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## **The Husband Beauty Pageant**

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men to explore  
their feminine side...**



**...but their wives wanted to have the daintiest,  
cutest sissy husbands in the neighborhood!**

**A tale of femdom, forced cross-dressing,  
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**Enjoy!**

## Sissy Sort 2: The Husband Beauty Pageant

"You've got to be kidding!" Dan cried from his side of the bed.

"The law passed three months ago," Christy said, still holding the government brochure she had been mailed. "Every wife has to sort her husband and if I put it off any longer they're going to raise our taxes thirty percent!" She read the rest of the tri-fold and laughed. "Well, at least it shouldn't take too long."

"Well, just sort me as a Normal Male or something," Dan huffed. "No way in hell I'll do any of that gay stuff they're having those boys do!"

Christy smiled. "Only a third of young men get sorted as Sissy," she said. "The rest are chastity-belted Nerds or Studs for hire. But they have to stay sorted 24/7 until they get married- you married guys have it easy! Your sort only goes one year on, one year off. I guess so society doesn't collapse while a third of all men try to learn to walk around in skirts and high heels! Oh, wait! For husbands, they have two extra sorting categories I can put you in!"

"Like what?"

Christy was wearing a just nightshirt and nothing else, and Dan tried not to stare as his wife crossed her still fabulous legs at the ankle and twirled one dainty foot as she read.

"Let's see.... the two extra categories I can sort you into are Naked Husband or Cuckold."

"What?" he cried. *Those were worse than the others!* he thought.

"A Naked Husband," she read, "cannot wear any clothes at home, for any reason, regardless of family or visitors that may be present." She looked at him with a grin. "That would make Christmas dinner with my sisters and Sammi a lot more interesting, wouldn't it?"

He grimaced. *Why was he starting to get hard? And why did Christy's tan, nude legs look so fucking good today?*

"What's the other choice?" he said, trying to cover the growing tent in his sweatpants.

"A Cuckold Husband must wear a chastity belt at all times, just like a Nerd," Christy read, "and must pay for and help his wife plan romantic encounters with her Stud lovers which may or may not end in intercourse." Christy put down the paper and laughed. "Lovers- *plural!* I like the sound of that!"

"Quit joking around!"

"No, really," she said, holding her chin as if pondering the idea. "I could be having romantic dinners out on the town three nights a week! I can barely get you to take me to Applebee's once a month!"

Dan was rock hard for some reason. "Christy! Stop it!"

"Okay, okay," she said, then noticed his hard-on and laughed. "But hey, while you're *up*, let's get a measurement for the Sorting. They even sent me a little kit!"

Christy rolled half out of bed to pick a small box up off the floor, giving Dan a short, mouth-watering shot of her bare pussy from behind. Then she rolled back to sitting and pulled out a tailor's measuring tape. "Get those pants off," she giggled. "And think *big*!"

Dan blushed as slipped his sweatpants off, already fully hard, and then his wife straddled his legs to find he measured all of four and a half inches from root to tip.

"That thing's rigged!" he cried as she wrote in the brochure. "Those inches aren't standard size!"

Christy laughed and held the tape out to its full length. "I wonder what they do for men who are longer than ten inches?"

"No one's that big," Dan grumbled, looking at how the extended tape dwarfed his fully hard member.

"You'd be surprised." Now she was handling his cock again, measuring his girth, and her soft hands felt incredible on his shaft. "I knew a guy in college, thick as a beer can and as long as my arm. Half of sophomore year I could barely walk to class." She giggled as Dan's cock jumped in her hand. "Oh! Does someone enjoy the idea of me with other men?"

He gripped her thighs. "NO! I don't want to see you with ANYONE else!"

"You know, the pamphlet has a way to test for Cuckold husbands," she laughed, and then was pulling a high end metal chastity belt out of the box. "Can you believe these used to cost hundreds of dollars before the Women's Liberation Front was voted into office, and now they're just giving them away for free?"

"Typical government overspending," Dan grunted as she crammed his hard cock into the tight steel.

They had played around with belts to spice things up after Sammi had been born, and it looked like Christy still hadn't lost her touch of locking him up. Her fingers deftly slipped the ring around his balls while she pinched his tip to soften him quickly, and she had him mostly threaded into the cage in under ten seconds.

"Actually, when they stopped all those stupid military projects male politicians had been funding for the last 50 years, there was more than enough money in the budget!" she laughed. "They made enough chastity belts for the whole nation out of just one decommissioned aircraft carrier!" With one final squeeze, she snapped the lock shut. "There!"

He was grimacing, holding his bulging, swollen balls as the ring squeezed them in their sac. This belt was much tighter than the plastic one they had played with, and Dan could just hear the female politicians laughing at his discomfort. "What does this prove?"

Without a word, Christy left the bedroom and returned with her cellphone. She sat in the nearby dressing chair where Dan could see but not touch her, crossed her bare legs sexily, and dialed.

"Who are you calling?"

"Shhhh!" she ordered. "Or I might just lose the key to that belt for a few days!"

Dan looked around in panic- she had taken the only key when she went to get her phone- it could be hidden anywhere in the house! And this belt was steel, not plastic that could be cut!

Christy smiled as her call connected. "Geoffrey? I hope you don't mind me calling you on a Sunday morning!"

Dan made a face- the tall, muscular British guy from Christy's office who couldn't keep his shirt on during the company volleyball game? She was calling *him*?

"So Geoffrey..." she giggled, drawing a spiral in the plush carpet with her toe, "...I don't want to make things weird at work, but...what are you wearing right now?"

"Christy!" Dan hissed, but she shushed him with a strong look, then relaxed into her chair again.

"No," she laughed. "Dan just rushed out early to meet his golf buddies, I woke up horny, and I just needed a little *inspiration* this morning, if you know what I mean!" Dan's jaw dropped. "And I couldn't stop thinking of how nice your ass looked in those jeans Friday!"

Geoffrey was saying something, and Christy giggled like a schoolgirl at his response. "Me? A little sleep shirt. Just a thin little thing, really. I'm not even wearing panties."

Dan bit his lip. Christy was smiling, her body language open and inviting like she was on a date, and she was one piece of clothing away from being naked! Dan's cock did the natural thing but the harder he tried to get, the more

the small belt stretched his balls painfully away from his body. He could hear those female politicians laughing at him again!

"Really?" Christy giggled, biting her lip and stroking her bare inner thigh. "Okay!" She stood up, took off her nightshirt and playfully threw it at Dan before picking up the phone again. "There you go, Geoffrey!" she said, stretching her lean, nude body out on the chair. "Naked as a baby! Is this how you picture me when you're all alone and horny?"

Dan pulled on the belt to get relief for his crushed balls as Christy listened to the Brit's response and gasped.

"Geoffrey! You're such a naughty boy! Is that really what you think about when I wear garters and stockings to work? No wonder you're always hanging around my desk! I should report you!"

And right in front of Dan, Christy licked her fingers and started pulling gently at her pink, hardening nipples. Dan grimaced and hunched over- the way she was talking, the way she was wriggling in the chair and rubbing herself- it made his belt a vise!

"But instead," she purred, "why don't you tell me what you'd do to my naked body if you were here right now?" She listened for a bit, giggling and sliding her shaved legs against each other and then gasped. "Geoffrey," she laughed. "You're such an animal!"

"Christy, please stop-" he begged.

She held up one finger to shush him, then used the same hand to reach between her legs and start teasing her bare pussy lips.

"That's so hot," she said, her voice growing more throaty as her fingers kept making slow circles. "Tell you what, Geoff- why don't you wear those tight jeans again tomorrow, and I'll wear my shortest skirt and shiniest stockings. And we'll both spend all day thinking about what could happen between us...if I wasn't married!" She winked at Dan. "I've got to go finish myself off now- why don't you do the same?" Christy hung up, then shivered and ran her hands down her bare thighs.

"So? How was that for you?" she giggled at her bent over husband. "Do you want to be my Cuckold?"

"No!"

"Really? Your belt looks pretty tight..."

"From what you were doing, not the situation!"

Christy jumped onto the bed and pushed him flat onto his back. She produced the belt key from under her pillow and giggled, tapping the key against the straining steel belt.



"If not a cuckold, what do you want to be? My nude husband, so you can wave your stiff willie at my sisters when they come over?"

"No!"

"I guess that just leaves a Sissy," she said, unlocking his belt. "Wearing my panties...putting on make-up, dressing like a pretty girl...oh my god Dan, you're getting SO hard!" she laughed, lifting the last of the cage off. "You DO want to be my pretty Sissy!"

Dan growled and threw the chastity belt aside. "No! I'm going to be your *Stud*! If anyone's going to fuck my wife hard, it's going to be me!"

Christy gasped as he rolled her over on to her back and pushed her thighs apart with his knees, then gasped again as he thrust into her already wet entrance without asking.

"Yes! Fuck me Stud!" she cried, wrapping her legs around his hips with urgency.

Dan started pistoning in and out but slowed down almost immediately. She felt as hot and tight as she had on their wedding night! He wasn't going to last a minute!

"NO!" Christy cried. "Fuck me harder! I need to cum!"

Dan bit his lip and tried. He fought his body for thirty long seconds, pounding her as hard and fast as she wanted. But then he had to start pacing his strokes- it just felt too good!

She clawed at his back. "No! Don't slow down now!"

"Christy..." he warned, his balls drawing tight.

"I'm almost there!" she cried, thrusting her hips back at him with her own urgent rhythm.

That was too much.

"Christy!"

"Just one more minute!"

"I can't-Unn-UNNNGH!" he cried, speeding up as he blasted his cum into her. Dan tried to keep thrusting as he softened, but his orgasm had been immense and he went limp quickly. He took a few breaths, then pushed off of her. "I'm sorry," he panted. "I'm sorry. Did you... you know?"

She was breathing heavily too, but seemed anxious. "It's okay. You tried," she said, patting his shoulder. "Can you, uh, give me a few minutes alone?" And she was already reaching for her vibrator.

Dan rolled off of her with a sigh and headed for the bathroom for a long shower.

When he came out, Christy was waiting, a fresh pink glow on her cheeks, a smile on her lips, and the steel chastity belt dangling from her finger. "Dear, why

don't you put this back on?"

He gulped. "What? Why?"

"I just sent away for your Sorting package. It will take two weeks to get here, and you need to be ready to 'perform' when it does," she giggled, then added, "Stud."

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There weren't many women as hot as Christy at his office, but by the end of the first week,

Dan found himself staring at them all, watching the natural way they swayed their hips when they walked, how crossing their legs at their desk could be both casual and seductive at the same time, and generally cataloging the hundred other unique ways women's bodies moved that were of interest to a man's eye. It made his belt tight, but after six days without orgasms and Christy walking around in tiny outfits at home, but he couldn't look away from the poetry in motion.

*If I could bottle that*, he chuckled to himself. Sometimes the women moved in unerotic ways, but every now and then one of them would perform some mysterious, magical set of motions that made him unable to concentrate, unable to even think through the ache in his full balls-

"Having a hard day, Dan?" Sandra laughed, stopping in front of his desk with a grin.

He threw his gaze down to his papers. Sandra was one of the few that could rival Christy! She always wore her hair short in a pageboy cut, but there was nothing boyish about her cleavage that Dan had been caught peeking at more than once this year. He couldn't look right at her- his belt would explode! And Sandra didn't deserve that satisfaction.

"Just working, Sandra! I suggest you do the same."

But the short haired brunette didn't move along, only turned on her high heels and sat on the empty desk facing his.

"So, has your wife sorted you yet? I'm *dying* to know what class you're going to be," she giggled.

"That's personal," he grunted, trying not to look up. Sandra loved scolding men for looking at her firm tits, and she had her top *two* buttons of her dress shirt undone today. Dan winced as the chastity belt squeezed his balls, just from the images stored in his memories.

Sandra laughed and spoke to the top of his head. "You know, once I become your boss, I can *make* you tell me what class you are. And then we can have some *real* fun."

"I put out twice as many product designs a week as you do," he growled, looking at his computer screen instead. "If you think you're getting that promotion over me, you're crazy!"

Sitting on the opposite desk, she crossed her legs so that her pencil skirt rose even higher and dangled a heel off the dainty little toes that Dan had spent hours of his work life fantasizing about kissing and sucking.

"Oh Dan," she laughed, "this company could hire three Nerds fresh out of college to do what you do right now, and they'd be faster and cheaper. And if they do..." She crossed her legs again, "...which one of us could motivate those Nerds to work longer and harder, do you think? You? Or me?"

He tried not to look, but the week of cum in his balls demanded otherwise. He snuck a peek at her long legs and the tiny hint of panties between them- and his belt made him pay.

Sandra laughed at his grimace and hopped off the desk, pulling her skirt back down to her knees. "That's the future, Dan. You better get used to it." She turned before going down the hall. "And did you know, if your wife has sorted you as a Naked Husband, as your boss I could force you to strip right here at work? One day every month."

His jaw dropped. "That's not true!"

"Read the new Law some time," she laughed, boring her green eyes down on him. "I hope that's what Christy chose. I would just *love* to have you as my nude assistant for a day, your stiff pencil dick waving in front you as you ran to get my coffee!"

He slapped his pencil down on his desk.

"Unless I've been sorted as a Stud, and then I can charge you double for the pleasure of finishing all over your face!"

"Ooooh, such an attitude!" she laughed, walking away. "You might make a good sassy Sissy, and then I can pinch your pantied ass as you prance around in high heels and look pretty for me one day every month! But you, as a Stud? As if!"

She laughed and left, and even though the image of her tight ass walking away kept his balls aching the rest of the day, it was her last words that worried him the most.

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"You checked the right box, right?" he asked Christy that weekend. "Stud, right? It's close to Sissy, and I want to make sure you didn't make a mistake."

"For the third time, yes!" she said, rolling her eyes as she worked at the sink. "Now, come help me with these dishes!"

He did, but she was barefoot in the same tiny sorority shorts Dan had first met her in, tiny things that were almost underwear. Her old t-shirt was tied off around her waist to keep out of the sink, but it showed off her smooth, flat stomach every time she turned to the dish rack and back. And her tiny shorts clung to her ass every time she bent into the dishwasher, just inches from his hands...

Dan clutched at his balls before the belt cut them off. "Christy!"

"What *now*?"

"Can we take this belt off?"

She laughed as she looked down at his crotch. "Why? Got a case of the blue balls, Stud?"

"Yes! And it hurts!" he cried, not caring how whiny he sounded. Anything to get the damn belt off!

"Alright," she laughed. "Come on."

He followed her like a puppy to the bedroom, where she started getting out the four-point play restraints they kept tucked under the mattress.

"Why do we need those?"

She laughed. "Dan, I'm not leaving your hands and your hard-on free at the same time! I'd never get you back *into* the belt! Now hup- onto the bed!"

He stripped and did, reluctantly stretching his limbs so that she could tie him tightly spread eagle.

Christy checked his restraints and left, then came back with the key a minute later. She took the belt off and giggled as Dan started getting hard almost immediately.

She lovingly washed his crotch with a warm wet towel, trimmed his pubic hairs very short with tiny scissors, and then got out her peach-scented hand cream

"To soothe the chaffed spots," she giggled, and Dan started going out of his mind. Her slick, expert hands rubbed every part of his crotch, squeezing his thighs, pushing on that spot below his balls that always made him extra hard, even rolling his full balls and stroking his shaft in the way he loved most. It was a slow, tortuous build to an explosive orgasm. Which she stopped seconds before he tipped over the edge.

"Christy!" he cried, bucking on the bed as his cock swelled, twitched, but kept all his cum still trapped inside him. He pulled uselessly on the restraints.

"Come on! Finish me!"

"Don't you want to be super virile for your Stud test next week?"

"No! Finish me!"

"Okay. I'm sorry, baby. Relax and enjoy this one."

Dan untensed as her hands started working their slow magic again. After twenty years of marriage, she knew how to work his cock. She was doing everything right, speeding up as he got closer and closer- then jumped off the bed seconds before he would have cum!

"GOD DAMN IT!"

She was bent over and laughing. "You should see the look on your face!"

"What are you doing? Make me cum!" he demanded.

She was still smiling, but wiping the lotion off her hands and a tear of laughter from her eye. "No, Dan, we've had enough fun for today. I can't risk you messing up your Stud test next week. You can orgasm after that."

"But I need to cum *now*!" he cried, pulling at the restraints again.

"Are you whining?" she asked, putting her hands on her hips. "That's not very Stud-like behavior, Dan. That's more like what a Sissy would do." She gave him a look. "You know, I could still change my mind and sort you into a pretty, pantied husband if I want. It would be fun to have another girl around the house, now that Sammi's left for college!"

Christy laughed as Dan shut his mouth quickly. She left, then re-entered the room with a bag of frozen peas and Dan's eyes got very wide.

"Oh, is my little sissy going to whine again?" she laughed, moving towards his painfully hard erection with the bag. "Or are you going to be quiet and take it like a man?"

Dan turned his head and closed his eyes, but his resolution to not make a sound evaporated the second Christy held the ice-cold bag against his penis.

"Oh you're such a baby," she laughed. "My sorority made every pledge hold an ice cube inside their pussy until it completely melted, and none of those girls whimpered as much as this!"

Christy kept holding the bag against the gasping man's cock and balls until they shriveled enough to fit in the belt, then she snapped it locked with a slight smile on her face.

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Dan soaped himself feverishly, lathering up his entire body and washing in off in less than a minute. His two weeks of painful balls and denied erections was over, his Stud sorting package had come in the mail and he could finally get this damned belt off for good, just as soon as he finished this shower!

*What kind of Stud package comes in a shiny pink box?* he wondered. *They must do that just because the wives want it to look pretty. But who cares- I just want this fucking belt off!*

He slammed off the water without even shampooing his hair and started toweling off haphazardly.

Christy opened the door without knocking to confront her nude husband.

"I said take a good *long* shower, like you were going on a hot date! You haven't even shaved!"

He rubbed his cheek. "Yes I did!"

"Well shave again- against the grain this time. And make sure to wash um... up your behind?" she giggled.

Dan blushed. "Why?"

She giggled again. "It's going to be *that* kind of date," she said, then left the bathroom.

Dan gulped and turned the shower back on, directing the hand nozzle between his butt cheeks as he soaped around his rear entrance. The only other time Christy had asked him to wash *back there* was when she decided to stick her tongue down his cleaned asshole at the end of an incredible, enthusiastic blowjob-turned-handjob. *God, he had cum SO HARD that time...*

Dan took extra time to make sure he was clean back there and shave his face double smooth. Dan wrapped a towel around him and practically ran to the bedroom, only to find the four-point restraints out from under the mattress again.

"Why do we need those!"

"Standard Sorting Rules, Dan. Or don't you want that belt to ever come off?"

Christy giggled as he practically threw himself on the bed and splayed his limbs out to be cuffed. She secured one wrist, then the other, then paused.

"You know, if you become a Stud, you'll have to hire yourself out to lonely women in our neighborhood if they meet the minimum bid. Could you do that?"

"I guess."

She cuffed his ankle. "Even if we knew them? Like my friend Tabitha- could you service her if you had to?"

Dan felt a tingle race to his cock. Christy's hot divorced friend? She was over forty but still a wild thing, and Dan loved when Christy invited her along to see live bands because Tabitha would always get too drunk and grind her tight ass against his crotch when they all danced together...

"That would be awkward," he said, trying not to grin, "but I could get through it if I had to."

Christy put the last cuff on and tightened the straps. "Or it might be mothers who want their daughter's first time to be with a safe, experienced man. Like the

Truman girls, they just turned eighteen. Could you do either of them if you had to?"

Now he couldn't help but grin. Those two Paris-Hilton wannabes next door? Who didn't realize that his attic could see over their bushes to the spot they always liked to sun themselves? And last year they had given up on bikinis altogether, falling asleep in the sun wearing nothing but lip gloss and baby oil...

He chuckled. "If I had to."

Christy slapped his thigh. "Dan! They're even younger than Sammi!"

He tried to look remorseful. "I didn't make the rules for Studs, honey."

"I know," she sighed, then took off his towel and his chastity belt, finally. She called into the second bedroom. "Come on in, Maxine."

Dan stiffened as Christy's favorite stylist from the salon strutted in, a confident, athletic redhead in skintight ripped jeans and a heavy metal t-shirt. He always checked out her ass whenever he dropped Christy off to get her hair done, but now, tied down and nude, he couldn't stop the younger woman from getting an even better look at him! Worst of all, he was getting hard right in front of her, just from having the belt off!

"You remember Maxine, from the salon?" Christy asked.

Dan nodded, blushing harder. Damn it, why wouldn't his cock stop stiffening?

The redhead looked over from emptying of her purse on the table and raised an eyebrow at his skyward, twitching cock. "Well. I don't usually get *that* reaction," she laughed.

"Well my Dan is apparently *very* excited about this change in his life," Christy said as he just kept getting harder and harder until his dick was at full mast, pointing at the ceiling and twitching. Christy tested the restraints one last time then sat in the dressing chair. "He's all yours, Max."

Dan swallowed, then looked at his wife. "Um, Honey? Are you going to um, watch?"

"Of course!" she laughed. "I wouldn't miss this for the world!"

Dan groaned. He hadn't made love to another woman in twenty years- and this hot young woman was going to be his first 'client'? Just watching the way her body moved as she set up her sex supplies on the table... Dan tried to control his cock, but he knew he was going to blow his load as soon as he entered her!

Oh god, would the Stud rules let him have a retake? He had to pass, he couldn't be a Nude Husband or a Sissy or any other stupid category! Could he get extra points for getting it up again before the hour was over? That's when Dan looked again at the 'sex supplies' Maxine was laying out on the nightstand. Lipstick? Nail polish? Waxing strips?

"What the hell is going on here?" he demanded.

"I think he just realized he's not fucking me tonight!" Maxine laughed and Christy just shook her head. The stylist put her hands on her hips and looked him over. "Okay. He doesn't have much, but let's get all that hair off."

Dan stiffened, pulling at the restraints. "What?"

Christy laughed. "Dan, when's the last time you saw a bodybuilder with hair anywhere? Stud's can't have gross, hairy bodies."

"He's not exactly a bodybuilder," Maxine snickered, squeezing his wiry biceps before slapping warm wax on his arm and smoothing a strip of tape over it. "More of a... ballerina body?"

Dan was in mid protest as she pulled the first waxing strip off. "Hey, I work ou- FUUUUCK!"

"Get used to that, princess. That's strip one of fifty!"

"No!" Dan cried, as she came towards him with the wax again.

"Dan, don't be a problem," Christy said. "And for goodness sakes, could you get rid of your boner? You look ridiculous in front of our guest."

"Oh, that little twig?" Max laughed. "I don't mind- it's such a cute little thing, I just want to grab it!"

Dan jumped as the younger woman did just that, giving his hard cock a squeeze and a few quick strokes before she moved to wax his other arm. He blushed deeply, looking to his wife for support. "Christy!"

But she was just sipping a glass of wine. "Get used to it, hon. If you really want to be a Stud, you can't jump every time a strange woman grabs your crank." She nodded at the redhead. "Try his balls, Max. Two weeks full."

Dan gasped as a strange set of fingers kneaded his family jewels like she owned them, then squirmed as Maxine squeezed and appraised his testicles like she was judging a dog show.

"Oh yeah, these are just about ripe," she laughed. She gave them one last pat and continued working. "But why don't you go another two weeks Christy, just to be sure?"

"No! I'm coming tonight!" he said. "Right after my Stud test!"

Maxine raised one amused eyebrow at Christy. "Oh? Is *that* what this is?" she laughed, before pulling another painful strip of hair off of Dan's body.

The women laughed and made chit-chat as Maxine ripped strip after strip of hair off of him. His erection went away eventually from the sting but his howls didn't, only getting louder as more of his body felt like it was on fire.

"Oh my god," Maxine laughed when she was almost done. "You're whining more than my niece did for her Prom waxing, and she's sixteen!" She pulled off



another strip then felt his newly smooth calf with a laugh. "The result is basically the same, though. He's got really soft skin for a guy!"

"I've made him moisturize for years," his wife laughed. "I'm glad it's finally paying off!"

"Sure is," Maxine giggled, running her hands up Dan's smooth thighs. "Are you sure he's supposed to be a Stud, Christy? You put these legs in a little black dress, and he could be a Sissy that really turns some heads!"

"Maybe," his wife giggled and Dan's heart rate spiked. He remembered what Sandra had said about Sissies having to dress for work!

"No!" he cried. "I'm a Stud! Let's get all this stupid waxing done and move on already!"

"Well, that depends on you," Christy said, undoing his ankles but pausing on his wrist. "There's only one spot left to wax- are you going to make any problems as we bend you over the bed?"

His blush, which had receded during the long waxing, came rushing back. "You don't mean-"

"Who wants a Stud with a hairy ass?" his wife laughed, undoing just one wrist cuff. "Now hurry up so we can move on."

Burning with embarrassment, Dan bent over his own bed, feet spread wide on the floor as Maxine wanted, and let her wax his entire ass hairless.

"Finally," he said, starting to get up but then Max pushed him back down with one hand on his back.

"Just one last spot," she giggled. "Let me see that rosebud, princess!"

He resisted, face down on his bed, and Christy smacked his ass. "Just one more spot Dan. Don't be a baby about it."

Maxine chuckled. "Yeah Dan. Spread 'em!"

Beet red, Dan reached back and pulled his own ass cheeks apart for Maxine, trying to block out the sound of her and his wife laughing. She dripped the molten wax down his crack slowly, and when she smoothed the tape over his asshole he jumped.

"Ohh! He's jumpy about his rear entrance!" she laughed, scraping slow circles around his sensitive rim with her fingernail, sending electric shivers all through his body.

"Always has been," Christy giggled.

Maxine was still rimming him through the tape, making Dan pant and squirm. "You know, I read somewhere that men who have penises under five inches long have four times as many pleasure receptors around their anus as

normal men? And twice as many as women, can you believe that? He must love it when you slide something big and hard up there!"

"I bet he would, but Dan's never let me," Christy sighed. "His silly male ego always got in the way."

"Well think of this as your cherry popping party, Dan!" Maxine laughed, putting her feet inside his to push his legs even wider and laying on top of him. "You be a big girl for Maxy and don't scream too bad when I rip this last one off, and maybe I'll lube up my finger and rub soothing cream all in and out of your hole afterwards, okay?"

Her thighs were pressing his to the bed, her weight on his back made it impossible to get up, and her feet kept pushing his wider, making him expose more of his rear hole. Dan had never felt so small and helpless in his life!

He just nodded.

Maxine ripped the tape off, which hurt more than any other spot she had waxed- it felt like his asshole had caught on fire! Dan bit his pillow as tears rolled down his cheeks.

"Good girl," Maxine chuckled, patting his ass. "Now stay still, here comes the cream."

A cool, slick finger rubbed down his crack and Dan groaned out loud. Every place the finger went the fire disappeared, replaced by slick, tingling pleasure. Maxine went up and down his smooth cleft, wiping his hairless ass like a baby as his heart raced. *Oh no-*

"What did I say about little dick'd men and their assholes?" Maxine laughed. "Look what's sprung up again!" And her slick hand grabbed his stiffening penis again, stroking it the rest of the way to full hardness before she let him up. "Are you sure you don't want to be penetrated?" she laughed.

Dan was furious, wiping away his tears from the waxing. "No!"

Christy was pulling a pink pad out of his Stud box, taking off the wrapper and moving it towards his face. "Don't cry, you did great hon. And here's something to calm you down while we finish up the last steps of your sort."

"What is it?"

"Chloroform," she said.

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The Sorting doctor went down her checklist while looking at the sleeping man.

"All hair removed, even from genitals, check. Panties and a dress, check."

"It was tough to find one of mine that fit him, but I think the ruffles add something," Christy laughed, smoothing down the short, pink party dress her husband was now wearing.

"Nails, lipstick and makeup?" the doctor asked, looking up and adjusting her wire-rimmed glasses.

"Almost done!" Maxine called, putting a second coat on Dan's lips as she squeezed his cheeks to make him pucker. She applied a touch more blush, then stepped back to regard her work. "You know, this could really work. He's got a slim face, high cheekbones. He actually could make a pretty hot woman, Christy!"

"Well," Christy laughed, "if I'm going to have a Sissy husband, I might as well have the sexiest one on the block!"

Maxine started packing up her things. "The fingernail polish will come off with remover, since you were worried about him going to work. But I put an overcoat on his toenails- those are staying fire engine red for weeks!"

"Thanks Maxy, you've been a doll."

"No, he's a doll!" the redhead laughed, nodding at the still sleeping, feminized man. His legs were smooth and hairless, his nails and lips were a bright, sexy red, he had ribbons in his hair and his party dress was bunched around his hips, showing off his silky, feminine panties.

"Now, the last thing on the list," the doctor said. "Hormones and hypnosis. How far do you want me to go?"

Christy frowned. "I don't know, doctor. What are the choices?"

"For hormones, two choices: ES-X and ES-T." She opened a bottle and shook small pink pills into her hand. "Estrogen-X is a hyper dose of hormone and we've been getting great results with that. He'll drop weight, his voice will raise, his skin will look five years younger and take on a youthful glow, all within a few weeks. And eventually, he'll develop breasts and mood swings, and become a meeker, more compliant person all around."

"That sounds like a lot of change," Christy said. "Is there a possibility of harming his...you know, male bits?"

The doctor nodded. "You will see noticeable shrinkage to his penis and testes, but most wives like that since it just flatters the feminine figure more. There is about a 60% chance of impotence, but with the hypnosis, he'll become predominately anally fixated during sex anyway."

Christy shook her head. "No! I want him to still want me, like a man wants his wife! What does the other pill do?"

The doctor frowned and put the pink pills away. The next bottle contained pills that were half pink, half blue. "Well, ES-T is estrogen mixed with time

released testosterone. You'll still see the body changes, although slower, and the testosterone will lessen the shrinkage to his genitalia."

"And the chance of impotence?"

The doctor laughed. "Oh, that won't be an issue. We set the testosterone to release directly into his testes and no where else. He'll actually produce more sperm and be hornier than before, like he was ten years younger!"

"Why doesn't every wife choose that then?"

"By flooding him both with estrogen and testosterone at once, you will literally be making his body war with itself. Since all males were female in the womb, the estrogen will win making his voice, skin, hair and shape change, but the testosterone will make him desire females like he was a teenager again. Add that to the fact that sissies spend most of their time around females and in silky female clothes, and you're setting up a situation where just putting on his panties in the morning will give him horrible blue balls. He'll be conflicted, horny, confused and overfull of sperm all of the time. The ES-X is really the kinder choice for him."

Christy thought for a long minute, then slowly started shaking her head. "No, doctor. I'll enjoy my husband as a sissy, but I'll sometimes still want to enjoy my Dan as a man too! Let's do the ES-T."

The doctor shrugged and handed her the bottle of half-and-half pills. "Okay, your choice. But then may I strongly suggest the anti-masturbation hypnosis suggestion? Otherwise he'll spend all his days making himself orgasm into his panties."

"You can do that?" Maxine laughed as she packed. "Stop men from masturbating just with hypnosis?"

"We can make them forget that they can. Dan will know that other men stroke themselves off, and he will know how women masturbate, but no matter how horny he is, when he tries to remember how he used to do it... poof! Memory hole!"

Christy looked over at the chastity belt on the table and suddenly found herself getting wet in her panties. "Yes," she said, hoping they didn't see her squeezing her thighs together. "Do that one."

"And what else?" the doctor asked. "I'll put a command for him to swallow any pill held in front of his mouth, just so you don't have any trouble with the ES-T. What other standard sissy behaviors do you want? We can make him crave anal sex, or addict him to swallowing cum, or-"

"No, no!" Christy said, shaking her head. "If dressing as a Sissy naturally brings those out in Dan, then that's fine, I'm accepting of his choices. But I don't want to plant those behaviors in ahead of time!"

"Are you sure? Anally-curious hetero sissies are the most popular of all."

"And remember how ticklish he is about taking it up the butt?" Maxine laughed. "A little nudge might make Dan a lot happier to bend over for you!"

"No!" Christy said. "Don't change his personality or desires! Just the masturbation block and the pills."

The doctor was already sitting next to the bed and pulling up Dan's dress, to rub one finger along his cock over his panties. "That's fine. But how about I just heighten his... natural curiosity, if I find any? It will still be totally his choice, but I'll just let him notice his feminine desires more, okay?"

"Okay, but no planting of ideas! Only bring out what's already inside him!"

"Of course," the doctor said. Under the action of just her finger, Dan's cock had grown to a raging boner tenting his silky panties. "Good job, by the way, on the two weeks of orgasm denial like the packet asked for. It will make these suggestions *so* much easier to implant!" The doctor leaned close to Dan's ear and spoke in a sultry, husky voice. "Dan? Hear me Dan. Stay in your deep sleep. A deep sleep with a *big* hard-on that feels *so* good when I touch it, doesn't it Dan?"

The hypnotized man swallowed and nodded. "Yes, it does!"

The doctor smiled at the two women. "You masturbate a lot, don't you Dan? Touch yourself and cum like a naughty boy?"

Dan blushed in his sleep. "Yes."

"Well, next time you're going to touch yourself, next time you're so horny you can't stand it, you're going to reach for your cock- but not remember what to do!"

Dan's brow wrinkled above his closed eyes. "What?"

"Before your hand touches your cock, you're going to completely forget how to masturbate, like you never learned how. Like you don't even know what it is. Poof! Gone! Repeat that for me."

"Poof," Dan mumbled.

"This is amazing!" Maxine giggled, and Christy had to smile as well. Dan never masturbating again? *Oh, the fun I could have...*

"In fact, the hornier you get, the harder a time you will have knowing what to do," the doctor continued. "You'll still know how other people masturbate, but for you, you'll draw a blank...poof!"

"Poof," Dan repeated, squirming as the doctor's lazy finger had produced a wet spot at the tip of his stretched panties. Then he moaned, with two weeks of painful pent up need.

Christy stepped back and whispered to Maxine. "Am I really doing the right thing? I want my male Dan, but I love the idea of having Dani around to play with too!"

The redhead put an arm around her friend's shoulder. "Trust me, hon. Dani's going to be the hottest sissy in the neighborhood! When we're all out at the bar and frat boys are over pinching *his* ass so we can drink in peace, it will all be worth it!"

Christy smiled. Imagining her Dan in a tight black dress and heels, fending off the hands of horny drunken men instead of her- she had to giggle.

"I think you're right."

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"Wakey wakey, Dan. Come on, sweetie."

Dan blinked, coming awake. His head felt so full, so murky. *What had happened? Wait, the chloroform-*

Dan jerked his arms but found only one wrist was tied to the bed, and he was in a sitting position. Christy was there, and that damned Maxine with a smirk on her face, and some woman in a lab coat and glasses that he didn't know.

"What's going on here?" he demanded. Then he looked down and saw himself. In a pink frilly dress that barely covered his hips. With shapely, hairless legs ending in cute red painted toenails. And black, four inch stiletto heels that strapped to his slim ankles, with a cute toe ring on one foot and a gold anklet around the other. "What have you done!"

He tried to get up, rolling towards the tied wrist, but the four inch stilettos on the floor were like balancing on the tips of pencils- the women laughed as he wobbled and fell back onto the bed immediately. He tried to claw at the cuff on his wrist, but his long, fake fingernails couldn't find any purchase on the leather.

"WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?" he asked again in horror.

Christy was laughing so hard, it was effort to breathe. "Sorted you, honey! As a Sissy!"

"You said I was a Stud!"

"You're *my* Stud dear, which is why I don't want you out fooling around with other women. Just like you don't want me going out with other men," she said. "And if you want to keep your clothes on and stay out of chastity belts this year, this is your only option."

"NO!" He tried to stand again, but the woman in the lab coat easily toppled him off his heels back into the bed with one hand.

"Too late, Ms. Rosewood," the doctor said, looking at him. "I've checked all the prerequisites, and your wife has been very thorough. Once I sign this little pink form, you are a Sissy for twelve months, officially."

"Don't sign that!" he cried, pulling at his cuff, but her pen made a quick motion.

"And that's that," she said, handing the paper to Christy. "The inspectors will be by after two months to make sure he's keeping up the regimen. He's required to dress Sissy at least three days a month to pass his inspection, but you can always do more."

"I was just thinking every weekend," Christy said.

"No!" he cried. "I won't!"

"You want to dress for work too, Dan?" Christy laughed. "Cause I can make that happen. This piece of paper says so!"

"She's right, Ms. Rosewood," the doctor said, packing her bag. "If your wife calls, we can have armed policewomen here on a workday to make sure you go to the office dressed in your sissy best."

"And what if I refuse?" he spat. "I'll pay a stupid fine!"

The doctor stopped in the door and shot him a cool gaze. "The first offense is a fine. Then jail time. And for the most resistant Sissies, something worse."

"What could be worse?" he demanded.

"There are these camps. In *Mexico*. Where men just like you go in and dumb blond bimbos come out. There, they make *permanent* changes and they're very thorough. They've got a lot of experience at it."

"How can they have experience?" Dan asked. "Sorting isn't even a year old!"

"They've been doing this a long time before that, Ms. Rosewood. Look at these before and afters."

She showed him the back of a pamphlet. The 'before' pictures were like him, slimmer, professionally dressed men locked in metal cages with fear in their eyes. The 'afters' were sexy, flirty women in the sluttiest, shortest dresses and high heels possible, standing in front of the same prison cells, sucking on their guards' cocks. All of them. Every last sissified male was wrapping his full, painted lips around a thick erection and sucking to make his cheeks hollow. With a very hungry look in his eyes.

"You don't want to be taken away and made into this, do you?"

His lip trembled, and he started tearing up again. "No! Of course not!"

"Then listen to what I say," Christy said, holding his arm. "I made sorority sisters a lot uglier than you hot back in college and I can do it wit you too. Okay?"

He looked again at the horrifying pictures, then had to look away. "Okay!"

The doctor handed the pamphlet to his wife with a smile. "My job here is done." As she reached the door, she turned to Christy. "And hot isn't a

requirement, just submissive and passably feminine. But it's good to see that some people in this country still take pride in their work."

Maxine was leaving too, but stopped to rustle his punky, spiked hair. "I couldn't do much with hair this short, but come see me in a few weeks and I'll give you a do that fits your new sexy look! See ya, cutie!" She pecked him on the cheek and left laughing.

Christy showed them out, then returned to her tied up, prettified husband sniffling on their bed.

"I... I can't do this, Christy!" he wailed.

"Oh relax, Dan. Monday through Friday nothing will change for you. But on the weekends, Dani will come out and it'll be like I'm rooming with a girlfriend again! It'll be such fun!"

"Only on the weekends?" he sniffed. "You promise?"

"Yes dear."

"But why did you do it?"

"I told you," she laughed. "I didn't want you out there, Studing up other women. You lusting over those young girls next door was the last straw. I want you all to myself!"

He looked down at his stuffed bra, his short pink dress, smooth legs and his cute, painted toenails. "But I look ridiculous!"

"Do you?" she asked, and suddenly Dan noticed that she was taking off her shirt. And shimmying out of her jeans with a wicked look in her eyes. "You know I've always had a little bit of a lesbian streak, right Dan?"

He gulped, watching her strut around the bedroom in just her bra and panties, dimming lights with a hungry look in her eyes. His cock started stirring again. "You do?"

She nodded, then crawled onto the foot of the bed and kissed his newly bared ankle. Without the hairs, the feeling of her soft lips made him shiver. "Ever since puberty," she said, kissing up his calves to his knees.

Dan was squirming now, pulling at his one restraint as his cock stiffened in his silky panties. "Christy-"

"I've always wanted to explore that side of me more," she giggled, nibbling his lower thigh. "To roll around with another smooth, hairless body, feeling our nylons and silky panties rubbing against each other," she said, sliding her hands down his hairless frame. "If you pull off the feminine look, you'll get more pussy this year than any husband on this block, I promise you! Would you like that?"

Dan moaned as he felt her hot breath on his tingling inner thighs. "Yes!"

"What was that, dear?"



"I'd like that!"

She gently slid his short dress even higher and kissed his upper leg, then started rubbing him through his panties. "Good. Because while going down on *Dan* has gotten boring and predictable, thinking about going down on *Dani* twice a week gets me soaking wet!"

"Fuck!" he cried as her mouth covered his cock, panties and all. Then she slid the tiny cloth aside and sucked him to the root.

"So much better without the hair," she laughed, then sat back to look at him. "You really could be a fucking hot Sissy, you know that, right?"

He blushed. "I don't want to be a *hot* Sissy!"

"You don't?" she asked, then sucked his cock again. "I bet hot Dani and I could have a lot of fun on the weekends, 69ing each other for hours in our garter belts and heels, watching lesbian porn together, modeling sexy clothes for each other..."

Dan's eyes were rolling back into his head. She was licking his cock, his balls with that eager tongue- he couldn't stand it!

"Okay!"

"You'll have to lose about thirty pounds," she giggled.

"Thirty pounds!" he cried. "I'm ten pounds over at the most!"

"For a guy," she laughed, rubbing his hairless legs. "But welcome to the wonderful world of female fashion- Dani's clothes will show every extra pound! So I'm putting you on 1200 calories a day. No carbs, no sodas, no beer or pizzas from now on; just lean protein and veggies."

"Christy!"

Her answer was her mouth on his cock again.

"Okay!" he begged. "Just let me cum!"

"And no more no more stupid weight lifting at the gym. I want you to look like a dancer, tight and lean! Yoga, Pilates and Step classes four days a week, just like I do."

He squirmed. "Those are girly classes! I'll be the only guy there!"

"You know where there are a lot of guys right now? In Mexico, learning how to suck cock."

"No!" He bit his lip. "Okay, I guess I can do it!"

She nibbled the edges of his cock, driving him crazy. "You promise to try hard? I can push you, but if you don't try, you could end up in one of those camps."

"Yes, I'll do it!"

"You'll be my Sissy, all made up and pretty at home? Happy and giggly and smiling for me in your dresses and perfume and panties?"

Dan blushed. He hadn't said *that!* But after twenty years of marriage, her mouth was magical around his cock. It couldn't be argued with.

"YES! Please! Just finish me already!" he cried, his legs shaking.

"Oh Dani," she laughed, stroking his smooth, hairless legs from his silk panties to his fuck-me heels. "I will! As soon as you ask me in your new, pretty Sissy voice."

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"How's that? Too heavy? Or too light?" Christy asked, pulling the makeup brush away from his face.

"I don't know."

"Well look in the mirror, Dan!"

He did, and then blushed. The sexy face of Dani looked back at him: full red lips, smooth skin and long lashes. How the hell could he look so good as a woman? He looked at the floor, his ears turning red with embarrassment. "I still can't tell."

"It's been two weeks," she laughed, touching up his eyelashes. "You've got to start doing this yourself sometime, you know."

"You do it so much better."

"And use Dani's voice! Friday after 5 counts as the weekend!" she chided. "Remember- speak from your nose, not your chest!"

"Like this?" he said, higher and softer.

"Perfect! Oh, I almost forgot-" Christy opened the pillbox and held a tiny pink-and-blue pill in front of his mouth. Dan instantly stuck his tongue out to let her place it, and only after he had swallowed it did a look of concern cross his face.

"What do those pills do, anyway?" he asked in Dani's voice.

"They're to relax you."

"I never feel relaxed after them."

"Trust me, they're working," Christy laughed, brushing his shiny, over-the-ear hair. "Is the voice getting easier to do?"

"Yes," he chirped.

"And you've dropped ten pounds already! You're really committing to being the hottest Sissy ever!"

He blushed again, only visible on his neck and ears because of all the concealer on his face. "I'm not trying- it's just happening!"

"Uh-huh," she laughed. "I knew you really wanted to be a hot sissy when you decided which panties I should buy for you online. Red silk thongs? My

husband is such a slut!"

He was squirming, looking at the ground. "They looked comfortable!"

"Comfortable around your hard-on!" she laughed. "Look at you- bright red panties with that short cocktail dress? If I took you out to dinner tonight, you'd be flashing every person in the restaurant!"

Dan tried to pull the hem of the little black dress lower than three inches below his ass. "You can't take me outside! I'm practically naked!"

"Oh calm down," she laughed, clipping on his earrings. "I won't let anyone else know about my sexy sissy husband." Then Christy's hand darted between Dan's smooth legs to grasp the bulge under his dress. "And the naughty hard-ons he gets from wearing women's panties!"

"Christy!" he squealed, trying to push his knees together half-heartedly.

She smiled- old Dan would have growled and pushed her away, but Dani was starting to gasp and squeal like a girl. Was that the hormones? Or just his true self coming out?

"No, I won't tell anyone," she soothed, stroking him through his panties. "Your sexy sissy lifestyle is safe with me!"

"You promise?" he moaned, closing his eyes and widening his thighs.

"I promise. No one's going to know how much you like walking around in thongs and garters, watching yourself bend over in the mirror."

Dan's ears were bright red but he nodded and leaned back, his hips rocking, his breath coming in short gasps-

"Now let's try those heels again!" Christy laughed, suddenly standing up.

"But, but..." He looked so crestfallen, his legs spread, dress ridden up and his red panties tenting fiercely towards her- she had to laugh.

"Ten turns in the heels first, then maybe I'll play with what's in your panties again," Christy said. "*Maybe.*"

As Dan hurried to stand and slip his stocking-covered feet into the two-inch Mary Janes, she giggled. She had sucked him dry three times last weekend to make him look forward to his sissy days, but hadn't let him cum at all during the week. And the hypno-block on his masturbating seemed to be holding strong, judging by his balls. What if she only let him cum one time this weekend? Or no times? What could he do about it?

The idea made *her* feel like a slut.

"Toe-heel, toe-heel, both feet on the same line! Are you *trying* to make me take away your orgasms as punishment?" she snapped, even though he was doing better than average for only his second weekend in heels.

"No!" he cried, trying even harder to sway his hips as he walked.

She shook her head, holding back giggles. Could she be that evil? "I don't know, Dani...this looks worse than last time! And you didn't practice *at all* during the week."

"I don't have to wear them during the week!" he said, stumbling and using the dresser to catch himself.

"And that's kind of lazy, don't you think? Keep going! You're in serious danger of not getting *any* play with what's under your panties this weekend!"

He whimpered and pushed off of the dresser and Christy hid a smile behind her hand.

What had the doctor said? Extra testosterone plus the taboo clothing meant worse blue balls in day than he used to get in a week? Could she really do that to him- make him go two whole weeks without cumming in this state? Or would she take pity and let him have relief?

The tingles radiating from her pussy made her realize which way she was leaning.

"Those silk stockings, do they feel nice on your totally shaved legs?"

Dan gave a small nod as he reached the end of the bedroom again, doing another timid model turn in front of the mirror.

"Rub them together. Let your silk-encased legs slide over each other as you walk."

He did, shuddering as she heard the first *swish*.

She giggled. "Feel good?"

He moaned. "That feels *really* good! I wish I could wear them all the time-" His eyes got wide and he looked at her in panic. "Don't tell anyone that!"

He looked so scared- she almost burst out laughing. "I won't, I said! You can have as much fun as you want as a Sissy- I won't tell anyone! You can let Dani all the way out!"

She did see him relax then, and on his next turn, he did this little hip flare that amazed even her.

"There you go! Work that ass, Dani!" She smacked his butt as he passed. "You're a supermodel- all the men want you- so hot, so hot-"

Dan was giggling, blowing kisses to the mirror as he slinked by. *Holy fuck*, Christy realized. *He really does have something here-*

The doorbell rang, starting Dani back into Dan.

"Fuck!" he cried.

"Language!" Christy chided. "A lady never curses!"

"Sorry," he stammered, pulling his dress down again. "But if someone sees-"

She peeked out the blinds. "Oh, it's just that snob Sheila and some other woman. I'll get rid of them." Christy walked to the bedroom door, then looked

back at Dan. "Well? Come on!"

He glanced at the covered window. "But-"

"I'm not going to let them see you, Dan. Just follow me to the door and watch how I walk. You need the practice! And you can stay hidden in the hallway when I open the door."

He looked at the window again. "Okay..."

Christy slipped into her four inch stilettos and really strutted her stuff all the way to the front door. *Damned if I'm going to be the second prettiest woman in my own house!* Holding the doorknob, she model turned to face her husband, throwing him a sultry look.

"How was that?" she rasped, tossing her hair.

The four-inch dick pushing up his dress gave her all the validation she needed. Dan swallowed on a dry throat. "That was... incredible!"

"Damn right," she said, then began opening the door slowly. The sound of his heels skittering away on the hardwood floor made her smile, even as her eyes fell on the couple on her front step.

"Sheila," she said, crossing her arms.

"Christy," the tall blond sniffed in the same cool tone. "Nice to see you again."

"Yes. Nice to see you and..." Christy looked at the other woman for the first time. "Andy?" she gasped.

The other, petite 'woman' curtsied in his thin sundress, perfectly executing the demure move in his three inch heels.

"I call her Missy now," Sheila laughed. "Mother always said Andy had a little nancy boy in him, so it really wasn't hard to decide how to Sort him! He's so much happier this way."

Looking at how embarrassed Sheila's former husband was to be standing out in public in a floral sundress, heels and bonnet, Christy didn't think he looked 'happier'.

"What do you want?" she said, turning to the statuesque tall blond again.

Sheila pulled a pink envelope from her Gucci purse and held it up. "The Sorting board sends regular correspondence to all area Sissies in these. We've been getting them for six weeks now because Missy's so far along. The mailman must have given it to the wrong address, and I just opened and started reading it out of habit. My apologies, of course."

Christy narrowed her eyes and took the letter. "Of course."

"So happy to hear you've sorted Dan as a Sissy too!" Sheila laughed. "He and Missy will have so much fun becoming girlfriends."

His back to the hallway stairs, Dan clutched his chest. *No! Oh no!*

Sheila stuck her perfect post-plastic-surgery nose into the house, looking left and right. "Is Dan around? I could always tell he wasn't quite comfortable as a man- I'd *love* to see him as a woman!"

Dan's knees started shaking in their stockings.

Christy set her feet. "No. He's not around. And he did just fine as a man, I'll have you know!"

"But his car's in the driveway," Sheila said, then laughed. "Oh, I see. You're embarrassed at how he looks made over. Don't worry, I'll understand if you need more time because of..." She waved her hand at Christy's clothes.

"Because of what?" Christy demanded.

The blonde's eyes went down Christy's outfit then back up. "Well, I understand dressing on a budget, Christy, but you know you've never been the most *fashionable* woman in the neighborhood. So it stands to reason that your Sissy would be equally as... frumpy."

"Dan looks just fine as a woman too, thank you!"

"Oh? So where is he?"

Christy turned to look at him and Dan's heart almost exploded- he couldn't go out there! His dress was so short, and his stockings so slutty! He shook his head and begged her with his eyes.

"He's... indisposed," Christy sighed.

Dan heard the pain in his wife's voice. And the superior tone in Sheila's response.

"I thought so," she sniffed.

His stomach was tumbling, he was about to pee his panties. *But she already knows. Oh fuck it-* Dan stepped out from behind the stairs, doing his best Dani.

"Hello Sheila. Nice to see you."

And he instantly knew it was a mistake.

"Oh my goodness!" Sheila laughed, covering her mouth. The more the trophy wife laughed at him, the smaller he felt. "You're clomping around like a cow in those heels!"

"Hey!"

Sheila looked Dan up and down, then raised an eyebrow at Christy. "ES-X?"

Christy's lips pressed together. "ES-T."

"Ah. Pity. Nice to see you, Dan. In your...garters!" Sheila turned to Christy, no longer able to hold back her laughter. "Is he looking to get fucked tonight? I know a Stud who's horny *and* half-blind!"

Christy stamped her foot. "Hey! My Dani could model circles around your Missy!"

"Hardly. I've trained Missy in feminine deportment myself."

"Care to bet on it?" Christy said, staring her down.

"A wager?" Sheila laughed, looking at the blushing, embarrassed Dan again. "Why not. Say, a beauty pageant? One month from now?"

"No way-" Dan started.

"Fine!" Christy cried, as Dan looked at her in shock. She pointed a finger at the other woman. "But you can't stock the judges with cronies from your pageant days!"

"Oh, my days of being Miss Elegance *three years in a row* are long behind me," Sheila laughed. "I hardly know ten top judges in the circuit now. But as you wish, we can choose judges from the more fashionable neighborhood ladies. Women who knew our husbands from before, so they can see how far our Sissies have come!"

Dan was backing away. "Now hold on-"

"Done!" Christy said, shaking Sheila's hand. "And the bet will be one hundred dollars, cash!"

"Money?" Sheila laughed, meeting Christy's firm handshake with a light grip. "Why not bet something *important*? The losing husband has to be the winners' sissy maid for... a week? Full dress, full demeanor." Sheila's confident gaze made Dan almost pee his panties. "Do you think you could handle that, *Dani*? My tennis club ladies would SO enjoy seeing how much of a Sissy you really are."

He looked to his wife, hoping she would see his look of horror as he shook his head and-

Christy laughed. "Why not have some real stakes Sheila? One month!"

"Very well- one month of service then."

"Done!" Christy said. "Now good day, Sheila."

"See you in a month," Sheila sang, turning away. She snapped her fingers. "Come along Missy. You're late for your bikini waxing."

Christy closed their door and exhaled.

"Christy!" Dan cried, stamping his heel. "I'm not doing this!"

"I'm sorry honey, but you know how competitive I am! And she reminds me so much of those stuck up Delta Gammas in college that looked down on everyone that didn't wear size zero Prada dresses! You've got to do it, or she'll be insufferable!"

Dan minced in place, smoothing down his dress. "But then people in the neighborhood might see me! And if I don't fully act like a Sissy on stage- I'll have to do it for *a month straight*!"

Christy kissed his cheek. "I really appreciate you coming to my rescue, honey. Even in red panties, you're my shining white knight."

"But what about the pageant!" he cried.

Christy sighed, peeking out the blinds. "Even if you do act the part, you might not win. Look at Andy go in those heels! Like he was made for them! And that shiny, lustrous hair! He's got a month's head start of Sissy training on you!"

Dan peeked out the blinds as well. "And Sheila knows pageants like the back of her hand!" he said, mincing in his heels. "What are we going to do!"

Christy set her jaw. "Get expert help."

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"I really don't think this is a good idea!"

"Keep stirring the onions dear, or else they'll burn," Christy laughed. She took another sip of wine, relaxing in the kitchen in comfortable jeans, a tank top and bare feet. Dani, however, was in a full length spaghetti strap dress, heels, and makeup, with a frilly apron on over that.

"So are you saying you *want* to lose the pageant?" she added. "Because if you think one Sheila is bad, imagine what a whole room of them could do to you! Especially if you're dressed in a little maid outfit of their choosing."

Christy grinned, picturing French Maid Dani. One with a month of blue balls, who had to do everything she ordered- and shuddered. *I might have to sneak away with my vibrator tonight!*

"No!" Dan cried. "But there are other women we could ask! It's totally not appropriate for-"

A car door slammed outside and Christy jumped off the counter. "She's here!" She threw open the front door and gave a big hug to the nineteen year old girl on the other side.

"Sammi!"

"Mom! So good to see you!"

The teen's short white shorts highlighted the golden tan of her tight, athletic legs, which contrasted nicely with the girly pink nail polish on her cute, sexy toes as she leaned in to hug her mother. Her arms were well-defined but her long, shiny hair showed she spent just as much time on the make-up bench as the weight bench. She was a young, athletic stone-cold fox, something Dan had spent the last three years trying to ignore.

"And Daddy! Let me look at you!" Sammi giggled, and Dan froze in humiliation as she turned to him. Her hand instantly went to cover up her shocked grin. "Oh. My. God. You look so darling!"



Dan's heart was rabbit beating as his step-daughter looked over him, dressed as a woman. "Now, honey, this is only temporary. It's only for one year and I only do it on the weekends-"

"Sure Daddy, whatever you say," she giggled, walking around his backside as well. "You're really coming into an hourglass shape! Just a few more pounds and you'll be a DILF!" She wolf-whistled at his ass, then looked up at her mother. "How does his butt look in a string bikini?"

Christy laughed. "I haven't tried that yet."

"Well I'll try it. I'll have him do some topless sunbathing in a thong so the Truman girls from next door can finally turn the tables from him peeping on them all these years."

Christy's jaw dropped. "Dan! Is that true?" But his deep blush gave him away. "How long have you know about this?" she demanded of her daughter.

Sammi shrugged and dropped into a chair. "Two years. But I wasn't going to narc him out. Everyone's got to fill their spank bank somehow, and Kelli and Kylie are bitches anyway."

"Well, we'll deal with that later," Christy said, giving her husband a stern look. "I might just invite those two girls to the pageant so Dani can apologize to them in person!" He gulped. "Keep stirring those onions, Dani! And bring out the salads."

"Dad's cooking now?" Sammi laughed, as Dan rushed back and forth in heels, almost tripping as he set plates in front of the seated women while tending the stove.

"I thought it would help his Sissy training if he became more domestic. You know, to set his mindset."

Sammi rolled her eyes. "He's not in a Martha Stewart contest, Mom. He's in a beauty pageant! He's not going to win if you've just got him doing housework. Although I do like how you sway your hips now when you walk, Daddy!"

Dan blushed again as Christy turned to her daughter. "Do you think you can do it? Train him to be girly like your friends so we can blow Sheila and her stuffy old-fashioned pageant tricks out the window?"

"Oh yeah," Sammi said, eying her father as he brought the main dish over. Dan couldn't meet her gaze- not looking like this! And why was she grinning so much? "They've already Sorted all the boys in the college," Sammi explained. "One of the boys on the men's soccer team, Carlos, got sorted Sissy, so he had to join the girls' team. Before he was all Latin machismo, trying to get into our panties all the time."

"And now?" Christy asked.

"Oh, he's in our panties all right!" Sammi laughed. "It took two months, but the girls and I turned macho Carlos into the girliest girl in our squad! He's so hot- like a little Shakira! Now he tans and waxes and diets like crazy, he cries if he breaks a nail during practice, and last week, he finally got his wish- to have sex with two soccer players at once!"

Dan spoke up. "It's not right, for the university to let a boy take advantage of you girls like that! It's like a fox in the hen house-"

"Dad!" she laughed. "He wasn't with any of the girls on the team! Duh, he slept with two *male* soccer players!"

Christy almost dropped her fork and Dan's throat got tight.

"He's gay now?" Christy asked.

"Oh no! When he showers with us or we have sleepovers as a team, Carla's little wee-wee still sticks up nice and proud in his panties! And all the girls love teasing him, wearing extra short skirts or having him help shave our legs, because we know he can't do anything about it!"

Christy was on the edge of her seat, Dan saw. "Then why did he choose to sleep with men?"

Sammi giggled, looking at Dan again. "Choose? Well... the girls and I had *also* been teasing two Studs on the male team for a week, dry humping them after every practice, letting them play between second and third base but always stopping before home. You know, Studs aren't allowed to jack off either, not unless a woman bids on them?"

"Of course," Christy said.

She giggled again. "And there's SO many Studs at our school and only so many horny housewives in town, so half of them don't get bid on at all most nights! They caught like twenty of them jacking off already, and dropped them into the Nerd class with their big dicks locked up!"

Dan shivered but both his wife and daughter giggled at the boys' predicament.

"Anyway, so on Friday, after we spent the whole week horning them up, the girls pooled our money and won the bids on both Studs! We told Carlos we were all going for a hot night of clubbing, got him totally slutted up and a little drunk. And when the Studs arrived, we locked all three of them in Jenny's bedroom and then let nature take its course!" She was laughing, slapping her bare thigh. "Carlos had to satisfy those Studs just to get out of that room alive! Oh man- the noises we heard him make!"

She caught Dan staring at her young, golden thighs and pulled her already short shorts higher for his benefit. "The things men will do when they're horny, right Daddy?"

He blushed and looked away.

"Well we don't have to go that far," Christy chuckled, shaking her head. "But we only have one month! And Dan needs to look, move and *think* like a woman for him to win this Sissy pageant. Can you do it?"

Sammi tossed her perfect hair and tilted her head. "If you've got a chastity belt. If I keep Daddy's orgasms locked up tight, I should be able to get him to do *anything*."

His face was beet red as he stared at his plate. This couldn't be happening!

"You won't need one."

Sammi looked confused. "Why not?" Then Christy leaned over and whispered something in her ear and Dan's step-daughter broke into endless giggles looking at him. "He can't? At ALL?"

Christy's cheeks had started to pink as well. "Nope."

"What can't I do?" Dan demanded.

"Nothing dear. Make sure to take small bites now- I don't want you to choke on that chicken."

He grumbled and tried to keep eating as the women laughed again.

Sammi stretched her tan, toned legs in Dan's view, smiling as he had to look. "How long?" she asked her mother.

"A week since his last," Christy asked. "Is that too long?"

"Nope. Perfect. Daddy and I are going to have so much fun tomorrow!"

"Tomorrow's Monday," he said. "I have to go to work-"

"You've got two weeks vacation," Christy reminded. "Take it. Unless you *want* to be Sheila's sissy maid for a month?"

Dan lowered his head. "Okay."

Christy nodded. "Geoffrey and I have to fly to Vancouver tomorrow for four days anyway, so that will give you and Sammi lots of quality time to start your girly training."

Dan choked on his water. "Geoffrey!" He looked at his confused daughter, then his grinning wife. "Are you... taking your garters and stockings?"

"Why, so nice of you to ask, dear," she laughed. "No, I'm leaving all those for you to wear, so you can be as sexy as possible for Sammi!" She winked at the teen. "Your Daddy just loves wearing flimsy silk stockings and showing off his sexy legs!"

"Daddy! I never knew!"

Dan wanted the ground to swallow him up. But then his wife gave him a meaningful look and said, "Vancouver does have a very fine lingerie district, Geoffrey tells me, one of the best. But I won't buy a single sexy stocking during my trip, Dan, if you listen to everything Sammi says while I'm gone."

The grin his teenage daughter was giving him behind Christy's back was practically wicked.

"Everything?" he gulped.

"*Everything*, Daddy," she giggled.

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Dan was awoken the next morning by Sammi jumping onto his bed and ripping off his covers.

"What's this? Boy clothes!" she demanded, pointing at his baggy men's sweatpants.

"Wha- it's Monday!" he cried, still half groggy. "I'm allowed to wear normal clothes on-"

She pulled a ping pong paddle from behind her back and Dan jumped when she slammed it on the bed, the slap as loud as a gunshot.

"Girl clothes are your new normal now, Daddy!"

"What is THAT?" he cried, looking wide-eyed at the paddle.

"It's what girls on our soccer team use to spank each other when we catch someone slacking off during practice," Sammi said, rubbing the rubber surface lovingly. "It's also what we spank Carlos with when we catch him masturbating. And we catch him A LOT," she giggled. "Most days, butt is as red as his lipstick! But you're not going to think dirty thoughts around ME, are you Daddy?"

The way she was playfully sitting on his bed in her nightshirt, her long perfect legs stretched out had his dick growing already. Dan shook his head and tried to think about baseball.

"Good!" Sammi slammed the paddle down on the bed again. "BECAUSE BEING THE BEST IS THE ONLY OPTION!" she yelled. Then she giggled. "Did that scare you?"

"Yes!"

"Good," she giggled again. "Our soccer coach says 'Fear makes champions'. And she would know cause she's Ukrainian. She also says 'Losers do a hundred reps, but winners do a thousand reps!'"

Dan gulped. "I don't like your soccer coach."

"Well she's not here right now, neither is Mom. Only me," Sammi giggled. "And I'm going to make SURE you win this sissy contest!" She brought the paddle down hard on the bed again, then pointed at the sweatpants. "First problem- those ugly man clothes! Get them off!"

He clutched at his waistband while starting to blush. "But... I can't!"

"Oh Daddy, Mom's already told me about your *little* problem," she giggled, waving at his crotch. "I know you're tiny down there but you're my Daddy and I love you anyway."

Dan thought his heart might stop! "Sammi, please! Let's not do this!"

She stretched on the bed, her slim, cute feet pointed at him, and gave him a heart-stoppingly wicked look as she toyed with the paddle.

"Do you remember, Daddy, how you punished me when that undercover cop caught me selling pot in 10th grade and brought me home? What you told him you'd do so that he wouldn't press charges?"

Dan gulped. "Please honey..."

"Do you want me to call Mom right now? Or the Truman girls? Or a policewoman? No? What did you say back then?"

Dan cringed. "I said I'd give you a spanking you'd never forget."

"I was a little too old and, um, too *developed* to get bare-assed spanked by my Daddy, don't you think?"

"Over your underwear!" he protested. "I didn't pull those off!"

"And you didn't tell Mom either, you perv," she giggled. "Or about the pot, so I let it slide. And that did straighten me out. I quit selling, made Varsity the next year and won my soccer scholarship. Sometimes a good hard spanking is just what a naughty girl needs."

He clutched at his pants. "But-"

"Pants off and bend over Daddy. I'm about to return the favor," she giggled. "Or should I call Mom? I could probably get your orgasms denied for a year with the stories I could tell her."

His upper body beet red and his fingers trembling, Dan did get out of bed, then closed his eyes and took his sole piece of clothing off. Sammi started giggling right away and he knew exactly where his step-daughter was looking!

"Oh my god, Daddy! It's a wonder I was conceived at all! Oh, don't be sad- you can't help how small he is! Just bend over the bed like a good girl and we'll get this done quick."

Dan did, almost in tears with shame, and he jumped when it wasn't Sammi's hard paddle that touched his ass but her soft hand.

"Wow," she giggled, "you *do* have a nice ass already. You really could win this thing! And I want you to. That stupid Sheila needs to have her nose rubbed in it. But you'll have to do as I say. I know girls, I know modern fashion, and I know... other tricks," she giggled.

Her soft touch, the humiliating position, the backed up sperm in his balls, Dan couldn't help it- he started growing!

"Are you popping a boner, Daddy?!?" she laughed. "Whatever, Mom told me where she keeps the bags of frozen peas." She patted his ass then stepped back into swinging position. "Remember, this is going to hurt you a lot more than it hurts me. So it's okay if you cry a little, just like I did in the 10th grade."

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Sammi laid the third strip of duct tape down on the hardwood, making a rectangle three strips wide and 30 feet long down the hallway. Then she stood up and crooked her finger with a giggle.

"Come here, Daddy. It's time to start your training!"

Dan did, stepping forward gingerly in his high heels.

"When you walk as a man, you don't care how you look so you go heel-toe, heel-toe and it makes your feet go *clomp clomp clomp*," she said, demonstrating down the length of the hall before turning. Then she slipped her bare feet into her own high heels. "But when you walk as a *woman*, you need to go toe-heel toe-heel, in small steps so it goes *tick tick tick*." She returned to him. "See how much more graceful that was?"

He gulped and nodded. He was in full dress and stockings, but Sammi was still just in her sleep shirt and panties. Dan fought not to erect- *her legs were even better than Christy's!*

"Yes."

"See how much longer my calves look already? And how my butt lifts, just from the shoes?" She did a little turn and pulled up her sleep shirt to show her father her panty covered ass.

He could only nod- every long, lean muscle on her legs was defined, and even the sexy tendons on the back of her thighs called to him.

"A woman always wants her legs to look as long as possible," she giggled. "So point your toes when you walk. And put one foot right in front of the other so that your hips roll. Men love that! Watch, I won't even step off the tape as I go." She did another circuit, none of her footfalls landing outside of the three duct tape strips. "See? Toe-heel, toe-heel, sexy, no?"

Dan swallowed. "Yes."

"Your turn! Don't step off that tape or..." She giggled and picked the paddle from the table.

Dan gulped and jumped forward, lining up with the tape and starting to clomp down it.

"Toe-heel, toe-heel! Say it out loud as you walk!"

Dan blushed and started repeating the silly phrase with each step.

"Head up, like a string was pulling it to the sky! Sexy women have good posture! Point those toes!" she giggled, watching him do a few more rounds. "Mom says every time she puts you in heels, you only do like ten turns in them and then quit."

"Because my feet start to hurt-" he said, then stumbled a little.

"Toe-heel!" she cried. "See what happened when you stopped saying it?" She gave Dan's ass a smack with the paddle and he yelped. "Keep going! This is an essential skill to being a sexy woman! You're going to walk a thousand steps in high heels every day I'm here, staying only on that duct tape."

"A thousand!" he gasped, and before he stumbled started muttering 'Toe-heel, toe-heel' under his breath again.

"And each day I'm going to remove one of those strips of tape until there's only one left," she giggled. "We really want to get you some sexy hip roll, so you just ooze sensuality when you walk!"

Dan gulped. The three strips looked like a balance beam already- how could anyone walk on just one?

"Honey, please, my feet hurt already! I can't do a thousand steps!"

Sammi laughed. "Mom and I and even those silly Truman girls and Sheila do this every single day, and you can't even do it once? Come on, Daddy- take it like a girl!"

"But a thousand *in a row*?"

"Okay, okay," she laughed. "You can just do 500 for now. And then you'll watch video of Miss America pageants and runway models in heels for half an hour before you do your next 500. And then 100 penalty steps for stopping halfway through."

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Sammi pulled the vibrating phone out of her tight back pocket. "Hey Mom, what's up?"

"Well, it's been two days dear, so I just wanted to see how our girl was doing!"

"Oh, *Dani* is picking things up very well," Sammi laughed, dropping onto the couch and crossing her bare legs over the armrest. "Literally. I've got her doing laps in the hallway, picking up pencils. He's so darling!"

Dan shot Sammi an angry look as he carefully bent at the knees in his three inch stilettos to pick up a pencil from the floor. He was down to only one strip of tape to stand on and fought not to topple over.

Sammi slapped her paddle down on the couch arm and yelled at him. "Bend at the ass! Show off that stripper butt, I said!" She took the ten pencils Dan had already collected and threw them all right back into the hallway. "I can do this all day, Daddy!" she said, then returned to the phone as Dan stomped away to start all over.

"He's not being a problem?" Christy asked.

"Oh no. We came to an *understanding* the first morning. He's still having trouble sitting down!" Sammi giggled, twirling her paddle.

"So what have you girls been doing all day?"

"I've got him on a routine," Sammi giggled. "Shower, makeup, hair and heels in the morning, just like he was a hot secretary going to his office. Then a thousand reps walking the tape, picking up pencils, crossing his legs or dangling a heel from his toe. Generally all the skills needed to be a hot little office tease."

Sammi smiled as the still frowning Dan returned with the first pencil again. "Aren'tcha Daddy? You gonna make those nerds pop boners at work?"

"Oh my goodness- that would be the funniest thing, if his coworkers started stroking off to him!" Christy laughed.

'Mom says hi' Sammi mouthed to Dan, then giggled and smacked his ass to send him for the next pencil. She yawned and stretched, her t-shirt riding up to show her belly-button and flat abs.

"Then the afternoons are for girly-girl tasks. I make him read Cosmo and watch MTV while we braid each others' hair and stuff. If he needs voice training I make him sing along to every teeny pop princess whose video comes on TV. If he's being snotty I make him dance along too!"

"Oh dear!" Christy laughed. "That must be precious!"

"I'll send you a video tonight. Daddy didn't know I made one until now!" Sammi giggled and Dan blushed deeply, setting down the third pencil.

"Oh, and I wanted to ask- you're still making him shave his legs every day, right? We've been trading sissy stories with the women up here and some of them let their sissy husbands grow their hair out during the week! Isn't that grody?"

"Of course Mom! Daddy and I shave our legs and armpits together every afternoon! We're not hippies!"

"Good. But another woman did have a good idea- when her sissy husband starts acting out or giving her too much lip, she and her girlfriends tackle him and tie him up, still dressed in his sexy female outfit!"

"Tie him up how?" Sammi laughed.

"Oh, you know, something humiliating. Hot-tied, or to a chair with a ball gag, or bent over the couch with his panties showing. Sometimes they just take



pictures and send them to his friends. But if he was being really bitchy, they all take turns tickling him until the sissy squeals and cries and promises that she'll be sweet and demure and more girly from now on! Maybe you can use that if Dan gives you trouble."

"You want me to hogtie Daddy in his panties and tickle him until he promises to be a better sissy?" Sammi laughed, right as Dan came in to set another pencil down. "I just might, if he gives me trouble again during our nightly training!" And Dan left, blushing fully red with his cock growing again.

"What's at night?" Christy asked.

"The night training is our secret weapon- sensual training!" Sammi laughed. "It's how he's going to win the contest!"

"And how is that?"

"Trade secret, Mom," Sammi laughed. "Just like what you're doing up there, with that Stud Geoffrey?"

Dan froze in mid-pick-up, bent over with his ass up in the air. Sammi just raised the paddle with a challenging look and Dan returned to collecting pencils even as he tried to eavesdrop.

"Oh my goodness, I wish!" Christy giggled. "We really ARE meeting with the international partners, but you should see how he's been pawing at me non-stop the whole trip! Touching my leg under the blanket on the plane, holding the small of my back as we walk, rubbing my feet after we went to dinner... rubbing my feet over the huge erection in his pants..."

"Mom!"

"It wasn't me! He just moved my feet onto his lap and it sprung up!"

"Well what are you going to do?" Sammi asked, and Dan held his breath in the hallway.

"Oh, I'm not really going to cheat," Christy laughed. "The flirting is too much fun- I love crossing my legs or chewing on a pencil during our meetings and seeing that primal lust in Geoffrey's eyes. I'm not going to defuse that by letting him really have me!" Christy giggled. "Tell your father to be ready for me to fuck his brains out when I get home!"

'Mom says she misses you', Sammi whispered to Dan as he passed.

"Although," Christy giggled, "a few long squeezes through his pants and some dirty words whispered in Geoffrey's ear isn't really cheating, is it?"

"Bye mom," Sammi laughed. "Have fun."

"I will! And you too! Do everything you need to, to get your father ready!"

Dan was picking up the last pencil, and as he rose from his bend-at-the-waist, straight leg stance that made his butt strain the tight skirt, he looked up to see Sammi staring at him with a big smile.

"I will Mom. Count on it."

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They were on Sammi's bed, painting their toenails like they did every afternoon. She was painting slowly, making a coat that would last, but as soon as he would finish, Sammi would take a wet cloth and wipe him all the way back to bare toenails. Dan hated the 'thousand rep' theory!

That was bad enough, but they were both wearing nightshirts, silk panties, and nothing else. And over the days, as she had gotten more free with him as 'one of the girls', Dan's torment had only increased. The only reason his dick was soft now was because he had snuck away for a secret meeting with the frozen peas only ten minutes earlier.

Dan seemed to remember something else he used to sneak off and do with his penis, something which used to make him very happy and help with the heavy, aching balls he now had. But what was it? How was it done? He couldn't quite put his finger on it.

So he sat on Sammi's bed feeling the silky panties cupping his cock and Sammi's smooth calf pressing casually against his, and grit his teeth. The chill of the frozen peas was wearing off too fast! He was about to get up to avoid embarrassing himself yet again, when without looking up from her toes, Sammi spoke.

"That's a nice shade, Daddy, that blue you're using. Most girls have no imagination and stick to pink or red on their toes. But that blue looks good on you. Kinda cool."

"Thanks, honey." He chanced a millisecond glance at her cute, sexy toes. "And your purple is pretty cool too. Punky."

"Thanks Daddy," she giggled then laid her head on his shoulder, her warm soft leg against his driving him crazy. How long could he resist just grabbing it and licking her from hip to toe?

"You know what Daddy? This is nice."

He was digging his nails into his palm to not get hard. "What's nice, honey?"

"You being a Sissy. This Daddy-daughter time. Before, I never could do any of this stuff with you, because I knew you would have just been thinking of jacking off onto my toes or ass the whole time."

"Sammi!"

"Oh Daddy, don't worry, I know all guys are like that! But now you're different. We can have these little moments without me worrying about giving you the wrong idea."

Dan was controlling his breathing. "Okay."

"And I've got an idea to have a special welcome home for Mom if you want. She'll really love it and you will too, but you'll have to trust me and train even harder tomorrow."

He gulped. "You know best, dear."

Sammi smiled, kissed him on the nose, then wiggled the cotton balls between her toes. "Daddy? You know that time you pulled down my jeans and spanked me over my panties because of the pot?"

He blushed. "Honey, I'm sorry I ever did that! I really shouldn't have!"

She giggled. "No, I wanted to thank you!"

"What?"

She didn't say anything, but a slight blush colored her young cheeks. "Do you get hard *every time* someone spansks you?"

Now it was his turn to blush. "Honey, really..."

"Do you?" she prodded. "Because I can get the paddle and find out myself-"

"Yes!" he hissed, not able to look at her. "Your mother doesn't do it often but, yes!"

"Because I get wet when someone spansks me. Every time."

"*Every time*?"

"Oh yeah," she laughed. "When a big strong Stud bends me over my dorm bed and spansks my ass, I drench my panties, every time. Usually so much that he can slide right into me afterwards. No matter *how* big he is."

Dan felt the base of his growing erection clench. "Maybe we should change the subject!"

She laughed at her blushing father. "You don't like talking about big cocks, Daddy? Cause you know Mom and I are total size queens, right?"

"What!"

"Oh yeah. She and I talk all the time about big, swinging horse dicks we see or hear about. Or in my case, try to ride like a bucking bronco-"

"Okay okay!"

Sammi giggled. "That's why I was so surprised when she told me about your, um endowment, before she left for Vancouver!"

He was blushing again. Sammi hadn't seen him naked since that first day, hadn't laughed at his little dick since then. But once was enough for a lifetime!

"But I'm glad I know now," she said, stroking his girlish calf with her hand. "It takes away so much temptation for me. God, to think how many times I tried to get you to fuck me last year!"

His jaw dropped. "*What?*"

She giggled again. "Oh, you know, all those times I walked around the house in just my bra and panties when you were home, 'searching' for a certain dress to wear? Or all the times I 'forgot' to close my door all the way when I was sleeping naked? Or left the shower with a towel covering my front, but not my back?"

Dan groaned. That had been the hardest year of his life, when his gorgeous step-daughter had turned eighteen and hadn't seemed to be able to keep any of her clothes on! Dan had dreaded coming home sometimes.

"You were trying to seduce me?" he demanded.

"Yeah, I so wanted you to bend me over the bed and spank me again. God, you don't know how many times I played with myself Daddy, thinking about that!" She sighed, then smiled. "But I found more than enough big-dicked Studs willing to spank me at college. And now that I know exactly what you've got in your little sissy panties, I can't even look at you as anything but a girlfriend! Isn't that great?"

Dan started pulling off the bed. "I've... I've got to go to the kitchen for a second-"

"Oh Daddy, you can get your little boner around me, I don't care!" she laughed, hooking his arm so he couldn't leave. "Carlos does all the time- that's half the fun of having a Sissy in the first place!"

Dan blushed but he stayed, and Sammi giggled, watching his cock stiffen inside his pink panties, stretching out more and more until it stood straight up.

"Ding! All done!" she giggled as it stopped growing, then started putting the toe-nail polish away. "Ready to switch into nighttime mode for more sensual training?"

"I don't know! I can't keep doing this, Sammi- I feel like I'm losing my manhood!"

"You're just finding your inner girl! Come on, Daddy, if you want to win the pageant, let me show you how to be *sensual*. Or I'm sure Sheila can teach you, during the month you're her slutty french maid!"

He gulped. "Okay."

She moved so they were facing each other on the bed, sitting cross-legged. Dan tried not to look at the tiny patch of purple silk over his daughter's pussy lips.

"Sticking out from a crowd of girls is all about having that extra something. Not just being the best dressed or the thinnest- money can buy that. But having something in the way you walk, the way you toss your hair, *your eyes*, that just makes men notice you."

Dan thought about the way Sandra at work dangled her heel at her desk or the way Christy stretched when she woke up. "Okay."

"And it's just like anything else," Sammi said. "You have to practice being sensual. Give me your finger."

Dan stuck out his right pointer finger. Sammi gently grabbed it with her hand, gave him a sultry look, then popped it into her mouth.

"Arrrgh!" he grunted. She was sucking his finger like it was a penis! Her mouth sent hot, tingles all the way through his body for a few seconds, then she pulled it out.

"See?" she laughed. "Just a little flick of my tongue and you'll remember this forever. Let me do it again."

"No- OH FUCK- Sammi!"

Ten more seconds and his cock was trying to rip through his silk panties, making a wet spot at the tip.

"I'm pretty good, huh Daddy?" she giggled, looking down at his twitching hard-on. "I got a lot of practice Freshman year. Now it's your turn. Do to my finger *exactly* what I'm doing to yours."

She stuck her slender finger right in front of Dan's mouth, and when he said, "No, I-" she slipped it in. Then she started sucking his again, her tongue dancing on his finger.

"UUGGH," he groaned around her finger in his mouth.

She slapped his thigh. "You're not copying me, Daddy! There are Sissies in Mexico practicing on real cocks right now!"

He tried to concentrate enough to match her dancing tongue and wet mouth, but she was just too talented. But they matched close enough, and Sammi would throw out encouragement, or point out every time she changed something.

"Watch this, Daddy- I'll start flicking the tip!"

"Make eye contact with me- guys *love* eye contact!"

"Hollow your cheeks in! Really suck, like it's a huge straw! Don't worry- I won't cum in your mouth!"

And Dan could only respond in whimpers. They sat, knees to knees for five minutes, fingers deep in each other's sucking mouths.

It felt SO good, plus the silk panties around his cock, plus seeing the edge of her pussy lips around her own silk triangle, plus imagining his little girl making eye contact as she did this to a throbbing eight inch cock that was getting closer and closer to- Dan's eyes flew open.

"Sammi!" he mumbled around her finger.

"Keep going Daddy!" she replied, still sucking his.

"Mmmph!"

"No! I've got more moves to show you!"

He pulled her finger from his mouth in panic, leaning back and thrusting his hips forward.

Sammi's eyes widened and she slapped his thigh. "No! Don't you DARE cum! No Daddy! Hold it in!"

The silk! His balls! He tried to hold off, but even with no one touching him-

"Unnghh!" Dan cried, soaking his panties with cum. The first shot was a half spurt, but each next one was just a dribble. After three or four grunts, he opened his eyes to see his daughter looking sternly at him.

"It was an accident!" he cried. "I didn't even enjoy it! I swear!"

"I know, Daddy. Go clean up and change into a fresh pair of panties," Sammi sighed. "I'll get the paddle."

\*\*\*

"Hello? Anyone home?"

Christy wheeled her luggage inside and closed the front door, tired from her trip. But she was also buzzing, since Geoffrey had spent the last half of the flight with his jacket across her lap and his hand up her pencil skirt, lightly stroking everything under there over her panties.

It had been SO hard to resist letting him finger her right there in the darkened cabin. His fingertips had never stopped asking for access, teasing the edges of her silk triangle with toe-curling deftness even as his charming words and nibbles teased her ear. His other, muscular arm around her shoulders made her feel tiny and protected, at the same time the throbbing, iron-hard rod her drifting hand had found in his pants made her insides tremble with excitement.

Christy knew that if the flight had been just thirty minutes longer, she would have been begging Geoffrey to pull her soaked panties aside and shove *two* fingers inside of her instead of one. But as it was she had gotten away unpenetrated, using her studly co-worker for one very important purpose.

Foreplay.

"Hello?" she called again. She had mopped up her thighs during the cab ride home, almost making the driver have an accident, but hot ache between her legs had never left, only increased. If she didn't fuck *something* soon-

"Mom!" Sammi called, from the top of the stairs. "Come see the changes!"

Christy let her daughter lead her into the bedroom, but Dan wasn't there. Instead, Sammi stood in front of his side of the closet.

"Remember how this used to be filled with all of Daddy's boring old khaki pants and plain dress shirts?" She shook her head. "Khaki pants? In 2013? As

if!"

"So?" Christy asked, shifting from foot to foot.

Sammi threw the closet door open. It was empty except for two designer men's shirts and pants, and a selection of five thin dresses. "We went shopping!" she cheered. "Now Daddy's got stylish clothes on the days he wants to be male, and sexy dresses his size for when he needs to be girly!"

"But he's only got two days of men's clothes," Christy said.

Sammi giggled. "Ooops." Then she dragged her mother over to the underwear drawer. "And remember those ugly boxers and briefs he used to have? I threw all those out too!"

Dan's underwear drawer was filled with nothing but silky thongs and bright cotton panties in every color of the rainbow.

"It was the only time he got to wear male clothes while you were gone, when I took him to the Mall to buy these! He was so embarrassed, because I still knew some of the girls behind the counters and I made sure they ALL knew we were shopping for him, not me!"

Christy was giggling, imagining the scene. "Sammi! You even threw out all his mens' socks?"

The teen held up the girl's white socks with pink tips and the silky stockings Dan would wear exclusively under his clothes now. "Yep! If you make him wear girly over-the-calf socks like a schoolgirl would have, he looks so cute and his dickie gets so hard!"

Christy's need hit her between the legs again. "So where is he? Where's Dani now?"

Sammi started pulling her mother towards the kitchen, but spoke with a sad voice. "I'm sorry, but I had to get rid of Dani for tonight."

Christy's hopes for a quick fuck started evaporating. "What! Why?"

They turned the corner into the kitchen. "Because when she's dressed like this, she can only be called *Claudette*!"

The person Christy saw working in her kitchen was a French Maid, perfect in every aspect.

Her black, open toed stilettos were four inches high and made her shapely legs look miles long. Her sheer black stockings shined and highlighted every sensuous curve as she walked in tiny, toe-heel steps. Her tiny black and white dress was just long enough to cover her when she stood up straight, but flared to show tantalizing hints of bare ass with the slightest bend of her waist. Cleavage spilled out of the open lace-up top and her make-up was perfect down to blood red lips that could be seen a mile away.

But best of all, as she turned from the stove to greet them, her movements were graceful even down to the toss of her hair, the set of her hips and the point of her sexy little toes.

"Hello, *madame*," Dan purred at his wife in a light French accent.

Christy almost fell over.

"How?" she gasped.

Sammi giggled. "Practice, practice, practice! We had four days you know!"

"You pierced his ears!"

"Go big or go home," Sammi laughed. "They'll heal shut quickly if he doesn't wear earrings for a few days, or we can cover the holes with concealer for work."

"And the breasts!"

"Cutlets and a water filled push up. Although Daddy's almost got little A cups of his own now!"

Christy saw confident Claudette break into blushing Dan for a second at the mention of his budding breasts, but then he recovered and picked up a drink tray.

"Orangetini, *madame*?"

Christy shivered as she took the drink. "Oh god, that accent-"

*"I zeek to please, Madame."*

"And she's got a wonderful meal cooking just for you!" Sammi laughed.

"*Coq a vin*," Claudette purred. "Madame would like a taste?"

"Yes," Christy said, her jaw still hanging open.

Claudette swept her finger into the cooling skillet and held a perfectly manicured nail in front of Christy's lips, the sauce dripping off it. Christy licked the finger, her insides dancing. Dan had never been this, this... sensual!

Then she actually tasted the sauce.

"Oh god! That's better than a restaurant!"

"And now *I* will have a taste of *madame*," Claudette giggled in her warm female voice, then softly brought Christy's free hand up to her red, shiny lips. And drew Christy's finger into a hot, wet, heaven.

"Fuck!" Christy cried, and Sammi caught her mother's drink before it fell. Christy opened her eyes as the pleasure receded. "Dan! Is that really you there?"

Grinning wickedly, Claudette nodded, before giving his wife a smoldering look and setting his tongue to work again.

Christy grabbed Dan's hand and pulled him towards the stairs.

"Fuck the meal! You come with me! NOW!" After five sprinted steps she realized that Dan's heels were at least three times as treacherous as her own, but she looked back and Claudette was keeping up perfectly, even as they ran up the steps. Another miracle.



She threw Claudette into their bedroom and closed the door by slamming Claudette's back against it. She mashed her lips into his, letting her hands devour every inch of his silky smooth body.

"Oh, fuck, Dan- you don't know how long I've had lesbian French Maid fantasy!" she gasped between kissing him. "You're not going to be able to walk tomorrow!"

Dan couldn't keep up with her hungry hands and mouth and just gave up, letting himself be mauled by her advances. "Good," he gasped, as her hands flipped up his skirt to roughly grab his ass, "because I didn't know how I could keep doing that silly accent-"

Her hand shot between his smooth thighs and grabbed his balls hard, just short of pain.

"If you stop doing that accent now *I'm not letting you cum for a year!*"

"Okay, okay *madame!*" he gulped as Christy ripped his panties off. Literally. "I will try *mon best!*"

Christy used one hand around the back of his neck to force his mouth into hers as she jacked his dick off hard and fast.

"*Madame!* Christy!"

Her jacking hand gave his balls a rough slap. "In French!"

"*Madame, please!*" Dan whined in a high, pleading voice as her hand started furiously jacking him off again. "*I cannot stand zee stimulation!*" he begged.

Christy growled, pulling on his lip with her teeth and sticking her tongue down his throat again before answering. "You DON'T know how horny I am! If you cum before I'm ready, I'm going to make you lick up every drop- I promise!"

"Please madame!" he cried, squirming in his heels and writhing against the door as she stroked him. "*I am not kidding!*"

Christy laughed, finally stopping her strokes on his cock seconds before he would have cum in her hand.

"On the bed Claudette! Now!" she growled, throwing him the last few feet. She took a deep breath and started ripping opening her suitcase. "Luckily, Geoffrey and I went shopping in Vancouver for just this occasion."

"You went shopping with him?" Dan asked, remembering to do Claudette's voice at the last second. "Monsieur Geoffrey?"

She giggled as she pulled the small tub of cream from her suitcase and looked at him. Dan was on the bed as Christy had thrown him, in a full maid outfit minus his panties, legs spread, his cock pouring pre-cum onto his totally shaved balls and thighs. And he was trembling slightly.

"Yes my little maid, I did," Christy laughed, stepping out of her heels and crawling onto the bed like a tiger. "But not for stockings, although Geoffrey tried to pull me into every lingerie shop we passed. But I did go into a sex shop, for this." She held the palm-sized tub up in front of Dan's fearful eyes. "Do you know what it is?"

Dan shook his head like a good submissive maid and Christy got even wetter.

"Desensitizing cream," she laughed, opening the top and dipping two fingers in. "To keep premature ejaculators from popping off too soon!" She started rubbing a light layer of cream over Dan's shaft from base to tip. "Geoffrey didn't know what it was either, so I had to explain why my husband needed it. I don't think I've ever heard him laugh louder- the girl behind the counter either!"

Dan blushed and squirmed as Christy coated his entire cock with the cream, focusing on his tip. "You didn't!"

"Yes I did!"

Dan moaned as Christy finished with the cream then wiped her hand clean, before starting to rub his silk-encased legs again.

"Now, the cream takes fifteen minutes to take effect. Do you have *any* idea what we could do together for fifteen whole minutes, my slutty little maid?"

Dan looked at her face, then gulped. "If madame would sit in that chair..."

"You read my mind, Claudette! Fix your uniform before you come over."

She sat and enjoyed the view as the blushing Claudette straightened her hair, lipstick and clothes with a stiff dick sticking out under his skirt, then sunk to his knees in front of her and gently, almost reverently, pulled her panties off. She especially enjoyed watching Dan's eyes widen in shock when her panties came down her legs totally soaked from front to back.

"Yes, Claudette- this *is* the wettest you've ever seen me!" she laughed, leaning back and widening her legs to invite him forward. The first touch of his tongue on her pussy made her gasp, but then she growled and grabbed the back of his curly, luxurious hair to keep his face right where it was. "Do you know what that means?"

The maid working between her legs shook her head and Christy shivered at the sudden side-to-side motion of his tongue on her clit.

"It means that anytime you're afraid of losing your wife to a charming, huge-dicked Stud like Geoffrey, you know exactly how to fight back!" she moaned, looking at their reflection in the mirror. "If you ever want to turn your wife into a panting woman in heat again, now you know exactly how to look and act! Don't you?"

Dan whimpered and Christy grinned, hooking a strong leg around his back to trap him there. "Keep licking, Claudette! And don't worry about the fifteen minutes for the cream to take effect," she moaned. "I'll tell you when you're done!"

And she did, two orgasms later.

Then Christy stripped and threw him on the bed on his back, jumping on top and sliding her pussy down his shaft to the hilt before he could even catch his breath. Christy would have wished for more *shaft* and less *hilt* right now, but she made do.

"Ohhh Claudette- your strap-on is so stiff but so *tiny*! I'll have to squeeze extra hard so you feel it!" she laughed, clenching her kegels as she rode him furiously.

"No!" Dan begged, as her pussy redoubled its tight, hot embrace. "I want to last!"

"I used twice as much cream as I was supposed to," Christy giggled into his ear. "You'll last, baby. Now look in that mirror as I fuck my hot French girlfriend silly!"

Dan did, and Christy loved watching his face as it dawned that that's *exactly* what it looked like- his wife riding some sexy, stocking and high-heel wearing, short haired maid! Dan moaned watching the mirror and Christy laughed, rocking faster. Even when he ran his hands over her naked back and bouncing tits, it was Claudette's slim, manicured fingers they both saw.

"I love my hot French girlfriend!" she cried, using her hands over his to make him squeeze her breasts harder. "I'm never going to let my boring husband Dan fuck me again! I'll be too busy screwing Claudette's brains out every night!"

Dan groaned and tried to hold on as she rode him cowgirl, then reverse cowgirl, then rocking horse, each to a separate, toe-curling orgasm.

For her.

The last time, in rocking horse, she tried to get him off, she really did, tapping on Dan's balls as she rode him, sucking on his ear, and whispering hot, nasty lesbian scenarios to him that would have normally made Dan lose his load in seconds. But eventually, Christy pulled off his rock hard dick and collapsed in an exhausted heap onto her side of the bed.

"That's some good cream," she giggled, glistening and panting. "I don't think you're getting off tonight!"

"But Christy!" he whined, his hard-on still straining at the ceiling. "I didn't cum!"

She knew the cream would wear off in just another fifteen minutes but this was too much fun! "Most women don't, their first time," she giggled, toweling herself dry. "We can try again in the morning, Claudette."

"Please!" he begged.

"I can't go any longer, Dan- my legs are jelly! That was probably the best fuck of my life!" She kissed him again. "Isn't being part of that good enough?"

His devastated look made her break out in laughs.

"Oh, I'm teasing you! But if my pussy didn't get you there, my hands or mouth won't either!" She got off the bed and threw on her nightshirt. "Time to pull out the big guns. Take off everything but your panties and I'll show Claudette one last trick about being a woman."

He did, carefully hanging up his maid outfit and returning to bed in just his red thong panties. In the meantime Christy had gotten out her purple, five-inch vibrating dildo.

"What's that for?" he gulped.

"Well, *Claudette*," she giggled, "when my husband *Dan* leaves me unsatisfied in the orgasm department, this is the little guy always helps me cross the finish line, if you know what I mean. Lay back and I'll show you how to masturbate like a proper woman."

He blushed and held his hands over his panties. "Christy! Please!"

"Oh? We're just going to sleep then? I am pretty tired..."

He was torn, looking at the phallic vibrator in fear. "But... just... not *in* me, okay?"

She laughed. "I wasn't even thinking of that! But now that you mention it..."

"Christy!"

"Okay okay, just lay back, close your eyes, and start playing with your nipples," she said.

Dan was blushing again, but he did.

"Are they sensitive? Does that feel good?"

Biting his lip, he nodded.

"And your tiny little titties are so perky! Just like your tiny little clit, Claudette! Let's see if I can find it through your panties."

His eyes flew open the first time the vibrating cock touched his erection through the panties.

"Keep your eyes closed or I'll stop," she warned. Dan whimpered but complied, and Christy started stroking his smooth, hairless legs with one hand as she rubbed the vibrator on his cock and balls with the other. "The vibrations take a long time to build in a woman. They've got to go deep inside and find your G-

spot, especially for a girl who's never used a dildo on her pussy before, like you."

Dan squirmed his legs on the bed, his face beet red. "Christy!"

"Shush- you can't distract yourself! A woman's first orgasm is a hard thing to find!"

She turned the vibrator up one setting.

"Oh," Dan moaned.

"There we go," she laughed as his hips started rolling. "Let it wash over you, Claudette. Keep playing with those nipples- they're as hard as erasers!"

She let him stew at that plateau for a whimpering, moaning three minutes then turned it up another click.

"Ahhhahh!" he cried, his voice high and desperate.

"There you go," she giggled. "Good girl! Let it happen." She stroked his soft legs, his flat belly, his painted feet and his hairless ass as she kept talking in a soothing voice. But only when her finger started rimming his bare asshole did he speak back.

"No!" he whimpered.

"Not yet," she corrected. "Not for your first time. But soon. This time is just over your panties." She turned the vibrator up one more notch and pressed it firmly against his shaft. "Here we go, Claudette! Home stretch. Are you ready?"

He bit his lip and nodded.

Looking at her lipstick, pantied, hairless husband writhing on the bed, Christy grinned.

"Talk to me in your girl voice. Tell me what you're feeling!"

"It's... nice."

"You feel it in your toes?"

"Yes."

"Your nipples?"

"God yes!"

She giggled. "Pull your knees high towards your head, like a huge stud was sliding in and out of you." Christy helped, putting his feet on her shoulders and leaning forward to bend him almost in half as he was lost in the sensations.

"God you're such a slut!" she laughed. "My husband Dan has *some* self control, but you're just a horny sissy tonight, aren't you?"

His face beet red, he nodded.

"Say it or I stop!"

"I'm a horny sissy," he whispered.

"Louder."

He blushed deep red. "But Sammi-"

"Isn't going to relieve these blue balls! I am, so don't make me stop! Say you're a horny sissy tonight."

"I'm... a horny sissy tonight!"

"Who likes wearing panties."

"Who likes wearing panties!" he cried.

"And vibrators."

He was gripping the sheets, tossing his head side to side. "And vibrators!"

Christy leaned forward again, her shoulders pushing his knees higher until he was bent back, his knees almost at his ears.

"And why do you like panties and vibrators? Because they make you cum the hardest."

He shook his head, breathing in gasps. "No..."

"Say it," she ordered. "Say it or I stop right now!"

"PANTIES AND VIBRATORS MAKE ME CUM THE HARDEST!" Dan cried, exploding all over the inside of his panties. It was an orgasm two teasing weeks in the buildup and he screamed in release as cum soaked his panties, then squirted all over his thighs, stomach and chest.

"Holy shit Dan!" Christy laughed. "That's like three times more than normal!" She kept vibrating him until every last drop came out and then a little further, until Dan started squirming and mewling in discomfort. She hadn't released Dan from the position so he had to look up at her between his raised, spread legs at his smiling wife as cum dripped off of his stomach, chest, arms and even his forehead and cheek. It was, beyond doubt, his most humiliating moment ever.

And then they heard Sammi clapping from her room.

"Go Daddy! Embrace your inner Sissy!"

\*\*\*

"Are you *sure* you don't want to dress pretty for work?" Christy sighed from bed.

"Hell yes!" Dan cried, scrubbing the last of the nail polish from his fingers with acetone. The shower hadn't gotten it off and he had even showered extra long, remembering how his own cum had felt on his face. "I can't even believe you'd ask!"

"Well poo," she said, stretching her nude body like a cat. "I'm sad to see Claudette go!"

Even mad, Dan marveled at how casually his wife found a way to use her arm and just the tilt of her hips to cover her nipples and pussy from him, even while her every languid motion still highlighted how heart-stoppingly nude she

was. And she did it all without conscious thought, like it was built into in her DNA.

"Well get used to it," he said, buttoning up his shirt. "That was just a special homecoming treat Sammi thought you'd like. But I've got to go back to normal now."

She stretched her leg, erotically pointing the toes as she rubbed her thigh and moaned. "I don't want normal. That was the best sex we've ever had. My thighs are still jelly!"

"Well, I hope to repeat that. Maybe this weekend?" he grinned, leaning in to kiss her forehead.

Christy gasped. "Claudette's coming back?"

He frowned. "No. Repeat the sex as me. Your husband!"

"It's still you- you're just playing a role! And I know you liked it too- I've never seen you cum so much!"

He blushed as he tightened his tie. "It was the same amount as normal."

"It was like I had jacked off an entire basketball team onto your chest!" she laughed. "You were soaked in it!"

Christy knew it was the doses of ES-X, the doctor had said this would happen, but it was too fun to tease him about! "Who knew you liked being vibrated through your sexy panties so much! We'll have to do that again!"

"No!" he cried, blushing deeply. "I don't want you to ever use your vibrator on me ag-"

"Awww, you're wearing boy clothes to work, Daddy?" Sammi laughed, bursting into their bedroom. Christy gave Dan a knowing look and pulled the blanket over herself as Sammi sat at the edge of the bed in just a sleep shirt and panties. "You'd look much better in a dress!" the teen giggled.

"Very funny," Dan said, bending over to pick up his shoes.

"But you're still wearing your panties right?" And she was pulling the back of his waistband out to check before he could even answer. "Yep! A pink thong!"

"Stop that!" he yelled, jumping away as the women giggled. "I didn't have a choice!"

"Because I threw out all your ugly boy panties!" Sammi laughed. "Just a little reminder throughout the day so you don't forget all our sissy training, even as you wear the better male outfits I bought you!"

"He does look more dashing," Christy said, sitting up with the blanket held at her tits. "I like how sharp that shirt looks and how tightly cut those pants are."

"All the boys are wearing them that tight now. And since Daddy *somehow* has the ass to pull it off now..." she giggled, winking at Christy as she shook the



bottle of hormone pills.

"You've been making sure your father takes his relaxation medicine while I've been gone?" Christy asked.

"Oh yeah mom! Come on Daddy- time for your daily dose!"

And when Dan saw Sammi pull the blue and red pill from the bottle, even through the mirror, he stopped in the middle of putting on his watch and turned, his tongue sticking out automatically. But Sammi snatched the pill away from his mouth and turned to her mother.

"You know he'll eat these from *anywhere*, right Mom?" She smiled and put the pill in between the first two toes on her right foot, then extended her athletic teen leg towards Dan with a giggle. "Come on Daddy! Eat up!"

Christy watched her husband flush with embarrassment as he fought between the hypnosis and his own humiliation.

"It's okay, they're clean!" she giggled, wiggling her tiny foot in front of him.

Christy's jaw dropped as Dan gave in, sinking to his knees and using his tongue to pry the pill from her wiggling toes, his face beet red.

"Watch that tongue Daddy!" Sammi giggled. "It tickles!"

Dan swallowed and stood up angrily, the spell broken. "Okay! Enough! I'm-"

"And one more for the other foot!" Sammi laughed, pulling another pill from the bottle and putting it between her left toes. Again, Dan had no choice but to go to his knees and use his tongue to lick the pill from between his laughing step-daughter's manicured toes.

When he stood up, Dan was almost breathless with embarrassment and sporting a stiff tent in his pants.

"Mommy!" Sammi gasped. "Either someone's got a foot fetish or he needs you to vibrate his horny clitty again!"

Dan grabbed his briefcase and ran from the room as the teen laughed and laughed.

"*That's* how you've been giving him his pills while I've been gone?" Christy asked, still in awe.

"More fun than hiding them in peanut butter."

"And you've been giving him two a day? Every time?"

The teen shrugged, standing up and checking herself out in the mirror. "Why not? He's got to catch up to Mr. Kenmore somehow! We gave Carlos two pills a day at school and now he's got a nicer figure than half the soccer team!"

"Sammi, those are ES-T pills, not ES-X! The extra testosterone will make your father extra horny and the estrogen will make his skin extra sensitive to touch! Those panties will feel like a silky hand around his aching cock and drive him crazy all day!"

Christy heard her daughter's laughing response as she skipped off to the shower.

"Duh, Mom- I know! So when can we start giving him *three* a day?"

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Dan was thankful to get back to wearing heavy, concealing clothes again, even if Sammi had sized the pants too tight in the ass and those damned panties rubbed his cock with each step. But it was nice being able to walk how he wanted and not have to mince around, or not have to worry about how he crossed his legs, although Dan did find himself twirling a strand of his hair as he waited in line at the corner coffee shop. And after he sat down, his legs started crossing sexily by habit and he had to catch himself quickly. After a thousand repetitions in a week, Sammi's training was becoming his reflex, not the way he had moved his whole life- *how could that be?*

But as he caught up on work e-mails and drank his morning coffee at the outdoor table, Dan also caught himself looking around at the other business women and judging them just like Sammi's fashion magazines would have.

*Really, clunky brown heels with black capri pants? Hmmm, I like that belt. But ohhh, all that foundation on her face- spackle much?* he giggled, using the phrase Sammi always did.

Dan enjoyed sipping his coffee and figuring out which female task he could do better than every attractive woman who passed until he saw two attractive women heading directly for him and realized that they were Sheila and her husband Missy.

Sheila walked right up to his table.

"Enjoying your morning, sissy?"

Dan blushed as some young women at a nearby table giggled. "Not so loud!" he hissed.

"Oh, everyone can tell," Sheila said with a wave of her hand. "The way you're crossing your legs, the way you're twirling your ankle-" She leaned in and sniffed near his head. "And I can even smell your awful store-brand floral shampoo! You're probably wearing panties right now, aren't you Dan?"

The young women behind him were definitely paying attention to the conversation. Dan hurriedly uncrossed his legs he didn't even remember crossing as the girls snickered at him. *Oh god- could they see my panty line in these tight pants?*

"What do you want?" he begged, too humiliated to move.

"Just checking on how our competition is progressing." She laughed, then added, "Or not progressing, in this case. Christy really lets you leave the house dressed as a man? I keep my Missy in dresses 24/7."

The tiny figure of her husband, who had seemingly gotten even more pixie-ish and adorable since their last meeting, thrust his hip out proudly. "Yeah!"

"Well Christy isn't trying to humiliate *me*," Dan shot back, even though Andy looked sort of proud in his pencil skirt and pink blouse. "She's not willing to do everything to win some stupid bet with you. Which I don't know if I'm even going through with!"

"Oh, you'll go through with it, or I'll have the Sissy Sorting board up your ass faster than you can blink," Sheila laughed. "And as for Christy, she's not dressing you because she knows she's going to lose, even with all the hormones and sissy hypnosis she's giving you."

Dan almost choked. "What? What hormones! What hypnosis?" he demanded.

Sheila and Andy laughed to each other. "Oh my, she hasn't told you?" the woman tittered. "Christy *is* devious! Here darling, I'll show you what your wife won't."

She dug around in her purse and pulled out a tin of breath mints.

"These are wintergreen mints, Dan. Do you like wintergreen?"

"No, I hate it," he growled. "So?"

Sheila pulled out a mint and held it in front of his face with a smile. "Down the hatch!"

Dan shook his head, but he felt the pull of something in his head. He didn't want to-

Dan opened his mouth and took the pill anyway.

After he had swallowed, his mind cleared. "How did you do that!" he demanded.

"State-sponsored hypnosis," Sheila laughed. "Every wife gives her sissy some. Want another mint?"

"No!"

"Too bad," she laughed, and forced him to take another one. "Those little pills she's hypnotized you to take and forget about? They're female hormones, making your already pathetic penis even smaller and your sissy breasts come in just like a pre-teen girl! But none of it will be enough to become more feminine than my Missy!"

"Yeah!" Andy said again, thrusting his tiny chest out.

Sheila smiled at him. "How about one more yummy mint?"

"Stop it!" Dan cried. His throat was already burning from the first two mints, tears were forming at the corners of his face as Sheila pulled out another pill but put it into her mouth first and rolled it around. When she pulled it out, it was dripping with her saliva and Sheila held it in front of his face with a big smile.

"Show me how much you love your wife, Dan. Swallow my spit with a smile, like a good sissy!"

And she laughed as Dan did just that, then ran away with tears running from his eyes.

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"I can't believe that bitch did that!" Christy said, shaking her head as she drove. "Is that why you haven't been taking your hormone pills for the last three days? You close your eyes every time I even pull out a pill bottle!"

"That's because you hypnotized me to take them!" Dan cried, in the passenger seat with his arms crossed. "What else did you hypnotize me to do? Have a fetish for Sammi's feet?"

"If I was going to hypnotize you to worship anything, Dan, it would be what's between my legs, not my daughter's feet!" she laughed. "You came up with that on your own, you dirty man!"

He turned away. "I don't believe you!"

"Look, I'm sorry, I should have told you. But you just seemed so happy, not knowing. Remember the first time you put on silky stockings? Remember being Claudette? Wasn't that fun?"

He turned away even more, facing out the side window. "No!"

Christy rolled her eyes. "Don't pout. And besides, if I could really force you to do anything I wanted, I would have made you dress like a woman for this dinner party. I'll be the only one who won't be able to show off her Sorted husband! What am I going to tell everyone?"

"Nothing!" Dan said. "Don't say anything of the sort! I'll think of something."

They drove along in silence for another minute before she said: "Are you *sure* you don't want to go to the party as Claudette? We still have time to stop at a Macy's to find a cute little cocktail dress for you."

"Christy!"

The party was four couples meeting at Randy and Renee's house. All the women were ones Christy knew well from her work but that Dan had only met a

handful of times. The women all met Christy with hugs and kisses on the cheek as the couple walked in and looked at Dan with knowing smiles that made his asshole clench.

"The boys are all downstairs watching the game," Renee said, taking his coat. She was a tall, confident woman whose demeanor reminded him of a sexy school principal. "You're free to join them... unless you want to show us something, Dan?" she said, grinning at his crotch.

"No, I don't!" Dan said, hurrying downstairs.

In front of the flat screen downstairs were Randy and two of his buddies. Dan remembered playing golf with the tall, broad-shouldered host once, and that Randy could easily drive 300 yards to Dan's 200. That was also about the same amount the man with the solid biceps seemed to outweigh him by.

"Hey fucker, glad you could show up," Randy said, tossing a beer at Dan's face that he barely caught in time. "The first game's almost halfway over. Who ya rooting for?"

Dan's eyes got large. Sammi had only let him watch MTV Teen for the last week!

"Um, I don't know... who's playing?"

The three men gave him a strange look, Randy most of all. "New York and Boston, man. Jeez."

Not knowing what else to do, Dan sat at the far end of the couch and tried to get into the game, holding the unopened beer in his hand. He looked around for a beer bottle opener but couldn't see one.

"Aw fuck, come on Rondo!" Randy yelled. "Don't be a pussy!" He opened the cooler and pried the cap off a new beer with his bare, muscular hands and drank deeply.

The men cheered as the game went to commercial and a row of tight-bodied, scantily-clad dancers bounced their way onto the screen, then turned to each other as the commercials started.

"So I just got a new hog," Randy said to his friend. "350 dual overhead and underhead cams."

The other two men whistled. "Sweet," one of them said. "You dropped the transaxle yet?"

"Might," Randy said. "Gotta fix my welder first, then do some throttlebody matching."

"Yep," one friend said.

"Yeah," the other agreed.

Dan had no fucking idea what they were talking about.

And he wanted to leave before they realized it. "I'm uh, going to go upstairs for a drink."

Rick pointed at the mini-fridge. "I got cold beers right here, man."

"I need something stronger," Dan blurted out as he went up the stairs.

Upstairs, the women were around the kitchen table, frozen daiquiris in hand, cackling.

"*All the time?*" Renee laughed, almost spilling her drink.

"All the time," a cute little redhead replied as Dan went to the mini-bar. "If Zach puts on even one sock at home, my sister can call the cops to strip him!"

"Oh my goodness!" Renee laughed, shaking her head then sipped her drink and grinned at the newcomer. "Nude husbands would make dinner parties a lot more interesting, eh Dan?"

Dan looked away from her mischievous gaze. "I wouldn't think so."

Renee crossed her long legs in his sight. "There's no ice in that tumbler, by the way. We used it all for the daiquiris. But you're free to have one if you'd like. If you don't think it's too girly," she said, holding up a red, fruity drink to him.

"No thanks," Dan said, putting his head down to prepare a jack-and-coke *off* the rocks.

The redhead was pulling out her phone. "And look- my sister sorted Zach the same day I was dropping off my daughter and her JV cheerleading team friends for a weekend sleepover! Here's a picture of them stumbling onto Zach as he was cleaning the pool buck-ass naked! And he had to stay that way around them all weekend!"

All the women howled, gathering around to look at the pictures on the redhead's phone.

"Oh Jesus, he's so hard!" Renee woman laughed, covering her mouth. "Dan, come here, you have to see this!"

"I'll pass," he muttered, recapping the bottles and hurrying downstairs before the growing tent in his pants was visible. Damn these silk panties- why did they always arouse him at the wrong time?

"How do women married to anything but Studs have any respect for their husbands?" Dan heard the redhead laugh as he closed the door behind him.

The men kept watching the game, sometimes talking about guns they had bought, tattoos they were going to get or car repairs they were going to do in

their garage, none of which Dan could contribute anything meaningful too.

*But if they want to know how to do their own make up or walk up stairs in heels..* he thought, blushing. *Why did Christy do this to me?*

Dan was happy to have an excuse to leave again as he drained the last of his rum and coke.

Upstairs, Dan saw five empty daiquiri glasses in the sink and heard a radio in the dining room turned up to a catchy pop station. Dan realized with a blush that the song playing was one Sammi had forced him to sing and dance along to three times last week wearing just his bra and panties, until he promised to do his female voice around her constantly.

Then he entered the dining room.

The women were cheering as the cute redhead stood in between Christy's legs, swaying and rolling her slim hips as she leaned down, put a hand on Christy's neck and pulled Dan's wife in for a long, hot, mouth-to-mouth kiss.

"What the hell is going on here!" he demanded.

Christy jumped and Dan saw a single playing card flutter from in between her and the redhead's lips to land on the ground.

"Damn it Dan!" she said. "You made me drop it!"

The redhead picked the card up with glee. "The five of Clubs! Fifty seconds of penalty time! Get in position!"

"Damn it!" Christy said again, putting her wrists behind her chairback with a pout. "Thanks a lot Dan!"

"What's going on?" he demanded again.

Renee grasped his wife's wrists behind the chair and turned to him. "We're playing Suck/Blow, you have to pass the card around the table without using your hands. Didn't you ever do that in high school?"

Dan shook his head as the redhead unzipped the front of Christy's little black dress to expose her lacy black bra and tiny black panties, then moved her hands into tickling positions around his trapped wife's armpits and stomach. "Not like this!"

The other wife was looking at her watch. "Ready. Go!"

The redhead started tickling his wife furiously and Christy would have jumped out of her chair if Renee's strong hands hadn't been holding her wrists down behind her back.

"Noooo! *Ah-haha- stop it!*"

"Truth time!" the redhead squealed. "When did you lose your virginity?"

"No!" Christy gasped, shaking her head.

The petite redhead turned up the tickling until Christy could barely breathe. "When!"

"Okay! Okay! Sixteen! My cabin at church sleep away camp!"

"She's lying!" Renee laughed, still holding Christy's arms fast. "No church camp has mixed cabins! Do her feet, Becky!"

The redhead picked up one of Christy's legs, pulled off the heel and started tickling the bare sole of her foot.

Christy jumped as if she was being electrocuted. "NOOO! AHH!"

Dan couldn't help it- the way his wife was half dressed, bucking and squirming as one attractive woman held her down and another worked her over- he started getting stiff in his panties.

"Tell the truth!" the redhead laughed. "How did you lose your virginity!"

"It's true!" Christy squealed, gasping for breath. "Church camp! To my bunkmate! LESLIE ANDERSON!"

"Time!" the other wife called and the three dressed women looked at each other, laughing.

"Christy! You little harlot!" Renee laughed as Dan's red-faced wife zipped her dress back up. "Your first time was with a woman?"

His wife was blushing furiously as she fixed her disheveled hair. She shot Dan an angry look. "I never wanted to tell anyone that! Thanks a lot, Dan!"

"I just came up here for a drink!"

Renee laughed and patted the chair next to her. "You know Dan, we've got an extra seat up here. Why don't you join the fun?"

He grabbed the closest drink, a daiquiri with an umbrella in it. "I'll just go-"

"Are you sure?" Renee laughed as he headed back downstairs. "Becky's fingers can get *anyone* to spill their secrets."

"No!"

Dan ignored Randy's questioning looks as he sipped his girly daiquiri and tried to ignore the muffled sounds of chairs shaking and females squealing for mercy coming from upstairs. Dan tried to hide his growing erection from the men as he imagined the statuesque Renee stripped to her bra and panties and being tickled, or even the redhead Becky. He knew the small redhead wasn't wearing a bra, and to imagine that pixie in just her panties, her little tits shaking as she begged for mercy-

"What the hell are those women doing up there?" Randy growled after one particularly loud high-pitched squeal from upstairs.



"I once heard that if you let a bunch of women spend time together, their periods and stuff start lining up," another husband said. "That's probably what they're doing."

Dan stuffed his hard dick down his leg as he stood up. That last long squeal could only have come from the redhead Becky! She was getting tickled!

"Uh- I'll go find out! You guys stay here!"

Dan opened the door to find not Becky being tickle-tortured, but his wife again. Her dress was fully open and someone's silk stockings were binding her wrists to the back of her chair and her ankles securely to each other. And this time both Renee and Becky were working her with merciless fingernails.

"-and he called himself Claudette and wore stockings and garters and spoke with a French accent and went down on me better than any lesbian ever had!" his wife screamed.

Dan almost fell over. "CHRISTY!"

"Your wife dropped the Ace of Hearts Dan!" Renee laughed, tickling the bucking Christy's ribs even faster. "She's been telling us all SORTS of interesting things about your sorting!"

"Does he wear panties?" Becky demanded, working on Christy's bare soles again.

"Don't!" Dan begged.

"Yes!" Christy gasped, furiously trying to pull her legs away but failing. "All the time!"

Renee grinned at him and Dan wanted to throw himself out a window.

"Does he suck cock?" she asked, tickling above and below his wife's heaving breasts.

Christy shook her head, her hair falling all across her face. "No!"

Renee tickled harder. "Liar!"

"He doesn't!"

"How about strap-ons? How often does he take yours?"

"Never!"

"Ohhh- he's a virgin sissy!" Renee laughed. "And how does he look as a woman? Good?"

"FUCKING AWESOME!" Christy cried.

"Time!" the other wife laughed. "Time, time!"

Both torturers stopped and gave each other a high-five as Dan just stood there in total shock.

"Well I'm glad we finally got to the bottom of that," Renee laughed. "We've been asking your wife about your sort all night and she wouldn't give up the goods until now!"

Becky giggled as she started untying Christy's feet. "So when can we all swing by Christy's house for Claudette to serve us a sissy waitress dinner? Thursday?"

Christy was panting, her neck and cheeks red, and Dan saw an unmistakable wetness spreading across her panties before she zipped her dress up again. She brushed her hair from her eyes and met his hurt expression with a challenge.

"Oh, don't give me that look!" she said. "You try lasting five minutes under that!"

Renee was looking at Dan and holding her chin with a smile. "You know, I bet he's about my shoe size. I'll get some heels and then you can show us your sexy walk, Dan!"

"No!" he said. "No way!"

"Come on, Christy- make him!" Becky begged.

Dan was still shaking his head as Christy pulled him by the arm into the next empty room.

"Christy- no!"

"Dan, please" she said. "It would mean a *lot* to me if you did this."

"Why don't you just *hypnotize* me to do it then?"

She sighed. "Look, I *already* said I was sorry about that. And you've got to believe me- we didn't hypnotize you to do anything you wouldn't have done anyway! So, please?"

He looked at her pleading eyes. "No! Why should I?"

"Because Renee's husband is a Stud and he won't even put the toilet seat down for her. Same with Becky and Ginger- they can't get their alpha male husbands to do anything for them!" She held his hip and looked up into his eyes. "But if you this for me, I'll be the *only wife here* whose husband is willing to submit to her wishes in front of everyone."

Dan was grimacing- he couldn't! Not in front of her friends! And all those men downstairs were Studs?

"It would be a *huge* statement of how much you love and trust me," she said.

Dan waffled from foot to foot. "It would really mean that much to you?"

"Yes!" She pulled one of his earlobes into her mouth and sucked on it. "And I'm already half wet from the tickling," she giggled. "You do this... and I might just suck you off on the ride home while I play with myself! So what do you say...can Claudette come out to play?"

Feeling her body against his, her hot mouth nibbling at his earlobe with such promise his dick was hard- painfully hard- in his pants.

"No more forcing me to take the hormone pills," he said, as her mouth on his ear melted away his resolve.

"You'll fall behind Andy and lose the pageant."

"Fuck the beauty pageant!" he said. "I'm not doing that!"

"Oooh! We put some pants on you and you become all forceful!" Christy giggled. "I like it. Okay- no more taking the pills if you don't want to. We have to hope your, um, *natural* talents convince the Sissy inspectors not to send you to Mexico."

Dan grimaced. He had forgotten about that! "Okay, only hormones until after my inspection, then no more! And I'm only going to walk once in the heels tonight- that's it!"

His wife squealed and pulled him back into the dining room.

"Dan's going to do it!" she announced to cheers. "Get ready, honey!"

Dan sighed, then sat and took off his male shoes and female socks. Renee knelt by his feet then slipped her open-toed high heels onto him easily.

"A perfect fit, Cinderella," she laughed, then started to lace the straps above his slim ankle as Dan blushed. Then she pulled him to his feet but Dan almost changed his mind when he saw Becky ready with her phone's camera.

"Come on honey!" Christy prompted, giving him a look. "Show them what you've got!"

He took a deep breath and did his best model walk down to one end of the room and back.

The women were besides themselves.

"Oh my god, he *is* good!"

"Look at that posture- he's like a runway model!"

"His feet make a perfect line- he does that better than *I* do!"

"Once more," Christy begged. "Once more around the room, please!"

His face was horribly red, but Dan did one more one circuit of the dining room and stopped right in front of them with his best sassy hip flare to the side. "There!" he said, posing with his hip cocked out. "Are you all happy now?"

The women were whispering and giggling to each other excitedly.

"What?" he demanded.

All four women stopped whispering and turned to him with wide grins.

"Now we've *got* to see the whole package!" Renee laughed as she jumped forward.

"What?" he cried, but she was grabbing one of his arms while Ginger grabbed the other. And Renee was as strong as he was, if not stronger. "No! Stop

that!"

He couldn't hit the women, not with their husbands right downstairs, and there were three of them. Dan was dragged backwards by his armpits into Renee's bedroom before he even knew what was happening.

"What are you doing!"

"Claudette's coming ALL the way out tonight!" Renee laughed, holding his wrists behind his back as Ginger unbuttoned his dress shirt.

"Christy!" he begged. "Help me!"

But then the slim redhead Becky was on her knees, unbuckling his belt and sliding his pants to the floor. "Oh, these are so cute!" Becky giggled, running her hand over the front of his pink, flowered covered panties. "My daughter wears the same type!" Dan's cock started to erect under her hand and she pulled back in laughter. "Although *that's* a little different!"

"Still want my 'help' Dan?" Christy laughed, as the women finished stripping him down to his panties and took turns running their hands over his breasts, ass and straining tent while he panted in pleasure. Dan groaned as the tall Renee squeezed and stroked his crotch and thighs until a wet spot formed on his panties.

Not hearing any objections, Renee started directing traffic. "Ginger, do his nails! Becky, you're good at makeup! And I'll choose an outfit for our sexy Claudette!"

Dan could only blush as the women pushed him into a chair and buzzed around him like flies, making him more feminine with every passing second. His fingernails were done in pink, perfume sprayed to his chest, and then Becky just pulled up her dress and straddled his lap as she darkened his eyelashes and applied concealer and blush.

"Oh my god," she gasped. "You are so perfect for this! High cheekbones, thin face, long lashes! Your face is made to be feminine!"

"No it's no-" Dan began, but Becky shushed him.

"Don't talk, you'll mess me up!" She turned to his wife. "Christy- he's like a classic model!"

Dan could only try not to think about how soft the other woman's shaved legs felt around his or how her panty-covered crotch was pressed right against his. Becky looked down as his cock started prodding her. "And he likes it!"

"No! I just-"

"Wait till you put garters and stockings on him," Christy said. "He'll practically cream himself."

All the women giggled as Renee started sorting through her garters for the perfect set.

Becky made him pucker his lips to apply pink lipstick, Ginger put big hoop earrings put through his ears, undid his ponytail and teased his hair into sexy curls, and Renee helped him into his garters and stockings, all while his hard-on stuck straight up at the ceiling, untouched but the wet spot at the tip of his tented panties still growing.

"He *is* practically cumming," Renee laughed, clipping on his last garter and running her hands up and down his smooth legs. "Dan appreciates a sexy pair of stockings more than my husband does!" Dan bit his lip, he was so close to cumming just from her touch but that would be too embarrassing!

"Now let's try the dress!" she laughed, standing him up.

It went on so fast with six hands putting it on him that Dan didn't realize what it was until the women parted to let him finally see himself in the mirror. And then his jaw dropped.

It was a pink micro party dress! His arms were bare. His cleavage from just above his nipples up was bare. His entire back was bare except for two thin straps, and the back was cut so low, you could see the top of his round ass and his thong! And with the silky stockings, the hoop earrings, the perfume- Dan was in a haze as Renee took his hand and helped him step up into her heels again and look in the mirror.

"Unbelievable," Renee gasped. "He is so fucking hot!" Then she squeezed his hard, protruding cock and laughed. "Well, except for that!"

That brought Dan out of his haze, as all the women laughed at his hard cock asking for attention. "Please, can we take it off now?" he begged.

Christy smirked at his boner. "Honey, we just got started. Renee, you wouldn't happen to have any bags of frozen peas, would you?"

The women giggled as Christy tamed his erection the usual way and tucked it deep into his panties, and that's what opened the floodgates. The women started trying on different earrings, necklaces, bracelets, anklets, some from their own outfits, and Renee started cycling through her clothes, even taking off her own dress at one point so that she could see how it looked on Dan. Dan couldn't stop staring as he squeezed into her dress- she was built like a pro beach volleyball player, long toned limbs and an all over golden tan, especially on her tight, practically naked ass, and her pushup bra and tiny micro thong only made her look all the better.

"Someone needs the peas again!" Becky laughed, holding up Dan's dress to allow room for his erection.

"It will go down eventually," Christy laughed, her look telling Dan she knew exactly what he had been staring at. "It had better. Come on- I need a drink!"

They put Renee back into her dress and Dan back into the scandalous pink number, then dragged him back into the kitchen in high spirits.

"How about body shots!" Becky squealed, and she was pulling her dress over her head before anyone could stop her.

Renee picked the tiny redhead up by the waist and set her on the counter and Dan gasped as the other woman put a lime wedge between the topless pixie's lips, sprinkled salt on her perky nipples, dribbled tequila into the smooth cup of her bellybutton, and then consumed them in opposite order, ending with a girl-on-girl kiss as she squeezed the lime. Dan's jaw dropped. Is this what wives did when there were no 'men' around?

And then his wife and Ginger did the same and Renee lifted the tiny redhead off the counter.

"Who's next?" she asked, then saw Dan and pointed. "Claudette!"

"No!"

But Renee was already picking him up- she was so strong- and setting his butt on the counter. "We'll be gentle," she giggled, and then hands were pushing him onto his back and unzipping his dress.

He gasped as the cold tequila was splashed onto his stomach, blushed as salt was dabbed on his cleavage, then opened his mouth obediently for Renee to place a lime in it.

"Good girl," Renee laughed, then lowered her hot mouth to his stomach, licking and sucking until he moaned, then she gave his cleavage a quick electric lick before putting put one strong hand behind his neck so that Dan couldn't break the kiss while her strong, aggressive lips squeezed every drop of lime from his. Dan was whimpering, moaning, out of breath and blushing when she finally ended the kiss, looking into his eyes with a big grin.

"That was great, sweetie," she giggled, gave him another peck on the lips and asked, "Who's next?"

Each of the women took a shot the same way, forcing Dan into a kiss while the others laughed at the way he squirmed on the counter and the four inch erection twitching untouched in his pink panties.

When Becky was on her turn, holding down and kissing him even after the lime had drained, was when they heard the heavy footsteps coming up from downstairs.

Renee pulled Dan off the counter and set him on the ground as Christy zipped up his dress, even though his panties still tented out the high hem on the

bottom. Christy looked at it, then just pushed him behind the counter so that his erection wasn't visible from the stairs.

"Well there you ladies are," Randy said, opening the door. "I was wondering where you had all gotten to."

Dan saw Randy's eyes widen, seeing the other half-drunk, giggling women before coming to a stop on him. Dan's heart started racing.

"Well, well," Randy said, walking towards him. "And who do we have here? You didn't tell me you had any single friends coming tonight, Renee!"

Dan's eyes got huge. Christy had taken off his wedding ring when the ladies had started putting all the jewelry on him! And with all the make-up, his hair in a completely different style and the micro mini party dress he had ended back up in... was it even possible Randy didn't recognize him?

Christy spoke first. "Um yeah, Randy, that's my single friend Claudette. She's been having so much trouble landing a man we were giving her a make-over! How do you think she looks?"

And when Randy looked him over hungrily from head to toe, that's when Dan knew. *He really thinks I'm a woman!* Dan hunched closer to the counter, trying to hide his erection and pull his obscene hem lower as Randy walked around behind him.

"I think, I can't believe such a hot little number would have any trouble getting a date when ever she wants," Randy laughed. And then he picked up Dan's manicured hand and kissed it!

"Well she doesn't usually look like this," Becky laughed. "She came over tonight wearing frumpy clothes but we made her look just like she should!"

Randy was rubbing Dan's soft hand in between his rough fingers. "Absolutely. A woman this fine should always be in as little clothes as possible," he said and Dan saw him trying to peek at his bra-less breasts!

Randy took a business card from his back pocket and slid it slowly under Dan's stocking top on his thigh. "And I'd be more than happy to help her take the rest of it off sometime, if the price is right." He let his finger swipe Dan's bare thigh as he released the card. "Call me if you need ten hard inches, sugar."

Christy laughed. "Well Claudette! What do you say?"

Dan tried to remember every vocal lesson Christy and Sammi had ever given him. If he was found out now, Randy would probably beat the shit out of him!

Dan coughed, then said in a meek, high, voice, "Thank you, Randy. I'll keep that in mind."

The women were barely holding back their laughter behind Randy's back.

Dan stiffened as he felt a rough hand slide up the back of his bare legs and under his dress, to cup one of his butt cheeks!

"In fact, I've got a little time right now," Randy purred into his ear, "how about a quick preview of my services?"

*This couldn't be happening!* He looked around in panic, but all the women were waiting to see what happened.

It was Christy who came to his rescue. "Geez, Randy, you come on strong! Take a girl to dinner first," she said, pulling the Stud away from Dan.

"Yeah, you're drunk, honey," Renee said. "Go on back downstairs. Don't you have the fifth quarter of a game to watch or something?"

"Yeah I guess." He pinched Dan's ass before leaving, making him jump and blush. "Call me later, sweetness."

After the Stud closed the door, all the women looked at each other in amazement. Shaking and almost in tears, Dan didn't hear what they were saying for a few seconds as he tried to take off all the stupid feminine jewelry.

"He really couldn't tell!"

"And that was in full light! Can you imagine what would happen in a dark dance club?"

"I *am* imagining it! Who else could we fool, do you think?"

Christy's hand gripped his wrist right before Dan had gotten his first bracelet off. "Not so fast, Claudette. You're sticking around for a while!"

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"I can't believe you let them do that to me!" Dan cried while driving home. "And I can't believe you wouldn't let me change back all night!"

"What's the matter?" Christy laughed. "Having trouble driving in heels *Claudette*?"

"No! I don't know! Yes!" Dan said, still wearing Renee's bra, pink dress, garters and shoes.

"Welcome to womanhood!" she giggled. "But is it working the pedals with your high heels that's making you distracted, or is it the feeling of your sexy stockings sliding against one another sending little tingles of pleasure right up your spine?"

Dan blushed. "You know about that?"

"Hah! Every woman knows about that! Silky stockings rubbing our legs makes us feel sensual and feminine all day." She giggled. "Just like they do for you."

"I don't want to feel feminine!" he cried.

"Don't you? You didn't like all the compliments you got, taking trays of food down to the boys in the basement?"



"That was humiliating! And dangerous!"

"Oh, one of us women went with you each time," Christy laughed. "You weren't gonna get raped or anything, and I made sure Randy treated you with respect the rest of the night, didn't I?"

"Yeah," he admitted.

"But not one of the men realized you were a sissy! Isn't that amazing?"

He blushed again. "No!"

"But you passed!" Christy laughed. "Now you can be a woman in public anytime you want!"

"I don't *want* to be a woman in public!" And then she was taking her seat belt off. "What are you doing?"

What Christy was doing was leaning over to the driver's seat and rubbing Dan's silky thighs and calves with her hands.

"You don't? The girls are going lingerie shopping for their husbands next weekend. You don't want to come with us? You don't want to give your opinion on which one makes Renee and Ginger and Becky look the most erotic or fuckable? Maybe even come into the changing rooms with us, and help them put on those hot little teddies right in front of you?"

"They wouldn't let me do that!" Dan gasped. Her hands were exploring his body over his soft clothes in an erotic, insistent way that made his heart race.

"They seemed pretty comfortable with you tonight," Christy laughed. "How many times while we played Suck/Blow did Becky sit right on your lap or Renee pull you onto hers, not caring that you were groping the shit out of them when you thought I wasn't looking?"

"No! I didn't do that! Maybe my hands slipped once-"

"Maybe nothing, you horn dog! I saw you grinning when Renee let you put your hand on her thigh!" Christy did the same to him. "Don't worry, Dan, I think she's pretty hot too! I wouldn't mind nude oil wrestling with Renee myself!"

Dan looked to see if she was serious, then broke into a small grin. "That part *was* fun."

"More fun than being downstairs with all rough, boring, belching men, right?"

Dan shuddered as her fingers went under his top to cup his breasts. "Yes!" Then she pinched his nipples and Dan almost swerved off the road.

"Christy! I'm driving!"

"Before the hormones this would just be a normal touch," she giggled. "But now- these hard little pebbles are probably more sensitive than mine are! Isn't it fun to have two more beautiful spots of pleasure like this on your body?"

Dan was squirming in his seat, whimpering from the waves of ecstasy radiating from his nipples. "Not if it means changing who I am!"

"What change? Before, you were a brave, gentle man who was more at ease going shopping with me than chopping down trees or jumping dirt bikes or whatever it is that cavemen do on the weekends. And now you'll still be the same person, just dressed as a woman from time to time."

Dan stamped his high heels on the car floor as he whined. "But I don't want to be a woman! Especially not around other people!"

One of Christy hands dropped to gently trace his stocking-covered leg, swirling closer and closer to his crotch.

"You're always so tense when you come home from work," she said. "People have been asking you for things all day- solve this problem- fix that crisis! Now, now! Hurry, hurry!" She giggled and dropped her hand onto his panties. "But no one ever asks a sissy to solve a crisis, do they? No, a sissy's life is just giggling and looking pretty, touching and wearing soft, feminine clothes and being comfortable around sexy women without a worry in the world. It's like a perfect vacation for you!"

Dan moaned as her hand worked on his erection through his panties.

"Wouldn't you rather feel feminine and happy some of the time than male and anxious all the time?" she asked him.

Dan gasped, on the edge of orgasm and a decision. "Maybe!"

Christy smiled. "We'll just do it at home, and if my girlfriends come by. And if you convince the girls that you're really and truly a sissy, I bet I can get them to let you come into the women's locker room with us after aerobics class, when we're all showering? Or when we all go into the sauna and lay around, nude and sweating? Would you like to see that?"

He nodded, his throat dry. "Yes." She finally pulled his panties aside and grasped his stiff four-inch cock directly. "Oh god!"

"I knew you would!" she laughed, stroking faster. "But that can't happen to Dan. That can only happen to *Claudette*. So will you be Claudette for me, just a little more often?"

He was thrusting his hips into her hand. "Yes!"

"But not just on special occasions like tonight! I mean every day after work- you're going to do your makeup, dress up cute for Sammi and I, even wearing sexy little nighties to bed?"

"*Every night?!?*"

"Andy's doing it," she laughed. "Or do you want to fall behind Missy and lose the pageant and be the laughingstock of the whole neighborhood and your office for a month?"

"Okay! I'll do it!" he cried. "But Christy- I'm going to- going to shoot my load!"

She flicked his balls. "Claudette! A lady doesn't talk like that!"

Dan gasped from the short pain, then answered in a high voice. "I'm sorry, madame! But I'm-uh- going to- um..."

"Make a puddle in your panties?" Christy laughed, stroking him faster through the soft cloth. "Soak your thighs with your womanly juices?"

Even this close to orgasm, Dan could still blush. "Yes!"

And then her hand was gone and she was back in her own seat, putting her seat belt on.

"Well we can't have that!" she laughed. "Not until Claudette's stuck her little strap-on into my pussy a few times tonight!" Christy leaned her seat back and put her toned legs up on the dash, shimmying her tight dress up past her waist.

"Drive home fast," she gasped, her fingers going down into her panties.

"Every time I cum before we get home is another pill I'm making you lick out of my pussy tonight!"

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"Mom, what did you do!" Sammi giggled privately to Christy at the breakfast table. "For the last week Dad's been such a happy Sissy! He's dressing every morning and night!"

Christy smiled, still feeling the tingles between her thighs from Dan's 'morning dose' of hormones. "I just found a more effective way to feed him his pills, I guess."

"Yeah, I heard. You're a screamer, just like me," Sammi giggled. "But that's all? Look at him make breakfast in that outfit- I've never *seen* him so happy!"

Christy was about to answer, but then stopped and really looked at her husband.

Dan was barefoot in front of the oven, cooking eggs. He was naked except for the pink, ruffled thong he wore around his tight hairless ass, and the short, backless apron which his hard nipples were desperately trying to poke through. On his own, Dan had gotten up early this morning to make his eyelashes long and luxurious, his lips pink and glossy, and now he was biting his lip, humming a pop tune to himself as he cooked, and using one perfectly manicured toenail to scratch an itch on his other soft, smooth calf in a painfully adorable way.

Watching his tight ass sway in pink panties in time to his humming, Christy muttered under her breath. "I've *got* to get myself a strap-on."

"What Mom?"

"Nothing," she said. "But you're right- he does look happy! So much more happy than plain Dan. His sort has really worked out for everyone!"

The doorbell rang and Dan almost dropped the pan, turning around with wide eyes.

"Don't worry, I'll get it," Sammi laughed. "You just hang out in your panties, Daddy."

She returned with Renee and Dan visibly relaxed, even if he did blush a little.

"Christy, bonjour as always," Renee laughed, kissing the other wife on the cheek. Then the tall woman turned to the nearly nude cook, towering over him in her high heels.

"My, aren't you just a little exhibitionist today, Claudette! You look so sexy when you're barely dressed!" In addition to a cheek kiss, her fingers snuck down to give Dan a pinch on his exposed ass.

"Thank you, Renee," he said, blushing and jumping at the pinch.

"Are you excited to go to the spa with me today?" she asked. "I hear the full body nude chocolate rub down feels just divine and should make our skins glow! Oh my!" she laughed, looking down to notice the tiny, stiff erection tenting the apron towards her. "You *are* excited to go!"

All three women laughed at his sudden erection.

"But you'll have to keep *this* down while you and I are wearing the tiny modesty towels, Claudette," she laughed, pulling his apron aside to toy with his erection, "or the masseuse might get upset, and won't that be a mess!" She started giving the blushing, squirming Dan fast strokes right through his pink panties. "Who knows, I just might help you make a mess beforehand to calm you down, if you've been a good girl!" she laughed, stopping her strokes cold and pinching his ass again before sitting to join Christy at the table.

"He is SO girly now," she whispered to Christy. "A perfect sissy!"

"We've been giving him two or three of the hormone pills a day," Christy replied. "But he really only gets that way around women. I've seen him with men from his office- the old Dan can still come out if it needs to."

"Yes, I just had the old Dan in my fingers," Renee laughed, wiping off on a napkin before starting to cut up a grapefruit. "And I know little dicks get harder than a monster like Randy's would, but that stiffy didn't feel like you were giving him three doses of female hormones a day. It was diamond hard!"

"A three-inch diamond," Sammi laughed.

"Hush!" Christy said. "Three and three-fourths, at least."

Christy had been getting Dan hard in his sleep twice a week to measure for hormone-caused shrinkage and now she sighed, thinking of the entire inch he

had lost before his manhood had stabilized at its new, sissy size. *Another good reason to get a strap-on!*

She shook her head and turned back to her friend. "He's on the ES-T hormones, female and male mixed, so it actually has a booster to keep his erections extra hard."

"Doesn't that cause, um, conflicts?" Renee asked. "Like he's trying to be two people at once?"

"Aren't we all?" Sammi asked, wolfing down her cereal.

Christy frowned. "Sometimes. But I think Dan has learned when it's appropriate to bring out each side of himself."

"Speaking of that, here's the real reason I came over early," Renee said, pulling out her cellphone. "You know Sheila and I are members of the same dance studio, right? Look what I managed to tape before my lesson last night!"

The women crowded closer to look at the video on Renee's phone.

It was a sneaky hidden-camera shot of Andy, no- Missy- dressed to kill in a skin tight, very revealing, ballroom dancer's outfit. He was doing some sensuous tango or lambada type dance with a swarthy, muscular Latin instructor and Missy was very, very good. He was hitting every beat with his tiny high heels, he was letting his thin legs swing and wrap around his partner's hip and Missy was even shuddering in mock passion as the instructor's muscular hands touched him in every intimate way imaginable. The dance ended perfectly with the music, with Missy panting and breathless in her instructor's arms, their faces inches away from kissing, and with the man's hands deep up the back of the sissy's dress, holding the thin blond sissy up by her naked ass.

The instructor even gave Missy a kiss on her lips before standing the blushing Sissy up. And then Sheila ran over, happy and clapping, and gave him a deeper, longer French kiss while blatantly rubbing his long cock through his pants and telling him how 'pleased' she was.

Renee shut the video off. "It looks like Sheila is taking the talent portion of the beauty pageant *very* seriously."

"Who does that dumb kind of dancing now anyways?" Sammi demanded. "That's like thirty years old!"

"Nonetheless," Renee said, "Andy does seem to have the edge if the pageant was held today."

"But it's only a week away! We don't have time to train like that!" Sammi replied. "And we can't afford to fly in a dance instructor from Spain like Sheila can!"

Renee smiled and took a dainty bite of grapefruit. "You know, the dance studio offers other classes that are sure to be crowd pleaser. Even if they do

require a pole."

"We could sign Daddy up for a stripper class!" Sammi giggled. "I'd die to see Daddy all sexy and sliding down a pole, and that would blow Andy's boring old Polka out of the water!"

"If he trained for five hours a day he could catch up to Andy," Renee agreed.

"And we could put him on a starvation diet- loose ten more pounds this week!" Sammi said.

"A little botox on the lips wouldn't hurt either-"

"Enough. Enough!" Christy said. "We're not doing any of that!"

Sammi was confused. "But the pageant! We have to win-"

"Oh, fuck the silly pageant," Christy said to the women. "Let Sheila win. Look how happy your father is right now- why do you want to disturb that?"

The women did, watching Dan hum unaware and finish the eggs, then bring them over in his cute pink apron.

Up close, he saw how they were looking at him and got worried. "Um, what's up?"

Christy smiled. "Nothing honey, we were just checking out your cute little ass. Come sit and all us girls will have breakfast together."

The doorbell rung again and Sammi sprang out of her chair.

"I'll get it!"

"Why are you so anxious?" Christy laughed as the teen disappeared down the hall.

"I've got a date!"

"A date?" Dan asked, his voice suddenly lowering. "With who?"

Christy shrugged. "I think I heard her once mention a local football player she fancied..."

Sammi came skipping into the kitchen dragging a young beefcake behind her. "Okay, my date's here! See you guys later!"

"Now hold on a minute!" Dan said as Sammi started to drag the tall, muscled young man away. He put the pan down and walked up to him, wiping his hands on his apron. "What's his name? Where are you two going?"

"Uh, Damon," the confused boy answered, his voice like a bass drum. "And I dunno. The lake, I guess."

"Will there be any adults there?"

Damon snorted. "No."

"Will there be alcohol?"

Damon gave Sammi an 'is-this-for-real?' look before turning back to Dan. "Uh, yeah. Duh, it's a party!"

Dan put his hands on his hips. "Well you keep Sammi away from it! If I smell *any* alcohol on her breath when you bring her back- *by five o'clock at the latest*- we're going to have words. Understand, young man?"

Damon was confused and held his hands up. "Look, Mrs. Rosewood, I-"  
"I'm her *father*, not her mother!"

The young man looked at the other women, then at Dan again. "What? You're a...*oh!*" And then he was chuckling. "Sure. Whatever dude." He put his muscular arm around Sammi's waist, his hand grabbing the teen's ass. "Come on, Sammi."

"Now hold on!" Dan said. "If you don't promise right now to respect my daughter and her body, I forbid you from seeing her today! And I'm not kidding!" he said in a high voice, stamping his slender foot on the floor.

Everyone in the room looked at the angry Dan for one tense second then burst out laughing.

"You guys have fun," Christy chuckled, getting up and pushing the couple towards the door. "And Sammi, try not to get too drunk and flash everyone, okay? Pictures stay on-line forever."

"I make no promises!" the teen laughed as her mother closed the front door behind her.

Christy looked back at the kitchen, then shook her head to herself.

"Oh dear. Now Claudette's crying."

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"It was like they didn't even respect me as the man of the house!" he said, pacing angrily around the bedroom wearing a peach-colored semi-transparent nightie.

"Maybe pink panties and an apron aren't the best choice of wardrobe when you're trying to be the intimidating father?" Christy chuckled, turning another page in her romance novel as she lay in bed.

"This isn't funny! That boy's hands are going to be all over our daughter tonight!"

Christy laughed again. "Judging by the way she ran to the door, that was our daughter's plan all along. And it's been twelve hours. Stop pouting already."

"I'm not pouting!" he cried, crossing his arms and stamping his feet. "If you make me into some wimpy female pushover, who's going to protect Sammi from boys like that?"

Christy finally put her book down. "Dan. If you try to be some boorish, macho Stud or controlling father, Sammi would be *more* likely to sleep around

with every boy she sees. You know what they say about the preacher's daughter."

"But-"

"But nothing," she said. "She's a strong, resourceful girl, and she can protect herself. You can't go back to college with her and stand guard over her bed. The only thing you can give her is fatherly advice, and she's more likely to ask for that if you're soft and understanding." Christy licked her finger and turned another page. "I bet she'll tell Claudette things she'd never tell Dan."

Dan gulped, thinking about all the secrets he and Sammi had shared painting their toenails together. "Fine. I guess you're right."

"I am. Now go to bed."

"But they're not back yet! And it's been dark for hours-"

As Dan was laying down, they heard the sound of the front door closing and two giggling people stumbling up the steps.

"What? Did she bring that boy *home*?" Dan asked. He was throwing off the covers and getting out of bed when Christy grabbed his arm.

"Dan- look at what you're wearing! You've got tits now, remember?"

Dan blushed, looking at the perky A cups visible through the sheer nightie, and the tiny silk panties he wore as well. "Damn it! Where's your robe? Or I'll get a long shirt-"

They heard Sammi's door slam closed and, a few seconds later, a hard slap as some hand struck flesh at a high speed. And then again.

"He's hitting her!" Dan said, balling his fists and racing towards the door.

"He's hitting our little girl!"

Then they heard Sammi's muffled moan through the wall. *"Fuck yes-Damon! Spank me harder! Make me wet and get inside me NOW!"*

"Well," Christy chuckled, picking her book back up. "That sounds pretty consensual. Come back to bed, Dan."

He stood at his door, unsure. "But, but..."

*"You want me to suck it? I'll suck it- just get hard, and get it in me fast! Oh god, yes!"*

Christy raised an eyebrow at him. "You really want to walk in and see your daughter the middle of that, *Dad*?"

Dan stamped his foot, paced for a few more seconds/moans from Sammi, then angrily got back in bed.

Thirty minutes later Dan was still shaking, but for a different reason.

*"Oh gaaaaawd Damon- that feels so good! Harder! Fuck me harder!"*



"What kind of boy has this kind of stamina at his age?" Dan demanded.  
"Especially with someone as-"

*"Deeper! Push my feet higher! GET DEEPER!"* Sammi cried, then let out another erotic moan that went right to Dan's twitching cock.

"Someone as hot as your step-daughter?" Christy finished, raising an eyebrow at the needy erection dripping under his nightie. "For someone so concerned about her virtue, you're really getting off on listening to our little Sammi enjoy herself."

"I'm not getting off on it!" he hissed, and for the thousandth time since he had gotten hard, Dan rubbed his sheer nightie over his smooth thighs, his hands reaching for the hard cock between his legs in a well-practiced motion, but then veering away at the last second.

Christy giggled. "Looking for something to do with your hands, honey?"

He was clenching and unclenching his fists, his balls heavy and aching as if someone had poured lead shot into them. He stared down at his needy, desperate cock standing at attention right there in his face.

"Wasn't there... I mean, didn't I used to have a way of... making this stop hurting?" he asked.

Christy tried not to laugh out loud. "What do you mean, honey?"

"I remember- well, I kind of remember, didn't I used to do something to make myself feel good when *this* happened?" he asked, pointing at his cock but not touching it. "You didn't like it, but I still used to do it... what was it?"

"I have no idea what you mean," Christy said, hiding her smirk behind her book. "As long as I've known you, Claudette, we've always used an icepack to make that little problem go away."

"Oh. Well, couldn't *you* maybe um...."

She gave him an unamused look. "It's eleven o' clock at night. You expect me to have the energy for sex, now, just because you're all hot and bothered listening to Sammi get rammed?" She shook her head, then turned off the reading light and rolled over. "I'm not nineteen anymore, Dan, I need *my* sleep. Go get the frozen peas and use them on yourself before you make a wet spot on your side of the bed."

In the dark, Dan rolled over as well, trying to ignore the way his sheer nightie felt on his tingling nipples and painful cock. "No, I'm fine. I'll get to sleep, somehow."

*"Oh fuck me- you're SO BIG! It feels SO GOOOOOOD!"*

Dan tossed his covers off and headed for the kitchen.

He went down the hall, downstairs, and to the other side of the house in his see-through nightie and panties, enjoying the feel of his smooth legs rubbing together.

*Was it something I did with my legs to make myself cum?* he thought. *Or maybe my nipples? I almost came in the shower two days ago, just from playing with those...*

Dan opened the fridge and started rooting around. *All I see are my Weight Watchers meals! Where did Christy put the peas? Come on...*

As he searched, Dan played with his nipples through his nightie, giggling and squirming his smooth legs together as the pleasure built inside him. That's why he didn't hear the heavy footsteps behind him until they were already in the kitchen.

"Oh. Hey," Damon said.

Dan gasped and turned, and in the dim light of the microwave clock, saw the tall, ripped eighteen year old standing next to the kitchen table, fully nude. With half a hard-on.

Dan suddenly felt very, very exposed. "What are you doing here?" he squeaked, covering his breasts with one arm and his crotch with another.

"I didn't think anyone would be up," Damon said. "I'm getting something to eat, same as you."

Dan didn't want to look, but he couldn't stop his eyes from drifting down to the heavy, long piece of meat jutting out below the Stud's washboard abs. And then he saw it.

Damon's cock was half-hard and then it twitched, getting just a little more erect.

"You should go back to Sammi's room now," Dan said, hugging himself more tightly.

The boy took a step forward, rubbing his chin. "You're uh, one of those Sissies, right?"

"So?"

"Each unmarried Stud usually gets a Sissy to live with, but I didn't ask for one." He stepped forward again, slowly looking Dan over from his bare feet to the ribbons in his hair. "I'm not into fags, but man, I never thought that they'd look like you!"

Dan tried to stand up as tall as he could, and came to about Damon's shoulder. "You should *really* go home now, young man!"

Damon's cock was pitching up heartbeat by heartbeat. He put one hand on the counter and another on the fridge, trapping Dan in that part of the kitchen.

"I would, but, uh, Sammi, she came and fell right asleep, you know?"

"So?" Dan wailed. What could he do? Yell for help like a woman? Grab a knife and commit assault? What were his choices?

"So, she didn't get *me* off." The boy grinned, looking him up and down again. "And I'm really backed up after fucking your daughter for that long, you know?"

The nude boy took a step forward, his hard cock swaying with the motion, and Dan stepped back, bumping into the counter. He was out of room.

"And I'm a Stud, Mr. Rosewood. And we're not allowed to jack ourselves off."

"Please!" Dan begged, his heart racing. "No!"

"It doesn't have to be your ass," Damon said, taking another, final step forward. Dan could feel the heat radiating off the young man's naked body. "I'm so backed up right now I'll take anything, your mouth, your hands- hell, even if you just want to use those soft looking legs on me-"

"*Young man*," Christy said, her voice cutting across the kitchen like a knife as she flicked the lights on. "I believe you may be barking up the *entirely* wrong type of tree." There was a little amusement in her voice but something much stronger and protective beneath it.

Damon took two steps back, holding his hands up. "Oh, hey, Mrs. Rosewood! Your husband and I were just talking."

"Yes," Christy said, walking towards the naked boy in her ankle-length nightgown. "I caught the last bit of your discussion."

The Stud took another step back. "No disrespect, Mrs. Rosewood! I know what looks like, but it's just that your daughter, she kind of left me hanging after I, you know, performed my duties. And that's not right."

Christy sighed. "How much did you charge her?"

"A hundred. But I gotta double that if she puts me through extra hardship, if you know what I mean."

Christy crossed her arms, looked at him for a moment, then shook her head. "I know," she finally said. "Come over here, young man." Christy pulled out one of the counter stools and sat on it. "You were looking at my husband's legs, correct?"

"Yes ma'am."

Christy shook her head again and started pulling up her long nightgown, revealing her toned, tanned legs bit by bit. "Dan, be a dear and get me the olive oil from the cabinet. The cheap stuff, not the extra virgin." She laughed at her frozen husband. "Well go on!"

Dan forced himself away from the counter and to the pantry. He gave the nude, muscular Damon a wide berth as he brought the bottle around to Christy.

His nervous voice was high and meek as he spoke.

"What are you going to do?"

"What Sammi should have already done," she sighed. "Teenagers are so irresponsible with their duties." She poured a generous stream of olive oil into her palms and then rubbed them together to warm it up. "Hold my hem up to give Damon something nice to look at while I jack him off, won't you honey?"

"What!"

"A Stud *has* to cum on a service call," she said, slicking her hands. "It's part of the sorting rules. It doesn't really matter how as long as it's a good one."

Dan saw that she wasn't kidding, then grabbed her hem with nervous hands and held it around her shapely knees.

"Higher Dan! We don't want to be here all night," she laughed, then crooked a finger at the Stud. "Come here, young man, before I change my mind and send you home with a hundred dollars and blue balls."

The boy nodded, stepping forward huge dick first, and when Christy wrapped both olive-oil slick hands around his shaft, he exhaled through his teeth.

"Oh fuck that's nice!"

"You haven't felt anything yet," Christy laughed, starting with slow, long strokes. "Whatever Sammi can do, I've got twenty more years of experience at! Now put your hands behind your back and stand still while I give you a good build up."

"Yes ma'am," he said with a grin.

Christy was grinning herself now. She crossed her nude legs, slowly and sensually as she kept stroking him. "Do you like what you see?"

Damon licked his lips and nodded.

"That's where you want to cum? All over my legs?"

"Yes ma'am."

"I know you Studs are trained to hold back until your client is satisfied," Christy said, "but I don't want you to hold back this time, okay dear? Blast your cum all over my legs just as hard as you can."

"Yes ma'am!"

Dan saw his wife's eyes explore the nude boy's rock hard physique as she stroked his cock faster. "Now Damon, don't think I'm going to do this *every* time Sammi hires you," she laughed. "This is just a one-time special."

"It better be," Dan muttered, still holding up her hem so Damon could see her legs.

"You know, I could always go back to bed," Christy laughed. "And let you and Damon finish the *discussion* you were having down here."

"No!" Dan shrieked.

"Well then hush and keep-" Christy looked down at herself and shrieked.

"Not so high Dan! I'm not wearing panties!"

"Sorry!" Dan said, blushing and lowering her hem. He looked up at Damon's wide grin and he knew- the boy had gotten a good, long look at his wife's pussy, because of him!

Christy looked to her side as she kept stroking Damon's cock with two hands and giggled. "Jesus, Dan- I haven't even touched *you*!"

Using both hands holding his wife's nightgown out of the way, Dan didn't have any way to cover the stiff penis trying to tear out of his silk panties. "It's not that- it's your legs!" he cried, blushing at the wet spot spread on his panties. "The way you're moving them and posing!"

"Not his beautiful, rock hard shaft right in front of your face?" she laughed, turning it towards him as her slick hands danced over it. "You can touch it if you want to."

"No!"

"Yeah, touch it," Damon laughed, licking his lips. "I'm almost there."

Dan was shaking his head, his shiny curls hitting his face. "No! I don't want to!"

"Come on honey, don't be shy," she laughed, speeding up her strokes. "Hold the shaft while I work in the head. Let's give Damon an orgasm to remember!"

"Fuck yeah," Damon grunted, biting his lip as the tendons in his neck strained.

"NO!" Dan yelled, trying to back away from the stiff cock waving in front of him. "I don't want to!"

"I guess it's just you and me then," Christy laughed, bending Damon's cock back towards her crossed thighs. "Try not to think about fucking my sissy husband in his tight virgin asshole as you-"

"OH FUCK!" Damon yelled, his hands flying out to grab Christy's shoulder and knee as he blasted his cum onto her bare thighs. "FUCK YES!"

Christy stroked faster, pumping rope after rope of hot cum onto her legs. "Good boy! Get it all out for me!" she laughed. "Every drop you've got!"

Damon's knees got weak as she made him shoot time and again, and his one hand used her shoulder for support while his other stroked her smooth calf and slim bare foot as his last dribbles came out.

Christy in fact used her calf to wipe his tip off on, then patted the boy on the head.

"There you go, young man. A good hard spurtie just like a boy should have. Now run up to Sammi's room, get your clothes without waking her up, and leave

by the back door. My husband has to clean up this huge sticky mess you just made, and I don't want you staring at his ass while he does!"

It seemed like Damon was having trouble catching his breath, but he stood up and nodded. "Yes ma'am. Thank you, ma'am,"

Cum still dripping down her legs, Christy thrust her cheek forward and tapped it, indicating she wanted a kiss goodbye. With a quick look over at Dan, the embarrassed boy did, giving her a quick peck on the cheek before scampering off. "Thank you, ma'am!"

Dan was stunned, but Christy slapped his ass to rouse him. "Dan! Get some paper towels before it drips on the floor! And a wet rag," she laughed, looking down at her legs. "Ick! He got it everywhere."

Dan ran to get the tissues and when he returned Christy extended her legs like a queen, just the tips of her toes resting on the floor. "Hurry, Dan!"

He blushed and knelt at her feet, wiping another man's hot cum from his wife's bare legs. "I can't believe you let him do that," he muttered.

"He had to come somewhere," she laughed. "And they say bull semen is good for the skin's complexion. And he was quite a bull! This is more than you had when I used the vibrator on you!"

Dan blushed as he wiped down her feet and calves, moving up to her thighs. "You let him touch your legs- you didn't have to do that!"

"And you could just have jacked him off into the sink and saved both of us the trouble, but you didn't!"

"I couldn't do that!"

"He probably would have cum quicker- you saw the way he was looking at your cute body in that nightie."

Dan blushed even more, and Christy spread her knees to let him wipe down her inner thighs.

"I'm never going to do that! I'm not going to shame myself like that!"

She was wiping off her hands with the paper towels. "Who looked more shamed at the end of that- him or me? Face it, Dan, men are going to start coming onto you, and you need a way to defend yourself."

"He weighs twice what I do, and it's all muscle! How would I defend myself against that- get a gun?"

Christy laughed and stretched out her right leg with her toes splayed. "You missed some around my ankle, hon," then giggled as he set to wiping there and between her toes. "Don't default to masculine power- you need to use your feminine power. Did you see how that big strong Stud became a little puppy dog as soon as my hand wrapped around his cock? He would have done anything I wanted, as long as I kept stroking him."

Dan gulped and sat back on his little heels. "What did... what did it feel like?"

"What? Damon's cock?"

He nodded. "In your hand."

She laughed. "Well, don't get jealous honey, but it was a good one! Eighteen year olds get so stiff, even big ones. It was like a hard, solid bar, but warm and soft too." She giggled. "I could feel his pulse pounding as he got more turned on by us. It was nice."

Dan didn't say anything, just blushed a little more and started wiping between her other foot's toes.

"You know," Christy said, "I could get you one of your own to play with. Renee's husband Randy offered, if you remember -"

"No!" Dan cried, blushing even more as he wiped her foot clean.

"Honey. You're going to have to, *sometime*. A year's a long time to be a smoking hot sissy and not make a boy cum. And then there's after."

He looked up in shock. "After! I only have to be sissy sorted for one year!"

"And then the law gives you a year break," she agreed. "But what about after that, for your next sort? Wouldn't you want to be a sissy again, now that you know you're so good at it?"

Dan sighed. What were his choices? Nude Husband? In a chastity belt all the time? *I'd rather lick body shots off of Becky's nipples or soap up Renee in the women's shower!*

"I guess."

"And in between the two sorts? In your free year? You're telling me you're not going to want to play around with panties and stockings and high heels during that time?" Dan squirmed, and Christy used her toes to stroke his still-hard cock through his satin panties. "Not even once?"

Dan grinned and blushed. "I guess."

"You're not going to take a year off, are you?" she laughed. "You're going to be my sissy husband for a long time, aren't you?"

Dan gulped. "Yeah." Then he stood up and pulled his own panties down. "Now can you please give me what you just gave Damon? I'm dying over here!"

Christy chuckled and pulled her nightgown back down until it covered her ankles. "Sissies never *demand* to orgasm," she laughed, going to the freezer. "Sissies are meek and always ask politely for permission to cum. You just earned yourself a date with the frozen peas."

He stamped his feet. "But Christy!"

She opened the door and found the bag instantly. "You know how you love seeing me moan and squirm with a pussy that won't stop dripping?"

That only made Dan harder! "Yes!"

"So it's the same with me. I love watching men in need, Dan, and I love giving you painful blue balls and hard stiffys that you can't do a thing about! I'm going to give you every sexy benefit a sissy husband can have, let you drool over my friends and even my daughter for goodness sake, but if you want that and a happy, horny wife, you're only going to cum when I say you can, okay?"

He whimpered, still holding his nightie up. "I don't know if I can!"

Christy smiled, pulling him forward by his bare ass to thrust his cock and balls into the ice bag.

"No problem, honey. I'll help you."

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"Hey Mom, check this out!" Sammi yelled, running up to Christy with her smartphone. "I left my suction cup dildo attached to the shower wall and now Daddy's in there with it!"

She showed her mother the live, color video feed of their shower, with a nude Dan looking cautiously at the flesh-colored cock jutting out from the tile wall.

"Why do you have a six inch suction cup dildo?" she asked, and Sammi blushed.

"I needed to stretch myself out. You know, to get ready for Damon?"

Christy crossed her arms. "And why do you have a hidden camera looking at our shower?"

"To make a solo sex tape. To get Damon ready for me? He usually charges three hundred a night!"

"Well take it down. I don't need some Nerd hacking your phone and watching me shower."

Sammi rolled her eyes. "That's not the point, Mom! Look at what Daddy's doing!"

Dan had the shower running fully hot. The women watched as he eased into the stream, both of them giggling as he soaped up his hairless legs, tight ass and slender back, all while watching the penis warily. Then he reached out to touch it and pulled right back.

"It's like he's afraid it's going to bite him!" Christy laughed.

"Give it time," Sammi said. "He's warming up to it!"

They continued watching Dan shower, Sammi making cracks whenever Dan turned his front towards the camera.



"Has it got even *smaller*?" she laughed, looking at the little soft penis dangling between his legs. "Oh goodness, it's so cute! I just want to tie a little pink bow around it!"

"Hush," Christy said, but then looked at Dan's dicklet and giggled a little herself.

Once, during drunken sex when they were first dating, he had tried to get her to say it was the largest she had ever taken. And she had, to make him feel better. That seemed so silly now!

"Something's happening!" Sammi said, pulling her back.

Dan soaped up his hands for a second time, peeked his head out the curtain to make sure the door was locked, then started soaping up his almost A cups with a guilty blush on his face. He closed his eyes, slicked his hands over the tender buds, pulled at his pink nipples and moaned, sliding his legs together and squirming his bottom like he had an itch he just couldn't scratch.

"And we have liftoff!" Sammi giggled.

Dan's cock was stiffening impossibly fast, lengthening and rising until it was his full almost four inches straight up and twitching. He looked down at it and whimpered in need, and Christy felt tingles shoot right between her thighs. Christy took her daughter's hand and together, they continued to watch Dan writhe and squirm in the shower, looking for some way to get relief from his tight, painful blue balls. Finally, his cheeks, neck, and chest as pink as his rock hard nipples, Dan opened his eyes and looked at the smallest, white dildo.

"Here we go!" Sammi squealed, squeezing her mother's hand.

Licking his lips, Dan reached his painted fingernails out to touch the dildo, and didn't pull away.

"Come on, Daddy, do it!"

His soapy fingers closed around the silicon shaft and both women squealed.

Dan licked his lips, looked guiltily around again, then started rubbing and pulling on the cock. Within seconds, he was rolling his wrist, using the space between his fingers to stimulate the head and cupping the lifelike silicon balls underneath.

"I thought you said the hypnotism made him forget how to jack off!" Sammi said.

Christy was laughing. "It did. Those are all moves he saw me do to Damon in the kitchen. But back then he swore he'd never touch a cock!"

"Well, he's horny enough now to touch one," Sammi giggled. "How long since you've let him spurt?"

Christy blushed guiltily. "Twelve days."

"Mom!" Sammi laughed. "You're so evil! I love it! But I heard you guys rocking it last night?"

"Desensitizing cream. I put it on triple thick and let your father do anything he wanted to me. He's still using his tongue on me every morning, so I just wanted to give him something in return."

"Well that's why he's desperate enough to touch it," Sammi laughed, turning back to her screen. "But is desperate enough to go all the way?"

Dan played with his nipples and jacked off the cock simultaneously for a minute, and Christy noted that his own cock was now freely pouring pre-cum out the tip.

"He's hornier now," she said. "Come on, Dan!"

His face beet red, Dan gingerly reached for the soap, and then lathered up his own ass.

"He's lubing up!" Sammi yelled.

On screen Dan snapped his head around, looking in the direction of the kitchen.

"Quiet!" Christy hissed, spanking Sammi's ass.

"Sorry mom."

They waited a few breathless seconds, and then exhaled as Dan returned to slicking up his own butt crack again. He soaped up the plastic cock as well, running his two hands in a slow then quick jack off motion, pointing right at his tits.

"He's a natural at that," Sammi giggled.

"He sure is," Christy replied. "But let's see if..." Then Sammi grabbed her arm.

Dan was lining his asshole up, gingerly tiptoeing backwards holding his butt cheeks apart, towards the waiting cock. The women giggled as the tip disappeared between his tight cheeks and he made a face.

"The tip's always the hardest part," Sammi giggled.

Dan pulled off, blushing.

"No, Dan! Keep trying!" Christy said. "Oh, and he's gotten a little softer, too."

"It's okay- he's trying again! Daddy must really want to get off!" Sammi giggled. Dan barely got the head in again, then pulled off. "To make him take it, you may have to deny him longer, Mom. Could you make him go a whole month, do you think, or are you gonna wimp out?"

Christy was squeezing her legs together, covering her mouth.

"He's SO desperate!" she laughed. "I thought I'd get tired of seeing him hard and horny, but I'm never going to stop loving this! Look at that cock! He could

drive nails with it!"

"Tiny little one inch nails," Sammi giggled, which got her another spank on the ass from Christy. "Ow!"

"Be nice!" Christy laughed. "That's your father, even if he is hung like a boy! He was ready to go beat Damon up when he thought that boy was hitting you, even if it would have gotten him killed in the process!"

"I know, I know, I'm sorry," Sammi sighed. "I love Daddy too. I'll try not to tease him about his dicklet too much, I promise. It's just that... Mom, he's SO small! Don't you think you would have been happier with a Stud like Damon?"

On her phone's screen, Dan was biting his lower lip and shuddering as he played with his soapy, perky little tits, on his slender, hairless, feminine body. He was rocking his sexy hips back and forth as he tried to fit more of the cock up his ass, his diamond-hard four-inch dick bouncing and ready to burst.

Christy watched the scene and smiled.

"Happier for a week. Or for a month, maybe. Until he got bored with me or full of himself. Big dicked Studs do that. But little dicked, good, loyal men like your father... they've got staying power."

She squeezed her daughter's hand. "I'll take him shopping for his own strap-on tomorrow. Now let's go get your father off that cock before he pulls the shower tiles loose. "

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The next morning, Dan jumped out of bed and happily slipped his pink nightie off.

Then he showered and shaved everywhere, using the strawberry-scented moisturizer afterwards to make his skin glow.

He brushed his nearly shoulder-length hair until it shone, then applied a perfect coat of concealer, blush, mascara, lipstick and eyeliner until his face was smooth and sexy.

He stepped into wispy panties, a lacy bra and a mid-thigh dress, finishing off with earrings and three-inch heels that made his long, slender legs point with every step.

"I'm ready for the girls to come over for lunch!" he giggled, presenting himself to Christy and Sammi in the kitchen with a full turn and shake of his tight ass.

The women were just smiling at each other.

"Claudette," Christy said, "they're not coming here to meet you. You're going out to meet them!"

"People will know!" he cried, fidgeting in the passenger seat. "My skirt's too short! And my breasts aren't big enough!"

Christy laughed as she pulled into the mall. "Claudette, you are one cute piece of ass when you're all worried like this! Relax- you're hotter than most of the women here. Now come on!"

She dragged him to a shoe store first, where Claudette giggled and made the appropriate blushes when the cute shoe salesman stroked her bare ankle as he slipped her into one sexy heel after another and flirted with her.

They left with a new pair of heels each then went to the hair salon, where Maxine squealed when she saw the new, sexy Dan.

"OH my god you've come SO FAR!" she laughed, leaving her station and twirling around the embarrassed man. The other stylists wanted to understand the fuss so Maxine explained it all as she did his hair in big, bouncy curls, glued on long, fake nails and painted them a bright red you could see from across the room, and even took the blushing man's picture for her "wall of clients". He only got hard once during the make-over, when Maxine was leaning forward with her breasts right in his face for a minute while she colored his bangs and Maxine took a picture of that too, showing the other stylists his tented panties as his face burned.

But he did leave looking like a million dollars, he had to admit.

"Stop looking at yourself in mirrors as we walk," Christy chided, nudging his ribs. "Everyone knows you're hot- you don't have to flaunt it!"

Dan blushed but couldn't stop noticing the looks he was getting, from both genders. *Is this what being the hottest girl in school feels like?*

And then Christy was pulling him into a Spencer's Gift store, all the way to the back.

"What are we doing here!" he hissed, looking nervously at all the lubes, handcuffs and sex toys around them in the adult section.

"Getting Claudette a way to make herself cum harder than she's ever had," Christy laughed, pulling strap-ons off the shelf. "You want big, black cock or a smooth pink one?"

Dan blushed. Everyone in this part of the store could see her holding up the two strap-on cocks for him to choose between! Even if he had been a real woman, this would have been horribly embarrassing!

"I don't know," he blushed, looking at the ground. "You choose."

"Well they're not going *in me*, honey!"

Dan blushed harder. At least three people had heard her say that!

And now one of the store clerks was coming by, a tiny, chipper blond girl who barely, barely, barely looked eighteen.

"You two ladies need any help?"

Dan froze. *Ladies!* "Um, no..." he said, in his female voice.

"Actually, yes!" Christy giggled. "My friend here has never taken a strap-on, and she wants to know if you have any recommendations."

Dan blushed as the teen looked him over. "Well, it depends on how big she wants to go. You're a really tall woman, so- oh, I love those shoes!- so I'd say start with the ten inchers." And she pulled a black cock off the wall that was as big as Dan's forearm and thick around as a beer can. "This is a good one."

"No!" Dan squeaked, pushing it back on the shelf. "That's too big!"

The girl giggled and pulled it off again. "The female body is built to stretch around a baby's head- this is barely a third that size! Trust me, you'll want to go bigger instead of smaller, because once your vaginal walls get used to it, you'll need something this size to give you that *full* stretch that leads to the best orgasms!"

"But what if it wasn't for that," Christy asked with a smile at Dan. "But for the *back door*?"

"Oh!" the teen giggled, looking at him with a completely different smirk on her face. "Anal sex? They you'll definitely want to go smaller, ma'am!"

Dan looked around- a couple and two men had just heard that, and now the men were looking at his ass in his tight dress! *What were they thinking about him?*

His face blushed hot and red as the girl handed him a six-inch pink dildo. "This one is my favorite for anal- it goes in nice and easy!"

Christy took it from her and ran her hand along the smooth shaft. "So you, um, do that a lot then, miss? Have anal sex?"

The teenager laughed, realizing. "Oh no! Not in me! Look at my little ass! That's an exit only!" she giggled, turning to present her tight cheerleader butt in her yoga pants, making Dan bite his lip. "But I've got a Sissy boyfriend, and we fuck *all the time*. Mom wanted me to stay a virgin until we got married, but that doesn't apply to *his* holes!"

"And he enjoys it?" his wife asked, smirking at him. Dan was blushing so hard!

"Well of course he wants me to give him blow jobs like he heard the football team talking about, but I told him I'm not that kind of girl anymore. And if he doesn't like it, I'll just give his chastity belt keys back to his mother and he can ask *her* to relieve his blue balls!"

The teen giggled and looked at the pink dildo. "He *says* it's really humiliating, that the only action he's getting is for his girlfriend to fuck him up the ass, but the way he squirms and moans when I'm doing him, especially if I haven't let him cum in like two weeks- sometimes I think boys just say that and it might be the most satisfying way for a Sissy to get off!"

Christy put her arm around the shaking Dan and gave the teen a knowing look.

"What a coincidence. *So do I.*"

The girl didn't get it at first. She looked from the ultra-feminine Dan to the feminine Christy and back again, and suddenly her eyes lit up. "OH!" She stepped back and looked at Dan from head to toe again. "Wow! You're *really* good! My boyfriend couldn't fool half as many people as you could, sir!"

Dan wanted to die, but Christy pulled him towards the checkout with a laugh. "We'll take this pink strap-on. My husband will pay."

The girl also grabbed a smaller package from a shelf. "In that case, ma'am, may I recommend this vibrating ring you can slip around the base, to make it really stimulate deep inside your sissy's bum? Every time I turn it on my boyfriend cums buckets no matter how embarrassed he is! I actually lost the security deposit on my last apartment because of all the sperm he's blasted into the carpet on the side of my bed- not even a steam cleaning got it all out!"

Christy smiled. "We'll take two."

Dan was blushing as Christy made him carry the Spencer's bag as they met Renee, Becky and Ginger for lunch. Of course the girls had to know what they had bought and even though Dan tried to fend them off, after the drinks had been served Becky snatched the bag and looked inside.

"OH! Some sissy's got a hot night planned!" she laughed, showing the other women as Dan blushed and blushed.

After the initial teasing, the girls started talking about their own anal sex experiences and Dan couldn't believe what they told each other right in front of him! He was squirming, fighting his erection for most of the meal when Renee laughed and slipped her hand under the tablecloth to squeeze his cock.

"Dearie," she said, "should we ask the waitress to bring some frozen peas over for you?"

Dan blushed and was teased about that too, but had gotten soft by the time they left to go dress shopping.

It was everything Christy had promised, each woman asked for Dan's help in the dressing rooms just like he was one of them. By the end of the afternoon,

Dan had seen each of them jiggling, stretching, turning and posing in every state of undress, and had helped to squeeze, stuff, cup or pull everything on a woman's body at least once, even getting to hold Renee's breasts to fit her into a corset once.

"We might need ten icepacks!" Renee laughed as Dan's erection just wouldn't go down after that. "We're never getting out of this dressing room!"

Christy just smirked at him. "Don't worry, any lust you build up in him now, I'll squeeze out with my pink strap-on tonight. Won't I dear?"

Dan lost his hard-on quickly after that.

But his balls were still heavy, his legs still smooth, and he still looked incredible as he and the girls walked toward the Mall's exit arm in arm. He felt great, he felt relaxed and sexy and-

There was Sheila and Missy, standing with two female Sissy inspectors and two policewomen.

"Oh god," Christy sighed. "What's this about?"

"Today was supposed to be the husband beauty pageant!" Sheila shrieked. "I spent thousands of dollars getting Andy ready, I rented a stage for my backyard, and you haven't even returned my calls all day! I had to go by your house and ask your daughter where you went!" She pointed at Christy and Dan. "Arrest them officers!"

"You can't arrest us for welching on a bet," Christy laughed.

"But she can have you arrested for not having your husband show up for his Sissy inspection," one of the inspectors said. "We were going to do Dan's first inspection at the pageant. Didn't you get our pink envelope?"

Christy's face drained of blood. "No!"

"Oops," Sheila giggled. "Did the postman mis-deliver that one too? Sorry!"

"You bitch!" Christy said, and the policewomen stepped between them.

"Well can't you just inspect him or whatever right now?" Renee asked. "Dan is a pretty Sissy today, by any measure."

Sheila stamped her foot. "I want my pageant!"

The sissy inspector shrugged. "The mall does have a center stage," she said. "I see no reason why we couldn't do both at the same time."

"What?" Dan cried in his normal voice. "No!"

The inspector narrowed her eyes and made some mark on her clipboard. "Speaking in a loud male voice in public. Minus five points."

"Fine, whatever," Christy said. "Dan's been practicing for this anyway. Who will judge the thing?"

The inspector snapped her fingers at the policewoman. "Go get the first three Nerds you find who have their key-holders with them. Try to get ones with a

week of denial or more."

Dan couldn't believe how quickly the whole thing came together. Within five minutes he was up on the center stage with Christy fixing his lipstick while Sheila did the same to Andy.

Three long-denied Nerds had been found and unbelted, sitting in chairs with their pants around their ankles and a thin sheet over their laps to cover their nudity. The hardness of their dicks would count for one half of the pageant score and the inspector's votes for the other half.

"Christy, I'm scared!" Dan whimpered. "If I mess up, the inspector says she'll send me to Mexico!"

"Just relax and let your true self come out, honey. You're a natural at this!" She started to fluff his short dress, but then the woman who ran the mall's PA system came on stage holding a microphone.

"Welcome to the first ever sissy beauty pageant!" she told the small but growing crowd. "All handlers off the stage, please. We're about to begin!"

Christy kissed his cheek, careful not to mess up his makeup. "Be yourself!" Then he was alone on stage with Missy.

Dan tried to look for some similar fear or nerves in the other man, but the smaller, petite blond just gave him an ice water look.

The MC started talking into the mike. "In this corner, Dan Rosewood, who also goes by the adorable name of Claudette!"

Some of the crowd giggled, but Renee and her friends gave him a big cheer.

"Why don't you do a cute lap around the stage, Dan?" the announcer laughed, as the inspector handed her some notecards.

Knees shaking, Dan put one foot in front of the other, stumbling at first but then visualizing a piece of tape stretching down the stage and stepping only on that. He tried to remember everything.

*Toe-heel. Toe-heel.*

Dan saw Renee and her girlfriends, *his* girlfriends now, clapping and cheering him on. And his confidence grew.

*Posture up. Head reaches for the sky. Toe-heel. Toe-heel!*

"Before his Sort, Dan weighed 170 pounds, enjoyed watching sports on TV and playing golf on the weekends," the MC said into her microphone. "Now Dan is a slim, sexy, 142 pounds and his favorite pastimes are shaving his legs, trying on different shades of lipstick and receiving facials!"

The crowd giggled a little at the double meaning as Dan just blushed and kept up his circuit.

"Look at him go! So graceful, so fluid! Now if only pretty little Claudette would give us a smile!"



Dan snapped a warm smile onto his face, saw Maxine in the crowd taking pictures and, before he knew what he was doing, tossed his hair and blew her a kiss as he turned at one end of the stage.

"Whoa-ho!" the MC laughed as a small cheer came from the crowd. "Look at that attitude- he's loving it folks! It says on my notes that our Dan has worn only panties under his clothes for a month now, and when he runs out of his own, he fits right into his daughter Sammi's, who's a soccer star at Eastern State University!"

A group of three hot young women near the back of the crowd suddenly gave out a loud cheer, and Dan realized that they must be on Sammi's team. He tried not to think about meeting any of them for the first time later as he neared the other end of the stage, almost done with his walk.

*Toe-heel! Toe-heel! Lengthen that stride! Clench that ass! Confidence! Let your sensuality shine throu-*

In the third row of the crowd was Sandra from his work, a shit-eating grin on her face as she video taped the whole thing. Dan caught his high heel on the floor, tipping forward, forward, towards the edge of the stage and the crowd below... At the last second his female instincts took over and Dan recovered. He blushed and turned away from Sandra quickly, but he definitely heard her wolf-whistle from behind him.

"Ooops! Looks like Claudette's got a little hitch in her giddy-up!" the MC laughed. "The judges are sure to deduct for that, but still, let's give her a hand, folks! Doesn't Dan look exactly like the nubile young girl-next-door you wish your sons would bring home for dinner?"

He was blushing horribly, trying to pull his too-short dress down as the crowd agreed, whistling and clapping.

"And in the other corner, Andy Van Winkle, who now goes by the adorable name of Missy! Missy, why are you still wearing that big coat?"

Dan looked over and, while giving him a confident gaze right in his eyes, Andy dropped his coat.

To show off his firm, perfectly shaped, 34 C breasts.

"Breast implants!" the MC gasped as the crowd did too. "This little sissy is really going all the way! Take a lap and show off those fabulous new melons, Missy!"

Dan's jaw was on the ground as the other sissy did, strutting her stuff with ten times the confidence that Dan had shown.

And look at that!" the MC laughed. "The Nerds' boner meters are lighting up for the first time today! That will definitely boost Missy's score! She's our round one leader, folks!"

The crowd was going wild as Missy flounced around in her short tennis skirt and tank top, shaking her breasts for anyone who would look or giggling and bending over to flash her panties at the people below.

Dan looked over at Christy in despair. *How am I supposed to compete with that?*

His wife met his worried look, but she was mouthing a single word at him. *What?*

"Sensual!" she hissed, and Dan gulped.

The MC came over and stuck the mike in his face.

"Dan Rosewood, of 415 Lake Drive, your first walk around the stage as a woman got 1.5 boners from our judges. How does it feel to know that you, as a heterosexual man just inspired sexual thoughts in other men while wearing a tight dress and heels?"

Dan blushed, watching the crowd watching him. "Um... it..."

*Sensual!* Christy mouthed at him again, and Dan took a deep breath, and imagined Sammi sucking his finger.

"Well, it feels fun, you know?" he purred, shifting his hips and tossing his hair. Dan held the mike close to his red lips, almost kissing it. "Like I've really completed my transformation into a woman!"

He saw that the sissy inspectors were nodding and writing something! *Good!*

"Have you completed that transformation?" the MC asked. "You've slept with a man, then?"

"What?" Dan squeaked, his sensuality lost. "Of course not!"

The mostly female crowd giggled at his shock.

"Certainly your wife has strap-oned you."

"No!" Now the inspectors were frowning and writing things! Dan grabbed the mike before the MC left and put on his huskiest, most sensual female voice. "But I certainly look forward to it."

The crowd cheered as Dan turned ten shades of red. Christy and Renee were giving him the thumbs up, but he could also see his co-worker Sandra wiping away tears of laughter as she continued filming the entire horrifying pageant.

The MC went to Missy. "Same question to you, Ms. Van Winkle. You just made three men hard against their will! What do you say to that?"

Missy grabbed the mike and held her pink, princess lips millimeters from the head.

"I will fuck any man in this audience after the show."

The crowd exploded into cheers and Dan knew he had lost this event, too.

"Final event is a sissy challenge!" the MC cheered, quieting the crowd.

"Each sissy will perform one task and the other has to match or better it! Missy,

you're the leader- you go first!"

And before Dan knew what was happening, Missy grabbed a chair, spun around it and sat down, then crossed her legs and let one high-heel dangle off her toes as she threw Dan a challenging look.

Dan scrambled to do the same, making sure to sit with even better posture and cross his legs even more sensually.

Missy tossed her hair and crossed her legs the other way, slowly and erotically, biting her pinkie finger and giving the judge's table a sultry look.

Dan did the same and he actually saw the sheet over one judge's lap tent more as he blew that blushing Nerd a kiss.

"Oh, Claudette's got the lead now, look at that cock twitch!" the MC laughed. "Claudette, go! You're up!"

Dan blanked. *What should he do?* All he could think of was what Sammi had trained him to do a thousand times.

He walked right to the judge's table, trying to ooze confidence. *Toe-heel! Toe-heel! Feet in a line!* He picked a pencil off the table, dropped it with a giggle, then bent at the waist to pick it up, presenting his tight, firm ass for the world to see.

"That's going to be hard to beat! What can you do, Missy?"

As Dan expected, Missy used her new, perfect boobs, bending forward so far to pick up her pencil that she almost spilled out of her top.

"You're in a tie!" the MC laughed, looking at the tented dicks. "Just thirty seconds left to take home the sissy title- Claudette- go!"

*What else can I possibly do?!?! Dan looked and noticed that the stage was almost exactly as long as his hallway at home, and had steps in the middle, which he always found a bitch to climb in heels.*

Dan took off at a quick sissy skip. "See if you can do this, bitch!" he hissed to Andy as he passed, and then the other Sissy was hot on his heels.

Dan picked up the pace, holding his hands out at his waist like a girl to the sides as he ran forward in his high heels. He looked back going up and down the steps and Andy was struggling to keep up.

*He only did a hundred reps,* Dan giggled to himself. When he reached the end of the stage, to Andy's shock, Dan just turned to do the course again. He saw the fear in the other Sissy's eyes as they passed.

"It's a good old fashioned sissy race!" the MC laughed. "Look at those prissy bitches run in those heels! Can you believe they were *ever* men?"

Dan was racing forward just on his toes, his dress flowing around his legs as he took tiny, quick, delicate steps while he swung his hips and kept his shoulders

high and his hands flaring from the waist just like a girl should. This was going to be the fastest he had ever taken stairs in heels...

Dan went up and down the four stairs perfectly, doing a spin and giving a deep curtsy to the judges at the end. There was a crash and Dan looked back to see Andy toppled at the bottom of the down steps, crying and holding his ankle.

The crowd erupted in cheers.

Renee and his girlfriends threw their hats into the air, hugging each other.

Sammi's college friends were hooting and jumping in the air.

Even the sissy inspectors were smiling and giving Dan a standing ovation.

He looked to find Christy in the crowd and his wife was covering her mouth with her hands, tears of joy running down her cheeks. "You did it, Dan! You're the best sissy husband ever! I love you!"

\*\*\*

Dan was face down on his bed, sobbing his eyes out "They chose Missy ANYWAY!"

Christy sighed, patting her husband's ass. "I know, dear."

"I practiced and prepared for SO LONG, I did my best even though everyone was laughing at me and I was SO MUCH prettier than Andy and THEY STILL CHOSE HER ANYWAAAAY!"

Christy rolled her eyes as her husband kept bawling and started taking her jewelry off. "I guess that's your last lesson about being a woman. Sometimes you try your hardest and do your best, and men just pick the woman with the bigger tits anyway."

"But it's NOT FAIR!"

She turned with an amused expression. "Why do you care anyway? You passed your inspection so you won't be going to Mexico. And it's not I'm going to let Sheila hold you to the stupid bet."

Dan was blushing and looking down at the ground, sliding one stocking-covered foot over the other. "I wanted to win," he sniffled, wiping the tears rolling down his cheeks with his long, pretty, manicured fingers.

"Oh my goodness, use these," Christy laughed, handing him a box of tissues. "You'll always be the prettiest in my book, honey. Okay?" Dan took the box and blew his nose, then started wiping his wet face. "Oh, you're smearing all your makeup," she laughed. "Never mind, just take it all off except for the lipstick. I want my Dan au naturale tonight."

"Okay," he sighed, his sniffles receding.

Christy shook her head again and started taking off her dress.

"And Sandra from work saw!" Dan continued. "Now she knows and she's going to make me dress as a sissy one day every month and laugh at me!"

"You know why Sandra teases you so much?"

"No."

"Because she knows you're much prettier than she is, that's why. And she's jealous."

Dan looked up, his face clean except for his full red lips. "You really think so?"

In her bra and panties, Christy leaned in close to hold his face. "Of course! Did you see how that brown skirt she was wearing made her ass look so fat? You're MUCH prettier than Sandra- you're cute as a button!" she laughed and kissed his nose.

"Thanks."

"Now get that dress off, mister."

Dan gulped, knowing what that tone meant. He nodded and turned to face the closet, shyly slipping the spaghetti straps over his bare shoulders.

"And after you ran off to the car crying during Andy's acceptance speech, guess what the Sissy inspector told me?" she said from behind him.

Dan heard the sound of a package being opened as he stepped out of his dress. "What?"

"She was so tickled by our impromptu beauty pageant that she wants to make it an official part of the Sissy sorting program! That means once a year they'll have a real pageant with real judges and if you win your local round you go on to State and maybe the Nationals in Las Vegas!"

"Great," he sighed, starting to unclip his garters, which earned him a playful slap on the ass.

"No! Leave the stockings on, sexy. And maybe put a little perfume on for me?"

Dan blushed and followed her orders with his back to her the whole time, pulling up and smoothing his silk stockings then spritzing some Christian Dior's *Dreamy* on his wrists, cleavage and thighs.

"And at these sissy pageants," Christy said, "there are going to be *real* events like evening gown, swimsuit walk, and a talent portion! And even side awards like the Most Dainty, Most Slutty and Most Improved! Isn't that great?"

Dan put the perfume back on the shelf. "So? I don't care!"

Behind him Christy laughed. "You should- Sammi's already planning your training regimen! If you really want to get Andy back- think of how jealous he'll be when he's at home on the couch and you're on national TV, strutting your stuff in a teeny tiny pink bikini and clear heels on a huge stage in Vegas!"

Dan turned around with his mouth agape. "There's NO WAY-"

Christy was standing totally, gloriously naked except for the harness around her waist. She tossed her hair and did a languid stretch that raised her breasts, lengthened her legs and made her look more sexy, powerful and feminine than Dan would ever be, even as she stroked the six inch strap-on jutting from her waist.

She looked at the four-inch erection rocketing to life in her husband's red thong panties and laughed.

"Claudette, shut up and get on my cock."

\*\*\*THE END\*\*\*

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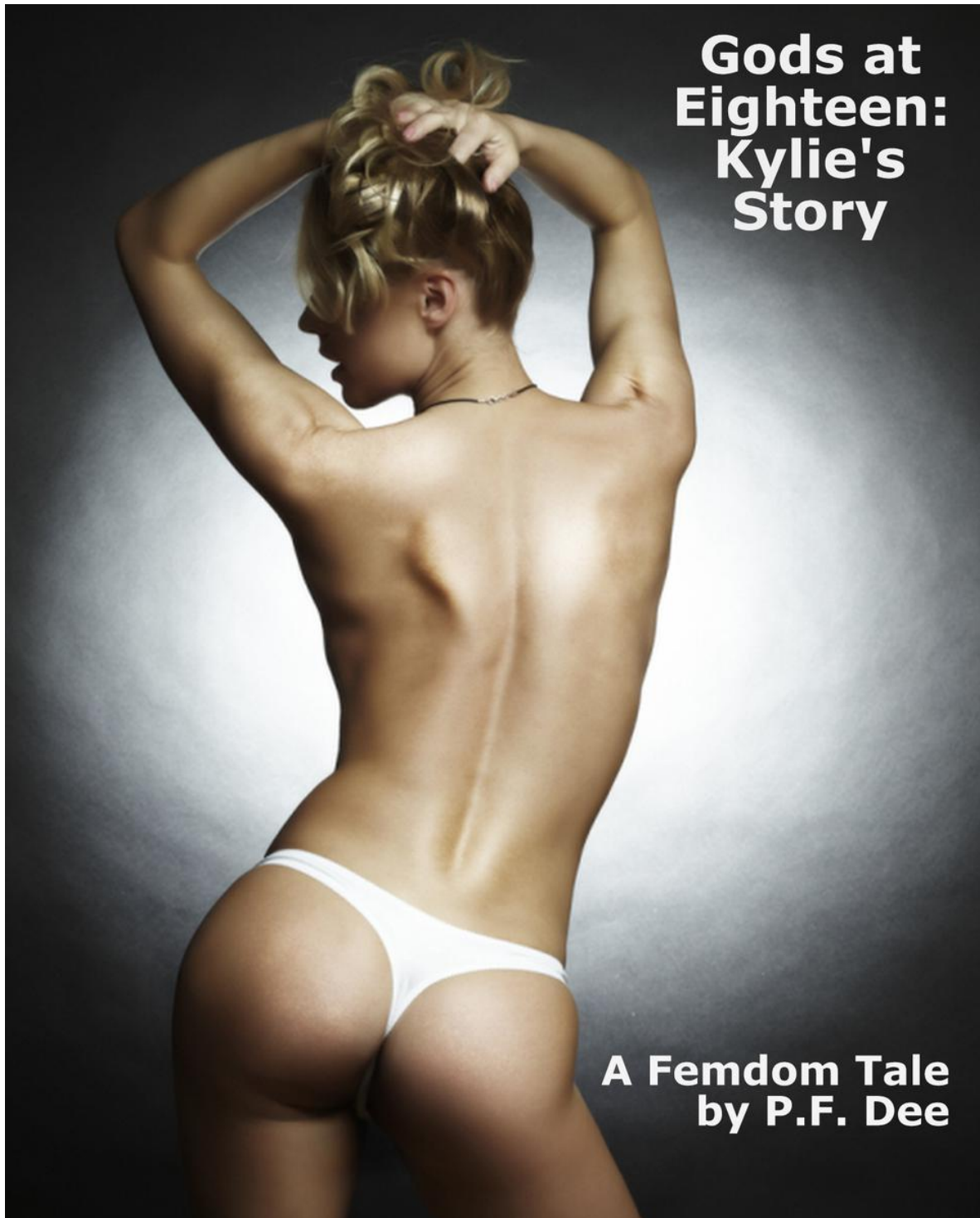
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