



His Ex-Wife's Package
by Crystal Summers

Crystal Summers Classic TG Tales

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Epilogue

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Chapter One: “Panties”

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THUNK!

The loud noise drew Eric to his front door, where he found a small package leaning against the door frame. From what he could tell, there was nothing abnormal about the package except that he hadn’t ordered it. This package would change his life, however.

“What is this?” he asked.

Eric picked up the package and examined the label. It was from a local lingerie shop and it was addressed to his ex-wife Caroline. She hadn’t lived at this location in months, not since the divorce.

“Oh joy,” said Eric unhappily.

Not only did Eric not like to be reminded of his ex-wife, who did not leave on good terms, but he felt annoyed that he would now need to forward this to her. He didn’t like the idea of doing anything for her.

“Why can’t she put down the right address? Why do I need to fix her mistakes?” he grumbled.

Eric picked up the package and carried it inside. As he did, he wondered what was in the package. If there was anything good about his ex-wife, it was her taste in clothes, and her taste in lingerie was even better. Still, she was gone and he didn’t care about her anymore. So he set the package down on the table in his foyer and promptly forgot about it.

—o—

About a week later, Eric was sitting in his living room watching television when his phone rang. He picked it up without checking his caller ID. That was probably a mistake.

“Hello,” said Eric.

“Eric,” said the voice of his ex-wife.

Eric furrowed his brow and tensed up immediately. “What can I do for you, Angie?” he asked coldly.

“You have a package of mine—”

“Package? No, I don’t.”

“Don’t play games, Eric. A package of mine was sent to you by

mistake. I can track the package and I see that it arrived at your house last week. You haven't returned it or forwarded it to me, however," said Angie. Her tone wasn't any less hostile than Eric's tone.

"Why would you send a package to my house? You don't live here anymore, remember?" This was a particularly sore point for his ex-wife. This home had belonged to her family before the divorce and she claimed he had gotten it under false pretenses in the divorce.

"It was a mistake—"

"Forgot your new address?" asked Eric with a chuckle.

He could hear his ex-wife glaring at the phone. "It was a computer glitch. Their computer automatically used my old address."

"Well, I never got it," lied Eric.

"Eric, this package has no use to you. None! It just contains panties. Send it to me."

"I have no idea what you're talking about."

Eric heard his ex-wife exhale her frustration loudly. That actually made him snicker to himself. He liked having the upper hand on her, just as he had during the divorce.

"*Eric*, those panties have *no* use to you," she repeated. Then she added, "And I don't really like the idea of you having them. I don't want you doing anything *gross* with them. So send them to me." She paused before snidely adding: "Or are you planning to wear them, Eric?"

Eric blushed. That was one of the reasons he divorced Angie, her constant emasculating comments. She certainly held his manhood cheap. "Why in the world would I want to wear panties?" he growled.

"*Eric!*"

"Like I told you, I don't have them. Go talk to whoever sent them." With that, Eric hung up the phone.

Eric turned on the television. He wanted to put his ex-wife out of his mind, but the conversation had annoyed him. He didn't like talking to Angie, even when he had the upper hand, and he certainly didn't like the implication that he would do something nasty to the panties. That was insulting. What's more, he really balked at the suggestion that he would wear them. He was no sissy! He'd never worn panties before!

"Who does she think she is to suggest that?!"

He scratched his chin angrily at the idea.

"I should wear them just to piss her off," he thought.

Eric rose from the couch and went to the foyer. He grabbed the package and took it back to the couch. He picked up some scissors along the way. When he reached the couch, he cut open the package. Then he pulled apart the box flaps. Inside was another box, a lingerie box. He pulled it out and read the label:

For Her

He'd seen the store downtown, but had never been there, even when he and Angie were married. And he'd obviously not been there since the divorce as he had no reason to visit a lingerie store on his own. He was intrigued by the box though. It was ornate and feminine, and when he popped it open, he found scented tissue paper on the inside. The smell was highly erotic.

"Let's see what she bought, shall we?"

He liked the idea of opening *her* box and looking at *her* lingerie when there was nothing she could do about it.

Eric pulled away the paper and saw a pair of dark red and black panties. The panties were made of a satin-like material awash in decorative swirls. The waistband was made of black lace. They had a boy-cut style.

"Wow! Gorgeous!"

Eric took them and held them up in front of him so he could examine them. These were really pretty, and he immediately imagined Angie wearing them. He could almost imagine the lips of her pussy through the ornate cutouts. Then her insulting words came back to him.

"Don't do anything gross with them," he said using a mockery of her voice.

He turned the panties around and saw they had crisscross lace where they would cover the top of the butt rather than the satin material. These were definitely bedroom panties, not day to day panties. Still, his mind was on her words, not her choice in panties.

"Gross like what?" he whined as if he were pleading his case.

He exhaled loudly. His mind had been working. An idea came to him.

"You want to see 'gross'? Fine!"

Eric stood up and unzipped his jeans. He dropped them to his knees along with his white briefs. Then he sat down and grabbed his penis. He started stroking it, thinking about his ex-wife's face; she was snarling at him,

but helplessly because she couldn't stop him. That excited him. It also made him laugh.

“‘Gross’,” he growled again in an offended manner. “I’ll show you ‘gross’!”

Eric wrapped the panties around his now-hard erection. He made sure they covered the tip of his penis. He then began stroking himself again, hard and fast, using the panties. As he stroked himself, he kept replaying the image of Angie shocked and upset and helpless to stop him in his mind.

“How do you like that, baby?”

Soon enough, Eric was breathing hard. His chest was heaving and his penis was throbbing. He felt his balls jerk. Then his penis gave a big throb. Suddenly, his hot, white, sticky fluid shot out into the panties.

He laughed. “How’s that for ‘gross’, Angie?!”

Eric shook his head at being accused of doing something gross to the panties and tossed them aside after wiping himself clean with them. He felt satisfied. He wasn't sure why exactly, but he did. Maybe masturbating in the panties satisfied some instinctual need to mark his territory. Maybe it was just a way to defy his ex-wife and take something from her. He didn't know, but it felt good.

“I should mail them back to her now,” he thought, though he knew he wouldn't.

Eric returned his attention to the television. Only, he still couldn't concentrate on it. He kept hearing his wife's words about him wearing the panties. She had said that to mock him, he knew that, and he still felt defiant, and that combination was producing a pretty strange thought in his head. For some reason, he wanted to wear the panties just to show her that he could do whatever he wanted. The idea made little sense to him, but it came on strong nonetheless.

He tried to ignore it, but it only got louder.

He tried to ignore it for almost an hour, but it simply wasn't going away.

“Fine!” he finally declared.

Eric realized that this thought wouldn't leave him until he did it. He needed to put on her panties just to defy her, no matter how stupid that sounded. So he took a deep breath and stood up once more. Again, he unzipped his pants. He dropped them to the floor. Then he stripped off his shirt, his underwear and his socks. Soon, he was naked. He looked down at

the panties on the couch and smirked. He realized this was stupid, but somehow, he needed to do it. He needed to show her, even if she would never see this and even if “showing her” meant doing what she was mocking him for. The point was, at least in his head, that he would show her he could do whatever he wanted with *her* panties. They were his now, *just like the house*. What’s more, he was his own boss now, not her.

“You don’t tell me what to do and what not to do,” he said to his ex-wife.

Eric snatched the panties from the couch and held them out before his legs. He stepped one foot into the hole on the right, then the other into the hole on the left. He pulled them up his legs until they covered his erection. He then lay back down on the couch and started stroking himself furiously again. Within seconds, he exploded in the panties a second time. His fluids filled them and made them wet.

Then he fell asleep.

Chapter Two: “More Boxes”

—o—

Eric felt a bit foolish when he awoke and he stripped off the panties and tossed them back into the box. He thought about throwing them out, but something told him to hold onto them – though he knew he could never send them to Angie. It would be far too humiliating for her to learn that he had actually masturbated in them at least twice. And if she learned he had worn them? Wow, well, that would be bad.

In any event, Eric tossed them into the box and went about his life.

—o—

Two days later, Eric heard the same sound at his front door which began all of this: ***THUNK!***

When he went to investigate, he found a new box. Like the first box, this one came from the same lingerie shop. Again, it was addressed to his ex-wife. And when Eric opened it, he found a bra inside which matched the red and black panties. He dropped the bra back into the box and tossed the box onto his coffee table.

Later that night, his phone rang. He knew who it was without looking this time. “Hello Angie,” said Eric coldly. “What can I do for you?”

“I think you know, Eric.”

Eric snickered and snatched the bra from the box. “I have no idea.”

“You got another box of mine today.”

“Did I? Funny. I don’t remember that. Are you sure?”

“The package tracking says you got it.”

Eric rolled his eyes and shook his head. He held up the bra and examined it. It was pretty, just like the panties. Angie definitely had excellent taste in lingerie; her magnificent boobs would have looked great in this. Too bad she wasn’t going to get this package either.

“Why do you keep sending packages to my house?” asked Eric, before adding, “Assuming you really did send it.”

“It’s their computer. It glitched.”

“They should get that fixed.”

As Eric spoke, he leaned back into the couch. He laid the bra on his

stomach and used his free hand to unzip his pants. His erection sprung right out. Then, as with the panties, Eric slipped the bra around his shaft and started stroking himself.

“So what’s in *this* package?” he asked.

“A bra, Eric. And you better not touch it! It doesn’t belong to you.” Her tone was quite earnest and forceful, but ultimately impotent.

“What would I possibly want a bra for?”

Eric could feel Angie’s glare through the phone. “I don’t know what you want a bra for, Eric. I don’t know why you wanted my panties either. I guess you just like wearing my lingerie. Although, I suspect you’re too fat for it to fit.”

Angie hung up the phone.

Her last words left Eric glaring at the phone, grinding his teeth. He debated calling her back and telling her that he did *not* cross-dress. He had never cross-dressed. He never would! Why would she even suggest that he had?! He didn’t though call though. He decided he didn’t want to give her the satisfaction of knowing that she had gotten under his skin. That didn’t mean his agitation was over, however.

“As for being too fat, I’m not fat at all!” he growled.

He looked at the tiny bra wrapped around his erection.

“Why would her bra fit me anyways, though? She’s a woman, I’m a man. It has nothing to do with fat. It won’t fit because I’m a man. It’s that simple. You’re the one who’s fat if it fits me!”

Eric pulled the bra off his shaft and placed it against his chest. Strangely, it actually seemed like it might fit. Once he realized this, sure enough, curiosity got the better of him and he had to see if it would. He slipped his arms through the holes, pulled it up to his chest and reached around to his back and buckled it.

It fit.

Eric laughed. “Now who’s too fat?! Boy do I wish I could tell you about this!” he said aloud, though he knew he couldn’t.

Suddenly, a strong urge to masturbate overcame him. Once more, he grabbed his erection and started stroking it. As he did, he again thought about his ex-wife’s helpless, angry face.

Two days later, another package appeared.

“This is becoming a habit,” said Eric as he retrieved the package.

Sure enough, the package was address to his wife and it came from the *For Her* shop.

“At some point, you would think they would figure this out. Or she would stop ordering from them. Or heck, you’d think she would pick the stuff up in person. It’s just downtown. She works down there!”

He chuckled.

“Well, she never was one for brains.”

Eric shook the box. He was curious what was in it. This time, he didn’t even pretend to agonize over opening it. He went to find the scissors and cut his way into it almost immediately.

“Let’s see what she lost this time!”

Eric opened the box. This time, he found a dress. It was a red dress with two thick straps over the shoulders, but no arms. The collar was cut like a box in the front and the back. It looked tight and short. Eric estimated that if he was to put it on, it would hang to just about his knees and it would hug his body tightly. But he had no reason to put it on, right?

“Yeah, I’m not wearing a dress,” he said.

Yet, as he stared at the dress, he realized that he had worn both the panties and the bra, and wearing each item had actually been quite satisfying as a way to defy his ex-wife. Indeed, he liked doing something this naughty with her clothes, especially with her practically begging him not to on the phone... and with there being no way anyone could find out.

“It has become kind of a tradition,” he told himself.

“Are you saying I should put on this dress?” he countered.

He shrugged his shoulders and laughed, but he knew he would. The idea of disobeying his wife’s desires was just too strong in him, which was probably why he had been such a jerk in the divorce. Oh, he knew he was being a jerk at the time, but he wasn’t going to stop. He liked it.

He made up his mind then and there and didn’t even pretend to fight this decision. He stripped himself naked and unzipped the dress. He fully intended to put it on and then wait for his wife to call him; he knew she would – she had called each time before for each package. Before he put the dress on, however, he decided that he would first slip into the panties and the bra.

“Why not?” he thought. “We’ll do it all.”

After putting on the panties and the bra, Eric slipped the dress over his head. He wasn't sure it would fit as his wife was smaller, but the dress was stretchy, so he thought it might.

It did. It fit. It fit like a glove.

Eric laughed and sat down to watch television as he waited for his wife to call. He didn't have long to wait.

Riiiiing!!

"Hello, Angie. What's up now?" he asked.

"You know what," said his ex-wife.

Eric slipped his hand beneath the dress and into the panties and started stroking himself. "Do I? All I know is that we seem to be talking more now than we did when we were married. I take it you sent me another package?" He stroked faster. He was determined to cum while they were talking on the phone. That would be great to soil her dress right under her nose.

"Yes. You got another package of mine," said his former wife.

"And what's in this one? A fish tank? Some towels?"

"A dress. A pink dress. Send it back to me, Eric. It won't fit you."

Eric looked down at the dress that snugly covered his body. "How do you know?" he asked with a laugh. He kept stroking furiously. He was getting closer to cumming all the time.

"How do you think, Eric?"

"Maybe you should check yourself on the scale," said Eric knowingly. He was hinting at his being able to wear her clothes, though he couldn't actually say so directly without giving away this secret.

"Why do you want my dress anyways?" demanded Angie. "It won't fit. You can't wear it. And even if it somehow did fit, you still couldn't wear it anywhere outside your house. So what's the point in keeping it? What use is it to you?"

"If I had it, I would tell you," said Eric. He was finding it harder to talk now as his penis had begun to throb and his body shifted focus to that. His breathing became erratic and he needed to take bigger breaths between words. "But since I don't have it," he continued, only to pause a moment later as his penis finally exploded in the panties, freezing his brain. His fluids soaked the panties all the way through to the dress as he caught his breath.

"What are you doing?" demanded Angie.

"Nothing. And like I said, I don't have it."

His wife hung up without another word. This made Eric laugh.

The next day, there were two new packages on the step. As before, both came addressed to his ex-wife and both came from the same store: *For Her*. Eric laughed when he saw this.

“This is ridiculous! I wonder what goodies she’s sent to me today?”

Eric carried both boxes inside. He didn’t even try to debate whether or not he should open them. He had already decided that he would open them and he would wear what was inside.

“It’s a tradition,” he said with a laugh.

The first box contained a pair of silky tan stockings. The second box contained a pair of shoes. High heels to be precise. These were strappy red high-heeled sandals with about a five-inch heel sitting atop a one-inch platform.

“Sexy,” said Eric.

As Eric set them on the table in front of him, he felt a strong, naughty desire to slip into them. He had never worn high heels before and the idea of doing so kind of intrigued him now that he had worn a dress, a bra and panties. It wasn’t that he was turned on by the idea of wearing women’s clothes, he was just curious, having gone so far already. Besides, he was really enjoying putting on his wife’s clothes. He viewed this as a bit like spoiling them, and it felt good to upset her in this way, even if she would never know. It’s too bad he couldn’t show her what he was doing, but he wasn’t going to expose himself in that way.

Eric took the stockings and slipped into them. They felt smooth as he pulled them up his legs... almost electric.

“I can see why women wear these things,” he said.

He pulled them up as high as they would go and then he smoothed out any wrinkles he found. Next, he turned his attention to the heels. He picked one up and examined it.

“This is going to be interesting,” he said.

He set the shoe back down and went to grab the other clothes.

“Might as well enjoy the whole set!”

Eric slipped the panties up his legs and then attached the bra to his chest. He pulled the dress over his head and into place. Finally, he returned to the couch and the heels. Again, he picked one up. He opened the buckle

and set the shoe on the floor. He carefully slipped his stocking-covered foot into the shoe. When it was in place, he closed the buckle. The shoe fit perfectly.

At this point, Eric probably should have been very suspicious. It was strange enough that these clothes kept showing up even after his ex-wife knew about the problem. It should have struck him as strange too that she knew to call every time he was wearing her clothes. It should have struck him as strange that she never came to collect the packages either. It also should have struck him as strange that all the clothes fit him, even though his wife was considerably smaller. And it definitely should have struck him as strange that he could fit into shoes she ostensibly bought for herself. Maybe the dress was stretchy, but not the shoes.

But Eric wasn't thinking. He was enjoying his strange form of revenge.

Eric took the other shoe and slipped into it too.

"These are weird," he said.

Indeed, they held his foot at an awkward angle he had never really experienced before. It was like standing on his toes. He also found he needed to balance just to stand, something else he never experienced. And when he walked across the floor, the process was entirely different and it made noises he enjoyed from women but never expected to hear coming from himself.

Either way, he started walking and, after a few laps around the living room, he sat back down at the couch and slipped his hand beneath his dress to stroke himself. He was really enjoying this.

"I can't believe Angie keeps sending me this stuff!" he said with a giddy laugh.

"Maybe you should have realized there's a reason," said Angie.

Chapter Three: “Caught”

—o—

Eric nearly jumped out of his skin. How in the world had his ex-wife gotten into the house and why now of all times? He went into a panic. Where could he hide? Where could he run? There was nowhere! Still, he tried to jump off the couch to get away somewhere, but ended up tangling his feet in the heels and the carpet and he went straight down to the floor instead.

THUD!!

Ironically, he now found himself down on all fours, with his lips inches from his wife’s feet. He looked like he was bowing to her or trying to worship her. This made her laugh... and made him blush.

“I always thought you worshipped me,” said Angie and she took another photo.

Eric tried to rise again to get away, but Angie placed her foot, which was encased in a sharp back stiletto, on his back and pushed him down. The sharp heel dug into his flesh through the dress.

“Nope. Don’t even try to get up.”

“Let me up!”

Angie laughed and pressed down harder with her foot. “No, I like you like this. Besides, we haven’t had our conversation yet and I think it would go best if you were on your knees as I explained to you what is going to happen next.”

“What’s going to happen?” asked Eric nervously.

“Let’s dispense with the obvious. You, dear former husband, are wearing women’s clothes. I presume you don’t want anyone knowing about that. Shake your head if I am correct.”

Eric shook his head.

“Well, I have photos of it.” She examined some photos on her phone. “In fact, I have some very embarrassing ones of you playing with yourself while wearing women’s clothes.” She paused to let this sink in. “If you want those to remain secret, then you’ll have to pay a price.”

“Let me guess, you want the house back?”

Angie looked around the house and laughed. “After you’ve been prancing around like a sissy masturbating in every corner? Hardly. No, what I want is you humiliated, and that’s what I’m going to get.”

Eric shuddered. Angie had him by the balls and it sounded like she meant to make him pay. “What are you going to do?”

“It’s not what I’m going to do, it’s what you’re going to do. And you’re going to start by agreeing to do everything I tell you, or I’ll start sending these photos to your friends.”

Eric bit his tongue. He really had no choice. He nodded his head.

“I want to hear you say it—”

“Fine, I agree,” said Eric quickly.

Angie chuckled. “No, Eric, that’s not good enough. Tell me you agree, and say, ‘Yes, Ma’am.’”

That’s what Eric hoped to avoid; she was going to savor this. He cringed that he was doing this, but he had no choice. “Yes, Ma’am,” he said, and those were some of the hardest words he ever said, “I’ll do whatever you ask.”

Angie laughed. “Good. Now kiss my feet. No! *Lick* my feet.”

As Angie said this, she pulled one foot from her stiletto and stuck it in his face. He could see her toes and their red-painted toenails beneath the thin stockings she wore. He could smell them too. They smelled like sweat and shoe leather and they were an inch from his nose.

“Do it!” ordered Angie.

Eric reluctantly stuck out his tongue. It took significant effort to force himself to move his tongue forward to touch her foot. Even then, it covered just above her toes, not quite touching.

“*Now!*”

Eric swallowed hard, closed his eyes, and lowered his tongue. He could taste the dry taste of her stockings, the tangy taste of the shoe leather imprinted on her skin, and the salty flavor of her sweat. It was disgusting.

“That is so much more fitting for you, Eric. Now lick!”

Eric moved his tongue back and forth, getting the tops of her toes. Angie then spread her toes and ordered him to lick between. He did. The taste was much stronger here. Then she ordered him to stick her entire big toe in his mouth. He did that too. This was humiliating. Oddly though, it also made him hard and his erection tented up his dress.

After a minute or two, Angie was satisfied with Eric’s submission. It was time to move on. “Get up,” said Angie.

Eric didn’t need to be told twice. He gladly withdrew his tongue from her foot and jumped to his feet – though jumped is probably not the right

word as he struggled with his heels. In any event, he was soon standing.

“Come with me,” said Angie.

“Where are we going?”

“It’s time to make you presentable.”

—o—

Angie took her ex-husband to their former bedroom. There she ordered him to strip naked. He was happy to do so and to get out of the feminine clothes. He wasn’t so happy with what came next, however.

“Get in the shower and shave your entire body from your neck down. Get rid of that five o’clock shadow too,” said Angie.

“My entire body?!”

“Yes. Every hair on your arms, legs, chest or anywhere else.”

Eric was shocked. “Even my privates?”

“Especially your privates. I want you smooth and hairless like a baby... girl.”

Eric shook his head. He was about to object.

Angie cut him off. “Either you do it, or I’ll do it. Do you want me shaving your balls?”

Eric swallowed hard. He knew he had no choice and it would definitely be better if he did it himself rather than having her do it. Slowly, he nodded his head. Then Angie walked him into the bathroom and watched him take his shaving cream and a razor to the shower. A few minutes later, he was hairless.

“Your dick looks even smaller without hair,” said Angie with a laugh.

Eric blushed.

“Now come with me. We’re going to paint your nails,” said Angie and she returned to the bedroom.

“Why?” asked Eric as he followed her.

“Why what?”

“Why paint my nails? Why do any of this?”

“You should have asked yourself that question when you were acting like such a monster during the divorce.”

“I was not.”

“Oh, yes you were. And now you get to pay for that. Sit!” Angie pointed to the bed. Eric did as commanded and sat down. Angie then

grabbed her purse from the front hallway and returned. From it, she pulled out a bottle of red nail polish. “Show me your finger... like this,” she said and she demonstrated.

Eric held out his hands with his fingers pointing toward her.

Angie opened the vial and dipped the brush into it. The entire room filled with the acidic smell of the nail polish. She placed the brush on the nail on Eric’s pointer finger and slowly pulled it toward her. Behind the brush, the nail turned red.

“Very pretty, don’t you think so, darling?” asked Angie.

Eric rolled his eyes.

Angie returned the brush to the vial and brought it back to another finger. One by one, his fingernails turned bright, bright red.

“There!” said Angie when she did the last of his fingernails. “Now don’t move as this dries. I’m going to work on your toenails.”

Eric’s toes took another twenty minutes.

When Angie finished with his toenails, she made him put the panties, stockings, bra and dress back on. Then she took the makeup from her purse and painted his face with makeup. After that, she tossed a cheap blonde wig she had brought on top of his head.

“There! You’re passable enough now. You won’t pass close inspection, but most people will assume you’re a woman unless you give them a reason to think otherwise. Now put your heels back on,” she said.

Eric sat down and slipped his feet into the heels again. He buckled them up and stood up.

Angie laughed. “You look so precious in heels! Walk across the room. Let me see how you do.”

Eric stumbled across the floor. He wasn’t very good in heels.

“Good enough!” exclaimed Angie surprisingly, however, and she grabbed her purse. “Let’s go!”

“Go? Go where?” asked Eric.

“We’re going for a little ride.”

Eric’s jaw dropped. “Like outside?”

“Can’t really drive the car inside the house, can we?”

“I can’t go outside dressed like this?”

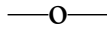
Angie snickered at her ex-husband’s obvious terror. “You don’t have a choice, Eric.”

“Where are we going?” he asked nervously.

Angie smiled. “We’re going downtown. We’re going dancing.”

There was something ominous about the way Angie said this. Even if there wasn’t, Eric would have been panic-stricken at the idea of being seen. But her tone made it all the worse. She was going to do something to him. He just didn’t know what yet... and that worried him.

Chapter Four: “It’s Time To Perform”



Eric remembered little of how he got to the car. He remembered his heart racing. He remembered his mouth being so dry it hurt to try to swallow. He remembered stumbling along in the heels down the sidewalk to his ex-wife’s car. He kept thinking he would fall, but somehow he didn’t. Other than that, the only thing he remembered was sheer terror of potential exposure. By the time he got to the car, his whole body was trembling. The car felt like a sanctuary, even if it was taking him somewhere he did not want to go.

“Where are we going?” asked Eric as Angie drove down the freeway into downtown.

“We’re going to *For Her*,” said Angie.

“The shop? Are we buying something?”

Angie chuckled. “Not quite.”

A few minutes later, they pulled into an older part of downtown. There, they found a series of brownstone building which had once been a sort of theater district. Over time, their luster had faded before a rebirth brought a number of restaurants and shops back to the area. In the middle of the street was a building that still resembled an older theater. The name on the building was *For Her*.

“Here we are,” said Angie and she pulled the car around the back and found a parking space near the back door. Angie grabbed her purse and opened her door. “Coming?”

Eric began to panic again. He shook his head and made a show of grabbing his seat. “I can’t get out of this car! Not here! Not in public!”

“Of course, you can.”

“I really can’t. You don’t understand!”

“Oh, I do,” said Angie. She picked up her phone and brought up one of the photos she had taken of him. “It would be a shame, darling, if you stayed in the car and people came along and found you. This is such a popular neighborhood now. Who knows who might come by and see you dressed as you are? Your boss might drop by to visit one of the local restaurants, for example.”

Eric swallowed hard and looked around. She had a point.

“What’s more, if you don’t come with me, I’ll have to start sending out the pictures I have of you. I know you don’t want that.”

Eric tried to speak, but couldn’t. He didn’t know what to say.

“Of course, inside, it’s safe and quiet and no one you know will be there,” said Angie.

Eric looked at the door, not more than twenty feet away. Going inside suddenly seemed like a good idea to him. He nodded his head. Then he opened the door to the car and got out as quickly as he could. He then came around the car, stumbling along in the difficult heels he had yet to master.

Angie laughed. “I should call you Tottering Tina.”

“That’s not funny. You made me wear these!”

“If I remember correctly, I found you wearing them. No one made you wear them except you. That was your own choice.”

Eric blushed. That was true. “Can we please go inside?”

Angie smiled. “Certainly.” She started toward the door and Eric tottered along slowly behind her. “Come along, Tottering Tina.”

Eric ignored her insults and followed his ex-wife inside. Inside was not at all what he expected. Eric had expected to find a cluttered little shop full of dresses and lingerie and other items of feminine finery. Instead, he appeared to have come into the backstage area of a theater. To his right was a dressing room. To his left was a commercial kitchen, complete with chefs preparing meals. The hallway in front of him led to a bar-style dining room.

“What are we doing here?” asked Eric.

Angie smirked at her husband but otherwise ignored his question. “Come this way,” she said and she walked into the dressing room.

Eric followed her.

Inside the dressing room, he saw several couples. One was male female, with the man wearing a tuxedo and the woman wearing a silver dress and silver heels. They looked like dancers. Another couple was dressed much more strangely. This couple consisted of a woman dressed in a white gown of leather and what appeared to be another woman in an oddly childish pink ruffled dress. There was something odd about the woman in the pink dress, however, and Eric began to suspect that this was actually a man.

“There’s another cross-dressed man here? What is going on?” he wondered.

The third couple consisted of two men. One was dressed as a soldier and the other as a construction worker, though their clothes appeared to be

costumes rather than actual uniforms, and skimpyish costumes at that – Eric got the impression they were strippers. This worried him.

“What’s going on here?” he demanded of his ex-wife.

Before Angie could respond, however, an awkward looking woman in a very garish golden gown and way too much makeup came over to them. She wore six-inch platform heels. Her blonde hair was shaped in an old-style beehive haircut that sat upon her head like a monstrously large hat.

“Hello, Angie, darling,” said the woman in an oddly masculine voice. She bent toward his ex-wife and kissed her on the cheek.

“Hello, Peggy,” replied his ex-wife.

“So who have we here?” The woman looked Eric up and down with a critical eye as she asked.

“This is my ex-husband.”

Eric felt like he’d been punched in the gut. Sure, he wasn’t all that passable, not in his opinion, but he was passable enough that people at least wouldn’t mention what he really was and he could pretend he was getting away with it. But here was his wife telling this woman right off the bat who he was! This was shocking and humiliating and it made him very unhappy. He braced for the woman to be shocked and perhaps toss him out of the building.

Oddly, the woman took this revelation in stride.

“Does he have a name?” asked the woman.

The surprised Eric instinctively held out his hand to shake the woman’s hand. He was about to say, “I’m Eric,” when his wife cut him off.

“He goes by ‘Tottering Tina’,” she said.

The woman laughed. “Fabulous!!”

Eric furrowed his brow. He did not like that name at all; though, it struck him a moment later that it was good that his wife hadn’t given his real name. He actually felt relieved... for the moment.

“So what will Ms. Tina be doing for us tonight?” asked the woman.

Angie snickered. “We haven’t discussed it yet.”

A smile grew on the woman’s face. “Oh girl, how daring! This is going to be exciting! I can’t wait to see how this goes.”

Eric looked confused. What were they talking about?

“By the by, you have some *stiff* competition tonight, *if you get my meaning*,” said the woman in hushed tones. “Ginger in particular has an interesting presentation planned.” As she said this, she nodded toward the

woman in the white leather dress who was currently pulling a long flat paddle from her bag.

“‘Stiff competition’,” laughed Angie.

The woman melodramatically winked at Angie. “Well, good luck tonight, darling,” she said and she kissed Angie on the cheek once more. Then she addressed Eric. “Good luck to you too, *Tina*. I hope you’re ready for this. Our customers are wonderful, but they can be unforgiving too.” She then turned back to Angie. “Well, I’ve got to speak to the others.”

Eric watched the woman walk off to the next couple and start a conversation with them as well. He then turned on his ex-wife. “What was that about? Exactly what the heck is going on here?” he demanded again.

“First of all, *honey*, don’t raise your voice to me. You won’t like the consequences.”

Eric backed off and cast his eyes to the floor sheepishly.

“Secondly, we’re here because this club runs a contest every Friday night. The contest involves people getting up on the stage and performing. How they perform is up to them, but the more sexual the better. The winner each night wins a cash prize. You’re here to perform.”

Eric’s jaw dropped. “Perform what?”

“I haven’t decided yet.”

“But—”

“And before you say anything,” added Angie, “you don’t have any choice in the matter. You’re going to perform and you’re going to perform exactly how I tell you. And if you try to avoid it or you refuse, then I’m going to drive home, leaving you here dressed as you are to find your own way home.”

Eric’s jaw dropped even further.

“And when I get home, I’ll be so sad that you didn’t perform that I’m going to console myself by sending my little collection of pictures to all your friends and having nice long chats with them.”

“You can’t do this to me!” gasped Eric.

“You mean like how you couldn’t lie to the judge to turn him against me in the divorce, or how you couldn’t take my home, or how you couldn’t keep the packages that were sent to you by ‘mistake’. You mean like that?” As she said this, she ran the soft material of his dress through her fingers.

“Angie, please—”

“It’s too late for that, Eric. You called the tune when you started all of

this. Tonight you dance.”
Eric swooned.

—o—

Eric stood next to the curtain that hid the tiny backstage area. The “stage” was really just a part of the main dining room separated by the curtain from the main portion of the room, which was filled with tables and chairs for diners. To give it more of a genuine stage feeling, there was a spotlight which highlighted the stage area compared to the rest, where the lighting was subdued.

Eric got a good look at the crowd from this vantage point. They were an odd crowd, there was no doubt about that. Some couples were men and women. Some were two men or two women or even three women. Some of the men were women. Some of the women were men. Some wore leather or plastic. Some wore almost nothing. Hints of bondage gear were evident everywhere.

“What kind of club is this?” wondered Eric.

Meanwhile, on stage, the man in the pink little-girl dress was singing a song about a tea cup. Every time he came to the end of the verse, he would bend over, tossing his frilly dress up onto his back, exposing his ruffled panties which covered his rear. His wife, in the white leather dress, would then wind up dramatically and let fly with the paddle. It would slam down on his rear with a loud sound that would echo throughout the club:

CRRRRAAAAACKKKKKKKK!!!

His whole body would shake and he would wince. The audience would cheer. Then he would stand up straight and resume his song until the next verse. When he finished, his wife spread her feet wide, took the paddle firmly in both hands and unleashed a battery of blows on his rear:

CRRRRAAAAACKKKKKKKK!!!

CRRRRAAAAACKKKKKKKK!!!

CRRRRAAAAACKKKKKKKK!!!

After the third, the audience started counting along.

CRRRRAAAAACKKKKKKKK!!!

“*Four!*”

CRRRRAAAAACKKKKKKKK!!!

“*Five!*”

CRRRRAAAAACKKKKKKKKK!!!

“Six!”

CRRRRAAAAACKKKKKKKKK!!!

“Seven!”

When she finished at twenty, the man curtsied. He then turned and started to skip off toward the curtain where Eric was standing. Before he reached safety, however, his wife stopped him.

“Hold it, Sissy. Come back here,” she declared.

The man skipped back over to his wife.

“Don’t you have something to show the nice people?”

The man nodded his head, causing the blonde curls of his wig to shake. He reached down and grabbed the hem of his skirt. He lifted it up until his crotch clearly showed. Then his wife pulled down his panties, exposing his penis. It was stuck inside a metal chastity device, which kept it flaccid. What was more interesting though was that it appeared to be covered with the man’s fluids. Apparently, being paddled as he had caused him to ejaculate.

The crowd went wild with applause.

The man curtsied and skipped off again. This time, his wife followed him, prodding him to keep moving with the paddle as they went.

“You want me to follow that?” asked Eric in shock.

“That’s why we’re here.”

“Will you at least tell me what we’re going to do?”

Angie whispered in his ear.

His jaw dropped.

—o—

Before Eric even knew what was happening, his ex-wife had pushed him out into the spotlight. He felt terrified. Sure, the last act was insanely humiliating and the crowd was full of rather strange people, but this was different. This was him standing on a stage, under a spotlight, dressed in women’s clothing with his ex-wife... about to do something terribly humiliating.

“Hello, everyone!” said Angie. She stood next to Eric holding the microphone. “My name is Angie and I’d like to introduce Tottering Tina.”

The crowd applauded.

“Tina is my ex-husband.”

A “woooooo” went through the crowd. They were impressed.

Angie chuckled. “As you might have guessed, Tina isn’t here voluntarily.”

The crowd “wooooo”ed again, only at twice the volume. Eric blushed in response. He also got hard, for some reason, and he dropped his hands to his crotch to hide his erection.

“Poor Tina,” said Angie with a laugh. “One day, I went to her house to pick up some packages of mine that had been sent to him – packages of women’s clothing – and there he was, all dressed up in my clothes. Of course, I couldn’t resist taking a few photos and, well, you’ll never guess this, but after I had the photos, I found that he would do anything I wanted. Imagine that!”

Giggles burst out throughout the crowd.

“What makes this story even funnier is that I sent him those packages intentionally... and it didn’t seem to make him suspicious. Nor did it make him suspicious that the clothes I supposedly ordered for myself all came in sizes that fit him.” She stepped right next to her much larger ex-husband. “Would that make sense to you?” she asked.

Again, the crowd laughed.

Eric’s jaw dropped. It honestly never occurred to him that his wife had sent the packages to him intentionally. He had been trapped! But how? How did she know he would wear the stupid things? Slowly, it dawned on him that she understood him better than he realized and all of her talk warning him not to mess with her clothes or touch her clothes or wear her clothes was her manipulating his natural tendency to upset her by doing the opposite of what she wanted. She had tricked him into this!

“Well, once I knew that poor little Tina wanted to obey me, I thought of you. So tonight, I give you my ex-husband and the little show he has prepared for you. I hope you enjoy it.”

Angie stepped back toward the edge of the spotlight and motioned Eric to step right into the middle of the stage. Eric did as he was told despite the feeling of terror standing in front of these people and feeling like a fool now that he understood how he had been tricked into this. It didn’t make him too proud either that his ex-wife was telling all these people how she had fooled him. What’s more, things were about to get worse: it was time to perform.

The music began.

Eric swallowed hard and took a deep breath. He began to sway as he’d

seen women do when they danced. He rubbed his hands down his sides from his waist to his hips to his thighs. There, he grabbed hold of his dress and slowly worked it up until the panties showed. His erection poked out the panties hard.

The crowd cheered.

Eric glanced at his ex-wife to see if he could get a last minute reprieve. She shook her head. His appeal had been denied. He needed to go forward with this, so he slipped his hand inside his panties and he pulled out his erection. This was very humiliating, but also very exciting.

The crowd cheered even more.

Eric closed his eyes, hoping that if he didn't see the crowd, this wouldn't be as humiliating, but it didn't help. It was still just as humiliating. There seemed to be no way to avoid that.

Eric wrapped his fingers around his shaft and started stroking.

The crowd cheered even louder. Were they louder than they had been for the last act? Possibly. Would that be a good thing or a bad thing? Eric shuddered that he even had the thought.

He spread his feet wider to get a better balance in these difficult heels. This made his balls swing more freely.

"Stay calm and get it over with," he told himself.

The strange truth, though, was that he was starting to calm down anyways. Even stranger, he was starting to enjoy this. Indeed, he had opened his eyes and he was now looking around the crowd, where he saw lots of beautiful women who appeared very excited by his masturbation. That was turning him on.

Eric's breathing was becoming labored. His heart was racing. His penis throbbed.

"I'm actually enjoying this!" he thought.

Eric stroked even faster. He was getting close to cumming now. He wanted that so badly! As incredible as it sounded, he was really going to enjoy this!

"Stop!" exclaimed Angie suddenly.

Eric froze. He furrowed his brow. He turned to face his ex-wife. His hand stopped moving, though it stayed on his erection. What did she want? Why had she interrupted him, he wondered?

When Eric turned, he saw something that made him very unhappy. Around his ex-wife's waist was a strap-on belt from which hung a large

plastic penis. This wasn't something she had warned him about when she told him what he would be doing. Eric swallowed hard.

"Bend over, darling," said Angie with a laugh.

The audience laughed with her.

"You've got to be kidding?!" said Eric.

Angie pointed to a chair. "Bend over the chair."

Eric shook his head.

"It's a long walk home," she warned him.

Eric bit his tongue. It was indeed. He turned to look at the chair. He'd never had anything inside his rear before and to have his ex-wife do this to him now was a scary prospect.

Angie pointed to the chair again; her eyes showed no mercy. As she did, the crowd started chanting, "*Tina! Tina! Tina!*" Eric knew he had no choice. So he slowly tottered over to the chair. He reluctantly bent over the back of the chair, leaving his rear exposed.

"Good girl," said Angie into the microphone.

Angie walked over to her husband. The fake penis swung before her with her steps. When she reached him, she flipped up his dress and pulled down his panties below his balls. She then reached around in front of him and rubbed his precum on her hand. She used that to coat the plastic penis.

"This might hurt a bit," she whispered in his ear.

A moment later, Eric felt the penis touch his rear. Angie slid it around to find the hole and then pushed it inside. She moved slowly at first, but firmly, and it felt to Eric like she was jamming a tree trunk inside there. It felt much larger than he knew it was. It also hurt a good deal more than expected. In fact, it felt like it was tearing him apart. Yet, at the same time, there was a sense of pleasure that came with it too. The fact he was receiving pleasure from this embarrassed Eric and he turned bright red.

When Angie got as far as she could inside him, she raised her arms in the air, as if to say, "Look! No hands." The audience went wild. She then thrust her hips backwards, pulling the penis almost all the way out before jamming it back inside. The pressure from this was intense for Eric and he nearly collapse. Fortunately, the chair kept him standing.

Angie yanked the penis nearly out and shoved it back in several times again. Then she put the microphone to her lips.

"My ex-husband, ladies and gentlemen!"

The crowd laughed.

After a few more thrusts, she pulled the penis out of him and he collapsed breathlessly to the floor. He was hard as a rock, but hadn't cum.

"I know some of you would like to have seen me make my ex-husband cum, but I think it would be better if I didn't. I think you might enjoy it more knowing that while my husband came here involuntarily, he will now go home and feel utterly compelled to masturbate... and he will have done that all by himself."

A snicker raced through the crowd.

Eric felt deeply humiliated because he knew she was right. He was desperate to finish himself off right now, and if he didn't get the chance now – which he knew he wouldn't – he would do it the moment he got some privacy. Embarrassingly, now he knew that everyone in the crowd knew this too.

"Everyone give my sissy husband a great big round of applause," said Angie.

They did.

As they did, Angie lifted Eric off the floor and he tottered off the stage after her. The two dancers waited behind the curtain to go on next as he passed them by. His mind was so obsessed with finishing his masturbating at the moment that he didn't even wonder what their act would be. This need to masturbate brought a good deal of shame with it: his ex-wife had humiliated him and all he wanted to do was jerk himself off over it. He felt a little pathetic.

Epilogue

—o—

Angie pulled the car up in the driveway of Eric's house. They had returned from the club and his humiliating dance. His rear was sore from what she had done to him. More importantly, his ego was deeply bruised.

"Second place isn't so bad," said Angie.

Eric made a sour face. As far as he was concerned, any place was bad on that list.

"You'll do better next time."

"Next time?!" gasped Eric. "What do you mean next time?"

Angie laughed. "Did you think this was a one-time thing?"

"Well— I— I mean—" sputtered Eric.

Angie shook her head. "Oh no. These photos don't expire. And I have even more now. So unless you want me sharing them with everyone, then you better get one thing clear, Eric. From now on, I own you. I can make you do anything I want. Now, fortunately, I don't want much from you. What I do want though is that every Friday night from now on, you and I are going to the club and you are going to compete in that same contest."

"Every Friday?!" gasped Eric.

"Yes, every Friday."

"You want me to do that same stupid act every Friday night?!"

Angie chuckled. "No, we'll change it up as I see fit." Angie glanced at the front door to his house. There was a package leaning against the door. "Oh look, there's a package for you."

Eric looked toward his door and saw the package.

"I'll bet that's the dress you're going to wear next week!" said Angie with a laugh.

Eric hung his head in shame. He wasn't getting out of this. That was clear. It seemed that from now on, until his ex-wife felt satisfied with her revenge that he would be spending his Friday nights cross-dressed and humiliated. That was horrible. But he couldn't really worry about that right now. Right now, he needed to get inside and finish masturbating. That's all his mind wanted to think about.

"See you next week, *Tina*," said Angie as he got out of the car. "You might want to practice in those heels during the week."

Eric cringed at the thought.

Angie then drove away. As she did, Eric tottered inside to masturbate.

The End.

Check Out Some Of My Other Classic Feminization Stories

Here are some of my other tales of feminization. These are cautionary tales of men who find themselves delving into the world of femininity, sometimes by choice and sometimes by chance, but mainly against their wills. Check out my homepage for all of my stories!



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

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

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

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

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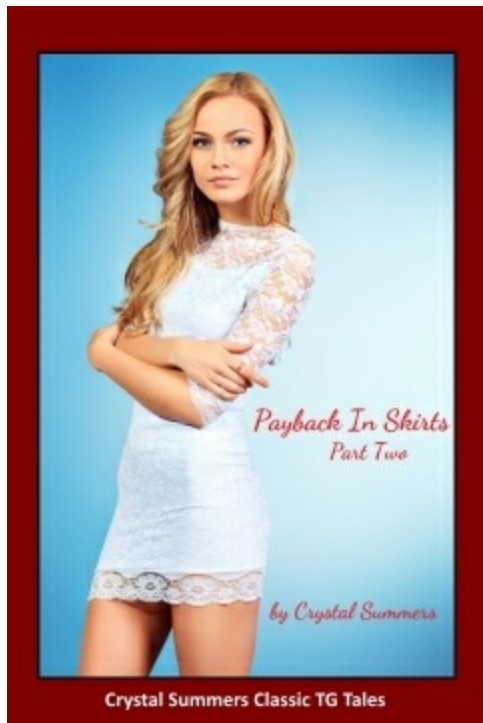


“Payback In Skirts” (Part One: Feminized By His Wife)

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

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

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

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“Sissified Husband”

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

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“Feminizing Her Husband”

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

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

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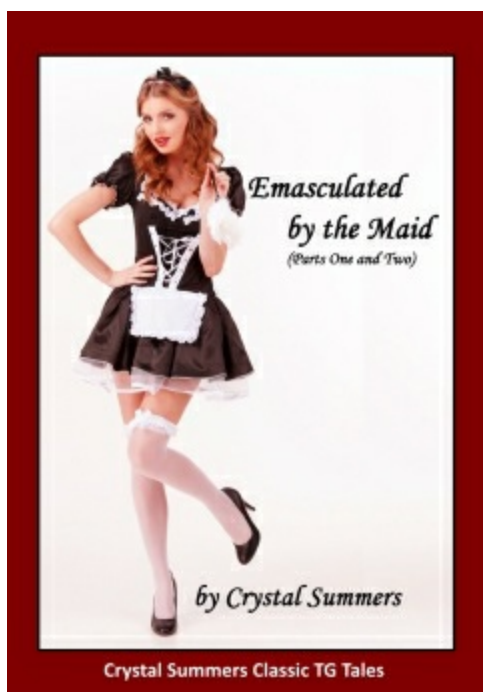


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After nearly getting caught wearing his roommate Candy’s panties, Len found he had a taste for risking exposure. Each day, he risked wearing a bit more. Then he heard about the party. Did he dare go to a party dressed from head to toe as a woman? Could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

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