

The Feminization Experiment
If every man was feminized...

Grace Mansfield

PART ONE

My wife thinks women should be in charge.

Her first argument is that women are smarter than men. She touts statistics about more women graduating from college, running companies, and so on.

Her second argument, and I think this is sort of insidious, is that women are smarter because they are more beautiful, and being beautiful, they can get men to do what they want done.

Hmm. Unfortunately, I think she's right. I mean, look what she's done to me? Or, maybe you shouldn't. I don't really feel like fessing up right now, and we'll be getting to that soon enough.

Anyway, with those two arguments to bolster her life, she charges around, making men do what she wants, and using them and discarding them, and now...well, you know. She's got that bill coming to a vote in Congress that will...let me start at the beginning.

"Honey, I'm home!"

I entered the kitchen, looked around, no answer. But her car was in the driveway.

Then: "I'm in here. Come here!"

Come here? Uh oh. What have I done now?

I entered the computer room and found her scribbling in a journal, which journal, upon my entering, she snapped shut.

"Hi, hon," I kissed the top of her hair. I would rather have kissed her on the cheek, or the lips, or maybe even the pussy. But my wife isn't that kind of woman. She frowns on extraneous and useless contact. Even between consenting adults.

"Go get me a drink. We need to talk."

Huh. This looked like it was going to be one of 'those days.' Well, the best way to handle one of 'those days' was to go with the flow and get it over with.

I went into the kitchen, searched through the bourbon, and found a half used bottle of 'The Boss Hog.' I smiled. \$500 a bottle, and something I only dreamed about before Melissa was elected to the state senate.

Now that she was in charge of things, and considered a mover and a shaker and on the fast track to the US senate, we drank good stuff.

Well, I did.

I poured some Caliber Canadian whiskey into a glass for her.

I know, I know. What kind of a husband drinks the good stuff and palms off \$5.96 whiskey on his wife?

I do.

And why do I do?

Because my name is Jerry, and I wear a chastity tube.

Yeah, one of those nefarious devices that strangles the cock and leaves it always horny and dripping.

Not only that, but when my wife does want to make love she...well, let me save that one for you. But when I do tell you, you'll understand why I take these silly, little 'revenges.'

Anyway, I splashed some Coke into the glasses, made sure to remember which hand held the good stuff, and returned to Melissa's computer room.

She was intent on a spreadsheet on the computer and didn't look at me. She did, however, lift her glass and take a good slug. And left her beautiful red lipstick on the lip of the glass.

I should tell you now, that though my wife can be a bit, uh...bitchy? She is a gorgeous woman.

She has a svelte body with just enough round on the hips, and breasts that, if they were for sale in a meat market, would go for \$100 an ounce, and be sold only in twenty pound packages.

I mean, they were big! And...sweet! And they had large nipples that looked like they were cold in the hottest weather.

Of course, these days it was pretty much only hearsay for me. She still liked to have them sucked, but not by me. For me they were just for tantalizing and teasing.

I sat down next to her. She had summoned me, and it was best to be ready, at her beck and call, for when she deigned to speak to me.

As I sat there, lusting after her red lips and big tits, I should probably tell you that it wasn't always that way.

I met her in college. We ran into each other at a few mixers, and she wasn't interested.

I was a happy sort of dude, moving from relationship to relationship, getting a rep for being a little kinky, so it was fine with me if I didn't fall into the train of a real queen.

But, junior year, that changed.

Junior year she approached me, told me we were going to be a couple, and to report to her dorm that night at 8.

I often wonder why I reported. But I don't wonder that much. I was known as a footstool. Women went out with me, and I liked to kiss them, fondle their breasts, lick their pussies, suck their toes, and generally please them. And I didn't always

please myself.

There's a greater pleasure in denial than there is in the act of sex.

At least for me there was.

So, though I didn't have much interest in her, I was intrigued enough to show up at her dorm at 8. I had heard a few rumors, she was the 'ice queen,' men loved her...until they hated her. Hmm.

It's sort of a wonder that I didn't see how we were made for each other.

So I showed up, and she took my hand and led me up to her room. In her room she commanded me to strip.

The door wasn't locked. Her roommate could come in at any time. Any of her dorm mates might come in at any time.

I started to walk out.

"Stop."

And, for some reason, I did.

Well, it wasn't for some reason. It was because all my life I had been drawn to strong women.

My mother was strong, and pushed me around like a shopping cart.

My girlfriends found out I was compliant, and they used me.

Oh, I got sex, a lot of sex, but it wasn't sex that I was after. It was that delicious moment of submission, when I gave up my will and became a hopeless, fawning puppet.

I liked being a footstool.

She told me to take off my clothes, and I could feel myself melting, giving up resistance, melting to her power.

I took off my clothes.

"Kneel." She lifted her skirt and she wasn't wearing panties.

I knelt.

"Eat me."

I moved forward, and now I was immune to the world. I was fascinated by the juicy folds of her vagina. I was hypnotized by her hairless slit. I was mesmerized by the moistness of her pinkness.

I remember the world going away as I dove into her. She was like a swimming pool, and I was completely immersed, holding my breath for ages, drowning in pussy.

She held my head at first, then she relaxed her grip. I was like a chicken put to the white line. I wasn't going anywhere.

Her roommate came in.

"Hey, Melissa."

"Hey, Sharon. This is Jerry, he's my new boyfriend."

I barely heard them talking. My ears were pressed by squeezing thighs. My mouth was sucking the nectar of the Gods.

"Can I use him when you're done?"

"Only if you haven't washed your pussy for a week."

They giggled, and I inserted my tongue, fucked her with my tongue, and she groaned.

"Long tongue?" asked Sharon.

"The longest."

"Oh, goodie."

"Hey, can you tell the girls to come here for a minute?"

There was something in me that perked up then. I wanted to stand up, to be seen, but she held my head again, wouldn't let me out of her folds. She thrust her hips into my mouth and fucked my face.

In a couple of minutes a bevy of young college coeds were in the room. I think that was the moment I realized something of Melissa's nature.

She was a mover, a shaker, a driven personality, and she commanded others. She was that strong.

Did I have any clue as to how far she would go? Nah. Besides I wasn't interested in that sort of thing. I was only interested in the pussy put before me, and the advice of my dear mother. 'You can take what you want, but eat all you take.'

And there seemed to be no end to the depths of this delicious cunt I was being swallowed by.

"Girls?"

The college kids all paid attention.

"I'm keeping this one, so put the word out, 'hands off.'"

There were a few giggles a couple of chuckles, and one outright laugh, then the girls were gone and I was left, and I came.

It was too much for me. The utter submissiveness, being told I was being 'kept,' my trigger clicked, the sperm shot up my dick and shot all over one of her feet.

"Ew!" And she pushed me away. "Did you actually...you did! What a disgusting pig!"

Yet there was a curious satisfaction in her. She liked the fact that she could make me cum so easily. It solidified her control over me.

"Lick my foot. And make sure you get in between the toes."

I had no problem with that. I licked her sole and sucked her toes, and shortly I had another erection.

She pushed me away and laughed. "We're going a long way, you and I."

And she dismissed me.

Over the next few days, even if I had wanted to break away from Melissa, pussy on campus dried up. Girls still talked to me, but not much. And none would go out with me.

I was claimed property.

The interesting thing was that Melissa ignored me. She didn't ask me to come see her, didn't demand to be taken out. She had put out the word, and was quite happy to let nature take its course.

And the course, in this instance, was that I eventually went to her and asked to be released.

She laughed. Told me to get naked, and had me lick her to an orgasm. This time hers, and not mine.

In fact, my days of orgasm became few and far between.

I would pleasure her pussy, and even her friends', and then be sent away.

I was horny all-l-l the time. I was erect and dripping. I was desperate.

I jacked off.

And, I don't know how, she sensed it.

I was commanded into her presence, and given a chastity tube.

"If you're going to be so selfish as to waste your seed...then we must control you.

She made me put it on, and it made me even hornier.

And everybody on campus knew.

Guys laughed at me. Girls 'accidentally' bumped their hands against my crotch.

Somehow, I don't know how, I managed to graduate, and the day after I graduated, and Melissa graduated, she moved in and shaped me to her needs.

First, she had me get a job. A good paying job, and she took control of our finances.

Oh, she was generous enough with me, with my money. She gave me an allowance that enabled me to go to lunches with the fellows, and even go drink a little beer on an occasional night out.

But she kept the lion's share.

She didn't work. At least, not for wages. She volunteered for the Democratic party. She went out recruiting voters, she stamped mail outs, she went to meetings long into the night.

The first time she came home with cum on her breath I could tell right away.

I kissed her, and I knew. I could taste the slimy substance on her lips. Heck, it was like she used that cum for gloss, and she smiled when she kissed me.

"Honey?" I protested. I had tasted enough of my own cum to know what she had done.

"What?" So pleasant.

"What? You come home with sperm in your mouth and expect me to...to..."

"To what?" And then she sat me down. And I grew to understand that whenever she sat me down, whenever she said, 'Honey, we've got to talk,' that I was in for it.

She sat me down, then had me get back up and go get her a drink, and when I came back and sat down again she apprised me of the facts of life.

"Honey? Baby? In this job I have to do things to get ahead. An hour ago I was on my knees, sucking Senator Johnson's johnson. And if he had wanted a fuck, then I would have been obliged. It's just the nature of this business.

I started to get upset, she listened for a while, then she reached out and slapped my face. "How dare you try to stop me! Is that what good husbands are supposed to do? Stop their wives from succeeding? How selfish are you?"

I rubbed my cheek in shock. It was the first time she had ever struck me. Oh, she had twisted my nuts, and played with my dick with a ping pong paddle, and one time she had even take a whip, a real live whip, to my fanny. Yes, she was gentle, at least that first time. But now she had actually, physically struck me. It wasn't that it hurt, it was the idea. I was properly cowed.

"Now, if you want to continue in this marriage in good graces, you have to eat me to three orgasms."

That was the key. No matter how bad it got, when she offered me her pussy to eat, I was a gone goose. I simply couldn't resist the lure of her womanhood, the moist smell of her snatch, the heady aroma of her dripping vagina.

And it did drip. And it dripped more and more, the more and more she shaped me to her will.

So I got down on my knees, and I ate till my jaw was aching, but I eventually felt the satisfaction of bringing her to three, count 'em, three, orgasms.

And so went our life. I became accustomed to being a cuckold, and even to licking her lover's sperm deposits right out of her cave.

And slowly we worked our way up the Democratic chain, and she got elected, and, suddenly, I no longer had to work.

I was more useful as a houseboy, a treat for her guests, or just a laugh for her perversions.

And now I was sitting down in front of her again. Well, to the side, watching her lips move slightly, so red, so plump, so moist. Her breasts, were so big they lay on the edge of the desk as she touched keys on the keyboard. And my groin throbbing and pulsing. My dick pushed outward, almost painfully, against the cage. My balls were big and full, and bluer than the sky. My heart was pounding. To be this close, even denied, especially denied, it was hard to even take a rhythmic breath.

Finally, she leaned back, frowned, then spun towards me...and smiled.

Uh oh. She wasn't a smiling type of girl, unless she had something she REALLY wanted.

"Honey, I have ordered some herbs and pills. It is very important that you take these medicines."

"Medicines? But I'm not sick."

"Not to your own way of thought, but you have a hopeless case of male-itis."

"That's not a sickness!" I laughed.

She frowned, and I stopped laughing.

She tapped a thick sheaf of papers sitting on her desk. "This is a preliminary medical report. Compiled by the CDC. Do you wish to read it?"

Oh, God, no! I didn't want to spend a week reading dry, medical reports! Whip me, beat me, but don't make me read medical reports! I shook my head.

She continued on, "Females, women, like myself, have two X chromosomes. We are pure, unsullied. With double the Xs we are doubly pure."

I blinked.

"Males, men, like yourself, have a virus. The so called Y chromosome." She tapped the medical report. "This report proves that the Y chromosome isn't a chromosome at all. It is, as I said, a virus. An invader. Something to make a man impure, less than he should be. A man."

"Hey, wait..."

She frowned. I wasn't supposed to interrupt her. But to be told that my whole sexuality was a mistake, a...a disease...you can imagine my confusion.

Then she did something that she almost NEVER does. She leaned forward and took my caged cock in her hands.

"Ohhh!" I groaned as she rolled the cage in her hands, gently twisted it, put her fingernail through an opening and tickled my slit.

I shivered. I felt like I was going to blow up and go to heaven.

And I should have realized that she was pulling out ALL the stops.

She said, "So I want you to take these herbs, these medicines, and we will cure you of your malady."

"But...but..." it had been so long since I had felt her hands, and I was becoming dreadfully confused.

Then she unbuttoned her blouse, and she wasn't wearing a bra. She pulled my head to her tit.

I licked the nipples and she groaned. I couldn't even remember the last time she had let me touch her breasts, and I was instantly transported to heaven. I sucked her nipples, and I actually put a hand up and felt her tits.

Oh. My. God! Such ambrosia, and my dick actually started to throb in its cage.

She stopped moving her hand on my cage. "If you do this for me, if you allow me to cure you, I will let you squirt. Only a few drops, but it will be a real squirt."

Way back in my befuddled head I realized something: for the first time in our lives I had an edge. If she wanted something this bad...I said: "I want to put my dick in you."

Her breath caught, and for a moment I felt a rage, and wondered if she was going to punch me, or even take a whip to me.

But she really wanted what she wanted, and she forced herself to be calm, and she said, "If that's what you want. Instead of just squirting, you get to put your penis in my vagina and...and have an orgasm."

"Oh...oh..." I was beside myself. To be given hope, to be given a chance to be in my wife's pussy, the greatest pussy in the world, it was too much. My dick began to drool. I didn't cum, but I was close, and my wife, instead of going 'EW!' and pushing me away, continued to milk me, to let my juices run out of me. Not an orgasm, but a milking, of which I had received a few over our lives together.

And she said, "Is it a deal?"

"Yes," I blurted, unable to control myself any longer.

She let go of my dick then. It continued to drool and drip, but not as much, and the emission began to slow down, and then stop.

The following day we began getting small boxes. Some of these boxes were from Amazon, some were from pharmaceutical companies. I opened them up and took out a variety of herbs, and pills. I put them all in a special drawer in the kitchen, and that night Melissa gave me instructions.

To be honest, I was stupid. Of course, I was horny, so horny I couldn't think straight. All I could think of was at last being able to put my dick in my wife's love canal, to wiggle it around, and to shoot.

Heck, wasn't that what had been driving me all these years? Wasn't that the dream behind the licking of her pussy and the locking of my cock?

I thought so, so I followed the instructions and did my wife's bidding.

'Instructions for inducing galactorrhoea'

(Whatever the heck galactorrhoea was?)

Take 2 capsules of Metoclopramide with each meal.

Take 1 capsule of Domperidone each night before bed.

Take 2 capsules of sulphiride, breakfast and dinner.

And so on. I had a dozen pills to take, including Eglonyl, Dolmatil, Sulpitol, Sulparex and Equemote. the remaining pills came in bottles with hand printed labels.

Hand printed. And these were from pharmaceutical companies. Later I would figure out that Melissa had connections, and had had these pills custom made for me.

Or, rather that the companies were prescribing for me, and I was a guinea pig. I was the first human trial. If these drugs worked for me, they would work for the world.

And the instructions made mention of something called prolactin, whatever the heck that was.

So I began taking my pills. Every day. Every meal, as prescribed, throughout the day.

But that was only the start. Three times a day, before every meal, I had to make a herbal smoothie and drink it. All of it.

But, dreams of a real, live, wife induced orgasm, I did it.

Ingredients for increased libido

(Libido? Yeah! I wanted to be horny for when I finally inserted Mr. Penis into Miss Vagina. Ooooh, baby!

Anise Seed to aid digestion, dispel gas, stop nausea. Works well with raspberry leaves.

Borage Leaves (*Borago officinalis*)

Fennel Seed (*Foeniculum vulgare*) to reduce gas, stimulate blood blood.

Fenugreek (*Trigonella foenumgraecum*) as a digestive aid.

Goat's Rue (*Galega officinalis*) as a galactogue. (Another one of those stupid words I had no clue as to the meaning of)

Hops (*Humulus lupulus*) to promote relaxation and sleep. (Well, yeah! The better the hops the better the beer, right?)

Milk Thistle (*Silybum marianum*) is a powerful antioxidant. Good for the liver.

Nettle Leaf for easily digestible iron, calcium, vitamin K, and folic acid.

Red Raspberry Leaves (*Rubus idaeus*). Very nutritious.

Shatavari (*Asparagus racemosus*). An aruyvedic herb excellent for the reproductive system. And excellent for me. I wanted a good reproductive system. Hello, Mr. Dick!

And that was it. Put it together with some almond milk, throw in a few things like bananas papayas, apricots, and so on, and the mess was palatable. In fact, two bananas and it was even tasty.

And, if all that wasn't bad enough, Melissa demanded that I change my eating habits.

Now, normally, I did the cooking. Many times Melissa was out for the night, and I was free to have a steak, drink a little bourbon, watch a little MMA, all things that Melissa frowned upon.

Now, however, she began to watch over what foods I cooked, and especially what I ate.

Oh, I smelled steak on her sometimes when she came home from a dinner meeting.

But I was doomed to such things as oatmeal and barley and berries and peaches and tofu and cruciferous vegetables.

Almost a vegetarian, and I began to crave meat. Protein. Caveman fare. Grrr!

But I was afraid Melissa would find out, and that I would not get my actually penis in a vagina cum.

So I made myself adhere to the pills and herbs and foods. And over the coming months I lost some weight. And, if that wasn't bad enough, I gained some bad weight. My hips grew rounder, my muscles grew slack, and...and one day I noticed something.

"Honey? Can you come here?"

I was in the bathroom. I had just taken a shower and noticed that my pecs were swollen. They were even tender.

"You come here," she yelled back. She was in the computer room and refused to be summoned by me.

I walked into the computer room, soft and flabby and my dick encased.

"What?" She was engrossed in a report about voting habits of single mothers.

"This?"

Irritated, she turned around, and then she wasn't irritated. She was fascinated.

"Oh, my." She leaned towards my chest and inspected my little mounds of fat.

Little mounds, just the size of round sponges. Very soft to the touch. And the nipples actually looked a little bigger.

But that was ridiculous. Nipples growing? That couldn't happen.

She touched one nipple with a fingernail, and it gave a tiny, little shock.

"Oh!" I exclaimed.

"Did that hurt?"

"Well, no. It just surprised me. It's very sensitive."

She nodded, and she seemed extremely happy. "Well," she said, "I don't know what you've been doing...but it looks like you're growing breasts."

"What?" My voice actually came out a little shrill. Growing tits? Me? I was a man!

"Here, let me taste. That will tell me." She leaned forward and, for the first time in our marriage, she put lips to my tips. And, ohhh, it made my knees weak. My legs began shivering.

She backed away, a smile on her face, a gleam in her eyes. "Yep. Tits. Real, live tits." She looked up at me. "What have you been eating behind my back?"

"Nothing! I swear!" And, funny, I suddenly felt close to tears. I felt all emotional.

Melissa saw this and stood up and took me in her arms. "There, there. It's all right."

"Okay," it felt so good to be held by her, to feel her actual and incredible breasts pressed against me.

She sat down, leaned back, and contemplated.

"What should I do?" I asked.

"Well, I would say keep taking those vitamins and herbs and things. They're good for you. And I can talk to some people, but..."

"But what?"

"But you're going to need some support."

"Support?"

"A training bra."

"What? I'm not going to wear a bra!"

"Well, maybe it is a bit premature, but if they get bigger, then you don't want a pair of big old saggies on your chest, do you?"

"No!"

"Then think about it, we'll keep an eye on them, and if you need to you need to." And that was it. She had laid down the law.

In the following days I began exercising. A lot. I did sit ups and push ups. I signed up for a gym, and I ran a lot.

But exercising a lot made me hungrier, so I began eating more. I began drinking two of the smoothies at each meal. And ran harder. All of which did nothing. I lost more and more muscle, got skinnier and skinnier, and the bumps on my chest grew larger.

"Honey?"

"What?" She was watching a documentary on the Republican party and didn't want to be interrupted.

But it had been a month since our last talk, and my breasts were not shrinking. In fact, they were twice the size. They were actually golf ball sized, maybe an A cup, though I'm not too sure about bra sizes.

"Look!"

She turned, and instantly lost her irritation. She smiled. "Oh, those look lovely. Come here."

I knelt in front of her and she examined my tits. She felt the nipples, and it was good that I was kneeling. I would have fallen for the weakness in my legs.

She palpated the breasts, move her hands, and the motion became sexual.

"Here, get closer."

I moved closer and raised up a little, and she sucked on my nipples.

Oh, it was heavenly. Her soft tongue drew out feelings of immense warmth and pleasure.

I almost lost my balance and placed my arms over her shoulders. I had never touched her like this, but now she didn't mind. She just bent her head closer, smashed her face against my breasts and loved them.

I was becoming light headed, couldn't breath, and then she pushed me away.
"Well," she said, showing a bit of satisfaction. "I guess you're going to have to wear a bra after all.

The following day Amazon delivered several bras. A couple were thick, designed to hold serious weight. I didn't think I would need those.
A couple of them were just plain old bras, nothing fancy. And a couple of them were...fancy. Frills and flowers embroidered into them. Colorful and sexy, designed to show the nipple over the top lip.
I didn't like the look or feel of the more utilitarian bras, so I slipped into one of the fancy ones.

Wow! I looked good. Well, they looked good.
And my body had shrunk a bit and reshaped, and I could see a potential for curves.
The potential was more plain to see when I opened a last box and took out...a corset.

What?
What the fu...?

I looked at it, then, feeling a bit naughty, nobody was home, I stepped into it and pulled it up.
Whoa! Now I had a true hourglass shape! And my boobs were pushed up and made to appear even larger.
I left it on and pranced around the house. I was a man, but I had a body that looked almost feminine. It was sexy. It was cool. And, I have to admit, it was horny.
Heck, Melissa hadn't milked me in months. And I was getting weird feelings and feeling emotional, and this feeling, this sexy feeling of having boobs, and butt, and looking a little feminine, it was getting to me.
Melissa came home that night, and she had big news.

I did, too. I was wearing the corset under my regular clothes. I was wearing a jacket to disguise the bigger boobs.
"What?" she asked, seeing the twinkle in my eyes.

"Nothing. You tell me first."

So she did. "I'm running for the US Senate."

"Wow!" That was big. Real big. It was what she had been shooting for.

"The only catch...I have to prove myself."

"Prove yourself? Haven't you done enough?"

"I've got a bill, I've been working on it for months. It has to do with chromosomes and making a purer race, eliminating viruses.

"Wow, that's a lot."

"It is, but if I can pass this bill, then I can get elected to the senate, and they will give me unlimited aid in getting it passed on a wider scale. A national scale.

"That's fantastic!" I was truly happy for her.

"So, chop chop, get out the bourbon and let's celebrate!"

Usually she just asked for a drink for herself, and I was left to fend. That she would invite me to drink with her showed just how important all this was.

I went to the kitchen and poured a couple of drinks. Boss Hog for me, Caliber for her. I brought them back and handed her one.

"So, what's the big news you have?"

Grinning, I placed my drink on the table, then took off my shirt.

"Whoa! Wow! You're kidding!"

She walked around me, sipping her drink, and eyeing my enhanced form.

She touched my tightly bound waist. She ran a hand over my bigger tits. Then she did something absolutely unexpected.

She came closer, moved her face closer to mine.

I was almost afraid. To have her face, those beautiful lips so close, I almost fainted.

But she stopped me by circling one arm around my waist. Then she actually kissed me! She pressed those gorgeous lips against mine, and she ground them against mine.

I grew weak, and she suddenly had to hold me up, yet she didn't stop kissing me.

I thought I had died and gone to heaven and God was kissing me.

Then she moved her head away and said those words I dreaded to hear.

"Honey, we've got to have a talk."

PART TWO

She poured us a couple of more drinks. She poured for us. Shock. It was always me pouring for us.

And she poured me the good stuff, not the Caliber Canadian. She poured the stuff she usually reserved for herself, the Boss Hog.

She tasted hers and said, "Hmm, doesn't taste as good." then she forgot about it and led me, by the dick, actually placing her hand on my cage, and we weren't even milking me, into her computer room.

We sat, and we sipped, and she contemplated me. She had a sleepy smile of satisfaction on her face.

"What?" I finally asked?

She didn't get irritated by my question. She simply said: "Do you remember the medical report I showed you? The one about the Xs and the Ys and how Y chromosomes weren't really chromosomes? They were viruses?"

"Yeah."

"Well, the big project I have been working on these last few months, it has to do with that.

I was puzzled. She explained.

"What if we could get rid of that virus?"

"The Y chromosome?"

"Yes. The fake chromosome. What if we could...delete it. Get rid of it. Return men to a more pure state."

"I don't see what that would do."

She sighed. She knew I was being obtuse, but she controlled herself. "Honey, what if we could get rid of the Y chromosome in you?"

"Get rid of my maleness? Make me stop being a man?" Light dawned on me. I wasn't happy nor sad by this epiphany, just stunned.

"Wouldn't you like to learn the truth of who you really are?"

"But...I'm me! I've always been me!"

"You've always been who you thought you were."

"But...I don't understand."

And I didn't. I was befuddled. On one hand I understood what she was saying, on the other, the consequences were too far reaching for me to grasp.

"Honey? Jerry? I've been working with the pharmaceutical companies on this. And what you've been going through these last couple of months, growing breasts, it's all coming together."

"How? What do you mean?"

"First off, we have to simulate the female body. We have to rearrange fat, reshape the face, give you...boobs. We've done all that. Now it's time for the big step."

"What big step."

She turned and reached into a desk drawer and pulled out a little vial. She opened the vial and poured a single, small pill into the palm of her hand.

I stared at it.

She smiled at me. It was an innocuous smile, designed not to alarm, but rather to calm.

"What's that?"

"This is the pill that will erase the Y chromosome from your body."

"It will?" It was small, pink, round. Looked like baby aspirin.

"You already have sufficiently high levels of estrogen. You've been taking medicines and herbs that support a woman's structure. You're even been eating like a woman. Now it's time to go whole hog."

"But I...what if I..."

"Shhh, honey. Listen." She leaned close to me. We were inches apart. Her red lips were close enough to kiss, certainly close enough to enthrall. "If you take this everything will resolve. Your body will become pure, your mind will work differently. You will be superior, like a woman. You will be stronger per ounce, smarter per cranial capacity...it is the dream to end all dreams."

Several things went through my head. Whose dreams? Hers. But...look at me...I was changing. I had tits. I had the body of a woman. I couldn't deny it. And I knew that even if that body was shaped by her, through meds and herbs and foods, it was still my choice.

Was there something in me that wanted more?

Did I want to stop being a footstool? A second class citizen?

Did I want to be the ruling species...a woman?

I did, and my heart started to pound. But there was one thing I needed to do before I took that pill.

"I'm horny."

"Good. You'll be able to get all you want after you take this pill."

"But I want something before this pill."

She stared at me, and she knew. I could see the distaste in her eyes, but I could also see the hunger.

Here I was, the last stumbling block on her road to control, to being the senator who changed mankind, rescued it, made it into womankind.

"You don't—"

"Yes."

"But, I—"

"Tit for tat. You give me what I want, and I'll take all the pills you want."

"But...but..."

I stayed silent. For once...I was going to win. I was going to get my way.

Abruptly, she stood up and took my hand and led me to the bedroom.

I followed her, my mind in a daze, my dreams coming to fruition.

We entered the bedroom and she began taking off her clothes.

I had seen her body before, many times, but I had never felt it, touched it, like a man was supposed to touch a woman.

She, on the other hand was practiced. She had not only fucked any person on her ladder to success, but she had fucked me...with her fingers, with a dildo, milking me and relieving me of my less than desirable male attitudes.

"Get undressed," she snapped. I could feel her anger.

"Not like this."

"What?"

"Pretend you like it."

"Pretend I...I always pretend. I shouldn't have to pretend with my own husband."

Ah, what a twisted web. I folded my arms.

"Damn," she cursed, then she flipped. She turned her mean, irritation into calm and soothing, gentle and wanting. She pretended so well I instantly believed her.

"Come on, honey. Let's get those pants off." She unzipped me, unbuckled me, and pulled them down.

She was on eye level with my dick.

My dick, that I hadn't seen outside of my cage for years.

She took the little gold key off the chain around her neck. She inserted it into the lock and turned. The lock sprung open and she pulled it out of the device.

My cock fell out, and I looked at it in dismay. "It's smaller!"

"Oh, honey, it's a giant. It's going to fill me up!"

Yet the years of being caged, and especially all the estrogen pumped into my body, it was only a few inches long. Once it had been eight inches. Now it was four.

"Can I get it in you? Is it big enough to get in you?"

"Of course it is! I've had a lot smaller. Most guys are smaller than you. You're a giant."

Now she had all my clothes off, and she was working on the remainder of hers. She slipped out of her nylons, took off her garter belt, and then...those enormous, wonderful, sensational breasts were let loose.

She tossed the bra aside and I was left staring, speechless, at the grown up version of what I had. "Can I kiss them?"

"Oh, honey. They're all yours. You can do whatever you want to them."

I rushed to her and sucked and felt, and felt as if I had been enveloped by nirvana. And my dick grew. A sturdy...four inches. Hard as hot dog, bendable, would I be able to thrust it into her?

She fell to her knees and sucked me. Oh, God! That sexy mouth nibbling at my balls, swallowing my dick. I was in immediately danger of coming.

"No!" I gasped.

Thwarted, she gave no sign of displeasure. She rose to her feet and kissed me, and held my balls with one hand and played with them, and stroked my cock with the other.

For a long minute we just played with each other, loving, her probably bored out of her mind, me marveling at sensations I hadn't felt for a decade, not since college.

And I suddenly knew how much I had missed.

Yes, I loved the thrill of being chaste, the sweet torture of being nothing more than a servant, a footstool, a thing to be milked periodically and then most efficiently.

But I missed my dick. And I missed fucking. And I began to remember what I had given up.

In my quest for submission, I had...over submitted.

But, now was now, and now was my chance.

I pushed her back against the bed. She fell on her back, and frowned. I knew what the problem was. She wanted to be on top.

"I'm on top," I stated.

I crawled between her magnificent legs and licked her juices, sucked her clitoris, and then I moved higher, and I loved her breasts, and then I was ready. My tiny dick was as big as it would get, as hard as it would get, and it was poised at the door to her feminine mystique.

I pushed, and my dick bent.

I used my hand, and it sort of squiggled away from the ultimate destination.

She used her hand, and because she was more familiar with her anatomy than I was, she inserted me.

I froze, and my mind was stilled, and I felt myself in her. The warmth of her. The way her walls clung to my dick.

I was small, four inches, but that left at least a couple of inches truly penetrating.

I stared into her eyes, watched her face. She was blinking, and her mouth was open in an O. And her eyes were stark, staring, fixated on me.

And a thousand miles away. In the land where orgasms come from.

"Okay?" I asked.

"Oh, yes," and it was plain she was having a hard time breathing. "I always liked the big ones, I never tried the small ones, but this...this...I've never felt anything that...demanded so much of me."

"Can I move?"

For answer she ground her hips up, pressed hard against me, and...I squirted.

A couple of seconds of white hot pleasure, then I was done. My little balls, small as raisins, had emptied out. My dick instantly turned into a half sized worm and slid out.

"No! No!" she yelled, and she hugged me, and ground into me, but it was useless. It was over. And she finally just lay there and sobbed.

I got up and got dressed.

I had had sex. Real sex. With my wife. My mind was stunned, and overwhelmed. And underwhelmed. I had been too small. I had left her wanting. I was inadequate.

I went into the computer room, picked up the pink pill, and swallowed it. No more did I want to fuck her. I had not the tool, and I had not the desire. With my inadequate few droplets I had exhausted myself. Nothing of me left.

And the man in me? The Y chromosome? It was done. I was done. so there really was nothing left but the pill.

The next few weeks were interesting, to say the least.

On one hand, my wife was more solicitous to me. She kept asking me how I felt. She stopped going out on dinner dates and coming home smelling of other men's cum. And she kept looking at me. Looks filled with desire. And I knew she wanted me to lay down with her again. My penis had proved inadequate, but she probably felt that if she tried, then maybe...maybe...

On the other hand, I was imbued with a new energy.

I didn't feel like being a footstool. I let some chores go, and my wife actually took over in that department. I figured she was just keeping me happy while my body lost that dreadful Y chromosome.

Whatever, we began to take on a more happy existence. She was home more, starting to cook, and smiling a lot. When she wasn't pondering me and wondering whether she could get my dick into bed.

And we began to play with my budding new sexuality.

She bought me a carload of sexy underthings. Corsets and garters, nylons and bras. Everything.

And she bought me clothes. Dresses from expensive and exclusive shops. Skirts and blouses. Scarves and hats and everything that I had seen on a woman, but had never imagined myself as wearing.

And shoes. Oh, God! High heels! Boots that went up to the thigh, sandals, Mary Janes. And...more high heels.

My body changed, and my dick shrunk even more. My balls drew up, and sometimes it felt like I could feel things inside my groin. Weird things, the shifting of things male into things female. Testicles becoming ovaries. And the dick getting smaller, actually starting to invert. The slit widening and sinking in and...becoming a pussy?

And now Melissa looked truly discouraged. As my dick shrank into virtual non-existence, whatever plans she had for taking me to bed disappeared.

I began to be happy. There was something in her that was starting to be sad.

She signed me up for a class in make up. I learned about blush and foundation, eyeshadow and lips. I learned how to do my own nails, and I kept them long and red and sharp. I felt like a predator. I had never felt like that as a man, but now...now I felt like a shark, and people were...hors d'oeuvres.

I will always remember the day I was announced to the public.

The man who would be woman. The man who WAS a woman.

My dick had turned into a vagina, I had tits bigger than my wife's. And I dressed classy and wore make up like I had been wearing it all my life.

We announced me in San Francisco. We figured that the trans community would offer the most support, and we were right.

Person after person came up to me, hugged me, and wistfully asked what they could do to look like me.

"Vote for my wife," I suggested.

From San Francisco to Los Angeles. Another huge community that fell in love with me, promised to back me up. And the polls were looking good.

And I found that men were attracted to me. They sought out my company. While my wife was speaking on the podium, I would be talking to an endless line of men. Men who wanted to touch me, see me, hug me. And feel my breasts. And kiss me.

But I didn't want to be hugged and kissed. I wanted to be a predator. I wanted to be like my wife, strong and powerful, a mover and a shaker, changing the world.

My days of being a footstool were over.

The public was confused by the idea of a Y Chromosome being excess, and not needed. While the gays and trans and all those people embraced the idea, an explanation for whatever condition they might consider themselves in, the straights held on to their X and Y notion. Arguments burst out in forums, TV talking heads blurted ill conceived ideas at all hours of the day.

I didn't care about all that. I was in love with the new me.

I was no longer a weak male, hoping to impress a strong female. Now I was a strong female, and males, with their pre-occupation with sex, were the weaker of the species.

Poor, Y diseased males.

Melissa was nominated for the US Senate.

Oh, we celebrated. We drank champagne. We danced. We partied. And something bad happened. Bad in Melissa's eyes. Good in mine.

She was speaking, enthraling the crowd with her tales of a female led Utopia. Of males that were finally cured of being male.

I was behind her, standing in the wings, loving all the power oozing through the auditorium.

"Pardon me."

"Yes?" I turned to find a short man with a bushy mustache and a round face.

"My name is Oscar Brown. I represent Hegemony Software."

I had heard Melissa speak of this company. They were in charge of election software, and it was said that if you hired Hegemony...you got elected.

Well, of course. He who controls the computers controls the votes.

"How lovely to meet you, Mr. Brown."

"Please, Oscar."

"Oscar then. Did you come to hear Melissa speak?"

A far away came into his eyes. He nodded. "Yes. She seems to be a little busy."

"Well, what can I do? Is there some message that I can relay to her?"

He smiled wanly. "No...no. I just...no."

I linked my arm into his and walked him deeper into the wings, back where there were no people, where sound wouldn't drift to the stage.

The truth was, I knew what Oscar Brown wanted. He wanted a little love. Or, maybe a lot of love. I had overheard people talking, I had even heard Melissa, on the phone once, describe what she had had to give this man to get elected to the state senate.

Money...and something else.

And it was obvious, seeing the glint in his eyes, seeing the bulge in his pants, what he was here for.

"What do you want, Oscar?" I asked. "Melissa and I talk over everything. I know what she knows. So tell me what you want."

He stared at me then. "I think you know what I want."

I touched his pants then. I felt his cock, hard and throbbing.

I had never touched a man's cock before. But I had dreamt of it.

Oh, I wasn't a pervert, or anything like that, I was just emptied of the Y chromosome. I didn't have male inhibitions or impulses running my life. I was free to be me, and I was a woman.

"Perhaps I could stand in for Melissa."

His eyes were calculating. I had an allure to him. I was the first man to become a pure woman. Which meant that I was a virgin. Which made him drool and salivate all the harder.

"Perhaps you could."

I unzipped his trouser and pulled out the snake. It wasn't a bad size. I say that now, after having done a lot of fucking, and finding out that most politicians are usually pretty darned under-sized.

So he was adequate, and I stroked him. And I reached into his pants and fondled his testicles.

He gasped, and he moved forward.

He was shorter than me, but that was fine. I was the alpha dog here, no matter what he thought, and I took him in my arms and turned so that he bent back, and I kissed him.

On one hand, yuck. Mustaches. I made a note to avoid mustaches from here on out.

On the other hand, I could taste him. Women have better sensory apparatuses than men. They can define smells and colors and sounds better.

I could taste the odor of him. I could smell everything about him, from when he had last washed his clothes to what he had eaten for dinner last night. It was a delicious odor, and I marveled that Melissa had seemed not to like it.

What was not to like? He tasted like a man, like a Y chromosome, and I devoured that scent hungrily.

He grabbed my boobs. He wasn't a polished man, but that was okay. Hamburger can be every bit as delicious as steak.

But I wondered if he would ever take the pill himself.

"Oscar?"

"Mmmm," he was on his knees now. My dress was up and I was wearing no panties, so you can guess what he was nibbling.

"Would you ever consider taking the pill?"

He smiled up at me, and told me something that shocked me.

"What lose my Y chromosome? Not on your life."

"Why not?"

"Do you actually believe all that hoey about the Y chromosome being a bizarre mutation, a virus, a disease?"

"Well, I never actually thought about it."

"Hegemony represents the pharmaceutical companies. We know the truth.

"And the truth is?"

"The Y chromosome is entirely natural. It is valid, and it makes men men."

"But why is it being touted as a disease?"

He shrugged, wanted to go back to eating me out.

I leaned down and grabbed his dick and lifted him to his feet.

"Yikes!" he yelped.

I leaned into his face. I said the one thing that women have said from time immemorial and which enables them to rule the world. "If you want to get off you're going to have to tell me why."

"Okay! Okay!" Then: "Money. If we make men into women that doubles the value of stock in cosmetics, in female clothes, in everything that a woman buys. More soap. More douche. More baby products."

"More baby products? Can I get pregnant?" I had never thought of such a thing.

He shrugged. "Don't know. Doesn't matter. When we have a war we sell more baby products. People make more babies. With so many men turning into women it will almost be like a war. There will be more people who make babies. That's just the way the human race rolls. Now, about my dick."

I was blasted. I had trouble thinking. Yet it all made so much sense.

I asked, "But what if too many men change into women? What'll happen then?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "We'll release the pill that makes women into men."

I was double blasted. All capability for thought had left me.

He said, "Now, about my dick?"

So I stroked him, and decided to leave off fucking him and wait for somebody I really respected. As for him, when he started to cum I punched him in the face. And I had enough male musculature left, and he was such a wimpy asshole, I knocked him out and down.

He lay there in the gloom, his pecked stiff and rigid and squirting, even though he was unconscious.

I went back to the curtains where I had been standing before. I watched as Melissa ended her speech.

"When all men are women, then we will be finally be a truly equal society. Women will be free from the bizarre predations of men. No more rape, crime will become a thing of the past, and we will finally get along, like a true family should. Thank you."

Cheers followed her off stage. She came to me and hugged me, and she stepped back, held me at arms length, and examined me. Her eyes were shocked, and I knew what her superior sense of smell could detect.

I had a bit of cum on my hands from Oscar. It was pungent and aromatic, and a smell that she wasn't fond of.

I liked it. But then I had been a man, and I had fond memories of pleasant orgasms topped off with a heaping helping of sperm.

She didn't.

She associated sperm with being forced to do something with somebody who smelled bad.

My opinion? Tough luck, sister. Or wife. It was a changing world.

We went home, got undressed, and had a fight. Funny, I would have thought she would initiate a fight while she was dressed. Then, on later reflection, I realized that that was the way she worked. That was the way she had done me when I was a man. Get undressed, and while my lower head was doing all the thinking, have her way with me.

"How could you do that with somebody like Oscar Brown?" She snapped.

"You did. Why can't I?"

"That's different."

And I finally blew my top and laid down the law. "It is not different, furthermore, how dare you stand in my way."

"Your way?"

"My way. My way happens to be helping you achieve your goals. And if I have to suck a dick, or fuck some asshole, then so be it. And don't you ever try to ruin my life with your cheap, male standards."

"Male standards?" She was made dizzy trying to understand what I was saying. And it wasn't helping that I had stepped forward and grabbed her pussy. In fact, while I railed at her my hand grabbed her whole mons. My middle finger was in her hole, just the tip, but that was enough, and my hand squeezed her pudendum viciously.

She grew weak at the knees, grasped my wrist with her hands, but it was no use. I had her in my power.

"Please...please..." she gasped.

"Please Please what?"

But I was grinning. My finger was slowly sinking deeper as I squeezed harder. I was up to the second knuckle, and I manage to wiggle it a bit.

"Oh..."

Then I kissed her. I held her pud like a bowling ball and I mashed my lips into her. I kissed her ruthlessly, savagely, and I took her senses away from her.

She groaned, and I grabbed her tits. I dug my nails into them, and her knees gave out. She collapsed, and I went with her. She lay on the floor, gasping for breath, trying to free herself from my talons.

I kissed her some more, literally chewing on her mouth, sticking my tongue far in, occupying her mind with my mean-ness.

I let go of her genitalia and gripped her breasts with both hands. God, she was hot. She was now moaning, her pussy was so wet I could smell it. She pressed her hips up at me.

I put my hand down between her legs and shoved in three fingers.

"GAH!" she rolled her head back, not able to comprehend the terrific pleasure I was assaulting her with.

I began pushing my hand in and out. I could feel my knuckles moving against the ridge of muscles that surrounded her pussy.

I had lost a lot of male strength, but I still had a little, and I kept her down and kept jamming my fingers into her.

Not that she wanted to get up. She was in heaven. Gasping, drooling, thrusting her hips up against my fingers.

And then, she got so juicy, so moist, so desirous, my hand slipped inside her.

She froze, opened her eyes, and stared at me.

I made a fist inside her, I began ramming it in and out. She became like a rag doll, moaning and crying, holding onto my wrist with both hands, but trying to help me fuck her, not trying to stop me.

Then she started stuttering, talking almost as if in tongues. "Gaba daba wah wah." A chant, a moan, a prayer to some god of fuk from some lost age.

I used all my power, I rubbed my wrist against her clit, and she snapped her head back, her eyes rolled back, and she arched.

"AHHHHHHHHH!" Almost a scream.

Then she was hunching, trying to fold up like a fetus around my fist. She gave a few spasms, closed her eyes, and just lay there.

I undid my fist and slowly pulled it out.

She lay, her eyes half open now, and an expression of pure wonder in them.

I placed my hand to her nose. "Smell this?"

She did, and she nodded, too weak to do anything else.

"That's the smell of you, and guess who owns you?"

"You do," and she sighed, finally and totally happy.

This was what she had needed for our entire marriage, and I had had to become a woman to give it to her.

I licked her juices off my hand, then went into the bathroom. I needed a shower.

Melissa took the election by a narrow margin. She was the person who introduced the solution to the Y chromosome to the world. She was a US Senator, and she would spearhead programs to sell the 'Y pill,' as it came to be called, to all the countries of the world. She had truly changed the world.

And, I can say...I helped. In fact, my contribution was just as valuable as hers, if not more so.

The interesting thing is that people say she didn't win. They held that because she had used Hegemony software, and because Hegemony was rumored to cause votes to flip, she really hadn't won the election.

But she did. And it is a simple matter of mathematics to prove it. There are 161.1 million men in the United States. There are 166.7 million women. And there you go.

END