



*Putting Her Husband In Skirts
by Crystal Summers*

Crystal Summers Classic TG Tales

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Putting Her Husband In Skirts

Part 1: Reporting For Work *In Skirts*

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Chapter One: “Trapping Himself”

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Gwyneth watched her husband Sam playing the videogame. This made her angry. Ever since he'd lost his job, all he did was lounge around the house and play games. Sadly, this didn't surprise her, as that's all he ever did in his spare time, but it still bothered her. When she married Sam, she thought she was getting a rather different husband than the one she got. Sam seemed fun, exciting, energetic, and like a man who was going places. But he wasn't any of those things. If anything, he had proved to be the opposite.

She decided it was time for a change.

“All right, Sam, put down the game controller,” said Gwyneth as she entered the room. She wore a nice dress and mid-heeled sandals, the same ones she wore to work; she always dressed nicely for work. Sam wore sweats. That's all he ever wore. That would change soon, she told herself.

“Hold on, I'm almost at the next level,” replied Sam. He kept working the controller.

“Sam—”

“I'm almost there!”

Gwyneth walked over to the game machine and hit the power button. The screen went blank. Sam's game was over. “Do I have your attention now?” asked Gwyneth coldly. Her tone startled Sam, and he set down the controller.

“What's up?” he asked cautiously.

“It's time you got a job,” announced Gwyneth.

“I've been trying, hone—”

“Don't interrupt me,” said Gwyneth. She said this in a tone she rarely used with her husband, but when she did, she found that it always got his attention. She didn't like to be mean to her husband, as she saw it, but she had had enough.

Sam furrowed his brow, but remained silent.

“As I was saying,” continued Gwyneth, “it's time you got a job. Unfortunately, it's clear that you aren't capable of finding a job for yourself... or perhaps you're not willing to find a job for yourself. Either way, it doesn't matter. What matters is that it's been six weeks since you lost your job and you have zero prospect of finding anything new.”

“These are tough times,” countered Sam.

“You’re not even trying, Sam.”

“What more can I do?” asked Sam dismissively.

“Apparently, nothing. But I can. I’ve found a job for you.”

“You have?” asked Sam suspiciously. He didn’t like the idea of his wife imposing a job on him. She had no idea what kind of job he would like and it seemed like getting off on the wrong foot if the employer knew that his wife had found the job for him. It’s not like he was some teenager after all. He raised his hand to protest, but his wife cut him off.

“Save it,” said Gwyneth. “You’re going to interview for this job and you’re going to get the job, whether you like it or not, Sam.”

“But honey—”

“Don’t ‘honey’ me, Sam. I’ve had it with you lounging around the house. You’ve had six weeks to find something and all you’ve done in that time is play videogames. Now, I’ve found this job for you and you’re going to take it. You’re not getting out of it.”

“But—”

Gwyneth pushed aside his attempt to object. “And let me say this,” she added icily. “If you blow this interview or if you get yourself fired, then there will be repercussions... *serious repercussions*. Do you understand me? If you fail, you’ll regret it dearly.”

Sam shuddered. He knew his wife well enough to take this threat seriously. Whatever she had in mind would be extremely unpleasant for him, and it would not be a good idea to test her resolve, not without an income of his own. “Fine,” he grumbled. “What kind of job is it?”

“It doesn’t matter.”

“How can it not matter?”

“Because I said it doesn’t matter,” she replied. “You’ll get this job, you’ll do whatever they tell you to do, *to the letter*, and you’ll become a model employee. If you don’t, then you’ll pay the consequences. No exceptions, no excuses.”

Sam pursed his lips in a show of defiance, but then decided it was best to give in. He wasn’t happy about it though. If he got this job, then he would need to start reporting for work every day. His playful life of leisure would be over. Still, he thought, maybe he would enjoy this new job?

“I doubt it,” he told himself unhappily. “This is going to ruin all my fun!”

He had no idea.

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It was two days later.

The interview wasn't going well and Sam was becoming increasingly nervous. The woman doing the interviewing, Harriet Weinstone, kept firing difficult questions at Sam and barely giving him time to answer. What's more, there was a contemptuous tinge to her questions. Sam had the distinct impression she didn't want him there. Unfortunately, he had no choice but to be there; he needed this job.

"What relevant prior experience do you have?" asked Weinstone.

"That would be easier to answer if I knew what you do," thought Sam. He still had not been told either by his wife or by this Weinstone woman what exactly the Weinstyle Company did, and looking them up online only gave him a vague idea that they catered to an "elite clientele." Hence, he had no idea how to handle this question. He tried to fake his way through it. "Well, I mean, I think all my work experience is rele—"

"Hardly. What do you know about fashion?"

"I know what I like," said Sam and he grinned; Weinstone did not. To the contrary, her scowl sharpened.

"Do you have any training in it?"

"In fashion?"

"I'll take that as a 'no,'" said Weinstone sourly. She fired off the next question: "Have you ever worked for a woman-owned company before?"

"Well, no, but—"

"But what?"

Sam was just about to say that he didn't think it made a difference what the gender of the owner was, but he thought better of it because clearly this woman did or she wouldn't have asked the question. He needed some other answer, and fast. "But, uh, I, uh, I'm willing to learn."

Weinstone glared at him. "Indeed," she said snidely.

"Absolutely." This answer made Weinstone's sour look become even more sour.

"What makes you think you're qualified to work here?"

Sam took a deep breath. He still had no idea what the company did, though it likely had something to do with fashion. He decided to trot out yet

more platitudes; they seemed to be his only form of response today. “I’m a dedicated worker with an excellent attitude and work ethic. I adjust well to new conditions and I am very much a proactive people person,” said Sam.

“Is that so?” asked Weinstone. Her tone dripped with sarcasm.

“Absolutely.”

Weinstone leaned back and crossed her legs. She folded her arms across her chest and stared at Sam. It was not a good stare. And if Sam could have read her mind, he likely would have run for his life... or at least his life as he knew it. But he couldn’t read her mind.

“You won’t go wrong hiring me, I can promise you that,” said Sam.

“Really?”

“Yes, Ma’am.”

Weinstone scoffed. “All right. Let’s just say that I’m willing to give you a chance.”

Sam heard this and felt immediate relief. He had been sure she hated him, but now it sounded like he would get the job after all... somehow! He had no idea why, but he wasn’t going to look a gift horse in the mouth. “Thank you—”

“Don’t thank me just yet. There’s a condition.”

“What condition?”

Weinstone stared at him coldly. “You understand that we’re proud of our products, correct? Naturally, that means we won’t have any of our employees wearing the products of our competitors. Do you understand?”

“Makes sense,” said Sam.

“That will be a condition of your employment, you understand?”

“Yes.”

“Normally, I would require our employees to wear only our own products, but in your case, that’s not feasible, as you are a man and we sell women’s clothes. But I expect you to dress nicely – that too will be a condition of your employment – and you won’t wear the clothes of our competitors. Are you comfortable with that?”

Sam shrugged his shoulders. “Sure.”

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An hour later, Sam was home again, giving his wife the “good news”: he had gotten the job. He wasn’t happy about this, but he thought he had

found a way out of it. The idea had come to him as he drove home. It was admittedly a strange idea, but it would work. Of that, he had no doubt. Unfortunately, things were about to go very wrong for him.

“As I promised, I got the job,” said Sam confidently.

“When do you start?” asked Gwyneth, who was still dressed from work in a black skirt suit and open-toed spike-heeled pumps. She didn’t congratulate him; she would congratulate him *if and when* he kept the job.

“Next Monday.”

“Good. That should give you plenty of time to prepare yourself for the job.”

“What’s to prepare?” asked Sam.

“What do you mean, ‘what’s to prepare’?” asked Gwyneth in a frustrated voice. “You need to learn about their products. Study their methods and policies. You can’t just go into a job cold. You should probably learn about their competitors too. You need to impress these people!”

Sam folded his arms. That sounded like a lot of work. “Are you serious?”

“Of course, I’m serious, Sam.” Gwyneth pointed her finger with its dark-red fingernail at her husband’s chest. “I vouched for you. You better excel at this job, Sam! If you get yourself fired, then I’ll be really upset.”

“All right! All right!” said Sam. He didn’t like this at all. He had hoped to spend his last few days of freedom playing videogames and lamenting his lost life of leisure. He didn’t want to spend his time... *his free time*... studying the products of some company he didn’t even want to work for! Fortunately, he had his way out of this job.

It was time to implement “Plan A.”

Sam rose from the couch and went over to their desktop computer. He opened a web browser and ran a search for the Weinstyle Company. The webpage came up fast. It was sleek, modern and pretty, and everywhere Sam looked he saw attractive women in flirty poses, but it told him nothing of what the company does; this was just an entrance portal to a private website. He knew what they did though. He knew that from what Weinstone had told him.

Sam very visibly scratched his head to get his wife’s attention.

“What’s wrong?” asked Gwyneth, who sat on the couch rubbing her toes in their stockings. Her high-heeled shoes lay before her on the floor.

She loved heels, but they always hurt her feet after a long day.

“It’s... well,” said Sam and he paused. He was being deliberately obtuse to draw his wife in and make her interested. He furrowed his brow and stared at his computer intensely.

“It’s what, Sam?”

Sam shrugged his shoulders. “This isn’t making any sense to me.”

“What isn’t making any sense?”

“This.”

“*What* isn’t making any sense?” she almost growled.

“*This*,” said Sam. “I mean, when I finished the interview, that Weinstone woman told me that they expect all of their employees to wear their products only, and nothing else. She made a particular point of not wearing any of the products of their competitors.”

Gwyneth raised an eyebrow. A strange smirk appeared on her face. “Really?”

“Yeah.”

“Go on.”

Sam rubbed his chin. “I mean, this doesn’t make any sense. When I go to their webpage, all I see is women’s stuff.” Sam let out an embarrassed chuckle. “I mean, they do sell women’s clothes, I know that. But where is the men’s stuff? I don’t see any men’s stuff.”

Gwyneth put her hands over her mouth to keep herself from laughing. That was exactly what the Weinstyle Company sold: women’s clothes and *only* women’s clothes. They were a private fashion brand for wealthy women. Surely, Harriet couldn’t have told Sam that he would need to wear the company’s clothes, could she? No. This had to be some miscommunication.

“That can’t be right,” said Gwyneth, even as the thought of Sam in a dress and heels made her chuckle. She almost wanted to see it happen, it seemed so funny.

Sam pointed at the screen. “Well, that’s what it seems like. They sell clothing for women, right?” asked Sam.

“Yes,” replied Gwyneth.

“And they don’t make anything except women’s clothes, do they?”

“Well, no, but—”

“And they don’t have any men’s clothes I could choose from, do they?” asked Sam.

“Well, no, but there must be some mistake,” said Gwyneth. “You must have misunderstood.”

Sam shook his head. “I don’t think so. She was very clear in the interview. She said that all their employees need to wear their products. All of them. That includes me.”

“There must be an exception for you.”

“She didn’t make an exception for me during the interview. She didn’t say, ‘You have to wear our clothes *unless you’re a man*,’” said Sam. “I doubt she would even have mentioned it if there was an exception. Likewise, she brought this whole thing up after seeing that I’m a man, so she knew what she was doing when she said that I need to wear their products. So there’s no exception, is there?”

“But—”

“And if all their products are women’s clothes, then that means she thinks I’m supposed to wear women’s clothes.” Sam turned to face his wife. He was laying it on thick, but he didn’t care; his wife was hooked – she believed him. “You know, she really hated me from the moment I walked in there. I’ll bet she’s some hardcore feminist or something and she didn’t like the idea of hiring a man. She even kept talking about the place being a ‘woman-owned business’ or something. I’ll bet she said that so I wouldn’t take the job. She wanted me gone.”

Gwyneth couldn’t believe what she was hearing. She had known Harriet for years. They were friends from college. Harriet had never acted this way before. What’s more, when Harriet assured her that she would hire Sam, she didn’t show the slightest bit of anger or resentment, nor did she seem to be reluctant.

“This has to be a mistake!” she told herself.

Then it hit Gwyneth. Sam was trying to manipulate her. He was lying. He invented this story as an excuse for not taking the job. She was supposed to be shocked to hear what had happened and then she would let him escape. What’s more, she wouldn’t have any way to figure out the truth because Gwyneth would supposedly be too embarrassed to question the friend who got the interview for her and she had no other way to find out what Weinstone had really said.

Unfortunately for Sam, Gwyneth didn’t know someone who worked for Weinstone, she knew Weinstone herself.

“It’s time to find out the truth!” said Gwyneth beneath her breath. If

Sam was lying, there would be hell to pay.

Gwyneth picked up her phone and rose from the couch. She walked into the kitchen and closed the door behind her. She dialed Harriet Weinstone's number. A few rings later, Harriet answered.

"Hi darling, how are you?" asked Harriet.

"I'm good. I have a rather strange question though," said Gwyneth. She felt embarrassed asking this.

"Is this about your husband?"

"Yes," said Gwyneth cautiously.

Harriet paused. "Ok. I'm sorry I was rude to him, but he came across as such an ass that I wanted to rip his face off. You know, honestly, I think he came here intent on sabotaging the interview."

Gwyneth raised an eyebrow. Things were starting to make sense. "Interesting," she said. "Let me ask this... it may sound strange."

"Ok," said Harriet with a chuckle. "Shoot."

"Did you tell Sam that he would need to wear women's clothes to work for you?"

There was a pause, then Harriet burst out laughing. It was a deep roaring belly laugh. "Are you serious?"

Gwyneth blushed. "Yes. He's insisting that you told him that he would need to wear women's clothes if he wanted to work for you. What's more, he said that you told him that he needs to wear Weinstyle Company clothes."

Harriet laughed again. When Gwyneth didn't join her, she stopped laughing. "You're serious?"

"Yes."

There was another long silence before Harriet sighed. "I think your husband is trying to play us for fools."

"I think you're right," replied Gwyneth.

"What are you going to do about it?"

Gwyneth's mind was working a thousand miles an hour. All her thoughts kept coming to the same conclusion, however. When she finally accepted what her brain told her, she let out a cynical chuckle. "If you're willing to help me, then I think I have the perfect plan for dealing with this."

Harriet smiled. "This sounds like it's going to be fun."

Gwyneth returned to her husband. “I’m sorry, darling. It was my boss on the line. He wants me to work this weekend.” She set her phone back into her designer purse and walked over to the computer where her husband still sat. “What were you saying about clothing?”

“This crazy woman thinks I’m supposed to wear women’s clothes!” said Sam with his best shocked voice.

Gwyneth folded her arms and looked at the screen. “It does seem that way.”

“Well, there’s no way! She can’t make me!”

“Why can’t she?”

Sam froze. This was not at all what he expected his wife to say. He turned around to face her; she stood behind him looking down at him. “What do you mean?” he asked.

“Why can’t she make you wear women’s clothes?” repeated Gwyneth.

“Why? Because I’m a man, that’s why!”

“Oh, are you?” thought Gwyneth to herself.

“There must be an exception for me,” continued Sam.

“You said it yourself, there wasn’t. Did she say there was an exception during the interview? No. Did she say, ‘You have to wear our clothes *unless you’re a man?*’ No,” said Gwyneth. “Like you said, she wouldn’t even have brought it up if that was the case.”

“Well, yeah, but—”

“Well, it sounds to me like she told you exactly what she meant. She meant for you to wear *their* clothes, which apparently are women’s clothes. Clearly, that’s what she expects.”

Sam shook his head. He couldn’t believe what he was hearing. Had his wife gone crazy? She should have shot this idea down and told him he could forget the job already. What was going on? And why did she look like she had caught him humiliating himself in some manner? He didn’t understand that. He shot out of his chair. “Forget it!” exclaimed Sam.

“Forget what?” asked Gwyneth pointedly.

“I’m not wearing women’s clothes, and that’s final!”

Gwyneth folded her arms and stared coldly at her husband. “If that’s what Weinstone wants for you to get this job, then that’s what you’ll do. You had six weeks to find a job, Sam. *Six weeks!* You didn’t bother though. Now you’re stuck with this one, whether you like it or not. And frankly—”

“But honey!”

“*And frankly,*” she continued more forcefully, “I don’t care what conditions she puts on it. You made your bed and now you’re going to lie in it. In fact, maybe it will do you some good to learn a lesson here.”

Sam shook his head and started to protest, but his wife cut him off.

“No Sam, I’m not going to hear it!”

“But honey!”

“No, Sam! You’re going to take the job. And if that means dressing in her clothes, then so be it. You and I will go buy you some new clothes tomorrow,” said Gwyneth with immense satisfaction. Inside her head, she heard herself laughing at her husband and saying, “That should teach you a lesson, Sam!” She saw an image of him on his knees begging forgiveness in a dress and heels. That made her laugh.

It also made her wet.

In the meantime, Sam bit his tongue. This had spun out of control. It was time to confess that he had made this whole thing up to avoid having to take the job. This was going to be difficult. He decided to dispense the truth slowly, and only to the extent needed.

“Hold on, honey. I may be mistaken,” he started.

“About what?”

“I may have heard her wrong about the clothes.”

“Oh? Is that so?”

Sam nodded his head. “Yes, that’s so. She just wanted me to dress nicely. She never said I needed to wear women’s clothes.” He sighed for emphasis. Now he waited to see how his wife handled this. “Hopefully, she’ll buy this as an honest mistake, and won’t be too upset,” he told himself.

He was in for a surprise.

Gwyneth looked Sam up and down and shook her head. “Nice try, honey.” She now chuckled. “Very nice try.”

“It’s true!”

Gwyneth shook her head again. “Forget it. I’m not buying it.”

“It’s true though!”

“Sure it is,” said Gwyneth sarcastically.

“Fine, don’t believe me! Either way, I’m not wearing women’s clothes, and that’s final!” blurted out Sam.

Gwyneth put her hands on her hips. “You might want to rethink that, Sam.”

“Why?”

“I warned you, Sam. If you don’t get this job or you get yourself fired, then there will be *serious repercussions*. That means you will do whatever this ‘Weinstone woman,’ as you call her, demands... *to the letter*. If she wants you to wear their clothes as a condition of employment, then that’s what you’re going to do. The end.”

“Honey!”

“The discussion is over,” growled Gwyneth. “We’ll go tomorrow and get you some clothes.”

Sam watched his wife walk toward the door to the living room. He couldn’t believe what she had just said, or that this was all the result of his attempt to escape the job. One thing was for sure though, she meant what she had said, and he would need to comply with her wishes or he would need to bear the consequences. He wasn’t sure what he would do. Heck, he wasn’t even sure he could do this even if he wanted to. After all, it’s not easy for a man to voluntarily put on women’s clothes.

Then something struck him, something that made him chuckle.

“Hold on! I can use this to my advantage. If I let her dress me like a woman, then this might be the shortest job in history,” he told himself.

“How so?” replied another part of him.

“Think about it,” he told himself. “Do you really think Weinstone wants a man wearing *her* clothes? Would any designer? I doubt it. That’s not a great advertisement at all. It would look ridiculous and it would reflect poorly on her product. No. No woman who sells women’s clothes would ever want a man to be seen wearing her clothes!”

He suddenly began to feel a lot better.

“My guess is that if I show up in her clothes, Weinstone will fire me on the spot. Then I can even blame Gwyneth for making me dress like that when I warned her that I had been ‘mistaken’ about Weinstone saying that. It will be her fault if I get fired, and she won’t be able to hold it against me!”

Sam smiled.

“This could be my ticket to freedom!”

He was mistaken.

Chapter Two: “Shopping For Dresses”

—o—

Sam walked up to the reception desk at the Weinstyle Company. Gwyneth stood behind him. He had looked all over online but found nowhere that listed what clothes the Weinstyle Company sold or where he could buy them, so Gwyneth called their main number. She was advised to come in, which they did.

“Hi, I’m Sam. I’m starting Monday,” said Sam to the receptionist, a twenty-something blonde with doe eyes.

She smiled. “Oh, nice to meet you.”

Sam shuffled his feet nervously. “I was, uh, told that I— well, I need to buy some of the clothes that the company sells.” As he said this, the receptionist looked over Sam’s shoulder at his wife. This made Sam even more nervous that the young woman automatically assumed the clothes had to be for Gwyneth. “I was told we could do that here.”

“Certainly,” said the blonde. “Let me get one of our associates for you.”

Sam turned to face his wife. He tried to smile, but couldn’t. This was all too embarrassing for him. Instead, he ended up biting his lip and looking down at her pretty toes, which protruded from her open-toed shoes. A moment later, a young woman in a beautifully green A-line dress and matching strappy sandals came through a door and approached them.

“Hi, I’m Caroline. And you are?” asked the young woman. She spoke to Gwyneth.

“I’m Gwyneth.”

“Gwyneth, what a pretty name! And what are we looking for today? Just a few wardrobe additions or an entire remake?” asked Caroline.

Gwyneth smiled smugly. “I don’t need anything. My husband, Sam, is the one who needs the wardrobe makeover.” She pointed to Sam, who was nervously blushing several paces away.

Caroline looked at Sam and raised her eyebrow. “You do understand that we cater to women, right?”

“Oh, we’re aware,” said Gwyneth with a nearly-mocking tone.

Sam felt himself shrink.

“We don’t carry men’s clothes,” said Caroline.

“Yes, we know,” said Gwyneth. “My husband will be starting here on Monday and your boss, Ms. Weinstone, insisted that he dress himself exclusively in the company’s clothing.”

Caroline bit her lip to keep from laughing. “Really?”

Gwyneth smirked. “Really.”

“Well, in that even, come with me, *sir*,” said Caroline. She stifled a giggle.

Sam felt even smaller as he followed the young woman. His wife walked behind him as if she were guarding him and her duty was to prevent his escape. He felt like a prisoner being walked to his execution.

“We have a large selection of items in many sizes, so I’m sure you’ll be able to find something,” said Caroline as they entered a rather luxurious room which appeared to be part department store and part fashion show runway. In the middle of the room stood a giant circle formed with sunken couches and chairs where guests could sit as they were shown various items. “If you tell me what you’d like, I’ll have the girls model it for you.”

Sam didn’t want anyone else involved in this if possible. “Would it be possible if we just looked around ourselves?”

“Certainly.”

“Good. Then we’ll do that.”

Sam moved quickly to get away from the young woman. He couldn’t bear her knowing gaze. She was clearly mocking him inside her head. He made his way right for what appeared to be a section of pants. Meanwhile, Gwyneth sat down on the sunken couches and waited.

“Thank God, they have pants!” said Sam.

Sam needed to appear feminine so he got fired, but he simultaneously wanted to limit the humiliation he would experience by wearing women’s clothes. Hence, he wanted feminine pants, not skirts. So he grabbed the first pair and discovered that while these were pants, they really didn’t look like pants. These pants were tight from the hips to the top of the knee, but below that they flared out significantly like bellbottoms, only worse, and they became puffy. This gave off the effect of wearing an ultra-tight skirt with a flared bottom like a Latin dancer might wear.

“Not in a million years,” said Sam.

He put them back and looked at the next pair of pants and then the next. Finally, he found a pair of copper-colored capri dress pants. These were the most masculine pants he could find, but they were still feminine

enough to get him fired. They would do nicely.

Next, Sam walked over to the blouses and picked out the most plain white blouse he saw. It was so plain it could have been confused with a man's dress shirt. That was why he chose it. He then brought the blouse and the pants to his wife.

"Ok, got it," said Sam.

"Let me see."

Sam held out the items for her to see.

"No Sam, I mean let me see them on you," said Gwyneth. "You always have to try clothes on before you buy them."

Sam hesitated. "I can try them on at home."

Gwyneth glared at her husband. "You will try them on here and now. I'm not getting home only to find out that they don't fit. Now go put them on and then come show me."

Sam bit his lip. He really didn't want to try these things on here, not with the young woman hovering nearby. In fact, he didn't want to try them on at all. He had hoped that he wouldn't need to wear any of these feminine clothes until it was time to report for work, and then only for the few minutes before he got fired; he even planned to bring a change of clothes with him.

Yet, his wife had a point. After all, these were women's clothes and he had no idea how to size them, and if they didn't fit Monday morning then the blame for getting fired would be on him. He reluctantly nodded his head and let Caroline show him to the changing room. Sam stepped inside. He heard her giggle as the door closed.

"This is gonna be embarrassing," said Sam.

He took a deep breath and stripped down to his underwear. Then he pulled the blouse over his shoulders and onto his chest. It fit poorly. It was made for a person with more of an hourglass shape than he had and, more specifically, for someone with breasts. The buttons were also placed on the wrong side, which Sam found frustrating.

The pants were even worse. They were loose around his hips, but tight around his waist. They felt funny too, stopping where they did about four inches above his ankle; they felt like "not man's pants." What's more, they had no pockets for his wallet and the zipper was in the back for some reason.

"I look like an idiot," said Sam as he checked himself in the mirror.

He stepped back into his loafers, which only made it worse with their incongruous look vis-à-vis the capris. He checked himself again in the

mirror.

“Now I look like an elf or something... an elf idiot. Gwyneth is gonna love this,” he said sarcastically. In fact, he’d noted that she almost seemed to delight in him making a fool of himself the last couple days.

Regardless, Sam gathered his courage and reluctantly pushed open the door. He stepped out into the main room and approached his wife. She shook her leg excitedly and folded her arms over her breasts when she saw him. She did this to hide her growing nipples, though she didn’t want Sam knowing this excited her – something she didn’t fully understand herself. Then she began to chuckle. She couldn’t help herself; Sam looked ridiculous. And as she chuckled, Sam found himself growing hard. He had no idea why he did, but he did. And his erection stuck out like a sore thumb in the tight pants.

“Oh my, oh my, oh my,” said Gwyneth smugly.

Sam blushed and dropped his hands to cover his crotch. It was then that he noticed Caroline giggling into her hand out of the corner of his eye. This made him wither.

“It happens. It doesn’t mean anything,” said Sam defensively.

Gwyneth smirked in response, which turned out to be many times more humiliating for Sam than if she’d said nothing.

“*Moving on,*” said Sam, “I think I need a larger size.”

Gwyneth looked Sam up and down. She tugged on his blouse and pushed on the capris. She shook her head the whole time. “Not good at all. None of it fits you well,” she said.

“That’s because I’m a man and these are meant for women.”

“We can fix that,” volunteered Caroline.

“Fix that I’m a man or the clothes?” asked Sam sarcastically.

“Both,” thought Gwyneth, but she didn’t say that. Instead, she said, “There are things we can use to make your shape fit the clothes better. But that’s just the first issue. Where are your shoes?”

“I’m wearing them.”

“Those shoes don’t fit with that outfit, nor are they Weinstyle shoes. You clearly aren’t wearing any lingerie or foundation garments either. You aren’t wearing any stockings or hose. You aren’t wearing makeup. What’s more, Weinstone was quite clear in her desires and I don’t see how picking these items complies with her requirements at all.”

“What do you mean?” asked Sam.

Gwyneth rolled her eyes. “All right Sam. As usual, I will show you how to do this correctly.” She motioned to Caroline to come over. “My husband needs a complete wardrobe that will satisfy Ms. Weinstone’s requirements for her employees, a wardrobe that matches her dress code. Will you please help my husband find everything he needs?”

Caroline smiled. “Certainly Ma’am.”

The next hour was crazy for Sam. Caroline marched him around taking measurements, making him wear tight bras and girdles and even a corset, and taking his measurements again thereafter. She had him try on dresses, skirts, blouses, sweaters, tops and an assortment of lingerie items. She even had him try on shoes... lots of shoes, all with serious heels. Every single item was a new humiliation for him, and he got no breaks from the humiliation. Not only was Caroline on the verge of giggles throughout, but his wife smirked smugly at him with each new article of clothing. And the whole time, he fought his erection, which just wouldn’t go away.

His wife didn’t help with this either.

“Why are you constantly so hard while you’re doing this?” she asked periodically. Caroline always seemed to be in earshot every time she did. “You’re never this hard this often at home. Are you turned on by wearing women’s clothes? Is that it?”

“I am *not* turned on by wearing women’s clothes!” protested Sam.

“Your dick says otherwise, Sam.”

“It’s just a— it happens. It doesn’t mean anything!”

Gwyneth rolled her eyes and looked at Caroline. “Do you believe that? He gets hard as a rock every time he puts on some new item of women’s clothing and we’re supposed to accept that this doesn’t turn him on.”

Caroline chuckled, but said nothing specific.

“Oh well, I guess you never know a man until you see him in panties,” said Gwyneth. “Anyways, we’ll take the black platforms. They seemed to make him harder than the silver ones, so I guess he prefers those. Do you agree, dear?”

Sam wanted to disappear, but there was nowhere to hide. He couldn’t imagine this getting any worse... until he thought about Monday morning. And even then, he had no idea what was really coming. Right now, as far as he was concerned, this was the most humiliating moment of his life and he had no idea how he had ended up at this point. How had it all gone so

horribly wrong?

—o—

As Sam changed into a black and white pencil dress, Gwyneth took the opportunity to call her friend Harriet.

“He’s there right now? At the shop?” asked Harriet.

“Yes, he’s trying on another dress.” Gwyneth sent Harriet some photos she had taken surreptitiously of her husband dressed in various articles of Harriet’s clothes. “Check these out.”

“Wow! He’s actually quite passable, physically.”

“I know. I was surprised.”

“All he needs is a wig and some makeup and you could probably take him out like that for a night on the town!” said Harriet.

“Let’s not get carried away,” responded Gwyneth with a chuckle.

“Is your plan still to dump him on me?”

“Yes. He needs to learn a lesson.”

“All right, I’ll tell my staff.”

“This won’t be too much of a problem for you, will it?” asked Gwyneth.

“No, not at all. We’ll just keep him in the back where no one can see him. I’ll let the girls play with him. They’ll think it’s a load of fun, and he won’t have any idea what hit him,” replied Harriet.

“Thanks for this, Harriet!”

“You’re welcome, sweetie. I told you I owed you a favor!”

They hung up. Sam’s fate was sealed.

Chapter Three: “Getting Ready For Work”

—o—

It was Monday. Today was the day Sam was supposed to report to work at the Weinstyle Company. He had been dreading this all weekend. This was going to be the most humiliating day of his life, even worse than when they bought him the clothes he would wear today, and even worse than the weekend he just spent getting a crash course in how to walk, sit and act like a woman. He couldn't believe he was going to let his wife dress him the way she was going to dress him and take him out into public. He should have put his foot down, only he never could.

“I can't wear this,” said Sam earlier that morning as he looked over the clothes his wife had laid out for him for work. He wore only the pink boy-cut panties he had worn to bed at his wife's direction. His erection tented out the panties.

“Why not?” asked Gwyneth.

“These are... these are *women's* clothes!” exclaimed Sam.

“Of course they are.”

“But you don't understand. There are women's clothes and then there are *women's* clothes! These are *women's* clothes.” He put heavy emphasis on the word “women,” by which he meant they were particularly feminine.

“And what type of women's clothes would you be happy to wear?”

Sam furrowed his brow. “I wouldn't be happy to wear any of them, but now that you've asked, something less over the top. Can't we find something a little more conservative... like pants?”

“You mean something less feminine?”

“Yes.”

“Well, no. Being a man, you'll need the more feminine clothes to hide your shape. Besides, all the clothes we bought have been cut to fit your figure and chosen to make you look about as good as you're going to look as a woman. We're not going to start tinkering with that now.”

Sam rubbed his eyes. He fingered his narrow eyebrows as he did. He still regretted letting his wife talk him into getting a facial the day before. What he thought would just be a relaxing face rub and maybe some moisturizer had turned into having his eyebrows feminized so they would be high and arched, getting his hair dyed a feminine blonde, cut and curled into

a Pixie cut, getting fake nails glued in place and painted red, and getting his legs, chest and back waxed. They even removed the hair around his penis. That hurt.

Even his lips were puffier... more feminine somehow. They had poked his lips while he relaxed with his eyes closed as they supposedly applied a skin toner. A moment later, he was numb and he didn't feel what they did then. When he looked at himself in the mirror later, he realized that his lips were swollen and puffy. As the swelling went away, a feminine shape took form.

“Look, honey, I get that I should have tried harder to find a job. I really do. And for not trying harder, I am truly sorry. But making me pretend to be a woman to get this job just isn't right,” said Sam as he picked up the silky dress and let it slip through his fingers.

“First of all, Sam, you brought this on yourself. Secondly, you aren't pretending. You are simply dressing as a woman. There is a big difference. Third, even if I agreed to let you abandon this job, how does that help? What other job are you going to get right now as a man with your hair and your eyebrows and everything?”

“We can dye my hair back—”

“Maybe, but we can't fix your eyebrows,” said Gwyneth.

This was the first time this thought had been expressed to Sam and it came like a ton of bricks.

Gwyneth continued: “Those fake nails need to grow out too; they can't just be pulled off. They won't come off your fingers for weeks.” This wasn't strictly true, but Sam wouldn't know better. “Your body hair won't come back for weeks. The collagen in your lips will last for months. Tell me how you expect to get a job as a man until all of that wears off?”

Sam walked to the bathroom to look into the mirror. He'd done this before, but without the realization that much of this would take so long to undo. He assumed it could all be washed away with a cloth, but now he knew better. This time, he stared into the mirror and did his best to visualize himself without the makeup. It was not a pretty image; he would look like a very effeminate man.

Sam shuddered.

“Face it, Sam. Either way, you're stuck as a woman, and there's no way I'm letting you sit around the house for another six months as it all grows out. Now get dressed for work,” said Gwyneth. Her tone told Sam

she was done debating this with him.

Sam realized he had been trapped. At this point, he could either hide as a woman until he looked more like a man again, or he could walk around feeling humiliated by his effeminate appearance. There was no third choice. At least dressed like a woman no one would stare at him. Of course, after Weinstone fired him this morning, then he could probably manage to wait out his time on the couch, playing videogames. No one would see him there and it wouldn't matter how he dressed. That seemed to be the ideal solution.

"All right," he told himself. "Time to get fired."

Sam picked up the dress first. This was a black pencil dress with a fitted bodice and a tight skirt which ran to just below his knees, where it narrowed significantly. This one was very hard to walk in. He'd worn it when his wife made him practice walking in high heels this weekend... another unpleasant memory for him.

Beneath the dress lay a black corset. Sam cringed when he saw this. His wife had put this on him this weekend as well and he hated every second of it. It was so tight he could barely breathe while wearing it and it made it hard for him to turn his torso or to bend over.

"I'm not wearing that again," huffed Sam.

"Oh yes, you are," replied his wife.

"Forget it! Nothing can make me."

"You need to wear it or your clothes won't fit," said Gwyneth calmly.

Sam furrowed his brow. "What? Why?"

"They measured your body in the corset, Sam. If you don't wear it, then nothing we bought will fit. You'll be bulging and popping out all over the place."

Sam's shoulders slumped. At every turn, he kept feeling trapped. "Do I really need to wear this?" asked Sam to be sure.

"Yes. Like I said, without it, nothing will fit," said Gwyneth. "Now stop complaining or I'll make you wear the black platforms too."

Sam knew exactly which shoes she meant and he cringed. Of everything his wife had made him buy, the black platform sandals she referenced were the worst. These shoes had a higher heel than any of the others – they had a five and a half-inch heel, which was slightly higher than most of the shoes they bought, but these shoes also had only a half-inch platform, which effectively made the heels the highest he owned. He could barely walk in them. In fact, he walked so poorly in them that he had no idea

why they even bought them.

What Sam didn't realize was that Gwyneth saw them as a perfect tool to use to punish him. If he got out of line, she would make him wear these to teach him a lesson in obedience. She had even made him practice walking in these just to make the point of how hard he should work to avoid them.

"What's it going to be, Sam?" asked Gwyneth as she waited for him to decide if he would wear the corset or would resist.

"Fine," said Sam softly.

Sam stripped off the old panties. His penis looked a good deal smaller without hair, which gave him pangs of inadequacy every time he saw it. He looked beyond his penis at his painted fingernails and toenails, his waxed legs, chest and genitals, and his ever-present erection; for whatever reason, all of this kept him hard most of the weekend. He felt ridiculous.

"I'm ready," said Sam reluctantly.

Gwyneth picked up the corset. She placed it around his torso and pulled the laces tightly. The corset squeezed Sam's body as she did. He could feel his breath being forced out of his lungs.

"Almost there," said Gwyneth.

She then actually placed her knee in the center of her husband's back and used that to brace herself and gain leverage as she yanked the laces with all her might. She pulled the corset so tightly that Sam could barely breathe. When she stopped, she closed the latches, tied the laces in knots, and then smacked him on the rear.

SLAP!

"There you go," said Gwyneth and she returned to her closet to continue dressing herself for work. At the moment, she wore panties, a bra, pantyhose and high-heeled sandals.

Sam stood there for a minute or so trying to catch his breath. It wasn't easy in the corset. When he did, he examined the small breasts the corset gave him. It made him feel weak to now have breasts. He felt even weaker when he noticed that the corset had shrunk his waist and given him a much more feminine shape. He had lost his masculinity! Oddly, this made him hard. He didn't understand why, but everything that feminized him seemed to turn him on and seeing his body squeezed into the shape of a woman made him intensely hard and even made his penis throb.

This sent a wave of humiliation and something akin to failure racing over his body. He trembled with shame and his mind recoiled as if he had

been exposed somehow.

Sam suddenly felt an overwhelming need to hide his body from sight. He grabbed the black dress and slipped it over his head as quickly as he could in the hopes that he could make his body disappear beneath it. It didn't work. If anything, the dress highlighted his feminine curves and stripped him of even more of his masculinity, and that was before his wife even zipped it up and made it skintight.

"Oh God," said Sam.

It took Sam a moment to recover from this. He crashed down on the bed and tried to remind himself that he was still a man, no matter what he wore... or how he was stuck for the next few months. He trembled at the idea of being seen dressed like a woman and he asked himself over and over how things had come to this.

"How did this happen?!"

He cringed at the realization that it was his own attempts to evade getting a job which led to this. Then he wondered how he would escape his fate. As he saw it, there was no way.

"I'm stuck like this for months until everything grows back or falls off. I can't believe I'm—I can't believe I'm stuck like this. I don't think I can do this," he told himself nervously.

He thought about giving up. He thought about telling his wife he wouldn't take the job and that he wouldn't dress like this. He would take whatever the consequences were instead.

"I'm a man... I'm my *own* man. I can do what I want," he told himself.

Sam could hear Gwyneth curling her hair in the bathroom.

"I just need to put my foot down and tell her that I won't do this."

He imagined himself telling his wife. He thought about her reaction. Then he remembered his wife's threat about "repercussions." That sent a shiver down his spine. Then he thought about all the things his wife had done to him which would make it impossible for him to pass as a normal man at the moment, and he realized that even if he told her "no," he still faced humiliation as a man. Ironically, he was actually better off hiding as a woman for now!

What's more, he needed to stay on her good side. Without his wife, Sam had no income, no job and no place to live. It was unlikely he could get a real job or even an apartment looking like a half-man either. That meant that the last thing he could afford was to be kicked out or to storm out. That

would be disastrous. And if he got kicked out, he would need to pretend to be a woman, but that was what he wanted to avoid in the first place! Not to mention, there was no guarantee he could get any job as a woman because “Samantha Johns” didn’t exist legally.

That meant he needed to stay.

Yet, if he stayed, he would need to make his wife happy, and that meant dressing like a woman and taking this job, the very thing he wanted to avoid. What’s more, if he stayed, then his wife would have tremendous power over him because she could humiliate him at any point by showing him off to their friends. Whether he was half-feminized or fully-feminized wouldn’t matter if she did that; either way, he would be ruined. Again, the only answer was to dress completely as a woman and to keep his wife happy so she didn’t tell them who he was.

“I don’t have any options,” he told himself. “Like it or not, I’m stuck like this.”

Sam took a deep breath. He gave in... for now.

Sam reluctantly reached down to pick up the high-heeled sandals his wife had left for him. They were on the floor before the bed where he was sitting. This proved more difficult than Sam expected, however. Indeed, because of the corset, Sam needed to tip his body to one side to reach them. This risked him falling off the bed. Fortunately, he didn’t fall and he managed to get them, but then he realized that he had another: he couldn’t get them on his feet!

“Honey,” called out Sam.

Gwyneth returned from the closet. She was now dressed in a yellow blouse and knee-length white skirt. On her feet were the same neutral high-heeled sandals as before. “What do you need?”

“I can’t wear these shoes,” said Sam.

“Of course you can. You wore them last night.”

Sam shook his head. “That’s not what I mean. I can’t wear these because I can’t bend over in this corset to put them on.” Sam attempted to bend over to show his wife how the corset kept him from being able to reach the buckles. “Can you please get me some slip-on shoes?” Sam held up the shoes before him as if to display that these needed to be buckled. He simultaneously pursed his lips at their five-inch heels. “Maybe something with a lower heel too,” he added.

Gwyneth chuckled to herself. She knew this was coming. She was

looking forward to it in fact. Because the corset was so tight, so rigid, and extra long, Sam's range of motion was limited greatly by the corset; he really couldn't bend over. That meant, once these shoes were buckled to his feet, there was no way he could remove them without help. She realized that this weekend and that thought made her laugh, the idea of her husband literally trapped in high heels.

"Let me see them," said Gwyneth and she snatched them from her husband.

Gwyneth crouched down before her husband. She grabbed her husband's left foot and slipped the first shoe onto his foot. She slipped the strap through the buckle and buckled it. She then repeated this with the other foot. A moment later, he was trapped in the shoes.

"There. All done," she said.

"Hold on, honey," said Sam as his wife rose again to her full height.

"What?"

"That doesn't solve my problem. There's no way I can take these off if I need to. We should swap them out for shoes I can—"

"Why would you need to remove them?" asked Gwyneth impatiently.

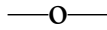
Sam shrugged his shoulders. "I don't know, mayb—"

"You'll be working in an office, Sam. You keep your shoes on in an office," she said dismissively and she turned and walked over to her vanity. She chuckled at the thought of how often she slipped her own shoes off at her office.

Sam didn't know what to say. He looked down at the sandals. He hated the idea of wearing these shoes. The idea of wearing high heels in public was utterly humiliating. These were worse than even that though. There was no way he could remove these shoes should he need to. That meant he was trapped in them, no matter what happened. That made him nervous. It also gave him a strange feeling that he could only describe as "naughty," but which made him feel effete at the same time. He would be the only person in that office who was trapped like that. It would be his humiliating secret, and he would remember it all day long.

"This is going to be a nightmare," he thought.

Chapter Four: “Reporting For Work *In Skirts*”



A few minutes later, they were driving toward the Weinstyle Company offices. Gwyneth was driving because Sam’s drivers license didn’t matter the gender he displayed at the moment. Not to mention, Sam had no familiarity with driving in heels and tight skirts. It seemed smarter all around to let Gwyneth drive, even as this felt to Sam like yet another emasculation: how many men let their wives drive them to work, he wondered? None of the men he knew, that was for sure.

Sam sat next to Gwyneth in the passenger seat. He was trembling in fear. In a few minutes, he would need to step out of the car and walk into a building dressed like a fool. Indeed, Sam was dressed from head to toe in Weinstyle Company clothing... their *women’s* clothing. He wore the black pencil dress. It had white accents and a black and white belt. Its hem stopped mid-calf, where it held his legs tightly. Beneath that, he wore lingerie and the corset. He was sure various straps and “lines” were visible beneath the dress. His legs were encased in silky nylons. His feet were jammed into impossibly high high-heeled sandals with sharp stiletto heels. His toes, with their red-painted toenails, looked scrunched poking out the sandals.

On his lap sat a dark grey checkered designer purse; it was *his* purse now. His hair was femininely blonde and done in a pixie cut. On his face, he wore makeup: eye shadow, mascara, eyeliner, lipstick, blush and who knows what else! Silver earrings dangled from his ears. They made a tinkling sound whenever he walked, which drew attention to him.

And it wasn’t just the way he was dressed that was the problem. Because of the corset, he had nascent breasts on his chest. They looked like they belonged on a teenage girl who had just begun puberty. The corset and a girdle he wore to keep his erections from poking up his dress gave him feminine curves. His shape wasn’t perfectly feminine, but it was feminine. Even his legs looked feminine because of the heels. Of course, the nylons and being hairless helped with that too.

“I look like an idiot,” he said.

“You look like a woman,” replied his wife. In fact, she had been amazed at how feminine his appearance was. She wasn’t expecting anything

like this when she began. When she began, she assumed he would look rather silly, like a man in a dress. But the more she did to him, the more he began to look like a woman in a dress. That actually excited her a lot, and she was starting to wonder how feminine she could make him if she went all out.

Gwyneth turned off the main road. They could now see the Weinstyle Building.

Sam swallowed hard. He looked at his feminized form one more time and cringed. He was still trembling. He didn't know if he could do this. He needed to try one more time to escape this. He turned to his wife.

"Honey, I know you've said 'no' already, but please reconsider. I don't think I can do this," said Sam.

"My mind is made up, Sam. Like I've told you, you will do this job to the best of your abilities. You will do whatever they tell you. You will satisfy their every wish. If they fire you, then I assure you that having to work dressed like a woman will seem like a walk in the park compared to the humiliation you will feel."

"But honey—"

"No, Sam. You brought this on yourself. Now you need to pay the price for how you've behaved."

"All right," thought Sam. "If she won't let me out of this, then it's time for Plan B. I'll have to endure the humiliation of going inside, but it won't last long. Weinstone should fire me almost right away."

Sam wet his lips so he could speak. He could taste his lipstick. It was waxy, but also had a slight strawberry flavor. "But honey, she doesn't want me dressed like this!" said Sam.

"We've been over this. I don't believe you."

"But I'm telling the truth. She's going to fire me if I show up dressed like this!" said Sam. He figured it was wise to lay the groundwork for what would happen. That way, it would be easier for him to shift the blame to Gwyneth when he got fired; it would also make his "I told you so" stronger.

Gwyneth stopped the car before the front door. Then she turned to her husband. "You've got at least four or five months before you can pass for a man again," continued Gwyneth. "Think about that and think about all that's going to happen if you blow this. This is your last chance, Sam. Think about that before you decide to do something stupid today."

Sam visibly bit his lip.

“Do whatever Weinstone tells you,” said Gwyneth coldly.

—o—

Sam tottered up to the reception desk at the Weinstyle Company in his high-heeled sandals and ultra-restrictive dress. He had been here a few days prior with his wife. That had been an embarrassing experience. Yet, the embarrassment he felt then paled in comparison to the utter humiliation he felt now. He couldn't believe he had let his wife dress him the way he was dressed. He smoothed his skirt reflexively when he stopped.

“Can I help you?” asked the receptionist.

“Hi, I'm... I'm Sam. I'm starting today,” said Sam nervously.

The receptionist opened her mouth to greet him but stopped before she spoke. Her eyebrow rose. The right side of her lip curled up into a silly grin. Her jaw slowly dropped. “You were here this weekend, weren't you?” she asked, before adding, “*With your wife?*”

Sam blushed. “Um, yeah.”

The receptionist giggled.

“I don't want to be late. Could you tell me where I should go?” asked Sam in the hopes of moving this on and escaping her accusing eyes.

The young woman smiled wickedly. “Certainly... *sir.*”

Sam cringed.

Without taking her eyes off Sam for a second, the receptionist picked up her phone and dialed a number. “Lynda, ‘Sam’ is here. *He* works here now, apparently.” Then she whispered, loudly enough for Sam to know what she was saying, “You need to see how *he's* dressed.”

Sam wanted to shrink away to nothing as he listened to the woman talk about him. This was going to be much harder than he expected. Even worse, his penis jumped to attention. He didn't know why he kept getting hard at these humiliations, but it bothered him.

“She'll be with you in a moment, *sir,*” said the receptionist as she hung up the phone.

Sam shuddered as he watched the young woman look him up and down once more and smirk. He knew exactly what was going on inside her mind and it made him feel very small, especially as he had no defense. All the jokes, all the mocking, all the looking down upon him, he couldn't counter any of it. He was helpless before her judgment; he had never felt that way

before.

A moment later, a tall woman in a dark grey pantsuit walked up to the desk. She looked stern and high class. This was not a woman to trifle with, nor was she a woman who accepted being bested in anything. This was a powerful woman. That alone was intimidating to Sam. Adding the way he was dressed doubled his intimidation and made him shrink further.

She was here to collect him.

“You must be Sam,” said the woman with an amused expression on her face. She didn’t offer to shake his hand.

“Yes, Ma’am,” said Sam softly.

“Follow me.”

The woman walked Sam back behind the counter and into a room he had not seen before. Her sharp heels cracked loudly off the hard floors: **CRACK! CRACK! CRACK!** Each strike sent a jolt into Sam’s spine. Interestingly, his own heels made a noise too, but it seemed much smaller and much more feminine to Sam: **Click Click Click!**

This new room consisted of a large number of racks of clothes and shoes, a table bursting with makeup and hair products, and three chairs situated before mirrors. At the other end of the room stood the door that led to the runway, which Sam had seen when he was here with his wife.

“This is our changing room,” said the woman as they passed through.

“Changing room?”

“Yes. This is where our models change so they can model the clothes for our clients. You won’t come into this room or the client area through that curtain without permission.”

They kept walking. A few steps later, the woman exited through a side door and Sam followed. They were now in a hallway. As they walked down the hallway, their heels made a terrible racket on the tile floor, though Sam’s heels still sounded tiny and feminine compared to the woman’s: **CRACK! Click click! CRACK! CRACK! Click click! CRACK! Click click! CRACK! CRACK! Click click!**

The woman then turned and walked through another door. This room looked more like an office with several desks, some phones, a copier and the such. Around the outer rim of the room were three large, beautifully decorated offices. The name on the largest was Weinstone. Sam remembered that room from his interview, though he got there in a more direct manner. In the far corner of the room stood an area that looked like a

combination women's dressing area, sewing area, and military headquarters. The walls were covered in photos and pins and notes. There were women working all around this room and in the offices.

Sam wondered if any of them knew he was a man. He hoped not. That would make this easier as he waited to be fired if none of them knew the truth.

"You'll be working here," said the woman. She pointed to the smallest desk.

"Thank you," said Sam nervously. He set down the purse his wife had made him carry.

"We debated what to do with you, and it was decided this would be the best place for you. You are to stay out of the main client spaces unless called. Do you understand?" asked the woman. Her tone was serious, if not stern.

Sam nodded his head.

"You will also avoid the changing room and the lobby."

"Yes, Ma'am."

"Any questions?"

"Yeah, why haven't I been fired yet?" he wondered. Surely this woman was shocked to see him arrive dressed as a woman, right? Why hadn't she already fired him? Perhaps, she needed to meet with Weinstone first, thought Sam. In any event, he had no other questions, so he shook his head.

"Good," said the woman.

Then Sam realized he did have a question after all. It didn't really matter because he expected to be fired before he did anything, but he was curious: "Actually, I do have a question. What exactly do I do around here? What are my duties?"

The woman raised an eyebrow condescendingly. "Well, you applied for an office girl position, so that's what you'll be doing. You sit here and wait for someone to give you an assignment. Then you do it," she said snidely.

Sam's jaw dropped. He was an office girl?! *His wife made him apply for an office girl position?!* This was truly humiliating. He thought his wife had gotten him a management position of some sort. At the very least, he assumed the position was that of a sales associate or something. It never occurred to him that she might get him an office girl position!

“Any more questions?” asked the woman.

The shamed Sam shook his head. “No, Ma’am.”

The woman then turned and walked away without another word. Sam collapsed into his seat. He felt like a fool now. He had emasculated and humiliated himself over an office girl position! If anyone ever found out about this, he would never live it down, he thought.

“How can this get any worse?” he asked.

“Hey office girl!” called out a voice behind Sam.

Sam turned to see a gorgeous blonde in a silver dress approach. She couldn’t be much more than twenty. In fact, all the women Weinstone hired were young, beautiful, and extremely confident in their manner. Gwyneth couldn’t have found a worse office for Sam to need to work as the lowest person. Heck, he would have been intimidated just working here. But working as an office girl... a virtual modern slave to these women... *while cross-dressed*... that was too much to bear.

“I might as well cut off my dick,” thought Sam as he contemplated how emasculated he felt right now.

“I’d like some coffee,” added the blonde. “Two sugars.”

Sam exhaled his frustration. He decided it was time to “get to work,” if you can call fetching coffee working. After all, he didn’t want to be fired for not working or insubordination. No, he needed to be fired for cross-dressing, that was his only way out and that hadn’t happened yet, so he needed to continue going through the motions of being an employee until it did.

“Yes, Miss,” he said. He rose to his feet.

The blonde looked him up and down. “Cute dress,” she said with a giggle, “*for a man.*”

“So much for keeping my humiliation a secret,” thought Sam.

Sam tottered over to the coffee pot. His toes hurt in these shoes, as did his arches, which felt stretched. Worst of all, his pride felt crushed. He was a man, he wasn’t supposed to be dressed like this. It didn’t get any better either as he poured coffee into the young woman’s cup because he felt so servile doing it. He was a college grad. He’d held real jobs. He should not be pouring coffee for a young woman.

“When this is all over, I’m going to make Gwyneth take a lowly job like this. We’ll see how she likes it,” he mumbled.

A moment later, another young woman in a brown pantsuit and neutral heels walked past him and pinched his butt, causing him to jump. He nearly

knocked over the coffee cup.

“Whooo!” exclaimed Sam as he jumped.

The young woman laughed. “Careful, coffee girl, don’t spill Janine’s coffee!”

“I’ll be careful,” said Sam reflexively.

The girl smirked. “Oh, and welcome *a-broad*,” she said and started walking off. After a few steps, she turned and pointed at him with both hands. “Sorry, I meant, *a-board*.” She winked.

Things didn’t get any better from there.

As the day progressed, Sam found himself continuously mocked by each of the women. None of them missed an opportunity to mention that they knew he was a man, and they seemed to revel in giving him tasks he considered menial or demeaning: making coffee, picking up lunch, sorting papers, making copies and the such. There was something about having a man in a dress doing these tasks for them that turned them all on. Sam could see it in their eyes, and he cringed whenever he saw it.

They did other things too.

At one point, he was asked to come take notes to write a letter. It all seemed to begin innocently until he apparently let his legs spread a little too wide; he doubted this really happened as the pencil dress didn’t allow it, but the women claimed it did. They immediately jumped on him over it and this resulted in a twenty minute lecture from the two women on how to sit properly with his legs crossed.

At another point, a small group made Sam strike embarrassingly feminine poses in the fitting area. This was supposedly to let them see how they might prepare a magazine spread they were working on, but it sure seemed to Sam like this was meant to embarrass him.

Making all of this worse, Sam was hard as a rock the whole time. He couldn’t explain why this was or what it meant, because he knew he really didn’t like any of this, but it worried him and it made him feel rather inadequate as a man.

“Why is this making me hard?” he kept asking himself.

He had no answers. It just did. And as the day went on, his penis began leaking precum into his panties at the slightest provocation. He was glad no one knew about this as they would have ridiculed him mercilessly over it.

By the time the end of the day rolled around, Sam’s feet were killing

him, his penis was sore from being so hard so long, and his pride had suffered a near-mortal blow. He felt tired, hurt, and ashamed. Even worse, he couldn't figure out why he hadn't been fired. Why hadn't Weinstone fired him?

—o—

With ten minutes to go before the end of the day, Sam finally found himself called into Harriet Weinstone's office. He assumed this was finally the meeting where he would be fired, and it wasn't coming a moment too soon.

"It took her long enough," said Sam when he was told to report to Weinstone.

Sam tottered over to Weinstone's office. She called him in and he entered. She sat behind an enormous desk with a rotten smirk on her face. She did not ask him to sit down, so he remained standing.

"So you thought you'd play me for a fool, did you?" asked Weinstone.

Sam played dumb. "I'm not sure what you mean?" he replied.

Weinstone smirked. "Oh yes, you are."

"I take it, you don't like my cross-dressing?"

Weinstone laughed. "I watched you today, Sam. You're no cross-dresser. You can't even pretend to be. You're far too embarrassed by it, and far too turned on by it. No, you're faking it."

Sam folded his arms. "So? Are you going to fire me now?"

Weinstone snickered. "Me? Fire you?"

"Yes. Either way, you don't want me here, that's obvious. And you really don't want me here dressed in your clothes," said Sam. "I supposed I'm bad for business, letting your clients see a man in your clothes." Sam felt he could push Weinstone since his goal was to get fired.

"Is that so?"

Sam shrugged his shoulders. "You tell me. It's your company."

Weinstone tapped her fingers against her desk. "Tell me, Sam. What exactly do you think is going to happen now? Do you think I'm going to fire you? Is that it? Is that what you want?"

Sam said nothing.

"Maybe the worst you think will happen is that I tell you, 'Oh, I don't like what you've done! Bad boy! Don't ever do it again. And when you

come to work tomorrow, you wear men's clothes.' Is that what you think is going to happen?"

Sam furrowed his brow. That was an alternative he hadn't thought of and didn't want. He suddenly felt nervous that Weinstone might not do what he wanted her to do. She might do something unexpected. He decided to steer her in the right direction. "No, I figured you—"

"Oh, I know what you figured," interrupted Weinstone.

Sam bit his lip nervously and shuffled back and forth on his sore feet.

Weinstone continued: "You figured I would fire you for cross-dressing... but I'm not. I'm not firing you, Sam."

Sam's jaw dropped. "You're not?!"

"No," said Weinstone with a laugh. "I'm going to let you keep reporting for work, day after day in dresses and heels and panties. I'm going to let you keep reporting until the humiliation overwhelms you and you come crawling to me on your hands and knees, you kiss my foot, and you beg me to let you go."

Sam tried to speak, but nothing came out.

"So get ready, girly boy. You've got yourself a job as my office girl!"

Sam almost collapsed. His last hope of freedom just seemed to die before him. The only way he could quit this job was if he was fired for cross-dressing, but now that wouldn't happen. Even worse, both his wife and Weinstone now insisted that he continue cross-dressing. He cursed the moment he ever came up with the idea of telling his wife Weinstone demanded he cross-dress. Right now, it seemed like nothing could help him.

"Now go," said Weinstone.

Sam started toward the door in a daze.

"Oh, and Sam," called Weinstone as he reached the door.

"Yes, Ma'am?"

"Wear something pretty tomorrow."

Sam shuddered. He left her office. A few minutes later, he limped back to the car with his tail between his legs when his wife came to get him. Today had been a horrible day.

The End of Part One...

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!



“Caught By His Roommate”

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!

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

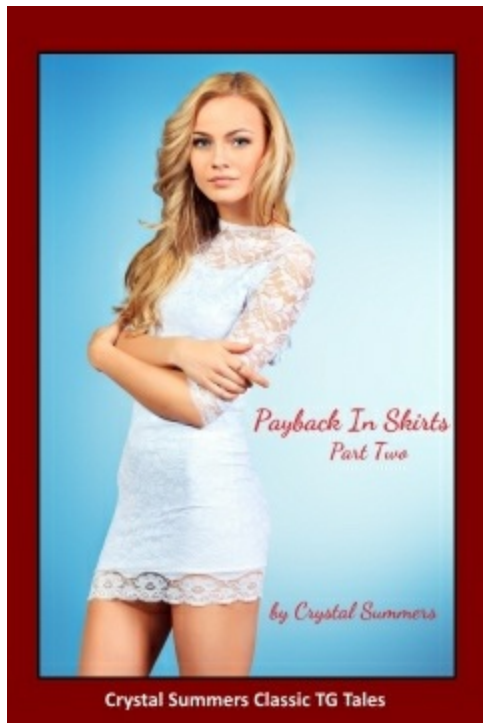


“Payback In Skirts” (Part One: Feminized By His Wife)

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

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

For Mature Audiences Only



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

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

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

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

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

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

For Mature Audiences Only



“Sissified Husband”

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

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

For Mature Audiences Only



“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



“How I Feminized My Boyfriend”

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

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

For Mature Audiences Only



“Emasculated by the Maid”

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

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

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

For Mature Audiences Only



“Secret Sissy Game”

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

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

For Mature Audiences Only