



Putting Her Husband in Skirts
Part Two
by Crystal Summers

Crystal Summers Classic TG Tales

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Putting Her Husband In Skirts

Part 2: A Change of Wardrobe

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Chapter Five: “Change Of Leadership”

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Sam was not happy about his first day at work, and he let his wife know that the moment he saw her. Indeed, she'd barely asked him how his day was when he unloaded all of his anguish from the day on her. Of course, he was selective about what he told her.

“That was the worst experience of my life! My feet hurt. My clothes are so uncomfortable. I'm squeezed in this like a sausage. It was a total waste of time! I didn't do anything worthwhile as an employee. And let me tell you, it was utterly humiliating!” exclaimed Sam.

“How so?”

“How do you think? I'm a man and yet I'm wearing high heels and skirts. Do you know how embarrassing that is?” He left out the part about being hard as a rock all day long and about the games the women played with him.

Gwyneth shrugged her shoulders. “You should have found a job.”

“Well, I tried, but no one was hiring,” he said sourly, though this was a lie. “And speaking of jobs, did you know that the job you got me is an *office girl*? They made me an office girl!”

Gwyneth smirked to herself. She had known. She thought it was hilarious too. Since he never really proved himself as a man, it seemed appropriate that he should now start at the bottom as the lowliest girl in the office. Sam clearly didn't see it that way, but she didn't worry about that. Sam had a lot of lessons yet to learn, and humility was on the top of the list.

“If that's where Weinstone thinks your talents lie, then that's where they lie,” said Gwyneth calmly.

“I'm way overqualified for this!”

“Then prove it. Show Weinstone that you can do your job well and I'm sure she'll promote you.”

“I shouldn't have to prove it! This is a job for students or... or who knows what?”

“You have to earn your way up,” said Gwyneth.

“No, I shouldn't! My credentials alone should get me a promotion.”

“Not with that attitude.”

Gwyneth stopped the car. They were home. She stepped out of the car

and started inside. Sam looked around nervously to make sure that no one he knew could see him. Then he followed her. As he did, he furrowed his brow.

“What are you talking about, ‘my attitude’?”

Gwyneth put her hands on her hips. “It’s obvious to me that you lack respect.”

“I lack respect?” repeated Sam doubtfully.

“Yes. If you want to succeed, you need to show your boss that you respect them, that you respect the job, and that you’re going to give that job your all. It doesn’t matter if your job is being a nuclear scientist, being a garbage man, or if you’re a lowly office girl. Until you show that you can be trusted, no matter how glamorous the job, no one will trust you or give you more responsibility.”

Sam furrowed his brow. “The problem is they don’t respect me!”

“Why should they?”

They reached their door. Gwyneth unlocked it and stepped inside. She set her purse down on the small table by the door and then leaned against the wall and pulled off her high-heeled shoes, one at a time. As she did, Sam followed her inside. He set his purse down too, but he couldn’t remove his shoes without her help, so he folded his arms instead and continued their argument.

“How can I win their respect when they won’t respect me?” asked Sam.

“What did they do to make you think that?”

“To think what?”

“To think they didn’t respect you?”

Sam opened his mouth to speak and then stopped. He suddenly realized that he didn’t want to tell his wife all the humiliating things they had done to him. He didn’t want her knowing. The longer he wore women’s clothes, the more she seemed to enjoy rubbing it in. He also didn’t want to give her any ideas. Indeed, the more he thought about it, his biggest fear in telling his wife what they had done was that she might do something similar just to embarrass him.

“It was just an embarrassing day,” said Sam. His face turned bright red with shame. “The specifics don’t matter.”

Gwyneth shook her head at Sam’s obvious evasion. “Well, go make dinner.”

Sam raised an eyebrow. His wife had never issued an order to him like

this before, nor was he responsible for cooking dinner. “Me?”

“Yes, you.”

“Why do I need to do it?”

“Because I said so. Now go do it before I spank you,” said Gwyneth.

Sam felt an odd sensation race down his spine when he heard this. He had never been threatened with a spanking before, and certainly not from his wife. Was she serious? He had no idea, but this type of threat required a response. He chose the wrong one.

“Don’t make me laugh!” said Sam.

The next few seconds were a blur for Sam.

Before he even knew what was happening, his wife had grabbed his arm and yanked on it, which made him stumble; she essentially pulled him from his feet. This proved rather easy as he had no traction whatsoever in the towering heels he wore. As he started falling, she directed his body down toward the couch in a sort of controlled fall which let her slide underneath him into a sitting position on the couch. He then fell into her lap.

He was shocked.

He was stuck too. Because of the heels he wore and the rigid corset, he couldn’t gain any traction to right himself. He couldn’t even have stood up without help. That meant his wife easily kept him on her lap as she wished. What’s more, with his erection jutting straight down toward the floor between her thighs, which she closed tightly, he also found he didn’t dare move for fear of hurting himself. The end result was that he was physically and mentally immobilized.

“This should teach you a lesson in who’s in charge here,” said Gwyneth with a laugh.

Gwyneth raised her hand high in the air and brought it down harshly against her husband’s rear with a loud **SLAP!**

Sam winced. His wife’s hand stung when it struck. Even more so, though, it sent shock waves of humiliation washing over him. He had never been spanked in his life that he could remember and here was his wife... *his tiny, weak wife*, having bent him over her knee and spanking him against his will, and there was nothing he could do about it. He felt intensely emasculated.

Gwyneth, on the other hand, felt amazing. She felt such a release of all the anger and frustration she had built up from his prior behavior; spanking her husband proved to be very cathartic. Even better, it turned her on. She

wasn't sure why this was at first until she raised her hand again for a second blow:

SLAP!

She felt a wave of power fill her arm and wash over the rest of her. She had proven stronger than her husband. She was more powerful. He was helpless before her. This made her laugh uncontrollably even as it filled her pussy with her juices.

She raised her hand again. ***SLAP!***

And again. ***SLAP!***

And once more. ***SLAP!***

Each time, she felt that sense of power grow. Each time, she felt her husband diminish before her until it felt like she was spanking a tiny child or doll. She was in charge now and he would never get that power back.

She kept spanking him wildly now. Several times, her hand came down. ***SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! SLAP!***

Her hand was like lightening. ***SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! SLAP!***

By this point, the shock was wearing off for Sam, and his mind was becoming more capable of understanding what was happening to him. He still couldn't do anything about it, though, because his wife had him pinned. In many ways, knowing what was happening and not being able to stop it felt much more humiliating than being tossed around as a doll, as he had felt before.

Worse though, the cumulative effect of all these slaps was starting to hurt. Indeed, his rear beneath his panties now appeared red and inflamed. Bruises were beginning to form too.

"Please stop!" he called out, and it humiliated him further to do so. He felt like he was begging for mercy, which he was.

"Do you understand who's in charge now?" asked Gwyneth.

Sam didn't answer, so she laid on several more slaps. ***SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! SLAP!***

"I can do this all day, Sam," said Gwyneth.

"You're my wife, not my boss!" said Sam, trying to salvage his dignity.

Gwyneth laughed. "Wrong!"

SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! SLAP!

"Stop it!" exclaimed Sam and that made him feel even more helpless to beg his wife to stop.

Gwyneth paused. "Listen up, Sam. Without this job, you have no

money and no income. Your work history is horrible now and no one will hire you. And even if you wanted to get another job, your eyebrows, your nails, and your hair will keep you from getting a job as anything but a woman.”

Sam knew this was true, but his ego demanded resistance nevertheless. “So?”

“So? So, that means you can’t even get a job. You don’t exist as a woman. No drivers license, no social security card. You can’t even hide yourself as a woman, not without me. You need me, Sam. Without me, you’re nothing now... not that you ever were since we got married.”

“And?” asked Sam defensively, though he knew he was close to surrender.

“And you need to give up. You can’t even make yourself passable as a woman without me. Without me, you’d look like a man in drag. Think about how humiliating that will be walking through a store or restaurant, trying to find an apartment, trying to find a job,” said Gwyneth. Her tone was firm, but not angry.

Sam swallowed hard as he imagined himself roaming the streets as his wife described.

“The choice is yours, Sam. Either you submit and accept my authority over you, and you do what I say, or I’m going to throw you out penniless and half-feminized to fend for yourself.”

This threat made Sam wither, but his ego still refused to surrender.

“That’s easy for you to say since you’ve got me bent over your lap!” said Sam. It was weak, but it was the best he could think of in that moment.

Gwyneth let out a cynical snicker. Then she placed her hands on Sam’s side and shoved until he rolled off her lap and crashed to the floor, where he lay sprawled out on his belly with his heels sticking out behind him.

“What’s it going to be, Sam?” asked Gwyneth. There was no mercy in her eyes.

Sam knew the truth of everything she had said. By accident or design, she had managed to trap him. He needed her like he never needed anyone ever before in his life. He also knew that submitting to her would mean a lot more than just following a few orders. There would be a real change in their lives. Could he accept that? He didn’t see that he had any choice. He hung his head.

Sam exhaled defeatedly. “What do I need to do?”

Chapter Six: “Cornered In The Office”

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Sam reported to work the following morning wearing a skin-tight navy-blue dress and matching high-heeled pumps. He felt defeated. Yesterday, he had hope that he would get fired and thereby be released from this feminized torture. Today, he had no such hope. He knew now that he was stuck here for some time. What’s more, he realized that he was on an even shorter leash now because it had been made clear how dependent he was on his wife at the moment.

As if to emphasize his defeat, Gwyneth made sure that Sam’s corset was extra tight today and that his pumps had ankle straps so he couldn’t take them off without help; just like the day before. His feet were tired and sore too because, after being spanked the prior night, his wife made him cook dinner, wash and iron clothes, and clean the living room, all while wearing the platform sandals. She only relented and took them off at bedtime. Consequently, his feet got almost no break from the heels. Now he was at work, where he knew he would be walking all day in these new heels. This was going to be painful and difficult. That would be the least of his worries, however.

“Oh coffee girl,” called out the tall blonde from the day before. She was Weinstone’s second in command.

Sam reluctantly rose to his feet. He was being called and he knew he couldn’t resist, not if he didn’t want to be fired, which he could no longer allow. He walked toward the woman’s office. He stopped in her doorway.

“Yes, Miss?” he asked.

“Come over here,” said the woman and she motioned him to stand next to her. He walked over to the woman and she pointed to a document he had typed the day before, which now lay on her desk. “Look at this.”

Sam looked where she was pointing. He had made a typo, and it was an obscene typo actually. He almost laughed when he read it.

“Do you think this is funny?” asked the woman harshly.

“No, Ma’am.”

“Good, because it’s not. If this had gone out, we might have lost a very important client. This woman buys tens of thousands of dollars of product from us each year and you jamming the word ‘penis’ into a thank you letter

to her could very well have ended that relationship,” growled the woman.

“I’m sorry, Ma’am. It was a mistake.”

“It was an enormous mistake!”

“I’m sorry, Ma’am. I’ll try harder from now on.” As if it were trained, Sam’s penis began to rise on the word “harder.” For some reason, being dressed down by this woman was turning him on. He blushed.

“You better, because this isn’t acceptable.” The woman turned to face him and pushed her chair back slightly to get a better view of him. “I don’t think you’re taking this job ver—” She stopped talking mid-word. Her eyes focused on the growing lump at Sam’s crotch.

Sam looked down.

“Are you hard?” she gasped.

She reached out, before Sam even realized it, and grabbed the tip of his erection, which had escaped his girdle somehow and was pushing out against his dress. She squeezed it tightly between her fingertips.

“You are! You’re hard! You have an erection!” she exclaimed.

Sam’s face turned bright red from shame, and he cringed from the pain of her fingers pinching his penis. This was not an ideal situation. Meanwhile, the woman jumped to her feet and started out into the main office. As she did, she maintained her vice-like grip on Sam’s penis between her fingertips. Consequently, she effectively dragged Sam along after her.

“Everyone! Everyone! Gather around,” called out the woman.

“Please don’t!” whispered Sam. “It was an accident!”

The woman ignored him. “Gather ’round everyone.”

A moment later, all the other women formed a circle around Sam and the woman. They were giggling and pointing at his crotch, where the woman still held tightly to Sam’s erection. They all grew quiet and waited for the woman to speak.

“Someone,” said the woman and she shook Sam’s penis to indicate it was him she was referencing, “is not taking this job seriously. In fact, *he’s* not acting like an adult at all.” She paused. “How do we teach little Sam a lesson, ladies? How do we teach him to respect his job and respect us? I would say we do it like we would with any other errant child.”

The other women all started giggling and nodding their heads at each other. They seemed to have some idea what she meant. Sam did not, and that worried him. What were they planning?

“Do it, ladies,” said the woman.

“Now hold on!” said Sam nervously, but it was too late.

Sam found himself being stripped down to his lingerie by a dozen hands with dizzying speed. His dress was unzipped and pulled over his head. His heels were unbuckled and slipped off his feet. His girdle was yanked right off his body, causing his erection to pop out into view for all the women to see. He was helpless to stop any of this!

“Stop!” exclaimed Sam.

Surprisingly, they did... but it was just the timing. They had stripped him, and now it became like standing in the calm eye of a hurricane, as Sam realized he was surrounded by the women, who had paused to make plans for a further assault. At the moment though, they were eyeing him. Sam suddenly blushed as he realized he stood before them dressed in his corset, his stockings and his makeup only, with his erection sticking out for them to see... and see they did.

They were snickering.

Sam dropped his hands to try to cover his erection, but it didn't work. His hands just weren't large enough to hide it, and having it half-hidden added a sense of naughtiness to this little adventure.

“Oooh, look at that! He is a man after all!” said one of the women.

“Is that large enough to qualify?” asked another.

The women giggled.

“It's not the hardware that counts, it's knowing what to do with it,” offered yet another woman.

“Does he look like he knows what to do with it?”

“Seeing him saunter around, he may know a lot about heels and makeup, but I doubt he knows much about dicks!” responded the first.

“We should make him jerk himself off just to prove it works!”

Another round of giggling happened. Each giggle made Sam feel even less secure about himself. He felt his knees tremble and he wasn't even wearing the heels at the moment.

“Has no one noticed how hard he is?” asked a brunette.

“Of course, we have. What do you think we're talking about, Carol?”

“*I mean*, has anyone asked *why* he's so hard?”

The room went silent as the women looked at each other inquisitively. Eyebrows went up everywhere and a great deal of snickering began, as well as some whispering and finger pointing.

Then the one identified as Carol put her hands on her hips. “Why are

you hard?” she asked.

Sam blushed. He had no idea how to answer that question. After all, what could he say? Should he say that it turned him on to be humiliated by women? That was the truth, wasn't it? It seemed that way. How could he say that though?

“I think it turns him on to wear women's clothes!” suggested one.

“I think he likes being dominated by women,” said another.

“Maybe it's both?”

“Wouldn't surprise me. We should strip him naked and see if he's still hard without his girly clothes.”

“What would that prove?” asked another from the crowd.

“It would tell us if he likes humiliation or women's clothes,” suggested the brunette.

Several women shook their heads in disagreement at this. This clearly was not a popular idea with the mob.

“There's no way I'm letting this sissy out of his girly clothes,” said Carol.

“Do we even know if that's real?” asked a blonde named Stacy.

“You mean his dick? Of course it's real. What else would it be?” asked the brunette with a snicker. “But if you're curious, why don't you touch it and find out, Stacy?”

“Don't make me do it!” responded Stacy jokingly.

“Wait a minute, why can't we?” asked Carol.

“What do you mean?” asked Stacy.

“I mean he obviously wants us to play with it or else he wouldn't be here pretending to be a girl, right? And he wouldn't be hard as a rock. As I see it, that's like an invitation to touch it. Am I right?”

This brought an approving murmur from the crowd. A moment later, Stacy took the initiative and stepped forward. She came within reach of Sam's penis. She looked him squarely in the eyes and smiled as she slowly moved her hand forward to touch his erection.

Sam had no idea how to respond. Should he let her? Should he stop? If they pushed the issue, there was nothing he could do about it anyway. And didn't he like having women touch his penis? He felt confused.

Before Sam could figure out how to respond, he felt the young woman's warm, soft hand on his erection. It felt really good. It sent a warm, happy feeling racing throughout his body, and for a moment, he almost forgot

the humiliation he was experiencing.

It wouldn't last.

"Ooooh! It's real. It's all warm and it's throbbing!" exclaimed Stacy.

With Stacy's example to guide them, all the women descended upon the helpless, partially feminized man. He was surrounded and they kept getting closer. Dozens of hands now roamed his body. Some grabbed his penis. Some grabbed his testicles. Some pinched his rear. They touched everything he owned as if it were theirs to play with. He had become their toy.

At the same time, a gaggle of voices began talking about his body, specifically his penis: "It's so warm!"

"It's so hard!"

"Really? I think it's kind of soft."

"Me too, my husband's is harder."

Sam cringed. He felt so humiliated as these women critiqued his penis. This was something that had never been done to him before and it made him feel intensely inadequate.

"It's not that big either."

"No, not really. My boyfriend is definitely bigger."

Sam felt himself shrink. Having women hold his penis while calling it small made him want to curl up into a ball and vanish in a puff of smoke.

"Maybe it gets bigger," suggested one woman.

"Let's see," said another and she began shaking his penis really hard.

"You're doing it wrong," said another.

"Here, let me!"

The two women who currently held Sam's penis let go and the other woman took hold. She wrapped her hand firmly around his shaft and started stroking it back and forth. She began slowly to get a feel for it and then sped up quickly.

Part of Sam wanted this to stop, but a bigger part didn't. He was overwhelmed with emotions in many ways, but the desire to cum overcame them all and stopped him from complaining.

"Come one, boy toy! Cum!" said one of the women.

"Woo hoo!" said one of the women in the back.

The room laughed, but the one woman kept stroking him even faster.

"I'll bet he can't do it. He's been fixed."

The room laughed again.

Meanwhile, Sam felt his balls pull upwards toward his body. His muscles tensed. He found it hard to breathe and began holding his breath more than breathing. His heart was pounding. So was his penis. It was throbbing. It was building a rhythm. He knew that rhythm too; he would cum soon.

“It doesn’t look any bigger to me!” said one woman.

“No, it doesn’t. It really is tiny.”

Sam was getting really close now. Any second he would feel his hot fluids shooting out his penis into the woman’s hand. He should have felt truly shameful about being used like this, but excitement was what he really felt.

“Look at his face. He’s super excited. I’ll bet he cums soon.”

“Should I keep going?” asked the woman who was stroking his penis.

“No. He’s not growing.”

“I think you should. I want to see him cum,” said another and several woman nodded their head. Sam nodded his head too. His muscles were tense. He was so very, very close.

“I don’t think we should give him the satisfaction, the little pervert!” offered the first girl to demand coffee from him.

“What do you think ladies?” asked the woman who was stroking him.

“Keep going,” said several.

“Make him finish himself,” said one woman.

This brought another moment of silence as the women looked around. They all smirked at each other. Sam, on the other hand, felt horrified. All of this was bad enough, asking him to masturbate for them would be too much. Besides, masturbation never felt as good as what this woman was doing to him.

Fortunately, or unfortunately as the case may be, another woman called out: “Stop and leave him frustrated!”

The room burst into giggles.

“So be it,” said the woman who was stroking him and she let go of his penis. As she did, Sam felt like he had struck a wall. All the potential pleasure he felt welling up inside him came grinding to an instant halt. All the sexual thrill that charged him like an electric current vanished. All that was left was humiliation. He felt physically frustrated and trembled from that frustration.

It would get worse too.

“All right, ladies. Show’s over. Dress her,” said the leader.

Sam put up his hands to stop them. “Wait!” he exclaimed.

It was futile.

The same hands that stripped him naked and explored his body only moments ago now dressed him as other women brought them clothes. Up his legs went panties. They were frilly, but open in the front, letting his penis stick out; one of the women grabbed it and pulled it out, risking him cumming, but it didn’t happen – it just added to his frustrations.

On his feet went high heels. These were open-toed Mary Janes with a t-strap and a five-inch heel with only a minor platform; they would be murder on his feet. Over his shoulders came a short dress. It was white with a pink heart print pattern. It had a low, rounded collar which showed off the little breasts the corset gave him and a hem that stopped just below his crotch and made him feel like his panties were constantly in danger of showing. The dress looked like something a woman might wear as a costume meant to suggest being a little girl. Along with the sky-high heels, it looked incredibly sexual. In fact, the idea of seeing a woman dressed like this turned Sam on, even if it was him in the dress.

Sam’s penis pushed out the tiny dress. He could feel its soft material pushing against his exposed head.

One of the women zipped the dress up in the back.

The next thing Sam knew, the women were moving him to the corner of the room. He wanted to resist, but it wasn’t possible. There were too many of them moving him along and, in the towering heels, he struggled to find any balance or traction in any event. He might as well have been wearing skates.

When they reached the corner, the women turned his body so that he faced the corner directly. Then they pushed him forward until he stood inches away from the wall. If he moved much closer, his erection would touch the wall itself.

“Now you stay there until we give you permission to leave, little girl!” said the leader.

“Yeah, don’t move without permission,” said another.

“What if he does?” asked a third.

“He better not,” said the second.

“What if he does?”

“Then I’ll put him over my knee and spank him like a bad little girl!”

Sam heard this and a shudder race through him. Meanwhile, the women all laughed at the idea. Then they slowly backed away. Sam could hear their heels clicking off the tile floor as they backed up, but he saw nothing because he was too close to the corner. Even his peripheral vision saw only the wall.

Sam felt like he would burst with shame. He couldn't believe what had happened to him, or that he was now standing in the corner. He had never been more humiliated in his life, even when his wife had spanked him the prior night. He couldn't believe that he was letting these women do this to him. He didn't understand why he didn't resist either. Yes, there were a great many hands, but he was a man, he could fight back, couldn't he? So why didn't he? Why didn't it even occur to him? Heck, why had he even agreed to dress like this? What had happened to him that he just meekly complied with all of this? How had it happened so quickly and with no warning too? And why did it seem to keep getting worse?

His mind wouldn't stop asking these questions. They were difficult questions. Just asking them made him feel smaller and smaller. He dreaded the answers. In fact, he was afraid of the answers.

For the next hour, Sam stood in the corner as he was told as the women worked throughout the office like normal. This was humiliating. Even worse, it was painful. After a few minutes, his toes began to hurt in the high-heeled shoes. He curled them up, but that barely helped. Then his arches began to burn and, then, his calves. He began to shift back and forth, shuffling his feet just to relax them.

"Stop moving," called out one of the women immediately.

Sam straightened up. A few minutes later, he did it again. Once again, one of the women noticed and told him to stop.

"You better stop moving or you're going to get a spanking."

Sam took a deep breath and did his best to remain still. His feet were stretched to their limits. His knees began to tremble. He was going to break. He wanted to look at the clock to find out how long he had stood here, but he didn't dare. His heart began to race. How much longer would this last?

"I can't take much more of this," he told himself.

Sam cringed. He had a problem.

Then Sam got the one lucky break he'd had through all of this. The woman who ordered him into the corner in the first place, her name was Lynda, walked up behind him. She stopped her body right against his. He

could feel her breasts pushing into his back and her breath on his neck.

“All right, little girl,” said the woman. Then she jammed her right hand against his butt cheek and latched onto it with her vice-like grip. This made Sam tense up and redoubled his humiliation. He couldn’t imagine another man, or even another office girl frankly, being treated this way.

Sam didn’t respond. He was using all of his willpower to keep from moving.

“Answer me, girl.”

“Yes, Ma’am,” he replied through gritted teeth.

“I’m going to let you out of the corner.”

Sam felt a warm, happy sensation float over his body. “Thank you.”

“I want you to remember my kindness,” she said with a smirk. Sam couldn’t see the smirk, however. Nor did he care. He just cared about getting out of the corner. He needed to get off his exhausted feet. Then he wanted to change back into his more adult clothes and head home. Unfortunately, Lynda had other plans.

“Now follow me to my office,” said Lynda. “Keep your eyes downcast as you walk and your hands clasped before you.”

“Yes, Ma’am.”

The woman spun on her heels and walked to her office. Sam tottered after her, maintaining the submissive pose she had demanded. He felt like a fool knowing that all the other women were watching him. He felt like a punished child.

When they reached Lynda’s office she sat down in her big leather chair and crossed her legs. She let her pump dangle from her toes as she slowly swung her leg back and forth as if she had all the time in the world. Sam remained standing, though he was dying to lunge for one of the chairs and sit. Lynda clearly knew that.

“I hope you learned a valuable lesson today,” said Lynda.

“Yes, Ma’am.”

“And what lesson was that?”

Sam bit his lip. He had no idea what that lesson could be other than the fact that these women could humiliate him quite powerfully. Perhaps that *was* the lesson. Nevertheless, he knew that wasn’t the best answer to give. He decided to try a long-shot: “Respect.”

“What kind of respect?”

“That I need to learn to act with more respect,” he said, mimicking

what his wife had told him. He didn't think that answer would fly, however, and he braced for more punishment of some time. He even thought about storming out of the office and putting an end to this humiliation. But then he remembered that his wife would do something to him that was much worse than what he had experienced already. He also remembered that there was no escape from being a woman at the moment, so leaving would get him little and cost him the world.

Then he had an image of himself "storming" out. Seeing himself tottering away on his exhausted feet, trapped in the painful heels, with his tail tucked between his legs as the women mocked him did not constitute "storming" so much as "crawling." He couldn't bring himself to do that.

"So what do I do?" he thought.

Then Lynda ended his debate. "That's it exactly... *respect*," she said.

"It is?" blurted out Sam in surprise.

Lynda now smirked. "Yes, it is. From now on, I expect you to start treating this office and the women who work here with the utmost of respect. If I see your respect lacking in any way, I won't hesitate to punish you as severely as today or worse. How would you like to stand in the corner for an entire week?"

Just the thought of that made Sam's knees buckle. "I will be respectful, Ma'am," he assured her.

"You better."

"I will, Ma'am... I will," he added nervously.

"Good. Now go back to your desk and wait for your wife," commanded Lynda.

"Yes, Ma'am, after I change m—"

"Change?"

"Yes, Ma'am. Change back into my clothes."

Lynda laughed deeply. "These *are* your new clothes. In fact, the other women are putting together a brand new wardrobe for you. It's much more appropriate for your station than what you've been wearing. You'll be wearing what we tell you from now on at work."

"But my wife!" protested Sam.

Sam meant that he didn't want his wife knowing what they had done to him today. To avoid that, he needed to change back or he would need to explain how he ended up in different clothes than those he wore to work. Lynda, however, interpreted his outburst differently.

“Yes, no doubt your wife likes to pick out your clothes, I’m sure. But we will do so from now on because we want you to show your status. In fact, let me call your wife and explain this to her,” said Lynda.

With that, Lynda picked up her phone and demanded Sam’s wife’s number. Sam wanted to refuse, but his resolve withered almost immediately and he gave her the number. She dialed it and the phone began ringing. As it did, she dismissed Sam from the office.

“This is going to be ugly,” he thought.

Sam reluctantly left.

Chapter Seven: “Meeting Phillip”

—o—

Strangely, it wasn't as ugly as Sam expected when his wife drove him home. She burst out laughing the moment she saw him, naturally, as there was no way she could miss the way he was dressed or the meaning of it. But she didn't seem angry or upset that these women had changed his clothes. In fact, if anything, she seemed playful. Granted, her playful included a lot of mocking, but it was nevertheless playful.

“Hey there, little girl. Wanna ride?” asked Sam's wife mockingly as she pulled the car up to the curb where her husband waited self-consciously. She let out a loud, long laugh at the young way he was dressed.

Sam cringed at her laugh, but did his best to ignore it. He wanted off the street before anyone saw him, and he didn't care how much she mocked him as long as he got into the car. He grabbed the door handle and opened the door.

“Hold on,” said Gwyneth.

Sam stopped. “What?”

“Ask me for a ride.”

“What?” asked Sam incredulously.

“You heard me, little girl. I want you to ask me for a ride. Ask me if I can take you home to your mommy.”

Sam couldn't believe his ears, but he did it. He *really* wanted off the street and he didn't care what it took to make that happen. “Will you please take me home... to my mommy.” Sam felt intensely weak as he said this.

Gwyneth laughed. “You are so precious. I should make you sing, ‘I'm a little tea cup’ or something before I let you in.” When Gwyneth said this, Sam turned white as a sheet.

“Please don't make me do that!” gasped Sam.

Gwyneth laughed even deeper. “You better be good to me, Sam. I can do all kinds of things to you now. Do you understand?”

Sam nodded his head. “Yes, Ma'am.”

“All right, then get it, little girl.”

Sam climbed into the car. He was amazingly thankful for finally being away from the women and for being off the curb.

“That dress is so you, *Samantha*! You look so cute as a little girl.” His

wife's tone was dripping with mockery. "You'll simply have to tell me where you got it," said Gwyneth when she stopped giggling.

"It's from the office," said Sam sourly.

"Really? And what made you pick that one out?"

"I didn't pick it out."

"That's too bad. I thought maybe you were making a statement."

Sam folded his arms defensively. "Well, I wasn't."

"Oh, but you are. That dress makes a serious statement, *girlfriend!*"

Sam felt himself shrink.

"And I love your daring choice of letting your dick stick out beneath your dress. Nothing says, 'Sexy Shemale' like a hard dick sticking out beneath a skirt," continued Gwyneth with a laugh.

Her laugh cut through Sam and made him blush even deeper. He sank further into the seat. Gwyneth then reached over and squeezed the tip of his erection. He didn't resist. He felt so small compared to his wife. He wanted to tell her he was still a man, that he was still normal, but there was no way he could say the words. His shame was too deep. Gwyneth wasn't finished, however.

"So tell me everything," said Gwyneth.

"I thought Lynda called you?"

"She did, but I want to hear the whole story from your girly mouth."

Sam sighed and told his wife what had happened in detail. He assumed that Lynda had told her enough that she would know if he held out. When it was over, she laughed for several minutes, off and on. Each little chuckle struck Sam like a knife thrust into his manhood. His wife was enjoying this far too much. But at least she wasn't angry that a group of attractive women had stripped him naked, examined his penis, and then dressed him like... well, *this*, in this tiny dress and letting his erection be obvious. To the contrary, she thought it was hilarious.

"I understand your boss gave you a new wardrobe too?" asked Gwyneth.

"Yes," said Sam softly. "It's in the bags I put in the backseat."

"When we get home, I want to see it."

"Yes, Ma'am," said Sam reflexively without even realizing it. This made Gwyneth smile.

"Then we're going to pick out something nice and pretty for tonight. I want you pretty all the time from now on. And I want you to be at your

prettiest when our guest arrives,” said Gwyneth.

Sam’s jaw dropped. He couldn’t believe his ears. Was she serious? Had she really invited someone to their home? And did she really expect Sam to meet them dressed like a little sissy?

“A guest?!” exclaimed Sam incredulously.

“Yes. We’re having a guest for dinner,” replied Gwyneth calmly. She chuckled to herself. She was really enjoying her husband’s shock. She wanted this experience to be memorable so that he never forgot the lessons she was teaching him. Hence, she invited this guest tonight. Sam would be in for a real shock, one she hoped might straighten him out again and make him more like the man she hoped to marry. After all, humiliation can be an excellent motivator for change.

Sam furrowed his brow. “Who’s coming?!”

“You don’t know him,” said Gwyneth dismissively.

“*Him*?! He’s a man?!”

“‘He’s’ usually are men, Sam,” said Gwyneth. Then she looked her husband up and down and she smirked, before adding, “usually.”

“I can’t—”

“Yes, you can.”

“I’m not comfortable with a man coming over to our house for dinner,” said Sam firmly. “Not the way I’m dressed!”

“Then you might want to get used to it. I expect to see a lot of Phillip in the future,” replied Gwyneth. She said this so calmly, yet with such hidden menace, that Sam realized right away that she had put her foot down and there would be no convincing her to change her mind. And since Sam was in no position to fight this, this man *would* dine with them. He *would* come over whenever Gwyneth wished too. And there would be nothing tiny, feminized Sam could do about it.

—o—

“Are we still on?” asked Phillip into the phone. He sat on his couch with his zipper open and his penis sticking out. His wife was out for the evening with friends and had no idea what Phillip planned. He often hid his activities from her. Gwyneth had no idea Phillip was playing with himself.

“Yes, we’re still on,” replied Gwyneth with a nervous giggle on the other end. She still felt uncertain about what they planned.

“How did he take it?”

“As expected. He literally looked like he wanted to jump out of the car when I told him. He’s not happy.”

“I’m not surprised,” said Phillip.

“Neither am I.” Gwyneth’s voice contained a trace of regret.

“This is for his own good, you know?” offered Phillip in a comforting tone.

Gwyneth smiled. “I know.”

“He needs to learn that he can’t slack his way through life. He needs to learn that there are consequences to misbehavior. If you don’t work hard and treat a job with respect, then you don’t get a good job and you can’t support your family. If you don’t act like a man, then your wife isn’t going to treat you like a man either. And if you don’t treat your wife right... then she may find someone else.” As Phillip said this, he rubbed his penis.

“Exactly,” agreed Gwyneth. “I think this will be really good for him.”

“It will.”

“You know, he’s actually improved a lot already,” said Gwyneth, who remained unaware of Phillip’s masturbating, or the reason for it. “He’s being much more respectful. He listens. He’s working harder. It’s like turning him into a woman made a whole new man out of him. I get the sense he’s almost ready to go back to being a man, so—”

“Don’t act too fast!” interjected Phillip, interrupting Gwyneth. He let go of his dick.

“Oh, I won’t,” said Gwyneth innocently.

“I’m serious. People like your husband learn to fake it for short periods. They can make themselves seem like good workers or good husbands or like they’ve learned what you want them to learn for a few days, but they’re just acting. Don’t let him out of this until you’re absolutely sure... one hundred percent.”

Gwyneth paused to consider this. It didn’t sound completely right to her, but she wasn’t sure what bothered her about it.

Phillip continued when Gwyneth didn’t immediately agree with him. “Don’t worry about it. You’ll know when the time comes. It’ll jump out at you; it’ll be obvious. What’s he doing now?”

“He’s in the kitchen making dinner for the three of us.”

Phillip imagined Gwyneth’s husband in the kitchen tottering around in high heels and panties. His hand returned to his dick and he stroked himself

even faster at the thought of using this man's wife sexually, though he didn't stroke himself fast enough that he began breathing hard. After all, he didn't want Gwyneth knowing how turned on he was about all of this; he had told her he wanted to help "as a friend."

"What's he wearing?" asked Phillip.

Gwyneth giggled. "What do you care?" she asked jokingly.

Phillip didn't know how to answer that. Really, he just wanted the complete image in his mind of how helpless his competitor would be tonight. "I, uh—"

"Are you into women's clothes now?"

"What?!" blurted out Phillip.

"Do I need to protect my precious closet from my husband *and* my boss?" teased Gwyneth.

Phillip felt a wave of humiliation rush over him. The idea of feminizing this man and taking his wife as he humiliated the man turned him on. It made his penis throb. But the idea of cross-dressing himself did not turn him on. He was a real man, the alpha male everyone wanted to be, and that is what turned him on. More than anything, he wanted to dominate a wimp like Sam as he took his wife. That would be the ultimate test of his masculinity. Cross-dressing? That was for sissies.

"No, I'm not into women's clothes," said Phillip with measured indifference. He would have growled this, but he didn't want to turn off Gwyneth.

"Then what does it matter what he's wearing?" asked Gwyneth, mainly out of curiosity.

"I guess I don't really care what he's wearing. I was just curious." He paused, trying to find the right tone. "He is going to be dressed in drag though when I'm there tonight, right?"

Gwyneth blushed at the thought of introducing her feminized husband to her "boyfriend," even if he was only a pretend boyfriend. In reality, Phillip was her boss and he had volunteered to help her when he found out what she had done; he stumbled upon her as she was looking at pictures of the feminized Sam on her phone – Sam's penis was visible in the pictures. Phillip was most understanding as she embarrassingly explained what was going on. He had even suggested the fake cuckolding angle to teach Sam a lesson. Gwyneth felt instant relief at his offer as she liked having an ally and because his plan seemed like a good one to wake Sam up. Now, though it all

seemed a little strange... a little kinky. She didn't know if that was a good thing or a bad thing.

"Yes, he'll be dressed," she said and she felt her pussy tingle.

"Good to know. Make sure he looks extra girlish. We really want him to feel emasculated by me."

Gwyneth nodded her head. "Right," she said. Then she asked, "Are you sure your wife is all right with this? I don't want to cause any problems there."

"Oh yeah, she understands," lied Phillip.

"Please, thank her for me."

"I will."

"Great. I'll see you soon."

"Yes, you will," said Phillip and he hung up. "And I'll have you shortly after that!" He then lay back on the couch and stroked himself until he came. As he stroked himself, he thought about making love to the beautiful Gwyneth as her pathetic husband watched from his knees... helpless to stop him. This thought made him feel very strong indeed.

—o—

Sam stirred the three pots that held dinner. He felt like a fool. He was still wearing the tiny dress and the spike-heeled Mary Janes the women at work had put on him. His erection still stood up beneath the dress too. It also seemed to now. So far, his wife had refused to let him change. She thought he looked "cute" and she wanted him to look cute for this mystery man. The idea made Sam sick.

Sam decided to make one last plea to avoid this humiliation before this man arrived.

"Honey, please... *please* let me change," said Sam.

"Why?"

"Because I look like a fool being dressed like this!"

"I like you dressed like this... you look cute," countered Gwyneth. She attached a silver earring to her right ear. She wanted to look sexy for her date, even if it wasn't a real date, so as to tempt Sam and highlight his failures as a man. That meant she would wear a skin-tight, low-cut dress, sky-high strappy sandals, loads of lingerie and all the accessories that drove men crazy: dangling earrings, sparkly rings to bring attention to her long

nails, a necklace that was suggestive of a collar, and an anklet to draw attention to her feet so delicately balanced in her high heels.

“I don’t,” insisted Sam. “I don’t like dressing this way at all.”

“First of all, your penis says otherwise.”

Sam dropped his hands to hide the bump in his dress.

“Secondly, it doesn’t really matter what you want, does it? My choice stands.” Gwyneth said this with an authority that had begun to feel natural. She almost regretted that she planned to return Sam to being a man soon. Indeed, she was starting to like having a feminized submissive for a husband. It made things easier, and he was really cute.

Sam stamped his foot like a girl in impotent protest. “But honey! He’ll see my dick! He’ll know I’m a man!”

Gwyneth shrugged her shoulders and attached the other earring. “He already knows.”

“He knows?!” Sam thought he might throw up. Sharing his shame with a group of women was bad enough, but sharing his shame with a man somehow seemed infinitely worse. This was a man! A competitor! This man would judge him in the way that only men can judge other men. Worse yet, this man seemed to be trying to put moves on Sam’s wife. Sam suddenly felt intensely inadequate.

“Of course, he knows. Did you think I was going to invite a man over and *not* tell him that my husband would be here? How do you think that would have gone over when I introduced you? And if I told him that you were going to be here, don’t you think I needed to tell him that my husband would be wearing a dress?” asked Gwyneth. “Seriously, Sam, how would you have reacted if you weren’t told?”

Sam bit his lip. What his wife said actually made sense, though he didn’t like any of it and he wished she hadn’t done that – more to the point, he wished he wasn’t going to be at this dinner, but that wasn’t going to happen. “Now what do I do?” he asked beneath his breath.

His wife heard this.

“What do you do now? Now you check your makeup and you get ready to serve us dinner. He’ll be here any minute,” replied his wife.

“Serve dinner?” asked Sam incredulously.

“Yes. You will be serving dinner. Offering drinks. Taking coats. Things like that.”

“But... but—”

Gwyneth shook her head. “The time for objections is over, Sam.”

“But I can’t meet him dressed like this, not with him knowing I’m a man!” protested Sam.

Gwyneth didn’t respond verbally, not at first. Instead, she walked over to a bookshelf. Her sharp heels echoed off the hardwood floors: ***Crack! Crack! Crack!*** From the bookshelf, she picked up something Sam had not noticed sitting there before: it was a long, heavy wooden paddle; she had bought it during the day.

She smacked her palm twice. The sound of the wood striking her palm had a deep resonance which shook Sam’s resolve: *Thump! Thump!* Then she turned to face her husband.

His courage was failing.

“I’m going to give you a choice, *Samantha*,” said Gwyneth. Her voice was strong with confidence, and flavored with smugness. She smacked the palm of her hand again: *Thump! Thump!*

“What choice?” asked Sam nervously.

“You can be a good girl and serve dinner like I said and entertain Phillip—”

“Entertain him how?”

“*However is necessary.*” She paused. “Or you can resist. If you resist. Then I’ll paddle you until you can’t sit anymore. I won’t help you remove those shoes or that corset either. So you’ll still be dressed pretty much as you are now when Phillip arrives, except your rear will be bright, sissy red. And then I’ll introduce you to Phillip anyways and let him entertain himself at your expense. I might even add a little ribbon to your dick and hang a bell from it for fun,” said Gwyneth. Her voice wasn’t angry, but it was impatient. “What’s it going to be, Sam?”

Sam swallowed hard. Neither choice was a good one. Both ended in his emasculation and humiliation at the hands of this man. The only difference seemed to be the soreness he would experience along the way and how free of a hand Gwyneth took in humiliating him. He chose the path of least resistance.

—o—

A few minutes later, the doorbell rang: Phillip was here. Gwyneth instructed Sam to remain in the dining room as she answered the door. She

didn't want Sam and Phillip colliding too soon. She was surprisingly nervous. She wanted tonight to be the cherry on top of scaring Phillip, but she didn't want it doing any permanent damage to their relationship. She wanted this to scare him into becoming a better man, not break him or their relationship.

Sam waited nervously as his wife went to the door. He wore the same small pink dress and the same Mary Janes from earlier, only now his wife had added a short frilly apron and she'd added more makeup. His knees were trembling.

"I can do this," he told himself.

He hoped that saying this to himself would convince him that it was true, but he wasn't sure it was. He desperately wanted to flee. In fact, the only thing keeping him from fleeing was his fear of getting caught fleeing, so ironically, one of his fears kept the other in check.

"I can do this," he repeated even more nervously. "Stay calm."

Sam clenched and unclenched his fists to try to release his tension. It didn't work. He remained tense. Indeed, standing here waiting was oddly proving to be even more difficult than getting out of the car and going to work had been. He wasn't sure why that was, but it was.

"Stay calm," he told himself once more.

Sam closed his eyes and tried to take a deep breath. He struggled to take in air, however. His knees began to tremble. As they did, his feet wobbled in the heels. He would be lucky if he didn't fall down or pass out. Meanwhile, Gwyneth opened the front door and exchanged greetings with Phillip. She was happy to see him, though she was still nervous. He didn't seem nervous at all.

"Hi there," said Phillip smoothing.

"Hi," replied Gwyneth.

"Nice house."

"Thanks. I'm glad you're doing this," said Gwyneth.

Phillip leaned forward and tried to kiss Gwyneth on the cheek, but she didn't realize this was his intent and she stepped aside so he could enter the house. Phillip ended up almost stumbling into the house.

"Anything for a friend," he said after he caught his balance.

"He's waiting for us in the dining room."

"Good. I can't wait to see him," said Phillip. He felt his penis growing again at the thought of seeing Gwyneth's husband humiliated. "Just follow

my lead tonight and it will all work out well.”

Gwyneth nodded her head. She took a deep breath and led Phillip to the dining room. Sam heard them approach. He felt cornered. He thought about racing away, but he had nowhere to go now. A moment later, his wife walked through the doorway to the dining room. Next to her walked a large man, much larger than Sam. The man wore a dark suit, a dark dress shirt, and a massive gold ring on his finger. He was intimidating and Sam froze, unsure what to do next.

“And this little beauty is my husband,” said Gwyneth.

Phillip laughed. “*This* is your husband?”

Sam felt himself shrink.

“Yes, *this* is my husband, from his painted toenails all the way up to his sissy hair.”

Phillip looked him up and down, which made Sam feel intensely insecure. Then he noticed Sam’s erection and chuckled. “You know he’s hard, right? I guess this turns him on,” said Phillip, who also sported an erection.

“He’s hard all the time.”

“Is he?”

Gwyneth brushed aside Sam’s little pink dress and apron and grabbed Sam’s erection through his panties; he offered no resistance. She shook it vigorously. “Yes, he is... all the time. He claims it doesn’t turn him on, but he’s pretty much been hard from the moment he slipped into his first pair of panties and it hasn’t stopped yet. So, yeah, it turns him on.”

“It does not,” whispered Sam softly.

“Don’t contradict your wife,” said the man firmly.

Sam was taken aback by the man’s brisk, aggressive manner. Under normal circumstances, he would never let a man speak to him like this in his own house – especially about his own wife, but wearing heels and a dress is hardly a normal circumstance, and something inside him warned him not to challenge this man. He shut up instantly.

Gwyneth chuckled at how easily her husband complied; she definitely liked that and would miss it. “That’s better,” she said. Then she patted her husband on the side of the cheek. “Go get us some drinks and make sure dinner is coming along nicely. We’ll eat soon.”

Sam looked at her with stunned eyes. He was still trying to process what was happening to him. He had no idea what to say.

“Do it,” said Gwyneth politely, but firmly, “or I’ll use my paddle.”

“Your paddle?” asked Phillip.

“It’s a nice little reminder of who’s really in charge here,” said Gwyneth.

As she said this, Sam turned bright red with shame. It was bad enough his wife had told this man that he was a man behind this sissy dress, but now to tell him that she paddled him to maintain Sam’s discipline was utterly humiliating. He wanted to shrink away and vanish.

Phillip, on the other hand, felt his erection grow. He knew Gwyneth was going to mention paddling her husband, but when she did, it struck Phillip as much more erotic than it seemed when she first warned him. He would love to see her paddle him, or even paddle him himself. “I’d love to see it sometime,” he said coyly.

“Would you really?”

A wicked smile crossed Gwyneth’s lips. She walked over to the same shelf where she had left the wooden paddle and she grabbed it. Sam felt his knees buckle as she did. He began to tremble, not in fear but in shame. His wife gave the paddle a menacing practice swing through the air. Phillip could almost feel its sting as he did, and he imagined Phillip mocking him as the paddle struck his rear. This image made Phillip feel weak and defenseless.

“Wanna watch?” asked Gwyneth and she winked at Phillip.

Sam’s jaw dropped. “You can’t!” he blurted out. As he did, his erection visibly grew beneath his dress.

Gwyneth laughed. “Of course, I can.”

“But... but—”

“And before you try to protest, honey, your little guy is screaming, ‘Full speed ahead!’,” said Gwyneth. She pointed the paddle directly at Sam’s erection, which was visibly jumping inside his dress, like it was desperate to get out.

Sam withered. He felt a wave of humiliation wash over him. He couldn’t stand the idea of being paddled before this man. The humiliation would break him! He shot a glance at the smirking Phillip. “Please!” he openly begged his wife. “Please don’t do this!”

“Are you going to do everything I tell you?” asked Gwyneth with a smirk. Her pussy was incredibly wet at that moment. She had no idea seeing her husband beg like this would turn her on so much.

“Yes! I swear!” exclaimed Sam.

Gwyneth looked at Phillip and shook her head. She tossed the paddle onto a nearby cushion. “See what I mean?” she asked and she rolled her eyes. “He’s always been like this. I couldn’t take it anymore. So I turned him into a girl. It’s more fitting, don’t you think?”

“It is.”

“Of course, I still need a man. That’s why you’re here.” She winked at Phillip to let him know this was all part of their pre-arrange plan. Though, admittedly, part of her did like the idea of being with Phillip and something inside her told her that she could do it right now as Sam would never be able to stand in her way. She didn’t listen to this inner voice though.

Phillip let his lip curl into a smile after a brief stop as a snarl. “I’m happy to help, but, uh,” Phillip nodded at Sam as he continued, “should we be talking about that in front of—”

“It doesn’t matter, there’s nothing he can do about it.”

Phillip took the opportunity to take another long slow look at Sam. He was supposed to do this to make Sam feel uncomfortable, but he actually did it because it excited him. He found himself amazingly turned on by how helpless Sam was and how delicate he looked being feminized. Phillip’s penis was throbbing in his pants. He couldn’t wait to see his feminized sissy on his knees as Phillip took the man’s wife right before him. “Yeah, I guess not, does it?”

“If it makes you happy, then I’ll send him to the kitchen for now so we can be alone,” said Gwyneth. She turned to face her husband. “Go to the kitchen and look after dinner.”

Sam suddenly felt a burst of courage. He furrowed his brow and glared at his wife. He did not like his wife acting as if he were some sort of slave to be ordered around. That wasn’t right! And he absolutely did not like the idea of his wife being alone with this man! He didn’t want this man here at all, in fact.

On the other hand, Sam realized he was in no position to resist. Not to mention that Phillip intimidated him. What’s more, frankly, getting away from Phillip would make him happy and being sent to the kitchen would do that. He decided it was best to comply, this time.

“Yes, Ma’am,” said Sam and he scurried off.

Gwyneth felt disappointed at her husband’s easy surrender. She wondered if this was a good idea after all. Still, it was worth a shot, she

thought.

Sam went into the kitchen. His mind raced with questions. Who was this Phillip? Where did he come from? Sam didn't recognize him, though he thought she had mentioned his name before. What were his intentions? And what kind of spell had he cast over Sam's wife? Was she seriously thinking of having sex with him? *Sam was her husband*. How could she do that?

Sam suddenly felt very inadequate as a man. He regretted all the times he had failed as a husband. He regretted playing videogames instead of being with his wife. He regretted not looking seriously for a job. He regretted his laziness, his indifference, and his failures to be the strong, dependable husband Gwyneth had wanted.

"I swear that the minute I get out of this damn dress and these heels, I'm going to show her what kind of man I am!" swore Sam to himself.

Then he saw his reflection in the glass window of the oven. He saw his pink sissy dress, complete with his erection sticking out beneath it. He saw his towering high heels. He looked down and saw his painted toenails. He saw the nails on his hands. He could bear to look no further. He turned away.

In that moment, Sam actually felt himself become physically weaker. He didn't know how, but his failures... his inadequacies, broke something within him and he knew that he was no match for this Phillip, not physically, not in confidence, not in anything. He also knew that if he threw a punch right now, it would land with all the force of a little girl. He had lost his manhood.

"What do I do now?" he asked himself.

Sam stepped over to the door and peeked through the tiny crack in the door. He wanted to hear what his wife and Phillip were saying and know what they were doing. He wanted to know his fate.

"I'm really impressed," said Phillip. Both he and Gwyneth knew Phillip was watching.

"You doubt my skills?" asked Gwyneth with a laugh.

"That's not skills. That's some sort of weakness. He must have wanted to be feminized because there's no way a normal man would ever let you do *that* to him! There must be something wrong with him."

Gwyneth chuckled. "He never was much of a man." As she said this, she rose from her chair and moved around the table. Phillip pushed his chair back and Gwyneth sat down on his lap. She stroked his hair and whispered

in his ear: "He's at the door listening."

Phillip nodded his understanding.

"He does make a better woman, though," said Gwyneth. She spoke loudly enough to be certain Sam could hear her.

Phillip laughed. "That he does. When you said you were feminizing him, I had no idea you really meant it. I thought you might buy him some pink shirts or girly shorts or something or get him to dye his hair something femme. I never guessed you really meant all out."

"And I'm not even finished with him yet. As he becomes more accepting of his new status as a woman, I'm going to get him boobs too," said Gwyneth who now rubbed Phillip's chest. She could feel Phillip's erection against the underside of her thigh, but she chose to ignore it.

"You aren't going to cut off his, uh, thing, are you?" asked Phillip anxiously. His penis got even harder.

"Why? Wanna play with it?" teased Gwyneth.

"Definitely not. I'm just curious," he protested.

"I think you do. I think you can't wait to slip your big strong hands around it."

"Hardly," said Phillip. He wasn't sure where this had come from. He had never indicated a desire to play with another man to her. She didn't even know about his desire to play with her. So why was she going down this route now? Maybe, he thought, this was something her husband wanted? He didn't now. The truth was that she was experiencing a fantasy she didn't know she had until now, and she was quickly getting a taste for it!

"I'll bet you want me to dress you up too. Would you like that? Should I get you some heels of your own?"

Phillip blushed. "No!" he declared a little too strongly.

Gwyneth chuckled. He may not want it, but she certainly thought she did at the moment. In fact, the idea had set her soul afire and she wondered if there was a way to make it happen.

"I don't want to play with your sissy husband," added Phillip. "I just want you."

Gwyneth smiled. "That can be arranged." She then leaned forward and planted her soft, warm lips on Phillip's lips.

Sam trembled. His wife was actually kissing another man. And this was no small kiss either. It went on and on, with their lips pressed firmly against each other time and again, lingering longer with each contact.

Sam wanted to collapse, but he didn't for some reason. Instead, he slowly backed away from the door and retreated into the kitchen. He wanted to cry! No, he wanted to scream! He wanted to yell out, "Let go of my wife, dammit!" and race in there and put an end to this.

He didn't though.

Instead, he suddenly found himself jamming his hand into his panties and yanking out his erection. He grabbed it between his dark red fingernails and started stroking. As he did, he felt a strange mixture of weakness, contempt, and relief.

It took Sam all of about ten seconds worth of stroking before his penis shot out three powerful blasts of cum. He almost didn't feel them, everything was such an intense jumble of emotions for him at the moment. He did notice them, though.

"What have I done?" he asked himself.

Sam almost felt panicked when he realized that his cum now lay in tiny puddles on the floor. He tottered over to the paper towels as quickly as he could and grabbed several. Then he returned to the telltale spots. He looked over his shoulder to make sure that his wife hadn't entered the kitchen and he bent down and started wiping the cum off the floor.

Just then, he heard his wife put her hand on the kitchen door.

He shot to his feet, leaving several dollops of his cum on the floor. He didn't want his wife seeing him wiping up his cum, nor did he want to draw attention to it. As he rose to his feet, he realized that his sticky penis, which was still erect despite having cum, stood free of the panties and the dress. He quickly turned to face the counter so his wife couldn't see it. He hoped to tuck it back into place, but he lacked the time as his wife entered the kitchen. Thus, he stood facing the counter, with his back to his wife, with his erection out poking the counter.

"Please don't let her see!" he thought.

"What happened?" asked Gwyneth.

"What do you mean?"

"You look nervous."

"I made a mess, Ma'am," said Sam reflexively and he wiped the counter with the dirty paper towel to demonstrate where the mess was supposed to be. He hadn't even noticed that he now called his wife "Ma'am" most times. "I'll have it cleaned up in a minute."

"Never mind that, bring out the food."

“Yes, Ma’am. I’ll bring it out in a moment.”

“Bring it out now”

Sam swallowed hard. “Yes, Ma’am.”

“We’ve change the plan, by the way,” said Gwyneth.

“You have?” asked Sam nervously. He kept waiting for her to mention his erection or the pools of cum on the floor. He positively dreaded her next command, which he assumed would be for him to get moving, which would expose his dripping erection.

“Yes. While we eat, you’ll go to Phillip’s car and get his suitcase,” said Gwyneth.

“His suitcase?”

“Yes. He’ll be sleeping here tonight.”

“He’s staying in our guestroom?” asked Sam incredulously.

Gwyneth let out an emasculating chuckle. “No, silly. He’s going to be sleeping in our bedroom.”

“Where am I going to sleep?”

Gwyneth took a deep breath. This next line was one Phillip told her to say, though she wasn’t sure it was a good idea. Still, Phillip had been right about all of Sam’s behaviors so far tonight, so she decided to trust him a little further. “Wherever Phillip says you’ll be sleeping.”

Sam felt dizzy. He genuinely thought he might pass out. His wife had just told him to his face that she planned to sleep with another man. Even worse, that man would get to decide where Sam would spend the night. Sam was too stunned to speak.

Gwyneth noticed her husband’s shock. She expected that this would make her feel insecure and uncertain, only that didn’t happen. It didn’t even make her feel bad. To the contrary, she felt something completely unexpected. She felt intense excitement. It genuinely turned her on to exercise so much power over her husband that she could tell him that she would sleep with another man without Sam even being able respond. She felt amazingly strong in that instant. And for a tiny moment, she actually thought of sleeping with Phillip.

“Maybe I really should? He is attractive,” she thought.

She wouldn’t though.

Instead, another thought came to mind. Two actually. The first thought was that she really wanted to see Phillip discipline her husband. The idea of seeing her husband humiliated by a man excited her more than

anything right now. The other thought, well, it was more of a vague feeling than anything. It wasn't even anything she could honestly say she was thinking. It was more of an image that flashed before her eyes and then vanished again as quickly as it came.

What image? An image of Phillip in high heels.

She shook that off.

Then suddenly, behind Gwyneth, the door opened. Phillip walked into the kitchen. "I thought I'd see what's going on," said Phillip and he walked over behind Gwyneth and wrapped his arms around her. His strong erection rubbed against her backside.

"Oh hi," said Gwyneth and she turned around to kiss Phillip. This wasn't in the script, but she now wanted to kiss this man as her feminized husband watched helplessly. The idea exited her.

Their lips locked.

Her pussy flooded with her juices as she did.

Sam shuddered at what he watched. He had never felt more helpless in his life. His wife was taking away his manhood with her every action and this removed a massive chunk. He suddenly felt an intense desire to do something. Either he wanted to scream and put an end to this, or he wanted to flee; he wasn't sure which. Neither actually happened though. Instead, he stayed glued to the spot facing the counter, trying to hide his throbbing erection.

Phillip finished the kiss and pulled his lips away. He smirked at Sam. Then his eyebrow rose. He had noticed something. "Wait a minute," he said.

"What?" asked Gwyneth.

"Turn around," Phillip ordered Sam.

Sam bit his lip and tensed up. He didn't move.

"*Turn around*," repeated Phillip.

"What's going on?" asked Gwyneth.

"You sissy husband is hiding something from us."

Gwyneth furrowed her brow and looked at Sam. "Turn around now, Sam," she ordered.

Sam swallowed hard. He wanted to resist, he really did. He tried his best not to turn around, but it wasn't in him, not dressed as he was. He closed his eye and slowly turned around.

"*Samantha!*" growled Gwyneth when she saw his erection.

"I'm sorry," replied Sam softly.

“Sorry isn’t going to cut it, Mister,” said Gwyneth. “How dare you pull out your dick and play with it?! How could you do that before Phillip? You need to be punished!”

Phillip put his hand on Gwyneth’s arm. “Let me.”

When Phillip said this, Gwyneth felt herself melt. Her pussy overflowed with her juices. Her nipples were hard as rocks. She wanted to see this so badly. She smiled broadly and nodded her head vigorously. “He’s all yours,” she said.

The End of Part Two.

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



“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!

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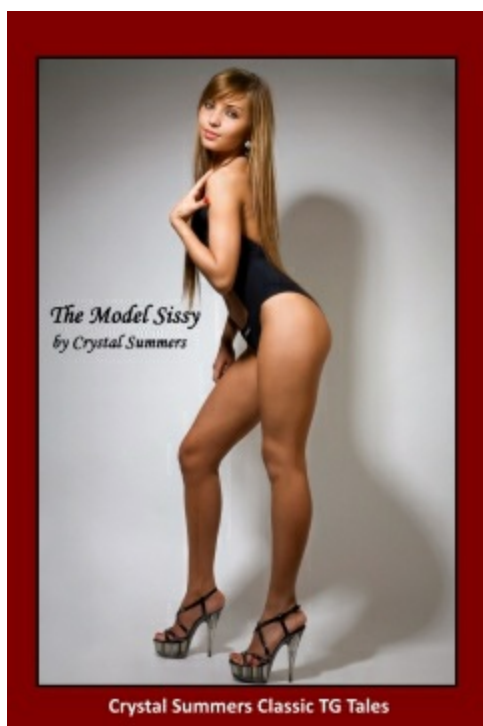


“The Sissy Newscaster”

Dave Anderson is the most trusted name in news. But Dave leads a secret life unknown to his viewers. When Dave is off camera, his producer Karen Stills turns him into a submissive sissy. One night, Karen decides to have a little fun with Dave at the station. What could possibly go wrong?

This 13,400 word story includes female domination, cross-dressing, pegging, bondage, power exchange, paddling, erotic humiliation and more!

For Mature Audiences Only



“The Model Sissy”

Tom Wilson was an up-and-coming male model. Unfortunately, he was also an arrogant man who mistreated his fiancée and the photographers with whom he worked. But now the shoe is on the foot as Tom’s fiancée and her friend trick him into modeling women’s panties and high heels. Unbeknownst to Tom, he’s about to become the face of a national advertising campaign for women’s clothes.

This story includes three captioned images!

This 19,300 word story includes female domination, forced feminization, pegging, oral, power exchange, public exposure, erotic humiliation and more!

For Mature Audiences Only



“Feminization Revenge”

Brett thought he had it all. He had a rich girlfriend he planned to marry and another he planned to keep around for fun. Everything was going great, until they learned about each other. Now both will seek their revenge in the best way possible... by feminizing this macho man.

This 14,500 word erotic story includes female domination, forced feminization, pegging, chastity devices, 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!

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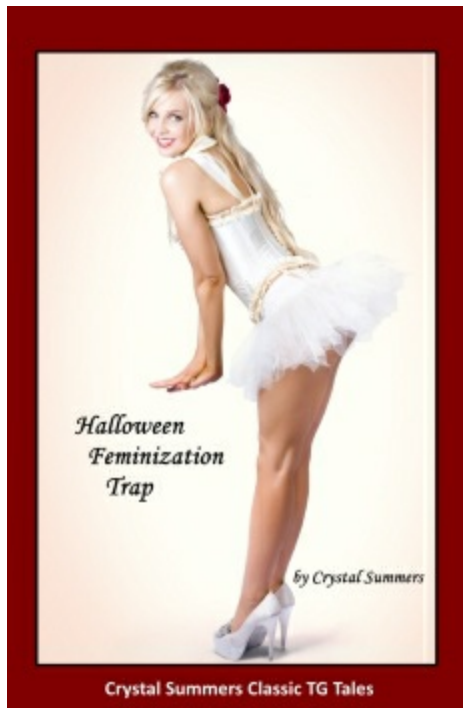


“The Sissy Maid”

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



“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