



How I Feminized My Boyfriend
by Crystal Summers

Crystal Summers Classic TG Tales

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Chapter 1: Caught In The Act

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I have a secret.

That probably got your attention. But it is true. I have a secret. My whole life, I've wanted to feminize a man. Why? I have no idea, but it's something I've *always* felt. I tried doing it to my brother, but he escaped my clutches sadly. I tried doing it to my first couple boyfriends, but that never worked either. They were too worried about looking silly and freaked out before I could even get them into panties. It seemed my dream could never happen.

Sigh.

Then I took a job at Oratech. Oratech is a huge company that makes these amazing processors that... you know what? Who cares? You're not here to learn about Oratech. That's not why you bought this book. You bought this book to find out what I did to Victor. Am I right? Of course, I am.

So who is Victor?

Victor is... *or was*... my boyfriend, and he worked at Oratech when I arrived. I was young, being just out of college at the time. I think I was twenty-two, but I might have been twenty-three. And I was ready for action. I had my degree, I had a world of energy, and I had dreams of reaching the top. I was ready to take over the company and no one was going to stand in my way. In fact, I'd only been there a few months, but I was already measuring my boss's forehead for my size nine stiletto, where I was going to step over his head on my way to the top.

That's when I met Victor.

Victor worked across the hall in another group. He was a little older than I was. He was a nice guy for the most part, though he tended to be a little arrogant when it came to the male-female thing. He seems to have been raised with the idea that men are naturally superior to women. I put up with that but it didn't make me happy and I liked looking for opportunities to knock him down a peg or two. In any event, that was a minor annoyance. In the great scheme of things, he was attractive, he was nice, and he could turn me on, and that's really what mattered to me at the time.

Now, did I still want a man I could feminize? Sure. That was still my

fantasy. Was Victor that man? I didn't think so. He was into sports and other "male" things, and any attempt I made even to hint at anything feminine usually caused him to change the topic fast. So I dismissed the idea of feminizing him as not possible. And since no one else seemed to be offering to slip into a dress and a pair of high heels for me, I kind of resigned myself to it not happening.

Then, one day, everything changed.

"Last chance to join us for lunch," said Roy half jokingly. He was our group leader, the one whose forehead I was measuring for my stiletto, and he knew I wouldn't join them. For thing, I usually had lunch with Victor, but today everyone knew I was going to run my big experiment. I had been preparing for this for weeks. Nothing was going to stand in the way of this.

"Oh sure, Roy," I said sarcastically. "Let me just junk whatever this stuff is on my desk."

Roy laughed. "Good luck. I'm pulling for you," he said. Then he left for lunch.

I turned up the sensors on my testing gear and I prepared to run my test. Just then, one of my capacitors burned out.

"Crap!"

I turned off my gear and examined the capacitor. It would need to be replaced. I looked around the lab for a replacement, but I didn't see any, so I decided to venture across the hall to see if I could steal one from Victor's group. No sooner had I wandered into their section though, than I saw Victor sitting with his back to the door looking intently at his computer screen. That struck me as odd as I expected he would be at lunch. I almost called out his name... until I noticed that his hand was in his lap and it seemed to be bouncing up and down rather fast.

It took me a moment, but then I realized what I was seeing.

"Wait a minute!" I thought. "He's jerking himself off!"

I took a couple more steps toward him as quietly as I could, which wasn't easy in five-inch heels and a lab coat, let me tell you. Anyways, I got within about eight or nine feet and sure enough, I realized that Victor was jerking himself off as he flipped through images of women on his computer!

I was shocked.

My boyfriend was masturbating at work!

I decided to blast my boyfriend with a good deal of embarrassed outrage. It offended me that he would be masturbating behind my back, and I

“What the hell do you think you’re doing, Victor?!” I demanded.

Victor jolted and fell out of his chair. I swear I could see his heart shoot out of his chest. When he fell, his slacks twisted around his thighs and that made it difficult for him to pull them up. So instead, he scrambled to his feet and immediately dropped his hands to his crotch to hide his raging hard-on, which stuck out like a redwood tree growing out the side of a hill. Ok, that’s not true. His penis was actually pretty small, but I promised I would be nice, and he’s sensitive about the size of his penis. If I was to be truthful, I would probably say that Victor had the smallest penis I’d ever seen. It almost seemed like it belonged on a child. I could still make use of it, but another inch or so would have been helpful. Anyways, never mind that. I’m being nice, so think redwood.

“What do you have to say for yourself?!” I exclaimed.

Victor opened his mouth to speak, but nothing came out except a tiny peep. It took a lot of discipline on my part to keep from laughing. He looked so scared and so pathetic standing there with his pants sliding down his butt and his hands desperately trying to hold them up while hiding his hard penis.

“You’ve been masturbating!” I exclaimed.

His jaw moved, but still nothing came out. I was busting up on the inside.

“Why?! What were you thinking?!”

“I— I— I—” he stuttered out the word “I” three times, but that’s all he could say. He was trembling.

“You what? You were masturbating like some sort of pervert? Is that what you were going to say?!” I growled.

Now keep in mind, I wasn’t really angry. To the contrary, I was elated. I had stumbled upon a secret that would let me live out my fantasy: I had found a man I could feminize! This was a dream come true. But I knew I needed to sound angry because I needed to scare Victor. Victor is one of those people who needs a big push before he will do anything unorthodox. That meant I needed to scare him as much as possible now so that when I made my demands later, he had that fear to draw upon to motivate him. If I came in and acted all nice and understanding, he would talk himself out of doing whatever I wanted when the time came. No, I needed to make the fear very real, so real he could taste it whenever he considered rebelling.

“I— I wasn’t, uh, masturbating,” he said feebly.

I laughed harshly. “Oh yes, you were! Don’t lie to me! I saw you. I

see your hard penis even now!” I pointed to his crotch, where his hands were doing a terrible job of hiding his erection.

He looked down at his penis and drew his hands even closer to try to hide it further. It wasn't working, so he grabbed his pants and tried to yank those up over his penis. I blocked this with the simple flip of a wrist and I actually caused his pants to fall to his ankles as I did this. He started to drop to a crouching position so he could grab his pants, but I stopped him by placing my hand on his shoulder and issuing the simple command: “Stop!”

“Stop?” he repeated. He was stunned and he seemed disoriented.

“Yes, stop! Don't you try to hide the evidence! I've already seen it. You can't hide it now. Stand up straight and leave your pants on the floor!”

“But honey, someone might come back from lunch any second! My boss could come walking through that door!” he whined and he pointed to the door. “I would get fired!”

“Do as you're told,” I growled.

He swallowed hard and then reluctantly did as I commanded. He wasn't normally this submissive, but I think the shock of having been caught and my being so forceful overwhelmed his free will and he found himself obeying much more than he would have under normal circumstances. Hence, he let go of his pants and he slowly stood up straight, letting his penis stand out before him, as his pants and underwear bunched around his ankles.

“Good boy,” I said.

He looked nervously at the door. Then he glanced nervously over his shoulder at the computer; he tried to do this without me noticing. “Can I please pull my pants up? I don't want to get caught,” he said.

“You've been caught.”

“I mean by my boss,” he said and he pointed toward the door. This made me glance at the door. As I did, I noticed him glanced over his shoulder at his computer again out of the corner of my eye. He was definitely nervous that I might see his computer, and with good reason. Right now, as far as he knew, I'd only caught him masturbating. That was embarrassing, but not a big deal as I was his girlfriend; I'd seen his penis before fairly regularly. But if I saw what he was masturbating too, now that would be a very different story. “My boss will fire me if he catches me like this,” he added. Then he started trying to cover his penis with his hands.

“Don't bother. You can't hide it, even as small as it is,” I said.

He blushed as he always did when I made some comment about his

size.

“Please don’t say that,” he said.

I ignored him. It was time for the next glorious step. This is where I would get what I wanted. This is what would give me the real power I craved. It was time to expose what had turned him on!

I stepped past him, right up to the monitor. “And what in the world are you looking at?!” I did my best to look shocked. “Oh my God! Is that a man?!”

He jumped over the computer and reached for the off switch.

“Don’t you dare!” I growled.

He froze mid-reach.

I noted the name of the website. “Women With Something Extra?! Are you kidding?!” There was no escape for him now. Not only had I let it be known that I’d recognized that he was looking at a cross-dressed man, but by mentioning the website name, I even let him know that I could find it again at my leisure. So turning off the computer now would achieve nothing.

Victor looked like he wanted to fold himself up into a ball and implode into nothing, but he had no way to do it, so he stood there looking mortified. I then grabbed the mouse and clicked on the “next” button. The man in the black minidress with his penis hanging out disappeared and in his place came a rather pretty young man in a gorgeous bridal gown. He was lying on his back and had hiked the dress up over his crotch, exposing his rock hard penis. He was playing with his penis. Next came a man in a pink romper. Then another in a yellow sundress. He wore beautiful heels; I wonder who made those. Then came a man in a sequined evening gown, and another in a minidress with a large erection. I couldn’t believe this website. It was like a catalogue of my dreams. I was super horny looking at it, and I couldn’t help but think that this was Victor’s future. I wanted that so badly!

Victor, on the other hand, looked like he wanted to flee for his life right about now, but he didn’t. He knew it wouldn’t help. There was nowhere he could escape me. I knew where he lived. Heck, I knew where he slept... inches from me. Not to mention, if I really wanted to cause him problems, I could report him to his boss. If I told the company I had caught him masturbating, he would be finished. If I added what he had been masturbating too, he would have been humiliated *and* finished. I could also tell his friends and family and then his whole life would become a joke.

So let’s be honest. His best bet, if not his only bet, was to stand fast

and to hope that I offered him some sort of mercy. I wasn't inclined to do that though. But I would offer him a deal.

"Ok, *Vicky*," I said. I could see him shudder.

"I can explain," he said meekly.

I laughed. I knew this was coming, but there was no explanation and I wasn't interested in hearing one. How he planned to try to convince me to ignore what he'd done didn't interest me. I knew what I had and that was it. Moreover, lunch would be over soon and I had to nail this down before people started coming back, so I rejected his attempt.

"Forget it, *Vicky*. There's no explaining this."

"But it's not what you think!" he protested.

"Oh yes it is, now stop talking," I said and he stopped talking and cast his eyes downward. He seemed to tighten his hands around his penis too. I thought that was very appropriate as my plans for him very much implicated that little piece of him. I stood up tall and put my hands on my hips. "Here's the deal, *Vicky*. We both know what I caught you doing. There's no excuse for it and you can't make me unsee it or forget it. As of right now, our relationship has changed dramatically."

"It's not what you think," he said again.

"Yes, it is," I said. I pulled my phone from my lab coat and I showed him the photos I had taken of him masturbating. The image of the shemale was visible on the computer screen right in front of him. "And as you can see, I have proof. Now stop trying to get out of this. There is no escape."

I saw his knees tremble and knock together. He remained silent.

"Now, unless you want me telling people what I caught you doing, then you better realize right now that I'm in charge from now on."

He bit his lip. He looked sick.

"Tell me you understand. Tell me you know your new place," I said.

Victor looked around nervously. I could tell he was struggling with this idea. This was very difficult for him, even if he didn't have any choice. I wanted him to say it though. I wanted to hear it from his lips that he understood his position. I decided to step up the pressure. After all, I didn't have long left to cement my victory. The others would be coming back from lunch soon and I wanted this sorted out before they did.

"Well?" I asked and I tapped my high-heel encased foot against the tile floor as I slipped an angry expression on my face.

"I—" he said and he stopped.

“You don’t have a choice in this, Victor. You either do what I say or I will tell your friends and family what I caught you doing. Heck, I might even tell the company if you upset me enough. They’ll fire you on the spot if I do that.”

Boy was he trembling now.

“Please don’t tell anyone!” he all but begged me. It’s amazing to me that he didn’t realize that I would never tell the company, but I guess he was so freaked out that anything seemed possible to him at that point. In truth, if he had refused entirely, I probably wouldn’t have told anyone anything... but he didn’t know that.

“The choice is yours, Vicky. Do as I say and I will have no reason to tell anyone, right? Fight me on this and I will have no reason not to tell everyone,” I said.

I saw him visibly shudder. Then his shoulders seemed to slump. He had surrendered; I could see it. “What do I need to do?” he asked. He sounded terrified and his voice cracked as he spoke. That made me smile. I was so close to getting what I wanted. My pussy was starting to get very, very wet.

“First, I want you to admit your situation. Then we’ll talk.”

Victor bit his tongue. He shuffled his feet back and forth. I could see the wheels turning in his mind. He did not want to do this, but he had no choice. Interestingly, while all of this was happening in his mind, he was hard as a rock. Apparently, this idea excited him more than he let on. That made two of us!

Anyways, he still hadn’t spoken, so I folded my arms and tapped my shoe against the floor again. I looked at my watch and frowned, just to add to the pressure he felt. I needed this over with and fast! I was just about to threaten him even more harshly, but then it happened.

His lips started moving. “I understand the position I’m in,” he said.

“And what do you understand?”

He sighed. “I understand that you’re in charge and I need to do what you tell me.”

“You need to do *anything* I tell you,” I corrected him.

“Yes. I need to do anything you tell me.”

That made me smile. It told me that he understood his situation and that he would not offer me much in the way of resistance. “I’m glad you understand the situation. See, Vicky, I’m willing to keep this secret between

us, so long as you obey.” I patted him on the cheek. “Isn’t it funny though?”

“What is?”

“That you, a man, who should be in charge as you like to say, are now completely under the control of a little old woman like myself?” I snickered.

He blushed. I swear I saw his penis throb too.

“Isn’t that ironic, Mr. Man?” I asked sweetly.

He blushed even deeper, but said nothing.

“Cat got your tongue?” I grabbed his penis. “And your balls?” He started to pull away and I stopped him. “Uh uh uh. These are mine now. You belong to me, remember? I can do anything I want to you from now on. In fact, I think I want to hear that. Tell me that you belong to me.”

“Are you serious?”

“Absolutely. But before you do, get down on your knees. That seems most appropriate.”

Victor was positively burning red at this point. There was no way he wanted to do this, but he had no choice and he knew it. And my having looked at my watch reminded him that he needed to do this fast because the longer he waited to comply, the greater the chance of his getting caught like this by the others.

As I watched, Victor slowly lowered himself to his knees. Let me tell you, I’ve never been wetter in my life than when that happened. My pussy lips even tingled, which was rare without them being touched.

Victor got to his knees. He lowered his head. “I belong to you,” he said softly.

I chuckled. “Louder, baby.”

“I belong to you,” he repeated somewhat louder.

“One more time, and louder. Don’t make me punish you.”

He swallowed hard. He looked up at me. His penis was so hard and tense it looked like it might explode. “I belong to you,” he said.

I smiled. “Now tell me that women are superior to men.”

He ran his tongue over his lips.

“Women are superior to men.” This sent a tingle down my spine. It seemed to make him shudder too. The idea that he would ever say those words was just unbearable to him.

“And tell me that I’m superior to you.”

“You are superior to me.” His voice cracked as he spoke.

I stroked his cheek. “I know I am, dear. Now kiss my foot.”

He ground his teeth. Then he looked at the clock. He took a deep breath and leaned over. I stuck my black five-inch high-heeled pump in front of his lips and he kissed it. I felt an intense surge of power as he did this.

“Good boy,” I said and I patted his head. “Now, before you get up, let me explain that there is one more caveat. You belong to me and I will keep your secret, but there is a price attached to that secret.”

“What price?” he asked nervously.

“It’s obvious to me what turns you on,” I said. I saw him blush. It was obvious that this embarrassed him that I had caught him doing this specifically. “Well,” I continued, “I want to have some fun with that.”

“What kind of fun?” he asked. His mouth was obviously dry.

I crouched down and took his penis in my hand again. I started stroking it. “The kind I’m going to enjoy,” I said. “The kind that obviously turns you on.”

“What is that?” he asked. He was breathing heavily. His penis was so excited already that it was harder not to let it cum than it was to make it cum. In fact, I could tell that it had already found its rhythm and it was preparing to shoot out hot cum.

“I,” I said and I paused.

His penis was dangerously close now, so I stroked even harder.

“Am—” I added.

His penis started to jerk in my hands. I could feel it growing to it’s largest size.

“—going—”

It jerked hard. His balls moved up like they were winding up to throw a pitch.

“—to turn you—”

His back arched and his muscles tensed. His breathing stopped. I gave him one last big strong jerk.

“—into a woman!”

His penis exploded. Hot, white cum shot all over the floor between us.

“Now pull your pants up,” I said. “We’ll talk after work.”

With that, I returned to my lab, leaving him panting on his knees.

Chapter 2: All Locked Away

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I wasted no time after work. Before we went home that night, I made a quick stop at a local second hand store and I picked up armloads of clothes in Victor's size. Then I stopped at an adult toy store to buy a few necessary items. Finally, we proceeded home where it was time for me to collect the first installment on my dream. Victor was becoming increasingly pensive. I was becoming increasingly elated.

"Ok, baby," I declared when we got home. "Strip yourself naked and go shower. When you shower, you need to shave your legs, shave your chest, shave your armpits, and shave your crotch."

He furrowed his brow. "What exactly are we going to do?"

I laughed. "I told you. We're going to do exactly what turns you on. *I'm turning you into a woman,*" I said. I didn't think I needed to tell him that I was the one who was most turned on.

His jaw dropped. "Wait a minute!"

I shook my head and cut him off. "Do as I say."

"But this doesn't turn me on. I don't want to do this!"

"First of all, you were jerking off while looking at pictures of cross-dressed men. I caught you. So don't try to tell me this doesn't turn you on. Secondly, at this point, what you want doesn't matter. All that matters is why I want. And what I want is to turn you into a woman."

"For how long?"

I shrugged my shoulders. "I haven't decided."

He seemed to shudder. Then he tried to shake his head as if he were going to deny this again, only I could see his rock hard penis pushing against his pants. This was turning him on a lot! Still, he tried to refuse. "You can't turn me into a woman. I can't be seen like that!"

"I can do whatever I want to you. And the more you resist, the more I will do and the greater the likelihood that I will expose you. Now go shower like I told you," I told him.

I'm not sure if Victor was *that* afraid of being exposed or if events had just worn down his resistance or if maybe this really was turning him on so much that he wanted to give this a try, but he nodded his head and made his way to the shower. Let me tell you that as I watched him slink off to the

shower to begin replacing his masculinity with femininity, I shuddered and shivered and my pussy tingled and flooded.

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As Victor showered, I took all the clothes I had bought and I poured them out onto the bed. It was quite a selection. I had everything from tight white pants that tied in the back and had massive bell bottoms to classic housedresses to a maroon suit to a couple bandage dresses. Additionally, I had collected a variety of lingerie and a half-dozen pair of high-heeled shoes. I was ready to remake Victor!

Victor finished his shower and came out to see me. He looked so feminine already without any hair. His limbs looked softer and less muscular, as did his chest, which looked almost like boobs. The biggest thing... *or should I say littlest thing...* was that his penis actually looked even smaller without his hair.

“Wow, will you look at that!” I said and I pointed at his penis.

He looked down at his penis. He didn’t seem to realize what I was talking about. “What?” he asked nervously.

“Look how tiny it is!” I squealed.

He covered his penis with his hands and looked up and glared at me from behind deeply humiliated eyes.

“Oh don’t look so angry,” I said. “It looks smaller. It was small to begin with, but now it looks really tiny.”

“Will you please stop!” he growled.

I laughed. “Just be glad it’s so small. That will make it easier to hide!”

Victor turned so red you wouldn’t believe. Clearly, his ego couldn’t take me poking fun at the size of his small penis no matter what the circumstances. I made a mental note to be sure to use that the next time I needed to take the wind out of his sails. In the meantime, I walked over to Victor and I ran my hand over his chest. It was hairless. There was no stubble either. Then I checked his rear and his armpits. They were good too. I ran my fingers over his crotch, which caused his hard penis to throb. Then I slid my hands down his legs and felt their silky smoothness. He’d done an excellent job shaving.

“Nicely done, honey. You’re free of hair. Very smooth,” I said.

Victor thanked me out of habit, but he clearly felt strange doing it. I

don't think he saw my compliment as something that should make him feel complimented.

“Now let's get you started.”

“I'd rather—”

I put my finger to his lips. “No choice,” I said.

He nodded his head.

I marched Victor to the bed as if he were my prisoner. I felt so excited. I was just about to get what I wanted and I couldn't believe it. This was going to be amazing. I looked across the vast collection of women's clothes I had bought. I picked up the first pair of panties that caught my eye. These were dark red with a lace waistband and a triangular patch of satin to cover the pussy, or in this case, Victor's penis. I ran them through my fingers. They were soft and yet the lace rubbed against my fingers roughly. These were exciting panties.

“Put these on,” I said.

Victor froze.

I held them out, right in his face. He finally took them. As he did, I saw him wither somewhat. Then he bent over and held the panties in front of him. He stepped into them, one leg at a time, and then slid them up his legs. I watched his face. It was amazing to see. He was getting something off the panties that was making his body tingle. It made his penis grow about as large as I'd ever seen it and then throb. I could see it pulsing and shaking. This was clearly turning him on.

As he pulled the panties up his legs and hid his penis, I felt tremors deep inside me as well. Here was a man, turning himself into a woman at my command. It was amazing. And seeing his penis vanish behind a wall of silky feminine cloth was just intense. My panties were soaked.

“Sit down,” I ordered and I led him to my vanity table. Once he was seated, I painted his toenails and his fingernails. As they dried, I applied makeup. I also plucked his eyebrows to make them much more narrow and arched. Then I went to pierce his ears. “This may hurt a bit, so hold tight.”

“What are you doing?” he asked.

“I'm going to pierce your ears.”

“What? Wait! That's permanent! You can't do that.”

“Sure I can,” I said and I placed the needle to his ear and poked. Blood hit my fingertip a moment later.

“Ouch!”

“See, that was easy.”

“But you pierced my ear!”

“Yes, I did,” I said.

“But that doesn’t heal overnight. People will see it tomorrow when I go to work,” he whined.

“I’m sure they will, but why should they care?”

He froze. The answer was obvious to him. Earrings were for women and he was a man. So having pierced ears would give away that he had done something feminine today. I snickered at his old-fashioned attitude and decided to play with him a bit.

“Maybe they would think it’s strange, *if you were dressed as a man*,” I said.

His jaw dropped. “Wh— what?”

“What’s wrong, honey?”

“Are you trying to say that you’re planning to send me to work dressed like a woman?” he asked. His mouth was dry. He started trying to back away from me, but there was nowhere for him to go. He was effectively trapped between the chair and my body.

“Is there a reason I shouldn’t?” I asked.

He looked so incredibly nervous. “I— I can’t do that!”

I knew he couldn’t, not yet. It was useful to scare him with the possibility though. I raised an eyebrow and looked down at him. His eyebrows made me giggle; they were already rather feminine. They would be noticeable already. “I guess,” I said and I paused. “I guess, I could let you remain dressed as a man *at work*.”

He seemed intensely relieved, even as he knew another shoe was about to drop.

“But there is a price,” I added.

“What price?”

“For one thing, you will need to do all of this voluntarily from now on. I don’t want to fight you throughout.”

He nodded his head.

“Also, you will need to dress exactly as I say when you aren’t at work. Do you agree?”

Again, he nodded his head.

“Good. And even though you will be dressing as a male at work, I will still pick your clothes,” I told him.

He twisted his lips and then nodded his head. I smiled. My threat had worked. I had exactly what I wanted. He had surrendered.

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Over the next few minutes, I dug through the pile of clothes and pulled out the things I expected Victor to wear. One by one, the items left the bed and were placed on his body. First, we had the panties, but I've already described that. Next came stockings. These caused a serious reaction as they slid up his freshly legs. His penis was so hard it bounced like a diving board when I touched it. I loved the feel of his legs in the stockings and how I could see his painted nails through the stocking toes.

"You're going to make a gorgeous girl," I said.

He glared at me, which made me laugh.

"You know your penis tells a completely different story, right?" I asked.

He sharpened his glare, which only made me laugh more, especially with his face made up.

After the stockings came a bra, which I filled with one of the toys I found at the toy store. These were rubber breasts which looked like C-cup breasts on Victor. The bra itself was red, like the panties, but made of satin. The breasts had large nipples, which poked through the bra and would poke through whatever he wore over it. I got a real kick out of my boyfriend having big, womanly nipples.

Next, I added a light pink slip. He shivered as it dropped into place and tickled his thighs. His penis, even though it was tiny... *for a redwood*... still was long enough to make the slip and the panties stick out.

Over this went a 60's style go-go dress. It was white, but also had a pattern consisting of multiple, odd-sized squares in various colors, each outlined in a thick black line. If they had two of these, I would have bought one for myself.

On his feet, I placed a pair of white sandals with thick straps, a thick platform and chunky heels. Despite the heels being chunky, they were still very high, being around five-inches more than the platform. They would prove challenging to Victor, assuming he had never worn heels before... something I guess I couldn't rightfully assume at this point, not based on what I'd caught him doing. I decided to see if this might not be his first time.

“Tell me about the first time you wore heels, Vicky,” I said.

He furrowed his brow. “I’ve never worn heels.”

“Oh yes, you have.”

“No, I haven’t,” he insisted.

I didn’t believe him. “First of all, most little boys wear their mother’s heels at some point. So don’t tell me you’re the only one who didn’t. Secondly, with your turn ons, I can guarantee that you’ve worn heels at some point. Maybe your sister’s? Maybe a girlfriend’s? Heck, maybe you even owned your own. So tell me about it!”

He shook his head. “I’ve never worn heels,” he said.

I knew right away that he was lying. I could always tell when he lies because his lower lip turns slightly to the left before he tells the lie. But I wasn’t going to push it. I didn’t care what he did in the past. I only cared what he was about to do for me.

“Ok fine. Walk across the bedroom for me,” I said.

Victor looked at me nervously and he tried to stand up. He seemed to shake in his heels. His ankles weren’t ready for this. He tightened his leg muscles. That helped and he finally stood up straight. He took a deep breath and took his first step in these high-heeled shoes. And let me tell you, when I saw that foot move and I heard that heel land, my soul felt afire! This was a man, *my boyfriend*, in high heels and I had done this to him! I wanted more... so much more.

“How was that?” he asked when he reached the end of the room.

He was actually quite good at it. He needed a lot of practice to be great, but he was good. And that was fine by me because I enjoyed watching him walk in heels very, very much. I loved watching how his dress danced around his thighs too. It was exciting to see that and to know there was a hard penis only a few inches away. His penis, by the way, despite being so tiny, did make a bulge beneath his dress. It was definitely visible and if I was going to send him out into public, then I would need to think of some way to hide that, but that could wait. Right now, I wanted to see my little Vicky in all of her feminine glory!

“That was great, dear! And you claim you never wore heels before!” I said happily.

He blushed. Yeah, it was clear this was not his first rodeo in heels.

“You do need practice though, so keep walking for me. Swing your hips a bit when you do and take smaller steps,” I said and I showed him what

I wanted him to do when he started again.

He did as I told him and his walk became even more feminine. I was one happy girl. Victor had serious potential in heels! I decided to spend the next hour teaching him how to walk exactly how I wanted him to walk in the heels. By the time we were finished, his legs and feet were tired, but his walk was dramatically improved. It was not only feminine, it was beginning to appear seductive. I was, to borrow a phrase, hot and bothered by that point!

Anyways, after working on his walk, I taught him to carry his hands and how I wanted his posture. I taught him to sit as well. This proved to be harder than expected. For some reason, he kept trying to sit down like a man. Indeed, every time he sat down, he immediately spread his legs and showed his panties.

“Ok, we need to fix this,” I said.

“How do we fix it?” he asked.

“I have two ideas,” I said. I then retrieved my bag of toys. From it, I pulled a male chastity device shaped like a penis. It was made of metal and Victor’s penis would slide inside. This would serve multiple purposes from my perspective. First, it would give me control over his penis and that would be amazing. Secondly, it would keep his penis standing up beneath his dress even if he got hard. Third, I figured that it might hold his penis tighter between his legs and let him cross his legs more easily.

“What is that?” he asked rather nervously.

“It’s a chastity device,” I said.

“I don’t want to wear that.”

I shrugged my shoulders. “Honey, what you want isn’t what matters,” I said. “You belong to me now, and it’s what I want that matters. Remember?”

Victor tried to glare at me, but with the makeup I’d put on his face, there was just no way for me to take him seriously. He looked so cute, so feminine, so helpless. I snickered. Then I made him strip off his panties and lift his dress. He was hard as a rock and I needed to shrink that to get the device on his penis, so I took him to the kitchen and I used some ice to shrink his penis. He didn’t like that one bit. I thought it was funny. Anyways, I managed to snap the device into place.

I don’t think he grasped quite how important a moment this was, but I did. I had him now. He was mine. His penis was mine. If he wanted to touch it again, then he would need to obey me. He was about to find that out.

“Now what?” he asked.

“Now you can’t touch yourself without my permission,” I said. I then held up the key for him to see and I crouched down and I stuck it into a little locket that I kept on my ankle bracelet.

“Wait a minute,” he said. “Why don’t *I* get to keep the key?”

I laughed. “Because I’m in charge now.”

He then seemed to panic. I could see it in his eyes. A moment later, he grabbed at the device and he tried to pull it off his penis. Naturally, it didn’t budge. It was on very tightly and it wasn’t coming off.

“Take this off!” he exclaimed.

“Don’t take that tone with me,” I said calmly.

He bit his lip. He looked around nervously. “Please... *please* take it off!”

I shook my head. “I’ll take it off when I’m in the mood to use my new penis.”

He yanked at the device again. It still didn’t budge.

“Face it, honey,” I said calmly. “You belong to me and so does your penis, and until I say otherwise, you don’t get to touch your little friend again. Doesn’t that seem appropriate somehow? That a *woman* would now own your penis?”

He turned bright red, even beneath his makeup. “That’s not funny.”

“It wasn’t meant to be. You do agree that women are superior, don’t you?”

If looks could kill, I would have died right there. But they can’t, and I held all the cards, so I could say whatever I wanted and all he could do was take it. Still, it was always good to remind him of my new power over him.

“Oh and be careful how you answer,” I added. “Remember that you need my permission to touch your manhood.”

His look suddenly changed. Now he looked intensely worried. I think he was finally starting to understand just how much power I now had. I had to laugh at this. Anyways, I was anxious to move on, so I dropped the idea and I told him, “Now come with me, I want to see how you look in the rest of these clothes.”

I could see the wheels turning in his mind. Victor was already nervous, and it was starting to crystallize for him how much power I held now. Not only could I still blackmail him by what I’d seen and what I’d photographed, plus all the new photos I was going to add over the next couple hours and

days, but I now controlled his penis. It was mine. And if he ever wanted to touch it, he needed *my permission*. What an amazing thought! Just thinking about it made me tingle. Victor, on the other hand, was clearly shaken up. Though, I note for the record, that it also seemed to make him very hard within the device. In fact, for a moment, I thought he might become so hard that he would break the device with his erection, but it held.

“Does that hurt?” I asked.

He bit his lip. “It’s very tight,” he said sourly. “It doesn’t quite hurt, but it’s very snug and it’s not exactly comfortable.”

“Good,” I thought, because that meant I had no reason to remove it. I smiled at Victor and took his hand. We returned to the bedroom where I pulled out my camera before he even noticed what I was doing. I snapped his photo.

“Hey!” he exclaimed.

I chuckled. “I’m adding this to my collection, just in case you ever try to rebel,” I said.

He blushed, but he didn’t even try to fight me. He knew how deeply he was under my control already, and there was no point in fighting me now. That said, there was also a sense that he was struggling with this. It was clear to me that whatever made him male on this inside was resisting this a lot. I could tell that he would be erupting at some point. In the meantime, though, it was time to see if the chastity device helped him sit.

“All right, let’s go back to your sitting lessons,” I said.

Victor sighed and then he complied and he sat down. With the chastity device holding his penis tightly against his body, he did seem to be able to keep his legs closer together and it was smoother when he crossed his legs, but old habits die hard and he quickly spread his legs again.

“You need to keep your legs together,” I said.

“I keep forgetting.”

“Clearly,” I said. I sighed. “Well, I guess there’s only way to teach you.”

“How is that?”

“We’re going to have to give you something to remind you.” As I said this, I walked over to the bag from the toy store and I pulled out another toy I bought. This was a wooden paddle about eighteen inches long. It was maybe three inches wide and half-an-inch thick. It was a heavy paddle.

“What is that?!” he asked. The trepidation in his voice was obvious.

“This is a paddle, Vicky. It’s just like the ones we used in my sorority when some girl we’d admitted failed to keep her legs closed. Basically, we would make her wear her shortest miniskirt and roam the house doing chores. Whenever she did anything that exposed her panties, such as bending over in the wrong way or failing to cross her legs as she sat down, we would paddle her. Usually, by the end of the day, these girls would have very sore butts, but they would become much better at remembering to keep their panties hidden.”

“I— I can do this without getting paddled,” said Victor nervously.

“That’s fine. Then I won’t need to paddle you. But just to be clear, if you fail, I will paddle you. And I will paddle you every time you fail. So let’s begin the test.”

Victor stared at the paddle. He swallowed hard. Then he crossed his legs to make sure his panties were hidden.

“Now, why don’t you dust the house and then vacuum,” I said.

Victor didn’t move at first, so I needed to threaten him. He moved after that. He went to the closet and grabbed the vacuum and slowly started vacuuming the carpet. He moved well in the heels by this point and he did a decent job of keeping his panties covered as he moved around with the vacuum, but the moment he stopped to rest, things went wrong.

I was sitting in one of our high-backed dining room chairs. Victor came and sat next to me to rest his feet. It wasn’t easy for him to wear the heels yet and he needed constant breaks to take the pressure off his toes and ankles. I could tell right away that he was making a mistake because he sat down with his legs open. The moment he hit the chair, he spread his legs too far apart. His panties were visible.

“I can see your panties,” I said almost immediately.

He slammed his legs together and tried to cross them. It was too late though.

“All right,” I said. “Stand up, turn around and place your hands on the table, palms down.”

“Can’t I have a second chance?”

I shook my head.

“How about two out of three?”

I shook my head again and pointed to the table. He followed my finger and my long red fingernail with his eyes. Then he winced, but he nodded his head. He stood up, smoothed his skirt and turned to face the table where I

wanted him. He did so reluctantly, but he did so.

I rose from my chair and smoothed my tight black skirt. I moved around behind my feminized boyfriend and I spread my legs in their high-heeled pumps to get a good balance. Then I took the paddle firmly in my hand and I swung it through the air: *whooooosh!* It had been a long time since I'd paddled anyone and even longer since I'd been paddled. I was really looking forward to this. I pulled his dress up onto his back, exposing his panties. I pulled those down below his balls to about the middle of his thighs. His rear was now exposed, as were his testicles between his legs; they hung beneath the device rather than being locked in it.

"Is this going to hurt?" he asked.

"It's going to be memorable," I said. I let fly with the paddle. It flew through the air and landed dead center of his rear with a loud *CRACK!* noise. His butt cheeks vibrated out like ripples in a pond. Then I saw his balls swing with the shock of the blow between his legs.

"Ouch!" he exclaimed though he was responding more to the shock than the blow at this point.

I swung again: *CRACK!* And again: *CRACK!*

"That hurts!" he exclaimed.

"Don't be such a sissy," I said.

As I struck him again, Victor almost tipped over. He had lost track of the fact that he was wearing high heels and that he needed to focus on his balance. I paused my blows to let him rediscover his balance. This time, he spread his legs wider to give him a stronger balance in the heels.

With Victor now ready for more, I swung again and again and again: *CRACK! CRACK! CRACK! CRACK!*

As each blow landed, his rear became more and more red. It went from pale to pink to light red to enflamed. I could begin to see the outline of the paddle on his rear too where it had struck. Right now, his rear was hot and red. In an hour or so, it would likely be bruised and sore. That was good. That would remind him the next time he tried to spread his legs when he sat down.

"Remember this the next time you sit down," I said as I ran my nails over his burning red cheek.

He winced and cringed as my nails scraped his sensitive rear.

"You need to learn to hide your panties," I said.

"*I will! I will!*" he gasped.

Finally, I stepped away.

Victor then rubbed his rear. He was clearly bruised, both his rear and his ego. And that was the moment where his macho side chose to fight back. What a mistake! It wouldn't go well for his manhood.

Chapter 3: Making An Honest Woman Of Him

—o—

As I said, by this point, I had Victor dressed entirely as a woman, from head to toe. I had him locked in the chastity device. I had even paddled him for letting his panties show beneath his skirt; he rear was so enflamed! I was well on the way to turning Victor into the feminine creature I want him to be... into my Victoria! Then he decided to rebel. I could see it coming a mile away too. He puffed up his shoulders and spread his legs to make himself look bigger. Then he exhaled aggressively, like a bull.

“I can’t do this anymore,” said Victor. *“I won’t.”*

“You don’t really have any choice,” I told him.

He reached for his earrings and pulled one off. “I’m serious. I’m done!” he exclaimed.

I put my hands on my hips. “You think so?”

He dropped the earring to the floor defiantly and folded his arms. He even tapped his foot against the floor, which looked very feminine given his high heels. “I do,” he said confidently. “I’m done, and nothing you say can change my mind.”

“Really? So you don’t mind if I tell everyone what I caught you doing?” I asked.

He shook his head. He must have decided that he could lie his way out of it with whomever I told. But I had more he was clearly not considering.

“And you don’t mind if I show them the photos of you?”

He froze.

Clearly, he had forgotten about the pictures I had of him, although his memories were coming back now with a vengeance. I could see it on his face. He was seeing the photos in his head and that terrified him. Interestingly, the more he thought about the collection of photos I had, the harder his penis became. That made me giggle, though I kept that to myself as I needed to appear as serious as possible right now, so I folded my arms and raised my eyebrow. I could see him begin to break. Sweat appeared on his brow and his hand began to tremble.

“I take it you don’t mind either the fact that you can’t get that chastity device off your penis without me? You know I’m not going to take it off if

you disobey me, right?” I added just to ensure full compliance. This was a serious threat to him. Even if I had nothing on him in the way of “feminization dirt,” the ability to keep his penis prisoner was more than enough to require his compliance with my wishes. Like it or not, I held a tremendous amount of power over him.

Victor licked his lips nervously. His whole body was trembling. The realization that he was making a huge mistake was setting in right about now. He never should have challenged me and now he was at my mercy, having poked me to respond harshly to him. He didn’t seem to know what to do or say.

I laid it on thick. “I guess none of that matters to you,” I said. I shrugged my shoulders. “Well, you can go back to your old apartment. Lock the door on your way out.” I turned and started to leave the room for the bedroom.

The sweat on his forehead now ran down to his eyebrows. He wiped it away and bit his lip. He was smearing his makeup something fierce.

“Wait!” he exclaimed.

“Why? You’ve got this all figured out,” I said condescendingly and I took several more steps toward the bedroom.

“Wait! I didn’t mean it!”

“No, you made up your mind,” I said and reached the bedroom door. I reached for the knob.

“Wait! I’m sorry! Can’t we work something out?!”

I stopped. I slowly turned to face him. “You’re sorry?” I asked doubtfully.

“Yes, I’m sorry.”

I shook my head. “Not good enough.”

“I won’t do it again,” he added.

“Do what?”

He hung his head. “I won’t resist,” he said.

“What do you mean you won’t resist? Be specific.”

“I won’t resist. I’ll do whatever you say.” He cast his eyes downward.

I put my hands on my hips again and tapped a finger against the waistband of my skirt. “All right,” I said. “Prove it. Go to our bedroom and get the bag from the Pleasure Toy Store.”

Victor nodded his head nervously. Then he turned on his heel and he tottered off to the bedroom. His high heels echoed off the hardwood floor as

he went. That sound sent an electric shock through my body, starting at my pussy and racing across all my nerves. My nipples shot to attention. Wow, it turned me on to see and hear and feel him dressed as a woman!

Victor returned a few seconds later holding the bag.

“Now take out the strap-on and attach it to my waist,” I said.

He swallowed hard. He knew what was coming. But he did as he was told. He crouched down and looked through the bag until he found the strap-on and the strap-on belt. He looked so delicate in the heels!

The strap-on itself wasn't huge, seeing as how this would be his first time, but it was big enough to scare him. He attached the dildo to the belt and stood up. Then I raised my arms and he walked over and wrapped it around my waist. He hooked it closed behind my back and then attached the straps between my legs.

I must have been quite a sight in my black spikes, my tan stockings, my knee-length dress skirt and my white blouse with this dildo sticking out in front of me. At least I'd taken off my lab coat.

“Now get on your knees and kiss my penis,” I said.

“Kiss your what?”

“Kiss my penis,” I demanded.

Victor licked his lip tensely. He clearly didn't want to do this.

“Do it now,” I commanded firmly, but calmly.

Victor ground his teeth. Then he slowly lowered himself to his knees. He held onto the nearby couch to stabilize himself as he did it because he had little balance in the tight skirt and his unstable high heels. He did it though, and a moment later, he was on his knees with his legs sticking out behind him with his heels visible through the open backs of his shoes. As I looked down at him, I could see what appeared to be breasts hidden behind his blouse. Beneath that, his hard penis made his skirt bulge.

“Now kiss my penis,” I said.

Victor leaned forward and placed a single kiss on the edge of the dildo. He blushed as he did it.

I laughed. “You look so sweet doing that, sissy boy! Do it again.”

Victor blushed even deeper. Then he leaned forward and did it again. He must have felt like a fool kissing the plastic penis.

“That's right. Kiss the penis that's going to treat you like the woman you really are,” I said and I patted him on the top of his head. “Now stand up.” He did. I then told him to grab the back of the couch and to bend over.

He knew what was coming, but there was nothing he could do about it.

Slowly, Victor worked his way to his feet. He was getting better in the heels all the time, but he wasn't quite there yet. Then he moved around behind the couch. He reached out and grabbed the back of the couch. He spread his legs as far as he could in his tight skirt to improve his balance in the slippery, high heels.

"You're going to love this," I told him.

I could see him spread his legs a little more and tense up. As he did, I grabbed the back of his skirt and yanked it up onto his back. Then I pulled his panties down to his thighs again. His balls hung below the device and were swinging gently. I grabbed them in my hand, closing my fingers in such a way that my sharp red nails could pinch to top of his sack if I so choose.

"These are mine," I said.

He ground his teeth.

"Tell me they're mine."

"They're yours."

"Oh no, that's not good enough. Tell me that I own your balls. Tell me that I'm superior to you because I'm a woman." I knew that would kill him, and sure enough, I saw his penis get so hard within the cage that I thought it might burst out, but again it didn't. I pinched my nails slightly against his sack as a warning.

"You own my balls because you're a woman and women are superior," he said reluctantly.

I giggled. Then I walked over to the toy store bag and I grabbed some lube. I spread the lube on the dildo. Then I returned to my feminized boyfriend. "Brace yourself, Victor. You're about to become Victoria," I said and I snickered. I placed the dildo right against his hole. I slid it around slowly in a circle before I started to push it inside. He winced immediately.

"Ahhhh," he gasped.

I pushed the dildo in deeper.

He sucked air and turned his toes inward towards his center.

I bent over and whispered, "Here it comes," in his ear. Then I pushed even harder, sending the dildo in deeper.

Victor winced as it pushed past his opening and began to fill his chamber. As it did, he shuddered. What had begun as a strange, almost painful sensation now sent little jolts of joy racing throughout his body. I

could see him struggling to understand what he was feeling.

I kept pushing.

“Oh my God!” he finally said.

I laughed. “I take it you like that.”

He nodded his head, but at the same time said, “No. Yes. I— I don’t know.”

“The first time is always the hardest to understand. Just try to relax and it will come to you. Let it fill you and make you feel like the woman I want you to be,” I purred in his ear.

I could see his shoulders visibly slump. His legs looked to go a little weak. He had surrendered to it and let it all come to him. His reward was a massive erection he could not touch.

“Good girl,” I whispered and I kissed his ear. “Become a girl for me.”

I slid the dildo inside even deeper. I moved it around until I found what I was looking for. As I tapped it, Victor gasped and tightened all of his muscles, including his butt muscles. It took a moment for him to relax again. Once he did, I carefully pressed the dildo against his prostate, gently rubbing it in a circle. He moaned as I did this. I pushed again and slowly pulled it away, little by little, back and forth. He began to shake and gyrate his rear, like he was trying to ride the dildo. Then I saw him tense his muscles again. His testicles pulled up close to his body.

“I’m peeing,” he said in a quasi panic.

“No you aren’t, just let it happen,” I said.

As I said this, cum pumped out of his penis and covered the cage. It dripped from the cage into his panties, down his legs, and to the floor beneath. When it ended, Victor let out a deep breath and slid down to his knees. He was empty.

“Somebody liked that,” I said with a laugh.

As Victor caught his breath, I pulled the final toy from the bag. This was a small butt plug. I took the plug and wiped it in Victor’s cum from the panties and from his legs. When it was coated, I pulled the dildo from his rear and I slipped the cum coated butt plug in instead.

“There. Now you have sperm inside you, like a real woman,” I said.

He bit his lip and blushed. This idea clearly humiliated him.

Then I pulled the panties up over the plug. I would keep his sperm inside him for the remainder of the day.

With the butt plug in place, I slapped his butt cheek, causing the fat to

ripple. Then I stood over my feminized boyfriend. “Get dressed, girlfriend. We’re going for dinner!”

He was my Victoria now, and so he would stay.

The End

Check Out Some Of My Other Classic Feminization Stories

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



“Feminizing Her Husband”

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

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

For Mature Audiences Only



“Cross-Dressed At The Halloween Party”

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

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

For Mature Audiences Only



“Sissified Husband”

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

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

For Mature Audiences Only



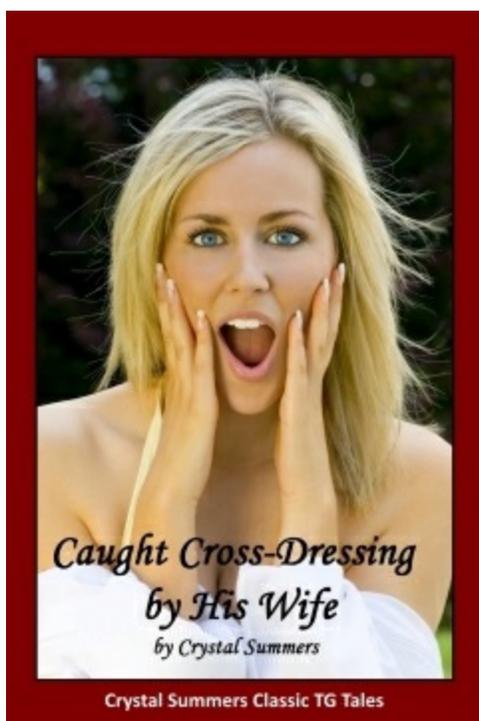
“Her Boss Becomes Her Sissy”

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

Rick’s secretary Helen convinces him to let her paint his nails and put him into panties just one time for fun. He agrees. Unfortunately for Rick, he didn’t count on her using this to blackmail him into playing her emasculating sex games at the office! Nor did he count on getting caught by his boss, a boss who thinks that making him work as an office girl under the direct supervision of Helen would be an appropriate punishment!

This 36,600 word story includes female domination, cross-dressing, forced feminization, power exchange, spanking, pegging, erotic humiliation and more!

For Mature Audiences Only



“Caught Cross-Dressing By His Wife”

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

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

For Mature Audiences Only

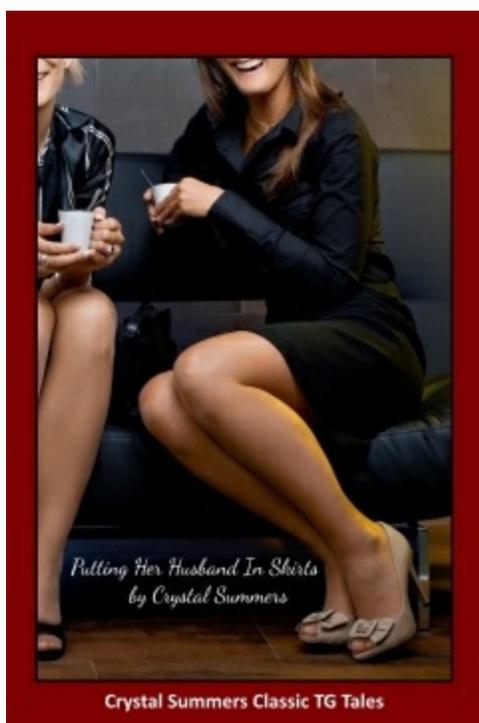


“The Sissy Maid”

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

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

For Mature Audiences Only



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

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

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

For Mature Audiences Only

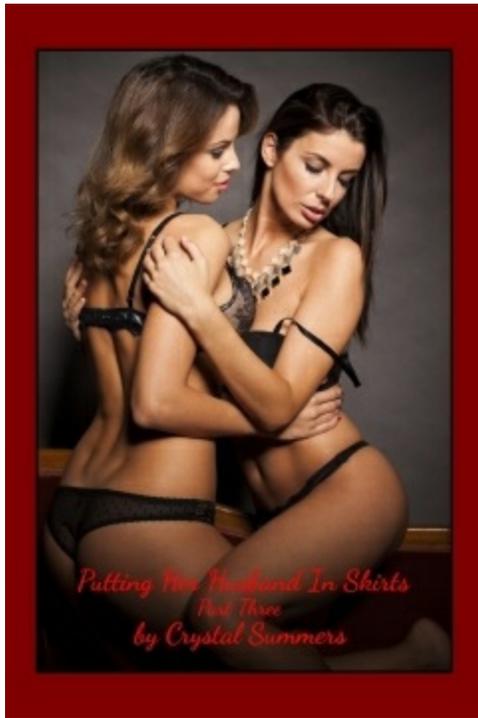


“Putting Her Husband In Skirts” (Part Two: A Change of Wardrobe)

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

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

For Mature Audiences Only

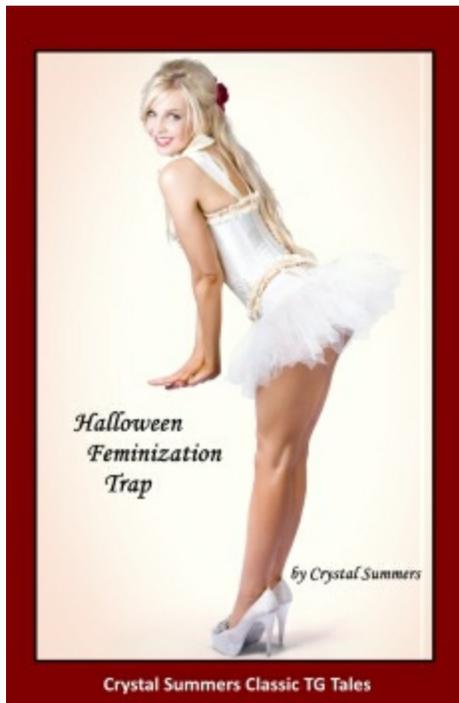


“Putting Her Husband In Skirts” (Part Three: Tables Turned)

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

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

For Mature Audiences Only



“Halloween Feminization Trap”

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

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

For Mature Audiences Only