk in them without falling down. Tina then made him repeat the exercises only she added elements of a slinky walk, such as swinging his hips in an exaggerated motion, keeping his wrist limp as he walked, and getting the right stride to appear feminine. In no time at all, his walk became quite convincing as a woman with sex on her mind. David didn’t realize this at the time, because he was concentrating on not falling down mainly, but little by little, Tina was turning him into a sexpot.

When they finished with his initial lessons, when Tina was sure he would no longer fall and hurt himself, she sat him down and did the rest of his makeup. She then brushed out his hair, which had grown long and blonde

as a result of the genetic change; his hairline had changed too and become quite feminine.

“You have beautiful hair,” said Tina.

This actually made David blush for some reason and his penis became hard. He decided it was best not to respond, so he remained silent as she continued to work on his hair. When Tina finished, she made him rise to examine himself in the mirror.

David froze.

“You like?” asked Tina.

“Oh my God!” he squealed in a high-pitched voice when he saw himself in the mirror. His legs were perfectly shaped for a woman. His rear was curvy and stood out. He had an hourglass figure. His breasts were massive and screamed “look at me!” His shoulders were tiny. His face was delicate and feminine. His hair was long and blonde and wavy. His makeup was perfect, as were his nails. His ears had been pierced while he was still sleeping and he noticed tiny pearls in each ear. He was stunning. “Oh my God!” he repeated and he became hard as a rock.

“I think you’re cute,” said Tina, though David barely heard her. He was busy focusing on his body. And even beyond his new body, David was stunned at his feminine mannerisms. He still thought of himself as a rather macho guy, yet here he stood in some classic feminine poses. His legs were closer together than he normally stood. His arms were closer to his body. His wrists were limp. He stood with his chest projected forward to make his breasts appear larger. He tilted his head softly to one side. He even brushed back his hair gingerly.

“He turned me into a woman!” David blurted out in shock.

Tina snickered. “That’s what I’ve been trying to tell you!” She then came up behind her now-smaller husband. She seemed massive by comparison. She slipped her arms around his tiny waist and held him close to her. There was no way he could resist her or free himself as she was just too strong for him now. “And until Hamilton can change you back, this is what you will be. Still think you can pass yourself off as a man?”

“But I don—”

“Accept it, David, you can’t change it,” she said softly and she nibbled on his ear. “This is the new you.”

“For now!” he insisted.

An evil smirk appeared on Tina’s face but disappeared almost

immediately. “Of course. . . *for now.*” She kissed him on the back of his neck. “But until that changes, you’re my toy, my life-size dress-up doll.”

David shuddered. Seeing himself like this, entirely feminine and dwarfed by his wife, hit home how helpless he was. Until the doctor could change him back, he really was a prisoner in this body to his wife. Strangely, this thought made him even harder and his penis pushed hard against the panties and the girdle, and it showed as a bulge beneath his black dress. He reached down and rubbed it through the black dress.

His penis.

Hmm. His penis.

“Wait a minute! Why do I still have my penis?” he asked.

Tina shrugged her shoulders. “Who knows? This was all a mistake after all. Besides, you don’t really have *your* penis anymore. The one you have now is good deal bigger.”

“It is?”

She giggled. “Yep. I was playing with it while you slept and I can tell you that it’s a lot bigger. It’s going to be hard to hide that on your tiny frame if you get an erection.”

That thought sent a shiver down David’s spine at the image of his penis popping out during a conversation with someone. That would be a horribly humiliating moment and just the thought of it intimidated him and made him want to shy away from people. But that wasn’t what was bothering him at the moment. It didn’t make sense to him that he would have both breasts and a penis; something about this sent up a red flag.

“I don’t understand this. How can I have a penis at all when I also have breasts and a feminine body? Why would a mistake cause me to have both?” he asked.

Tina smirked and then shrugged her shoulders again. “Ask Doctor Hamilton,” she said. She then picked up a black choker that looked a bit like a collar and placed it around her husband’s neck. “Speaking of Doctor Hamilton, it’s about time we got ready.”

“Get ready for what?”

“For Dr. Hamilton to come inspect you,” said Tina.

Something about the word “inspect” troubled David. “Get ready how?” he asked nervously.

“Get you dressed.”

“I am dressed.”

“You’re only partially dressed.”

David looked down at his black dress, his high heels, and his stockings. He wasn’t sure what else could be missing that he wasn’t already wearing. “I look completely dressed from here,” he said.

“Not quite. I’ve invited Ham over for dinner and I thought it would be nice if you served him dinner,” said Tina casually.

David’s jaw dropped. “*Serve* him dinner?! You want *me* to serve *him*?!”

Tina put one hand on her hip and tapped her foot against the floor. She scowled at her husband. “It’s what I want.”

“But he’s the one who. . . who. . . who turned me into. . . *this*.”

“Into a woman. That is what you mean, right?” asked his wife coldly.

“Yes, he turned me into a woman. . . into a half-woman!” he growled and he grabbed his breasts and squeezed them. “He did this to me, and now you want me to serve him food like some sort of maid?!”

“It’s what I want and it’s what you’re going to do.”

“I won’t!” he exclaimed.

Tina grabbed his right wrist and twisted it, causing his arm to rotate. This immediately brought David to his knees. She was amazingly strong compared to him. She then grabbed his nipple through his dress and squeezed it as hard as she could. This sent waves of unbearable pain, mixed with a tingly pleasurable sensation coursing through his body; it overwhelmed him.

“I’m sorry! I’m sorry, please stop!” he squealed.

“Are you going to behave?” she asked.

“Yes, please stop!” he begged.

“You will do *everything* I tell you?” she asked. She was positively dripping into her panties now. She’d never felt anything like the power she held right now over her feminized husband.

“Yes, I will!”

“Tell me I’m in charge.”

“You’re in charge! You’re in charge!”

Tina let go of his nipple and put her finger in his face. “Don’t forget this, David. I’m not going to fight you on any of this. My word is how it’s going to be from now on. You better get used to that.”

David looked up at his wife. He shuddered. Not only did she have all the economic power, but she was physically much stronger than he was too.

He really was at her mercy and there wasn't anything he could do about it.  
He nodded his head.

### Chapter 3: “Inspected By Dr. Hamilton”

David couldn't believe what was happening. First, Tina finished dressing him in a way that shocked him. In addition to his little black dress, she added towering black high-heeled sandals, a lacy white apron, and an assortment of jewelry and lingerie he couldn't even begin to describe. She even placed a small cap on his head. Her intent was obvious: he was to be her maid. Even worse, she became increasingly aggressive and domineering with him throughout the process.

Then the doorbell rang.

David expected Tina would get the door. Instead, she ordered. . . yes, *ordered*, him to stand in the front hallway by the front door as she answered it.

“Are you serious?” he asked nervously.

“Of course I'm serious,” she said coldly and she started herding him toward the front door with her hands. He helplessly tottered along before her on his high heels as she poked and prodded him to get him to go where she wanted. A moment later, he stood at attention near the front door. He was terrified.

The bell rang again.

Tina checked David's blonde hair and brushed it back over his shoulder. “Now you be respectful and do what you're told. Don't forget, you need Dr. Hamilton to help fix this and turn you back into a man, so don't upset him.”

“But—”

“No, no but, dear. There is no but. You will behave. You will play the part of the docile, submissive, helpful maid, and you will play it well. That is what I want and that is what you will do. Now don't talk back to me and don't even think about resisting.”

David pursed his lips.

Tina glared at him. “I'm warning you, David. This can get a lot worse if you misbehave. And if you push your luck, you might find yourself stuck like this,” she said and she waved her hand up and down his body. David clenched his teeth, but nodded his consent. Tina wanted more, however. “Tell me you understand.”

“I understand,” he said unhappily.

“Good,” said Tina and she pointed her finger in his face. “Be a good girl!” She then checked her own hair in the hallway mirror and she smoothed her dress. She walked over to the door. Her heels echoed off the floor.

*CLICK, CLICK, CLICK, CLICK.*

She opened the door.

“Ham!” exclaimed Tina and she leaned forward out the door and kissed Hamilton on the lips. This startled David. He hadn’t expected to see his wife kiss another man on the lips. In fact, she’s already promised him once that she wouldn’t do that. That arose when he saw her do that right before their wedding, to an ex-boyfriend, and that almost made him call off the wedding. It was only when she swore she would never do it again that he agreed to go ahead with the wedding. In hindsight, David now wondered if that shouldn’t have been a bigger warning for him.

“Tina, how are you?” asked Hamilton and he kissed her back, again on the lips.

“I’m fine. Our patient is out of bed too,” said Tina and she pointed toward David, who stood trembling in his high heels. He felt utterly humiliated to be seen this way. He couldn’t believe his wife had dressed him this way to see Hamilton.

Hamilton looked toward David and his face turned bright red. He was clearly suppressing a laugh as he looked David up and down. “Nice dress,” he finally said with a huge grin on his face, which made David feel like Hamilton had just emasculated him; he wanted to scream.

“Say hello, dear,” said Tina.

David didn’t respond.

Tina glared at him. “Don’t make me angry.”

David clenched his jaw. “Hello,” he said in his girlish little voice. This made Hamilton smirk. It also caused David’s erect penis to throb. Hamilton walked over to David, who now stood nearly a foot shorter than Hamilton even in his tall heels, and he placed his large hand on David’s chin. David felt tiny and intimidated next to this massive man.

“Why don’t we go to the living room so I can conduct a more thorough examination?” suggested Hamilton as he moved David’s head from side to side to examine his cheekbones. He then let go of David’s chin and reached down and took David’s hand and led him to the living room. David felt like a child being led by this man. He also struggled to keep up in the high,

unfamiliar heels and he nearly stumbled twice. Tina followed a step behind David. Their heels echoed off the hardwood floor. This sound, along with the warmth of Hamilton's hand, made David's penis rise fully to attention beneath his skirt. This, in turn, caused his skirt to bulge out something fierce.

They all noticed.

"We haven't solved that little problem yet," said Tina with a giggle.

"I can see that," said Hamilton.

"Yeah, so can anyone else who happens by," said Tina. "That's the problem."

"I'm sure you'll find some way to hide it," said Hamilton.

When they reached the living room, Hamilton sat down on the edge of a recliner. He made David stand before him with his hands on his hips.

"Doctor—" said David, but he was cut off.

"No, no, David, you can ask questions after I've examined you," said Hamilton. He then ran his hand up and down the outside of David's leg. This made David's penis throb all the more, which made the skirt bounce up and down. "I see that you're quite erect at my touch. Have you ever been attracted to men before?"

David's jaw dropped. "Have I what?!"

"Are you gay?"

David blushed. "No."

"Interesting," said Hamilton and he raised David's skirt. He then pulled down David's panties, causing David's erection to spring forth into view. As he did, Tina came up behind Hamilton and leaned against the back of the recliner. She rested her hand on Hamilton's shoulder and watched the inspection with intense interest.

"Is that normal then?" she asked as she pointed to her husband's erection.

Hamilton grabbed David's penis and began massaging it. He simultaneously turned to face Tina. "It is. When a change like this is made, the subject becomes hyper-sexualized and anything can turn them on. I wouldn't be surprised if any number of new things will turn David on. He will also find it to be much easier to cum right now, so he wouldn't make a very good lover at the moment. In fact, it likely wouldn't take very many strokes for me to cause him to ejaculate."

David bit his lip at the thought of a man making him ejaculate. Then he saw Tina smirk and he felt even smaller. Interestingly, this thought almost

made him cum.

“How many strokes do you think?” asked Tina.

“Not many.”

“You should do it and we should count,” she said mischievously.

Hamilton laughed, but he hadn't stopped stroking David. “Perhaps later. Right now, we need to test David's ability to cause his own arousal.” He let go of David's penis, which was hard as a rock. He turned to face David. “I want you to masturbate until you cum.”

“You what?” asked David incredulously.

*SLAP!*

Hamilton gave David a quick slap on the rear. “Do as I say. Masturbate until you cum. We need to test your arousal and response.”

David turned bright red at the humiliation of being smacked on the rear by this man, right before his wife. He wanted to stand up for himself and protest, but somehow it wasn't in him anymore. Also, he remembered that he needed to stay on Hamilton's good side if he was to return to normal.

“Fine, I'll go masturbate,” said David reluctantly.

Hamilton shook his head. “No, do it here. Right where you are.”

David's jaw dropped again.

“Do it now,” commanded Hamilton coldly.

David wanted to tell him to take a hike, but the same instinct that kept him from complaining about being slapped on the rear kept him from fighting this now. He had been ordered to do this and he would do it, no matter how humiliating it would be. . . *and humiliating it would be.*

“Go on,” said Hamilton.

David swallowed hard. He cringed at the idea of masturbating before his wife and this man, even if he was a doctor. It felt utterly humiliating. But he would do it. He nodded.

A moment later, David wrapped his fingers around the shaft of his penis. Doing this with painted nails seemed naughty somehow. He then steadied himself in his high heels as best he could. He began to stroke his penis back and forth vigorously. He closed his eyes; he needed to as he couldn't bear to look into his wife's eyes or Hamilton's eyes as they watched them.

“Faster,” said Hamilton.

David ground his teeth and stroked faster. It was starting to work. He felt like he could cum soon. That would be good. He needed this to end

soon. Even with his eyes closed, he could feel his wife's eyes watching him intently and that made him feel like a fool.

"Can I get you a drink, Ham?" asked Tina suddenly.

David heard this and it immediately took him out of his erotic mindset.

"Yes, I'll have a vodka," responded Hamilton.

David had now lost any sense of excitement. The fact his wife and Dr. Hamilton were carrying on as if this wasn't even a big deal made him feel ashamed. It set him back and it took him more than a minute to get back into the necessary mood. By that time, of course, he'd lost his rhythm and he was essentially starting over.

"Here's your vodka," said Tina as she returned from the kitchen and she handed a glass to Hamilton. "So what are we looking for?" she asked.

"We're looking to make sure the penis still works and that it is producing semen."

The fact they kept talking about him as if he wasn't even there made it impossible for David to regain his right mindset. So he struggled to stay hard and to excite himself as he continued.

"How long do you think it will be before we can change him back?" asked Tina.

This question made David perk up, though the distraction made his penis even more flaccid.

Hamilton shrugged his shoulders. "It's difficult to say. We need to wait for the genetic changes to firm up. That will depend on the body. It could happen quickly or it could take some time. I would expect a bare minimum of six months, but more likely a year."

"A year!" burst out David.

Hamilton glared at him. "Keep masturbating."

David reluctantly started again. "A year?"

"Focus on masturbating, David. We will let you know when you may participate in this discussion."

David started again, but he was struggling to maintain his focus. He wanted to cry, which made it even harder for him to make himself cum. He also wanted to know exactly what Hamilton knew, but Hamilton wasn't going to tell him apparently. He felt intensely frustrated that Hamilton wouldn't answer his questions.

"Unfortunately, it could be longer too," said Hamilton to David's wife. "We'll have to wait to see how his genes settle."

“And you don’t know how long that will take?” asked Tina.

“Each case is different.”

David felt increasingly more humiliated as he stood there masturbating as Hamilton and his wife carried on this conversation. He felt objectified and incredibly insignificant at the moment. These were questions he *himself* should be asking and which Hamilton should be answering to him; they were not things he should only be overhearing as if he wasn’t there and they certainly weren’t things he should be overhearing as he masturbated before his wife and the doctor.

“What should I do with him in the meantime?” asked Tina.

Hamilton shrugged his shoulders. “That’s up to you, but I would say that you’re off to a good start; you’re on the right track. It will be necessary that he live as a woman during this period as it would be psychologically harmful for him to try to be a man since he just can’t do it. You should also put him into a subservient position so as to suppress his masculine need to dominate.”

“You mean make him a maid or something?” asked Tina with a giggle.

Hamilton rubbed David’s apron between his fingertips. “Yes, that’s a good start. But even more so, make sure that he isn’t given the slightest bit of authority. You need to make all decisions for him, right down to what he eats and what he wears. Teach him that he is completely under your control. That will stop him from feeling the normal masculine need to dominate and will make this all easier on him.”

“You want me to take full control?”

“Yes.”

“Over everything?” she asked.

“Absolutely.”

“Over every aspect of our relationship. I should make all decisions from now on?”

“It’s for his own good.”

David felt even sicker. He didn’t like being in anyone’s power, much less being under the thumb of his trophy wife. Yet, here was the doctor telling her to assume control over their relationship and to strip him of all power. He didn’t like that at all, but at the same time, if it was medically necessary, then he knew he should do it, even if he didn’t like it. Not to mention that with the power she now had over him, it wasn’t like he had any choice in any event if she chose to exercise that power.

“Should I let him get a job?” asked Tina.

Hamilton nodded his head. “Provided it’s a low-level menial job. Again, don’t let him have a job with any authority.”

“Well, it’s not like he could get a job with authority. He can’t point to his education or his prior work experience, so who would hire ‘him’ as a manager?” asked Tina with a snicker.

They both laughed, which made David feel even smaller.

“Also, make sure you control all the money. He needs to learn that he is no longer a normal man with the power to control his destiny. That’s the only way he’ll feel comfortable in his new state,” said Hamilton, and for the briefest of moments, David thought he saw Hamilton wink at Tina, but he knew that couldn’t be true, right? Why would Hamilton wink at Tina?

“And how should I keep him dressed?” asked Tina.

“As he is now. Keep him dressed very femininely so he comes to terms with it,” said Hamilton. “That won’t make him happy in the short term, but it is necessary for the long term.” He checked his watch. Then he looked at David. “David, if you can’t bring yourself to cum in the next thirty seconds, then we’ll need to help you for your own good.”

David gritted his teeth. This had been horribly humiliating listening to Tina and Dr. Hamilton discuss his future without even allowing his input. And now to have his masturbation timed and critiqued and to be threatened with Hamilton “helping” him was all just too shameful. He couldn’t allow that. So he stroked even harder and even faster. He needed to cum. He was determined to make himself cum.

A moment later, Tina sighed. “Why is this taking so long?”

David’s penis immediately went flaccid again.

Hamilton shook his head. “It looks like we need to help him,” he said and he went to the hallway where he had left his briefcase. He returned a moment later and from the briefcase, he pulled out a strap-on, complete with belt and a large rubber penis. David was not expecting this!

“What’s that for?” asked David nervously.

Hamilton ignore him and held the strap-on out for Tina. “Do you know how to use one of these?”

Tina giggled. “I’ll give it a try,” she said and she took the belt.

“Very well,” said Hamilton. He turned to face David again. “Lean over the desk and spread your legs.”

David bit his lip. “I’d, uh, rather not.”

“This is medically necessary,” responded Hamilton and he pointed at the desk.

“Seriously, I can make myself cum.”

“Apparently you can’t. Now bend over the desk.”

“But I—”

“Now,” said Hamilton in a tone which left no doubt what David would do next.

David reluctantly tottered over to the desk. His knees were shaking. He leaned over the desk and spread his legs wide. He did his best to steady himself in the heels, but he still felt unstable. He clenched his jaw and he waited. . . his testicles swung freely beneath him and his erection pointed toward the desk.

Meanwhile, Tina finished strapping on the belt and then tested the penis with her hand. It was firmly in place. She then snuck a kiss from Hamilton while David’s back was turned. “Ok, let’s see how this works,” she said. She smiled evilly.

David heard her walk up behind him. He heard her slide out of her shoes. This would give her a better angle to enter her smaller husband and it would give her more traction to be out of her heels.

“Can we reconsider?” asked David.

There was no response.

David tensed his muscles. He wasn’t sure what to expect next. Suddenly, he felt this massive penis invade his rear. It tore into him, filling him with immense pressure and pushing its way through him. He felt like it was going to rip him apart. Then, as quickly as it came, it left again. Only, it didn’t stay gone, it returned a moment later.

For the next few minutes, David was lost in this tug of war of intense pressure and then nothing. Each thrust brought with it lots of pain, but also surprising pleasure. And that pleasure was causing his penis to throb and throb and throb.

“This is actually kind of fun,” said Tina.

“It certainly looks entertaining,” said Hamilton.

“Do you want to give it a try?” she asked with a wink.

David heard this and shuddered. It was bad enough his wife was taking him anally. The last thing in the world he wanted was for Hamilton to get involved. Fortunately, Hamilton laughed off the suggestion.

“Is it working?” asked Tina.

Hamilton crouched down and fondled David's penis. "Not yet. Try going faster," he said.

Tina sped up the pace. As she did, she and Hamilton continued to talk as if David were just part of the furniture. They talked about dinner, about a movie they both wanted to see and how things were going at the office. Meanwhile, David was writhing beneath his wife's thrusts in both pleasure and pain.

"You're getting there. I can feel the pressure building," said Hamilton to Tina as he squeezed David's shaft and let go of it again; this sent shivers down David's spine and made him cringe.

Indeed, he was getting there. David realized that the only way this was going end anytime soon would be if he actively embraced it. Fighting it would only prolong this, and he didn't want that. So he began to think of things that turned him on, hoping that would make him cum. The list included many of the humiliation he had endured. That shamed him, but it worked. The pressure started to build and his penis was beginning to throb in rhythm.

"Oh look," said Tina suddenly and she pointed at David's penis, which was now wet and shiny near the head.

"Yes, he's getting closer," said Hamilton.

David delved even deeper into his thoughts trying to turn himself on even more. He was near. He would cum any second. Suddenly, he felt Hamilton wrap his strong, heavy fingers around David's penis. He gave it several quick strokes until David felt his cum starting to fly out of the penis. This added to David's humiliation as he had no desire to be touched by a man, much less jerked off by one, but it also felt good to be cumming.

Then it all went wrong.

Hamilton pinched David's penis hard. This caused everything to stop, his penis to jerk, and his cum to freeze and then back up inside his penis. This was a horrible feeling like someone had plugged his penis with their finger and everything exploded inside him.

"Hold him," said Hamilton to Tina.

Tina unbuckled the belt, leaving the strap-on inside him. She moved around next to him and grabbed David's penis right where Hamilton let go. She gripped it even harder than Hamilton had. Hamilton then walked around behind David and he pulled out the strap-on. He jammed his finger deep inside David's rear. This hurt as the finger pushed its way inside and it made

David feel full to the point of bursting. And as the finger pushed around inside, it sent a combination of pain and strange twinges of pleasure swirling around inside David. It was uncomfortable, unpleasant, humiliating. . . and yet, also highly erotic.

David's penis throbbed in Tina's firm grip as the cum lay trapped inside it.

"How does that feel, David?" asked Hamilton.

David winced. It felt intensely humiliating and frustrating.

"Well, it made him harder if that's possible," said Tina.

"Good. Every day, you should do this to him. Let him know that you control his pleasure, he doesn't. Don't let him cum unless he earns it by being submissive to you."

Tina giggled. "What do you think, David? Should I take you like a woman every day?!"

David blushed.

"Answer me!" insisted Tina and she squeezed even harder on his penis.

"Yes!" he exclaimed through gritted teeth.

Tina giggled.

"You can let go of his penis now," said Hamilton.

Tina let go of David's penis. As she did, the built-up cum dripped out of his penis and to the floor. It covered his panties and his stockings too. This made Tina burst out laughing and she pulled his dress down over his penis. David felt very small.

"Now why don't you serve us dinner," said Hamilton to David. "We have much to discuss."

David sighed. He had no fight in him, so he tottered off on his high heels to do his humiliating duty. As he went, he blushed. He blushed not because of the humiliation of what he had endured, but because it all seemed to be turning him on. What did this mean?

The End Of Part One. . .

**PART TWO**  
**The Island Vacation**

## Chapter 4: “David’s New Life”

David found himself living a nightmare. One day, everything was great. He was a normal man with a solid, if somewhat out-of-shape body. He had a nice house, a good deal of money, and a trophy wife who was the envy of all of his friends. He was the king of his manor. Life was good.

Then it all changed.

David’s wife Tina wanted to go on vacation and he agreed. He saw no reason to object as they often went on vacations. But this time, she demanded that he first get his body improved using a new DNA altering process which lets the doctor change whatever parts of you need to be fixed. David was reluctant, but he agreed to a few minor cosmetic changes. That was the worst mistake of his life.

When David awoke, he found himself with a tiny feminine body. He had long blonde hair, a delicate feminine face, enormous breasts, and curves in all the wrong places. The only part of him that remained masculine was his penis, which had been enlarged. This was intensely humiliating to him, as you might expect. At no point in his life had he ever wanted to be the least bit feminine and now here he was, trapped in the body of an incredibly sexy woman. . . though a woman with a penis.

Even worse, David was now completely at the mercy of his wife and she seemed to revel in this. He was shorter and weaker than she was. He needed her to drive, because he had no valid license. He needed her to access his money because the bank wouldn’t recognize him. He was powerless and that humiliating, and she loved lording all of this over him.

Worse yet, David needed his wife to help turn him back into a man. According to the doctor, David couldn’t be turned back until his genes stabilized from the initial treatment. That could take months, he was told. In the meantime, he needed to stay on the doctor’s good side. And to do that, he needed to keep his wife happy, his wife who David now discovered had a much closer relationship with the doctor than David realized. . . a relationship that traced back to an affair Tina had promise David was long over. Keeping her happy was the problem. For while David would have preferred to hide inside his house in a bathrobe for the next few months until he could be changed back, his wife had different ideas.

David's life quickly took on a pattern. Each morning, Tina would order him to get up and get dressed. He would shower and then she would apply his makeup, teaching him to do it little by little until he took over this duty himself. She would then spend an hour or so teaching him to walk, sit and move in high heels; he was becoming quite graceful in them. Then she would dress him in a maid costume of sorts and make him clean the house under threat of exposing him to all their friends. He would do this all day long as she watched and critiqued his work. In the evenings, Doctor Hamilton would come over and he and Tina would "examine" David, which always meant inflicting some sort of sexual game upon him meant to make David feel emasculated and helpless. Then they would dine as David served them food.

During this period, David tried repeatedly to have sex with his wife, but she rebuffed him every time for one reason or another. He was starting to realize that while his wife was allowed to play with his body as she saw fit, hers was now off limits to him. He also noticed that she and Hamilton were starting to show sexual attraction for each other quite openly. Sometimes, this would involve sitting in each other's arms on the couch, sometimes he caught them kissing when they thought he wasn't looking. This was a bad sign, especially given their prior affair. Unfortunately, he couldn't say anything because he needed Hamilton to change him back, a fact which Tina and Hamilton repeated to him several times each day. So he stayed silent, even as it burned him inside to see his wife flirting with this man who had emasculated him.

As if all of this wasn't bad enough, the subject of the vacation soon came up again.

"I don't think it's fair to me, that's all," said Tina. She and David were in the kitchen. He was cooking dinner as she sat at the table with her legs crossed. She let her satin mule dangle from her toes as she fiddled with a spoon.

"In what way?" asked David.

"Well, I want to go on vacation. I've wanted to go for a long time. You promised you would take me."

"Yes, but that was before I was turned into. . . *this*," he said and he waved his hand down his body from his huge breasts to his tiny feet

balancing precariously in their high-heeled shoes, high-heeled shoes he only wore because she insisted on it.

“I understand that, David,” she said condescendingly.

“Then you understand why a vacation is out of the question.”

“No, I don’t.”

“Tina, I haven’t even left the house yet. There’s no way I can go on a vacation,” he said in an exasperated tone in his small feminine voice.

“So what?” asked Tina and she tapped her cup, indicating she wanted more coffee. Little by little, David was slipping into a subservient role as his second nature and he wasn’t even realizing it. “You’re passable as a woman. And there’s no reason I should be punished because of what happened to you. I mean, just because this happened to you, am I supposed to sit around the house for the next year or two or however long it takes you to be change back?”

David’s face burned red. He wanted to tell her off. He wanted to tell her that the only reason he was a woman now. . . well, a half-woman, was because she made him go through the procedure. It wasn’t his idea! So it wasn’t his fault that things went wrong, it was actually her fault. But somehow, he didn’t have the nerve to say that. He poured the coffee Tina wanted.

She continued. “Seriously, why shouldn’t I be allowed to go on vacation?”

“I just—”

“Are you really saying I should sit home just because you’re afraid to go?!”

David bit his tongue. “Well, no.”

“Then why are you objecting to me taking a vacation?” she asked, though this was more of a challenge than a question. When David started to respond, she cut him off by raising her hand to stop him. Then she pointed at the coffee pot. “Why don’t you set that down before you spill it.”

David returned the coffee pot to the coffeemaker on the counter. His high heels clicked off the kitchen tile as he walked across the room. “Because in my mind—”

“Two sugars, dear,” she said, interrupting him. Normally, she took only one.

“Yes, dear,” he said and he grabbed the sugar. He walked back across the kitchen to give her the extra sugar. Again, his heels made that feminine

echo off the kitchen floor as he crossed the room. He stopped when he reached her and handed her the sugar. “As I was saying, in my mind—”

“I’d like some cream today too,” she said, interrupting him again.

“But you never take cream,” he said with some surprise.

“I will today.”

David pursed his lips. He knew she was playing with him, but he couldn’t prove it, so he had to grin and bear it. He walked back across the room to the refrigerator and he grabbed the cream. Then he returned to the table and added it to her coffee. Each way, his heels continued to make that feminine sound, and the realization that she was controlling him so easily and so completely and that there was nothing he could do about it was causing his penis to become erect. That bothered him, that he was becoming excited by being dominated and controlled, but it seemed to be the case.

“Good, that’s enough cream.”

David returned the cream to the refrigerator and then came back to the table. His erection was enormous by this point and made his skirt stand up.

“As I was saying,” he started say.

“This is very good,” said Tina after sipping the coffee.

David bit his lip. She had cut him off again. “Thank you,” he said in a tone that was starting to show his frustration.

Without warning, Tina reached out and slid her hand beneath his skirt. She wrapped her fingers around his erection and she leisurely stroked it back and forth. “Go on. What were you saying?”

David cringed at this humiliating display. It felt so emasculating to be treated like a toy by her, especially when he was trying to speak his mind. She always did this to him now and it always made him feel weak and controlled. It made it impossible to argue with her.

“Well?” she asked when he hesitated.

He blushed, both at her realizing the discomfort she was causing him and at realizing that he didn’t know what to say. His real objection was that he didn’t want to leave the house but he also didn’t trust his wife out of his sight at the moment. The things she was doing with Hamilton were bad enough and she still needed to sneak those. David couldn’t imagine what she would do if she had the kind of freedom a week alone at a hotel would give her. Still, he couldn’t really say any of that. So instead, he said part of it: “I was saying that it doesn’t seem right that you should run off for a vacation when your husband is home with a medical condition.”

Tina sipped her coffee and absentmindedly stroked his penis. “And?”

David bit his lip. He wasn't sure what else to say. In his mind, that should have been enough. “And, well, it just doesn't feel right. What would people say?”

“People like who?”

“People like anyone who found out.”

“Well, no one would find out except you.” She stroked his penis a few more times. Then she chuckled. “So what you're saying is that you're upset that I would go off on vacation while you sit here home alone, all femme and the such, is that it?”

David bit his tongue. Tina had a way of rephrasing his concerns to make them sound trivial, weak and effeminate somehow. “That is the gist of it,” he said through gritted teeth.

Tina snickered and shook her head. She kept stroking his penis as she took her time finishing her coffee. When she was finished, she set the coffee down on the table and gave her husband's penis a soft squeeze. She stood up and kissed him on the cheek, bending over slightly to do it as she was now several inches taller, even in his heels, and she loved to show him that she was now taller.

“All right, I have the answer to that,” she said and she let go of his penis. She turned and she started to leave the room.

“Well?” he asked.

“What?” she asked over her shoulder. She was almost at the door.

“What answer?” he asked.

“Put my cup in the dishwasher and make sure you clean the floor tonight; it looks a little dirty,” she said and she left the kitchen.

“Wait a minute! What answer?” he called after her.

She didn't answer. She just walked off, leaving David standing there feeling utterly humiliated. But that was nothing compared to how he would feel when he learned what she meant.

## Chapter 5: “The Island”

David couldn't believe how terrified he felt. It was bad enough leaving the house, but at least the car had tinted windows. . . though the driver kept looking over his shoulders at David's breasts. It was worse walking from the car to the private plane Hamilton had chartered, but at least it was a small private airport with few people around except a couple leering pilots and a stewardess who kept rolling her eyes at him and treated him like a bimbo on the flight. Of course, the way he was dressed probably caused that more than anything. But those things were a walk in the park compared to the sheer terror he felt walking through the terminal at the main airport at the island where they landed.

People were everywhere. . . *everywhere*. And all eyes were on him. . . *all eyes*.

“I can't do this,” he squeaked.

Tina smiled an unforgiving smile. “Oh yes, you can,” she said with a giggle. “You can do it because it's what I want and because you have no choice. Now come along, dear. It's vacation time.”

With that, Tina wrapped her arms around Hamilton's arm and they started down the hallway leaving him no choice but to follow. David swallowed hard, took a deep breath and followed them as they made their way through the terminal to a waiting car. David trailed behind, trembling as his tan high-heeled mules echoed throughout the terminal and his skintight yellow sundress clung to his ample curves, showing off every part of his body including his raised nipples.

*CLICK SLAP. . . CLICK SLAP. . . CLICK SLAP*, went his heels as he tottered his way down the tiled hallway. His dress tugged on his body. Its drooping neck exposed his massive breasts right up to their nipples and its short asymmetrical hem crossed just beneath his crotch and stopped mid-thigh, giving the suggestion that one could see his panties at the right angle. This kept everyone staring at his crotch and his jiggling breasts, both of which were danger zones for him. Indeed, people staring at his breasts seemed to turn him on, which made him hard, and being hard meant that people staring at his crotch could well see something he never wanted anyone to see.

*CLICK SLAP. . . CLICK SLAP. . . CLICK SLAP!*

Everyone kept staring at him. They were looking directly at his massive, jiggling breasts and at his crotch. This was turning David on and his penis became so hard now that the girdle could barely contain it. This worried David. Visions of his huge penis popping out from beneath the dress flashed before his eyes. He imagined himself standing there, humiliated, as everyone pointed and laughed; that thought terrified him and, strangely, it made him harder. Still, he couldn't ever let that happen, though right now he had little choice. There was nothing he could do except keep walking, and if it broke free, there would be no chance to hide it.

"Please don't let it break free! Please don't let it break free!" he pleaded beneath his breath.

*CLICK SLAP. . . CLICK SLAP. . . CLICK SLAP!*

More and more people stared at him. Between his hot, feminine little body and the sexy dress and heels he wore, it just wasn't possible for people to turn their eyes away from him. This made David incredibly nervous. This was the first time he'd even left the house since he became a woman and here were an airport full of people taking him in, inch by inch. He could feel a hundred penises growing hard throughout the terminal and an equal number of jealous stares from wives and girlfriends.

*CLICK SLAP. . . CLICK SLAP. . . CLICK SLAP!*

His penis suddenly shifted within his girdle. David couldn't tell what exactly had happened or if it could be seen now, but he knew it had moved. He could barely contain his panic. For all he knew, his penis had escaped the girdle and now stood straight up beneath his dress or maybe it even showed!! He didn't know what to do. He couldn't stop to look as everyone would notice him examining his own crotch, and he certainly couldn't stop to adjust anything if something had gone wrong. He debated dropping his hand or his purse to cover it, but he knew that would look just as strange. No, as desperately as he wanted to do something to check what had happened and to make sure he remained hidden, he knew that he could do nothing. He just needed to keep moving and to pray that nothing happened. Fortunately, no one seemed to be yelling or pointing at his crotch yet, though that barely comforted him.

*CLICK SLAP. . . CLICK SLAP. . . CLICK SLAP!*

"Come on," said Tina. "You're moving too slowly."

"I'm trying," he said in a soft, shaky whisper. He felt like crying at the

tension he was feeling. “This isn’t so easy.”

“Stop being melodramatic.”

“I’m not! These heels are hard to walk in,” he said. Indeed they were. David had not worn mules before this trip and he found himself struggling to balance on the heels given that the shoes offered no support at all. He actually needed to concentrate when he walked to make sure the heels even stayed on his feet. These were not shoes for beginners, that was for sure.

“Step on it,” growled Tina and she took his delicate hand in hers and she pulled him down the hallway faster than he could safely walk; naturally, Tina was wearing flat sandals. It took all his concentration and a lot of luck not to fall down.

*CLICK SLAP CLICK SLAP CLICK SLAP CLICK SLAP!*

“There’s the car,” said Hamilton and he pointed through the glass doors up ahead at a long black sedan with a man standing next to it holding a sign with Hamilton’s name on it. David felt immediately relief. He was desperate to leave the airport and get away from all the eyes glaring at him. He was desperate to slow down too before he fell and made a scene. . . like having his penis shoot out of his dress. He wanted to be anywhere but here. That car represented safety.

*CLICK SLAP CLICK SLAP CLICK SLAP CLICK SLAP!*

*CLICK SLAP CLICK SLAP CLICK SLAP CLICK SLAP!*

They made it.

Tina let go of David’s hand and he leaned against the car to catch his breath and steady himself. He was breathing heavily. His legs were sore, as were his feet. His body trembled from the adrenaline he felt. His heart was pounding. As he caught his breath, he took that opportunity to look down and he noticed that the head of his penis had slipped out the top of his girdle and now poked against his belly; it showed clearly through his dress, at least if you knew what you were looking at – fortunately, no one probably did. Still, he cringed at the thought that anyone might have seen it, though he was fairly certain no one had as no one started screaming.

They got into the car.

David had never been happier to leave a place in his life. The hotel was going to be sanctuary compared to this. . . or was it?

The hotel wasn't nearly as bad as the airport. Yes, everyone stared at his enormous breasts as they jiggled along and his delicate feet as he wobbled past in his unsteady high-heeled mules, but in this case "everyone" only meant a few people. . . not hundreds. And most people were somewhat discreet in observing him, though the bellboy stared like an idiot, which made David feel nervous. In any event, David was happy to get to the room, out of everyone's sight. He wanted to crawl into the bed and stay there until it was time to return home.

It was not to be.

As David lay on the bed, reliving in his mind his shameful walk through the airport terminal, and finding himself hard as a rock thinking about it, Tina opened the partition between David's room and the much larger room Hamilton had booked for himself and Tina.

"Hamilton and I are going down for a drink," said Tina after locking the partition door into place.

"A drink?" asked David.

"Yes, in the bar. We're going to get a drink to relax and check out the hotel. While we're gone, I want you to unpack our suitcases. Put my clothes in the closet here," she said and she pointed to one closet. "Put Hamilton's in the closet in the other room. Put yours in the other closet by the door. Then iron everything that got wrinkled."

David suddenly burned red with shame. He had hoped that while they were on vacation, Tina would treat him less like a servant, as she had been treating him lately, and more like a husband. Apparently, that wasn't her plan, however. But before he could say a word in protest, Hamilton took Tina's hand and they walked out of the room, leaving David to act as their personal maid.

David felt small. . . very small.

"This is really insulting," he said, though he really meant "humiliating." And as he thought about this, his penis grew hard as a rock again. This was becoming disturbing. Indeed, this was becoming a pretty clear pattern to David: humiliation was turning him on. He didn't understand it and he absolutely didn't like it, but it was undeniable. . . *humiliation was turning him on.*

In fact, if he was being honest, the whole experience was turning him on. He loved the feeling he got when he touched his breasts. That felt amazing. He had come to really like the feel of silk and satin and the caress

of soft dresses, the wind up his skirt, and the delicate tug of lingerie. He refused to admit this to himself, but it was true too. Still, he didn't want to think about.

"Need to iron. . . need to iron. . . need to iron," he said and he got to work ironing to try to put all of this out of his mind. It didn't really work. As he ironed, he remained hard as a rock as humiliating images flashed before his eyes.

—o—

About an hour later, David heard the lock on the room door click. Then the door opened. In walked his wife and Hamilton. They were still holding hands and they were giggling. Both glowed a bit as if they'd had a little too much to drink. David didn't like the idea that Hamilton and his wife were openly flirting with each other all over the resort, but it's not like he could stop them, so he said nothing.

"How goes the ironing, 'husband' dear?" asked Tina in a condescending tone. The way she said "husband" David could almost hear the quotation marks she put around it. That made him feel small.

"I'm just finishing," said David sourly.

Tina walked over and ran her fingers over a blouse which still lay on the ironing board. "Good. I'll check them later." The idea that she had the right to "check" his work was now an established fact, even as it burned David that this was true. She continued: "It's such a lovely day that we decided to go sit by the pool."

David shrugged his shoulders. If they wanted to go to the pool, there was nothing he could do about that. And truthfully, he really didn't mind. As far as he was concerned, he had finished the ironing and now he wanted to spend some time relaxing alone in the room now. So this would work out nicely for him. . . or so he thought.

Tina noticed his silence and that he wasn't moving. "Well?"

"Well what?" asked David.

"Well, come on girl, get dressed."

"Get dressed?!" asked David. "For what?"

"Didn't I just tell you that we're going to the pool?"

David's jaw dropped. "You want *me* to go to the pool?"

"Well, I'm certainly not going to let you sit in the room and mope for

the next two weeks.”

David looked shocked. He had no idea what to say. He didn't want to go outside. No, not at all. He wanted to stay nicely hidden away from everyone where no one could ogle his breasts or discover his penis.

Tina laughed. “Come on, girly. I packed a bikini for you, so put it on.”  
“The sun will do you some good,” added Hamilton.

David still didn't move, so Tina walked over to the dresser where she had told David to put her underwear and she pulled out a bikini. “I figured you might have thought this was mine. It's not. This bikini is for you, David,” said Tina and she tossed him the bikini, “and you're going to wear it.”

David looked at the bikini in his hands. It was so, so tiny. There was no way he could wear this. It wouldn't hide anything! “This is too small!” he protested.

Tina just smirked.

“Seriously, I can't wear this,” he said.

“You will wear it, now put it in on!”

Once again, David felt his resolve wither. He needed to stay on his wife's and Hamilton's good side, no matter how much he hated the idea. He looked down at the white with red-polka-dots bikini and he nodded his head reluctantly. He started for the bathroom.

“No, change here,” said Tina. “It's not like we haven't seen you naked.”

David blushed. He hated being treated like some sort of child or toy. It humiliated him. Still, it was the way things were, so he stripped off his dress and his lingerie. Then he attached the tiny bikini around his breasts. They were way too large for this bikini. In fact, it looked more like the bikini was meant only to cover his nipples rather than his breasts.

“Perfect!” said Tina.

“Perfect?!”

Tina giggled. “Yes, you look fantastic. I'm sure all the boys will be impressed.”

“I don't want to impress the boys,” he said unhappily.

Now Tina laughed. “Put on your slides too. I like watching you totter around on those.” She ignored his complaint.

David bit his lip. He knew right away what she was doing. She wanted him to feel exposed, and this would do it. Clearly, she intended to humiliate

him. At this thought, his nipples rose beneath the bikini. They were very obvious. Then his penis became hard.

“Oh, he likes it,” said Tina with a giggle and she rubbed one of his nipples. Then she moved her hand down and stroked his penis.

David blushed and tried to hide his erection.

“Now put on the bottom,” said Tina, “or should I stroke you off first? Or maybe, you should stroke yourself off while we watch.” She giggled again.

David shuddered. He absolutely did not want to masturbate for Tina and Hamilton’s entertainment. Hence, he stepped back and bent over and quickly slid the bikini bottom up his legs. It was small and tight, but somehow, it covered his penis. Unfortunately, it didn’t hide it all that well though. Indeed, while the whole penis was covered with cloth, it was obviously a penis beneath the cloth.

Tina raised an eyebrow. “Humph. We can’t have you going out like that.”

“Why not?” asked Hamilton from the other room. He had changed into swimming trunks and now came back into this room. He took one look at David’s large erection highlighted beneath the bikini bottom and chuckled. “I see.”

“These bottoms were supposed to help control his figure, but clearly they aren’t enough to hide his erection,” said Tina.

“I don’t know what to say,” said Hamilton.

David waited quietly as they decided his fate. He knew his input wasn’t wanted and didn’t matter. But now he saw an opening. “Fine, I’ll stay here,” said David.

“No, you won’t,” said Tina.

“But—”

Suddenly, Tina snapped her fingers. “I’ve got it! We’ll throw a wrap around your waist.”

That was apparently enough because a minute later, David found himself whisked to the elevator and then downstairs to the pool. He wore the white with red-polka-dots bikini which didn’t even cover the majority of his breasts, the matching panties that couldn’t hide his penis, a silver wrap-skirt which Tina placed to strategically cover his crotch but just barely, and high-heeled red slides that gave him no support at all. They had five-inch heels with a half-inch platform.

“Let’s sit by the pool,” said Tina as they emerged into the warm island air.

Hamilton pointed to three open pool chairs, so they made their way over to them. David felt even more exposed than he had in the airport. Everyone was staring at his breasts in this bikini, and he was absolutely terrified that his penis would jump out of his suit at any moment as he tottered along; not to mention that these heels were rather difficult to walk in and he repeatedly feared he might stumble, which could lead to disaster.

“Stay calm, stay calm,” he told himself.

His erection was throbbing away beneath the skirt and his nipples were uncomfortably hard.

“Take a deep breath and stay calm.”

When they reached the chairs, they set down their towels and Tina and David sat down. Tina adjusted her own pink and white bikini and kicked off her wedge-heeled sandals.

“Get us some drinks,” said Tina to David.

David didn’t even try to fight. He felt far too vulnerable to fight at the moment. So he went to the bar and got three drinks. Again, he felt like all eyes were on him as he walked. This body was simply too sexy for people not to notice, the men because they wanted to touch it and the women because they wanted to look like it. Eventually, he got the drinks and brought them back. He handed one to Tina, who was lying on her stomach as Hamilton spread lotion all over her back. He gave another to Hamilton and he sat down and drank the third. The drink helped to relax him, though he still felt terrified that all eyes were on him, so when the waiter came by, he ordered a second.

Then a third.

Within minutes, he was feeling rather tipsy. He was also tanning up quite nicely and would have very feminine tan lines soon; he would notice those the following morning.

Soon the music started and David began to relax. Of course, every time he looked over at Tina and Hamilton, they were touching each other or kissing, and that bothered him. Despite the way he looked at the moment, he was still her husband, and seeing them like this mad him angry. It also made him feel impotent though, and that made him erect for some reason.

“How can you kiss him?” he suddenly asked Tina. It actually surprised him that he got up the nerve to say anything, but the alcohol had freed up his

tongue.

“It’s easy,” she said snidely. “Just put your lips together and blow.”

“I mean, how can you kiss *him*?! I’m your husband—!”

Tina let out a cutting laugh. “Oh, girly, you don’t look like a husband at all.”

“It doesn’t matter what I look like!”

“I think it would matter very much if I started kissing you. I think all these people would be rather shocked by that in fact.”

“Don’t evade the question. What matters is that we’re married and you shouldn’t be kissing another man!”

Tina let out a cynical laugh. “And what are you going to do about?” she asked.

David froze. He didn’t know how to answer that.

Tina sat up and leaned over toward Hamilton. She gave Hamilton a long, deep kiss and she openly rubbed his penis inside his swimming trunks. He in turn pinched her nipples and ran his fingers over her crotch. Tina then turned back to face her shrunken, feminized husband. “Well? What are you going to do about it *husband*?”

David felt himself shrink. Not only was his wife apparently having an affair, but she was having it right in front of him, and there wasn’t a thing he could do about it. Even worse, her mocking tone sent shivers down his spine, it made him feel emasculated and it humiliated him that others might see or hear this display.

“Well? Are you going to do anything beside get a hard on?” she asked coldly.

David turned bright red. He didn’t realize that she could tell that he was hard as a rock. He felt intense shame that this turned him on and he felt very weak that she had spotted this and was now mocking him for it.

He said nothing.

“That’s what I thought,” scoffed Tina when David didn’t respond. “Now go get us more drinks and be thankful I don’t make you prance around here in your uniform and serve us.”

David bit his lip and rose to his feet. He felt incredibly nervous standing up because his penis was erect and throbbing beneath his panties. Still, he had to do what he had to do, so he tottered over to the bar near the pool. Again, he could feel all eyes watching him.

“What can I get for you?” asked the bartender.

David ordered three drinks. When the first came, he drank it down right away. He immediately felt a warm glow pass over his body and he again felt relaxed. He relaxed so much, in fact, that he wobbled a bit in his heels and he began to giggle.

“That’s a nice bikini,” said an attractive blonde woman who walked up next to David at the bar.

David blushed. “Thank you,” he said.

“It’s really sexy actually,” she said. She winked at David and then gently brushed her fingers against his breast. This made his nipples super-hard and it sent waves of pleasure tingling throughout his breast.

David closed his eyes. “Hmmm,” he purred.

The woman smiled. “You like that?”

“I do.”

The other two drinks arrived. David drank both of those as well. Unfortunately, he had forgotten that he was now a small woman, not a large man, and he couldn’t drink as much as he could before he was transformed. As he drank these new drinks, his wobble increased, and with it, his breasts jiggled more and more. He began to sway back and forth.

“You might want to slow down, lady,” said the bartender.

David smiled. “I’m ok.”

“You’re more than ok,” said a man who suddenly appeared to David’s left. “Wanna dance?”

The next few moments were a blur. Before he even knew what was happening, David found himself standing on the bar. His arms were over his head and he was swaying back and forth to the beat of the music. The two men who had lifted him up onto the bar were laughing and dancing with him from the floor. They were cheering. The woman David had been talking too was cheering too and smiling at him. She even blew him kisses.

“Go! Go! Go!” cheered the assembled crowd.

David shook his rear and jiggled his breasts. He placed his hands on the sides of his breasts and then slid them forward. He shuffled his heels back and forth across the bar top in rhythm to the music.

In the distance, David could see Tina lying in Hamilton’s arms. They had just noticed David and were rising to come over to watch him. David swayed his hips back and forth as he watched them approach.

“Go! Go! Go!” cheered the assembled crowd.

“Woo!” exclaimed David and he swung his hips around.

Hamilton and Tina continued to approach. They took each other's hands. Hamilton wrapped his arm around her shoulders. . . he pinched her nipple, which made them stop and Tina gave Hamilton a long kiss, during which she reached down and stroked his crotch.

David saw all of this and felt a strong burst of humiliation.

Suddenly, disaster struck. Without even a hint of warning, the wrap opened and fell to David's feet. In the same instance, his penis surged as large as it could get at the thought of Hamilton and Tina fooling around right in front of him and it shot right out the top of his bikini bottoms.

There was a giant gasp.

His penis stood out like a flagpole for everyone to see.

David looked down at his crotch, where everyone was staring. His eyes became huge. His face turned bright, bright red. He felt like he had been punched in the stomach. Part of his mind screamed to cover his penis, but the other part screamed to run. He panicked. He ran. He crashed to his rear and jumped off the bar top. Then he raced across the bar, as best he could in the impossible heels, past the pool, through the lobby and to the elevator.

As he fled, he heard roars of laughter behind him.

## Chapter 6: “The Visitor”

David lay on the bed trying to cry. He wanted to cry. He felt he should. He felt like the intense humiliation of being exposed as he had been should force him to cry. . . only it hadn't. And try as he might, he just couldn't make himself cry. He couldn't cry because, as shocking as it was to him, he was simply too turned on by what had happened. Indeed, as he raced to the elevator and then down the hallway to his room on his unstable high-heeled mules, his erection swung back and forth with precum dripping from its tip, and it felt exciting and it felt good. It took serious control not to stroke himself as he ran. Even now, as he dove onto the bed to cry with his erection jammed straight down into the mattress, hard as rock, he struggled not to stroke himself.

“I am so humiliated,” he whined, which only made him feel conflicted.

He tried harder to cry, but still couldn't. His mind replayed second by second everything that happened. He saw all the shocked looks, the mocking eyes, the voices laughing at him. He felt the tug on his penis as it flailed around wildly before him as he raced down the hallway. He felt and saw all of this and it turned him on. He wouldn't cry.

“Why is this turning me on?” he asked himself, though he wasn't really sure he cared right now. Right now, his mind cared only about his throbbing erection. Still, he resisted. But his resistance was fading. . . fading fast. “I'm not going to let this turn me on.”

He took a deep breath.

“I'm not going to let this turn me on,” he repeated.

Then, slowly, almost involuntarily, he reached down between his legs. He gave himself a quick double stroke, “just to release the pressure.” His mind again replayed second by second everything that happened. He almost came every time he thought about the look on Tina's face as his penis jumped free. She was reveling in his humiliation.

Precum leaked out of his penis.

*CLICK!*

Suddenly, David heard the lock on the hotel room door click. He rolled over and tried to sit up. He didn't want anyone to know he was crying. . . or masturbating. A moment later, Hamilton and Tina walked through the door.

They were laughing and giggling and hugging each other as they entered and walked over to where he sat on the bed. He still looked disheveled and his erection pointed straight up in his lap.

“There *she* is!” said Tina with a laugh. She had obviously been drinking.

David bit his lip and blushed.

“And our little girl is still hard as a rock, I see,” said Tina and she brushed his erection with her fingers, “and wet.”

David looked down at his erection and covered it with his skirt. As he did, Tina came over and sat down on the bed next to him. Hamilton stood before him, preventing David from getting off the bed.

“That was very naughty of you,” said Tina condescendingly and she shook her finger at him.

“Yes, very naughty,” agreed Hamilton.

“And what a way to introduce yourself to everyone at the hotel! They’ll be talking about you for months, honey. I can’t imagine how humiliating it’s going to be for you to spend the next two weeks here, with everyone having seen your dirty little secret,” said Tina with an evil grin on her face. “Everyone will know. . . they’ll be looking at you. . . watching you. . . laughing at you.”

David shuddered. She was right. The next two weeks would be very difficult for him. He would struggle even to leave the room and he probably wouldn’t be able to look anyone in the eye. And, disturbingly, he would probably be super turned on by this every single day. This was going to be very hard on him.

As David worried about this, Tina put her arm around David’s tiny shoulders. “But like I said, that’s the future. I want to talk about the past. You were very naughty showing yourself to everyone. Seriously, what were you thinking, David?” she asked, but she didn’t wait for an answer. “I think you need to be punished to make sure you never do anything like that again.”

David furrowed his brow. “Punished?”

“Yes.”

“How punished?” he asked. He’d never been punished before, not for anything and certainly not by his wife. “What do you mean punished?”

“I mean what it sounds like. You need to be punished for your misbehavior so you know never to do it again.”

“And how are you going to do that?”

He found out a moment later. With seeming ease, Hamilton picked David up, flipped him around in mid-air and dropped him onto Tina's knees on his stomach. David lost a shoe in the process, which Hamilton retrieved and went to place back on David's tiny foot as Tina held him in place.

"Hold on," said Tina, "let me have that."

Hamilton handed her the shoe.

Tina set the shoe on the bed next to her and reached beneath David. She pulled David's penis down between her knees and held those together tightly, trapping the penis between her knees. She then placed her hand on David's rear and pushed his skirt up over his rear. She pulled his panties down. Then she picked up the shoe from next to her.

"This is going to hurt you a lot more than it hurts me," she said with a giggle.

*SMACK! SMACK! SMACK!*

The high-heeled mule in his wife's hand came crashing down upon his rear. It stung. Being so much smaller than he had been in the past, he no longer had the protection he did when he was large, and it hurt.

"Stop!" he squealed.

Tina giggled.

*SMACK!*

*SMACK!*

*SMACK!*

"Please stop!" he squealed again.

"Not until you've learned your lesson!" said Tina with a laugh. Hamilton too was smiling.

*SMACK!*

*SMACK!*

*SMACK!*

Each blow stung worse than the last. David felt panicky and scared and wanted to flee, but he was nowhere near strong enough to free himself from Tina's grip. Besides, where would he go? He was stuck on an island with no money and no identification. He truly was his wife's prisoner and that meant she could do anything she wanted to him.

*SMACK!*

*SMACK!*

With this blow, something strange happened. David's penis, which always seemed to be hard these days, became especially hard. In fact, it

throbbled. Something within him was starting to enjoy this punishment.

*SMACK!*

*SMACK!*

*SMACK!*

By this point, the pain was becoming intense, and David wanted to complain, but the waves of pleasure pulsating out from his penis and his rear were equally intense and were interfering with his rational mind. All he wanted right now was to cum; he wanted nothing else and he didn't care what he needed to endure to make that happen. . . but it would not be. For, a moment later, Tina shoved David to the floor. She then tossed David's shoe to Hamilton and she walked over to her suitcase. Hamilton reached down and placed the shoe back onto David's foot.

"There you go," said Hamilton and he kissed David's toe.

This made David even harder, which really scared David as he'd never been turned on by a man's touch before, and it scared him that he apparently was now, and because he never saw Hamilton as someone who might be interested in him sexually. Indeed, it terrified him that Hamilton might be interested in him sexually. Why else would he kiss him? David considered this as he lay on the floor with a beaming red rear, a deeply bruised ego, and a throbbing erection. He needed time to sort all of this out, but he wouldn't get it, at least not now, because Tina returned from her suitcase with several pair of stockings.

"Let's tie our little princess to the chair so she can't cause any more problems," said Tina.

"You what?" exclaimed David.

"Be silent," growled Tina.

David complied. As he did, Hamilton smiled at her and they kissed each other on the lips. Then he lifted the shrunken, feminized David from the floor and carried him over to a hard-backed chair which sat by the desk. He set David onto the chair and Tina came over and tied David's ankles to the chair with the stockings. Then she tied his hands behind his back and also tied those to the chair with more stockings. He was tied tightly; there was no way he could move or free himself. Tina then gathered her purse and she and Hamilton made their way toward the front door. David didn't expect that.

"Wait! Please don't leave me like this!" protested David.

"Leave you how?" asked Tina.

"Please don't leave me tied up!"

“I’m sorry, dear, but you’ve proven we can’t leave you alone. . . you’ll get into too much trouble,” said Tina in a fake-innocent tone.

“It’s better this way,” said Hamilton with a snicker.

Tina giggled. “You just better hope we remember to put up the ‘Do Not Disturb’ sign on the door on our way out. Who knows how the maid would react if she caught you like this?!”

“Honey, please,” begged David.

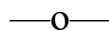
Tina rolled her eyes. “We should have made you mute too when we changed you!” she said beneath her breath, but just loud enough that David could hear it.

Tina hadn’t intended for David to hear this, nor did she know he had heard it, but he had, and it caused David’s mind exploded. Did he hear what he thought he heard? Could it be that his having been turned into a woman was not an accident? Could it be that his wife and Doctor Hamilton did this to him intentionally? Was that what Tina meant? David bit his tongue. He needed to find out more, that was for sure. But in the meantime, he needed to make sure he didn’t let on that he knew anything, so he remained silent.

“Stay calm, stay calm,” he urged himself.

Meanwhile, Tina leaned over her tied-up husband and kissed him on the lips. “Ham and I are going to have a romantic dinner together. Then we’re coming back and make love. You will be here when we get back, right?” she asked with a giggle. She and Hamilton then kissed right before David. They took each others hands, turned out the light, and left.

David was alone in the dark.



It was dark. The little bit of light David could see came from a single golden stream that slipped through the curtains and hit the bed; it passed several feet before him. Otherwise the room was almost entirely pitch black. He remained tied to the chair. He tried to pull his arms free, but couldn’t. There was no way he could break free either; he was well tied. Even as a man, it would have been difficult, but as a small woman it was impossible. He would just need to wait until someone untied him, and he had no idea how long that would be.

His mind turned to what he had just learned.

“They planned this. They planned this from the beginning,” he said.

He felt sick to his stomach.

“That means, this was no accident. They did this to me intentionally.”

He felt even sicker. He yanked on his bindings, but nothing budged, except his breasts, which jiggled. He shuddered at his thoughts.

“If they planned this, then they aren’t going to let me go. . . they aren’t going to change me back,” he told himself. This thought terrified him. . . sort of. He didn’t like being under his wife’s control and he didn’t like his second class status as her maid, personal servant, and toy, but he had to admit that he was turned on by much of this. Indeed, as much as he hated to admit this, he was very much turned on by being feminized and by all the humiliations he had felt. That scared him, but it was true. In fact, he knew now that he would miss some parts of this when he changed back. Still, he needed to change back, didn’t he?

*CLICK!*

David heard the door click as it unlocked. He froze. A moment later, a brief flash of light in the other room and then a rush of cooler air told him that the door had been opened and closed again. He heard the lock click shut.

*CLICK!*

“That was short,” said David to himself. He estimated they had only been gone less than five minutes. “They must have forgotten something.” He sat up straight as best he could and he waited for Tina to appear. Only, she didn’t.

Several seconds passed in silence.

David began to wonder if they had actually entered the room or if they had only opened the door and then left again. Then he heard the sound of high heels echoing off the tile floor at the entrance. The woman was moving slowly, cautiously. A few steps later, she was on the carpet, and she was still moving slowly. David craned his head around to see who it was, but in the darkened room, it was impossible to tell.

“Hello,” he called out in his soft, feminine voice.

There was no response.

A few more seconds passed. Suddenly, the woman stepped into the ray of light that streamed through the curtains. It was the woman from the bar, the blonde. He felt a wave of shame wash over him that she had found him; after his display at the bar, he wanted to be forgotten and it humiliated him that this woman had seen his penis and knew what he was. Even worse, she had picked a time to visit him when he was. . . well, tied up.

“You?!” exclaimed David with considerable surprise.

The woman smiled. “I hope you don’t mind,” she said.

“How did you get in here?” he asked.

“I paid the maid to let me into your room. I wanted to see you. I wanted to make sure you were all right,” she said. “That must have been quite a shock for you.”

David felt intensely nervous. What she’d said sounded like a pretext. She didn’t know him and there was no reason she would come check on him. Why was she *really* here? What could she possibly want with him? Whatever it was, he felt too ashamed to talk to her. “Please. . . go away,” he said.

She smiled. “It’s all right.”

“Seriously, I’m having a rough enough day,” said David.

“I’ll say,” said the woman and she giggled. This sent a shiver down David’s spine. It made him feel a familiar tinge of humiliation and it triggered a serious erection.

“Honestly, I’d rather be alone,” said David, though this wasn’t totally true. She was turning him on and part of him wanted to explore that. On the other hand, he had no idea what she even wanted and that scared him. More importantly though, *he was helplessly tied to a chair!* David was starting to worry. Perhaps, he thought, it would be best if she left before she discovered his vulnerability.

“Maybe I can help with that,” she said and she drifted closer.

“No, no, that’s ok,” he said.

She stopped for a second, unsure whether or not to proceed. Then she moved forward through the light. She really was beautiful. She had long, wavy blonde hair, shapely legs and breasts, though nothing like David’s, full lips and gorgeous eyes. The minidress she wore helped these features stand out too. She looked like a vision as she passed through the light beam on her way toward him with the light reflecting off her dress and giving everything in the room a slight glow. But right now, that wasn’t what was on David’s mind. Right now, he was worried about her discovering that he was tied to the chair!

He tried again to get her to leave: “Look—”

Too late.

The woman gasped. “Oh my!” Her smile broadened. “I never expected to find you like this!” she said and she giggled again. She stepped

out of the light into the darkness and closer to him.

“Look—” he started again, but she put her hand on his mouth to silence him.

“Shhh! Don’t speak,” she said.

As David waited nervously, the woman hiked up her dress and stripped off her panties. She kissed him on the lips. As she did, she wrapped her fingers around his penis and stroked it hard and fast several times. She then pushed aside his bikini and jammed her lips onto one of his nipples. She licked it and sucked on it and finally bit it, which sent a shock racing through David’s body.

“Ah!” he exclaimed as he cringed, though he also came close to cumming from the shock.

“I knew you’d like that,” said the woman.

“Oh God!” said David breathlessly. His heart was racing.

The woman kissed his lips again and then sat herself down on his lap, facing him. She wore no panties, so she slid his penis inside her hole and she squeezed it with her muscles. Meanwhile, she pulled her breasts out of her dress and rubbed her nipples directly against his nipples. It felt electric for both.

“Wow, that’s hot,” said David.

“You’re everything a girl could want,” she purred. She then jammed her lips against his and kissed him again.

“Really?” he asked when she removed her lips.

“Of course.”

“I would have thought you would be turned off,” he admitted.

“Are you kidding? I could take you home right now and never let you go,” she said and she began moving her hips up and down, causing her pussy to side up and down his shaft.

David smiled. It had never occurred to him that anyone would find a small, bimbo-ish looking woman with a huge penis attractive. . . but apparently there were such people! “Amazing,” he said to himself.

As David contemplated this discovery, the woman sped up her motion up and down on his shaft. He hadn’t felt this in some time. Indeed, the only way he came these days was the humiliating masturbation sessions Tina and Hamilton subjected him to every day, so this was exciting. It felt like the first time all over again. And as she continued to ride him faster and harder, he got closer and closer to cumming.

“Oh yes!” the woman suddenly moaned.

David felt this too. He was breathing hard now. His penis was throbbing. He would cum any second at this rate. The woman moved even faster now, even harder and more violently.

“Tell me you want me!” she demanded.

“I want you!” he exclaimed.

“Tell me you want to be mine!”

“I want to be yours!”

“No, not just *mine*, tell me you want to belong to me! Tell me you want to be my property!” she said as she pulled him closer and drove down hard on his penis. She bit his nipple again, which again sent a shock racing through his body.

“I want to belong to you!”

“Tell me you’ll by my little dick girl!”

David blushed. Saying that would be humiliating, but as he had learned, humiliation seemed to turn him on. In fact, he was having a hard time cumming without it these days. . . so he said it: “I want to be your little dick girl!” he exclaimed.

That was all it took. Nothing could stop it.

David tensed up. He stopped breathing. Then his penis seemed to seize up and suddenly explode. Cum shot deep inside the woman and it kept coming in spurt after spurt.

“Yes, yes, yes,” screamed the woman. She was all but hopping up and down now on his erection. Her juices were pouring all over it, soaking his lap. Her muscles quivered and she came hard as well. She collapsed on top of him.

They were spent.

For the next few minutes, the woman lay on top of him, with her arms draped over his body and her head resting on his shoulders. Their cum dripped out of her and down his shaft. She was exhausted. David was exhausted. Both were breathing heavily, but starting to catch their breaths.

“That was wonderful, dick-girl,” she said and she kissed him.

“Thank you.”

“I want you,” she said.

“You do?”

“I do. And I always get what I want. We need to do this again. . . and again. . . and again.” She stood up and pulled down her dress. She smoothed

it out. “Who are the couple you’re with?”

“That’s my wife and her lover,” said David. As he said it, he shuddered to finally say this aloud.

“Your wife?”

“Long story.”

“I should think. Who’s this lover? Why would she need a lover when she has you?” asked the woman.

David didn’t respond and the woman didn’t push him.

“Well, I’m thinking that whenever they aren’t here because they’re out for the day, you should call me and I can come over. When we get back to the mainland, I’ll come visit too.” She pulled a business card from her purse and tucked it inside his purse, which was sitting on the table next to the television. “Maybe your wife is willing to give you up,” she said. Then she kissed him on the lips again. “You’re amazing.”

With that, she made her way to the door.

As David watched the woman disappear again into the shadows, he struggled to decide if this had been real or a fantasy. For weeks now, he had been desperate to change back into being a man. He felt tiny and emasculated. He felt intimidated. He didn’t like his wife pushing him around, treating him like a servant, and now having an affair right before his very eyes. He wanted to be tall and strong and male again. . . or did he?

The truth is, he wasn’t sure anymore. And finding this woman who seemed to want him just the way he was, sounded a bit like the best of both worlds.

“Maybe it’s not so bad after all,” he said.

In fact, having sex with this woman had been incredible. And as he knew, whether he could admit it or not, he did like some parts of this transformation. He loved having sensitive breasts. He had come to like some of the clothes; indeed, he’d come to enjoy the feeling of silk and satin and how the lingerie tugged on him. He’d even enjoyed some other parts.

David suddenly bit his lip. “Oh my God! Am I seriously thinking this isn’t so bad?!”

Well, yes. . . yes he was.

The End Of Part Two. . .

**PART THREE**  
**Cuckolding & Paybacks**

## Chapter 7: “Cuckolded”

Things were changing fast in David’s life. When he was first turned into a woman, he thought it had been an accident. Doctor Hamilton and his wife told him that the DNA manipulation machine had malfunctioned and changed his DNA into that of a tiny, sexy woman with an enormous penis. They also told him it would take time to reverse the process and that he needed to be patient and to adjust to being a woman until his genes were ready for a second procedure.

David believed them. After all, why would they lie?

Then he learned that his wife Tina and Doctor Hamilton were having an affair! Not only that, they began to fool around openly in front of him. Even worse, his wife wanted him to act like her submissive maid and to support her affair with Doctor Hamilton.

David felt sick.

But that was nothing compared to what he would learn next. When they took him to the island so he could act as their maid on their vacation, David discovered that they had done all of this to him intentionally! There had been no accident. His wife and her doctor lover made him a woman!

So far, neither Hamilton nor Tina realized that David knew the truth, and David wasn’t going to tell them because that was the one advantage he held. Indeed, they held all the other cards. David had no job and wouldn’t be able to find anything other than menial work because he couldn’t prove who he was. He simultaneously couldn’t access his money without his wife because the bank wouldn’t recognize him. Essentially, he was entirely dependent on his wife financially. He was also dependent on her and Hamilton to change him back – any thought of going to another doctor was quickly rejected by the fact that David had no money to pay them and no one would believe his story. For the same reason, he couldn’t go to the police; Tina could just deny even knowing him and he would be locked up for being crazy. Even beyond that, he was now so small and so weak that his wife could dominate him physically too. Hence, he was completely at her mercy in every way.

This was a bad situation for David, but there was hope.

David was finally home again. The vacation had been a blur for him. He spent most of his time humiliatingly following his wife and Hamilton around the resort as they flirted and enjoyed themselves. This stung his pride, but he was powerless to do anything about it, so he remained silent and he did as he was told. After all, if they really had turned him into a woman intentionally, then he couldn't risk angering them as they could easily make things worse for him.

In any event, their flirting had been just one of the indignities he faced. The worst was that everywhere David went, people stared at him. Some people remembered what had sprung out of his bikini at the pool and they would point him out to their friends. Others just stared at his sexy body and the sexy way Tina dressed him. This made him feel dirty and insecure.

On the plus side, he got to see his mystery woman three more times. Her name was Lydia and her interest in him and her passion for him were obvious, as was his growing interest in her. Something about her brought him intense happiness and they had even spoken of a genuine future together. Imagine that, thought David, she's actually attracted to a woman with a penis! That made him happy and gave him hope, and before he left, she told him to contact her when he was ready. He intended to. But right now, he had other issues to deal with, specifically he needed to free himself from this feminized prison his wife and the doctor had locked him into.

"Ooof!" said David as he pulled his suitcase up onto his bed. This was much harder as a woman.

He opened the suitcase and pitched a small bag of used panties into the hamper in his bedroom closet. Actually, this was the closet in the guestroom as he had been kicked out of the master bedroom by this point. Still, it was more "his" than the hotel had been. As he slowly dug through his suitcase, he caught an image out of the corner of his eye of his fabulous legs in the mirror. They looked even more amazing with the deep tan he had gotten on the island, a tan which included perfect bikini lines; Tina made sure of that.

"I guess it's a good thing I look like a woman with these tanlines," he said and he raised his dress to examine them.

He looked at his suitcase and sighed. Then he slipped his feet out of his mules and crashed down on the bed. He could sleep for weeks, except he knew that wasn't in the cards. He knew that once his wife was done kissing Hamilton goodbye, she would order him to unpack her suitcases, clean and

iron anything that needed it, and then put her clothes away. She would probably also demand that he put on his maid uniform to do it and then immediately start cleaning the house. He didn't like any of this, but at least it was all done in private and he didn't need to worry about people watching him, so there was that.

"Oh David, darling," called Tina condescendingly from the hallway.

David cringed. "Can't I get a minute to myself?" he asked himself.

"Are you in your little room?" she asked as she walked down the hallway toward his room. He could hear her heels approaching.

David sat up on the edge of the bed. A moment later, Tina appeared in his doorway. She still wore the white and tan skirt suit she had worn to travel, along with white and tan spectator pumps, large brown-tinted sunglasses, and a wide-brimmed hat which matched her suit. "There you are, pretty."

David blushed. "Yes, I'm here."

"You're wanted in the bedroom," said Tina with a snicker.

"For what?" he asked.

She smirked and waved her finger back and forth. "Tut tut. Just do as you're told," she said, sounding like she was still a little tipsy from the alcohol she drank on the flight. She turned to leave, but stopped. "Oh, and wear your mules, David. Always wear heels. I like seeing you in heels."

David bit his tongue. He hated the idea that his wife picked his clothes now and it really bothered him that she did so specifically to humiliate him and make him feel uncomfortable. She never let him wear flats or pants or even tops that fully covered his breasts. To the contrary, she dressed him like a bimbo. "She better hope the shoe is never on the other foot!" he grumbled to himself.

"Come along," called Tina from the hallway.

David rose from the bed and slipped his feet back into the high, unstable mules. In these, he stood all of 5'7" tall. It wasn't nearly as tall as he had been before the transformation, but it was better than he was in stocking feet; he felt far too small in his stocking feet, so he liked the added height. Unfortunately, with the added height came pain in his feet and legs and a definite instability as he walked. It was an unfortunate tradeoff.

"Don't keep me waiting, David!" called Tina.

David cringed. He had been summoned, so he needed to go, and she certainly was being insistent. He smoothed his dress, checked his makeup

(something that had become a habit), and tottered off down the hallway. He expected this would be about unpacking. . . he was in for a shock.

“Come on in, dear,” said Tina sweetly from the master bedroom. “We’ve been waiting for you.”

David didn’t know what she wanted, but the fake-innocent tone in her voice suggested he wasn’t going to like it.

“Wait a minute,” he said to himself suddenly. “Did she say ‘we’? Who is we?”

David took a deep breath and braced himself, but nothing could prepare him for what was about to happen. As he entered the bedroom, Tina waved him over to where she sat at her vanity. Hamilton lay on the bed with a white sheet somewhat wrapped around his legs. His large penis lay draped over his thigh. As David looked at it, he suddenly realized that he and Hamilton had the same modified penis! Clearly, Hamilton had given himself treatments as well, something David long suspected.

“Undress me,” commanded Tina.

David walked over to her and she raised her foot to his waist. She rested the heel of her high-heeled shoe against his upper thigh. He grabbed her leg and held it in place so he could unbuckle her sandal. Then he removed the sandal. He repeated this with the other shoe next. Then she stood up and turned around. David unzipped her skirt and let it drop to her feet. She stepped out of it and he picked it up and laid it over the chair; he would hang it up later.

“David’s really quite good at this,” said Tina to Hamilton.

“Well, you’ve trained her well.”

Tina giggled. “*Her*? He’s still technically a ‘he,’ isn’t he?” asked Tina. “After all, he has a, uh. . . thing.”

“If you insist,” said Hamilton slyly.

David tried to ignore them. He knew this was meant to humiliate him and he didn’t want to fall for it, so he pretended they were talking about someone else. . . but it still stung. He unbuttoned Tina’s blouse next and removed it. He could smell her perfume and the shampoo in her gorgeous wavy hair. He laid the blouse over the chair as well.

“Nice,” said Hamilton noting her breasts.

Tina smiled at him and raised her arms so David could unbuckle and remove her bra. She had magnificent breasts, but David was no longer allowed to touch them. That frustrated him, especially when he was as close

to her body as he was now. The temptation to touch her was nearly irresistible. He wanted to grab and kiss her too so badly, but she wouldn't allow that either. And with her controlling the purse strings and being significantly larger and stronger now than he was, there was nothing he could do about it, so he bit his lip and struggled to keep his hands to himself.

"She's very well trained indeed," said Hamilton, noticing how carefully David avoided touching Tina's breasts.

"What would be the point in having a sissy husband if you can't train him?" asked Tina and she laughed.

Hamilton laughed too. Meanwhile, David felt his penis growing about as hard as it ever got. Their humiliating comments were turning him on and any second his erection would push up his skirt. He didn't care though. They would find out one way or another, so why try to hide it. Tina, however, wasn't focused on David. Instead, she pushed on her panties and David pulled them down to her ankles so she could step out of them. When he removed them, she was finally naked. She spun around once very slowly so Hamilton could examine her entire body.

"What do you think?" asked Tina.

"Very sexy."

"I like to think so," she said. Then she noticed that his penis wasn't fully hard, so she lay down on the bed perpendicular to his crotch and she tickled his penis with her fingertips. It took only a millisecond before it became very erect. She then kissed it on the head, leaving a lipstick trace. "Much better."

David used this moment to start quietly toward the door. He didn't want to see what his wife was about to do, but he was in for a surprise.

"Where do you think you're going?" asked his wife.

"I figured you wanted to be alone," he said. "You usually tell me to leave at this point."

Tina smirked. "Well, not today. Today, we want you right here. . . watching as we make love."

David's jaw dropped. Was she serious? Did she really want him, her husband, to stand there and watch another man make love to her? It was bad enough that David knew they were doing it, but to make him watch was just too much! This would be unbearable! He couldn't believe this.

"Are you serious?!" he blurted out.

Tina laughed. Clearly, she had struck a nerve with her demand. "Of

course, I'm serious," she said condescendingly.

"But— How— Why?"

She giggled. She rose from the bed and walked over next to her husband. They were about the same height with him in his heels and her only in stockings. "Why? Because that's what I want. How? Well, I expect you to stand there and to watch us. And when we are done, you're going to offer us both towels to clean ourselves. Do you understand me?"

"I understand what you want, but—"

She didn't let him finish his objection. "It isn't just what I want; this is how it's going to be, David. And if you don't do as I say, then I'll spank you so hard that you won't be able to sit for a month, and then I'll make you watch anyway. So what's it going to be? Do we do this the hard way or the easy way?"

David cowered before her. He'd never experienced her acting this forcefully before and he really wasn't capable of standing up to her anymore, not as long as he was trapped in this tiny form. He reluctantly nodded his head.

Tina laughed and ran her fingers over his erection. "Good. I'm glad we understand each other," she said and she moved him to where she wanted him, where he would get an excellent view. "Now you stand there and watch."

"Yes, ma'am," he said involuntarily.

Tina climbed back into the bed and on top of Hamilton. Hamilton rolled onto his back so his erection stuck up into the air. Tina straddled him with her knees and reached down and aligned his erection with her pussy. Then she slowly lowered herself on top of him as his erection slid inside her. She purred. Then she leaned over and kissed him.

"Hmm, I love that feeling. What a magnificent erection!" she said.

Hamilton grabbed her breasts and began working them with his hands. "You have amazing breasts," he said. Her nipples were hard.

Tina smiled. She was breathing erratically now. A moment later, they started moving up and down on the bed, causing Hamilton's penis to slide in and out of her pussy. As they did this, David stood by helplessly and utterly humiliated that his wife was making love to another man right before his eyes. David had never felt so totally emasculated in his entire life. He almost cried. . . but he didn't. Instead, much to his chagrin, he found himself getting harder and harder.

“Oh, that feels so good!” said Tina.

Hamilton grunted and pushed harder.

David saw his wife close her eyes and tremble. This strangely excited him even more and, without even realizing it, he reached down and slipped his hand beneath his skirt and inside his panties. He wrapped his fingers around his penis and started stroking it.

Tina moaned.

David stroked harder. He couldn't believe how turned on he was at the humiliating feeling he got from watching his wife make love to Hamilton. He stroked harder yet. His penis was throbbing. It had already ejected a good amount of precum and was very slick.

“More, more!” called out Tina.

David began to breathe hard now. He spread his legs further apart to get a better balance in the heels. He stroked and stroked and stroked. He was close to cumming now. It was inevitable.

“Oh Hamilton! Yes! Yes! Yes!” yelled Tina.

As she did, David's penis exploded inside his panties. He shot hot white cum all over the inside of his panties, and the moment he did, he felt intense shame that he had masturbated to this spectacle.

“What have I done?” he asked.

A moment later, Tina collapsed on top of Hamilton. They were both spent. David could see her chest rise and fall as she caught her breath. He could also see their cum, mixed together, covering everything.

“Get some towels now,” Tina said.

“And a washrag,” added Hamilton.

David rushed to the bathroom. He grabbed two towels and a washrag he made wet. He then raced back out to the bed. He held them out for Tina. She smirked, but didn't take them.

“You clean us both,” she said.

Hamilton chuckled.

David cringed. As if he hadn't been humiliated enough, she now expected him to clean the man who had just cum inside his own wife and to clean the man's cum from inside his wife. This was even more humiliating than what he'd experienced already and he found himself getting hard again beneath his skirt. “Why is this turning me on?!” he screamed inside his head.

“Start with Hamilton,” said Tina.

“Yes, ma'am,” replied David.

David leaned forward on the bed and took the washrag and cleaned Hamilton's penis from top to bottom. He wrapped the washrag around Hamilton's shaft and ran it up and down, cleaning it and making sure nothing else was coming out. Then he took the washrag and used the clean part of it to wipe out his wife's pussy. When he finished, the washrag was sticky and gross. He tossed it to the floor. He then took the two towels and toweled them both dry.

"Good, sissy," said Tina with a giggle. She couldn't believe the power she felt at being able to make her feminized husband do this. It was intense.

"Thank you," said David meekly.

When David finished, he stood up and put the washrag and towels into the hamper. He then returned to the side of the bed.

"I'm hungry," said Hamilton.

"Why don't we go downstairs and get something to eat?" suggested Tina.

"Sounds good to me."

Tina turned to face her husband. She simultaneously rose from the bed and grabbed a robe, which David placed over her shoulders. "Clean up the bedroom, David. Make the bed too. Then come downstairs and make us both dinner. You can unpack all the suitcases and do the ironing later."

David bit his tongue. She had treated him somewhat as a servant before, but nothing this direct. Apparently, he was now to play the role of full-time servant rather than husband. He didn't like it, but he had no say in the matter, so he reached for some clothes that had fallen to the floor. Tina wasn't going to let him go that easily, however.

"Well?" she asked.

"Well what, ma'am?"

"Aren't you going to thank me?"

David wanted to resist, but there was no point. He knew that. And he knew that the more he fought back, the worse she would make this. He decided to cut his losses and do as she demanded. "Thank you, ma'am."

With that, Hamilton and Tina went downstairs, leaving David to clean up the bedroom and make the bed in which Hamilton had just had sex with David's wife. Once again, David wanted to cry. Instead, he masturbated a second time.

## Chapter 8: “David Gets A Job”

The next few weeks were difficult for David. Tina started treating him openly like a servant; any pretense of him being a husband were gone. She ordered him around and didn't show the slightest shame about not helping him with the chores. She even bought him a real maid uniform. . . or at least a real maid costume, as it looked like a French maid costume from a catalog at a sex shop. She made him wear that whenever he did housework or whenever he served her and Hamilton. She said she was following Hamilton's medical advice to help him adjust, but they both knew she just liked dominating him.

Tina wasn't David's only problem, however. Hamilton took to spending most nights sleeping with Tina in the master bedroom, though sometimes they slept at Hamilton's large estate; he had become rich from using the machine to reshape bodies. They made love almost every night and they made David watch them and clean them every time. Each time David would masturbate, and each time afterwards he would feel intense shame. He swore he wouldn't masturbate the next time, but he always did.

He obviously had no control.

Even worse than the daily humiliations inflicted upon David, it had become obvious that they had no intention of ever turning him back into a man and they weren't going to set him free either. David understood this now. So unless he found a way to turn the tables on them, this was his future. He couldn't have that, but how could he escape?

One night, it hit him.

“That's it!” he said as he shot up in his bed. “I can ask Lydia!”

So he did. He called the woman from the island, hoping she would agree to help him. Much to his relief, she agreed. They had a long conversation about the future and, as they did, they agreed to work together to find a way to free David from his wife so he could become Lydia's lover. Unfortunately, they had no immediate ideas how to do that, so they could agree only to keep looking for an opportunity at this point. Then David got a lucky break in a most unexpected way. . . Tina got him a job.

David was on his hands and knees scrubbing the kitchen floor. He wore a black uniform with white trim and simple black pumps. Tina stood before him in tan slacks and brown pumps. She had something to tell him, obviously, but she stopped to watch him work for a minute or so. She liked watching him in his submissive duties.

“You need to get a job,” she finally said.

David stopped scrubbing and looked up at his wife. This was unexpected. So far, she had kept him a virtual prisoner in the house, not that he really wanted to leave it, so he assumed she didn't want him having any freedom. Moreover, he knew they didn't need the money, not with his savings and especially not with Hamilton spending so much on Tina. Ergo, clearly this had nothing to do with need. Instead, it was obvious to David that Tina had some plan in mind to humiliate him; she always seemed to be striving to find new ways to humiliate him. He pursed his lips, determined to resist this scheme of hers, whatever it may be.

“What kind of job?” he asked cautiously.

Tina chuckled. “How would you like to go back to your old office? Think of the irony. There you would be among all your old friends. I'll bet you'd love that too, working with all those macho salesman, each of them trying to bed the new girl. I'll bet you'd suck off each of them too before the month was out and then you'd go back for seconds.”

David cringed. “No thank you,” he said firmly.

“Of course, we could make you work as a stripper,” she continued. “You'd need to find a way to keep your dick in your panties, but it would still be fun to see my sexy, girly husband dancing for all those horny men. Imagine how they would feel if they learned that the sweet little thing dancing for their pleasure has a bigger dick than any of them?”

David shuddered. He prayed that she wasn't serious. It sounded like she wasn't. It sounded to him like she was just messing with him, but you never knew these days. He tried to stay calm.

“Hmm. . . a stripper,” she said and she raised his skirt with the front of her shoe, exposing his pink panties and the outline of his erection beneath. David wanted to resist, but he knew better than to say or do anything. “No, no stripper. We need something else. Something where you can be supervised all day long, for your own good of course, something where your limited skills can be put to use, something very menial and very traditionally

feminine. . . but what?"

David bit his lip imagining several horrible possibilities.

Suddenly, an evil grin appeared upon Tina's face. "I know! We'll put you to work at Hamilton's office! You can be his receptionist!"

"You can't!" he blurted out.

"The decision has been made," she responded.

And so it would be.

—o—

David felt incredibly nervous. His body trembled and his knees shook. Walking from the car to the elevator in the parking garage was like walking to an execution. Not only was it nerve-wracking to be seen in public, but Tina made it all the worse by dressing him inappropriately. He was supposed to be the pretty, young receptionist. That meant looking demure and professional. But that wasn't how she dressed him. She dressed him more like a bimbo in a flashy red dress which stopped a millimeter below his crotch and displayed eighty percent of his breasts. He wore the unstable red, high-heeled slides too, which made walking extremely difficult.

*CLICK SLAP. . . CLICK SLAP. . . CLICK SLAP!*

"Can we please go home? I don't think I can do this," he said to his wife as they made their way through the parking garage.

"You can do it," said Tina.

"I don't think I can."

The elevator came and Tina shoved him onto it without responding. A moment later, it opened on the lobby level. There were people everywhere, and they all seemed to be staring at him.

"I can't do this," he squeaked.

"Start walking, girlfriend, or I'll lift your dress and show the world your goods. Then I'll make you stay here all day asking passersby for kisses. You'll be the biggest spectacle to ever hit this part of town."

David's jaw dropped. Would she really do that? "You wouldn't?!" he gasped.

"Try me," she said with steely resolve, and she stepped off the elevator onto the tile floor of the lobby.

David swallowed hard and followed her. He had no choice.

*CLICK SLAP. . . CLICK SLAP. . . CLICK SLAP!*

*CLICK SLAP. . . CLICK SLAP. . . CLICK SLAP!*

David tottered down the hallway faster than he was comfortable to keep up with his wife. He tugged on his dress, trying to get it to cover his body better. It wasn't helping, the dress was just too small to stretch over his entire body.

"Stop being such a wuss," said his wife as she noticed him tugging on his dress and trying to stay hidden behind her.

"That's easy for you to say, look at how you're dressed," said David, noting that his wife was dressed much more conservatively in a dark blue suit and simple, though high, pumps.

Tina smirked. "Get used to it, David. That's how Hamilton wants his new receptionist to dress."

David bit his tongue. He hated this whole idea. He didn't like being dressed like this, like he was on display. Nor did he like the idea of being made to work as Hamilton's assistant. Still, he told himself, it was better than being a stripper or trying to explain to his old boss and co-workers what had happened to him.

He sighed. Then he nodded. "Yes, ma'am."

"Now move your butt! We're late," said Tina as she looked at her watch. She stepped up her pace, which forced David almost to jog to keep up with her.

When they reached the office, Hamilton met them in the reception area. He wore a dark gray suit and he walked right up to Tina and kissed her on the lips. . . a lengthy passionate kiss. When their lips separated, he smiled.

"Dinner tonight?" he asked.

"Love to," she said.

Hamilton turned to face David. "I see you've brought my new receptionist. Hello, David," he said.

"She's all yours to use as you please."

"I'll make good use of her," said Hamilton.

"I'm sure you will," Tina responded.

Hamilton grabbed David's hand and led him to the reception desk. "You'll be working here. You'll take patient information when they arrive, have them fill out forms, and answer the phone. I'll buzz you when I'm ready for the next patient. Then you can walk them back to one of the nurses."

David pursed his lips. It struck him that the job wouldn't be so bad if

he could remain hidden behind the desk all day, but this desk had a glass front, so everyone could see his legs and try to look up his skirt. He also didn't like the idea of walking patients to the back. That would mean standing up, exposing himself, and then clicking his way down the hallway in his high heels. Normal receptionists didn't do that.

"Can't I just send them back?" asked David.

"No, you'll follow my instructions," said Hamilton.

"But—"

"No!" said Hamilton authoritatively.

David bit his tongue and didn't respond. This caused Hamilton to scowl at him.

"Address me appropriately. I am your boss now," said Hamilton.

David's face turned bright red. He couldn't believe he would now be working as a subordinate of this man, the man who turned him into this half-man, half-woman. The whole thing made him burn with shame and feel so very weak. Even worse, he needed to treat this man as a superior. David wanted to crawl into a hole somewhere and vanish off the planet. But he couldn't do that and he knew he had no choice but to do as he was told.

"Yes, sir," he said through clenched teeth, which made Tina giggle.

"Well, I have shopping to do," said Tina. She walked over to Hamilton and ran her fingers down Hamilton's chest before she kissed him again. . . deeply. "I'll leave you two to sort things out." She looked into Hamilton's eyes and smiled.

They kissed again.

This finally pushed David's penis over the top and it became as hard as it could get, which made it shoot out the top of the girdle and push his dress away from his body. His dress now had an odd bulge. Tina saw this and giggled.

"Oh look! He gets hard when I kiss you," said Tina smugly and she pointed at his crotch. She laughed. "You better control that, dear," she said. Then she left the office.

Hamilton watched her leave and then turned to face the shrunken, feminized David. He looked down at David's erection. He smiled strangely. Then he walked over to David and, before David even knew what was going on, he flipped up David's dress and yanked down his girdle. David's erection now stood out straight from his body.

"What are you doing?" asked David nervously.

Hamilton grabbed David's penis and began stroking it. "This is a magnificent penis, don't you think? It's the one most women choose when they are asked what they want their husband's penis to look like," said Hamilton. He kept stroking David's penis, which sent uncomfortable tingles racing throughout David's body.

"I don't understand," said David.

"This is the penis most women want. I've given myself the same one," said Hamilton. At this point, he unzipped his pants and fished his penis out of his underwear. It became hard as rock, just like David's. Hamilton then moved in front of David and pushed his penis next to David's. He then grabbed both with the same hand, though they were almost too big. "Aren't they magnificent?"

David's jaw dropped. He simply had no idea what to say. He never expected any of this.

"I think we should compare these again later," said Hamilton and he slid his penis back into his pants and zipped them up. Then he ran his fingers over David's breasts, causing his painfully erect nipples to pulse with sensation. "Your breasts, sadly, are not what most people would choose, but they are fitting for a bimbo like yourself David."

David furrowed his brow. He didn't like this in the least!

"You'll work here each day from now on," continued Hamilton, still stroking David's penis. "I want you here around eight thirty in the morning and you'll stay until Tina picks you up at six. Tina will pick out your clothes each day in accordance with my dress code. You will dress like a bimbo. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir," said David cautiously. He was breathing hard from being stroked, even if it horrified him to be jerked off by another man. He needed Hamilton to stop or else he would cum.

"Under no circumstances should you ever tell any of my patients what happened to you. Do you understand that?"

David took a moment to consider this. Perhaps this was a way out of this awful job? Of course, where would "out" lead him? Causing Hamilton some problems with his clients might feel good, but it would hardly help free David. And then he would be punished by Tina and Hamilton as revenge. He could easily see Tina making him work as a stripper as punishment.

"Well?!" demanded Hamilton and he squeezed David's penis.

"Yes, sir," repeated David. "I won't say a word."

Hamilton finally stopped stroking David's penis and pushed it back into the girdle. Then he straightened out David's dress. His own erection was obvious beneath his pants. "Good girl, now sit down and get started."

David bit his tongue. This was not a great start to this job, but he really didn't have a choice. He shook his head and sat down. Hamilton then looked beneath the desk at its glass front.

"Don't forget to cross your legs and dangle your shoe," said Hamilton.

"Dangle my shoe?" asked David.

"Do it," said Hamilton. "I like to see that."

David blushed, but did as he was told: "Yes, sir." As he did, he saw Hamilton's erection pressing hard against his pants. "That's scary," said David to himself.

"Good girl," said Hamilton softly.

## Chapter 9: “David Gets A Plan”

Right out of the gate, things went poorly for David. He felt like a sissified fool on display as he led one client after another around the office for Hamilton. Every one of them stared at his breasts and his legs. He could see them eyeing every part of his body. Making this worse, Tina and Hamilton delighted in dressing him in the most inappropriately short skirts, high heels, and tight dresses. They wanted his wardrobe to make a statement that he was a sex object and should be treated as such. But that wasn't even the worst part. The worst part was that his penis was constantly erect, and these tight dresses and skirts offered very little protection for it. Potential discovery was proving to be a constant danger.

Beyond the clients, David also felt humiliated at the way Hamilton treated him. Hamilton seemed to think that just because David was his own creation that he had the right to touch any part of David's body as he saw fit. This shamed David and made him feel weak. It also kept him on edge.

His home life wasn't any better. Each night, after work, Tina would arrive and drive him home; David no longer had a license after all. She would then put him into one of the growing number of maid costumes she had acquired and she would make him clean the house, prepare dinner, and then serve her and Hamilton as they ate. David would be allowed to eat later in the kitchen. After dinner, Tina and Hamilton would go to the bedroom where Hamilton would regale Tina with humiliating stories of David's difficulties adjusting to the office as David undressed them. Then they would have sex. Afterwards, David would clean them. He would typically masturbate as he watched them having sex; he wasn't allowed to leave.

It seemed that this would be David's fate.

Then, about a week into this, David stumbled upon something that would change his life: he found a medical journal prepared by Hamilton. In this journal, Hamilton recorded all the choices made by the clients before he programmed their new bodies. Hamilton kept this journal for legal purposes and David only learned of it when Hamilton ordered him to transcribe some notes from it. At first, David didn't think much of this journal because it was just more work. But then he found his own case in the journal. As he read about his own procedure, he ran across this interesting comment:

“Patient is David who will get partial gender transformation. Patient to get breasts pattern G2, body measurements pattern A7, and reduction of height. Facial reconstruction pattern F2, see attached. Wife has requested patient retain penis, patient agreed. Wife requested P5 pattern. Consent obtained from wife.”

David stared at the entry. It was now indisputable that his transformation had not been an accident and that Tina had been involved from the beginning. He knew this already, though he didn't know the full depths of her involvement, but this finally made that knowledge official.

“She knew! She's behind this! I wonder what else is hidden in these files.”

David walked over the file cabinet. Hamilton was busy in the lab at the moment, so David had considerable privacy. He flipped through the files and as he did, he started to realize that all Hamilton was really doing was entering preset codes into the machine and the machine did the rest. There was no skill involved! This sparked an idea in David's head. If he could figure out how to input the codes himself, then he could turn himself back into a man. David immediately started looking for a manual for the machine. He looked in the file cabinet. Then he checked the file room. Nothing. Then he saw it.

“There it is!” he exclaimed.

He had found the manual. He decided right then and there that he would read this manual from start to finish and see what it could teach him. He was starting to think of a way to escape.

—o—

That night, David did his best to act normally as he cleaned the house and prepared dinner as Tina awaited Hamilton. David said nothing about what he'd discovered because he needed to keep that a secret. Indeed, he needed to come up with a plan, and tipping his hand that he knew something before he was ready to act was a bad idea because it would be very easy for Tina and Hamilton to stop him, so he remained silent. Unfortunately, he was angry at learning that Tina was behind this from the beginning and even helped plan it, and he was having a hard time holding that anger in.

“I suppose you'll be sleeping with Doctor Hamilton tonight?” he asked

sourly.

Tina noticed his tone. Her eyebrow went up. “Probably, why?”

David furrowed his brow, but said nothing.

“We’ve been over this, haven’t we?” she asked.

David felt like he was boiling over. He wanted to stand up to her and tell her off and tell her that he knew what she had done and he would free himself and then the shoe would be on the other foot. . . but he couldn’t. He bit his tongue.

“Well?!” she demanded when he said nothing.

David shrugged his shoulders but didn’t speak.

“Go on. Tell me what you wanted to say,” she growled.

David immediately realized that he had made a mistake. He shouldn’t have brought this up, because now that he had, he needed say something or she would begin to probe and that could risk her discovering what he needed to keep secret right now. But he needed to say something. . . anything.

“I’m still your husband,” he said, “and you shouldn’t be sleeping with another man.”

Tina let out a withering laugh. “Ha! Have you looked at yourself in the mirror lately, David? You don’t exactly look like a husband anymore. A girlfriend maybe, a sissy maid certainly, but not a husband.” She placed her hand on David’s shoulder. “I need a real man, David, and that’s not you.”

David felt weak and his knees almost gave out. Having her say this so directly was like nails on a chalkboard to him; it shook him all over and shattered his ego. He felt intense shame at being reminded of his new status and he wanted to run from the room screaming and go crash down on his bed and cry. . . but he didn’t. He held it together, just like he needed to.

“I can be a real man,” he said futilely. He felt his penis get hard.

Tina laughed again, which made him wither further. “Oh hardly—”

Just then, the doorbell rang.

Tina looked her feminized husband up and down and snickered. “Answer the door, sissy,” she said smugly to demonstrate her power.

Without the slightest hint of resistance, David scurried to the door in his pink slingbacks and his pink romper-like dress. His breasts jiggled as he went because Tina had refused to let him wear a bra beneath his tight top. He opened the door. It was Hamilton.

“Hey there, girly boy,” said Hamilton as he stepped inside. He kissed David on the cheek, something which always made David feel creepy.

“Hello, sir,” said David and he took Hamilton’s coat and hung it in the closet. As he did, he heard Tina’s heels approaching down the hallway.

“Ham, you’re not going to believe this,” she said.

“Believe what?”

“Our little sissy here actually thinks she can be a man.”

Hamilton snickered.

“Oh, it gets better,” said Tina. She was grinning from ear to ear and telling the story in an exaggerated way with a loud voice and lots of arm motions. “He. . . I mean, *she*, actually told me, *get this*, that I shouldn’t sleep with you because *she*’s my husband. Can you believe that?”

Hamilton looked at David, who wanted to shrink away to nothing and disappear. “It sounds like someone needs to be punished.”

“My thoughts exactly,” said Tina.

Tina grabbed David by the wrist. She yanked him down the hallway after her. David stumbled along unevenly on his heels. She took him to the living room, where she unzipped his romper and pulled it from his body roughly. Then she sat down on the sofa and patted her lap, which was the signal for David to climb onto her lap face down to be spanked.

He did as commanded, though this burned him with shame.

“You need to be taught a lesson about who’s the boss around here,” said Tina as David meekly positioned himself over her lap. He even slipped his own penis between her knees, where she liked it to rest so she could squeeze it tightly between her knees and cause David some pain. “Comfy?”

“No, ma’am.”

“That’s too bad. Ham, would you please hand me the ruler?” asked Tina.

Hamilton walked over to the bookshelf where they kept a foot-long ruler. It was made of wood and it stung when it struck; David knew this ruler well. “Here you are,” said Hamilton as he handed her the ruler. He then leaned over David’s body and kissed Tina right on the lips. It was another long kiss and his finger traced David’s butt as it continued; he even came close to dipping his finger inside David’s rear.

“All right,” said Tina when they finished and Hamilton stepped back and folded his arms. His penis was hard as a rock beneath his slacks. Tina held up the ruler. “You need to learn to follow orders, girly-husband.”

“I’m sorry,” said David.

“It’s too late for that,” she said and she pulled his panties to his knees.

“I know, ma’am.”

“Rule number one,” said Tina, and as she did, Hamilton sat down opposite her on the edge of the coffee table; his hand was on his erection. She continued: “You will do anything I tell you without question. Rule number two: you will do anything Hamilton tells you without question. Rule three,” she said and she paused ever so briefly.

*SMACK! SMACK! SMACK!*

The ruler came crashing down upon his small, unprotected rear. It stung.

“Rule number three. . .”

*SMACK!*

“ . . . is that. . .”

*SMACK!*

“ . . . I. . .”

*SMACK!*

“ . . . get. . .”

*SMACK!*

“ . . . to. . .”

*SMACK!*

“ . . . sleep. . .”

*SMACK!*

“ . . . with. . .”

*SMACK!*

“ . . . Hamilton. . .”

*SMACK!*

“ . . . whenever. . .”

*SMACK!*

“ . . . I. . .”

*SMACK!*

“ . . . want!”

*SMACK!*

*SMACK!*

“I’m sorry!” squealed David. “I understand your rules!” His rear was on fire.

“They’re not *my* rules, David, they’re *your* rules! You will obey them. But do you know what? I don’t think you do understand them. I really don’t,” said Tina.

“I do!”

*SMACK!*

*SMACK!*

*SMACK!*

David’s rear end was incredibly sore and stung wildly. It was bright red and very hot. Tina rarely spanked him with this intensity or this amount of force. He would not be able to sit tonight and he would feel very sore tomorrow.

“I’m sorry, ma’am,” he repeated. Tears were beginning to flow down his cheeks.

Hamilton laughed. “He’s crying again.”

“Sissies can be so emotional,” said Tina.

*SMACK!*

*SMACK!*

*SMACK!*

“Now get up!” demanded Tina and she shoved David off her lap to the floor. “We’re going to the bedroom. We’ll eat later. You’re coming with us.”

That night proved the most humiliating yet for David. Not only did Tina and Hamilton make love as he watched, as they had done on many occasions, but tonight she decided to “catch” David masturbating. She knew he did it while he watched them on other nights, but so far, she hadn’t said a word about it. Tonight, she did.

On the bed, Hamilton was driving his penis into Tina, David’s wife. They were going so strongly that the bed was shaking with their motions. Tina was moaning too. Her nipples were super hard and Hamilton was biting them. She had wrapped her legs around his rear and was pulling Hamilton’s penis into her as much as Hamilton was thrusting it inside her.

Tina looked over and saw David stroking himself, as suspected. She waited until he built up a good rhythm, then she laughed out loud. “Look at the little sissy! He’s playing with himself! He wishes he could be a real man!”

Hamilton glanced at David and chuckled. Then he returned his attention to Tina.

Tina, meanwhile, picked up one of her black pumps from the floor and tossed it at David’s penis.

Bullseye!

“Don’t play with yourself without permission! Now stand there and wait!” she yelled.

David turned bright red. He felt humiliated at being caught masturbating – he thought they were too involved in their own games to notice him. Even worse, it was humiliating being caught masturbating to the image of another man making love to his wife. Further, it humiliated him that his wife could tell him when he could or could not masturbate, as she could. He felt so emasculated.

“Yes, ma’am,” he said.

David removed his hand from his penis as ordered and he waited. He never felt more frustrated than he did watching Hamilton finish off his wife as he stood by helplessly, with his penis throbbing, demanding attention he could not provide.

“How can it be more humiliating *not* masturbating to this than it is to masturbate to it?” he asked himself. He shuddered. What had he become?

Meanwhile, Tina arched her back and screamed Hamilton’s name. Then she collapsed onto the bed with Hamilton collapsing on top of her. They lay there, with their bodies wrapped together, for several minutes, kissing. Finally, Tina ran her hand through Hamilton’s hair and then patted his rear.

“Get up, baby,” she said.

Hamilton rolled off of her and sat on the edge of the bed.

Tina snapped her fingers at her husband. “Get over here.”

David tottered over to the bed.

Tina grabbed the tip of his penis. “You’re going to get down on your knees now and lick Hamilton’s penis clean. . . *every last inch*. Got it?” she asked and she pinched his penis so hard that David almost fell to his knees.

David gasped. “Lick?!”

“Lick.”

“I don’t think I can—”

“This isn’t a choice,” she said.

David debated his options. He had none. His plan wasn’t ready and, without that, there was nothing he could do but take whatever they did to him. He swallowed hard. “Yes, dear,” he said reluctantly. Then he slowly lowered himself to his knees before this man who had turned him into a half-bimbo and then stolen his wife. This was the ultimate indignity to David, to lick this man’s and his own wife’s cum from the penis of this man. . . but he

would do it; he had to.

David closed his eyes and leaned forward. He stuck out his tongue until it touched Hamilton's penis. It was salty and sticky and gross. David wanted to vomit, though his own penis screamed that this excited it. He felt a deep sense of shame and revulsion over that.

"Keep going. Get it all girly-boy," said Hamilton with a sneer.

David clenched his teeth and then set about cleaning the rest with his tongue. The taste was not something he wanted to remember, but he would, and that memory would give him the strength he needed to free himself. . . it would give him the resolve to go forward with the plan he had envisioned. Now he just needed some help.

—o—

It was a Wednesday night. Hamilton had taken Tina to the theater and then out to dinner. They left David home alone with instructions to prepare the house for their return. This meant making the bed, putting on soft music, and chilling some champagne. David would do as he was told, but he had other plans as well.

The doorbell rang.

"She's here," said David to himself softly. He felt butterflies in his stomach. He hadn't seen Lydia since the island and he missed her. He was also anxious because she had agreed to help him and tonight he would see how far her help would go. Would she really help him or not, that he did not know yet.

David walked to the front door. He checked his hair and makeup in the mirror and then smoothed his little black dress. He made sure his breasts stood up firmly in their bra. He was gorgeous and he knew it. This thought made him smile. A moment later, he turned to the door and opened it. Standing on the other side, in a red dress and black high-heeled boots was Lydia. She looked even more beautiful than she had on the island.

"Well hello, dick girl," said Lydia. Saying this made her wet and caused David's penis to grow even harder than it already was.

"Hello, ma'am," said David softly.

"Hmm, good, show me respect, dick girl. . . always call me 'ma'am,'" said Lydia and she stepped through the door and placed one hand under David's arm to hold him in place. She forcefully placed her lips on his.

They kissed. He tried to speak, but she kissed him again. She closed the door with her foot behind her. Then she pushed him backwards, using his arm as leverage. This caused him to move backwards awkwardly down the hallway. He nearly stumbled twice, yet Lydia kept pushing, staying even with him, stopping to kiss him whenever he slowed. This made David feel intensely submissive as this woman physically forced him down the hallway as she kept laying kisses on his lips. The fact he wasn't strong enough to escape her grip made it all the more erotic.

"I've missed you, dick girl," she said and she pushed him back several more steps.

"I've missed you to—"

Lydia kissed him, cutting off his sentence. She now turned him and pushed him into the living room. At this point, she spun him around and held his arm behind his back. This was uncomfortable for him, but also highly erotic. His nipples were hard as was his penis, which had already escaped his panties and was standing free beneath his dress. Lydia pulled his arm upwards to hold him tight. Meanwhile, she reached around in front of him and wrapped her hand around his penis through the dress. She began stroking him that way.

David breathed hard. Feeling so physically dominated was turning him on incredibly, even if his arm was sore and the dress rubbing against his penis felt very rough. He would cum soon.

"I want you, dick girl," said Lydia and she kissed David's neck.

"I want you too, ma'am," said David and he melted in her controlling embrace. His penis was starting to leak precum.

Lydia let go of David's penis and spun him around. She used both hands to push him backwards and then push him down onto a chair. When he was seated, she reached into her purse and pulled out handcuffs. She used those cuffs to cuff his hands behind the back of the chair, through a loop in the chair. He was pinned and could not move.

"Much better. I like you this way, completely helpless," she said. David started to speak, but she put her fingers on his lips. "No, no, don't speak unless I tell you."

David nodded his head.

Lydia raised her dress to reveal that she wasn't wearing panties. She then straddled David as he sat on the chair and lowered herself onto his lap. As she did, she slid his enormous penis inside her. She purred as she slid

down his shaft.

“Hmm, I could do this forever.”

She kissed him. Then she wiggled her hips and moved up and down on his shaft several times. David could feel her tightening her muscles to wrap herself around his shaft. He felt a shiver race down his spine. He hadn't had sex with a woman in some time and this felt so amazingly erotic to him.

He moaned.

Lydia smiled. She slipped his left breast out of his dress and his bra and began to flick his nipple with her nail. This caused a stinging sensation to mix with the pleasure. This set David's body afire.

“You really do have everything a girl could need, don't you?”

David smiled. “I hope so.”

She kissed him. “So tell me about this plan of yours.” She kissed him again.

David shuddered. He would rather have had sex, but he would do whatever she wanted. “Yes, ma'am. My wife has me working at the office of the doctor who turned me into a woman. He doesn't know this, but I've found the manual to the machine he used to change me. I know how to operate it now. I even know the codes I need to do virtually anything.”

Lydia kissed his neck. “I see. So what's your plan?”

“I'll sneak out to the office one night and use the machine to undo everything he did to me. Then I'll be my old self again.”

Lydia pursed her lips, but said nothing.

He continued: “I need your help to pick me up. This machine knocks you out for a couple days or so depending on how extensive the changes are, and these will be very extensive. I can't have the doctor or my wife find me or they could just do this to me again. . . or worse. That's why I need you to come get me and take me away so I can heal up safely out of their reach.”

“Then what?” asked Lydia.

“Then I'm free.”

“Yes, I get that. But what about your wife and this doctor? What will you do to stop them from ever doing this to anyone ever again?”

David blushed. He hadn't thought about that. “I don't know.”

“How are you planning to get your money back?”

David pursed his lips. “I don't know. I haven't thought about that either.”

“What about us?”

“What about us?”

“I like you this way. I don’t want you as a man,” she said matter of factly.

David blushed even deeper. “I hadn’t thought about that.”

“What do you want, David? Do you want to be a man again or would you rather stay as a woman?”

David bit his lip. “I’m not sure,” he said honestly. “I feel like I should be a man again, but there’s a lot to love about being a woman.”

“Yes, there is,” said Lydia and she wiggled her hips and tightened her muscles around his penis. She smiled. “Let me suggest a different plan.”

## Chapter 10: “David Turns The Tables”

Tina yawned and opened her eyes. She looked around the room. The room wasn't familiar. She couldn't remember going to bed either. The last thing she remembered was going to Hamilton's office after getting a message from David to meet Hamilton for lunch.

“Where am I?” she asked herself.

She tried to sit up, but couldn't.

“What the heck? Why can't I move?”

She looked down the length of her body and saw that she was strapped to the bed.

“What the hell is going on here?! David?!” she called out angrily. Her voiced sounded odd. It sounded small somehow.

A moment later, David walked into the room. He wore an elegant dark green A-line dress and open-toed brown slingback pumps. “Good morning, sunshine,” he said to Tina.

“David! What the hell is going on here?! Where am I? Why am I strapped to this bed? Unstrap me immediately!” she commanded.

David just smiled.

“I'm serious, David!”

David now giggled. “I know you are and that's what makes this so funny.”

“Don't make me punish you, girly-boy!” she growled.

David smirked. “I think your days of punishing me are over,” he said. Then he walked over to the bed and undid the straps.

Tina waited silently as he undid the straps. She intended to jump up and throw her little husband over her lap and spank him until he couldn't sit down for a month for the way he had just treated her. After all, she needed to maintain control, didn't she? Well, that didn't happen. The moment she was unstrapped, she sat up in the bed and then jumped to her feet. She expected to tower over her tiny husband, but she didn't.

She gasped.

As she rose to her full height, she was shocked to discover that David now stood several inches taller than she did. She also immediately noticed that her own balance was off; her breasts were very heavy and noticeably

pulled her forward.

“What is going on?” she asked nervously.

David giggled. “You may have noticed that things have changed. Perhaps you’d like to see how much,” he said. He placed his hands on her shoulders and walked her over to the mirror. She couldn’t believe what she saw. Staring back at her was a woman with huge lips, enormous breasts, doe eyes, and an exaggerated hour-glass figure. She looked like a doll almost. Even worse, hanging between her legs was an enormous penis, one she would never be able to hide beneath a skirt.

“What have you done to me?!” she squealed.

“Exactly what you did to me,” he said smugly.

“But, but—”

“Better get used to it, Tina. This is the new you,” he said and he patted her on her ample rear, which made her body jiggle. Then he grabbed her hand and led her out of the room to another room down the hallway. At this point, she recognized the house as belonging to Hamilton. It suddenly dawned on her that Hamilton must have helped David do this! She saw the way Hamilton had looked at David. She knew what that meant. Hamilton was hot for her husband. She had been betrayed!

“Hamilton helped you, didn’t he?!” she demanded. She ground her teeth and thought of ways to avenge herself against Hamilton.

David laughed. “You could say that, *in a way*,” he said and he kept walking her down the hallway. As he did, she struggled to keep up with her now much larger, but still feminized husband. Tina wondered how large she was and how large he was. He seemed a little taller, but she also seemed very small.

“What is that supposed to mean?” she demanded.

“Well,” said David, “Hamilton was so arrogant about what he’d done that he got you to make me work for him. He liked the idea of humiliating me in that way. He didn’t seem to realize that would give me access to his machine, to the manual for the machine, and to the codes it would take to do this to you. In fact, once I found those, it was easy. All I had to do then was get you to visit the office, shoot you full of a tranquilizers and put you into the machine. The machine did the rest.”

“So you did this?!”

“Yes.”

“And not Hamilton?!”

David laughed. “Definitely not. He just unknowingly made it possible.”

Tina yanked her hand free and stopped. “Then you’ve made a huge mistake! Hamilton’s not going to sit still for this. Hamilton can undo this!”

“I doubt it,” said David with a snicker.

“And why is that so funny?!”

David took her hand again and led her into the room they had been moving toward. The room was decorated in pink and everything was frilly. Sitting on the bed was another woman, a woman who looked like an exact clone of the new Tina, only she was dressed in a short pink babydoll dress and six-inch high-heeled sandals. Tina instantly recognized the eyes and her jaw dropped.

“Oh my God! Hamilton! Is that you?!” asked Tina with a gasp. She slowly walked over to this woman.

Hamilton nodded his head.

“But how?”

He shook his head, causing blonde curls to dance around his shoulders. “I don’t know. I was in the office and then I woke up here. . . like this,” he said. His voice was tiny and feminine. He stood up from the bed. When he did, his little pink dress was caught by the breeze and floated up, showing his perfectly smooth crotch and the pussy beneath.

Tina gasped. “Your dick! What happened to it?!”

Hamilton shuddered. “It’s gone,” he said and he bit his lip. He looked like he would cry.

David, who stood about six inches taller than the twin women laughed. “Only one of you needs one and since I decided to give one to Tina, you didn’t need one, cutie,” he said and he pinched Hamilton’s cheek. “Now help Tina get dressed.”

“Yes, Miss,” said Hamilton.

“‘Miss’?!” repeated Tina incredulously.

“Yes, you’ll both be addressing me as ‘Miss’ or ‘doctor’,” said David.

Tina’s jaw dropped. “What exactly is going on?”

“Haven’t you figured it out yet? I’m replacing Hamilton at his clinic. I’m going to be Dr. Jessica Hamilton, and you two will be my lovely little servants. You will live here and serve me. And if you’re both really, really nice, then one day I’ll return you to normal. If you aren’t, well, then we’ll see what else this machine can do.”

“You can’t do this!” proclaimed Tina.

David just smiled. “Just like you couldn’t do it to me.”

“But, but—”

“David, please! I’ll turn you back into a man if you let us go,” said Hamilton.

David smiled. “Turn me back into a man? And miss out on all the fun?”

The doorbell rang.

“That will be Lydia. She’s going to be moving in with us,” said David. He felt his penis grow beneath his dress at that thought; he loved that feeling.

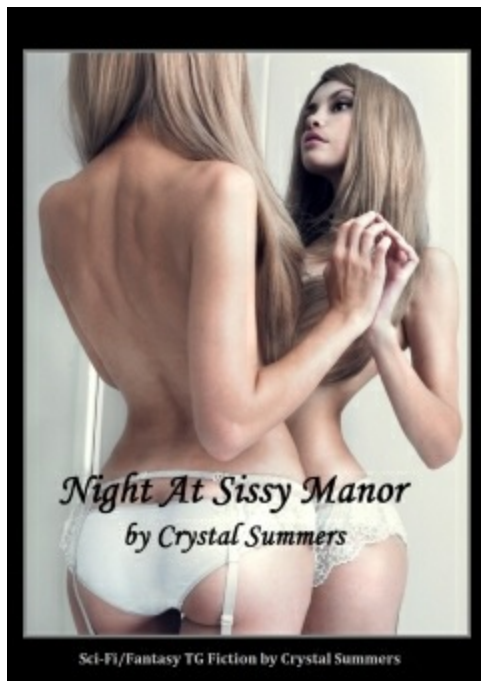
“You can’t do this to us!” squealed Tina and she stomped her feet.

David laughed. “Get used to it, honey. This is the new you. Now get dressed. I’m throwing a party tonight and I want my two sexy maids ready to serve. . . there are going to be a lot of horny people there.”

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



## **“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

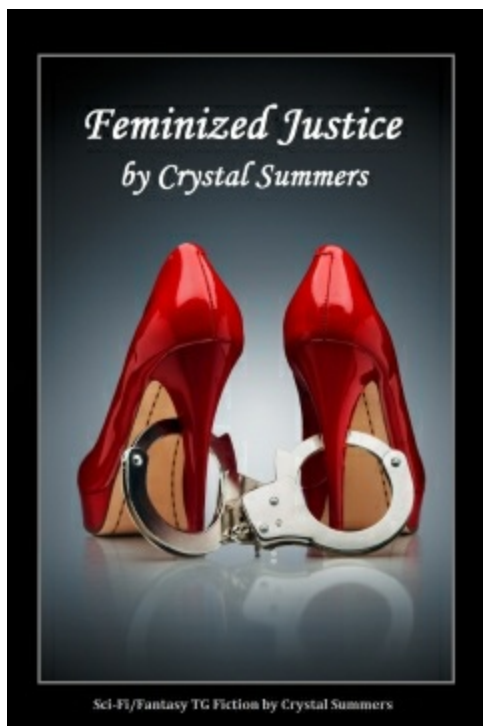


## **“His Ex-Wife’s Revenge”**

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

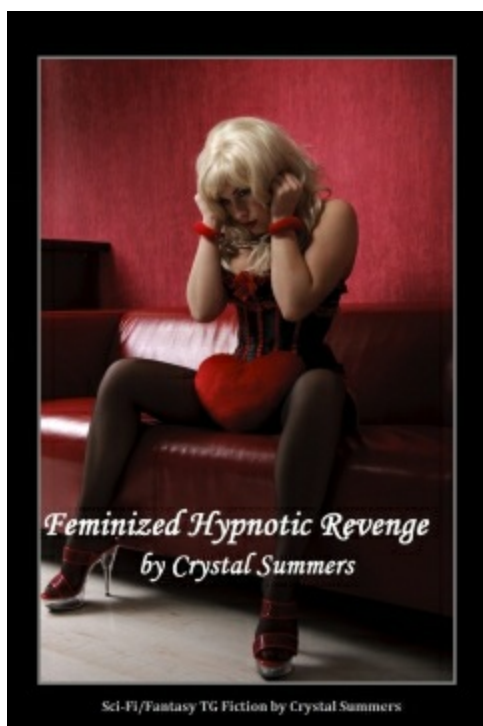


## **“Feminized Justice”**

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

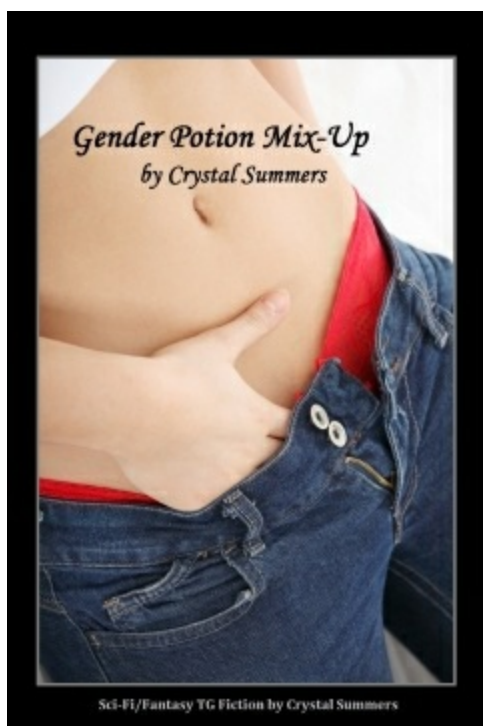


## **“Frat House Feminization Revenge”**

Katie Gordon and her boyfriend are hosting a party at her boyfriend’s fraternity. When Katie ridicules an unpopular girl who mistakenly thought she had been invited, the girl decides to make sure no one enjoys the party. To do that, she casts a spell which slowly feminizes all the boys who are invited to the party. The spell changes the girls too, but only Katie seems to notice. Where will this end and can it be undone?

“Frat House Feminization Revenge” is a cautionary tale of what can happen when a group of popular students angers a witch! This 11,900 word story includes female domination, cross-dressing, partial gender transformation by magic, breast growth, shrinking penises, shemales, erotic humiliation and more!

For Mature Audiences Only

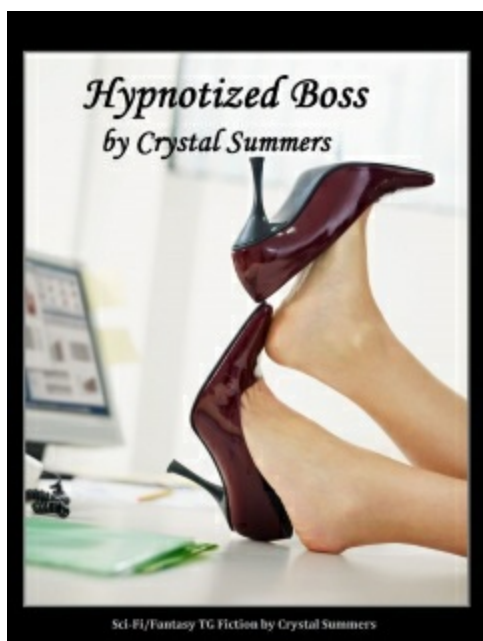


## **“Gender Potion Mix-Up”**

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



## **“Hypnotized Boss”**

Rick Campbell let himself be hypnotized at the company Christmas Party for fun. The next day, Rick began to change. High heels, panties, painted nails, little by little Rick started turning himself into Bridget the Secretary. And while Rick didn't seem to notice, everyone else did. Was he really under hypnosis or was this something else? Could his secretary save his masculinity? Did he want her to?

“Hypnotized Boss” is a cautionary tale of a man who starts turning himself into a woman after behind hypnotized at a party. This 10,000 word story includes female domination, forced feminization, mind control, hypnosis, spanking, erotic humiliation and more!

For Mature Audiences Only



## **“Be Careful What You Wish For”**

There’s no such thing as magic, right? That’s what Connor Miles thought when he picked up the shiny blue stone. Little did he know, that stone would grant his wish to understand women, but it would grant it in a way he never expected. Finding himself working as an office girl in the office where he had been the boss, Connor struggles to deal with his new-found femininity and with a boss who is all hands. He also must deal with a girlfriend who not only may not want things to return to normal, but she may have plans for his magic stone.

“Be Careful What You Wish For” is a cautionary tale of a man who loses his masculinity when he makes the wrong wish. This 9,000 word story includes female domination, gender change by magic, forced bi, shemales, erotic humiliation and more!

For Mature Audiences Only



## **“Lesson For A Sexist”**

Allen is a sexist jerk who insults the women around him one too many times. But Allen’s life is about to change in a serious way when a mysterious woman offers a potion to one of the women Allen has offended. Soon, Allen finds himself turning into a woman, and his girlfriend seems thrilled by the idea. But how will his boss react?

“Lesson For A Sexist” is a cautionary tale of a sexist man who finds himself slowly turning into a woman. This 16,500 word story includes female domination, partial gender transformation by magic, breast growth, lactation, cross-dressing, pegging, oral sex, erotic humiliation, and more!

For Mature Audiences Only