



*Putting Her Husband In Skirts  
Part Three  
by Crystal Summers*

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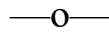
# **Putting Her Husband In Skirts**

## **Part 3: Tables Turned**

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**by Crystal Summers**

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## Chapter Eight: “Sam’s Punishment”



Sam cowered before his wife. She was angry. He should not have had his penis out of his skirt and his panties. He should not have been playing with himself. And he definitely should not have done so with Phillip present. She couldn’t believe he had done this. He needed to be punished!

But then Phillip had put his hand on Gwyneth’s arm. “Let me,” he had said.

Gwyneth felt herself melt. Her pussy overflowed with her juices. Her nipples became hard as rocks. Her mind went blank except for one thought: she wanted to see her feminized husband sexually humiliated by this man... she wanted to see her macho boss Phillip sexually punish her sissy husband.

“He’s all yours,” she purred.

Sam’s jaw dropped. Had he heard what he thought he heard? Had his wife, his own wife, really just told another man, her apparent lover, to punish Sam? That couldn’t be, but it seemed to be true.

“But... but,” blathered Sam.

Sam began to tremble with shame and impotent rage. He felt a good deal of terror too. It wasn’t terror about being injured or anything; it was terror at what Phillip might do to him and how humiliating it would be. If a man could die of shame, Sam feared he was now a candidate for that fate.

Phillip, on the other hand, was elated. He felt energy radiating throughout him, making his body light and strong. He couldn’t believe how powerful he felt. He’d always wanted to humiliate the husband of one of his lover, but he’d never come close. To him, that would be the ultimate expression of power: to take another man’s wife and to humiliate him before her. But sadly for him, none of the married women or women with long-term boyfriends he’d had affairs with was ever willing to let him do it. He was getting to do it now though, and it felt amazing! He’d never been harder in his life.

“Get over here,” commanded Phillip.

“I will not!” thought Sam defiantly, but his feet shuffled over to where the larger man pointed. He had lost all ability to resist.

Phillip led Sam to the living room and made him stand before the couch. As Sam stood there, wobbling nervously in his high heels, Phillip

grabbed the paddle Gwyneth had shown him before. He slammed it against his palm. It made a loud, crashing noise: **THUNK!**

“Bend over,” said Phillip.

“Bend over?” repeated Sam anxiously. He looked to Gwyneth for help, but her eyes showed no mercy. To the contrary, she was super turned on to see this happen. Sam realized he would get no help there. He then looked Phillip in the eyes. He hoped to see something that would suggest that Phillip wasn’t really going to do this, that this was all some elaborate bluff. He didn’t find that either. Finally, he looked at the heavy paddle, which Phillip was twisting slowly in his hand. He saw no mercy there.

“Now, sissy boy,” growled Phillip. “Pull down your panties to your knees and bend over.”

Sam swallowed hard. His knees were shaking. He slowly turned his backside to Phillip. He pulled down his panties. Then he spread his legs to get a more solid stance to brace himself. Finally, he bent over and grabbed his knees with his hands. This made his rear stick out.

“Please, no,” he whispered to himself.

Phillip couldn’t believe this man had just presented his rear for a paddling. He felt amazing power. His penis was so hard it felt like it might burst. He almost wanted to laugh maniacally just because he could. He looked over at Gwyneth so he could see the moment of his victory reflected in her eyes. He saw it there and in her heaving chest. He knew she was his to take. She would never turn him down now. She would never choose this feminized, weak, sissy of a man over him.

Phillip poked Sam’s rear with the paddle.

“That was very rude, showing your tiny dick,” said Phillip. He savored each word and each passing second. The air itself felt electric to him. He felt his entire body growing, and Sam shrunk before him.

Sam cringed. Phillip’s words were humiliating. Being poked by the paddle was even more humiliating. Even worse, this was taking forever and the anticipation was killing him! And needing to stay ready for the first blow was stripping him of his energy and his will.

“Apologize,” demanded Phillip.

“I’m sorry, Sir,” said Sam.

Phillip raised Sam’s testicles with the paddle; they had been hanging freely between his legs. “That thing is so small you need to keep it hidden. It’s even worse that you were playing with yourself without your wife’s

permission.” He let Sam’s testicles drop. “Apologize for having a useless dick.”

“I’m sorry, Sir,” said Sam and he blushed even deeper.

Phillip reached out and touched Sam’s rear with the paddle again. He ran it up Sam’s crack and then used the paddle to raise Sam’s dress up over his rear, exposing his butt completely. The anticipation was like a drug to Phillip; it made Gwyneth incredibly horny as well.

“Please don’t do this, Sir,” said Sam. His voice was but a whisper.

Phillip ignored him. He wasn’t even listening. “Grab your knees tightly.”

Sam wanted to resist, but still couldn’t. He grabbed his knees and braced himself once more. He took a deep breath and held it, waiting for the paddle. It didn’t come yet, however. Instead, Phillip used the paddle to push Sam’s penis back and forth.

“Tiny and useless,” said Phillip dismissively.

Sam shuddered.

Then Phillip stepped behind Sam again and gave the paddle two quick practice swings. Finally, he raised the paddle behind him as he stepped slightly to the side of Sam. He brought the paddle down sharply. It landed with a massive thud directly on the center of Sam’s rear: **THUD!**

When the paddle landed, Sam nearly fell over because the paddle landed with much greater force than he expected and it pushed him forward. Since he had little traction in the heels and with the oddly loose and yet restrictive clothing robbing him of much of his freedom to balance, he found himself stumbling forward involuntarily.

At the same time, Gwyneth felt a tremor deep inside her pussy. That whole region of her body tingled and yearned to be touched. She just wasn’t sure who she wanted touching her: Sam or Phillip.

**THUD!**

**THUD!**

**THUD!**

The blows came slowly, but powerfully. They also were more about pressure and noise than pain at this point, though they would soon become more painful as their effect accumulated. Sam knew he would struggle to last too long against these blows, though he didn’t know what the alternative was.

For his part, Phillip was in Heaven. He was enjoying inflicting humiliation on Sam like nothing he had ever enjoyed in his life. It was

almost better than actual sex! His body tingled. His mind was ablaze with giddy feelings. His penis was throbbing away. He only wished that Gwyneth was sucking on his dick right now as he beat her husband. “That would have been amazing!” he told himself. Sadly, he realized, that was likely too much to ask for at this point. “Maybe in a few weeks!”

***THUD!***

Gwyneth too was excited. She was dripping wet at seeing this. She still didn’t know which she wanted more though: Sam or Phillip. And as she mentally debated the merits of both, she suddenly had a vision. In this vision, Sam and Phillip were in the same pose and Phillip was striking her husband, only this time he wore pink high-heeled pumps... *Phillip* wore pink high-heeled pumps. That image sent a shudder down her spine and made her pussy tingle. It felt absolutely amazing.

Then she saw it again, the same image, or nearly the same image. This time, Gwyneth imagined Phillip in the pink heels and a white dress similar to the one Sam wore now. This excited her even more than before. She couldn’t believe the strength of the jolts that tore through her body as the thrills rocked her. It almost felt like an orgasm, only it wasn’t quite, was it?

She felt weak in the knees when it passed.

“That’s amazing!” she thought at the intensity of it all. She struggled not to giggle uncontrollably.

Gwyneth returned her focus to the room, where her husband was being paddled by her boss, only she still saw the image in her head instead of the reality. She realized in that moment that not only did she not want Sam to become a man again, she wanted to treat Phillip to the same fate so she could have both feminized men around for her amusement.

***THUD!*** The paddle came down again.

“How do I do that though?” she asked herself.

She had no idea. It was obvious that Phillip would never voluntarily cross-dress and he wasn’t the type to take orders. But then it struck her... *he had a weakness*. This gave her an idea.

“Could it be that simple?” she wondered.

***THUD!***

She watched Sam struggle to maintain his balance. Each blow seemed to land with more force than the last and it was obviously becoming difficult for him to remain still on his heels and to keep from falling over. That wasn’t what was on her mind though.

“Maybe it is that simple,” thought Gwyneth.

She smiled. She decided to go for it. She even knew how. She turned to Phillip.

“Very nice, baby. I doubt my sissy husband will ever repeat that mistake. But there’s one thing,” she said.

“What’s that?” asked Phillip.

Gwyneth walked over to Phillip and ran her hand over his chest. She kissed him. He kissed her back. Then she reached for his zipper. She unbuckled his pants and let them fall.

“I want to enjoy watching this,” said Gwyneth, and she pulled down his underwear and let those fall too. His large erection popped into view. It was long, thick and throbbing.

“Hmm. What do you have in mind?”

“I’m going to enjoy this the most if I can see your gorgeous dick while you do it,” said Gwyneth. She stroked him several times for encouragement and so he didn’t think there was anything suspicious in her behavior. Finally, she crouched down and grabbed his pants and underwear.

“Mmm, I like that,” said Phillip. He was certain now that she would be his. He was even hopefully that he could get her to make her sissy husband watch them as he plowed her.

“I know,” she said softly and she kissed him once more. “Continue with the lesson.” She then smacked her husband on the rear with her hand as she walked past: **SLAP!**

Phillip smiled, stroked his erection twice and raised the paddle to continue.

**THUD!**

The paddle landed once more on Sam’s rear. It was becoming painful for Sam as well as humiliating at this point. His rear felt bruised and warm. He couldn’t see it, but it was red and inflamed too.

**THUD!**

Meanwhile, Gwyneth tossed aside Phillip’s pants and then grabbed her purse from the table. She pulled out her phone and snapped several photos of Phillip paddling her husband’s rear. In each of these photos, Sam’s penis and balls featured prominently, as did Phillip’s erection. Thus, it was clear that Phillip was engaged in some sort of kinky sex act with a cross-dressed man.

**THUD!**

“A simple threat to show these to his wife and he’ll do anything I tell

him,” thought Gwyneth. When she was ready, she smiled and turned to face Phillip. “Oh Phillip, darling, we need to talk.”

## Chapter Nine: “Phillip’s ‘Reward’”

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It was now two days later. A lot had happened after Gwyneth showed Phillip the photos she had taken. There were arguments and threats. A deal was finally offered. Time was given to consider the deal. A deadline established. The deadline for Phillip to give in to Gwyneth’s demands was tonight. Phillip met the deadline. He surrendered. Now he faced the difficult process of actually following through with his surrender.

He was in Gwyneth’s bathroom. She waited in the bedroom impatiently.

“Time’s up! Come out,” called Gwyneth.

She was becoming annoyed. It seemed to her that Phillip was delaying things and she was anxious to get them started. She had a lot of ideas she wanted to try and she was very horny and excited about all of them. She didn’t like waiting, especially on a man who had supposedly given himself to her completely; that was her first demand.

“I can’t,” called Phillip through the door. His voice shook as he spoke. He looked down at himself and cringed. “I really can’t.”

“Oh yes you can.”

“I can’t! Honest!”

“You can, because if you don’t, then I’ll send the photos to your wife,” said Gwyneth. “Do you remember how that works?”

Phillip thought again about the photos Gwyneth had shown him. They were bad. They showed him paddling Sam’s naked rear while both men were wildly erect and Sam was dressed in women’s clothes and shoes; there was no sign of any woman in the mix. If Phillip’s wife saw those photos, she would divorce him before he could say “baby, I’m not gay!” And if she divorced him, she would get the house and enough of his business to ruin it. Not to mention that his reputation would be in tatters. He would be finished in the circles in which he traveled now, which also meant no more clients. No, he had no choice but to surrender, especially after Gwyneth promised to keep this secret if he did the things she wanted.

Unfortunately, this was proving harder than expected.

“I’m not trying to be defiant or anything. I really just don’t think I can do this. I can’t make myself walk out there and be seen like this. It’s

honestly too much,” said Phillip.

“You don’t have a choice.”

Phillip ran his trembling hands down the front of his silky top and past his skirt until he felt his stockings. He had never felt more humiliated in his life, and he knew that his humiliation was only just beginning. He had seen what she had done to her own husband. She would do worse to him, no doubt.

“Last chance!” called Gwyneth through the door.

She didn’t wait for a response, however. Instead, she threw open the door and shot a handful of quick photos of her stunned lover. Phillip jumped when Gwyneth burst into the bathroom. He thought his heart might stop. Gwyneth’s heart too was racing, but for a different reason. She took a long, slow look at her feminized lover. He looked so helpless, so emasculated. Her pussy became wet. This was very exciting.

“And now you have no reason to worry about me seeing you because I’ve already seen you, so come on out girlfriend,” said Gwyneth.

Phillip cringed, but he realized she was right that he had nothing to hide at this point. “I... I... fine,” said Phillip and he hung his head.

Gwyneth stepped aside and Phillip walked out the bathroom door into the bedroom. He struggled to walk in the high-heeled sandals he wore. He had never worn heels before and these seemed particularly challenging. They had thick brown leather straps which were attached to the wooden platforms with brass studs. He wobbled insecurely and his ankles kept threatening to buckle. Nevertheless, these shoes still made that unforgettably feminine sound: ***Click Slap! Click Slap! Click Slap! Click Slap!*** This made Phillip’s penis hard for some reason beneath his white miniskirt and his pink cami. His hot-pink thong panties did nothing to hold his erection in place either, and his erection slid out and pushed up the skirt. His panties also let his testicles hang out freely beneath his skirt.

“A lot of people would laugh their butts off if they saw this,” thought Phillip.

“Go to the living room couch,” commanded Gwyneth.

Phillip shuddered. He had hoped his humiliation would remain between Gwyneth and himself in the bedroom, but apparently it wouldn’t. Now she wanted him in the living room, *where Sam was*. He had no choice though, so he reluctantly walked to the living room: ***Click Slap! Click Slap! Click Slap! Click Slap!***

Gwyneth followed him, taking the opportunity to watch how his feet moved up and down in his sandals as he raised his feet, how his tight butt cheeks shook femininely and how he squeezed them as he walked, and how his testicles swung between his legs. She couldn't wait to play with those. Seeing her boss and former prospective-seducer helpless, submissive and feminized made her intensely horny.

*She liked feminizing men!*

Sam was already waiting for Phillip and Gwyneth when they reached the living room. He was just as embarrassed and unhappy to see Phillip as Phillip was to see him. Indeed, despite having spent more time as a woman now, he still had not gotten used to it and he didn't know if he ever would. Sam wore a canary yellow babydoll dress and high-heeled t-strap sandals. His nails were white, whereas Phillip's were red. Both were erect.

Unlike the males, Gwyneth wore capri pants, a striped top and sandals with wedge heels. Her nails were pink. She would have been erect if she had a penis. Instead, she was ticklishly wet.

Phillip reached the middle of the room and stopped. He was about six feet away from Sam; he didn't want to get too close to the other feminized man. Somehow, the fact of there being two of them made this all the worse.

Sam and Phillip each grabbed their chests and looked around nervously. They looked at anything except each other or Gwyneth. Their insecurity was obvious. So were their nerves. Neither knew what was coming next, but both knew it was going to be embarrassing. Each wished they were somewhere else.

"Ok, boys," said Gwyneth. "For starters, I want you two side-by-side." She moved the two men next to each other. "You two look so cute in your little skirts and little heels." She giggled. "Matching erections too! Adorable!"

Sam and Phillip both turned bright red.

Gwyneth continued. "Now, I want you two to hold hands as I talk to you."

Sam cringed. The idea of holding this man's hand was embarrassing. It felt like an expression of affection and that was the last thing he wanted to show another man. Phillip, similarly, hated the idea. All of this flew in the face of how he saw himself. He saw himself as the tough guy, the alpha male, not some sissy who held another man's hand!

Neither moved.

“*Now* boys,” said Gwyneth.

Sam and Phillip glanced at each other, but neither held out their hand.

“Do you boys need to be paddled?” asked Gwyneth.

Sam shuddered and held out his hand. He knew his wife would win and he didn’t want to be paddled while still losing. Phillip, however, didn’t give in. He had not yet learned that Gwyneth would always win.

“Come on now, Gwen,” said Phillip sourly.

“First of all, it’s ‘*Ma’am*’,” growled Gwyneth.

“You want me to call you ‘*Ma’am*’?!” exclaimed Phillip.

“Yes, I do, and you will.”

“But I’m *your* boss, remember?”

“Not anymore. I’m *your* boss from now on. So from now on, *you* call *me* ‘*Ma’am*’!” said Gwyneth. “Now get it right or I’ll let Sam paddle you until your butt is as red as your panties. Understand?”

That thought sent a shock through Phillip. Would she really let her sissy husband paddle him? Maybe. She had let him paddle Sam, so it was easy to see that she might allow the reverse. That would be horribly emasculating!

Even worse though, he suddenly worried that Gwyneth might be planning to take this beyond her bedroom into the office. This was all supposed to be confined to her home. Did she really mean for him to call her “*Ma’am*” in the office as well? That would be a disaster. And even if she didn’t, he still hated the idea.

“I can’t call you that. It’s humiliating!” he said.

Gwyneth laughed. “Of course it’s humiliating! That’s what makes it so hot!” she told herself. Then she told Phillip, “Nonsense! This is just my two favorite boys showing their love and affection for me. Now hold hands or I’ll have Sam paddle you. End of argument.” This was an ironic use of a phrase which Phillip often used in the office to shut down employees who tried to argue with him.

Phillip glared at his former lover. She smirked back, making him feel helpless.

Sam, by the way, was trying hard not to chuckle at the idea of paddling Phillip. He wouldn’t mind a little payback for his prior paddling.

Phillip finally convinced himself that he was beaten... sort of.

“All right, but I do it under protest,” said Phillip defiantly. He reached out his hand and took Sam’s. Sam’s hand was warm and soft, and touching it

made Phillip feel weak and emasculated. He visibly cringed when he took it.

Gwyneth let out a cynical snicker. “All right, do it under protest. And then you can kiss each other under protest too.”

Both Sam and Phillip’s jaws dropped. “What?!” they exclaimed.

“If you want to talk back to me, then it’s clear I need to show you who’s in charge here. I wasn’t going to make you do this, but now I have no choice. Kiss each other,” said Gwyneth firmly. That wasn’t strictly true, but it would make Phillip regret his resistance.

“I won’t!” said Phillip. “This is ridiculous!”

“Fine, then you can be ‘the woman’ and Sam can kiss you.”

Phillip looked at the other feminized male. He couldn’t believe this man would do that. No man would kiss another man, would they? No, they wouldn’t, no matter how they were dressed. Or would they? Phillip suddenly worried that Sam might do it. He tried to pull his hand free from Sam’s, but Sam held him tightly.

“Forget it! I’m not doing this anymore!” said Phillip.

“Do you want your wife to see the pictures?” asked Gwyneth.

Phillip froze. There was the problem. He couldn’t allow that.

When Phillip didn’t respond after several seconds, Gwyneth motioned her husband to kiss him. Sam felt weak in the knees. He didn’t want to kiss another man, but he had learned not to resist his wife either. He didn’t know what to do. Before he even realized he had made a decision, however, he felt his body slowly creeping toward Phillip.

“Why am I giving in so easily?” he wondered.

He didn’t know.

Sam stepped toward Phillip. It felt strange realizing what he was about to do. He was about to kiss a man... *a man!* That idea terrified him and made him sick. It also seemed to make him intensely erect. He didn’t understand that either.

“Why would kissing a man make me hard? It should repulse me? Why am I even doing any of this?” he asked himself.

Sam tried to tell himself that it wasn’t his choice, just as it wasn’t Phillip’s choice to be kissed, so maybe he bore no responsibility here.

Indeed, this was his wife’s idea, not his! But then, he was the one who was going to do it, wasn’t he? So maybe it was him after all. But why?

“Maybe it’s because he’s dressed like a woman? Maybe that makes it ok,” he speculated.

That didn't seem to be a good answer though. The simple answer that kept dancing around inside his head, which he didn't want to accept, was that he felt strangely curious. He wanted to see what this felt like. Indeed, despite all the humiliations he had endured the past couple days, he was slowly coming to the shocking realization that something about being submissive and being feminized... well... it turned him on.

He shuddered.

Sam looked at Phillip's wet, painted lips as he got even closer. This was still very difficult for him. Those lips belonged to a man. There was a penis beneath that "woman's" skirt. If he kissed those, he would be kissing a man, no matter how he was dressed. And while he may be curious how that would feel, it still seemed wrong to him. He was a man after all, even in a dress and heels, and he should not be kissing another man.

But he was curious...

... and he didn't have any choice, right?

Sam looked at Phillip's lips and took a deep breath. It was time. He felt his penis throb. He moved in for the kiss.

As her husband moved in closer, inch by inch, Gwyneth was going crazy. Her husband was about to kiss another man! A man in a gorgeous skirt! She couldn't believe this was happening just because she ordered it. She felt a sense of power that was almost electric. Her pussy was positively screaming to be stroked at this point. Even her panties were wet.

Phillip watched Sam's approach with horror. "I *really* don't want to do this!" said Phillip, but he didn't move. He couldn't move. So he tensed up, stayed very still, and closed his eyes.

A moment later, Sam wrapped his arms around Phillip's torso and pulled him close. He planted his lips on Phillip's lips. He felt the warmth of Phillip's breath, the silky feeling of his clothes against his body, and smelled the sweetness of his perfume. He pressed his lips harder, and he sucked. He closed his eyes now too. He felt odd. He felt something he couldn't explain. It felt like weakness, but pleasurable at the same time. It made his penis as hard as it possibly could get and he nearly came.

Gwyneth too felt something interesting. As she watched the two men kiss, her pussy felt like it exploded. It filled with her juices. Her muscles tightened. Her breathing stopped. And tremors wracked her insides. This was one of the most powerful orgasms she'd ever felt and it happened without her even touching herself.

“Amazing!” gasped Gwyneth.

Meanwhile, Phillip had been stunned by the kiss, but regained his composure after a few seconds. He put his hands on Sam’s chest and pushed him away, causing Sam to stumble backwards before catching his balance.

“Blech!” exclaimed Phillip, and he wiped his lips, smearing his lipstick.

Gwyneth shook her head disapprovingly. “Oh Phillip. This would all be so much easier if you didn’t resist,” she said laughingly, though in her mind she was enjoying his resistance because she liked breaking his resistance; it made her feel more powerful to break him. It was also useful to her. In fact, she had something deeply humiliating planned for this very moment and now his behavior gave her the perfect excuse to make them do it.

“Since you don’t seem to like being kissed, how about I let you suck on something instead. Crouch down before Sam, pull out his dick, and suck him off,” said Gwyneth.

Phillip’s jaw dropped. “Are you serious?!”

“Get started, girlfriend,” replied Gwyneth.

Despite himself, Sam tingled all over upon hearing this. This confused him. True, he did like blowjobs a lot, but Phillip was a man and getting a blowjob from a man would be even worse than kissing one. So why was this exciting? A dozen thoughts began to flood his mind, but he didn’t want to think about it; he feared what the answer might be. So he focused his mind on the moment and tried not to think about any of this.

Unlike Sam, Phillip couldn’t shut it out, however, and he couldn’t do this. Being kissed by another man was horrific enough; putting another man’s penis in his mouth... that was impossible. He shook his head.

“No way!” he said firmly.

“Then I guess your wife will see the photos,” said Gwyneth.

“So be it,” snapped Phillip.

“You must have a very understanding wife,” replied Gwyneth. She pulled up her phone and began cycling through the photos. She had a great many at this point. “Which one shall I send first?”

Phillip folded his arms defiantly. He had put his foot down and that would be that. If she wanted to dress him up and make a fool of him, that was fine, he could stand that. But he wasn’t going to suck another man’s dick. Those pictures just weren’t worth that... or were they?

Phillip felt an icy chill race over him. He imagined his wife getting the

photos on her phone. She would be angry, very angry. She would divorce him, of that there was no doubt. It would be an ugly divorce too. It would probably destroy his business. He might actually be left with nothing.

“There’s a real irony here,” said Gwyneth as she moved a couple choice photos to her text program to be sent. “Whether you ever put Sam’s dick in your mouth or not, everyone will think that you did.”

Phillip raised an eyebrow. “What are you talking about?”

Gwyneth showed him her phone and flipped through several pictures. These showed Phillip paddling Sam while his erection featured prominently in the foreground. Others showed them holding hands earlier while both were dressed as women. Again, their erections showed clearly.

“There’s no way anyone is going to believe that you got naked and paddled another man in a dress in a sexually provocative way without going further and doing something sexual with him,” said Gwyneth. She held out the phone for him to see the pictures again. “I mean, look how hard you are! You can’t wait to start playing with Sam’s dick. That’s obvious.”

“But I never touched his dick!”

Gwyneth shrugged her shoulders. “You can tell that to people all you want after your wife shares these pictures with everyone you know, but what do you think they’re going to believe? What would you believe?”

Phillip felt sick to his stomach. He realized that she was right. That is what people would think, and *everyone* would see the photos too. His wife would use them in court for the divorce. That would make them a public record. They might even end up in the newspaper in the “Can you believe this!” column. Not to mention, she would definitely show them to everyone regardless of the divorce. Somehow, the idea that everyone he knew would see them didn’t strike him until just now. Up to now, he’d only thought about his wife seeing them. Phillip suddenly didn’t feel so confident.

In fact, Phillip lost all of his nerve. He truly had no choice. He would need to do whatever his former lover-to-be-turned-blackmailer wanted until she got sick of this. “She will eventually get sick of this, right?” Phillip asked himself nervously.

“What’s it going to be?” asked Gwyneth.

Phillip shot her a pleading look as if to say, “Do I really have to?”

She glared back at him and held the phone in his face. “Get down and suck on my sissy husband’s dick or I hit send!” she said bluntly.

Phillip took a deep breath. It was better to do this in secret than let his

shame become public. He swallowed his pride and tottered over to the feminized man. Then he crouched down, which wasn't easy in the heels. He felt his own balls drop down between his ankles. He could only imagine how they looked dangling below his skirt, between his feet in their high-heeled shoes. That was a very sissy image.

"Good boy. Now pull it out," said Gwyneth. She felt intense power at the moment, and the more Phillip struggled the more power she felt. This turned her on something fierce.

And boy did Phillip struggle! Every inch was murder.

Phillip reluctantly pulled back Sam's panties and his skirt, exposing his erection. His face was now inches away from Sam's penis. He felt revulsion staring at it. He'd never been this close to another man's penis before and he certainly never thought he would touch one... much less suck on one.

"Am I really doing this?" asked Phillip aloud.

No one answered.

Sam saw the confusion and disgust in Phillip's face and he hoped that Phillip would back out and walk away. "Please don't do this," he thought. Yet, at the same time, part of him wanted Phillip to do this. His penis yearned to be sucked on and right now it didn't care if Phillip was a man or a woman or something in between.

Phillip stared helplessly at Sam's hard penis. It was nicely shaped, though smaller than his own. He could get his lips around it, if he could bring himself to do it. But could he? He knew the alternative, but knowing what he needed to do and doing it were two different things.

He just wasn't sure he could do this.

"Am I really doing this?" Phillip repeated.

"Yes, you are," commanded Gwyneth. "Now wrap your lips around it."

Phillip moved closer, but still not close enough.

As Phillip struggled with Sam's penis, Gwyneth came around behind Phillip and sat down on the edge of the table directly behind him. She crossed her legs, letting her wedge-heeled sandal dangle from her toes. Then she flipped up Phillip's skirt to get a clear view of his testicles which dangled freely between his heels. His erection stuck out before him like a pole.

"Look at how hard you are, Phillip! I never knew dicks turned you on!" said Gwyneth with a mocking laugh.

Being able to mock these men without consequence made her feel

strong. It had a very different effect on them though. Phillip felt himself wither. He wanted to fall down. Sam, on the other hand, struggled with his own feelings. Part of him was really curious about doing this, but the more humiliating Gwyneth made this for Phillip, the harder it was for him to overcome the idea that this felt wrong to him.

“Slip your sissy lips over it,” said Gwyneth.

Phillip cringed. He wanted to resist. He wanted to say “no,” but that would not happen. He had too much to lose and he couldn’t risk it. He needed to do this, he told himself. “It’s just a lump of flesh, just like these panties that I’m wearing are just cloth. It doesn’t mean anything.”

He didn’t believe that though.

“Go on,” said Gwyneth and she nudged Phillip’s balls with her toes. As she flexed her toes, her high-heeled sandal slapped against the bottom of her foot: **SLAP!** This made Phillip’s erection throb.

He still didn’t move any closer to Sam’s penis, however.

“*Now!*” growled Gwyneth and she nudged him harder. Her pussy was dripping wet.

Phillip knew the time had come. He could avoid this no longer. He took a deep breath, closed his eyes, tried to think of anything other than what he was doing, and slipped his lips over the head of Sam’s penis. He was immediately struck by the salty, sour taste. It tasted like he expected an old shoe to taste. Even worse, the idea of what he was doing left a sour taste on his mind.

“Good boy!” purred Gwyneth. “Now start sucking.”

“How?” mumbled Phillip with Sam’s penis in his mouth.

Gwyneth shook her leg excitedly, which caused Phillip’s testicles to bounce up and down on her foot. Her pussy was tingling. “Grab it with your lips and start sliding your mouth up and down his shaft. Make him cum and you can stop.”

Phillip now had a goal. He knew how to make this stop. So he pressed his lips against Sam’s flesh and started moving his head up and down on Sam’s shaft. He could tell that Sam felt tense, but excited. Sam’s erection throbbed like it might explode any second.

As Phillip sucked on Sam’s penis, Gwyneth slipped her foot further forward and wrapped her toes around Phillip’s penis. She started moving her foot up and down, stroking his penis. This made Phillip’s penis throb.

“Hmm, you like that, don’t you?” asked Gwyneth.

Phillip ignored her question. He wanted this to end. That meant, he needed to make Sam cum as quickly as possible and be done with this, but it didn't seem to be working. He kept moving up and down Sam's shaft and Sam looked like he was enjoying it, but it was clear to Phillip that Sam's penis wasn't working its way toward ejaculation at all. That was a problem, especially as he doubted Gwyneth would let him quit with an "At least I tried!" He needed to do something else.

"How do I make him cum?" asked Phillip of himself.

Phillip thought back to the blowjobs he had received in the past. As he did, he realized that each one involved a lot of tongue action and some teasing. He would need to do those things as well.

"As if this wasn't bad enough," thought Phillip at the idea.

Phillip pushed his tongue away from the bottom of his mouth, where it was hiding about as far away from Sam's penis as possible, and he pressed it right against the head of the penis. He began licking it like a lollipop. His tongue traced its curves. It tickled its tip.

Sam moaned. He became less stable standing in the heels.

Meanwhile, Gwyneth picked up a dildo she had set behind her when she sat down. It was pink and long and about an inch in diameter. She had brought this dildo for a specific purpose and now it was time to use it. She placed the dildo against Phillip's rear and rubbed it along his cheeks. Then she pulled aside his thong and tickled his hole with the dildo.

Phillip's muscles tightened nervously when he felt the dildo touch his crack. He tried to ignore it though. He didn't want to know what she was doing, not that it could be worse than what he was doing with his mouth. And in any event, he needed to concentrate on Sam if this was ever to end.

Gwyneth kept rubbing the dildo up and down his crack. She chuckled at the idea of what she was doing to her husband and her lover. They were both entirely in her control and she loved that. It made her feel alive.

She was ready for the next phase.

"Stay calm," said Gwyneth.

Without warning, Gwyneth slowly pushed the dildo against Phillip's hole and then shoved it inside. Phillip jolted when this happened.

"Whoa!" exclaimed Phillip, even with Sam's penis in his mouth.

Phillip did his best to stay calm. It felt so strange to have this thing inside him. At first, Phillip felt a strange, emasculating sensation as it entered him. Penetration was not something men were meant to experience, and it

felt odd to have something invade his rear; it made him feel feminine... even more feminine than wearing women's clothes or sucking on Sam's penis had made him feel.

Then it began to build pressure as it forced its way further inside. This pressure made Phillip's muscles tighten all over his body. Next came pain, as the dildo kept getting wider and wider. It seemed to be incredibly wide to Phillip. If he didn't know better, it felt to him like Gwyneth had jammed a tree trunk inside him!

Finally, Phillip felt a sense of pleasure as the dildo seemed to burst into the open. Suddenly, he realized that this could actually be a pleasurable experience. Only, he didn't have time to enjoy it, for at the same moment, Sam's body began to heave and jolt and Phillip needed to focus on keeping his lips on Sam's penis and keeping the rhythm he had built going. He needed to make Sam cum if this was to end, and that wouldn't happen if he lost his rhythm.

"Mmm, you can take a lot, can't you, girly," said Gwyneth as she pushed the dildo all the way inside him and she shook it back and forth.

Phillip tried to ignore her once more and the jolts he felt. He focused on Sam's penis. He needed to get this done. He seemed to be getting close. Phillip tightened his lips even more around Sam's shaft and worked it even faster. Sam spread his legs to get a more stable stance. His moaning increased.

Phillip knew what was coming next.

Sam arched his back. His muscles tightened. His penis thrust deeper into Phillip's mouth, even touching the back of his throat once. It was throbbing and tense. It was ready to cum.

Phillip too felt his muscles tighten. His penis was throbbing against Gwyneth's toes. She was working his balls and erection with her foot. Precum escaped Phillip's penis and made Gwyneth's toes glisten as they poked out the front of her sandal. Like it or not, Phillip was very horny. He too felt like he might cum.

Sam moaned. Then he stopped breathing.

"Finally!" thought Phillip. "This can end now!"

A moment later, Sam grunted again and hot, sticky cum shot out of his penis. It came in three waves, each of which seemed to fill Phillip's mouth. Phillip felt utterly disgusted. He felt utterly humiliated too. A man had cum inside him. Sperm from his lover's sissy husband were floating inside his

mouth. He wanted to throw up.

“That is disgusting!” thought Phillip. He tried not to think of what this was in his mouth as he swallowed it down; he had nowhere to spit it out.

“That was one of the best blowjobs I’ve ever had!” gasped Sam.

This made Gwyneth laugh.

Phillip blushed and looked down. He let Sam’s penis slip out of his mouth. Then he stood up and wiped his lips on his sleeve. He was still breathing heavily from the dildo and from the remnants of the feeling of Gwyneth’s foot. He hadn’t cum yet though, so he was now very horny as well as intensely humiliated.

Gwyneth laughed. “That was wonderful! Thank you boys for such a fantastic show! Why don’t you two take each other’s hands and go to the kitchen and fetch me a drink? We have a long night ahead of us.”

“Yes Ma’am,” said Sam. He felt quite happy after the blowjob.

Phillip didn’t feel so happy. He also didn’t feel so comfortable, not with the dildo still sticking inside him. He reached behind himself to remove the dildo. Gwyneth put her foot on the end of it, however, stopping him from pulling it out.

“Leave that in,” said Gwyneth.

Phillip didn’t even bother complaining or trying to fight back. He was beaten and he knew it. This was his fate. He had hoped to make love to Gwyneth while humiliating her husband, but now it seemed he would be making love to her husband while she humiliated him. He resigned himself to that and to whatever else Gwyneth wanted. So he let go of the dildo, he took Sam’s hand and he slunk away to the kitchen with the dildo still stuck inside him, poking up his dress in the rear, as his erection poked up his skirt in the front. The taste of Sam’s cum coated his tongue.

Gwyneth giggled as her sissy boys tottered off.

## Chapter Ten: “Surprises”

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For the next few weeks, Phillip led a double life. At home and at work, he remained a normal man by all appearances – he did seem to let Gwyneth get away with being a little bossy at times around the office, but not enough that any rumors started. But whenever Gwyneth called him, he would reluctantly race to her side to attend her as her second favorite sissy. No one realized what was going on.

He kept the secret well.

Indeed, after each session, George would make sure that he had removed all the makeup, jewelry and feminine articles Gwyneth had made him wear. Then he would change back into his male clothes before he left, and he would head home, where he was remarkably good at acting like nothing unusual was going on.

His excuse for being away so much and at such random times was work. His wife had no idea what projects the company had so it was easy to mention a couple big projects and she would give him free reign. Besides, he was the boss and that made him indispensable.

At Gwyneth and Sam’s home, however, Phillip found himself in a much different position and on a much shorter leash. Whatever they did, his role was always servile. Indeed, Gwyneth liked it to be very clear that she was always the boss, so she made him curtsy to her and to otherwise make himself submissive. He was always feminized too. That meant skirts, dresses, heels and lingerie. Sometimes, his penis was out for Gwyneth to play with, sometimes it was tucked away to preserve the feminine illusion. Sometimes, Gwyneth would make him do things to Sam. Other times, Sam would do them to him. It all depended on Gwyneth’s mood and her creativity.

Gwyneth’s mood today was mixed.

“Fetch me another drink,” said Gwyneth to her husband.

Sam tottered off to the kitchen. He wore a red babydoll dress and matching satin mules. His penis bounced around freely as he wore no panties. He was hard as a rock. He always seemed to be hard lately. Apparently, feminization agreed with him. Phillip didn’t understand it.

“You keep working,” said Gwyneth to Phillip as he watched Sam totter

off.

“Yes Ma’am,” replied Phillip.

Phillip sat on the floor wearing the white version of what Sam wore. He was hard as a rock too, though he didn’t want to admit it. His legs were tucked up beneath him as required in a very femme pose. He was painting Gwyneth’s toenails. As he did, she would periodically slip her free foot up his thigh, beneath his dress and grab his penis between her toes. That was admittedly exciting for Phillip, but the circumstances were humiliating.

Sam returned with the drink and curtseyed to his wife.

“Thank you, darling,” she said. She picked up the remote and flipped through the channels. She found nothing. She set it back down. “I’m bored. Maybe I should have you two girls make out.”

Both men cringed.

Much to his surprise, Sam had slowly come to enjoy being feminized. He wasn’t entirely sure, but there was something about it that was exciting to him. Indeed, he was constantly hard and he came to find that he enjoyed many of the sensations... the cool air rushing up beneath his skirt, the sound of his heels, the sensations of being bound within his clothes. It all became special to him in a naughty sort of way.

He also found he enjoyed the constant attention he got from his wife and from the women at work. It made him feel special.

Moreover, Sam finally found the respect he lacked for his work and for himself. He understood now why it was important to take pride in his work and in his appearance. He even learned how to experience joy, though it was the joy of wearing a pretty pair of shoes or a gorgeous dress or of being told he had done good work or of the warm feeling he experienced in his wife’s arms. Becoming a woman slowly made him into a better man.

All that said, however, he did not like his wife’s penchant for making him play with Phillip. No matter how he was dressed, he was still a man beneath and the idea of doing sexual things with another man made him uneasy.

Phillip, on the other hand, refused to embrace any of this. In his mind, he was a man and men don’t submit to women or let themselves be turned into women, and they certainly don’t play sex games with other men. He kept telling himself this too all the time, even though it seemed to increase his humiliation. Indeed, he would have been better off embracing his fate, except he kept looking for a way out. He had convinced himself that some

chance to escape this feminized nightmare would present itself and then he could return his life to the way it had been before. He may have been stuck for now, but he would find his way out! In the meantime though, he just needed to grin and bear it. That was harder than it seemed though.

Gwyneth giggled. “I love how both of you act like it’s the end of the world whenever I say that. I should make you two tie your dicks together and spend the whole weekend hugging and kissing.”

Again, both males cringed.

Gwyneth giggled again. “Ok, get back to work.”

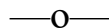
For the next hour, Gwyneth sipped her drink and watched the television as Phillip finished her toenails. Sam sat down next to her on the couch after returning with the drink and painted her fingernails. When it was all done, she had freshly painted pink nails all around. They looked good.

“You boys are getting really good at this,” said Gwyneth.

“Thank you, Ma’am,” replied both males in unison.

“By the way, boys, Harriet Weinstone is throwing an adult fancy dress party at a ballroom downtown in a few weeks. I’ve decided that the three of us will be going. I’ll pick out your costumes this weekend. It should be a lot of fun,” said Gwyneth with a snicker. There was something she wasn’t telling the boys about this party.

Sam and Phillip shot each other nervous glances. They had no idea what was coming.



For the next couple weeks, Gwyneth kept any details about the fancy dress party close to her vest. She refused to tell either male what the occasion was or what they would be wearing. Both assumed they would be feminine costumes, obviously, but neither knew anything more than that. Both were very nervous.

Sam tried to learn more at work and found himself similarly held out of the loop. All he could glean from the little office gossip shared with him was that it was an invite only party and that the other women were very excited.

Phillip spent his time trying to figure out how to prepare for this. He had never stepped outside of Gwyneth’s apartment in female clothes and he wasn’t sure how he would handle it come time for the party. He considered making a test run in a dress somewhere quiet to see what happened, but he

just couldn't bring himself to cross-dress more than was necessary.

He was dreading this.

A few days before the party, the situation suddenly got worse for Phillip. Phillip sat at his kitchen table reading the newspaper. He wore his typical slacks, a light-blue dress shirt and loafers. His legs were crossed a little too femininely and he let his loafer dangle from his toes, but he didn't realize it. Indeed, he had not yet noticed that certain feminine mannerisms were beginning to creep into his otherwise masculine repertoire. Fortunately for him, neither his wife nor his employees had noticed this yet either.

Phillip's wife Maria entered the kitchen. She wore a tight black dress and sharp tall heels. She looked sexy, but also a bit severe. People who knew her wondered that she didn't wear the pants in their family. Only Phillip's domineering personality seemed to keep that from happening.

"I'll be home late tonight," said Maria as she grabbed some coffee. "I'm stopping at the spa."

"That's fine," said Phillip, who blushed slightly at recalling Sam putting a mask on his face the other night and then trimming his eyebrows slightly; Gwyneth had called it his "mini-spa treatment." Fortunately, no one noticed the changes.

"By the way, I received an invite to a party this weekend. It's for two. I want you to come," said Maria.

"What party?" Phillip turned the page in his newspaper.

"It's for the Weinstyle Company."

Phillip felt his stomach jump up into his throat. That was the party Gwyneth wanted them to attend in feminine costumes! The last thing he wanted was his wife to be there. "Can you imagine how she would react if she caught me in a dress?!" He cleared his throat. "Uh, sadly, I can't this weekend. I need to work," he said.

"All right. I'll go without you."

"But honey, you don't want to go to a party alone."

"Are you kidding me, Phillip? I've been a client of hers for years and she's never invited me to one of her insider parties. These things are supposed to be amazing. She only invites her best clients. The food is five-star, and she is famous for providing novel and exciting entertainment. There is no chance I'm going to pass this up," said Maria firmly.

"But you'll be alone—"

"I'll be fine, Phillip." That was the end of the conversation. Maria's

tone said so, and she left the room immediately after. Phillip now had an even bigger problem. How could he dodge his wife at the party? He hoped his costume hid his identity. Only time would tell.

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Two days before the party, the boys were supposed to get their first look at the costumes they would be wearing. This was both an exciting and a terrifying event. They would not be pleased at what they saw.

“You want me to wear this?!” asked Phillip as he looked at the clothes on the bed. His tone was somewhere between shocked and outraged.

“Of course,” replied Gwyneth.

“What if somebody recognizes me? I’ll be utterly humiliated!”

“Who’s going to recognize you? Especially in that?”

Phillip thought about mentioning that his wife was going to be at the party, but he thought better of it. The last thing he wanted was Gwyneth having that bit of information. He had no doubt she would find some way to use it against him. She had proven to be quite clever at humiliating and controlling him.

“I don’t know what you’re complaining about,” said Sam. “Have you seen mine?”

“It’s not worse than mine, trust me on that.”

Both boys held up parts of their costumes for the other to see. Each cringed at what he saw. Both costumes seemed unbearable.

“And what is this for?” asked Phillip unhappily. He held up a red ribbon.

Gwyneth didn’t answer.

“At least everyone else will be dressed up too,” offered Sam as mitigation.

Phillip looked at Gwyneth. “You did say this will be an ‘adult’ party, right? I mean, these costumes are pretty wild. We’re not going to show up and be the only ones dressed like this while everyone else is dressed in traditional costumes, right?”

Gwyneth chuckled to herself. “I can assure you that no one will be dressed in a ‘traditional costume.’”

Phillip felt a little better, but not much.

Sam actually began to feel a bit excited. This could be really exciting

to be seen in public dressed like this. It would be like one of the many moments where the women in the office humiliated him, moment that, um... well, he found rather exciting. In fact, he had come to enjoy those moments very much.

“Try them on, girls,” said Gwyneth.

Phillip looked at Gwyneth doubtfully, but Sam jumped right in. Phillip joined him after a few dirty looks from Gwyneth.

It wasn't easy for either male to fit into the costumes. They were skintight. They were elaborate. Sometimes, it wasn't clear if they were looking at the front or the back. And they were humiliating.

When all was said and done and both boys were dressed, Gwyneth made them pose for pictures. They would never live it down if those pictures were ever seen by another person.

In terms of the costumes, Sam was “The Little Girl.” He wore a very loose light pink babydoll dress which stopped right at the top of his erection. It had short but puffy sleeves and white frilly lace at the cuffs and the hem. The slightest breeze made it fly up exposing his panties. Beneath the dress, Sam wore a tight pink corset. It gave him nearly a perfect hourglass shape.

To cover his penis, Sam wore crotchless pink thong panties. Being crotchless, his penis stood right out for all to see. Hence, to hide his penis, it was wrapped completely in a pink ribbon which was tied in a bow at the tip of his penis. A little silver bell hung from the tip. It rang whenever his penis moved.

*Ding ding!*

Moving up, Sam's hair was done with two side braids. These were held up with ribbons that matched the one on his penis. His makeup was over the top and made him look like a doll, complete with bright red cheeks.

Below, his legs were wrapped in white stockings with lace tops. On his feet were pink platform sandals. These had a two-inch platform, a six-inch heel and straps that wound their way up to his knees. They were total stripper shoes. His bright red toenails were visible beneath the stockings, as were his bright red fingernails beneath his delicate white gloves.

Sam took in these details as he examined himself in the mirror.

“This is going to be the most humiliating thing I've ever done,” he told himself. He felt a tingle as he imagined the women at work unwrapping his penis ribbon. The idea excited him.

Meanwhile, Phillip was having a very bad time. He too wore

crotchless panties, but his were black leather with golden studs. They were more straps than panties really and they allowed his penis to poke out. Hence, like Sam, he wore a ribbon to cover his erection. It was dark red.

“Is this even legal?” asked Phillip nervously as he examined his ribbon-covered erection.

“I guess that depends on where you live,” said Gwyneth with a laugh.

Matching the panties was a leather bra. The bra was really two triangular patches which let his nipples poke through and then some suggestive furry brown trim. That fur matched the brown furry ears on his head. These were large and round like teddy bear ears. Beneath the ears, he wore a long, wavy blonde wig, held in a loose ponytail with a red ribbon which matched the one on his penis.

On his legs were black fishnet stockings. On his feet, he wore high-heeled shoes similar in design to those worn by Sam, only in black. His bright red toenails matched his fingernails and his ribbons.

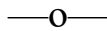
Around his waist he wore a gold chain from which hung a small, golden pendant shaped like a honey pot. In the middle of his back went a golden ring on a white string which was meant to signify that he was a windup toy.

The outfit was outrageously kinky enough as it was, but two additional details made Phillip particularly worry. First, the outfit came with a brown fuzzy tail which Gwyneth hadn't given to him yet for some reason. The fact she didn't show it to him made him worry. It also came with a riding crop for some reason. Apparently, he was a “Bondage Teddy Bear.” He didn't like that idea at all.

“You two are going to be such a hit!” gushed Gwyneth.

Sam and Phillip looked at each other. They didn't know about this.

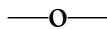
## Chapter Eleven: “The Fancy Dress Party”



For the next two days, Phillip tried to resist. He did his best to try to convince Gwyneth that she should not take them to this party. She wouldn't listen. Sam, however, had a different view. He began to look forward to it. Indeed, he became very excited at the idea that the women from the office would be there and that they would see him dressed like this. He imagined them playing with his penis that night and thereafter and teasing him over what he wore for weeks to come. He could almost make himself cum just thinking about it.

In any event, Gwyneth noticed Sam's change of attitude and she let him in on a couple secrets. At first, he was shocked to hear these, but he quickly found himself thoroughly turned on by what was to happen. He even liked the chance to get a little revenge against Phillip, whom Sam thought struck him too hard with the paddle whenever he was asked to paddle Sam.

Sam was going to enjoy this.



It was the night of the party.

While Sam waited in the living room, Gwyneth helped Phillip with the finishing touches on his costume. Gwyneth wore a black sequined evening gown with matching high-heeled sandals with a single strap over her toes and an ankle strap. She looked gorgeous, but it definitely wasn't a costume *per se*.

“This may hurt a bit going in,” said Gwyneth. She held up the box containing the tail for the bear costume.

“Going in?” asked Phillip. “I don't understand.”

Gwyneth pulled the tail from the box. This was the first time Phillip had seen it. It was a large fuzzy tail in the same color brown as his ears. It was about the size of a volleyball. Attached to the bottom of it was a black plastic object about four or five inches long. The object had a rounded diamond shape.

“What is that?” asked Phillip nervously, though he suspected he knew.

“This is how we keep the tail in place. Now bend over and grab the

bed.”

“Do what?”

“You heard me.”

Phillip thought about resisting, but he knew it would be pointless. She would threaten him with the photos and he would have no choice but to choose the lesser of two evils, which meant wearing the butt plug. “Fine,” he said.

Gwyneth snickered and pointed at Phillip to bend over.

Very reluctantly, Phillip did as commanded. He bent over and grabbed hold of the bed. Gwyneth then poured lube on the butt plug and slowly slipped it inside her former seducer’s rear. As it went in, Phillip winced on principle. But as it continued, he realized that it felt quite good. It felt like the strap-on that Sam and Gwyneth had both shoved inside him before, only smoother.

A moment later, it seemed to slide into place. As it did, the tail sat perfectly in the middle of his rear. It would have looked cute on a woman, but on him it was a genuine humiliation. His life had become full of them.

“Now let’s go,” said Gwyneth.

Sam noticed the tail right away as they returned to the living room. He had a good guess how it stayed in place and he chuckled.

“Serves him right!” thought Sam.

A few minutes later, both boys sat in the backseat of the car, holding hands per Gwyneth’s instructions. As she drove them to the party, she told them what was expected of them. They would remain calm and quiet and respectful. If given an order, they would follow it. They would hold hands the whole time too unless they were otherwise engaged. She didn’t explain what might engage them.

It would be a night they would never forget.

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The minute Phillip stepped into the building, he realized that something was wrong. He had wondered why Gwyneth’s “costume” didn’t look like much of a costume – it looked like an evening gown – but he had assumed she would add some costume elements to it later, like a mask. Now he knew better. Indeed, as Phillip stood frozen at the entrance dressed as the sexy Bondage Bear, he realized that everyone else was dressed for a black-tie

affair... women in gowns, men in formal suits.

“What is going on?” asked Phillip nervously. “Something’s wrong here.”

Sam chuckled next to him. He was hard as a rock and awash in the warm, weak glow of humiliation; he savored it.

Gwyneth immediately came up behind Phillip and placed her hand in the center of his back. She started pushing. Because of the heels Phillip wore, he was unable to resist and he quickly found himself being pushed forward into the room where several guests were already staring in his direction. More were joining them every second.

“*This isn’t a costume party!*” said Phillip through gritted teeth.

“I never said it was,” replied Gwyneth.

“Yes, you did!”

“No, I said it was a ‘fancy dress party.’ You misinterpreted me,” replied Gwyneth with a laugh.

Before Phillip could respond, Harriet Weinstone came over to the trio. She was smiling from ear to ear.

“Why hello, darling,” she said to Gwyneth and she kissed her.

Gwyneth returned the kiss.

“And hello, Sam,” she said to Sam as she looked him up and down. Her tone was mocking and authoritative. She was still his boss clearly, no matter what the circumstances may be.

Sam blushed. “Hello, Ms. Weinstone,” he said in return. He sounded submissive and nervous, which was understandable.

“Who is this?” asked Weinstone.

“This is Phillip,” replied Gwyneth.

Weinstone looked him up and down. A cruel smirk rested on her face. She was clearly judging Phillip harshly. Then her eyes stopped to examine his penis wrapped in its ribbon. She snickered. “Are they ready for the evening?”

“Oh yes. They’re all set,” replied Gwyneth.

Phillip shot a glance at Gwyneth and then Sam. His eyes asked, “Ready? What does that mean? Ready for what?!”

Weinstone nodded her head. “All right. Just remember, this crowd likes strange and *avant garde*, but don’t get *too* pornographic, darling.” She kissed Gwyneth again on the cheek and whispered thanks in her ear. Then she went to introduce the boys to the crowd. As she did, Gwyneth took both

boys aside and pulled them close to her. Both were nervous. Phillip looked positively terrified.

“What is going on?” asked Phillip. His knees were trembling.

“I may have misled you a bit, Phillip,” started Gwyneth with a friendly laugh. “I’ve brought you both here because Harriet asked me if she could use you as entertainment—”

“Entertainment?!”

“Yes, entertainment.”

“You expect me to sing and dance or something?!” exclaimed Phillip incredulously.

“Sing and dance, no... or something, yes. Here’s what you’re going to do. You’re going to walk into the middle of the room and act like you’re chasing Sam. Hold up the riding crop like you plan to hit him. Then freeze like you’ve wound down,” said Gwyneth, meaning the windup bear had wound down.

“Are you crazy? I’m not going out there!” said Phillip.

Gwyneth ignored him. “Sam will take the crop from you and do the rest.”

Phillip shot a suspicious glance at Sam. “How does *he* know what to do?!”

“Just pretend to be frozen and follow his lead.”

In the background, Weinstone had finished the introductions. The audience was applauding. They seemed genuinely excited. Weinstone was known for providing original and risqué entertainment at these exclusive parties and they were clearly looking forward to it.

Phillip shook his head. “No way. There is no way I’m doing any of this. I want to go back to the car and go home.”

Gwyneth furrowed her brow. “Forget it.”

“I’m serious. There’s nothing you can do or say to make me go out there. I’m done. I’m leaving,” said Phillip and he waved his hand as if to dismiss Gwyneth and this entire moment. He turned to leave. Gwyneth still had a couple aces up her sleeves, however.

“If you try to leave, you’ll need to walk home, Phillip,” she said.

He stopped.

She continued. “You have no car and no money to get a cab or take a bus. I’m not giving you a ride either. Imagine trying to walk home dressed like that? Imagine what your wife will say when you get home?”

Phillip realized instantly that she was right. His wallet remained in his pants at the house, so he had no way home. What's more, he couldn't imagine taking a cab or a bus or hitching a ride dressed like this. He couldn't even call his wife because he had no phone, no money, and presumably she wasn't even home – she was here at the party somewhere! He was stuck!

Then Gwyneth played her other ace. "I'll make you a deal, Phillip."

"What kind of deal?" asked Phillip nervously.

"If you do this, then I'll let you go."

"Go? Go where?"

"I'll set you free. You can stop coming to my house, stop dressing in women's clothes, and stop serving me. No more playing with Sam either," she said before adding "unless of course, you want to."

Phillip raised an eyebrow. "You'll set me free? Completely?"

"Yep. Completely free. You can go back to being Mr. Macho and fooling around on your wife all you want. All you have to do is walk out there and do as Sam tells you." She paused to let this sink in. "Is it a deal?"

"No tricks?"

"No tricks."

Phillip nodded his head. "Yeah, it's a deal."

Gwyneth smiled. "All right. Then do as I told you."

—o—

Phillip walked out into the middle of the room. The room was round with a very high ceiling and white marble tile floors. There were about fifty people standing around the outer rim of the circle, leaving what was essentially a stage in the center. Phillip moved as confidently as he could into the center. His confidence was failing, however. Indeed, he mainly felt terror, terror that someone would see him dressed like this and know who he was... *that his wife might figure out who he was.*

Sam raced out ahead of Phillip. He actually skipped.

Phillip caught up to Sam. It took a lot of balance to stop in his towering thin heels on that slick tile floor; he actually skidded a bit as if he were wearing ice skates and ended up with his toes pointing somewhat inward. He raised his hand high above his head with the riding crop held firmly in his hand like he planned to strike Sam. Sam cowered before Phillip in response.

Before Phillip could bring the crop down, however, he pretended to freeze. Sam saw this and grabbed the riding crop. Then he went behind Phillip and pretended to examine the pull sting.

Sam snickered to the audience. "That was close," he said in a girlish voice. His penis grew really hard as he spoke. This caused the audience to murmur and several members giggled.

Phillip too grew hard as he stood there frozen.

Sam then danced around Phillip twice in complete circles. He ended up behind Phillip. Next, he placed his hand in the middle of Phillip's back and pushed. Phillip bent over at the waist in response. Sam then pushed Phillip's legs wider apart to give him a stronger stance.

Once again, Sam pretended to giggle, which made the audience laugh.

"What the heck is he doing?" wondered Phillip.

"Turnabout is foreplay, bearfriend!" said Sam.

Phillip felt even more nervous suddenly.

Meanwhile, Sam took a couple practice swings of the riding crop: **Whoosh! Whoosh!** He turned to the audience and smiled smugly. He felt a strange sense of power as he did this. He couldn't wait to get a little revenge for the things Phillip had done to him. He raised the crop again and brought it down against Phillip's rear. **Whoosh! Crack!**

It stung. The audience laughing stung even worse. Phillip felt intensely humiliated. So humiliated he almost began crying.

Sam, on the other hand, now understood what Gwyneth felt when she dominated him. He liked it... he liked it a lot! It was time to concentrate on the show, however. "You've been a bad bear!" exclaimed Sam and he wagged his finger at Phillip. Then he raised the crop and brought it down once more. **Whoosh! Crack!** And again. **Whoosh! Crack!** And several more times. **Whoosh! Crack! Whoosh! Crack! Whoosh! Crack!**

These blows landed around the tail and caused it to shake. This sent vibrations directly to Phillip's spine, which made him quiver and tremble with excitement. He actually began to fear that he might cum while being struck.

**Whoosh! Crack!**

**Whoosh! Crack!**

As Sam whipped his rear, Phillip waited helplessly for it to end. He wanted to run away so badly, but he couldn't. Finishing this was the only way to be done with Gwyneth. He would need to endure the pain and the

humiliation. He tried to close his mind to it. He tried not to look at the audience, but it was hard not to notice them.

***Whoosh! Crack!***

***Whoosh! Crack!***

As Sam swung away, several members of the audience began to giggle randomly. Phillip also heard whispers. “They’re doing this for real!”

“They’re both definitely men!”

“Look at their penises. They’re both erect!”

“What’s holding that tail in place?”

“Couldn’t pay me to do this!”

“Don’t they both look familiar?!”

Each comment made Phillip wither and diminish more. He felt his masculinity shrink, though in reality it was growing. It had never been harder and it was throbbing beneath the ribbon.

With Phillip’s rear properly paddled, Sam finally stopped whipping him. He now placed his hands on Phillip’s shoulders and pushed him down to his knees. Phillip didn’t like where this was headed, but he couldn’t stop it. He just needed to endure it.

Sam came around in front of Phillip and took hold of the ribbon that covered his own erection. He slowly unwrapped it. Then he stepped forward and jammed his exposed penis into Phillip’s face.

“Be a good bear now,” said Sam.

This was another moment Sam loved. To make this feminized man, a man who had often humiliated him, suck his penis and to make him do it in front of this amazed crowd was ultra-exciting. He was tingling all over with a sense of power.

“Go ahead Mr. Bear!” giggled Sam.

Phillip knew what he needed to do and that made him shudder. He thought about being free again, free to find other women, free to be his own man again. He couldn’t wait to never wear another high-heeled shoe or a sissy dress for the rest of his life! With those thoughts dominating his mind, Phillip leaned forward and slipped Sam’s penis into his mouth. He began moving his mouth all along the shaft.

“Good bear!” said Sam.

The crowd applauded.

Phillip felt utterly humiliated, but it was worth it. He was getting his freedom for doing this, so he concentrated on making Sam cum. The quicker

Sam came, the quicker this would end. Fortunately, he knew how to make that happen. He had done it enough by now.

“If you people want a good show, then watch this!” thought Phillip.

He pulled his lips off the penis and then tickled it with his tongue. He worked the whole shaft with his tongue. This was highly erotic. Then he slipped it back inside his mouth. As he did, he finally took a look at the audience for the first time.

There she was.

Phillip swallowed hard.

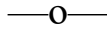
Standing five feet in front of him, at the front of the crowd, with her arms folded and her legs spread wide was his wife. She was tapping her high-heeled foot against the marble tile floor as if she were either angry or cynically amused. The smug look in her eyes told him that she knew exactly who he was and that his life was about to change forever.

“On no!” thought Phillip.

His eyes darted between Sam’s erection and his wife. He wasn’t sure what to do now. Then his wife motioned him to continue. The smug smirk on her face told him this was an order. And her finger rhythmically tapping the phone in her palm told him she had the photos to issue whatever orders she wanted from now on. He may have freed himself from Gwyneth, but he clearly was now his wife’s prisoner.

He turned back to Sam to continue. It was time to get a mouth full of cum.

# Epilogue



What had started as a means to motivate her husband to change his lazy ways had turned into a new lifestyle for Gwyneth. When all of this began, she had no idea she could even be turned on by something like a man in a dress or a submissive man... now she had owned two and she couldn't imagine living without one. Indeed, she felt happy and excited to have her little feminized husband attend to her every whim and desire. It was a dream come true, even if it wasn't a dream she'd ever had until it happened.

She had found her paradise.

Sam too slowly came to enjoy being feminized. He didn't want to believe it at first, but he soon found himself thrilling at every humiliation and craving his heels, his dress, his panties. Being submissive became a part of him and he felt at home as a wife to his wife and an office girl to Harriet Weinstone and her little feminine army. Yes, Gwyneth made him continue working. And no, Harriet never promoted him. Still, little by little, he found the respect he lacked for his work and for himself, and he found happiness. He was hard a lot too.

Phillip's life changed dramatically after the Weinstyle Company party. Surprisingly, there was no divorce, though there was a change of ownership... so to speak. That tale is for another day, but suffice it to say that he spends most of his time in dresses now and that his wife turned out to be a tad more cruel than Gwyneth ever was. She particularly likes letting her lovers humiliate him.

The End.

## Check Out Some Of My Other Classic Feminization Stories

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



### **“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

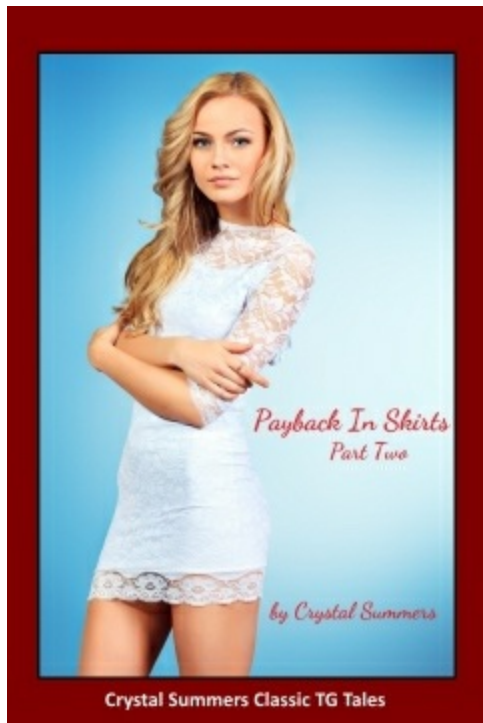


## **“Payback In Skirts” (Part One: Feminized By His Wife)**

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!

For Mature Audiences Only



### **“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

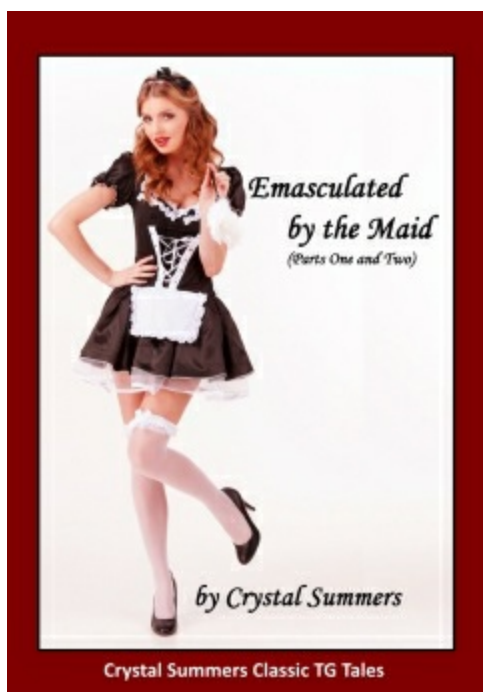


## **“How I Feminized My Boyfriend”**

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