



Woman's Work

by Crystal Summers

Crystal Summers Classic TG Tales

Chapter One: “Because I’m A Man”

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Woman's Work

Part One

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Chapter One: “Because I’m A Man”

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Thomas Oliver was a good looking guy, but he struggled to keep a girlfriend because his old-fashioned views about the roles of men and women kept driving his girlfriends away. In particular, Thomas had very clearly defined views of what he thought was appropriate work for men and what work he thought was appropriate for women. And under no circumstances did he want his girlfriend being more successful than he was at anything. It hurt his pride. Over time, however, his friends convinced him to keep his views to himself while he was dating.

Then he met Grace Martindale.

Grace was a woman with a dream. She wanted to start her own business selling makeup directly to customers. Thomas met Grace when she accidentally spilled a drink on him at a bar and he invited her to join him. They seemed to get along great, until she told Thomas about her idea. Thomas immediately told her it would never work.

Grace furrowed her brow. “Why not?”

“Too much competition. No one will buy from you when they can buy from any other store already, including department stores and gas stations,” said Thomas. “Why would anyone buy directly from you?”

“Because they get advice—”

“Who needs advice? It won’t work,” said Thomas dismissively.

“I think you’re wrong,” said Grace.

Thomas shrugged his shoulders. “Think whatever you want, but you’re wrong. It’s a sucker bet.”

Grace furrowed her brow even deeper. “And why am I supposed to listen to you?”

“Look, I’m not trying to start a fight,” said Thomas condescendingly. “It’s just that you’re looking at this emotionally and I’m looking at it logically. You can’t make business decisions on emotion.”

She now glared at him. “What makes you think I’m looking at this emotionally?”

Thomas swallowed his drink. “Because you’re a girl.”

Grace’s face turned bright red. She was angry. Was he serious or was he playing with her? “Are you seriously saying that women are too

emotional to make business decisions?”

“You’ve proven my point, haven’t you?”

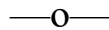
“How so?!”

“All I said was that you can’t make decisions emotionally and you’ve become irrationally angry,” said Thomas. “That’s the problem with women and that’s why they should be kept away from management.” He downed his drink.

“Kept away from management?! If this is a joke, it’s getting really obnoxious,” said Grace coldly through gritted teeth. Grace’s angry tone told Thomas that he had pushed things too far. This was where he always got into trouble with women. He needed to back off quickly.

“Uh, yeah, sorry, it was just a joke,” said Thomas.

It took Grace a moment to accept this. When she did, the conversation continued in other directions and she found Thomas quite charming for the most part. Indeed, she found him charming enough to date.



Despite their initial argument, Grace and Thomas started dating. They seemed to get along rather well, though they had two problems. First, both liked to be in charge. This was a particular problem for Thomas, who had never experienced this before and found it made him uneasy to follow the lead of a woman. As a result, they kept jostling for control. Conversely, Thomas’s sexism kept peeking out at times, which bothered Grace. She hoped to change him. He expected to change her. Little by little, they stumbled their way toward marriage. They even got engaged without ever addressing these problems.

Then things started to go wrong.

After the proposal, Grace’s business kept growing and growing. Within six months, it had become undeniable that her business was a booming success. She was elated. She had done it. She had turned her idea into a thriving business that was hiring more people every day and expanding constantly! She had become a success and an “overnight” sensation.

Thomas had not.

Thomas languished on the bottom rung at the consulting firm where he worked. They were too small to promote anyone, not that Thomas would have been the first choice for a promotion in any event. Because of this, and

his ego, Thomas struggled to accept Grace's success. He was embarrassed because her business had succeeded when he said it couldn't. What's more, *he* wanted to be the success, not Grace, especially with her penchant for trying to wear the pants in their relationship; she didn't need more ammo to justify her arguments.

"Isn't this amazing, darling?" asked Grace as she looked over the spreadsheet again showing her profits.

Thomas smiled and said it was, but his tone said it wasn't. This frustrated Grace. Throughout their relationship, he kept telling her that she would fail. And now that she had succeeded, she felt like she was walking on egg shells around him. She had just about reached the end of her rope with his negativity.

"Now we can afford a lot of the things we wanted," she said.

Thomas shrugged his shoulders. "If it lasts."

Grace finally had enough. "*If it lasts?!*" she repeated angrily. "Do you remember when you said I couldn't do it? Do you remember that?"

Thomas shifted uncomfortably.

"Do you remember when you said no one would buy from me?"

Thomas blushed. "Did I say that?"

"Yes, you did. In fact, you called my chance of success a 'sucker bet.' I guess you don't think that anymore now, do you?"

Thomas avoided eye contact with Grace and didn't answer.

"You said I was looking at this emotionally, because I'm a girl, and that you knew better. You said you would be a success long before I was," said Grace.

"I never said that."

"You did."

Thomas bit his lip. He didn't know how to respond, so he said nothing.

"Don't question my success until you have some of your own, Thomas!" With that, Grace stormed out of the room.

When she left, Thomas seriously considered breaking off their engagement. He told himself that she had been over-the-top in her attack, but the truth was that he was feeling emasculated. To his mind, he was supposed to be the successful one, and it burned him up that she had been so successful and he had not.

He didn't break up with her, however.

His reasoning was simple, though twisted. He told himself that if he

married Grace, not only would she need to defer to him as her husband, but she would need to let him take over the business. That's how he thought – though it was not how Grace thought, as he would discover.

“My best solution is to hurry things up!” he told himself.

With that in mind, Thomas proposed moving in together the following day and moving the marriage up a few months. Grace was shocked. It had seemed to her that the great and more obvious her success became, the more Thomas backed off. Now he wanted to move forward! To Grace, this seemed like a dream come true. Her entire life was coming together in the space of a couple days. First, her business had become a roaring success, and now she was to be married to the man she thought she loved.

“This just can't get any better!” she thought.

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A week later, Thomas moved into Grace's apartment. Soon, they began talking about Thomas leaving his job to come work with Grace. Things seemed to be going well for both. That was about to change, however.

It was a Wednesday night. Grace had invited her closest friend Jenny over for dinner. She wanted to offer Jenny the Maid of Honor position at her wedding, and she wanted to do it in person. Grace had another reason for the invite as well. Jenny and Thomas didn't get along well together and Grace hoped to fix that now before they married. After a pleasant dinner, the three of them sat in the living room drinking. They were telling stories of their time in college.

“And then she added the bleach,” said Jenny.

“She didn't?!” gasped Thomas.

Jenny nodded her head. “Yep. No one could stop her in time. All of it was ruined, every last pair of briefs, boxers, and panties in the dorm... all of it! She literally wiped out all the underwear in the dorm. What a mess it was too!”

“It wasn't *all* the underwear,” said Grace with a laugh.

“It was close.”

Grace giggled. “True.”

“Well, hopefully you've gotten better at doing laundry since then,” said Thomas.

Jenny raised an eyebrow. “What do you mean by that?”

Thomas shrugged his shoulders. “Nothing. I just don’t want my clothes destroyed.”

Jenny raised her eyebrow a little bit higher. “Tell me, Thomas, what makes you think Grace will be doing your laundry? Now that her business is such a success, maybe *you’ll* be doing her laundry,” said Jenny sharply

“It’s ok, Jenn. It’s just a joke,” said Grace to calm her friend.

“No, I don’t think it is. Tell me, Thomas, will you be doing the laundry around here?”

Thomas snorted. “Hardly. That’s woman’s work.”

Jenny pursed her lips and sharpened her face to a point. A scowl appeared on Grace’s face too. This conversation had suddenly taken an interesting and unhappy turn for the worse for Thomas.

“Is that meant to be a joke?” asked Jenny.

Thomas shook his head and sipped his drink. He seemed unaware, or indifferent to the women’s growing anger.

“So you think Grace should do your laundry,” continued Jenny, “even though she’s the CEO of her own company – the company that supports you – because you consider that ‘woman’s work’?”

“Yeah, but she’s not going to be CEO after we marry, so she’ll have plenty of time,” said Thomas.

“And why is that?” asked Grace.

Thomas shrugged his shoulders and finished his drink. “No wife of mine is going to work. What kind of man lets his wife support him? That’s the man’s role in marriage.”

Grace’s jaw dropped. Her face turned bright red. She was speechless.

“Are you saying you’re planning to take over her company after you’re married?” asked Jenny. “Is that what you think?”

“Well, it will be *our* company,” said Thomas.

“And that’s what you think?”

“We haven’t talked about it yet, but yeah, I think it makes sense—” said Thomas. *Beep beep!* Thomas’s cell phone beeped. “Oh, this is a friend of mine. I need to take this,” he said.

“Go ahead,” said Grace coldly.

Thomas excused himself and went into the other room to speak to his friend.

“What a sexist pig!” growled Jenny when Thomas left.

This was a problem for Thomas.

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Grace stared blankly at her friend. She was stunned. She never would have expected Thomas to think like that. She knew he had some sexism in him, but nothing like this. It bothered her. Did he really see her as such an inferior creature that she could do nothing without him? Had he not realized what she had just achieved with her business? Did he really expect her to give up her business to be his housewife? Even worse, why had he hidden these views from her for months now? Was this all some elaborate trick?

“I don’t understand this,” she finally said.

“What’s not to understand? He’s a jerk! You’ve had hints of this all along,” said Jenny.

“Nothing like this.”

“I would dump him,” said Jenny.

“He’s my fiancé,” protested Grace.

“So? He’s a sexist pig.”

“But—”

“But nothing. He thinks he’s going to get to tell you what to do for the rest of your life. He thinks he’s going to get your business just because he marries you. You can’t marry someone like that! Does he even love you or does he love your business?” asked Jenny.

Grace’s face started to turn bright red.

“You need to dump him, Grace!” said Jenny.

Grace’s face grew dark red. Her blood started to boil. Her muscles tightened.

“He just wants your business,” added Jenny. “You need to do something.”

There was a lengthy silence in which both women stared at each other uneasily. Finally, Grace let out an unhappy chuckle. She shook her head. An evil smile crossed her lips.

“Are you going to dump him?” asked Jenny.

“No,” said Grace. “I have a better idea. I think it’s time we teach Thomas something about the roles of men and women.”

This is where Thomas’s story takes a strange turn.

The following day after dinner, Grace walked into the kitchen where Thomas was “doing” the dishes. Actually, he was just putting away the dishes she had washed and dried. This was one of the few chores he did around the apartment.

“I think it would suit us both well if you quit your job immediately and came to work for me,” announced Grace.

Thomas raised an eyebrow. He knew this was coming as they’d discussed it, and that made him happy. But one word caught his attention in what Grace had said. “Surely you mean ‘with’ you,” said Thomas.

“‘With me’ what?”

“Whenever we talked about this, we said we would be equals. If we’re equals, shouldn’t I come work ‘with’ you? Equal partners. That sort of thing?” asked Thomas. He recalled several assurances on this point that they would do everything together as equals.

Grace smirked. Then she chuckled in a way which sent a chill down Thomas’s spine. “Darling, have you ever run a company before?”

“No, but I have a degree—”

“Degrees don’t prepare you to manage companies. You need real world experience. Do you have any?” she asked. Her tone was pleasant, but condescending, as if she were speaking to a child who had offered a naive suggestion.

“You know I don’t, but—”

“Then wouldn’t it be irresponsible of me to make you a manager?” she asked.

Thomas blushed. “Well—”

“Wouldn’t it make more sense for me to give you a job that lets you earn the experience you need to be a good manager first? Then we can make you a manager when it’s clear that you’re ready.”

Thomas blushed even deeper. He didn’t like the idea of taking a job where his fiancée would be his boss. That seemed emasculating. Besides, how would that look around the company? What would the other employees think of him? “Gee, isn’t your fiancée the boss? We know who wears the pants in your family!” He could hear them snickering now.

“I don’t know,” said Thomas uncomfortably.

“Oh nonsense.” That was all she said and yet, somehow, it ended the

debate as he had no way to counter what she said.

The next day Thomas gave his two-week notice, though he felt queasy doing it. This all struck him vaguely as a mistake, but he went forward with it because he was sure he would get what he wanted once they married. Was he perhaps mistaken? Time would tell.

Chapter Two: “Domestic Assignments”

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With Thomas quitting his job and Grace not yet letting him start at her firm, Thomas had little to do and no independent source of income. Grace wanted it this way because she was about to introduce some changes at home. His lessons were about to begin! Indeed, when Grace got home that night, she told Thomas that he should dust and vacuum the living room and then set the table. She would cook dinner that night, but in future, she expected him to do it.

“Me?” he asked.

“Yes, you,” she replied.

“But that’s been your job.”

“I know, but I don’t really have time to do much around the house at the moment. I have a lot of work that I need to focus on and it would be very helpful if you took over the domestic duties,” said Grace.

“I’m going to work too you know. I’ll be working at our firm, remember?”

Grace chuckled at his use of the word “our.” He had no idea of the things she planned. That was for later, though. Right now, she wanted to make this change, so she smiled condescendingly. “Oh don’t be silly, Thomas. You’re not working now, so you can do the housework now. Besides, even when you do start at *my* firm, my work will still be so much more important than yours.”

Thomas cringed at being minimized like this.

Grace snapped her fingers as she continued. “You know. Now that I think about it. We really have been doing this all wrong.”

“How so?”

“Well, I’ve been doing all the housework. How does that seem fair?”

Thomas furrowed his brow. “It seems fair to me.”

“Not at all,” said Grace. “I work to support us. Without my income, we couldn’t afford any of this. What’s more, it’s hard to do what I do. I work long hours. The work is complicated and involved. It’s quite stressful. You... well... you won’t be doing what I do.”

Thomas started to object, but Grace ignored him and continued.

“That means, *to be fair*, I deserve a break at home. That means you

should take over all the housekeeping duties from now on,” she said.

“But that’s woman’s work!” exclaimed Thomas.

Grace laughed. “And now it’s yours.”

Thomas blushed bright red. “But darling, I’m a man.”

“Oh don’t worry, I’m sure you can still figure it out, even if you are a man,” said Grace. She felt a strong sense of power racing through her body at the moment. She’d never destroyed a man’s ego as she just had with Thomas and it seemed to fill her with energy.

“This is *woman’s work*,” repeated Thomas.

“Well, if it makes you feel better, then you can wear my clothes as you work,” said Grace, scoring another cringe. “His penis must have shrunken to a nub,” she told herself.

“What?! Yuck! I’m not doing that. Now look here—”

“No, you look Thomas,” said Grace firmly. “I work hard for our money. You sit on your butt. Now you want to give me some garbage about chores being ‘women’s work’? Forget it. Either you help out or you get out.”

“But I have nowhere else to go since I quit my job?” whined Thomas.

Grace shrugged her shoulders. “Those are the conditions. Help out or get out.”

Thomas furrowed his brow. “You want me to do all these chores?”

Grace nodded her head.

“That’s a lot of chores,” he said.

“I didn’t see you worrying about that when I was doing them,” said Grace.

Thomas stared helplessly at his fiancée. He didn’t like this idea at all, but it had a certain logic to it which bedeviled him. Indeed, as much as it pained him to admit it, her job was more important and was far more demanding than what he did at the moment. That meant he couldn’t really refuse without being a jerk, and it was clear she wasn’t going to let him refuse in any event. So after a minute or so further consideration, he reluctantly agreed.

“I guess I could do it for now... as long as I don’t have a job,” he said.

Grace smiled. She untied the floral apron from around her own waist and tied it around her fiancé’s waist. “Everything you need for dinner is in the fridge or the pantry.” She then slapped her fiancé’s rear: *SLAP!* “Get with it, baby.”

Thomas looked down at the feminine floral apron and cringed. “Yuck,” he said.

He had no idea what was coming.

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For the next few days, Thomas got used to the housework. It wasn't so hard, it was just embarrassing doing what Thomas saw as “woman's work.” Not to mention, he wanted to get to the firm so he could start finding a way to lay the groundwork for taking over. After the other day, he realized that he needed a source of income to regain control! Still, he told himself to be patient.

Three days in, however, things took a sudden incredible turn for Thomas. It started when Grace announced that Thomas “had nothing suitable to wear around the house.” This surprised Thomas as she had never said anything about this before and had never complained.

“What do you mean ‘nothing’?” asked Thomas. “I have lots of clothes.”

“Not for working around the house.”

“I have my sweat pants—”

“Which I'm going to throw out because they're full of holes.”

“I have some jeans,” said Thomas.

“Which don't fit. You have no casual shirts except the two, which are always dirty and end up in the laundry. You have no pants. You have no slippers either,” said Grace.

“Why do I need slippers?”

“Because when you walk around the house in your work shoes, you end up scuffing our hardwood floors with the hard rubber soles on your shoes.”

“I do have some sneakers—”

“Which smell like a locker room,” said Grace. “I'm going to purge your wardrobe this weekend and then buy you more clothes, practical clothes... clothes you can wear around the house without damaging the floors or furniture or looking like a bum.”

Thomas shrugged his shoulders. He didn't think anything of this. After all, he hadn't bought new clothes in a long time and his wardrobe was admittedly in a sad state of repair. And if Grace wanted to buy him new clothes, he was fine with that... at least until he saw what she bought him.

“That’s the last of them,” said Grace as she hung up the final two t-shirts.

Thomas walked over to the closet and started flipping through the clothing. He did not like what he saw in the least. He had been nervous already when he saw all the pastel colors and unfamiliar shapes – cuffs on shorts? Odd lengths on jeans? Was that a rhinestone? But up close, things seemed even worse.

“Where did you find this stuff?” asked Thomas unhappily.

Grace laughed. “At the store.”

“Was it a men’s store?”

Thomas pulled a smallish peach-colored t-shirt from the closet and held it before his chest. It looked like it would barely fit, not that Thomas wanted it to. This was not a shirt he could imagine most males wearing.

“What is this?” asked Thomas.

“What do you mean?”

“Isn’t it a little feminine?”

“Not really,” said Grace. “This is the new style. Try it on.”

“I don’t know,” said Thomas uncertainly. He was trying to think of a tactful way to refuse.

“Try it on,” repeated Grace a little more forcefully.

“But they’re women’s clothes!”

“*Try it on, Thomas,*” growled Grace. Then she pulled a pair of pink shorts from the closet and handed them to Thomas along with the peach t-shirt. She also gave him a pair of white underwear. “These too. Try them all on together.”

Thomas glanced at the small shorts and smaller t-shirt in his hand. Both seemed very feminine to him. “Are you sure about this?”

“Cooperate or leave, Thomas.”

Thomas sighed. She definitely had that to hold over him. Reluctantly, he stripped himself naked and then pulled the white underwear up his legs. As he pulled them into place, he realized that they were white panties with a tiny navy-blue trim around the waist band and the leg holes. They also had a small dark-blue bow on the front. He felt deeply embarrassed being seen in these.

“These are panties,” he said and he blushed.

“I know.”

“Why do I need to wear panties?” asked Thomas unhappily.

“Because I think they’re cute on you,” said Grace.

“There are a lot of male things that look cute on me,” said Thomas.

“True. But this is what I want you wearing and since you didn’t come with me to buy your new clothes, this is what I chose.”

He started to remove the panties. “I’m going to return these and get somethin—”

“No, you’re not.”

“But I really don’t want to wear panties,” said Thomas.

“You’ll be fine. You may even come to like them.”

“Never.”

“Never say never. And do you know what, honey? You’re protesting so much it makes me wonder what you’re hiding. Should I assume you’re a secret sissy who gets hard wearing panties?” asked Grace with a laugh.

As Grace said this, Thomas’s penis grew erect inside the panties. Thomas didn’t know why it grew, but it did and he didn’t know how to stop it. He dropped his hands to hide his growing erection, but his efforts were fruitless.

Grace giggled. “And that wipes out the argument that you don’t like them.”

“But I don’t!” he protested.

Grace grabbed his now-full erection through the panties and stroked him. This felt amazing to Thomas, as it always felt when she stroked him with her warm soft hands. His eyes closed involuntarily. He began breathing erratically. His erection throbbed with her strokes... but then she stopped.

“Maybe later,” she said.

“But—”

“For now, we need to finish making sure these clothes fit. So put them on,” she said and she motioned toward the t-shirt and shorts. “The quicker we finish, the quicker we might be able to play.”

Thomas took the t-shirt and slipped it over his head and pulled it down onto his torso. For all intents and purposes, it was just a peach-colored t-shirt, but it was very tight and it seemed to be tight in all the wrong places, almost as if it were fitted around his torso and hips, only backwards. “It’s a little tight.”

“That’s the style.”

Thomas accepted this and pulled the shorts up his legs. They were very tight as well. They were really, really small too. They were much smaller and much tighter than men’s shorts should be. In fact, to Thomas, they didn’t look like men’s shorts at all. They were too small, too tight and too pink. They had cuffs on the legs despite barely reaching the end of his crotch and they vanished between his butt cheeks almost like a thong might. *These were hotpants!*

“These can’t be for men,” said Thomas nervously.

“They look great on you. Do they fit?”

“They’re too tight. I don’t think I can wear these.”

“Close them and see if they fit.”

Thomas assumed they would not close, but they did. When he buttoned them, they proved tight, but not uncomfortably so. The only real problem from a fit perspective was that they were very tight around his penis, which pushed out the shorts so that its shape was visible to Grace.

“I’m not sure about these,” said Thomas.

Grace placed her fingers around the outline of his penis and rubbed him through the shorts until she saw Thomas start to breathe a little sharper. “I am,” she said. “They’ll be perfect for around the house.”

“There is no way I can wear these out of the house,” he said.

“Like I said, they’re perfect for *around* the house.”

This calmed him slightly and he let his mind focus on being stroked. Thomas was breathing hard now. He was starting to feel like he might soon cum. He was enjoying that, even if the shorts embarrassed him.

“Does that excite you?” she asked.

Thomas cracked a smile. “Yes.”

“Good. Then agree to wear them and you’ll get more.”

Thomas nodded his head.

“Good,” said Grace. She then let go of his penis without warning. “Let me get the slippers.”

“But you said I would get more!” protested Thomas.

“I didn’t say right now. Now let me grab the slippers.”

Thomas looked down at his bare feet. Having new slippers would be nice for around the house. The last pair he owned wore out several months back. He had largely worn tennis shoes since, but those too had become worn out.

“Hopefully, these are better than the shorts,” he told himself.

They weren’t.

Grace grabbed the slippers from the closet and held them out for Thomas to see. He cringed. These were women’s shoes, of that there was no doubt. Essentially, they were slides with thick rounded heels of stacked wood about three inches in height. The shoes had no platform. The upper part of each shoe consisted solely of a single leather strap about three inches wide. It ran from above the toes, leaving the front open for his toes to show through, all the way up to the middle of his instep, and completely across from side to side. Despite the high heel and the lack of a back to the shoes, they held onto his feet quite firmly.

Thomas was stunned. He couldn’t wear those. Those were women’s shoes!

“I was going to get you some normal flat slippers,” said Grace, ignoring the look of horror and confusion on her fiancé’s face, “but then I thought about it and said to myself, ‘wouldn’t it be nice to have you a little taller’? So I got these instead.”

“These are high-heeled shoes!” protested Thomas.

“Of course they are. I just said they would make you taller.”

“But these are women’s shoes!”

“So?”

“So, I can’t wear women’s shoes... women’s *high-heeled* shoes!”

Grace laughed. “Don’t be such a sissy.” She took the shoes and set them on the floor before Thomas. He involuntarily took a step backward as if they were going to explode. “Put them on.”

Thomas shook his head. “I can’t—”

“You’re already wearing panties, now put these on.”

“But—”

Grace put her hand on her hips. “Don’t be ridiculous,” she said in the tone she always used to tell Thomas that the discussion was over and that he was expected to obey at this point. It always made him shudder as he seemed to be inexplicably helpless against it somehow.

Thomas took a deep breath and slipped his feet into the slippers. It was terribly humiliating, but he did it. They were surprisingly comfortable, which somehow made this all the worse. He decided right away not to admit that.

“Oh look at that, my little man is almost as tall as me,” said Grace. This made Thomas shrink in embarrassment.

“Do you mind? This is bad enough.”

“How can it be bad to be taller?” asked Grace. Without waiting for an answer, she said, “Now, let’s see you walk.”

“What do you mean ‘walk’?”

“Walk. As in move your little butt across the room so I can see how you walk. Or are you saying that you’ve worn high heels enough that I don’t have to worry about teaching you?”

Thomas blushed. “I’ve never worn these before,” he said; he couldn’t bring himself to identify them as “high heels.”

“Then walk.”

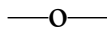
Thomas took a deep breath and walked across the room. He did surprisingly well, which brought a cutting smirk to Grace’s lips. “Very nice, darling. You walk like a pro. Imagine that, my fiancé has already mastered high heels!”

Thomas turned deep red. “It was just luck.”

Grace giggled. “I’m sure,” she said. Then she started toward the kitchen. “Come along, dear. You have chores to finish.”

And like that, Thomas found himself wearing high heels and hotpants whenever he was home. He tried several times to undo this change, but Grace wouldn’t hear of letting him change and he had nothing else to change into as little by little all of his old clothes vanished into the garbage.

Chapter Three: “Further Humiliations”



The next week was utterly humiliating for Thomas. All week long, he wore the feminine clothing and the high heels. He wore them when Grace was home because she insisted, and he wore them when she was away at work because it was just easier; the few male clothes he had left were mainly suits and just weren't as comfortable as his feminine clothes.

Wearing them when he was alone wasn't so humiliating because no one else saw him in them. But when Grace came home again, his humiliation ratcheted up. Indeed, letting his fiancée see him walking around the house in women's clothing and high heels was utterly emasculating. It made him feel like she had ripped off his testicles and turned him into some sort of novelty toy for her amusement. Making this even worse, she kept making little comments that dug into his ego like a dagger:

“Well, don't you look pretty today!”

“You walk better in high heels than most women! You should wear them all the time!”

“I think I'll buy you a skirt next. You have the legs for it!”

None of these comments appeared to be meant to be offensive or cutting on the surface, but each time she said one of them or something like it, it reminded him that she had taken his manhood and now she was judging him. It reminded him too of how much he had surrendered when he quit his job and placed himself under her thumb.

“She couldn't have done this if I still had my job,” he kept telling himself. “Without a job, I can't run away or fight back like I could before. This was all a mistake.”

Grace even started giving him pedicures with the justification that since his toes stuck out the fronts of the slippers, he needed to make his toenails more attractive. As a result, he soon found himself marching around the house with shiny toenails sticking out the fronts of the slippers.

“I can't take much more of this,” said Thomas to himself.

“What choice do you have?” replied his other half. “At least no one sees me like this, so it's not that bad.”

“Grace sees me.”

“That’s different. She’s the one you’re trying to keep happy and she’s made it clear she won’t tell anyone about this.”

“Has she? How so?”

“Because she hasn’t told anyone and she hasn’t invited anyone over to see you yet. That means she’s doing this privately.”

“But why is she even doing this?”

Thomas didn’t know. She’d never indicated a desire before to humiliate or feminize him, so this had to be something new. Perhaps, he thought, this was a test. But what kind of test and for what reason? He didn’t know. All he knew for sure was that, at the moment at least, it made sense to let her do this... not that he had much choice.

So Thomas complied. And each day, his wardrobe grew... subtly at first, but then quicker. It began with two new t-shirts that were identical to the ones he already had. Then a third appeared. This one had flowers embroidered on the belly. Then came a pair of white shorts with rhinestones on the back pockets. Then another pair of “slippers.” The heel on these was a little higher and they were more like sandals with a single big strap over the toes and an ankle strap than slides. Then another pair of shorts appeared. It seemed that each day, Grace was adding an item or two.

This was all deeply humiliating for Thomas. But worse was just around the corner.

—o—

Thomas’s humiliations usually began with an announcement, this one was no exception. “I’m going to dinner with Jenny,” announced Grace. Thomas, who was scrubbing the kitchen floor in a pink t-shirt, tight white short-shorts, tan wedge-heeled sandals and an apron, immediately tensed up.

“She’s not coming here, is she?” asked Thomas.

“She is picking me up. Why does it matter?” asked Grace.

Thomas glared at his fiancée. Was she kidding? “Because I don’t want her seeing me... like this. That’s why.”

Grace chuckled. “Oh, that’s right. I forgot.”

Thomas furrowed his brow. “How can you forget that your fiancé is wearing women’s shorts and high heels?!”

Grace shrugged her shoulders. “You make it easy, darling.”

Thomas was taken aback by this comment. “What is that supposed to mean?”

Grace kissed him on the cheek. “Don’t be so defensive. It wasn’t meant as an insult.” She then looked at her watch. “Oh, she’s almost here. And to answer your question, no, she’s not coming inside. I’m going to meet her in front of the building and then we’ll go together.”

Thomas felt better, though he still wasn’t sure how her comment had been anything but an insult. In any event though, the danger had passed and he felt relieved. In fact, he felt happy. Grace leaving meant he would have time alone. He needed that at the moment. Ever since this all began, Thomas had felt a tremendous amount of sexual tension from the humiliations and emasculations he had endured. He wasn’t sure why he felt sexual tension from this, but he did. To release this, Thomas masturbated whenever he was alone. For the past several days, however, he hadn’t been alone. That meant the pressure just built and built. And with work now adding a massive amount of tension, he was ready to explode.

So he anxiously waited for his fiancée to leave.

As Thomas finished the kitchen, with a raging erection inside his shorts just waiting to be released, Grace went to the bedroom to change. She slipped into a loose skirt, some mid-heeled sandals and a tight white blouse. She then returned, grabbed her purse, kissed Thomas on the cheek and left the apartment. Thomas immediately removed his apron and raced to the couch.

“I need this so badly!” he told himself.

Thomas crashed down on the couch and unbuttoned his shorts. He didn’t even bother to remove them or his high-heels. He jammed his hand inside his shorts and grabbed his hard shaft. He started jerking it back and forth inside his shorts. He rubbed its head against his panties. It felt so good.

“Oh God, I need this!” he moaned.

He stroked faster.

“She’s making do woman’s work!”

This thought humiliated him but also made him throb. He was breathing hard at this point. His chest heaved. His body trembled as it struggled to hold his muscles rigid. He spread his legs farther digging his heels into the couch as he did. He stroked even faster.

“She’s dressing me like a woman too! I’m not a woman!” he moaned.

“And there’s my fiancé masturbating on the couch,” said Grace.

Thomas was horrified. He shot straight up into a sitting position. He saw Grace and Jenny looking at him and shaking their heads. They looked somewhere between shocked and amused.

“Why is he wearing high heels?” asked Jenny.

“It’s a long story,” said Grace.

“I’m going to go change,” said Thomas and he swung his first leg off the couch.

“Oh no you don’t. You stay right there,” said Grace almost tauntingly. She pushed his other foot back to stop him from leaving the couch. “Tell me why you’re masturbating, Thomas!”

“Grace!”

“Tell me, Thomas!”

“But Jenny’s here!”

“Don’t mind her. Tell me,” said Grace.

Thomas turned bright red. It was bad enough that he had been caught masturbating, but to be caught in panties and high heels while masturbating was super embarrassing. And now to find himself ordered to talk about why he was masturbating was so much worse.

“Forget it,” said Thomas.

Grace grabbed his foot in its high-heeled wedge. She slipped her thumb between the sole of his foot and the insole by his instep. The bottom of her nails rubbed against his insole.

“Don’t! That tickles,” said Thomas.

Grace took his ankle in her other hand and wrapped her forearm around his leg. She then took a step toward him, trapping him against the couch. “Tell me,” she warned him.

“Let me go!”

Grace wiggled her fingers back and forth, causing her nails to scrape against Thomas’s sole. This sent an intense ticklish feeling racing up his foot. When it hit his nerves, it made his entire body tremble. “Tell me!”

“No!”

Without warning, Grace attacked his sole with her nails. She rubbed and scraped his sole over and over. Thomas instinctively tried to jerk his foot away, but she held it too tightly. He then tried to sit up, but he couldn’t do that either. Thomas started laughing, though this wasn’t funny to him; he was laughing involuntarily. Grace increased the speed of her tickling. Thomas felt a million needle points poking his foot and running up his

nerves. It was starting to become unbearable.

“Stop!” he exclaimed.

“No.”

“I’ll tell you!” he finally said.

Grace laughed. “Too late. I know why you’re jerking yourself off. You’re jerking yourself off because it turns you on that I dress like you like a girl. That’s the truth, isn’t it?”

Thomas shook his head.

“Forget it, Thomas. You can’t lie. I can see your erection.”

In all that had happened, Thomas had forgotten about his penis as he tried to free himself. When he glanced at it now, he saw that it was long and hard and throbbing and sticking right out of the shorts. This would have been embarrassing, except he was too overwhelmed by the tickling.

“Please stop!” he pleaded between laughs and tears.

“Not until you finish— jerk yourself off like you started!” exclaimed Grace. “Show us how excited you are!”

Thomas was shocked. He wanted to resist, but he couldn’t. The intense ticklish feeling was overwhelming. He would do anything right now to make it stop. So he grabbed his erection in his hand and he started shaking it wildly. As he did, Grace kept tickling him. This combined with his shaking got his erection to the point of explosion within seconds.

He exploded and shot hot cum way up into the air. It came crashing down upon his hand, the shorts and his t-shirt. In the same instance, Grace let go of his foot and laughed. She bent over and kissed him on the cheek.

“I hope you enjoyed your jerk off session, as embarrassing as it must have been,” said Grace.

Thomas blushed and filled with shame. He couldn’t believe he had masturbated for these two women to see. He had never done that before and he now felt so perverted and so exposed.

“We came back so Jenny could use the bathroom,” said Grace.

Thomas noticed that Jenny had left the room. She came back a moment later.

“We’ll be leaving in a minute. I’ll be back later. You and I are going to have a long talk about this,” said Grace.

With that, she and Jenny walked out, leaving Thomas on the couch panting.

Grace and Jenny left for the restaurant. Jenny was the first to speak when they reached the car. She had a million questions, but decided to wait until they were alone rather than peppering Grace with questions in her own building.

“So, uh, are you going to tell me what I just witnessed?” asked Jenny.

“Oh, that was just dumb luck,” said Grace. “I had no idea he would be jerking himself off when we popped in. I figured we would surprise him cleaning the kitchen or something.”

Jenny tried to unwrap this statement but couldn't. “Why don't you start with some basics?”

“Like what?”

“Like why was your fiancé wearing high heels,” said Jenny. “I think that's a pretty good place to start.”

Grace snickered. “I told you that I've made some changes.”

“You never said anything about dressing him like a woman!”

“Ah, well, it is just the beginning,” said Grace. “I thought I'd wait until I made more progress.”

“High heels is not a beginning! Not when it comes to men wearing them! And definitely not when it comes to a sexist like Thomas!”

“It is in this case. I'm just getting started.”

Jenny stared at her friend either in admiration or shock, she wasn't entirely sure herself which it was. “All right, girlfriend: spill! Tell me everything! Start at the beginning.”

“You know the beginning. I thought Thomas loved me for who I am, but then you heard him talk about taking away my business and I realized that he loved me for my money, not me. At least that's how it seemed. I knew I needed to find a way to test him. But how to test him? Then it struck me. I'm going to use his sexism against him. I'm going to humiliate him and see if he reveals his true motives,” said Grace.

“So the high heels and the girly shorts—”

“Are all part of the test. I've taken away his male clothing and pushed him into these instead. At least around the house.”

At this point, the two women reached the restaurant and went inside. They were seated and the waiter brought them drink and salads. Jenny was poking at her salad and chuckling.

“He looked like such a fool,” she said.

“That he did.”

“So what happens next?” asked Jenny.

“Next, I give him a job at the company.”

“Is that wise?”

“I think it is. I’m not giving him any authority. In fact, *I’m going to make him a secretary!*” said Grace. She was beaming.

Jenny let out a loud laugh. “He’ll never agree!”

“He has no choice. Not if he wants my business,” said Grace. “He has to get into the company somehow and this is the only door I’m offering.”

“Wow. This is going to be embarrassing.”

Grace snickered. “That’s the point. If he wants to humiliate me by making my marriage a sham so he can get my company, then I think inflicting a little embarrassment of my own is only fair.”

Jenny chuckled. “I wish I could see this. Do you have any room in your company for one more employee? Don’t get me wrong. I love my job, but the chance to see Thomas humiliated like this would be worth it to me!”

Both women laughed.

“I have one more surprise for him too,” said Grace.

“Really? What is it?”

“You’ll have to come over to see it!”

Jenny giggled. “Oh, I love surprises! Give me a hint!”

Grace picked up her purse off the neighboring chair and opened it. She looked around to make sure they weren’t being watched. Then she partially pulled out a pair of red lace panties.

Jenny stared curiously at the panties for a moment. “I don’t get it,” she said.

Grace laughed. “You will.”

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As Grace and Jenny dined, Thomas considered all that had happened. He was not the least bit happy with any of this. He didn’t understand why Grace had dressed him this way or why she was acting this way. What was making her want to embarrass him? Was it a power trip?

“I knew there was a reason women shouldn’t be allowed to run companies. It goes to their heads,” he grumbled. “If only I had my old job. I

wouldn't have to put up with any of this."

This was going to change, he told himself. When Grace came back, he was going to explain to her how running this company had changed her and how he didn't like that. She was much nicer before, he would tell her.

"You know, I'll bet she brought Jenny up here intentionally!"

His mind focused on Jenny. She had seen the way he was dressed. She mentioned his high heels. She had watched him jerk off. She had seen all of it. He realized he could never look her in the eyes again; he was too embarrassed.

"This is bad, and it's all Grace's fault!"

He sighed.

"Another thing: I'm sick of her not giving me a job finally! When I get a job, then we'll be on a more equal footing. We'll see who does the housework then and who follows whose orders then!"

Thomas was prepared to argue all of this with Grace when she came back. He had decided that he would put his foot down finally. He didn't want to wear his "girly clothes" anymore. He didn't want to be a housewife. He wanted a job. It was time that their marriage returned to an equal footing. So he took off the girly clothes and he put on a suit (the only male clothing he had left), and he waited on the couch for his fiancée to return.

Several hours later, Grace came through the door. She saw Thomas and she smirked. "You're starting at the firm Monday," she said. She then kept right on walking to the bedroom.

Thomas was shocked and never said a word that he had planned. He just watched his fiancée walk past. Monday morning, he would start at the firm.

Chapter Four: “Ready For Work”

—o—

Thomas adjusted his penis within the red lace panties. They weren't comfortable, that was for sure. He kind of suspected that they wouldn't be when he saw them. After all, they were meant to be decorative, not comfortable. They were too small as well. He assumed his fiancée bought them that way on purpose. She seemed to enjoy doing little things like that to demonstrate her power over him lately... like dressing him in panties and other feminine clothes.

Grace wasn't supposed to have power – they were supposed to be equals – but that's not how their relationship worked at the moment. Unfortunately, now that she had this power, she had begun to develop a taste for keeping him under her thumb too. Thomas tried to object to this several times, but she just dismissed his objections. He decided not to push back too hard as he wanted to avoid a definitive confrontation that settled the issue once and for all until he had more power. Today's encroachment, however, was difficult to accept.

“Why do I need to wear panties?” asked Thomas unhappily.

“Because I think they're cute on you,” said Grace.

“But I'm starting at the firm today!”

“I know. That's exactly why I want you wearing them,” said Grace. She had only told him the day before that his start date was today. “You'll be working with a large number of beautiful women. I don't want you to feel tempted either to pursue or to let yourself be pursued. Wearing panties will help incentivize you to keep them at a distance.”

“But they're humiliating!”

Grace shrugged her shoulders. “You'll be wearing a suit over them.”

“Yes, but what if someone sees them?” asked Thomas.

“No one should be seeing your panties, darling. Only I have that right as your fiancée. And the fact that's a concern tells me that I'm right to make you wear them; I don't want you getting any ideas with the other secretaries.”

Thomas missed the word “other.” Still, he gritted his teeth. Her tone had been that half-serious, half-joking tone she used which made it impossible for him to argue with her. He really disliked her making all the decisions.

“I really don’t want to wear panties,” said Thomas.

“You’ll be fine. As I said before, you may even come to like them.”

Thomas recalled his penis growing the last time she said this. That made him feel very small, but it also made his penis grow again this time.

This, in turn, made him blush and made Grace giggle.

“See. You like it,” said Grace with a laugh.

“I do not,” said Thomas feebly.

Grace grabbed his erection through the panties and stroked him. This felt amazing to Thomas, as it always felt when she stroked him, but it also felt a tad painful as the lace on the panties rubbed roughly against the delicate skin on the head of his penis. Whether pleasure or pain though, it was undeniably thrilling and Thomas’s brain froze as she stroked him. His eyes closed involuntarily. He began breathing erratically. His erection throbbed with her strokes... but then she stopped.

“We should play later,” she said.

“Don’t stop!” pleaded Thomas.

“There’s no time, honey. We’re running late for work. You need to get dressed so we can go.”

The mention of work reminded Thomas why he had been upset in the first place. “Grace, I don’t want to wear these panties.”

“It’s what I want that matters, and I want this. So get over it,” said Grace.

“But it’s embarrassing!”

“Honestly, Thomas! We went over this already a dozen times. No one will know that you’re wearing them, so there’s no reason to be a little wuss about it. How can it be humiliating when no one knows that you’re doing it? Is your masculinity really that weak?”

Thomas blushed. “Well, no.”

“Then stop complaining!” Grace picked up her high-heeled sandals by their ankle straps and held them up for Thomas to see. “Would you rather wear these? Just be glad I don’t make you wear these too. That would be a sure way to keep you from flirting,” said Grace sharply.

Thomas shuddered at the thought of wearing those shoes in public. How humiliating that would be! Although, he didn’t really think she would make him do it. For one thing, she hadn’t yet made him do anything that anyone else could spot. For another, he would put up a real fight on those. Finally, well, *they were heels... real heels, not just slippers*, and Thomas told

himself simply: “She wouldn’t do that.”

“Come on, girly, we need to go,” said Grace looking at her watch.

Thomas looked at the panties and shuddered. He knew why she made him wear the panties and he didn’t like it. These panties were a form of control. By making him wear them, she kept him from taking off his pants in the mensroom, in the gym or with a woman. That controlled where he could go. Further, they kept him humble because he was under the constant threat of exposure. Argue a little too hard, disobey a “suggestion,” or just make her angry and who knows what might slip out of her mouth about what he wore. It was like wearing a leash no one could see but Grace and him. And their discomfort was a constant reminder of the extent of her control.

In fact, he now realized that this was the same reason she had changed his clothes at home. How could he have an affair or whatever while wearing women’s shorts, t-shirts and high-heeled slippers?! He understood now.

“This needs to stop now before she gets too much control!”

Thomas decided it was time to take a stand. If he didn’t, then she would never treat him as an equal. Hence, he shook his head and he firmly said, “I’m not wearing them.”

Grace froze. “What did you say?”

“I’m not wearing them.”

“Yes, you are.”

“No, I’m not. And you can’t make me. I’m calling your bluff,” said Thomas.

Grace glared at him. “This is not a bluff.” As she said this, she pulled her phone from her purse and walked over to Thomas. “You probably didn’t notice over the past few weeks that I’d been taking pictures. What was I taking pictures of? You. You cleaning the house, you sitting on the couch, you just moving around. What makes these pictures so interesting is what you’re wearing.”

She showed several images to Thomas. He saw himself wandering the apartment in the pastel shorts and heels. His erection was visible beneath the shorts and his face was clearly identifiable.

“Wh— what are you doing with those?” asked Thomas.

“I’m just enjoying them... thinking about sending them to some people you know,” said Grace slyly.

“You wouldn’t!”

“Try me.”

Thomas thought about everything Grace had done in the past few weeks and he looked deeply into her eyes. It was obvious she meant to do as she had threatened. If he let her, it would ruin him. That meant he had only one choice.

“Fine, I’ll wear the panties,” said Thomas.

Grace snickered. “I always knew you would. But that’s not enough. Right now, I think we need to make it very clear to you who’s in charge here,” said Grace.

Thomas swallowed hard. “How are you going to do that?”

Grace pointed to the floor before her. “Get on your hands and knees.”

Thomas hesitated and Grace wagged the phone in his face. A moment later, he reluctantly lowered himself to his knees and then bent over onto his hands as well. Behind him, his erection began to shrink inside the tight red panties. He wore nothing else.

“Now kiss my toes,” said Grace. She held out her foot.

Thomas tensed up. He didn’t want to do this. It would be humiliating. But he had no choice. He leaned forward and planted a kiss on her foot.

“Now hold still,” she said.

Thomas held still as Grace bent over him toward his back side. She raised the high-heeled sandal she still held in her hand up in the air and brought it crashing down hard and fast.

CRACK!!

It landed hard against his rear right at the base of his testicles, causing his testicles to jerk forward and all of Thomas’s muscles to tighten in defense. He nearly curled into a ball. “Ouch!” he exclaimed. “You almost hit my balls!”

“These balls?” asked Grace and she swung the shoe again, landing it less hard but still hard enough against his balls, which were visible through his panties.

THUD!!

THUD!!

THUD!!

THUD!!

THUD!!

She landed five blows. Thomas was stunned, horrified and scared. She had just slapped his balls with the sole of her shoe much harder than he expected. It hurt. It stung a bit. His balls felt sore. But it seemed there was

no damage, except the lingering sense of terror that she might break them and castrate him. He needed to stop her.

“Please stop! I’ll do anything. Tell me what you want!” he exclaimed.

Grace paused mid-strike. “Are you ready to drop this stupid idea that men are better than women?”

“Yes, fine,” he said.

THUD!!

“That didn’t sound sincere!” she said.

“Yes! Yes! I am!”

Grace paused to consider everything. His tone sounded sincere. “All right. I’m going to let you up. You’re going to wear your panties like a nice, obedient little boy and you’re going to stop giving me trouble, aren’t you?”

“Yes,” said Thomas, though he changed this to “Yes, Ma’am,” when he got the sense she would strike again.

Grace stepped back, letting Thomas rise to his feet. Interestingly, he was hard as a rock beneath the panties. There was even a damp spot from pre-cum. Apparently, getting paddled with his wife’s shoe had excited him.

“Get dressed,” said Grace.

Thomas looked down at the panties and realized there was nothing he could do about it. If he fought back, he might lose his chance to get the firm. What’s more, he couldn’t go back to his old job and he had no other job lined up. That meant he might stand up to her now, but a week later he would come crawling back. What would he do then? That would be even worse than just swallowing this indignity now. And what would he do if she showed those pictures to people?

He was trapped.

So Thomas reluctantly slipped his suit pants over the panties and zipped them up. Then he buckled his belt, stepped into his shiny black dress shoes and adjusted his striped tie – his shoes felt heavy and strange after two weeks in the light wedges.

“That’s an odd feeling,” he thought.

He tied the shoes. As he did, Grace checked her little black dress in the mirror. Then she slipped her feet into a pair of platform spikes. She looked sexy, with a hint of professional. Thomas looked normal... on the surface.

A minute later, they were off to work.

End of Part One.

Check Out Some Of My Other Classic Feminization Stories

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



“Caught By His Roommate”

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

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

For Mature Audiences Only



“Cross-Dressed At The Halloween Party”

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

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

For Mature Audiences Only

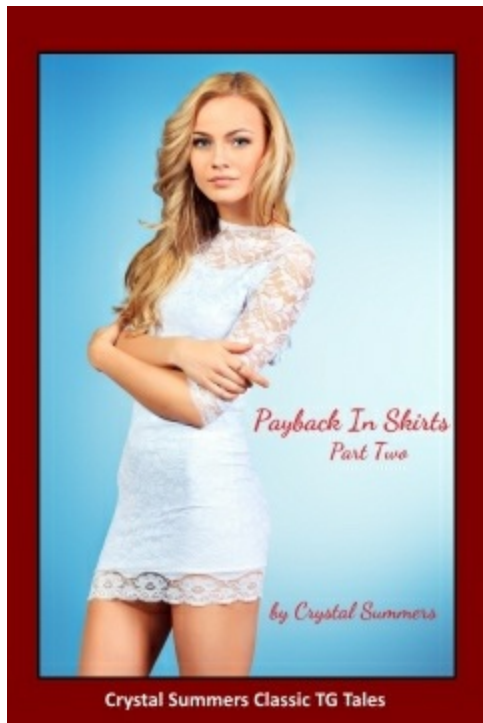


“Payback In Skirts” (Part One: Feminized By His Wife)

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

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

For Mature Audiences Only



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

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

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

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

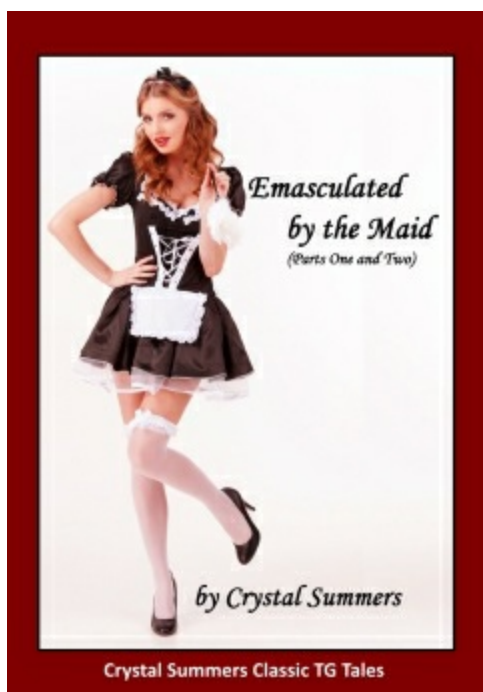


“How I Feminized My Boyfriend”

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